

'53 OUT REVEILLE AT THE CLASS OF 1953 COMMONS



The Sixty Fifth Reunion of this remarkable class of 1953 has come BUT WILL NEVER BE GONE as then our illustrious Presidente Al loved to dwell a bit on that thought. For now please allow your Scribo to sum it all up in the profound words of a very special classmate and dear friend to all of us, Bob Malin, who proclaimed on Graduation Night at a dinner that “We were sort of a mediocre class scholastically, but we had our scholars, and we were also a mediocre class athletically but we had our stars, however we were an outstanding class socially—we just plain liked each other, and then the President of the United States spoke to us at our graduation today and told us that “Dartmouth taught you to be leaders, you are bound to be leaders.” So, WE HAD BETTER GO OUT AND DO SOMETHING!!!, said Bob. AND WE DID, BOB,. We really did, a class 68years out on the Dartmouth College Fund is a superb example of how we have been **Leaders**, and the following

story of Ron Lazar's super accomplishments bear that out.

In Keeping With Our Hallowed Reputation of Having the Most Pagaes in a Class Newsletter, We Are Obliging That Traditon Wth About 40 Pages Covering the Tremendous Accomplishmens of the Class on the Dartmouth College Fund, Led by Ron Lazar, A Complete Report on the Purt Blodgett Trail Reported by Donna Reilly, and a Plentitude of Pictures of the New Moosilauke Lodge Opening Put Conducted During our 65th Reuion in 2018 , Then There is a Lovely Story About the Benevolet Life of Our Andy Sigler, and a Report on the Renovation of Dartmouth and Thornton, Some Lovely Poetry by Peter Bridges and Culminating With a Hilarious Story of the Red Tape of Russia when Peter and aMary Jane *Were Assigned to the Embassy Ago.* *This is a fun* edition, one we hope you will , and we welcome any suggetions to make it better, except shorter. Cheers, Dave

The incredible performance of The Class of 1953 for the 2021 Dartmouth College Fund was a celebration of our 68th year since graduation. We logged a 71 percent participation rate tying for second place in ALL of the classes of Dartmouth from the Class of 2021 back to the Class of 1950. Ron Lazar managed the whole process with many able assistants and here is the score sheet and the players. Congratulations Ron, and from all of us, Thank You a thousand times over.



And here is the Classmate of the Year who made it happen, Ron Lazar, whose steady hand on the cell phone, fax machine, internet, and goodness know what else, led the class to this phenomenal achievement of 2nd place OVERALL, All Classes, In participation. And, Ron is the first to recognize his Team of DCF Agents who are listed below, and here is the Tally Sheet for all Dartmouth classes from 1950 to 2021, and dare we say that we are getting to the top of the pile in antiquity.



DARTMOUTH COLLEGE FUND CLASS-BY-CLASS PROGRESS REPORT

2020-21 Final Report

Class	Class Recognition	2020-21 Participation
1950	\$51,767	38.5%
1951	\$146,597	40.0%
1952	\$258,111	45.3%
1953	\$140,539	71.0%
1954	\$207,447	61.8%
1955	\$183,000	56.9%
1956	\$270,395	46.4%
1957	\$182,313	41.0%
1958	\$270,730	50.7%
1959	\$156,583	51.1%
1960	\$507,987	70.8%
1961	\$883,590	75.6%
1962	\$429,481	46.5%
1963	\$426,619	49.3%
1964	\$475,321	40.9%
1965	\$570,067	37.5%
1966	\$302,800	43.9%
1967	\$291,491	45.5%
1968	\$424,754	50.7%
1969	\$375,344	34.9%
1970	\$641,028	33.3%
1971	\$1,574,952	47.7%
1972	\$201,372	32.5%
1973	\$521,077	42.3%
1974	\$252,801	45.3%
1975	\$328,989	36.0%
1976	\$260,341	33.8%
1977	\$1,077,651	36.8%
1978	\$1,569,643	36.4%
1979	\$738,510	60.6%
1980	\$1,418,635	38.0%
1981	\$978,221	34.4%
1982	\$1,337,875	38.2%
1983	\$829,725	32.1%
1984	\$962,853	30.7%

Class	Class Recognition	2020-21 Participation
1985	\$3,912,935	38.2%
1986	\$2,935,123	42.8%
1987	\$3,107,754	32.6%
1988	\$854,680	42.2%
1989	\$1,651,819	40.0%
1990	\$1,308,933	41.1%
1991	\$6,307,468	42.9%
1992	\$1,333,501	36.4%
1993	\$1,020,307	37.2%
1994	\$1,017,773	32.5%
1995	\$1,103,122	30.6%
1996	\$2,978,924	32.6%
1997	\$673,284	37.0%
1998	\$631,261	32.9%
1999	\$322,428	31.0%
2000	\$567,504	29.1%
2001	\$681,716	32.9%
2002	\$496,016	32.9%
2003	\$134,810	26.7%
2004	\$238,183	34.3%
2005	\$118,579	30.7%
2006	\$231,688	40.2%
2007	\$211,867	37.3%
2008	\$131,729	36.8%
2009	\$91,726	42.6%
2010	\$210,183	44.7%
2011	\$73,315	33.9%
2012	\$103,736	39.4%
2013	\$65,505	36.3%
2014	\$57,723	36.3%
2015	\$40,028	33.2%
2016	\$62,980	26.9%
2017	\$17,906	23.5%
2018	\$46,954	20.5%
2019	\$20,419	23.6%
2020	\$12,437	15.0%

Rows shaded in green are in reunion in fiscal year 2021.

Ron's Letter to All of Us.

“Yes, it was your gift that put us over the top! I can say this because it was just one gift that caused us to reach 71% participation besting the class of 1960 with their 70.8% and proving once again our traditional Legacy of Leadership by placing the always great class of 1953 with the second highest participation of all 71 Dartmouth alumni classes in this years' college fund drive. The only class that exceeded our participation was the Reunion Class of 1961 with 75 percent, placing 1953 above all other non-reunion classes.

What made it possible was the superbly generous support of so many along with the team effort of our long time serving class agents, Philip Beekman, Richard O'Connor, Richard Blum, Richard Loewenthal, Frederick Stephens, John Avril, John Cernius, Thomas Duke, Carl England, William Friedman, David Halloran, Donald McMichael, George Sarner, Robert Simpson, Bernard Sudikoff, and Lowell Thomas.

Our gifts totaled \$140,539 which was more than \$5,000 over our assigned goal of \$135,000. Another great achievement due to your generosity!

On the honor roll which follows later in this newsletter there are various numbers and symbols by each classmate's and widow's names. The number next to each name is the number of years of giving to the Dartmouth College Fund (DCF) since graduation. 68 years of giving or every one since graduation qualifies for the Harold C Ripley '29 Society. The 3 dot symbol or Rotman Society symbolizes 3 or more consecutive years of giving. The yellow burst or 1769 Society indicates giving to DCF at an annual level of \$2500 or more. The blue triangle or Bartlett Tower Society indicates that the individual has provided for Dartmouth in their estate plans and notified the college of their intentions. The red dots indicate our loyal and devoted volunteers.

Letter from our Class President, Dick O'Connor

ON BALANCE THE YEAR WAS A TOUGH ONE EXCEPT FOR THE FABULOUS PERFORMANCE OF THE CLASS IN ACHIEVING A RECORD 71 PERCENT PARTICIPATION, SECOND TO ALL THE CLASSES FROM 1950 TO 2021.

ON THE SAD SIDE, OUR PRESIDENT, ALLEN COLLINS DIED FOLLOWED BY HIS SUCCESSOR; PUT BLODGETT AFTER THREE MONTHS ..AFTER THAT . THE JOB CAME TO ME, WHEN I TOOK OVER AS PRESIDENT IN APRIL 2021. I STARTED A CALL PROGRAM FOR CLASSMATES TO CALL FOR LONG LOST CLASSMATES TO BRING THEM UP TO DATE. MY PERSONAL CONTACTS ENDING UP WITH TWO OF THESE CLASSMATE PASSING AWAY DYING WITHIN A SHORT TIME. AND WE WERE PLEASED WE COULD WISH THEM WELL FROM THE CLASS. .

DAVE HALLORAN AND OTHERS HAVE STRONGLY OBJECTED TO THE REMOVAL OF HISTORIC ARTIFACTS FROM THE TOWER AT THE LIBRARY, THE ELEAZAR AND BIG CHIEF WEATHER VAENE, AND HAVE WRITTEN TO THE PRESIDENT REGARDING THE NON INVOLVEMENT OF ALUMNI IN THE DISCUSSIONS. SIMILARLY THERE HAVE BEEN OBJECTIONS TO THE CLOSING OF THE GOLF COURSE; . IN THE PAST THE COURSE HAS SERVED THE GOLF TEAMS AS WELL AS THE REC CLASSES THAT USED THE FACILITY. THERE WERE OTHER USERS OF THE GOLF COURSE INCLUDING THE SKI TEAM AND THE CROSS COUNTRY TEAMS. THE ADMINISTRATION HAS DONE NOTHING TO REPLACE THESE NECESSARY ACTIVITIES.

WE CELEBRATED THE YEAR WITH A ZOOM MEETING THAT INCLUDED UP TO THIRTY MEMBERS OF THE CLASS. WE ARE WORKING ON A REMEMBRANCE PLAQUE FOR EX PRESIDENT PUT BLODGETT. IT INVOLVES CUTTING A TRAIL FROM THE LODGE IN THE WOODS TO A CONCLUSION SOME 2 MILES DOWN THE ROAD. THIS PATH COULD BE USED BY ALL CLIMBERS AS WARMUP OR AS A GOOD WALK IN THE WOODS,. MUCH EFFORT WENT INTO THE PLANNING OF THIS ACTIVITY BY

THOUGH WE ALL OF COURSE HAVE TO DEAL WITH THE NEGATIVES IN LIFE AT THIS STAGE OF OUR TIME, IT IS DELIGHTFUL TO KNOW THAT WE STILL HAVE 142 RECIPIENTS OF THE 53 OUT NEWSLETTER BEGUN BY DON Goss DECADES AGO AND WE GET ON AVERAGE A DOZEN TO TWO DOZEN RESPONSES TO EACH LETTER. THE REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE OF THE CLASS IN THE DCF WITH RON LAR'S LEADERSHIP IS CERTAINLY INDICATIVE OF THE EVIDENCE THAT THE SPIRITS OF 53 IS VERY MUCH ALIVE AND WE HOPE MANY CAN MAKE THE TRIP BACK TO HANOVER IN TWO YEARS FOR OUR SEVENTH REUNION. ALL THE BEST, DICK O'CONNOR.

And Dave Halloran adds that in addition to eight editions of the Class Newsletter, the Class has also been commended by the Alumni Affairs office for having the finest newsletter for senior classes as well as a commendation for the class website, especially citing how it opens with the lyrics to "Dartmouth Undying" presented very artistically with college scenes in the background. Dave is ably assisted by number one son Michael '83, a computer wizard who managed to include Ike's speech on graduation day and all the songs from the Spring Hum of 1952 including that melodious rendition of "Little Jimmy Brown" by Charlie Fleet.

We always start with warm memories, and here is how this Fall Season edition begins, just as it did three years ago at our 65th Reunion. Joanne, my Bride, Don Perkins, my freshman year roommate, and I walked the Green late Saturday afternoon after our Dartmouth Footballers crushed Penn, and it was a delightful time and place for some loving nostalgia. Baker's majestic presence, amongst those magnificent trees that almost hide Webster, is always the emotional opener even when driving into Hanover from, White River with Baker's tower with the classic weather vane dedicated to Eleazar Wheelock, our Founder, and the Indian chief for whom he founded the college to bring them the knowledge of the outside world. Then, and . popping above the "imposition" of Rollins Chapel architecture one takes in the timeless presence of Dartmouth on the Hill on whose steps my brother and I sat with Dad '19 at his 15th and where he proclaimed us to be members of the Classes of 1951 and 1953. Admiral Dad, one of the Founders of the Seabees, was always right!. Our eyes then scanned to the West at the approaching sunset over the Inn, then over Collis, and behind there The Class of 1953 Commons. then followed by Robinson as the sun set behind the trees. The soothing lyrics of Dartmouth Undying entered our hearts at that very moment "Who can forget those soft September sunsets, those hours that passed like dreams?" Our Reunion Magnifique was just that, a remembrance and cherishing of those "hours that passed like dreams" and this '53 Out begun by the immortal Donald Goss six decades plus is all about THAT.



The Most Generous Class in the History of Dartmouth College

Anonymous (14)

Ralph A. Adams ... (62)

Rosalie Alexander (6)

Nancy Alger (3)

Byron A. Allen, Jr. ... (65)

John W. Amerman (60)

E. Forrest Anderson ... (59)

John G. Avril • ✎ ... (68)

Philip E. Beekman ▲ • ... 🏠 (64)

Jane Bernstein (2)

Richard J. Blum ▲ • ✎ ... 🏠 (68)

Thomas Bradley ... (61)

Donald A. Bremner ... (46)

Albert J. Brewster III (33)

The Honorable Peter S. Bridges ... (58)

Donald D. Brown, M.D. ... (51)

Charles B. Buchanan ▲ ✎ ... (68)

Nathan Burkan, Jr. ✎ ... (68)

William A. Burns ... 🏠 (50)

Hubert S. Bush, Jr., M.D. ... (34)

Richard C. Cahn ... (66)

Cathy Callender ... (8)

Seth B. Carpenter (47)

John V. Cernius • ... (67)

Mary K. Cheung (6)

Eleanor G. Claus ... (4)

Edward M. Condit ✎ ... (68)

David W. Cost ... (66)
Professor Allen F. Davis ... (61)
Martin J. DeGennaro (49)
Le Baron W. Dennis, M.D. ... (31)
E. Thomas Dewey Jr. ... (65)
Paul A. Dillingham, Jr. ... (67)
David J. Donovan ... 🏠 (66)
Frederic E. Dorkin ... (66)
June Elizabeth Dosik ... (4)
Lieutenant Colonel Thomas A. Duke, U.S.A.F., Ret. • ... (64)
Thomas L. Dyal ... (66)
Katharine Donnan Emery (2)
Carl D. England, Jr. • ✖ ... (68)
Aaron B. Epstein ... (62)
Harlan W. Fair ▲ ... (66)
Philip S. Fast ▲ ... (61)
Richard T. Fleming ▲ ✖ ... (68)
David W. Florence ▲ ... (57)
Anthony M. Frank (60)
J. Perry Free ✖ ... (68)
Karl R. Friedmann, M.D. ✖ ... (68)
L. Frederick Gieg, Jr. ... (65)
Ruth Constance Giesser (6)
Edwin J. Glickman)
Richard C. Goodman ✖ ... (68)
Werner C. Graeve ... (65)
Edwin H. Grant, Jr. ▲ (6... * (675)
John C. Green ▲ ... (67)

Sydney L. Gross, Jr. ... (39)
Rudolf K. Haerle, Jr., Ph.D. ▲ ▢ ... (68)
Joan Haigh ... (12)
Richard A. Hall ▲ ▢ ... (68)
David G. Halloran, Ph.D. ▲ ● ... (68)
George T. Hathorn ... a (6)
Carol T. Henderson 🏠
Thomas B. Hess ▢ ... (68)
Elaine Land Hitt (13)
David E. Horlacher, Ph.D. ... (65)
John R. Horne, Jr., D.M.D. ... (63)
William D. Hutchens ... (55)
William K. Hutchison ▢ ... (68)
Neil D. Isaacs, Ph.D. ... (19)
The Reverend Boyd M. Johnson, Jr. ... (55)
Professor L. W. Johnson ▲ ... 🏠 (63)
Nancy Johnson ... (12)
The Honorable Barbara J. R. Jones (5)
David B. Katz (43)
Wayne W. Keller ▢ ... (6)
Lawrence E. Kelly ... (57)
John H. Kennedy ▲ ▢ ... (68)
Herbert Klagsbrun ... (62)
John H. Koerner ▢ ... (68)
W. George Krall ▲ ▢ ... (68)
Francis A. L'Esperance Jr., M.D. ... (50)
C. Blair Law ▲ ... (37)
Elizabeth Lawrence ... (10)

Ronald H. Lazar ▲ ● ▼ ... ✎ (68)
Frank C. Lee ... (57)
Richard P. Lena, M.D. ▼ ... ✎ (68)
Philip G. Lewis ... ✎ (64)
Richard J. Loewenthal, Jr. ▲ ● ▼ ... (68)
William G. Loomis, M.D. ... (60)
Robert A. Lundegaard (36)
Anson Mark ... (46)
Paul H. McConnell ... (26)
Thomas P. McCrea, III ▲ ... (40)
O. Ross McIntyre, M.D. ... (67)
Donald E. McMichael ▲ ● ▼ ... (68)
Captain Albert G. Melcher ... (49)
Robert S. Michael ... (65)
Jay H. Montgomery ▼ ... (68)
John M. Morris ... (65)
Richard P. Morse (52)
William M. Murray, Jr. ▼ ... ✎ (68)
Robert L. Nessen ... (62)
Richard B. O'Connor ● ▼ ... (68)
James C. Oberlander ... (63)
Andris Padevs, Ph.D. ... (66)
Marilyn Paganucci ... ✎ (21)
Philip F. Parshley, Jr. ... (58)
Edward E. Parsons, III (45)
George B. Passano ... (67)
Stephen R. Pearsall ▼ ... (68)
Donald W. Perkins ... * (66)

Anton F. Philips ... (41)
Kester R. Pierson ... (67)
Benjamin E. Potter, M.D. ... (58)
Alden C. Purrington, Jr. ... (64)
Charles C. Reilly ▲ ▢ ... ✎ (68)
Thomas H. Ritner ... (67)
Robert D. Robinson, Jr., M.D. ... (67)
N. Hilton Rosen (64)
David C. Salter ▲ ... ✎ (67)
John K. Sargent ... (60)
George Sarner • ... (67)
Barbara Sayres, M.D. ... (12)
Robert C. Scheuer ... (65)
Rex P. Schirmer ▢ ... (68)
John R. Shaddock ... (67)
Gilbert L. Shapiro, M.D. ▲ ▢ ... ✎ (68)
Bruce R. Sherman ▲ ... (53)
Oscar R. Sherman, M.D. ... (64)
Wade W. Sherwood, M.D. ▢ ... (68)
Walton K. T. Shim, M.D. ▲ ... (56)
John H. Sigler, Ph.D. (62)
Robert C. Simpson ▲ • ▢ ... ✎ (68)
Juraj L'J Slavik (35)
Frederick H. Stephens Jr. ▲ • ▢ ... (68)
Bernard Sudikoff • ▢ ... (68)
G. William Teare, Jr. ... (38)
David H. Thomas ... (64)
Lowell S. Thomas, Jr. ▲ • ... (67)

Page Thompson ... (59)
John M. Thornley (47)
John F. Tukey ▶ ... (68)
R. Thomas Unkefer ... (62)
John A. Van Huyck ▶ ... (68)
John R. VanWagoner ... (52)
Gilbert M. Warren ▶ ... (68)
Frederick B. Whittemore ... (67)
William F. Wolff ... (66)
Michael S. Zarin ... (67)

Some Sad News from George Hathorn about the addition of a Pavillion to Dartmouth and Thornton complex during the renovation.

“Hi Dave, Some of us met with the administration to dissuade them from allowing Dartmouth Hall to be violated, but we were, unfortunately, unsuccessful. Too bad, and sorry not to bring better news. Best regards, George”

Many of us find this to be tragic, along with the removal of the Eleazar Wheelock weather vane, the loss of the Lone Pine, the closing of the Golf Course, and to me the removal of that resounding call from the desert by Isaiah as our college theme “Vox Clamantis In Deserto” along with no response from

the President on our letters of concern confirms the plans are to make Dartmouth just another fine academic institution while scrapping all of her traditions that make her so memorable. The difference in the percentage of class participation in the DCF between us Oldies and the Youngies is a good measure of that, change in attitude to the WOKEism and CRT that seems to be prevalent, and that is tragic. When Theodore Geisel's internationally famous books about Doctor Seuss became unacceptable to the land of the WOKEs and the CRTs, the world changed and so did Dartmouth. So glad his estate funded the Medical School before the WOKERs clobbered his classical works. One of my favorite professors at Dartmouth, Dr. Don Pease who taught the works of Geisel for years at Dartmouth. and accompanied us on our Class Cruise on the Mississippi in 2005 citing us as "the most affable Dartmouth class he had ever met" told me he could not stop the tears when he heard the news that the CRT folks had dismissed Doctor Seuss as Racist. I reminded Don of one of my favorite

Seminole Indian expressions that “A Tear in the Eye Brings a Rainbow to the Spirit.” He liked that.

Envoy: The Benadir Coast – Poetry by Peter Bridges

Posted on July 19, 2021



Stefano Benazzo – Shipwreck, Nouadhibou, Mauritania, 2016
Courtesy of **Stefano Benazzo**, Photographer of stranded wrecks
On this hot coast the coral cliffs are cruel

And sharp to climb. I run the beach below
Where manatees once sunned. One rack of bones
Is left, and cast-off bottles from brute ships.

On these cruel coasts the sun's fire is a fuel
For pre-Koranic passions, and the flow
Of blood and tides and monsoon rains condones
In wetness feckless knives, until sun dips.

At six I watched the glory from my roof
Fade fast. Above my solemn Indian Ocean
Two stars resumed night's watch, a dead bright proof
Of worlds beyond our world. Their stately motion
Kept on, when corpses lay in the sandy lanes
And Mogadishu burned despite good rains.

About the Poet

Peter Bridges holds degrees from Dartmouth and Columbia and served as American ambassador to Somalia. Kent State University Press published his diplomatic memoir, *Safirka: An American Envoy*, and the biographies of John Moncure Daniel and Donn Piatt. His shorter work has appeared in *American Diplomacy*, *California Literary Review*, *Copperfield Review*, *Eclectica*, *Michigan Quarterly Review*, *Virginia Quarterly Review*, and elsewhere.

About the Photographer

Stefano Benazzo lives in Umbria (Italy), having left the Italian diplomatic service in 2012 as an Ambassador. He is a photographer of stranded shipwrecks, a sculptor, and an architectural and naval model maker. He has organized forty personal exhibitions in a dozen countries, has participated in many collective exhibitions, and published books and catalogues. More than 280 articles and interviews deal with his work. He will soon exhibit in four museums

in the USA. www.stefanobenazzo.it, sbenazzo@gmail.com.

A TITAN FOR THE LITTLE GUY—the Fabulous Story of

Andy Sigler was a captain of industry who earned millions as the CEO of Champion International, once the largest forest products company in the U.S. that made everything from plywood to copier paper. In 1984, after he stepped in to save a competitor from a hostile takeover by billionaire Rupert Murdoch, Sigler was described in *The New York Times* as a “white knight” and “one of corporate America’s premier nonconformists.” Over the years, Sigler served on the boards of General Electric, Bristol-Meyers, Morgan Stanley, John Deere and Dartmouth College, his alma mater.

No doubt, he was a big deal in the business world. But that’s not the Andy Sigler whom I came to know after he and his wife, Peggy, retired to Norwich in 1996. I respected Sigler, who died Sunday at age 89, the most for what he did for a small-time trucker from Vermont’s Northeast Kingdom 15 years ago. By that time, the Siglers had started Norwich Farms, a state-of-the-art dairy operation on Turnpike Road. In February 2006, Jimmy Eastman, of Irasburg, Vt., was delivering a load of sawdust to the farm, a few miles outside of the village, when Norwich police pulled him over. After weighing Eastman’s rig on the town’s new truck scales, Norwich police ticketed the trucker for carrying a load that exceeded the town’s weight limit on secondary roads without obtaining a \$5 town permit ahead of time. But it was no run-of-the-mill traffic ticket. Norwich police wanted Eastman to pay a fine totaling \$11,550 — most of which, under Vermont law, would land in town coffers.

Andy Sigler had never met Eastman. And since Eastman was an independent contractor, Sigler wasn’t obligated to help him out of the legal jam. But that’s not how Sigler saw it. “My father loved taking on people who he thought had exceeded their authority,” said Patty Ryan, who lives in Tampa, Fla. Sigler paid one of his lawyers, Geoffrey Vitt, of Norwich, to represent Eastman. After an initial court hearing — but before a judge decided the case — Norwich police agreed to reduce Eastman’s ticket to \$56 — or roughly \$11,500 less than the original amount. Before the commotion ended, Norwich had mothballed its truck scales, and the Selectboard, acting on the wishes of Town Meeting voters, also eliminated the police department position in charge of enforcing restrictions on overweight trucks.

Some Norwich officials blamed Sigler for pressing the issue. But he was a thorn in their side long before the police encounter with a sawdust truck. Much to the dismay of the town’s listers, Norwich Farms was set up as a charitable foundation, making it exempt from local property taxes. The farm, which featured prized Holsteins, hosted agricultural students from the

University of New Hampshire and Vermont Technical College, who used it as a farming laboratory, of sorts.

Although not required by law, Sigler was willing to make an annual payment to the town in lieu of taxes. "Andy made a very generous offer, and the town turned it down," Vitt told me Monday. The case went all the way the Vermont Supreme Court, which in 2002 decided unanimously in the Siglers' favor. The court ruled the farm's work in education served a "public interest" and was fulfilling its mission to "encourage the preservation, survival and advancement of dairy farms in New England." In 2015, the Siglers donated the farm to Vermont Tech. They contributed an adjoining 350 acres, most of which was forest land, that Vermont Tech then sold to the Upper Valley Land Trust.

Jeanie McIntyre, the land trust's longtime president, worked closely with Sigler on ensuring the land was preserved. "He understood a healthy forest takes decades of thoughtful care," McIntyre said. "He appreciated nature and knew what was involved in being a good steward of the land."

Norwich Farm (the "s" was dropped from its name a while back) is now the subject of a dispute between Vermont Tech and its tenant, a cheesemaker. Sigler stayed clear of the controversy. "Not my problem," he told me more than once. In 2019, Sigler sold Montcalm Golf Club, the private 18-hole course that he built from scratch on 400 acres in a remote part of Enfield nearly 20 years ago. "Andy loved this place," current owner Chuck Carrier said Monday. "He spared no expense in making his vision come true. But it was not all about the money for him. He wanted this course built the right way."

As members of his golf club could attest, Sigler had his cantankerous side. I've heard stories of members getting tossed from the course — or the club entirely — for not abiding by his rules, including replacing fairway divots. Some people say that Sigler could be a bully, but even his Marine Corps background didn't make him as tough as he seemed, said Ryan, the second-oldest of the Siglers' three children in a phone interview Monday. When it came time to buy a new car, her father wouldn't even attempt to negotiate a lower price with the salesman. "The guy has to make a living, too," he'd say, a quiet nod to his starting out in sales with Champion, which he ran for 22 years. During a business slump in January 1982, the company froze employees' salaries. Rather than lay off any workers, Champion also cut its quarterly dividend. When asked by the *Times* about the kind of shared sacrifice rarely seen in corporate America, Sigler responded, "How can I ask a secretary in St. Paul to freeze her salary when I'm paying out a dividend to the Morgan bank?" .

"He'll be missed," Yes, we in Andy's class of 53 already do.

And Now What We Have All Been Looking Forward To Hearing, status of the Put Blodgett Memorial Trail. Here's a note from Donna Reilly , our Class Vice President on the Status of the Trail. " Hi Classmates: A while ago, I asked Jim Wooster '59, a friend here at Kendal—who's a good friend of David Hooke—to ask David about the progress of the Put Blodgett Trail project at the Skiway. Here is his answer (with photos): Donna

Hi Jlm - sorry for the delayed response. It's the thick of the building season and I've been in short supply.

Yes - it's all true. Bernie Waugh 1974 observed that with the access road to the Lodge being plowed year-round, but gated at the half-way point, it would be really nice to have an on-snow bypass for skiers and snowshoers, so they would not have to haul their gear along the plowed road. The Moosilauke Advisory Committee (MAC) which I now chair, endorsed the concept, but anticipated great difficulties given the terrain. Quite unexpectedly in March 2020, shortly after Put's passing, two other Committee members and I discovered what we now believe was the tote road built in 1938 for the building of the old Lodge, just uphill of the current road. It was completely overgrown, but the treadway was still in fine shape. All that would be needed was to clear it and to build approaches to it at each end. The MAC heartily approved the concept in June 2020 and had the idea to name the trail in Put's honor. At the same time Harlan Fair '53 approached the then Lodge Manager Annie Furman 2017 with a question of how the '53s might honor Put on the mountain - the trail was a perfect fit. The upshot was that the '53s provided the bulk of the \$15,000 needed, and various friends of Put provided the rest. The work was substantially completed this June, I was just there yesterday and got to see the result. It is going to be a lovely winter trail. Here are a couple of pictures. First is right at the new gate, halfway along the access road at the new parking area. Second is at the upper end, right where the service road (behind me in this picture) leaves the main Lodge access road.

Cheers, David



And here's David's response to a question about a possible celebration of the trail opening:

Jlm:

Yes, we are working on scheduling a dedication ceremony. Covid rules are probably going to make it a small, quiet, 100% outdoor ceremony, probably on a midweek day in September. I will try to let you know what can be known!

And now that we are on the delightful subject of one of our most prominent classmates and great outdoorsman, Put, recall how we began that fabulous 65th Reunion three years ago, right In Put's territory at Moosilauke. Here is the recap of that great experience which will also be preserved in memory on Put's Trail which Donna has just described in her report.

It all began with Put's spectacular trip to and tour of the new Lodge at Moosilauke in which Put has invested his knowledge, part of his forest! but ,mostly his heart with the love for the Mountain, the Lodge, for Dartmouth, and for 1953. "From Our Hearts, Put, Thanks and Forever"



Oh with such care we walked each stair



With heartfelt devotion, Master Put set all in motion



And what is that thingamajig, Put?



Note the natural shape of the log supports



Original Moosilauke Ravine Lodge Sign

The Wrap Up of a Tour and Party 1953 Style





The Delight of the Reunion Celebration – Our '53 Beauties.

From Left to Right, Jane Springer, Marilyn Paganucci, Shirley Cobb, Cathy Callender, Ann Simpson and Lore Dodge

And Here are More of Our '53 Lovely Ladies:



**Here's Lore Again with Two More of Our '53 Lovely Ladies
Caroline Patten and Carol Henderson Who Do So Very Much
for Our '53 Family**

AND NOW THE GUYS, BEAUTIFUL???

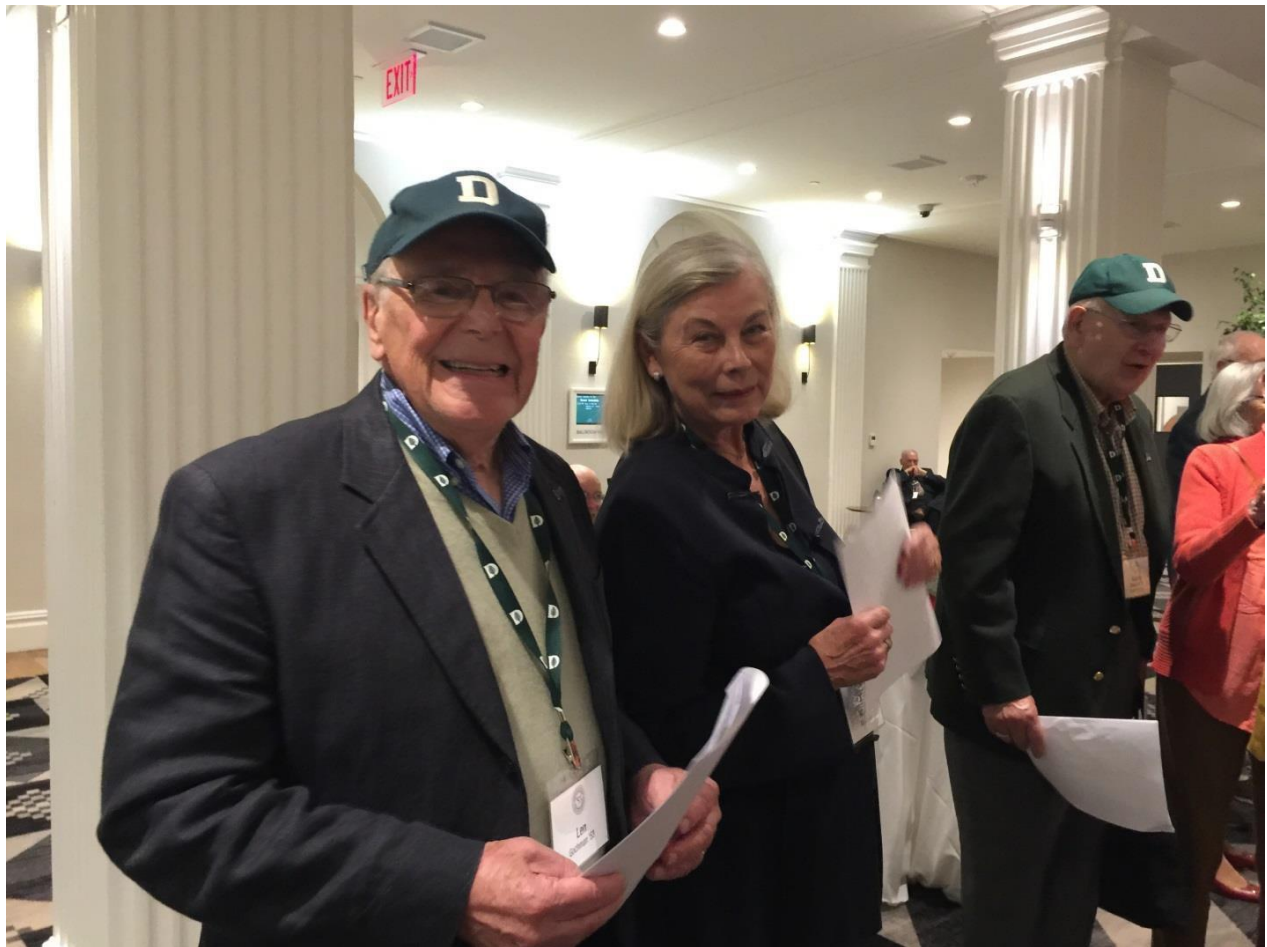
COLORFUL, YES !!!



On the left is the Blossom Blum with his usual even temper, Jack Patten pleading for something, Dave Florence peering over Jack's shoulder wondering what gives, the "Beek" appearing to cry foul, Gabby consoling Phil, and Bob "Toodlepip" Simpson deciding to sit this one out.



Artistry from the well trained hands of Dr. Mark, DDS, Yes, and even moreso from the forever warm heart for his classmates and friends, and it comes out in his music. Thanks for everything you do Mark.



Len and Marita Gochman of Broadway fame shared the Courtyard experience with us and several others during reunion and it worked out nicely. They have been so helpful over the years when we needed someone who knows Broadway and that they do. Tis Gabby in the background singing “Vini, Vedei, Vichi” or words to that effect.



Wow. The Marilyn's donated to the Class and "Dartmouth by Ted and Audrey Spiegel and with Lore Dodge pointing the way



John's Remembrance in Lore's and John's home and one that we can share with Lore and the memories of '53 South at Harbour Ridge, those fabulous days when the HR Club House seemed like The Class of 1953 Commons. Cheers to you both, Lore and John, and countless thanks for those memories.

The citation on our website sums up what we have been doing there and *what we are doing with the '53 Out newsletter is to capture that a sense of community, history, and friendship.*



IN PURSUIT OF EXCELLENCE

Dartmouth College Recognizes with Deep Appreciation the Extraordinary Achievements of David Halloran '53 Class Webmaster of the Year

The Class of 1953's website takes a different approach from most other websites and possesses a sense of community, history, and friendship. The result is an elegant class website that has the power to choke up even the most casual site visitor. The 1953 class website's welcoming home page invites one to explore the rich content that includes extensive archives of past newsletters and *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine* class notes and articles; galleries of photos, old and new; and audio recordings from the April 1952 "Hums" competition featuring Charlie Fleet singing "Somewhere deep in the valley—Little Jimmy Brown" and a recording of President Eisenhower's address at our graduation.

Your website is heartwarming and inspiring. We would expect nothing less from the most honored class in Dartmouth's history, and from a webmaster who has given decades of

service to the College and to his classmates. Your genuine class website inspires all classes to expand the definition of what a class website can be. Your many contributions to your class, to the Dartmouth Class Webmasters Association, and to Dartmouth College are greatly appreciated. We congratulate you on being named Class Webmaster of the Year.

And now to close another pagey 53 Out Newsletter, enjoy some unique laughs from our Foreign Service expert In the Class, Ambassador Peter Bridges. These notes about their time in Moscow are amazing, yes, and oh so hilarious. Thanks Peter and Mary Jane for sharing.

Red Tape in Russia

by Peter Bridges

Russia is famous for red tape, with paperwork required for just about any activity. I had my own first-hand experiences with this obstructive bureaucracy during my assignment to the USSR 1962-1964.

As assistant general services officer during my first year in Moscow, I ordered forms and furniture, supervised the motor pool, got broken toilets fixed, and tried to keep in operation our creaky Soviet elevators, which liked to break down late on Friday afternoons. While this was not glamorous diplomacy, it probably taught me more about Russia than what I gained as a political officer during my second year in the post.

Bring Out the Body

It was soon after reaching Moscow that I received a telephone call from an embassy colleague in Leningrad. He was escorting a small group of visiting American academics, and one of them had died suddenly of a heart attack. The man was from St. Louis. We cabled the State Department, which quickly got in touch with his family. They asked that we ship the remains to them. We made reservations: Leningrad to Moscow by Aeroflot, and westward from Moscow by KLM.



Sheremetevo airport Moscow

One of our embassy drivers, Sergei, took me to Sheremetevo airport where I found an Aeroflot employee who confirmed that the coffin had reached Moscow. She had the paperwork in hand. “You owe 1517 rubles,” she said. That was something more than 1600 U.S. dollars.

“Fine,” I said, “Please bill the embassy.” “We don’t do that. We need cash. How much cash do you have with you?” “Around twenty rubles.” “Very well. It is four o’clock. If you want the body shipped on the six p.m. flight, you must pay me the full amount by five o’clock.” I ran to the car. “Sergei, we’ve got an hour to get to the embassy and back here!” “We’ll do it!”

It was about 20 miles from airport to embassy, and even back then there was a lot of traffic on our route. But the talented Sergei, speeding down Leningradskoye Shosse with horn blasting and headlights shining, got us to the embassy in good time. Whatever the cops thought our Ford was up to, they didn’t stop us. I ran into the embassy and found Dorothy Weihrauch, the budget and fiscal officer. “Dorothy, I need 1600 rubles. I’ll explain later.”

With scarcely a word she gave me the money. I got back to the Aeroflot lady before the hour was up. “Very well,” she said, “And now you must see Customs.”

Customs was in a large shed which contained, most notably, a large coffin and a thin customs officer. He looked like a character from Gogol: visored cap, uniform with many buttons, and rimless old-fashioned eyeglasses. I handed him the Aeroflot waybill and a long document from Leningrad with statements by the police and municipal authorities, testifying to the death and the preparations for shipment. “All is in order,” I said. “No, it is not,” he said after slowly reading all the paperwork. “The statement that is said to be from the City Soviet lacks the necessary round stamp. The shipment cannot be made.” “Inspector,” I said, “This poor man’s family is waiting, thousands of kilometers from here...”

And then I had a thought. What if I offered him my twenty rubles? Would he take a bribe, or would I be expelled from the Land of the Soviets—which might not be so bad an outcome? But instead I said, “Inspector, just this once could you make an exception?” “Marvelous to say, he made an exception. I never asked him for another one.

Diplomatic Note for Frozen Meat

In our second Moscow year I became a political officer and my wife, Mary Jane, who had studied at Columbia's Graduate School of Business, became the manager of our embassy commissary. It was a sizable enterprise. She imported canned goods by rail freight from the U.S. Army Commissary in West Berlin, fresh produce and dairy products by overnight train from Helsinki, and frozen meat by air from Copenhagen. She dealt constantly, of course, with Soviet Customs.

One day Customs would not release a meat shipment to us. The required Danish customs certificate was missing. Mary Jane went running to Jim Moran, our administrative officer, and they produced a noble document, on a sheet of the long paper used for formal diplomatic notes: "The August 2021

Embassy of the United States of America presents its compliments to the Customs Administration of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and has the honor to state that the shipment of 52 kilograms of frozen meat for this Embassy which has arrived on today's date on SAS flight 42, air bill 56662, from the firm Peter Justesen Company A/S in Copenhagen, Kingdom of Denmark, was not accompanied by a Danish customs certificate."

To this imposing note Jim Moran added a length of red tape – fighting red tape with red tape — and pressed on it the raised embassy seal. "Now," he said, "Let's see if this will work." It did; we got the 52 kilos without further argument.

Hot Line Hold Up

There were even problems with the arrival of equipment for the new "hot line," a direct communications link between Moscow and Washington known in popular culture as the "red telephone." In May 1963 Glenn Seaborg, chairman of the then-U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, flew to Moscow on Air Force One, which President John F. Kennedy had lent him for the visit. U.S.-USSR relations were looking up; Seaborg came to sign a bilateral agreement on peaceful uses of atomic energy. The plane also brought the U.S. equipment to be used on the Soviet end of the hot line link, aimed at enabling quick communication between the Pentagon and Kremlin at tense moments like the Cuban missile crisis some months earlier. (The 1963 equipment was teletype; today's hot line is a secure computer link.)



This August 30, 1963 photo shows the White House-Kremlin “hot line” becoming operational.

Dr. Seaborg was greeted on arrival by his Soviet counterpart, Andronik Petrosyants, and our ambassador, Foy Kohler. I was below, standing under the belly of the Boeing 707, to watch the hot line equipment crates being unloaded and placed on dollies to go to the Customs shed. This time, I thought as I walked along with the dollies that the airport authorities had provided, there’ll be no problems with Customs.

“What’s all this?” asked a Customs official, looking at all the big crates. I explained.”We know nothing of this,” he said. Could it be? Yes. For the next half-hour I tried without success to locate a Soviet official who could explain matters to Customs. Finally, I managed to reach our embassy’s air attaché, Colonel William F. Scott, who laughed and said “Incredible! But I’ll get hold of the Defense Ministry.” Soon the emergency direct communication link went into operation, with, I hoped, more efficiency than I’d seen at the airport.

Red Stamping the Mail

If the USSR didn’t work well in many ways, it was in general an efficient police state. Take the mail, for example. Any envelope with a letter to or from a foreign embassy was given not just a normal postmark but one in red, marked, in Russian, International Post Office. That mark sent it to the KGB to be skillfully opened, read, and resealed.

One day we began to get letters from Russians that lacked the red postmark. Not many of them; a few score, not hundreds. Contacts with a foreign embassy, actual or alleged, could bring imprisonment. Most of the writers sounded desperate. One woman wrote from Odessa that she was in her seventies, had tuberculosis, and lived in a small and damp basement room she shared with two others. Could we help? We did not respond to the letters. We could not help and we did not want to worsen the senders’ plight. Whatever the glitch had been in the censor system, soon the red postmark began to reappear on envelopes. But the letters that had come in that short interval were something I did not forget.

There was not a lot to laugh about in the USSR, but my colleagues and I had a chuckle over one letter that arrived sometime after the red postmarks resumed. The letter had been duly stamped with the postmark—not on the envelope but on the first page of the letter. The poor fellow who made the censorship system so patently obvious would have had a red face if found out—and would perhaps have been sent to Siberia. We did not laugh long.

★ 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

C'est Fine