

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 Class of 1953 Leadership Team, Past, Present, and Future.



Harlan Fair, Put Blodgett. Al Collins, Dick O'Connor, Bob Simpson, and Dick Fleming, Superstars All. There in Spirit: Mark Smoller and Ron Lazar and Your Chatting Newsletter Editor, Dave Halloran.

We have a lot of news from classmates and a plethora of interesting stories and videos pertaining to our times and our families. This is a long letter with a pile of delightful stories about a group of classmates who have led an exemplary lives for themselves, their families, their beloved American, and for their Dartmouth College we all love so..



- There is no limit to what a team can do when they enjoy working together. '53 has and will Excel in All And here is a very special tribute to a very special friend, classmate, and leader in the '53 Movement to Excel."



Ron Lazar relaxing at the beach after a tough DCF Campaign, And he has been doing this for countless years. Thanks, Ron.

Poem by Bruce Sherman, Our Class Poet on Skis.

POSTPONE is something I used to do...but I just turned 90 with a new point of view.

When you're not sure how much time you've still got...might be just a little...hopefully a lot!

You check out the things on your bucket list...I want to make sure there's nothing I've missed.

An Atlantic crossing under sail ...Coming soon;I pray we won't encounter a gail.

Lisbon to Barbados on a lovely square rigger...17 days is what they figure.

The Tasman Glacier on skis "down under"...an experience that's full of wonder.

I've also listed climbing Kilimanjaro, but Africa may be too far to go.

Last, but not least, is a trip to the moon...round-trip I hope, better be soon!

I planning on nothing under 1st class, 'cause the trip will probably be my last.

Well, that's it. gotta get goin'-when my time will run out, no way of knowin'.

Dear All, Bruce is one of my most prolific correspondents in this "Distant Learning and Yearning' Age" and he has some spectacular stories about us "ancients" skiing in powder as well as an Atlantic Clipper Trip sometime in the future.



Our Most Sensational Story Ever; About Nuclear John Kennedy.

John is famous for a lot of things with 1953 with, until now, the best known his awesome accomplishment with predecessors of collecting against 500 volumes dedicated to classmates that have passed on, and provided for all in the Baker–Berry Library in the Class of 1953 section.



However, in exploring the memory banks of this fellow former Naval Aviator, one of the most ALARMING stories of our time in the service of the USA to deter nuclear warfare, this story is how our John Kennedy owned a Hydrogen bomb for a period of time. We will not try to shorten the story; it is too amazing and here 'tis, pictures and all. John flew in a Heavy Attack Squadron off the Carrier and was the Bombardier in the AJ-2 Savage Aircraft shown in the following pictures of these large aircraft carrying nuclear weapons and operating off the carrier as deterrent to the then Soviet threat to America. The pictures

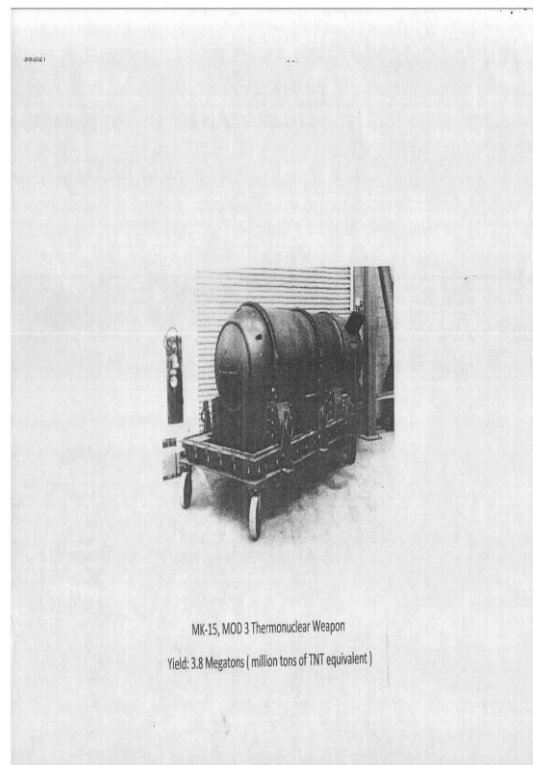
that follow were declassified some time ago, right John [or our top saxophone player would be in a first class cabin at Fort Leavenworth.]

What you see next is a HYDROGEN BOMB of WWII and Korean War vintage and the nuclear standoff period that followed when so many in our class served the USA. The pictures that follow with explanatory comments are the AJ Savage aircraft that John flew and crewed as the Bombadier. And HERE is Nuclear John with his story of how he was the proud owner of a nuclear bomb for a time, and lived to tell it.

John Kennedy of Dartmouth 1953 Fame OWNED A THERMONUCLEAR HYDROGEN BOMB FOR TWENTY MINUTES.

BUT IT NIE GONNA GO BOOM DE BOOM!!!!!!!!!!

This Is A Hydrogen Bomb of Our Warrior Time



I OWNED A HYDROGEN BOMB FOR 20 MINUTES

In late 1957, Detachment J of Heavy Attack Squadron 6 consisting of 3 AJ-2 aircraft, three crews consisting of Plane Commander (pilot), Bombardier/Navigator and Flight Engineer plus thirty plus support personnel embarked aboard the attack aircraft carrier USS Kearsarge (CVA33) at NAS North Island, San Diego, CA. Our aircraft, the AJ-2 (see attached) was designed specifically to deliver the largest nuclear weapon in the inventory, the MK-15, MOD 3, thermonuclear bomb, known as a Hydrogen-Bomb, as it was a nuclear fusion weapon. The mission of the ship was to take up positions off the coasts of China and Russia and be prepared, should war break out, to attack assigned targets in one or both of those two countries. This period between the Korean and Vietnam Wars was to be called "The Cold War". After stops in Hawaii and Guam, the carrier took up its first assigned position in the South China Sea. Our days were spent in intelligence briefings on our potential targets, air operations including live and simulated bomb drops on island targets and other general training flights. In February of 1958 the Carrier Air Group, of which we were a part, was informed that there would be an unannounced "readiness inspection" sometime during the following two weeks. About a week later, an S2F COD (Carrier Onboard Delivery) aircraft landed on the ship with a 7th Fleet Readiness Inspection Team aboard. We were informed that, at 4:00 a.m. the following morning, we would be launched on a strike on Chinese military targets and also "this is a drill". During the following hours, crews received the latest intelligence on our assigned targets, enemy defenses, weather and other needed information. Our crew was selected to be the "first to launch" and we were also informed that we would be loading a live bomb in the aircraft and be timed in how long it took to prepare to launch. The ship's crew in turn conducted the necessary preparation to support the launch.

Needless to say, we got little sleep the night before the drill, arising early to make final preparations. After a short final briefing in the Ready Room, we grabbed our helmets and flight kits and headed for the flight deck. Although our ground crew had already prepped our plane, the pilot, LCDR Ralph Herrick, and our flight engineer, G. Payne, did their customary aircraft pre-flight and we climbed aboard and into our seats. A short time later the flight deck crew gave us the start

engines signal and we cranked the reciprocating engines and fired off the jet. The ship's taxi director gave us the taxi signal, the chocks were pulled and we taxied forward until the plane was perfectly positioned over the ship's bomb elevator, the lift that brings ordnance from the ship's magazine to the flight deck. Ralph opened the aircraft's bomb bay doors and I got out of my seat, went back to the cockpit door to the bomb bay and opened it to assist with the loading. The ship's Ordnance Officer opened the door to the elevator and slowly the elevator rose to deck level to reveal an active MK-15 (see photo attached). With great care, the Officer guided the weapon on its cradle into the plane's bomb bay and with my guidance he latched it to the plane's holding hook. Following that, he handed me a document and said "sign here" and after that gave me the certificate. A Federal regulation states that nuclear weapons must be under the custody of an individual at all times, so at that point, I "owned" it. I then returned to my seat and Ralph closed the bomb bay doors. Moments later the flight deck taxi director gave us the signal and we taxied forward to the port side catapult until the "hold" signal was given. When in position, the deck crew connected the catapult sling to the aircraft and cleared the Launch Officer to take over. He gave us the "two-finger turn-up", Ralph moved the throttles to "full power" and, at that point, the Readiness Inspector punched his stop watch and said "DRILL COMPLETE". We then proceeded to reverse the process, the deck crew taking charge of the plane after we secured all engines. After moving the plane back over the bomb elevator, I again went to the internal door to the bomb bay and assisted the Ordnance Officer in disconnecting the weapon from the aircraft after he had adjusted its cradle to support it. After lowering it to the flight deck, he came forward, I watched as he signed the document accepting custody again and I gave him my certificate for the permanent records of custody required by law. I glanced at my watch and 20 minutes had passed since I had signed. So ended my ownership of a hydrogen bomb, an event that shall remain one of the highlights of my military career.

John H. Kennedy, CDRU5NR-Retired; May 2021



HEAVY SIX

Above, VAH-6 AJ-2 134072 is catapulted off the USS Lexington (CVA-16) on 7-18-56. Tip of nose radome is original Navy blue. (National Archives)

At right, VAH-6 AJ-2 134071 lands aboard the USS Essex (CVA-9) in September 1956. (National Archives)

Below, VAH-6 AJ-2 130413 readies for a catapult launch from the Essex in October 1956. (National Archives)



And here is our Bomber John with his Lovely Wife Barbara taken when both John and Harlan received the Sylvanus Thayer Fellow Award some years ago. Couple of smart guys.



Perry Free

Super letter from Perry in May before all the celebrations of America and voicing what all our hearts feel about “the sight and sound of freedom.” Well said, and thanks Perry.

Ann and I are spending some vacation time on Shelter Island in San Diego Bay opposite North Island. For the past few days there have been a series of Navy ships passing by. This morning the Theodore Roosevelt passed with the sailors in their whites lining the flight deck and a single plane on the deck, and a fire boat's hoses forming an arch of spray. Quite a sight and it makes one very proud to be an American. Being stationed at Camp Pendleton up the road a bit several times I was on a troop ship heading out the harbor (once in 1956 heading across the Pacific when the Hungarian crisis arose) and I often flew out of Miramar and North Island with my pilot friends keeping up their flight proficiency while be stationed with ground troops. Seeing the Theodore Roosevelt sail by refreshed those memories of allegiance to the love of our America and all who serve her.

Thayer Structural Engineer Al Melcher's Thoughts on the Surfside Tragedy in Miami

My thoughts are with the victims' families in the Surfside apartment complex and the State of Florida. In my structural engineering career, I had a number of jobs inspecting damaged or threatened building with poor construction, including forensic engineering a couple of collapsed structures. Fortunately, my reports were acted on promptly, unlike the tragedy in Surfside. Of the over 300 structural projects in which I was involved, no one ever got hurt as a result of poor engineering or poor field inspections during construction. I had to get a couple of jobs shut down when my inspections found serious construction departures from my designs.

I had a spooky experience when I was transferred from London to be Public Works Office of the Naval Receiving Station in south Boston. When I checked in, my predecessor's first words were; "You are now in charge of a collapsing building!" The nine-story late 1880's cast iron former warehouse was near the ocean and salty spray had eaten through the masonry and was rusting the iron columns away. I went out on the scaffolding, grabbed the flange of a column and it came off in my hand. Task No. 1: proceed to get the dangerous portion of the building evacuated, including telling the admiral that he would have to abandon his plush offices, then next shore up the building and work with the District Public Works Office for repairs. We were successful in doing so in spite of the hurricane opposition.

Thank you, Thayer School. You taught us well. Al Melcher.

Empathy brings a tear to the Eye that becomes a Rainbow to the Spirit

1. Today, I interviewed my grandmother for part of a research paper I'm working on for my Psychology class. When I asked her to define success in her own words, she said; **“Success is when you look back at your life and the memories make you smile.”**
2. Today, after my 72 hour shift at the fire station, a woman ran up to me at the grocery Store and gave me a hug. When I tensed up, she realized I didn't recognize her. She let go with tears of joy in her eyes and a most sincere smile and said; **“On 9-11-2001, you carried me out of the World Trade Center**
3. Today, after I watched my dog get run over by a car, I sat on the side of the road holding him and crying. And just before he died; **he licked the tears off my face.**
4. Today at 7AM, I woke up feeling ill, but decided I needed the money, so I went into work. At 3PM I got laid off. On my drive home I got a flat tire. When I went into the trunk for the spare, it was flat too. **A man in a BMW pulled over, gave**

me a ride, we chatted and then he offered me a job. I start tomorrow.

5.5. Today, as my father, three brothers, and two sisters stood around my mother's hospital bed, my mother uttered her last coherent words before she died. She simply said, "I feel so loved right now. We should have gotten together like this more often. Keep doing it please."

6. Today, I kissed my dad on the forehead as he passed away in a small hospital bed. About 5 seconds after he passed. I realized it was the first time I had given him a kiss since I was a little boy.

7.7. Today, in the cutest voice, my 8-year-old daughter asked me to start recycling. I chuckled and asked, "Why?" She replied, "So you can help me save the planet." I chuckled again and asked, "And why do you want to save the planet?" Because that's where I keep all my stuff," she said.

8.8. Today, when I witnessed a 27-year-old breast cancer patient laughing hysterically at her 2-year-old daughter's antics, I suddenly realized that, I need to stop complaining about my life and start celebrating it

9.9. Today, a boy in a wheelchair saw me desperately struggling on crutches with my

broken leg and offered to carry my backpack and books for me. He helped me all the way across campus to my class and as he was leaving he said, **"I hope you feel better soon."**

10. 10. Today, I was feeling down because the results of a biopsy came back malignant. When I got home, I opened an e-mail that said, "Thinking of you today. If you need me, I'm a phone call away." **It was from a high school friend I hadn't seen in 10 years.**

11. 11. Today, I was traveling in Kenya and I met a refugee from Zimbabwe. He said he hadn't eaten anything in over 3 days and looked extremely skinny and unhealthy. Then my friend offered him the rest of the sandwich he was eating. **The first thing the man said was, "We can share it."**

The best sermons are lived, not preached.

Dr. Walter O Vomlehn

Age 90 born in 1931, Passed away March 8 \2021

"I pray that each of us will give to others of our own gifts and blessings, and care thoughtfully for this beautiful world, which ever-so-briefly we all share."

Walter Otte VomLehn, M.D., was born in Brooklyn, New York, on July 15, 1931, to Helene and Walter Richard VomLehn and grew up in Yonkers, New York. He died peacefully in Prescott, Arizona, on March 8, 2021, surrounded by his family.

Walter was known by his family and friends as a man dedicated to service who sought to honor the divine in every human being and dedicated his life to creating peace in his corner of the world. Walt, as he preferred to be called, graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Dartmouth College and earned his medical degree from Cornell Medical School. In his senior year at Cornell, he volunteered for two months at the U.S. Public Health hospital on the Navajo Reservation in Arizona, during which time he delivered 20 babies. During his 40-year medical career as a general practitioner, Dr. VomLehn worked in family medicine, often serving in remote, medically underserved settings.

An ardent lover of his country and conscientious objector; he served in the U.S. Public Health Service as Chief Medical Officer at the Federal Reformatory for Women in rural West Virginia. He was a Peace Corps physician in the Dominican Republic, in private practice in Appalachia and Puget Sound, (where he once delivered a baby on a Washington State ferry!), directed Public Health Care in Northern New Mexico, and co-established a community clinic in Santa Fe for low-income families. He spent the last years of his career as a student health doctor at Virginia Tech. During retirement, he continued delivering medical services while volunteering annually at a rural Mississippi Delta clinic. He moved to Prescott in September 2001 and embraced the area fully. He was an avid hiker, history buff, gardener, and concertgoer. An active member of the Prescott Unitarian Universalist Fellowship, he lent his jovial bass voice to the choir. He volunteered for the Sharlot Hall Museum, People Who Care, Empty Bowls, Northland Cares, and Chaparral Arts. A dedicated father and grandfather, he attended and clapped the loudest at his family's every concert, sport and school event. Walt loved playing board games with his grandchildren; attending Diamondbacks games; visiting national parks, and enjoying a good meal with loved ones. He never hesitated to share his pride for his children and grandchildren. Walt often shared that he was thankful for all the support and blessings he received from his family, colleagues, and friends during his

career and life. Walter is survived by his cherished Bev Worthman; his children, Maria "Nani" Witherspoon, David VomLehn, Jonathan VomLehn, Maria VomLehn Flurry; his son-in-law, Henry Flurry and his grandchildren, him. Memorial services will be held in the summer.

The Ecstasy of Retirement

1. Retirement is like coming home one day and telling your wife, honey, I'm home...for good. !
2. Retirement is just a never-ending vacation.
3. Think about retirement as being two six-month holidays per year.
4. The best part about retirement is that you don't have to worry about getting caught for doing nothing.
5. Now Fridays aren't the best day of the week anymore... they all are!
6. When is a retiree's bedtime? About 30 minutes after they fall asleep on the couch.
7. I never reveal my age, but I do let people know I'm retired. They can just guess my age from that.
8. How do you know it's time to retire? It's when you stop lying about your age and start bragging about it!
9. I love being a grandparent in retirement. I give my grandkids a lot of sugar and then leave them with their parents to deal with them.
10. Why don't retirees mind being called seniors? Because the term comes with a 10% discount.
11. Why do retirees smile all the time? Because they

can't hear a word you are saying!

12. I wish I could reveal my age, but I just can't. It keeps changing all the time.

13. Just when the wife thinks they got rid of their kids for living in the house, the husband decides to retire.

14. During your work life you pick up a lot of bad habits... like working.

15. The world's longest coffee break is often referred to as retirement and one receives these breakfast biscuits each day that you can munch on from the following page.



.John Wills Patten

1930-2021

A Celebration of Life

1098 Sinclair Drive, Stowe VT

Saturday, July 24th

John Wills Patten 90 of Stowe VT, died peacefully at home on February 12th, Jack's enthusiasm for the north woods was felt by all. He loved Stowe, making his first ski runs on Mount Mansfield in 1948 and returning to the village in 1997 after living and working around the world. Of all the seasons, he loved fall the most, the vibrant colors, the crisp air, the view of the Mansfield ridge aflame from the quiet path and the feeling of a new year beginning again.

Jack was a leader. In business, he joined the McGraw-Hill company in 1954, rising to serve both as Publisher of Aviation Week and Business Week magazines from 1982 to 1997. His career arc spanned Chicago, Denver, London, and New York with extended trips to China and South Africa. Upon his retirement in 1997, he returned to Stowe and served locally on the boards of The North Country Animal League, The Copley Hospital Foundation, The Bryant Gallery in Jeffersonville, VT, and The Stowe Land Trust. For many years, he flew out of Morrisville-Stowe State airport (MVL) in his Cessna 182 for Life Line Air Ambulance, transporting rurally- based patients in Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire to medical centers in Burlington and Boston.

Jack enjoyed the camaraderie and competition of sports. Golf was a passion of his, and he played avidly for many years in the Joe Kirkwood tournament. He skied out west and in the Alps, but if you asked about his favorite trail, it was always Nosedive. He hiked daily with his Labradors on most of the Stowe trails. He also enjoyed fly fishing, a pursuit that took him to the ten bends area on the Lamoille River, to the Snake River in Jackson Hole, WY, and to the Lake Mansfield Trout Club. 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.

John Wills Patten was born on Oct 14, 1930 in Summit, NJ. He attended Salisbury School in Connecticut and Dartmouth College. He received a BA in Geography and later received honorary degrees from St John's University in Queens, NY and Westminster College in Salt Lake City, UT. He served in the US Air Force from 1951-52. After joining McGraw-Hill in 1954, he worked in Denver, Colorado where he met and married Caroline Clifton Hughes. Jack and Caroline lived in London and then Greenwich, CT before returning to Stowe, VT.

Jack is survived by his wife, Caroline, of 59 years, and his two sons John and James, who are married respectively to Carolyn and Corinne. Jack has five grandchildren: Anna, Kendall, Christopher, Dilyn, and Sydney. And above all, he was most proud and delighted to see all five of his grandchildren share his love of skiing and the outdoors. And the ever resourceful Gerry Grady found this 1966 picture of Jack skiing with his entourage in Switzerland including Caroline, Gerry Grady and Sue and Pete Bogardus and Shirley that I believe were of the Class of 1952. Awesome Pic.

12-Year-Old Prodigy to Graduate NC High School With Perfect GPA 4.0, Named Valedictorian

Like any other 12-year-old, Mike Wimmer is ardent about video games, race cars, and playing sports with his friends. Unlike most students his age, though, Wimmer will be graduating from high school in less than a month—years ahead of your typical preteen. Not only is he set to graduate from Concord Academy in North Carolina on May 21, he was also named valedictorian of his high school and has a perfect GPA of 4.0, no less.

The young upstart from Salisbury has always been a fast learner, he says, soaking up information rapidly through his iPad starting at the age of 18 months. By age 7, Wimmer was building robots that could solve complex puzzles. “I think one of the most memorable achievements that I have is I’ve actually built a Rubik’s Cube solver with my Lego Mindstorms,” he told The Epoch Times. “And then I built this robot that could do it.”

Through trial and error, and from failures along the way, Wimmer learned how to get around different problems and find solutions. He’s not afraid to fail. That’s how he learns.

“I taught myself everything I know,” he said, and that includes programming in 12 different computer languages. But it didn’t come without help. Wimmer’s parents exposed him to different

fields, yet allowed him to choose his own path. Meanwhile, his teachers were excited to see him excel in whatever they were teaching. Wimmer says that, if you love what you're doing, work isn't all that taxing—even for a 12-year-old. “I think what I'm doing is fun,” he said. “I never worked a day in my life.” But that doesn't mean he's incapable of playing around like others his age. Wimmer enjoys being a kid and cutting loose with his friends in addition to his academic ended.

His pastimes include basketball, swimming, IMSA sports car endurance racing, Hot Wheels toys, and now—with more home time during the pandemic—playing simulator racing with his friends. He also enjoys cruises and traveling. On top of all that, the young scholar is an entrepreneur. He's developed a system called Reflect Social, which can integrate devices from 15 different manufacturers into one easy-to-use app.

He even 3D printed his own microphones and designed a technology that fits inside the ears of students who are having trouble hearing in the classroom. “I sold those throughout worldwide,” he said. More impressively, Wimmer has worked on a language translating technology for the U.S. military.

He explained, “I've actually done a lot, a big military contract with the United States Special Operations Command. I was able to figure these different things out and how people learn languages, and that was definitely an interesting experience to learn how do people learn languages.

Meanwhile, Mike's parents, Melissa and Mark Wimmer, are incredibly proud of their preteen prodigy. “He's worked hard to

reach his goals,” Melissa told [NBC](#) in an interview. “When he had obstacles in his way, he figured out a way around them.”

Mark is particularly pleased with his son’s progress in developing life skills—in addition to his academic endeavors. “That social and soft skill side of him I think, is the part that’s really grown and really impressed us even much more than just the academics for sure,” he told the network.

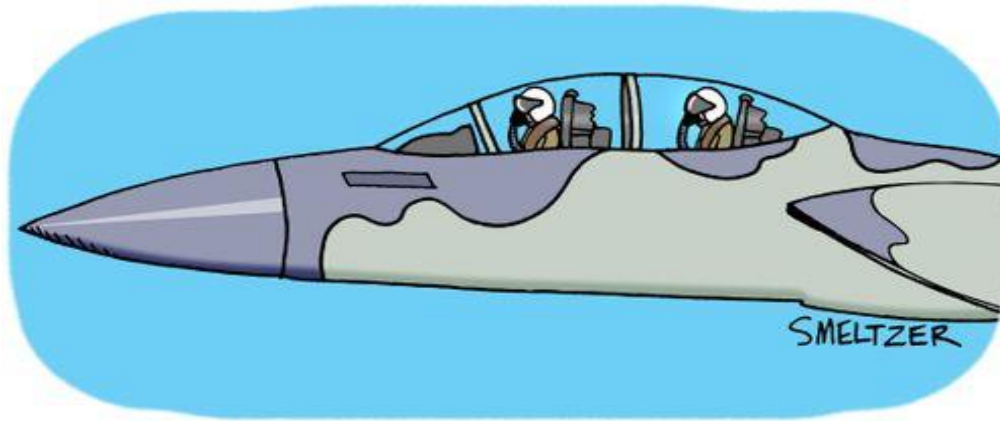
Mark’s son grasps that communication is key in becoming a successful businessman. He’s recently been focused on his writing, speaking, and social adeptness. “I can have the best technology, write the best code, you’re the best thing,” he said. “But if I can’t display my idea, or display my creation to someone else to make it relatable, then it has no use to the world.”

Despite all he’s got going on, Wimmer has little trouble switching gears from kid mode—sharing in amusements with friends—to high school or college mode—interacting with his more learned peers.

“We talked about the kid stuff, the racing, the cars, that kind of thing,” he said. “And then say, for my high school peers, I can dial it up. And then for my colleagues, I can dial up even more.”

As for the future, Wimmer has still plenty of time for planning. “I’m deciding between two colleges that are local in North Carolina,” he said, adding that there’s the option of a teal fellowship to grow his startup enterprises instead of going to school, also. “So there’s just tons of different options that I have and that’s something to think about for sure,” he said.

Your Scribe's Navy Fighter Pilot "Flash" Autobiography, Sailors One and All Forever.



"Are we there yet?"

Flash's Return to the Carrier with the Visiting Press Guy. "Anybody Seen an Aircraft Carrier Around Here?"



"See, Dear? Flying upside down
isn't as dangerous as it looks."

**Joanne's first flight with Hubbie
Flash getting her excited too, Geronimo**

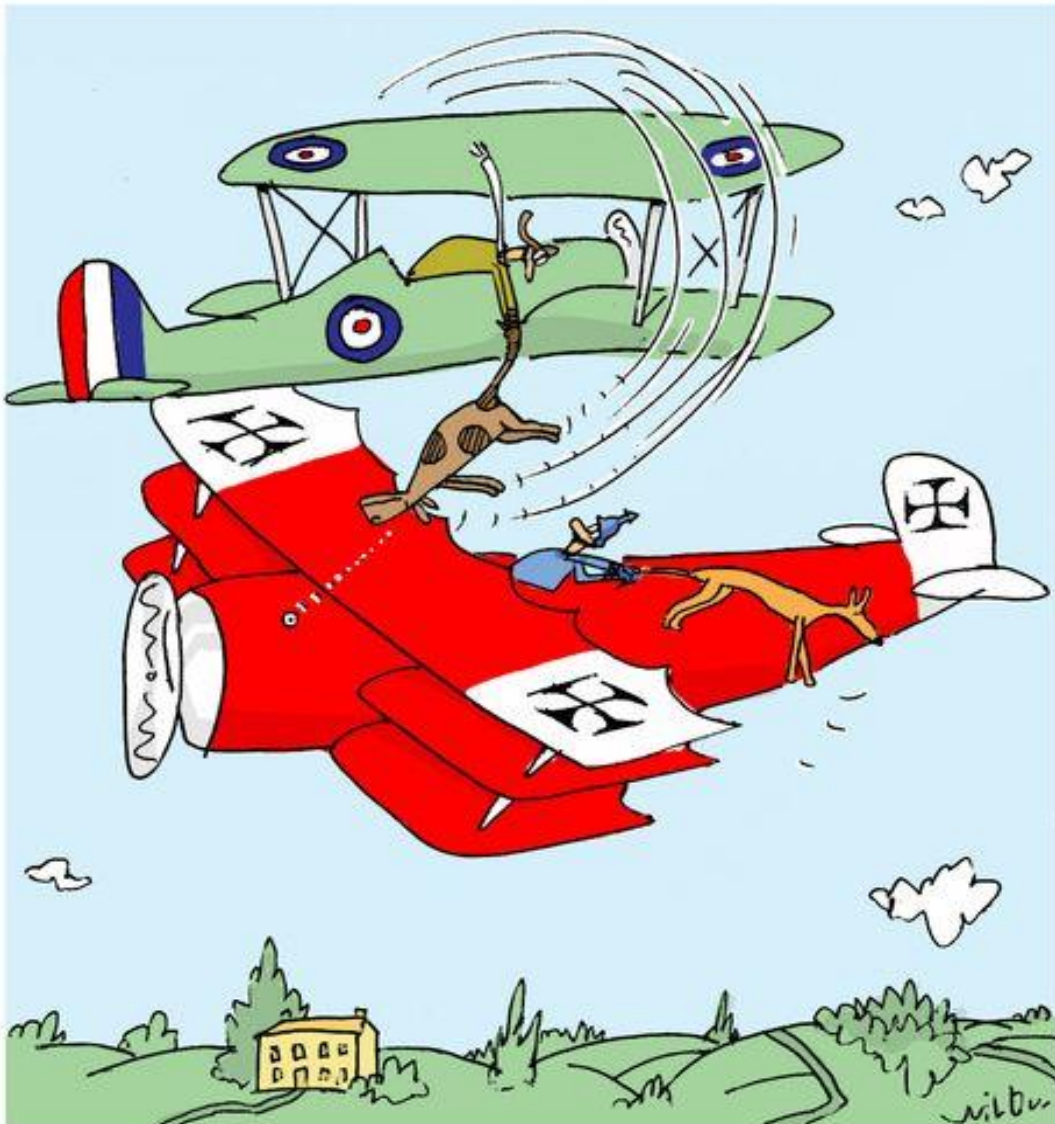


THIS STEALTH TECHNOLOGY JUST KEEPS GETTING BETTER!

Cruising with Squadron Mate in Stealth



Sailors Know Their Place, So Do Dogs



It was another dramatic dog-fight between the deadly foes.

Flash's Heritage Always Outsmarting the Foe—Woof, Woof

Honored Guests Arriving for the Welcome Home Party for

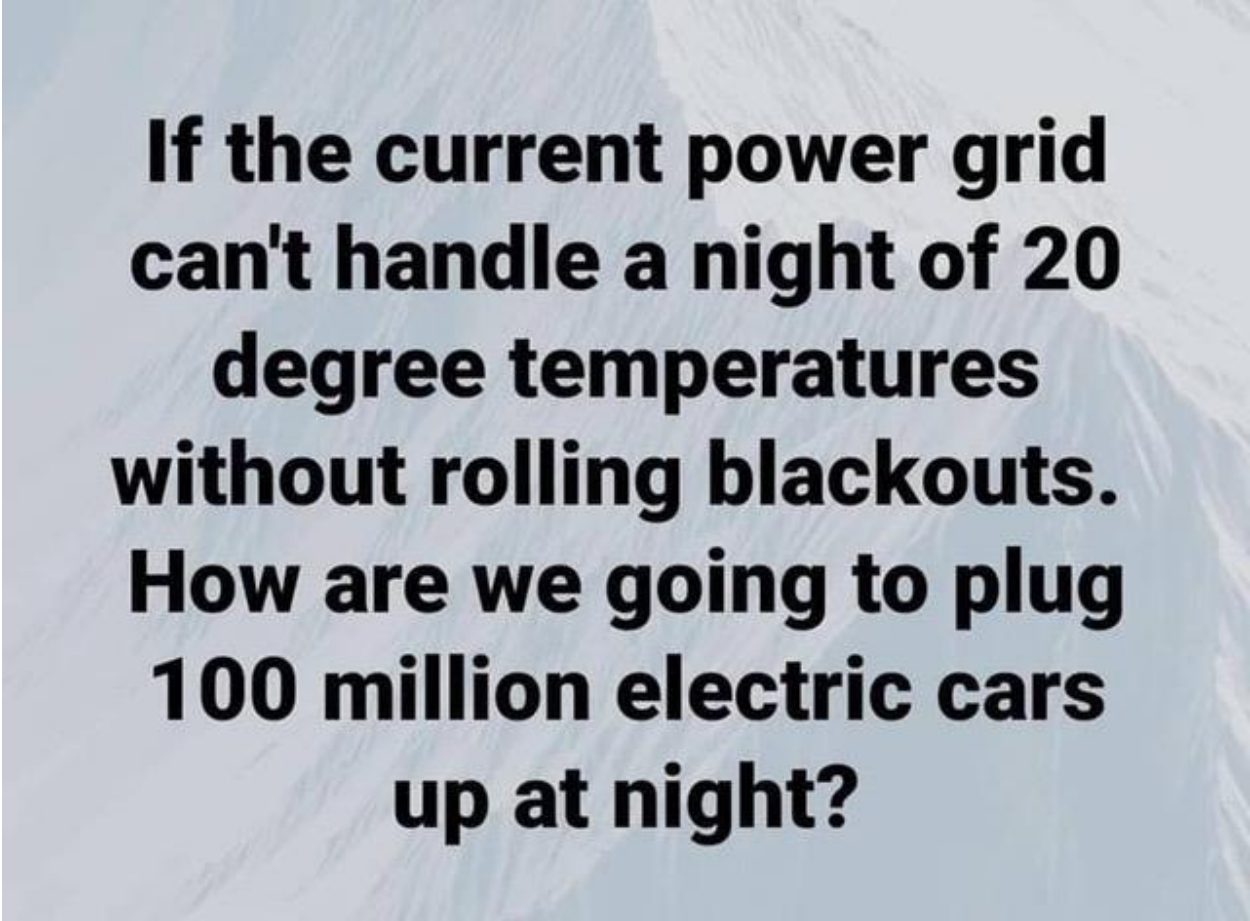


Flash and His VA212 Buddies from Cruise.

busload of illegals.mov

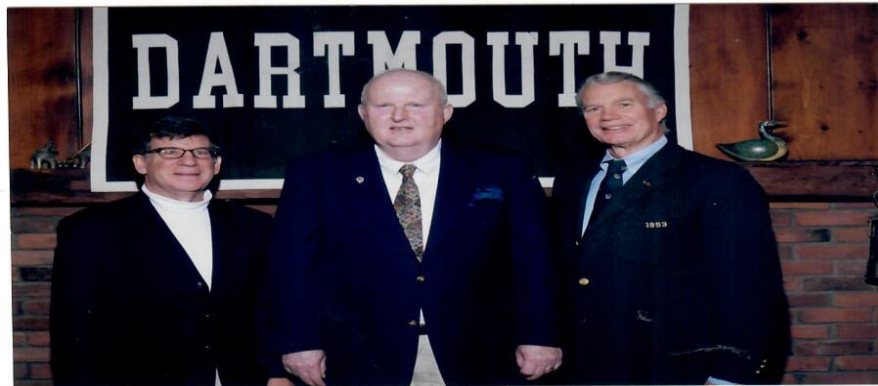


ITALIAN AF DEMO TEAM.mp4



**If the current power grid
can't handle a night of 20
degree temperatures
without rolling blackouts.
How are we going to plug
100 million electric cars
up at night?**

Picture follows of Dick Cahn, well Known Attorney and Author of Making Law available on Amazon. Don aka Gus Goss, fraternity brother and dear friend who started 53 Out and the early Alumni magazine efforts, Bob, Mole, Malin, author of that famous graduation night speak on our class, and how we liked each other, and how Ike said "You are bound to be leaders" and Mole said "We better go out and do something" And we did.



Oh Eleazar Wheelock was a very pious man. He founded Dartmouth College to teach the Indian. With a gradus and parnassum, a bible and a drum, and five hundred gallons of New Englad Rum. Fill the bowl up and drink to Eleazar and his primitive alcasezar. for they mixed drinks together for the goodness of their souls
And then the replanted the Lone Pine Above Her.



Our Friends Teddy and Toddler.

We, David and Joanne, live out In “Bear Country” in Seminole County, Florida, less than 50 miles from the Seminole National Forest, home to an estimated 6600 bears. Tis a spectacular part of the world and sometimes the more socialable bears like to come to visit our Pure Living Village for a snack when the drought has been touch. This picture is taken from our porch as one of these lovely creatures strolls across the fairway, cub in tow, either going to or coming from

dinner. They have unlimited charge cards and tend to rule the roost when they come by. I let them know I am a Dartmouth Indian and they then tend to stand their distance. SURE DAVE, BLARNEY UBER ALLES.





This 100-Year-Old Man is Still Skiing

An Awesome message from another Senior Powder Skier, our Bruce Sherman '53

To celebrate his centenarian birthday, this skier is taking a hot lap To celebrate his 100th birthday on July 5, George Alexander Jedenoff is going skiing. A resident of California's Bay Area, Jedenoff has not missed a ski season since 1960, when he took his first turns at the age of 43 at Alta Ski Area in Utah. He skied three days this past winter and flies again to Utah on Saturday to acclimate from sea level to 7,000 feet before he turns 100 years old. On Wednesday, Snowbird is firing up the tram for Jedenoff to ski a birthday hot lap with his family and ski buddies he's had for over 50 years.

Born in 1917 in Petrozavodsk, Russia, Jedenoff's family fled the Russian Revolution and immigrated to the United States (by way of China) in 1921. He grew up in California, and after World War II, became an industrial engineer at the Columbia steel company at a plant in the Bay Area. In 1960, he was transferred to another steel plant in Provo, Utah, which he says felt like the middle of nowhere. That is, until he found skiing.

"I've really enjoyed skiing. But I wouldn't want to ski everyday. There are too many other important things in life that you got to do. You're on this earth just a short while, even if it's a hundred years, that's nothing in a period of time. What you do with your life is very important."

The day I called Jedenoff was the day his fourth great-grandchild was born. He had to put his hearing aid on, but he took some time to share a bit of wisdom about skiing and birthday cake—both of which he still enjoys thoroughly at the ripe age of 100.

Have you ever skied on your birthday before? Yes. Twenty years ago. On my 80th birthday, a group of six of us, plus wives, flew down to New Zealand where its winter in July. On my birthday, the sun was out, and we went to the sheep ranch and caught a helicopter and made five runs in the Arrowsmith Range near Christchurch.

It was the biggest celebration that I ever had. I had more birthday cakes—before I left on the trip, my daughter gave me a birthday cake. On my birthday on the mountain, the helicopter had a birthday cake for me. There was another helicopter with other people that were also skiing and when they got down to the bottom they had a birthday cake for me. That night we went out to a fancy dinner at a nice restaurant overlooking the lake and I had a birthday cake. And then, when I got home, my daughter had another birthday cake.

How many cakes do you think you'll get for your 100th birthday? I don't know. I'll have one over on the mountain, at Snowbird, for sure. You've enjoyed a lot of years of skiing. How did you get started? I was working with U.S. steel. I was a plant manager and was sent to a bigger plant in Provo, Utah. I arrived in January of 1960. I was 42. I asked, 'Gosh, what do people do here in the winter time for exercise, entertainment?' Well, we have the bowling league. I said, 'Oh, that's nice.' A lot of people play bridge. That's nice. Well, a lot of people go skiing. I said, 'Gosh, that sounds pretty good to me, I might try that.' The

guy says, Oh, I wouldn't do that if I were you. I asked 'Why?' He said, Oh, you'll get hooked.

I went into the sports store, and I looked at the manager and said, I'm 43, I want to learn how to ski. I want to get the safest equipment you got. And I heard a voice: Safe equipment? I'll show you the safe equipment. I thought, Who the hell is this guy? He was Earl Miller, the father of maybe a hundred inventions and a great skier himself.

He said, 'Use my bindings and I'll even teach you how to ski.' I said, 'Well you can't miss on that deal.'

Sounds like you got in with the right crew. Earl Miller set the standard for safety in ski bindings at the time, and is in the Ski Hall of Fame. Who else did you ski with back then? I got some lessons from the Great Alf Engen at Alta. He always spoke with an accent. He was a very, very nice person. He loved to ski. He was a little heavy set, but he made it look easy.

Then later, when Junior Bounous came back from California to head up the ski school at Snowbird. I got acquainted with him, and he and I have been friends for 51 years now. He's 92 and he is in fantastic shape. I mean fantastic. He still climbs up the mountains. When he skis powder it's like a ballet dancer. It's just so smooth, and he makes it look so easy. And that's the thing in skiing—it's very easy to be working too hard, instead of letting gravity and the skis do the work.

And then you were hooked? I haven't missed a year since 1960. I haven't missed a year in the Wasatch Mountains—at Snowbird and Alta—all these years. That's the best snow in the world. I've skied in Europe. I've skied in South America. I've skied in a lot of places. But that's the best if you love powder, and that's what I love. I love powder. Next week it's not going to be powder, but that's alright.

I bet you're a good skier. I'm no Jean-Claude Killy, that's for sure.

For being 100 years old, I think you're doing pretty good. I've really enjoyed skiing. But I wouldn't want to ski everyday. There are too many other important things in life that you got to do. You're on this earth just a short while, even if it's a hundred years, that's nothing in a period of time. What you do with your life is very important.

Skiing, to me, is like dessert. I love dessert. But you gotta have the main meal first, and you have to provide for that. You can't just live on

dessert. And that's the way I feel about skiing. To be able to ski, it's just great enjoyment. But there are other things in life that you have to do—family, community things once you're retired, and of course when you're working, you have your job to do.

What is your advice to younger skiers? Skiing is just a great sport. The thing I would say is take care of yourself. Watch your diet, and maintain an exercise program. The thing that has kept me going all these years is I have a rigid exercise program that I do every single day. I did it this morning. The secret to that, I find, is you have to work it in to your regular routine schedule. You have to make it part of your life. I wake up in the morning, scrub my teeth, shave, and then I go right down and do my exercise.

The thing about skiing now is that it's an incentive for me to stay in shape. I know that I want to be able to ski, and you have to be in shape to do it. That motivates me to do my exercise everyday.

Did you pass your love for skiing down to your children? I have two children, my son still skis. My daughter was a good skier, but she doesn't ski anymore. That's another thing, when kids are little, sometimes you'd have trouble communicating with your children. But there's something about getting on a chairlift and riding up in brisk weather and you get that nice fresh air in your lungs, it opens you up. My kids would open up on that chairlift like I could never get them to talk any other way. It was just a great experience.

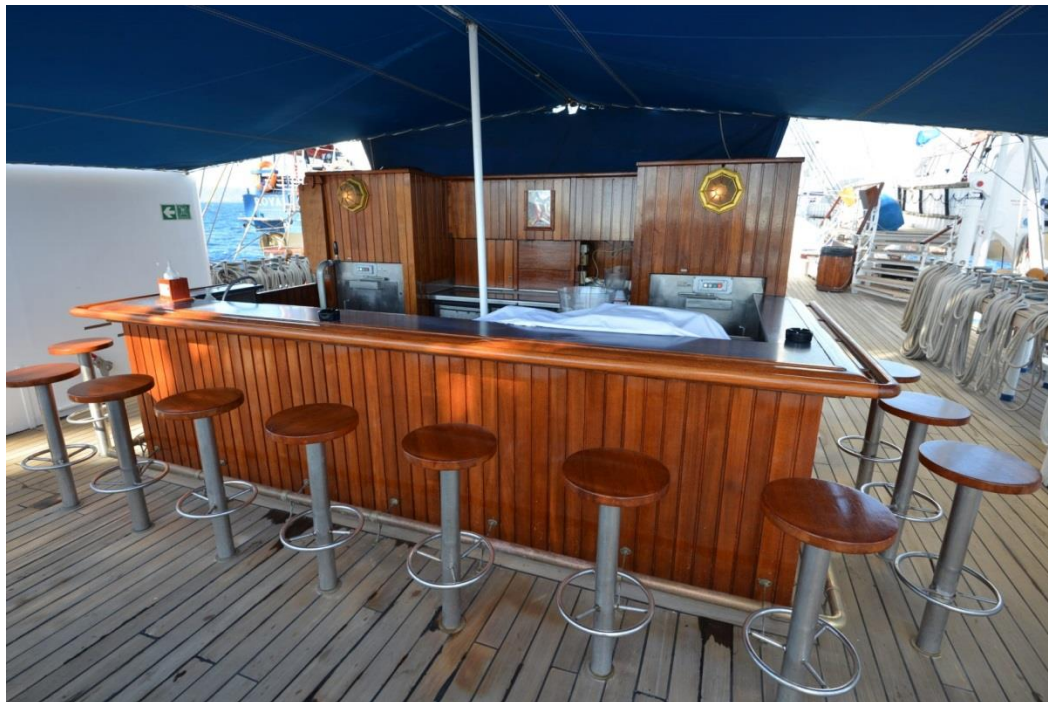
What are you looking forward to the most while skiing this weekend? Hopefully I can ski OK on that slush and not get hurt! Just enjoy the company and three of my grandkids are going to be there. My son will be there. And I'll have a number of close friends. Just to see them—it's nice to get all this applause. When you're this age, you don't think anybody cares a darn about you anymore. It's kind of refreshing, a little overwhelming. It makes you a reluctant celebrity. It makes you feel good.

Sailing ship Star ---- Royal Clipper—the Ship Bruce Sherman is recruiting ‘53’s to join sometime in the future when she sails from Miami.



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Featuring the sleek and graceful profile of 19th century clipper ships, Royal Clipper can reach speeds of up to 17 knots on sail power alone. Cabin comfort is equivalent to regular cruise ships, the service is superb with a much smaller group of people , but as with any ship at seas, the sociability around the bar is extraordinary and memorable as one can see from the picture following. Come join us sailing over the bounty main in the future when she sails from Miami.



Time for a break from this probably too long a newsletter, but so much has been accumulating just had to “spit it out.” Put on your headsets and turn up your volume to hear and see Andre Rieu play what I visualize is our Great Reunion in the Great Beyond theme when we have all migrated into the Universe and are Soaring Through It. [What a great title for a book!] <https://youtu.be/XPi1hf618Xw> The Entry at Maastricht

And, at the risk of being “discharged” from this sacred position as Class Newsletter editor, here is the greatest birthday card I have ever received , and from an old squadron buddy, as I entered my 90th year along with you all.

[View Your Ecard](#)

A Great Note from Ralph Heyman. Dear David, we are home now in Kettering, Ohio. We have a condo in a wooded moraine area that was once part of the estate where Chuck grew up. Sad he is not alive to enjoy it. His house now is the office for Kettering hospital. You can still see the outline of what was once a swimming pool. Below us is Moraine Country Club where he probably played tennis and maybe golf. We are free now to enjoy Ketteringville since the Pandemic rules have opened up. Take care, Ralph, And thank you Ralph on the refresher of the Kettering estate that Chuck shared so well with many of his friends and classmates and

along with his sister who married my roommate sophomore year, Dick Lombard, the man of many smoke rings, and Jimmy Cartmell was the third. Amazing people all. All the best and stay in touch and send a couple of pics of the Kettering layout if you would. Best, Dave.

AND AS A FINALE FOR THIS LENGTHY ISSUE [TOC PROVIDED]

Here is an AMAZING tale of the adventures while a student of the most famous DAM writer The Dartmouth has ever known, the Class' most famous dentist who made sure we kept out songs, I mena mouthes, clean, and the hottest singalong piano player who kept us singing and smiling at the 65th and will do so at the 70th, none other than Dr, Mark Smoller of the Great Class of 1953. Fasten your seat belts.

Having pledged Theta Chi Fraternity, there were a few assignments which I had to complete in order to become a member. One of them was the following. I was to hitchhike to Boston with my roomie, Jim Courtney (who also had an assignment) , and while there I was to get into the carillons at Wellesley College and play Dartmouth songs. Oh yes, one more thing. We were relieved of any money that we had with us.

We hit the road that Saturday morning at sunup and were picked up by a friendly semi rig driver who was headed in that general direction. Unfortunately he had to make a stop in Enfield which would have taken half a day; so we parted company there and returned to the road. Shortly thereafter, a car whizzed by, and seeing us with our thumbs out, jammed on his brakes. He motioned for us to join him. He

was from Montreal and spoke almost no English. He must have thought he was racing in the Grand prix because he gave us the ride of our lives.. It is the only time I ever wished that a trooper or local gendarme would appear out of nowhere and ticket this wild man.

Somehow we made it to Natick where Courtney had to perform his task which he did to perfection. We then hit the road once more for the ultimate destination, the lovely campus of Wellesley College. Things were going well as we once again managed to capture a ride just about to the College. Courtney had secreted some money in his shoe, so we stopped in a diner for a leisurely lunch. It was a beautiful, sunny day, the kind that makes you feel as if you can do anything you attempt. You are invincible, and there are no consequences....(ah, the optimism of youth.) After lunch we walked the final miles arriving on the campus ready for action. There were lots of young women busy carrying on their normal daily lives who, I must admit, were not particularly interested in us or why we were there. As we asked around, we determined that there was to be a dance that evening, and so the plot was made. We'd wait until everyone was busy at the dance, and then I would strike.

First, we had to scope out the position of the carillons,; not too difficult, because they were housed in a beautiful tower. Having accomplished that, we now had little to do except to explore the campus and await the ideal time to strike. Dusk arrived. Shortly thereafter we noted car after car arrive for the dance as eager young swains arrived to escort their dates to their rapturous evening.. We knew that Les Commons, our pledge master was seeing a young Wellesley student, whom he eventually married, so we expected that he would be there for the dance. Lucky us! We found his car parked in the lot, and the door was not locked. Now, our escape seemed assured.

Once we heard music coming from the dance we deemed the time ripe some music of our own. We casually walked over to the

tower and found the door unlocked. We walked up some stairs right into the room in which the cords which pulled the bells were located. The cords were attached at their ends by wooden bars, set up similarly to a piano keyboard. It didn't look difficult to me; so, without any introduction, I lead right in with " Dartmouth's in Town Again." Now I was feeling very cocky, so I proceeded forthwith with my rendition of the Backs Go tearing By. Completing that one, and with Courtney egging me on, I continued with "Where oh Where are the Silly, Silly, Sophomores," a salute to my Class at the time.

Ahh! As they say, all good things have to come to an end, and this joyride ended unceremoniously. A campus po arrived to check out why he was hearing songs that seemed alien to their community. He actually was a real gentleman. Today, I'd probably been hauled off to some jail and kept overnight until the justice of the peace came to work on Monday,. I'd have time to contemplate my wayward ways. But that was not in the cards this day. The Po simply asked me to desist and to leave the building. I did not resist since he did not indicate that I was leaving with him for some hoosegow. On our way out, he told me he liked my playing but hoped I would not consider any encores.

And so we had accomplished our chores. We then waddled over to the parking lot and let ourselves into Les' car. We sat there listening to the music, and when we heard the kids leaving the dance, we laid down on the floor of the car to await our ride home. Shortly thereafter, Les returned to his car, and with a quick turn of the key, and rev of the motor , wee were off to Hanover. Les had no idea he was taxiing some menial pledges back home. We decided to leave it that way. After a bit, we began making various sounds , very quietly at first. With the radio blasting in the front seat it took more than a little noise again Les' attention. We did get to him at last. He heard something, but was not impressed. When we finally popped up off the floor, we almost had to pick Les up from the floor, or at least

unwrap us all from a tree. Believing he was alone, our sudden appearance ,out of nowhere almost scared the daylights out of him. We all had a great laugh. Les told me he thought he had heard Dartmouth songs being played but believed that the College was playing them to welcome the Dartmouth guys to the dance. There were no repercussions and we were left with a very happy memory which i revived when I brought my daughters to visit Wellesley 27 years later

Mark, That Is the story of a story of a story and what a Ringing Way to conclude this Summer News Letter with all imagining thoe Carillion Towers ringing “Dear Ole Dartmouth” and “As the Backs Go Tearing By” and I think we should arrange for you to return to Wellsley and the towers and ring out “Where or Where are the Grand Old Seniors”. Your story is the Story of the Millineum for 53 Out. Super Thanks and we think you may have sounded a bit like this.....

<https://youtu.be/DdJqUzw61qo>



A Band of Brothers Forever, and Ever, and Ever. '53 Out!

