



HOLIDAYS '22 '53 NEWSLETTER AND STUFF.

Above is a portion the '53 Band of Brothers from "a while back". Will we look this good when we reassemble on the Celestial Campus of Eleazar Wheelock and, his "gradus and parnassum, his Bible and his drum, and five hundred gallon of Nnewi England Rum" when he went into the wilderness to bring tlhe love of the Father to his native Indian brothers.

FINAL ASCENT FOR NOW FOR PUT BLODGETT

On September 26, 2018, Put Blodgett led his Dartmouth '53 classmates to the summit of Moosilauke Mountain as part of their Dartmouth College 65th reunion. Luckily everyone made it but it could have ended otherwise. There were seven in the hiking party: Put Blodgett and his classmates, Seth Carpenter and Harlan 'Buzz' Fair; Buzz's three children: Nancy from Connecticut and Greg and Mike from Colorado; and Buzz's wife, Granthia. Ross McIntyre, another '53 classmate, had done the same climb a day earlier on a sunny day. September 26th was a rainy day.

The group set out in dubious weather. There was no choice; schedules for plane flights were tight and flexibility was limited. Buzz, his three kids and wife overnighted at the Moosilauke Lodge. Put Blodgett and Seth Carpenter arrived early the next morning. After a hearty breakfast the group started out at 7 am in heavy mist and light drizzle. Immediately the sole of Nancy's hiking boot parted from her boot, a common occurrence with old boots. Granthia's running shoes happened to be her size so all regrouped and started off again, this time at 7:30. It was only a half hour delay, but time we paid dearly for at the end of the day.

The seven ascended the Gorge Brook trail. At every water bar, rocky section or hairpin turn Put gave a lecture on the details of its construction. He had helped with the relocation of parts of the trail and had led work crews during its construction.

By 3 PM we all reached the summit and took group photos in the blowing mist and clouds. No lingering. Windy. Light rain. The forecast looked ominous.

We headed down the Carriage Road trail. The name suggested an easy, wide, gentle slope, perhaps a real breeze. Not so. The rain intensified. Feeling prepared, we all put on our raincoats. Nancy was still in running shoes. But darkness started to close in. September days are shorter. The rain intensified. The trail quickly became a river. Stepping into the rushing stream seemed safer than balancing on wet slippery rocks. Buzz lost his balance. Fell backwards. Put caught him. The two women, Nancy and Granthia, the younger of the group, tried to stay ahead and stay safe. Everyone was concerned about the approaching darkness and potential danger. Buzz fell backwards again. This time he took Put down with him. No injuries. Not yet. But the probability was increasing.

Sons Mike and Greg, both experienced mountain men from Colorado, sensed danger. The group of seven had three tiny LED flashlights. With a planned 7 AM departure we never anticipated darkness. The sons suggested that Mike escort the two women down to the Lodge as quickly as possible, locate more flashlights and return to the three '53 classmates, all in their late 80s, who were by now slipping and sliding down the trail that had morphed into a gushing river.

Nancy and Granthia arrived at the Lodge at dusk, soaked to the skin. They were greeted with hot soup and a roaring fire. Mike notified the staff of the three older hikers still up the mountain and in the dark. He located additional flashlights and returned to the group. A rescue party of two staff members grabbed raincoats and a walkie-talkie and set out to help. Meanwhile the two women at the Lodge were dry and warm and fed, but anxious for the safety of

the others. No word. No news. No report. No walkie-talkie communication. The rain intensified. It now come down in torrents. And finally, the two staff returned, and reported that the group was making slow but steady progress. No problems, yet. The walkie-talkie that the staff had didn't work. And there was no way for the rescue party to communicate with the anxious women waiting in the Lodge. The staff reported the trail had become a rushing river; the stream under the bridge near the Lodge was almost up to the bridge.

When Pat, Seth, Buzz, Mike and Greg finally reached the lodge in total darkness, using their five tiny micro-LED flashlights, everyone was relieved. Hot showers and hot dinners for all. As Buzz reported, Seth Carpenter performed an important role coming down the Carriage Road: he went ahead, located the trail in the dark and beamed his flashlight back for others to follow. This made it easier and faster for everyone to stay together. The Fair family of five spent a second night at the Lodge, enjoying just being together and sharing stories. All were safe, relieved and knew it could have ended otherwise.

The following week Buzz researched and purchased communication devices to donate to the Lodge. It is his hope that when other 'experienced' hikers get in trouble by under estimating weather, darkness, their own stamina, or the time necessary to complete the hike, the Lodge would be better equipped to assist in the rescue.

Put died a year and a half later on March 3, 2020 after a short illness. His death was unexpected and sudden, hard for all his friends to grasp. He had been by far the strongest and most capable in the group of 1953er hikers, a real mountain man who shared his knowledge and love of the outdoors with

everyone he met. His memory lives on through the many contributions he made to trails on Mt. Moosilauke and the area. He played a major role in the renovations to the newly reconstructed Moosilauke Lodge; much of the lumber used was grown on his land. Dartmouth '53 classmates raised money to fund the construct of Put's Path, a trail that leads from the winter parking lot to the Lodge. At its dedication on October 29, 2021, Dartmouth '53 classmates Dick O'Connor, Harlan Fair, David Donovan, Seth Carpenter, and Ross McIntyre were present.



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In the little “eyeball” above we have an article remembering Bruce Sherman with some loving words and a scanned picture which does not do Bruce justice but would certainly keep that wonderful sense of humour of this dear friend chuckling and chuckling. See you at the 53 Reception Bruce and remember that Al Collins painted the Pearly Gates Green, Green , Green!!!!and not the color of Snow which has always been in your eyes.



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In another “eyeball” and Last but Never Least our John Kenned, Keeper of the '53 Library Demotions amongst other things, receiving the Silvanus Thayer award for engineering achievement years ago in 2008 but LOST IN MY FILES. SORRRY JOHN is, and is also a former Naval Aviator as is your editor

and a dear friend and wonderful correspondent. Barbara shares the picture with John and another with James Wright, then President. Better Late than Never.

That is all for this month and check all the past letters and pictures on the site The Dartmouth Class of 1953. Good pics and videos too and now has the music from our 53 Hum. Super Son Mike has put all this together.

On to 100 to become 2053 Centurions, Dave.

And special song for the Holiday's

https://youtu.be/v1mQT1u_45I