

DARTMOUTH
CLASS OF 1953



NEWSLETTER

News & Events for our Class



Dear Classmates and Families,
Here is our latest newsletter to pass on news of our classmates and their families. These are the difficult times when so many of us are passing on but there is comfort in sharing our stories with one another and to stay in touch with families at their pleasure.

2021 VERSION

The Affable, Charming Dartmouth Class of 1953, Great Too!

The Class of 1953 is a class very special; as Professor Don Pease said on our Riverboat Cruise in 2005 "The class of 1953 is th most affable class I have ever known at Dartmouth" and that sentiment has been expressed by others as we have walked this almost 72 year journey together. Asides from our "sparkling personalities" the combination of extraordinary leadership at the outset of our alumni years by Pag and others, and superb communications by Don Goss and Mark Smoller have kept us in touch and wanting to do things together for the College, yes, but mainly for each other. What a beautiful journey is has been and still is for the hundred plus who are still afoot.

So, to keep this "loveball" rolling send us your news and views to share please send them to dghalloran53@gmail.com or dhalloran@cfl.rr.com. All News, Old and New, is Good News so Check Out Our 1953 Class Site At:

[Class of '53 – The Dartmouth College Class of 1953](http://www.classof53.site)

www.classof53.site

The website was designed and is maintained by son Mike Halloran who opens it with the lyrics from the final verse of Dartmouth Undying. Those words always bring a bit of a choke into my soul, always. Check it out.



There She Be – Baker, That Great Symbol of Dartmouth, with Eleazar and the Big Chief Gesticulating Atop the Weather Vane Currently in Retreat Pending its Resurrection.

A Very Special Opening for the Spring 1953 Letter – Ike on June 14,1953

[Click Here](#) to hear Fred Whittemore's Recording of Our Graduation Day; Comments by President Eisenhower and then the Immortal voice of Charlie Fleet Singing "Little Jimmy Brown," also known as "The Three Bells."

Ctrl.click at the very beginning of the Whittemore insert to activate the tape of Dartmouth Night 1953 which has the Eisenhower chat with us at graduation. And if you have difficulty with this, let me know and we will try some alternatives. The Old Soldier sounds like he is right in the room with us. What a day it was, and still is !!



What a Joy is was to have the Super Bowl in Central Florida and a Buccaneer Team headed up by a Boston-Trained and Fellow Irishman Quarterback Tom Brady, now too a Floridian.

Had notes from Ralph Heyman and Blair Law and several other classmates that they had received their COVID vaccine shots as have we, and would encourage all to do the same. Painless, free, and oh so effective.

And Here to begin Our Story is President's Row including Put Blodgett, Al Collins, and our Current Presidente Dick O'Connor, surrounded by our financial and strategy wizards Harlan Fair and Dick Fleming, and the Chairman of the Board the inimitable Bob Simpson well known on the Internet as Toodlepip. Apologies for some of these pictures in black and white but old color photos being scanned are, like old men, reluctant to show their true color. Enjoy.



Super Letter from Rodg Ewy about his exciting trip to Christmas Island a few years back, and his memory was prompted by a letter I sent him from an Australian buddy of mine who relayed a harrowing story of attempting to fly out of a farm yard with the cattle chasing the plane. Here's Rodger the Codger by God~~

Hi Dave,

Your Aussie story is the funniest, greatest story to grace my airwaves in a good while. Thanks mucho.

I just sent Smithsonian's AIR & SPACE a short, short story on my one flying boat flight. I flew from Oahu to Palmyra Atoll (Line Islands) in a creaky PBY Catalina with what I would have to say was a "bush" pilot (over water) and his German wife. This was when I was doing scientific photography with the National Center for Atmospheric Research (NCAR). *The crux of my story was that he was flying the 1000 mile trajectory on the strength of his weak radio signal from our group on this unoccupied atoll! Hallelujah! We were able to find Palmyra before sundown.*

My hero-cousin, Stanley Miklebost, flew WWII PB2Ms out of the Philippines eliminating Japanese subs, so I felt right at home. Best wishes and thanks again for the Aussie tale, And here is a gem of the picture of the PBY in wich they flew that precarious journey with a trust in a low frequency radio signa 1000 miles away.. Hail Mary Full of Grace!!



A Delightful Message from **John Kennedy** regarding our Memorial Books Program. Greetings All, I have good news. My daughter, Linda, has agreed to take over my role as coordinator of memorial books for the Class when I am no longer able to fulfill that function. Her email address is lindafitpro@gmail.com. I will "school" her in the procedures to contact the College and to keep the lists up to date soon. I am informed by Tim Wolfe that he will be making assignments again shortly so the 18 classmates awaiting those assignments will soon be covered. My best to all, John, and a hearty '53 Thanks to John and Linda for the extraordinary job accomplished by the program to sustain the memory of the Class of 1953 to future generations at the College.



Several of the Infamous Members of 1953 posing for a Coors Beer ad for which they were compensated with a lifetime supply of the Nectar of the God's particularly after Coors and Molson Brewery of Canada combined for a stupendous international deal. Spieg at the left and Butch Edgar at the right and our adopted classmate from Cornell '53 who saw the bright Green Light and joined us, Gerry Grady aka Gunther Purdue. Ah the joy of camaraderie and as Ben Franklin said so often "Beer is proof that God loves us and wants us to be happy." What a wise man, my favorite Founding Father.

The Joys of a Life in Touch with ALL OF IT. One of the things we strive to do is to balance our current news as a "Somewhat Elderly Class and Families" with those memories of great times of the past because, first and foremost, it is fun to relive great times and secondly it also help to stave off that haunting "D" word, not for Dartmouth but for that almost forgotten school beginning also with "D" – Dementia—by assigning the D to Dartmouth and the balance to our budding "Mentia." Capishe?



Gino Gabianelli

'53bianelli '53

From Left to Right standing are Gabby Gaboanelli, George Shaw of 54. Dave Cost, Mole Malin, Dick Cahn, Charlie Buchanan, Dick Calkins, Bill Gitt, Jay Davis 54, and Irl Marshall of 49. and surrounding Man of the Day are Phil Beekman, and Butch Edgar. Aside from being classmates, this is the gang that skied out of Spieg Aspen Condo over many years with delightful memories of great times and occasionally and academic séance by a visiting scholar. We had the joy of skiing there once and Joanne and I announced our engagement there. We were NOT one of the visiting scholar, but one of many visiting lovers of fun, friendship, feast, and folly!!

Oh My Goodness, One Can Never Ever Forget the 53 Manhattan Marauders Who Made Sure that New York Never Slept. Oh How We Need Them Back Today.



Cork Corcoran on the right next to Bobbie and his beautiful bride, and then Bob Callender, there's Gunther again, Fred Whittemore and lady and what I think is Al Gruber In the upper right corner. Corrections accepted; no charge



The Way It Was and Will Be Forever More in our Hearts and Spirits. Dartmouth Forever.

John Burke Kiernan

John, 89, of Boynton Beach, Florida, passed away peacefully on January 9, 2021. John was born on July 28, 1931, in Port Chester, New York, to James and Lulu Kiernan. John was raised in Rye, New York by his mother, his Aunt Florence Langeloh and Uncle George Langeloh and attended Rye High School and Dartmouth College, Class of 1953. John met the love of his life, Suzanne (Sue) Kiernan, growing up in Rye together, and they were married at Resurrection Church in Rye in 1956. John and Sue's beloved son and only child John (Jack) B. Kiernan, Jr. was born the following year. Sue passed away five months ago to the day, on August 9, 2020

John spent his entire professional career as an executive at the Uniroyal Tire Company, culminating in serving as Chief Financial Officer of the European operation and also the Canadian operation. His job took the family to a variety of locations including Edinburgh, Scotland; Newtown, Connecticut; and Canada, where they lived in Don Mills, outside of Toronto, and in Kitchener, Ontario. John and Sue made lasting friendships through golf and their graciousness and leave many dear friends at Quail Ridge, in Boynton Beach, Florida, where they retired and enjoyed golf and warm friendships for many years, John is survived by his beloved son Jack, his wife Mary Lee and their daughters Christine and Carolyn; his brother-in-law Thomas Clough; and his nephew Matt Bonner and niece Martha Simmons. John was beloved by Jack, Mary Lee, and most especially, by his cherished granddaughters Christine and Carolyn..Funeral services will be private, and John will be buried at Greenwood Union Cemetery in Rye, New York. A celebration of John's life will take place at a later date.

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And now for one of Mark Smoller famous "Smollergrams"

CLEVER WORDS FOR CLEVER PEOPLE

1. ARBITRAITOR

A cook that leaves Arby's to work at McDonald's.

2. BERNADETTE

The act of torching a mortgage.

3. BURGLARIZE

What a crook sees through.

4. AVOIDABLE

What a bullfighter tries to do.

5. COUNTERFEITER

Workers who put together kitchen cabinets.

6. LEFT BANK

What the bank robbers did when their bag was full of money.

7. HEROES

What a man in a boat does.

8. PARASITES

What you see from the Eiffel Tower.

9. PARADOX

Two physicians.

10. PHARMACIST

A helper on a farm.

11. RELIEF

What trees do in the spring.

12. RUBBERNECK

What you do to relax your wife.

13. SELFISH

What the owner of a seafood store does.

14. SUDAFED

Brought litigation against a government official.

To Celebrate Saint Patty's Day We of Irish Descent Enjoy Doing Silly Things and One of Them is Takng Our Favorite Lepruchaun to our Pub to Celebrate the Great Man and Day. Here is a Typical Experience One May Encounter.



video.mp4

John Wills Patten Obituary 2/12/21

John Wills Patten 90 of Stowe VT, a resident since 1996, died peacefully at home on February 12th, 2021. John W Patten (Jack to his friends) rose to prominence in New York publishing circles from 1985 to 1996 serving as President and Publisher of the *Business Week* Group, a division of the McGraw-Hill companies. In 1986, Jack secured agreement in Beijing to launch *Business Week China*, the first US business weekly magazine to circulate in China. He was also instrumental in expanding *Business Week's* international editions into Russia and Poland. On his watch, *Business Week's* worldwide circulation increased to more than one million, the largest of any business magazine. In 1994, *Business Week* won the National Magazine Award for General Excellence, the highest honor in the magazine publishing industry.

Jack was a leader, generous in his praise for a job well done, and strong in times of stress. In business, he joined the McGraw-Hill company in 1954. His publishing career began in Chicago and progressed to Denver, London, and New York with extended trips to China and South Africa. His 42 year publishing career at McGraw-Hill also included being Publisher of *Aviation Week*. Jack also served others as: Past President of the Salisbury Alumni Association; Vestryman, St Barnabas Church, Greenwich, CT; Past President of the Stowe VT Land Trust; President of the Bryant Memorial Gallery, Jeffersonville, VT; Director of the North Country Animal League; Director of the Copley Hospital Foundation, Morrisville VT; and a Volunteer Pilot for the Air LifeLine Group for the New England Area.

John Wills Patten was born on Oct 14, 1930 in Summit, NJ. He attended Salisbury School in Connecticut in 1948 and received a BA from Dartmouth College in Geography in 1953. He graduated from Harvard Business School's Marketing Management Program in 1977, and later received honorary degrees from St John's University in Queens, NY and Westminster College in Salt Lake City, UT. He was presented the Frank Knox Media Medal (former secretary of the Navy) from the Navy League, New York Council in 1993. He served in the US Army Air Force Troop Carrying Wing from 1951-52. Jack met and married Caroline Clifton Hughes in Denver, Colorado in 1961. Jack and Caroline later lived in London, England and then Greenwich, CT before retiring in Stowe, VT. Jack is survived by his wife, Caroline, of 59 years, and his two sons John and James of New Canaan, CT, who are married respectively to Carolyn and Corinne. Jack has five

grandchildren: Anna, Kendall, Christopher, Dillyn, and Sydney.

Jack was an avid sportsman who loved to fish, hunt, ski, and play golf. Of all the seasons, he loved fall the most, the vibrant colors, the crisp air, and the feeling of a new year beginning again. Every fall, he followed Dartmouth football having played as a Defensive End on the 1950 team that played Michigan in the Michigan Bowl and Princeton in the hurricane game.

A celebration of Jack's life will be held at a later date. The family suggests contributions to Copley Hospital at www.copleyvt.org or to the Stowe Land Trust at www.stowelandtrust.org.

A Fascinating Note from our Ambassador, Peter Bridges, regarding a subject perhaps far from our minds but, after reading Peter's article and in view of all that has transpired in the international world in recent times, it carries a profound message. Thanks Peter.



Mongolia's Emergence

Peter Bridges spent three decades as a Foreign Service officer on four continents, ending as ambassador to Somalia. In recent years he has published a memoir of his time as a diplomat; biographies of two once-famous Americans, John Moncure Daniel and Donn Piatt; and a memoir of his off-hours climbs, runs, and treks. His articles, essays, and poems have appeared in American Diplomacy, Copperfield Review, Diplomacy & Statecraft, Eclectica, Mountain Gazette, Virginia Quarterly Review, and elsewhere.

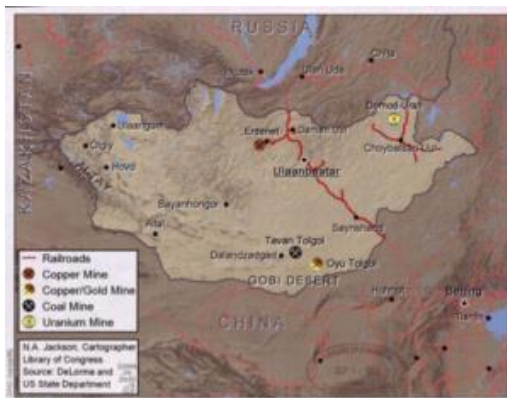
I had long been curious about Mongolia, a lightly populated country twice the size of Texas, which under Genghis Khan and his successors produced, in the 13th century CE, the largest contiguous land empire the world has ever known—9 million square miles. For much of the 20th century people spoke of Outer and Inner Mongolia. The Inner was firmly under Chinese control. The Outer claimed independence but was in fact the first Soviet satellite state, the Red Army having expelled Chinese troops in the early 1920s. The country was almost totally isolated from the rest of the world.

In 1939, Japanese forces advanced into Mongolia from China and were pushed back by Soviet forces, in battles that involved tens of thousands of troops but went almost totally unreported in the West. After World War II, Communist China sent twenty thousand or more “guest workers” into Mongolia. It was a prelude to colonization, as China had brought about in Inner Mongolia and would do later in Tibet and Xinjiang.

The Soviets did not want a new Chinese state on their border. They and the Mongols managed to get the guest workers sent home.

What I knew about the past of Mongolia, Tibet, and Xinjiang came mainly from reading the work of three great explorers and travelers: Sven Hedin, Sir Aurel Stein, and the American diplomat William Woodville Rockhill, who once crossed Tibet on foot. (Henry Adams said that meeting with Rockhill was like having dinner with Genghis Khan.)

When I joined our embassy in Moscow in 1962, Mongolia was slowly asserting itself, taking advantage of the growing quarrel between its neighbors and sometime hegemony, Russia and China. Mongolia joined the United Nations in 1961, and other governments began to consider entering into diplomatic relations with it. The UK was the first major country to do so, in 1963, and the United States did so finally in 1987.



1963 Attempt to Visit Mongolia

One day in 1963 my counterpart in the Japanese embassy told me that Mongolia, the new UN member, was to host a United Nations seminar. Japan had no relations with Mongolia—but my friend had gotten Tokyo’s approval to attend the seminar in Ulaanbaatar as an “observer.” We sent a cable to Washington, proposing that I too go as an observer, as an add-on to a planned trip to Siberia. This would not amount to our diplomatic recognition of Mongolia. No, said the Department of State. You can debrief the Japanese diplomat when he gets back to Moscow. A letter to me followed, from a friend in the Department. It’s the China lobby, he said. The only piece of China that the Chinese Nationalists control is Taiwan, but they claim the whole of the old empire—including Mongolia—and the Department does not want to irritate them. (This was a decade before Nixon’s break-through trip to Beijing.) Very well, I thought, and soon took off for my planned trip to Siberia with my Australian colleague Bill Morrison. Western diplomats traveled all we could in the USSR, to learn what we could about that most secretive state. Sometimes we could visit a university or writers’ union or collective farm. Once I even visited a shoe factory, not quite as modern as the plants that produced jet fighters, but they never showed us those.

Morrison and I flew from Moscow to Khabarovsk, just a few miles from the Chinese border where later there were serious clashes. The authorities did not want Western diplomats poking around, and would do nothing for us. We then flew, as planned, to

Irkutsk. Intourist had reserved us a room in the main city hotel but when we got there we were told bluntly that we had no reservations. Perhaps, said the clerk, we could stay in the transit hotel at the airport. We soon learned that Fidel Castro was due in town, and the city hotel had been turned over to his entourage.

We checked in at the transit hotel, two rows of rooms facing a large central space with tables and chairs. One chair was occupied by a man in a broad-brimmed hat and a long coat. The coat was certainly a *deel*, traditional Mongol dress—and the man was certainly a Mongol. We greeted him in Russian, and he us. Bill explained that we were Western diplomats. He was quite willing to talk with us. He had been living in Moscow, and was returning to Ulaanbaatar via Irkutsk. (We had seen on the tarmac a twin-engine Li-2 with “Mongol Air” in English on its side.) The Soviet border police said there was some irregularity in his documents, and were holding him up for the moment.

We invited him to join us in our room for some Scotch whisky. Might we ask what his profession was? Philosophy, he said, 13th century Mongolian philosophy: “Genghis Khan!” He was, it seemed, more historian than philosopher. His specialty was *The Secret History of the Mongols*, a long and, I learned later, well-regarded work that begins with a blue-gray wolf and a fallow doe begetting the first Mongol, and goes on to recount more factually the campaigns of Genghis, and finally his death and ascent into heaven.

After the philosopher-historian I had no contact with Mongolians for a quarter-century. In 1991 I had retired from the Foreign Service and was working for a major oil company in Houston. One day I was called by a friend at the Houston office of the Institute of International Education. Among IIE’s work was programming visitors to the US under the auspices of the State Department’s International Visitor Leadership Program. Each of our embassies is asked yearly to identify up-and-comers in Country X who have never been to America. As many as five thousand persons a year take part in this program, which pays for their travel to the US and around the country for several weeks. If they should want to see the Southwest, IIE Houston will arrange places to go and things to do—serious things, not vacationing. They go home with a better understanding of our country, and many or most go on to top jobs in their country. Many, like Margaret Thatcher in Britain, have become heads of government. My IIE friend, who often called to ask whether I would like to see a particular visitor, said “Here’s something different. Two Mongolians are coming. I know your company’s not doing business in those parts, but would you like to see them?” “Sure.” The breakup of the USSR had given Mongolia new freedom to do its own thing. We had opened an embassy in Ulaanbaatar in 1988, and our ambassador was Joseph Lake, a career officer (and native Texan).

The Mongolians whom Lake’s embassy had nominated for travel grants were two department heads, one from the Economic Ministry, one from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Shall we speak Russian? I asked them. No need, thank you. Their English was

good; one of them had just spent four years at their London embassy. I said I was happy to see them but we had no business interest in Mongolia. I went on to tell them about Houston and Texas, our politics and business and economics, our history and society.

Things changed. Next year I called on the two of them in Ulaanbaatar. Our company's geophysicists had decided that after all the country's petroleum deposits were worth exploring. The Mongolians were very pleased, and lodged our party of four in the large if not sumptuous mansion of Yumjaagiin Tsedenbal, who for decades had been the country's pro-Soviet Communist leader. The mansion was located several miles from Ulaanbaatar, in a wooded valley between two low mountain ridges. At dawn on the day after our arrival, our delegation head and I went for a run, down the valley road for a mile and then leftward, on a path we found that went upward through woods. We reached the grassy ridge—and saw a wolf looking at us, a hundred yards away. We admired one another, and then *canis lupus* sauntered down into the trees. Later in the day we met with the president of the state oil company, and told him of our encounter with the wolf. "Ah," he said, "That is good luck. We shall surely sign a contract!" That remained uncertain. The next day we spent on a tour by helicopter, a huge, slightly rusty Soviet-made Mi-24 that had seats for eight passengers and a crew of four, including an attractive cabin attendant who served us tea. We flew southeast from Ulaanbaatar to a land of grassy steppes and long views toward distant buttes.

We landed near a big round ger, and the people came to greet us. It was spring, the grass was good and green, and small herds of cattle and horses were grazing near and far. The scene reminded me of my days working on a drilling rig in Montana. Here there was no rig, at least for now, but there were a few shows of crude oil rising to the surface of the grassland.



Gers in the Gobi Desert. Photo by Beatrice Camp

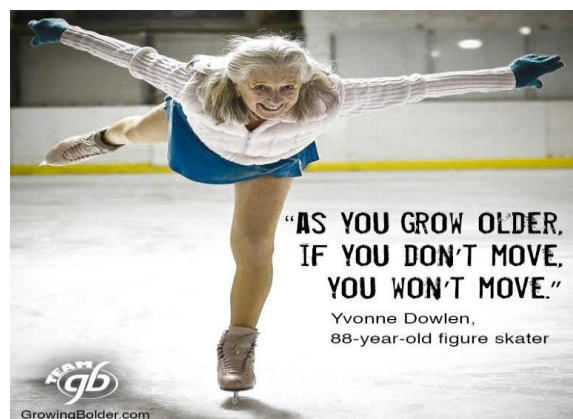
I asked our Mongolian hosts if on the way back to Ulaanbaatar we could fly over the oilfield that the Russians had developed, not far from the railway that crosses Mongolia from Siberia to China. I knew only that production had ceased around twenty years earlier, after a refinery built along the railway had been destroyed in a fire. We flew over the field at an altitude of several hundred feet. The Russians had

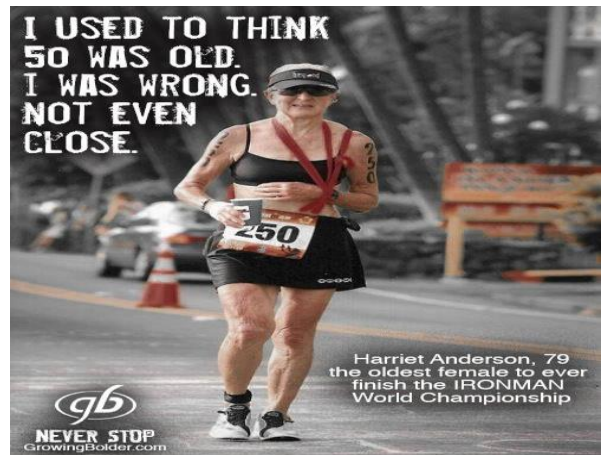
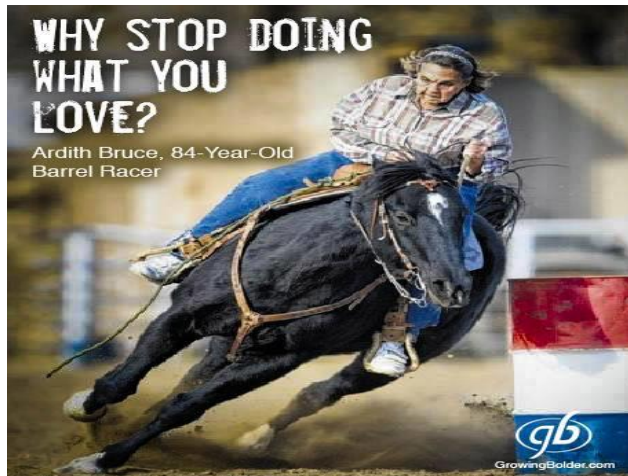
simply walked away from the many derricks, leaving them to crumble over the coming decades if not centuries. From the field a wide black river of congealed oil stretched for miles across once pristine grassland. It was an appalling sight. We assured our hosts that our company would never be so irresponsible.

In the event, we did not sign a contract with the Mongolians. The political prospects for the country were favorable but the oil reservoirs looked too small to be profitable. Today Mongolia does produce oil, but in modest amounts. It is mining—copper, gold, coal, molybdenum—that has transformed the scene, producing a fast-growing economy and favorable balance of trade. Ulaanbaatar has sprouted sleek high-rises; but the suburbs are still groups of gers, and a third of the country's population still live a pastoral life. I would not want to be a Mongolian nomad, but I am glad the traditional way of life continues.

A number of Mongolians, mostly educated people, have been emigrating to America. *Here in Arlington, Virginia, they number several thousand, including five hundred students in our public schools, where Mongolian is the third most-spoken language after English and Spanish. Teachers call them exemplary students. A good addition, I think, to our national melting pot.*

One can hope for still more contact between our two countries, in various fields. The State Department calls Mongolia a strategic partner, whose democracy is a model for the region. It is also a country with a serious corruption problem. We hope for more bilateral trade, but the country's major trade partners remain China and Russia. The country is fiercely independent, but it must necessarily maintain a decent relationship with its two big neighbors. For now the scene is peaceful.★\





That is My Plan When I Reach 100; Close Down Icon Associates Competitive Pricing Simulation Business of Now 32 Years and Replace Dolly Who Will Retire at 110/

A Superb Letter From Perry Free Regarding Military Service During Peace Time.

Dave, as usual your Newsletter is most welcome and your efforts greatly appreciated. I was struck by the 9 deaths suffered on one of Kearsarge's deployments during "peacetime." In the past the question of whether one has been in combat has come up as if that is the gold standard for recognition of serving in the military. But putting one's self in harm's way in peace time should be noted. Roughly one third of the deaths of people in the service during WWII were not combat related. Pres. Reagan quipped that the service was the only place he knew where you signed a blank check upon entering. I experienced a similar situation as you did on the Kearsarge's deployment when I participated in a 5 day "training exercise" in 1956 by the 1st Marine Division at Camp Pendleton, California. The resulting 17 deaths came from incidents like a swamped Amtrak, a truck sliding off a mountain road, 2 plane crashes, a Marine falling off the deck of an LST while sleeping, and even 2 guys so tired and sleeping they did not hear a tank which crushed them. Just several months ago some 11 Marines died when their AmTrak swamped off the coast of San Clemente Island. So thanks for reminding those of us who served in peacetime that our efforts counted. I learned a lot from my service experience that was quite different from sitting in a classroom

Amen Perry as did so many in our class. On multiple cruises to the Med in the Fifties as a Navy pilot, we lost five of my good friends, and as a tribute to all of them when I spend several hours at the stern of our Cruising Ships out of Florida in meditation and memory of five dear friends and what they did for the USA., and off the stern of the ship looking at that wake one remembers the days when it was a road back home coming aboard. Our generation has infinite stories like yours and mine and they need to be shared with later generations that may, God forbid, have to do as we did. Those are cherished memories that formed our whole lives after Dartmouth. Thanks again Perry and best wishes to you and yours. Dave.

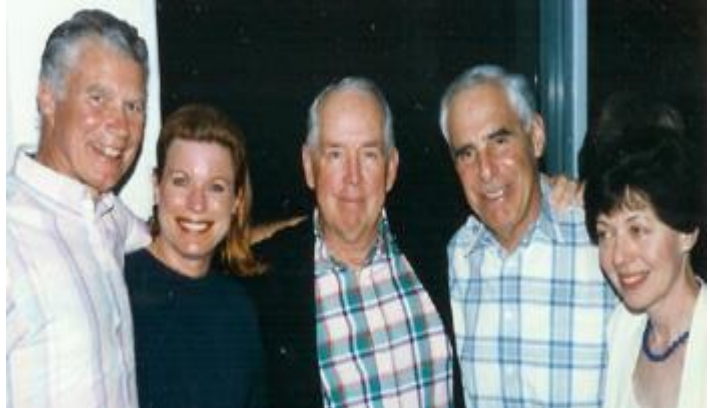
The Mascot and the Security Guard



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Time to Reminisce Over the Seven Decades We Have Known One Another as Students, As Friends, As Colleagues, As FamilyLovers, As Adventurers, and Above All As Celebrants of the Greatest Class that Dartmouth Has Ever Known, and Best Described on Graduation Night when Bob said "You know, we are sort of a mediocre class scholastically, but we have our scholars, and we are sort of mediocre athletically but we have our stars, but SOCIALLY we are just plain OUTSTANDING because we really liked each other. Bob "The

Mole” Malin is that guy and here his is with his bride of many years.Gail



And during those fabulous days and weekends and reunions and golf tournaments at Lore and John Dodge’s Harbour Ridge, the Dartmouth ’53 Mecca of the South. Along with Bob are Lore, Pete Wagner and other fellow Harbourites. And while we are on the subject of Harbour Ridge as Dartmouth 1953 South, here is a gathering of the clan for a golf tournament and associated most sociable events involving classmates and families, other Dartmouth folks and a few Wanna Bees. And look at those beautiful ladies who just had to find a good Dartmouthian husband to share the joys of the greatest partying class ever to walk the campus in Hanover





Phil “Beek” Beekman and Len Gochman of Broadway Fame take the Victory Ride at the top Alumni Class at Dartmouth Night.



Two of the Giants of the Great Class of 1953, Don Goss who pioneered the Class newsletter, '53 Out and a whole series of publications about the Class' contribution to the life and welfare of our beloved Dartmouth. Fred Whittemore, a Giant on Wall Street who was so instrumental in organizing one of '53's greatest achievements, the donation of the 1953 Commos in which all Dartmouth people enjoy the fruits of life.



Dr. Jack Krisp and our President Okie O'Connor listening or not to a Reunion Speaker perhaps.



Now with the redness in the faces of ALL these loyal '53's one would assume group embarrassment over some touchy subject, a combined day at the beach, or more probably a day on the mountain skiing at Aspen or Crested Butte. Check with the participants for details.



The Great 2004 Mississippi Cruise Maxi-Mini Manifest!

In 2004 with the promotion by Phil Beekman and the fine organization skills of Lore and John Dodge, the Class of 1953 embarked on a Mississippi River Boat cruise from New Orleans well up the river for a one week journey, and some shore excursions in River Side towns that were superb. We convened in New Orleans the night prior along with Professor Don Pease, English professor superior, and imbibed In a fine New Orleans dinner and festivities to kick start a wonderful excursion. Professor Don opined then, and has since, that this class was the most affable Dartmouth class he had ever met, and we are because, as Bob Malin said on graduation night, "we are outstanding socially because we liked each other. Thanks Professor Don.



Rewarding Moment A When Norm Carpenter, Gib Warren, and Yours Truly Received a Nice Token of Appreciation for Our Service to the College and the Class. As a fourth generation Dartmouthian, that was very special for me and I know the Spirit of my Dad, Paul James Halloran '19 and Thayer '20 was very pleased. Thank you all.

June 1953 on the BEMA before graduation on that very special day.



The Fun Loving and Dartmouth Loving Great Class of 1953 A While Ago!

