



Greetings to Classmates and Families of Dartmouth's Great Class of 1953



Hello Baker--There She Is In All Her Majesty, And With Eleazar Atop Forever.

The Letter from our Class President and Dear Friend Dick O'Connor

DEAR CLASSMATES,

I WANT TO WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR AFTER A JOYFUL BUT QUIET CHRISTMAS SEASON THINGS ARE NOT THE SAME WITH THE RESTRICTIONS IMPOSED ON ALL OF US TO AVOID THE VIRUS. AND TO STAY IN TOUCH WITH YOUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY. AS AN ALTERNATIVE TRY ZOOM ON YOUR COMPUTER. WE HAVE AN EXPERT IN RON LAZAR WHO TOOK A CLASS IN THE FALL SO CALL HIM ON 1-516-459-4954. ZOOM IS A GREAT WAY TO COMMUNICATE WITH FAMILY AND FRIENDS WITHOUT HAVING TO TRAVEL AND EXPOSE YOURSELF TO THE VIRUS. REGARDLESS, -PHONE CALLS TO YOUR CLASSMATES ARE BOTH THERAPUTIC AND A GREAT RELIEF TO FIND OTHERS WITH THE SAME PROBLEMS. ,

THE O'CONNORS ARE TOUGHING IT OUT AT HOME IN THE ADIRONDACKS WITH LOW COMMUNICATION WITH OUR PEERS BUT WE HAVE OUR SON LIVING WITH US AND GET VISITS FROM OUR OTHER CHILDREN PERIODICALLY. HOWEVER, THIS GETS DIFFICULT AS THE VIRUS GETS MORE PREVALENT. WE DON'T TRAVEL AS THE KIDS DO THAT WHEN NECESSARY . I GOLF AND BIKE WHEN THE WEATHER COOPERATES AND WILL SKI AND DO EXERCISES AT A GYM IF PERMITTED. CYNTHIA IS A HOMEBODY AND STAYS AT HOME MOST OF THE TIME AND KEEPS ALL RUNNING SO SMOOTHLY..

I TRY TO KEEP UP WITH THE CLASS DOINGS INCLUDING THE PREPARATIONS FOR A MEMORIAL FOR PUT BLODGETT. WHICH IS BEING COORDINATED BY HARLAN FAIR. WE HOPE TO HAVE A CELEBRATION FOR THE BLODGETT TRAIL BY PUT'S BIRTHDAY ON AUGUST 01, 2021..

RON LAZAR DID IT AGAIN AND PLACED THE CLASS THIRD IN THE PARTICIPATION FOR THE ALUMNI FUND WITH 72% PARTICIPATION; THE COLLEGE WAS ONLY 37% WHICH IS DEPLORABLE. ANOTHER GREAT JOB RON.. STAY SAFE AND WE'LL SEE YOU IN THE FALL AT HOMECOMING IN HANOVER OR ON ZOOM. CHEERS, DICK

Herb Solow---A Special Report On A Special Friend and Classmate

Herb Solow is one of our more prominent classmates as the longtime film and television executive who was responsible for bringing both the original *Star Trek* and *Mission Impossible* series to air. Sadly, Herb passed away on November 19th. in the arms of his beloved wife Harrison, to whom he was totally devoted. Herb was 89. Although best known as one of the "founding fathers" of Star Trek, Herb's career was long, varied, but always exciting and Harrison has been kind enough to prepare a wonderful view of that life with her words and some pictures they accumulated along the way.

As a starter, here is brief reminder of the marvelous role Herbie played in the artistic life of the College while at Dartmouth in our time, and a brief summary of his extraordinary career, Harrison will then provide us with of this tribute to Herb of their loving life together, a tale that is uplifting for all of us. Like me, I think you will enjoy reading their story. While I am

reminded of the colossal number of our classmates who have lived extraordinary successful lives, lives that have contributed so much to our America we love, it also reminds me that we followed the counsel of our beloved president Ike Eisenhower who spoke so compassionately to us at our graduation in June of 1953. Ike told us “You have completed the rigorous program of this magnificent college successfully and we congratulate you for your success; YOU are leaders YOU ARE BOUND TO BE LEADERS, so I say to you “ go into the world as Leaders.” And we all took that to heart and our Herbie Solow is a magnificent example of one who abided by Ike’s declaration. You set the pace Herb.



Herb Solow is one of that extraordinary number of classmates that have excelled in their professional and personal lives to a point of excellence that their stories are inspirations to us, our families and colleagues, and all that follow in later generations. Each of these great classmates have had successful lives that are unique. and Herb Solow is a classic example. During our Hanover time light years ago we will all remember Herb as the Voice of the Campus on WDBS, our campus radio station. where he was the overall Program Director and regular Commentator. In addition, Herb did the Publicity Director’s job for the Dartmouth Quarterly and was one of the Creative Artists for Jackolantern, the quarterly publication that found humor in everything, faculty included. As an artist supreme, Herb was active with the Dartmouth players as an actor and set designer, and organized the Student Theatre

workshop. Herb Solow, the artist extraordinaire, was destined to do amazing things in various art forms for the rest of his life and we have encapsulated his artistic leadership career in the following paragraphs, and then invited his lovely and remarkable bride Harrison to expound on the personal Herb Solow that only she and the family could capture in all of its beauty. Here we go.

Upon graduating from college in 1953, Herb turned down multiple opportunities to work on Madison Avenue with advertising firms in order to pursue his ambition of working in the entertainment industry. In the first and only "labor grade position" of his career, the firebrand Herb took a job in the mail room of the William Morris Agency in New York City. By night, the Dartmouth graduate took typing classes to qualify himself to work as a secretary!. However, once on the executive floor, Herb learned quickly in his secretarial role and was soon promoted to assistant and later to talent agent, representing Ingmar Bergman, Sheldon Reynolds, Morris Engel, and others. He was off to entertainment stardom by placing himself in the middle of the fray. His goals were fixed; his approach was a superb and classical inside and up journey.

Following his time at William Morris, Herb worked briefly in NBC's film division before the government prohibited television networks from film production. He then joined CBS as Director of Daytime Programs, West Coast, where he was responsible for the development and live production of daily soap-operas, game shows and interview shows such as *Art Linkletter's Houseparty*, *The Brighter Day*, and *The Verdict is Yours*. In 1962 he rejoined NBC as Director of Daytime Programs, West Coast and there he renewed his working relationship with NBC, Vice-President, Grant Tinker. Tinker would later be instrumental in Herb's effort to make *Star Trek* a reality. At NBC, he continued supervising the development and production of daily soap operas and live shows including *Truth or Consequences* and *Let's Make A Deal*.

A few years later, Herbie was tempted away from NBC when Lucille Ball asked him to help her revive Desilu as a major independent studio. Ball had but one request of Herb: "Get me shows." Herb had but one condition: "Give me autonomy." He got his wish and soon after Ball got hers when he landed development deals for *Star Trek* (with NBC) and *Mission: Impossible* (with CBS) in the same week, a tour de force that moved Desilu to the forefront of television production in Hollywood. *Star Trek*, the television show, exists because of Herb Solow. It was only our respect for Herb that led us to buy the show," said former NBC Chairman Grant Tinker of the network's decision to green light the future classic. With three major series in production (*Mannix* was the third) Gulf & Western bought Desilu from Lucille Ball and merged the company into Paramount Pictures. Herb was appointed Paramount Pictures Vice-President of Television Production.

But the challenge-seeking Herb soon grew restless. He resigned his position at Paramount and joined then-struggling MGM as Vice-President of Worldwide Television Production at a time when all MGM Network television series had been cancelled and the studio was virtually out of the television business. Herb went to work. Over the next nine months he directly supervised and guided the pilot development of three new properties: *Then Came Bronson*, *Medical Center* and *The Courtship of*

Eddie's Father. Just as he did at Desilu, he then sold all three series in the same week, one to each network (NBC, CBS, and ABC, respectively). The headline in *Variety* read, "Solow Gives MGM Back Its Roar" as the industry marveled at his ability to transform two major studios in the span of four years. In a coincidental footnote, it was also Herb who literally gave MGM back its roar when he reinstated the studio's iconic "Leo the Lion" opener following the studio's brief dalliance with a modernized static version. At Dartmouth, we use to roar at the movies when Leo the Lion appeared and Herb remembered that. A year later, MGM expanded Solow's role, making him Vice-President of Worldwide Motion Picture and Television Production. He presided over the production of twenty-five MGM motion pictures, working with directors such as David Lean, Blake Edwards, and Robert Altman, and personally produced the award-winning documentary, *Elvis, That's the Way It Is*.

True to character, Herbie then resigned from MGM to pursue independent production. He produced and/or wrote several television movies, including the screen adaptation of Theodore Sturgeon's *Killdozer* Warner Brothers' *Climb An Angry Mountain*. Partnering with the animation studio, Hanna-Barbera, he created (with writer Mayo Simon) and produced that studio's first ever live-action series, *Man From Atlantis*. His independent theatrical projects during this time included *Brimstone & Treacle*, in which he cast Sting in his first acting role, and the Columbia Pictures release, *Saving Grace*, starring Tom Conti and Edward James Olmos. It would be his final film.

Those who didn't know Herb could be forgiven for mistaking the thread that connects his accomplishments as ambition. It was not. Nor was the maverick executive's greatest legacy the iconic franchises he brought to life. It was love. Herb truly loved the creative process. He loved the film business. As member of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for more than half a century, he served on the nominating committees for Foreign Film, Documentary Features and Special Effects. He loved mastery. He was a fierce protector of anyone who, like he, devoted themselves to excellence of craft and character. He was their champion—generous with both credit and praise and scornful of those who hoarded it for themselves. He famously eschewed the limelight, preferring instead to thrust others into it. His definitive *Star Trek* memoir, *Inside Star Trek: The Real Story*, focuses on the contributions of his unsung creative collaborators. Asked a question about himself, his answer was invariably about someone else. He loved to work. Not the rewards that accumulate from it, but the work itself. The harder the work, the more he loved it. And, above it all, he loved his beautiful and talented wife, Harrison, to whom he was inseparably and completely devoted. He died in her arms on November 19th last, but his love for her, for his artistry, for the mediums that bring so much joy and happiness to the world,, those will go on in spirit forever. **Thank you Harrison not only for the inspiration you gave Herb, but sharing some of these insights with his classmates and families of our time together at Dartmouth.**

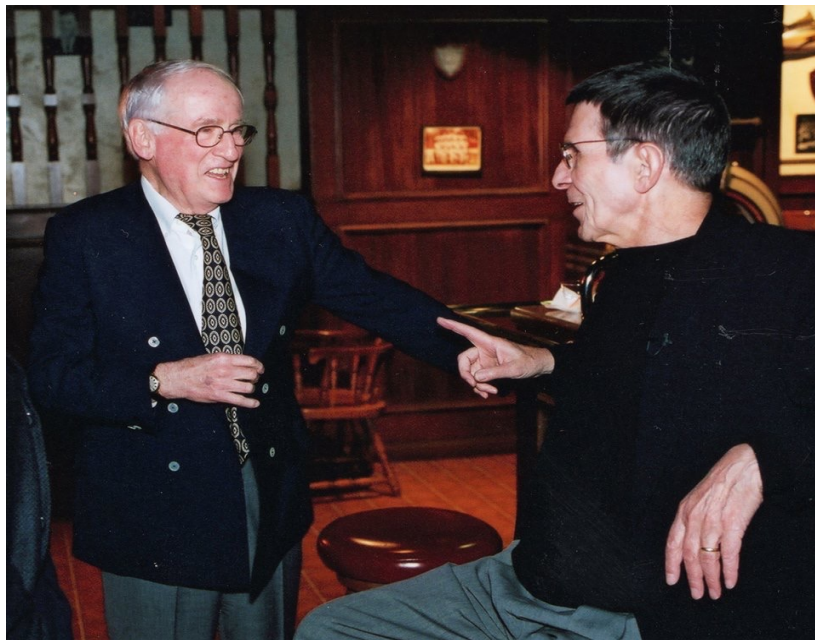
Dartmouth is the only college Herb applied to enter, and in 1949, he joined our illustrious class, Class of 1953 the first step on the path to his future— and part of the impressive collective legacy of this e Class of 53. You all know what he was like and how he spent his four years at Dartmouth in various capacities, but almost daily on the Dartmouth radio station WDBS and he became the voice of the student body in the college.. For there, Herb went on to stardom.

Herbert F. Solow. Nearly everyone in the industry claims to know him. He made many of them into stars—and put the glimmer in the stardom of others. He was the heartbeat of Desilu and MGM Studios. Everyone knows him—or do they?



From “Where Someone Has Gone Before” Interview, Carpe Articulum, 2010

As Herbie’s father was an art dealer in New York, unfortunately during the Depression, Herbie grew up, from about age 6 or so, in auction houses and art galleries, and absorbed a phenomenal body of knowledge art and the auction business all through his life. He bought and sold art and sculpture – mostly bronzes – for decades thereafter, while running three major motion picture studios. He was a French Art Glass expert – with such specialized knowledge that Forbes featured him in an article about collecting valuable art. And, addition to running television and movie studios, and producing movies here and in Europe, Herb had an art glass gallery in Mendocino, California, that he owned jointly with his lawyer and friend. He also grew orchids, another magnificent artform. .



Herb and Leonard Nimoy of Star Trek fame ---Lifelong friends.

Herb's Dartmouth Scrapbook



Herb the Artist Supreme





Herb was immensely proud of his daughter, Jody, a Cambridge University scholar, marine biologist and cultural geographer who spent years in Hawaii researching the underwater behavior and ecology of humpback whales and spinner dolphins, and in northern Kenya and the Solomon Islands conducting cultural and environmental research. They shared the same sense of adventure, commitment to this precious planet, and the same sky-blue eyes.



Jody Solow researching brown bears in Alaska. (And yes, that is a brown bear below.)



Jody Solow with Rendille warriors in Kenya's Northern Frontier District.



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Thanks Harrison --- Leonard Nimoy labelled Harrison and Herb “Binary Stars”

And They are a Loving Part of this Dartmouth 1953

Band of Brothers and Families Forever



And thank you Harrison for sharing yours and Herb's heart with his friends of long ago, but friends in the spirit forever. My Cherokee friends have a profound expression that so suits the hearts and spirits of our great class, and particularly at this stage of our lives as our brothers are passing on to the spirit of the Great Beyond. . *"A tear in the eye will bring a rainbow to the soul."* sayeth my Cherokee friends. As I prepare each '53 Out, which I enjoy doing so much. and especially one such as this which reaches into the depths of the human experience, my reflections from the review of the latest obituaries brings about the memories of our times in Hanover, the many lifelong friends, and all the wonderful reunions and gatherings that we have enjoyed over seventy years and crystalized so well in 2018 by the 65th. Those memories do cause a "tear" over those who have passed, but also paint the "rainbow" in our hearts and spirits for the joy we have experienced from all of our happenings. Those tears will bring about some magnificent rainbows and you may find some more on your 1953 website which is keyed following. We have served our Dartmouth and America and each other well and those Rainbows will glisten in the Soul forever. I just know Herb is smiling in approval on that right know. Cheers all, Dave .

Classof53.site

Happy New Year 1953 in 2020!

As we begin the New Year with our country and the world in a state of extremem disorder, we came across the following video that seemed so appealing during these troubling times. We think you will enjoy it and, perhaps, get a message for you from it. Happy, Holy, and Prosperous New Year to all.



VIDEO-2019-10-05-15-39-31.mp4

A Pic of Dedicated Golfers of '53 No Matter the Weather



Bobbie Douglas, an authentic '53, Charlie Urstadt '51 a wannabe '53, Gerry Grady, a Cornell .53 adopted into the Dartmouth '53, and a gent at the end that looks just like Pag Paganucci '53 but it is Will Stephens, another of the Grady Mob. Grady hits his drives so far he has to wear the telescopic glasses you see that baby fly, Wow.

Frank Amick

Frank Amick, beloved son of Dr. Carl G. and Emily Amick, died peacefully at home on November 27th surrounded by the love of his family. Born on March 21, 1931, Frank grew up and was educated in Loup City, Nebraska. He went on to graduate from Dartmouth College and Harvard Medical School, with further training at Massachusetts General Hospital and the University of Minnesota. He served as a physician in the United States Navy aboard the Duxbury Bay and the Independence, with tours to the Persian Gulf and Cuba. He also practiced internal medicine in Worthington, Minnesota and Cambridge, New York, after which he joined the Veterans' Administration serving in Fayetteville, North Carolina and Manchester, New Hampshire. Frank retired in 1994. Frank met his best friend, Ruth Ann Grant on Thanksgiving Day in 1950. They were married in June of 1953. He finished his medical training while they raised a young family that grew to include six children. With his family, Frank enjoyed music, art, camping, travel, dogs and horses, gardening, and much more. He was a man of strong faith, who was actively involved in church throughout his life, most recently as a parishioner at IHM. Frank and Ruth enjoyed a long and active retirement together. Frank is survived by Ruth, his wife of 67 years, children, Katharine Frasier and her husband John of Concord, Carl Amick and his wife Evelyn of Lanesborough, MA, Jennifer Anderson and her husband Mark of Cambridge, NY, John Amick and his wife Carmen of Center Waterbury, VT, and Stephen Amick of Cuba, NY. Frank and Ruth have

12 grandchildren and 4 great-grandchildren. He is also survived by his older sister, Janet Charlton of Laguna Hills, CA. Frank was predeceased by his parents, his sister, Ellen Charlton, his daughter, Elizabeth Haymon, and grandson, Matthew Haymon. Frank will be greatly missed by his family and all who were blessed to know him. The family would like to thank the VNA hospice program for their excellent care. Donations may be made to The New Hampshire Food Bank or Doctors Without Borders. A private funeral will be held at Immaculate Heart of Mary Church with burial at a later date.

You Know Your Are Growing Old When----- this video will keep you in stitches until cocktail hour and, with all of us lucky enough to be at this extended state of life, we know you and your fellow retirement home friends will get a real chuckle therefrom.

Copy <https://youtu.be/LR2qZ0A8vic> to your browser and get ready to laugh for awhile.



David Frederick Ward, 89, died peacefully on December 7, 2020 in Tampa, FL. David (Fred) was born on May 11, 1931 in Saginaw, MI to David Woodruff Ward and Bertha Elizabeth (Hood) Ward. After graduating from Arthur Hill High School in Saginaw, MI he attended Dartmouth College on a scholarship. After leaving college Fred joined the United States Air Force and served our country during the Korean War . On September 17, 1960 he married the love of his life, Nancy Ward (Sprott). He began his 37 year career with the J.C. Penney company in Petoskey, MI.

Fred and Nancy moved several times throughout his career and made close friends in each town they called home. He was active in each community that he lived in, particularly in Stevens Point, WI where he served as the President of the Chamber of Commerce and as the Executive Director of the Portage County Economic Development Council. He enjoyed various sports and activities with family and good friends including golf, tennis, skiing, curling, ping pong and more. He had an incredible sense of humor, truly loved to make people laugh and was a consummate story and joke teller. Fred loved to recollect about his youth and his family. As much as he loved to tell stories, he was an amazing listener and never met a stranger. He is survived by his sister, Sally Yurchuck of Columbus, OH; his son, David (Susan) Ward of Tampa, FL; his daughter, Sarah Ward (Brian Kentopp) of Sylvania, OH; his grandchildren, David, Theodore, William, D. Coleman and Samantha and several nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by his beloved wife, Nancy and his parents. While there was nothing Fred enjoyed more than a good party, he would not want to endanger friends and family by gathering on his behalf during the COVID-19 pandemic. Therefore, no services will be scheduled at this time. Please take a moment to remember Fred and celebrate his life from the safety of your own homes. His family feels and appreciates your love and support. We look forward to gathering to celebrate his life when it is safe to do so. In lieu of flowers, please consider a donation to The Alzheimer's Association or a charity of your choice.

May God bless you and yours David and “Off We Go Into The Wild Blue Yonder” along with many others from the Great Class of 1953, the Band of Brothers. See you at the Great Reunion.

John Clark (Tinker) Williamson, a retired executive of The Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company (Verizon), 88, died December 5, 2020. Tinker grew up in Delmar, N.Y., graduated from Dartmouth College, was the son of the late Donald D. and Edith L. Williamson and the husband of Patricia Ann Williamson for 41 years. Tinker loved the outdoors camping, backpacking, cross-country skiing, playing tennis, gardening and bird watching were just a few of his pastimes. He was a former Cub Scout and Boy Scout troop leader. His passion for preserving certain landscapes from development led to his election to the state's Maryland

Environment Trust's Board of Trustees. He was a co-founder of The Maryland Mountain Land Trust. Tinker was also a Direct Service volunteer for Hospice of Frederick County. Listening to classical and jazz music, playing bridge, reading, writing, watching the Washington Redskins and having "a very hot cup of coffee" with friends were also priorities. In addition to his wife, he is survived by his four children Laura Schlameus (Larry), Michael Williamson (Jeanie), Teri Padua, Timothy Williamson and by Pat's children, who he considered his own Kenneth Roesel (Paula), Robert Pugh (Caroline), Kathryn Pulwers (John). Surviving also are 14 grandchildren and 6 great-grandchildren. Tinker is also survived by his beloved sister, Mary Wassung and her three children, Geoffrey Neary, Patricia Neary and William Neary. A celebration of life gathering will take place at a future date. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to Hospice of Frederick County, P.O. Box 1799, Frederick, MD 21701

Blessings to you and yours Tinker and we remember well your penchant for camping at any time of the year down along the river or anywhere. Like the incomparable Put Blodgett, you set the tune for what Dartmouth life was all about. See you at the Great Reunion with the Band of Brothers of 1953!

God was walking around
Ireland this morning. He
was asked what was he
doing? "I'm working
from home" he replied



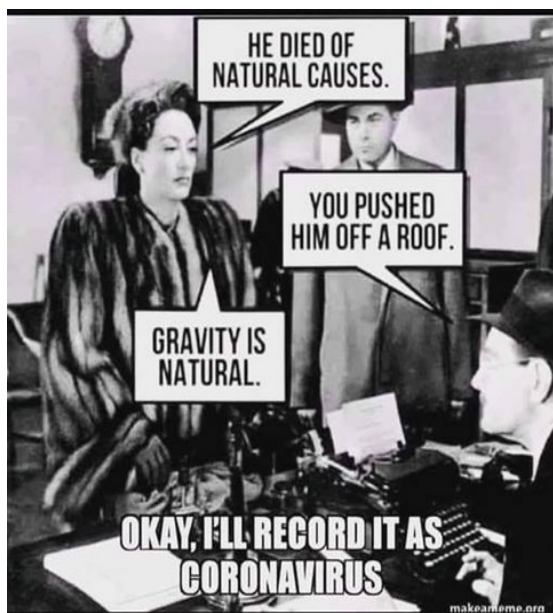
A Gift from Members of the 1953 Clan of the Irish Green at the Dartmouth Green

TIS TIME FOR A TOUCH OF CHARTLY HUMOUR FROM CHARLIE BUCHANAN

I got myself a seniors' GPS. Not only does it tell me how to get to my destination, it tells me why I wanted to go there.



Department of health is looking to hire couples married for 7 years or more to educate people on social distancing.



There is a spike in Covid cases because there's a spike in testing.

If we had more IQ tests, there would be a spike in morons, too.



Because of Covid for the first time since 1945 the National Spelling Bee is cancel... cancel... cancel...

It's been called off.



I hate it when people act all intellectual and talk about Mozart, while they've never even seen one of his paintings...



This will be the first year we're not going to Hawaii because of Covid-19.

Normally we don't go because we can't afford it.

And, The Ultimate Shopping Solution During the Pandemic



Letter from Anton Phillips in Holland to Mark Smoller. Anton was an exchange student with the Class and I recall was a promoter of soccer play amongst the dorms and fraternities as soccer was making its way from Europe to America.

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Dear Mark,

How nice to hear from you.

On the whole things here are going relatively well, in spite of about 5000 people who have passed away as a result of the virus. mostly people who were in ill health already. And of course the downturn in the economy. has caused many small companies to fear bankruptcy.

At first our government just wanted to slow down the rate of infection in order not to overload the health system, but now we are switching to containment by making enough tests available, and finding out who is spreading the virus and quarantining the persons with whom they have been in contact.

Elementary schools have opened while keeping safe distances and secondary schools will do the same on June 1. I have stayed at home as I think it would be very inconvenient to fall ill!!!. Seven neighbors have offered to do shopping for me and one of them does regularly. Since two weeks go we can play golf again. The caddie master keeping track of who plays with whom, so that in case someone falls ill we can trace the cause.

I am still active as a career counselor and coaching young people with their choice of major in college and future career. I do this in my garden at safe distances.

I live in Naarden, a suburb of Amsterdam, by myself. My wife – high school sweetheart – passed away 13 years ago and I have stayed single since. Two of my three children live in Holland as well as two of my three grandchildren and I see them regularly. Attached is a photograph.

This gives me also an opportunity to thank you Mark for keeping all of us informed as class secretary during so many years!. Warm greetings, Once again, I hope all is well with you. Sincerely, Anton

Dear Anton,

I hope you are well and keeping safe during this pandemic. How are you handling this pandemic in the Netherlands? We are not doing a very good job of it over here. If you have a few moments, I would love if your would send me a few words about how it is going there. As you probably know. Dartmouth has closed down its campus for the time being, and classes have been conducted via the internet. It reopened in a restricted form in September but there is no definitive plan yet given the widespread breakout of the virus. Athletics have apparently been cancelled for the time being. Best to you Anton, Mark



John Kennedy and His Dedication to the Profoundness of Memorial Day.

With that blessed day celebrating those who have given all to sustain our great republic and the democratic way of life our Founders provided for is two and a half centuries ago, it seemed appropriate to include our John Kennedy's sought after talk on the magnificence that day represents to all Americans. John provides this talk throughout his community, and elsewhere, to patriotic groups on Memorial Day in May, and reflecting on its beauty now can provide us a special loving attitude toward the celebration a few months ahead. We will repeat it then to help us all cherish the Red, White, and Blue. Thanks John.

Whenever I am asked to speak about Memorial Day, I am eager to do so as that day is a very significant one for me and one about which I have some wonderful recollections. Perhaps some of them will stimulate your own memories of Memorial Days in the past and to think about that day in the future when we will observe that prayed-for day when we will observe that day for ***those lost in wars of the distant past.***

I think the first major impact of Memorial Day on me was when I was 11 years old. True, my mom and dad would take me to the Memorial Day parade every year as a young child in my hometown of Needham, a suburb of Boston, but I would react most to the bands and the rifles being fired at the monument in the cemetery. By the time I was 11, however, World War II was in full swing, I was a Boy Scout and I marched in the Parade. I took special notice of the veterans (most of whom were from WW I) walking or riding in the parade and I better realized the meaning of the ceremonies at the cemetery honoring those who made the ultimate sacrifice for their country. The continuing sacrifice of our men and women in uniform became more apparent to me as World War II progressed largely through a task that my 7th grade history teacher gave to myself and two of my classmates. She asked if we would track progress of the war in the Pacific by means of a large map that we drew on a blackboard in her classroom that she dedicated to this project. On it, we indicated in colored chalk the regions under Japanese control and those held by Allied forces. Twice a week, we would update the map showing islands recaptured and other regions as they returned to the control of U.S. and Allied forces. Part of our project was to report to the class on the major battles as they occurred. As our forces moved across the Pacific, the cost in American lives, over 4000 U.S. servicemen lost at Guadalcanal, 3000 at Tarawa, and 6000 at Iwo Jima to mention just a few of the major battles, made a significant impression on even us youngsters. We came to realize this first hand when the flags that hung in windows during the war with one or more blue stars showing members of the household serving in the military would be replaced with a gold star indicating the death of a service-member, sometimes the older brother or sister of someone we knew. At that time our family lived in a duplex with the son of the couple living in the other half, a young man by the name of Ralph Leader, being a P-51 pilot in the Pacific theater. I would see the concern on their faces whenever news of a major battle involving the Army Air Force was announced. Fortunately, he survived the war and the joy on their faces when he returned was indescribable. Barbara and I shared some of those same feelings of concern when our son was in Iraq, even though it was for a relatively short period. All of this helped to establish my feelings of patriotism and an appreciation of the human cost of ensuring freedom.

In succeeding years, Memorial Day was always an important day for me as I recalled those earlier year's activities and as we honored those killed in more recent wars. During my four years of active duty with the Navy, when we were at sea, the day was observed with a reverent ceremony including interfaith church services, a rifle salute and casting of

wreaths into the sea. What became apparent to me then while serving in the Airgroup aboard two aircraft carriers, was that it was not only those lost during wartime but also those losing their lives serving their country during peacetime that we would memorialize. This was particularly so during my second cruise to the Western Pacific on the carrier Kearsarge during which we lost nine, six from the Airgroup and three from ship's company during training exercises and during air operations. One of these was the skipper of the fighter squadron with whom our detachment shared a ready-room and with whom we were all close. After moving to Mystic, I was delighted to hear about the Mystic Flag Committee and was eager to become an active member of the organization. My principal job has been to coordinate the interaction with Boy Scout Troop 76 that places flags along the streets on major holidays including Memorial Day. I'm sure you all notice the large flag on the Liberty Pole on that day that is raised at 8:00 a.m., lowered to half staff and at noon returns to full staff. I encourage you all to do the same at home with your personal American flags.

The preparation of this talk inspired me to do a little research on the origins of Memorial Day. Its origins were actually during the Civil War where flower decoration ceremonies were held at the graves of both Union and Confederate soldiers. In 1868, General John Logan, commander of the Grand Army of the Republic ordered annual May 30th ceremonies to honor all Union soldiers. In 1876, New York became the first state to formally recognize Memorial Day, followed shortly by all of the other northern states. Although most all of the states were having Memorial Day parades and other events on May 30, it wasn't until 1968 that the U.S. Congress fixed the observance of Memorial Day for the last Monday in May to become effective in 1971.

I mentioned earlier about my son's presentation to the Washington Ethical Society on the observance of Memorial Day. WES is an organization in which he has become very active. This organization includes a number of members who tend be very anti-war and find it difficult to support military activity of any kind. John was pleased at the opportunity to share with this group some of his background leading to military service and his experiences in the military and suggest how they might look at military service in a more positive light. I think we all share in John's hope of the eventual resolution of the World's problems through peaceful means.

In conclusion I would like to express again how deeply indebted I feel for those who served our country and gave their lives for the freedom we enjoy today. My dad was too young to serve in WW I and too old for WWII and I was too young for WWII and too old for the war in SE Asia. I can only know in a small way the feeling of those being in a position to give up one's life for their country from my peacetime Navy service between the Korean and Vietnam wars. My appreciation of the kind of dedication shown by those serving our country was highlighted by my involvement, as the then President of the Mystic Flag Committee, with the Doolittle Raiders Reunion in April of 2005. To be in the

presence of and speak with these heroes, so very humble and unassuming, will be a highlight of my life. We all owe a tremendous debt of gratitude to them, to the surviving veterans of prior conflicts and to those currently fighting to preserve our liberty with a special salute to those who have died doing so. May they have a special place in God's kingdom of eternal rest.

Thanks so much for this John; you are a true patriot as are so many in our class that, given the military circumstances present at the time of our graduation when Ike spoke to us, deferred their career plans and entered into military service of their choice. Some made it a career; others made it a stop along the way which we found had its benefits of meeting one around the world, and some paid the ultimate price. 1953 served when we were called, and your story has captured the solemnity of that service magnificently John. Forever thanks, Dave

Meet Dolly, age 100, the oldest bartender in America. I had a great grandmother, Mary, one of the original Irish immigrants who came to the US in 1854 and lived to be 106. The only difference from Dolly in the picture is that Mary would be drinking a Guinness. Somethin' about that Irish brewing process. Thanks Dolly, I'll have another!



JAMES D. COLEMAN,

Jim Coleman died early on the morning of October 1, following a long illness of his heart. He leaves his wife and companion of 45 years, Sally Foskett Coleman, and two daughters, Caroline Coleman Mann (W. Anthony) of Somerville, MA and Nancy Jean Coleman of Lafayette, IN and their mother, Catherine A. Coleman of Somerville, MA. Jim's younger brother Butler died in 1987. Jim was raised in Wiscasset and Brunswick, ME, and in Exeter, NH. He graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy and Dartmouth College, and served in the U.S. Army during the Korean War . He worked in the textbook division of Houghton Mifflin Company. Jim enjoyed walking and reading. In his later years, he walked at the Frog Pond, in Newburyport, where he made friends with many people and the village dogs!!! Jim was a good and honest man. His most enduring characteristic was his kindness to everyone and we remember him that way in our Hanover days together.. Funeral arrangements were private. Donations in Jim's name can be made to Elara Hospice Foundation, 12 Kent Way, Suite 210, Bayfield, MA

Fascinating News from our Explorer, Ross McIntyre and his lovely bride Helen who was able to escape Central America without joining one of the Immigrant Caravans—best '53 story of the year, of the decade. Thanks Doctor Ross.

Dave, Thanks for your push. Here is the latest from Lyme, N.H. Last February Helen and I attended the Wilderness Canoe Symposium in Toronto where I presented a talk: Eric Morse and La Cloche - 50 year followup . La Cloche is a boulder that rings like a bell when struck. The Voyagers used it as a landmark on their way to the Northwest and it remains an important symbol for the local people. The canoeist Eric Morse had located it 50 years ago and gave directions on how to find it on the shore of Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, but it got moved when a road was built. With the help of information from the Whitefish River First Nation office we were able to paddle to where it lies and ring it. . Following this, Helen went off to Antigua Guatemala intending to stay a month while I worked on my novel about a young man in Medical School. After two weeks there, the President of the country ordered the borders closed because of the pandemic, and Helen got out of the country using a cab to the Mexican border and a couple of bicycle taxis to cross it. After two Mexican flights and a night in the nearly vacant Kennedy airport, she arrived back here in good shape. We have just returned from Maine where we paddled five miles down the southern arm of Lake Richardson and then walked 2.5 miles to the spot where Louise Dickenson Rich lived when she wrote We Took to the Woods, a best seller in 1942. It is a lovely spot on the Rapid River. After the return to our camper that day we found

ourselves ready for bed at 8PM. So we are still active but get tired sometimes. We miss my freshman roommate, Put Blodgett.

If I get the novel published you may find this note at the beginning: This book is set in 1954-55. It is fiction. I have deliberately scrambled the geography of the place and it is peopled with characters as scrambled as the landscape. They exist in a world that I cannot forget. The structure of DNA has just been discovered but the genetic code will take another seven years to decipher. Penicillin is still regarded as a "miracle drug". Peptic ulcers are somehow tied up with Type A personalities, and Sister Kenney's folk treatment of polio is about to be superseded by vaccination. If you want copies, you use carbon paper when typing, If you make a mistake, you erase. The "pill" is still six years in the future, and it is illegal to sell condoms in Massachussetts. You actually *dial* when using the phone, and the phone is owned by Ma Bell, not you. Young people could generally tell fact from fiction. On its pages, love of place, time, and persons is the only thing real.

And Ross, when you publish your book, give us a capsule thereof to publish in the newsletter and alumni magazine, and let me share with you then how we published on the Internet our two fun stories, "The Gathering of Angels" and "An Eternity Soaring Through the Universe." Hardly Pulitzer Prize material but sure fun to write and chat with fans about. Can send you samples when the time comes, and thanks for this terrific story of yours and Helens canoeing about the "Universe" of canoe world.

I too miss Put tremendously. Before he went into the hospital in the few months he replaced Al Collins we chatted about lots of things Dartmouth, and skiing, and the like and I told him of my granddaughter Tonya in her thirties and is a female version of Putnam, the man of nature. She is so enamored with some of his stories of long hikes in the mountain that she and her husband to be, Chris, both now in the Navy, are going to camp out at various locales in their RV and hike the Appalachia Trail. They do the mini versions now and I tease them that they must have spent too much time at sea!! They have a picture of Put in all his outdoor glory and look forward to hiking up Mooselauke someday to pay their respects at the Lodge of Put and the Put Trail to come. Legacies of the good things are bound to happen even if in seemingly improbable ways. Will keep you posted. Dave

A Fascinating, Yea Hilarious Letter from Rodg Ewy to Peter Bridges

Dear Peter, Your *Antinous* correction was well deserved! I guess I mixed up my classical hotshots - comes with tangling neurons, of which I only have two or so left. So far as Hadrian is concerned, I spent some time in Edirne, formerly Hadrianopolis. Gorgeous mosque by Sinan, who did Istanbul's "Blue" Mosque.

The *Antinous* (ship of the Waterman Steamship Co.) afforded me a raft of experiences. Our first port in Europe was St. Nazaire. We glided in to port early in the morning past monstrous concrete walls, pierced by huge portals up off the water. In the bridge, Captain Bruch explained that these were the famous Nazi submarine pens that sheltered the "wolf packs" that caused so much damage to our shipping during WW II. We docked, Donna and I took a raft of photographs, ate seafood in La Baule,

then set off for London. A largish covered container had been set on the deck, unidentifiable by all. I asked Captain what it was and he said it was a casket! It turns out that a cook from another Waterman ship had struggled aboard his ship, drunk as a skunk, and had fallen from a ladder! As my lovely Barbara used to say, "deadums." So the good Captain Bruch had been charged with carrying out the family's wishes, burial at sea. He was a bit plused at this, this being his final voyage before his retirement. No photography, please.

We steamed away from St. Nazaire toward the Channel, then swung into a giant circle, preparing to do the necessary. We had been asked to dress nicely, as for a proper Christian ritual, and stood solemnly at deck-side, facing the casket on its plank. Captain spoke the words, then signalled for the casket to be jettisoned, which it duly was. Captain returned to the bridge, ordered "Set sail for London", and away we went.

It was only minutes later that we heard from the stern of the *Antinous*, "thar she floats" ! ! ! What followed was in all respects, high comedy! First Mate put off in a lifeboat (Captain to Rodger, "NO, you can't go with him"). First Mate had taken the ship-board axe with him and proceeded to whack at the floating casket. Normally a sea-burial would have been in a canvas bag but Ship's Cook had been dead and ashore for some time and consequently been put in a zinc-lined French oak casket. Captain had asked about weighting and had been assured it would sink.

Whack, whack, whack. The casket only stood up and bobbed increasingly in the freshening sea. Finally, First Mate took out his 45 pistol and emptied at least three magazines into the reluctant casket! Down she went, somewhat the worse for wear. First Mate returned and came back aboard, no doubt greatly relieved. The *Antinous* straightened up its course and headed for the Thames. where we happily came to rest at the East India Docks, ready for more photography!

So that, folks, was just one of many delightful happenings for Donna and me during our years in Europe! High regards to all, Rodg

And to wrap it up for this session, here is a little ditty film of times even older than us almost octogenarians. I wonder what the videos of our time will look like 100+ years after our time.

https://youtu.be/1Ok_lwYyHWO

Cheerio all until the Spring. Dave the Knave, Slave of the Cave

