Greetings to all Classmates!

**John Clayton** receiving “The Spirit of ’51 Award”, with Class President, **Loye Miller**, making the presentation
JOHN GARDNER CLAYTON

“Spirit of ’51” Award

John, you have been the pride and joy of Dartmouth and especially the Class of ’51 since the first day you set foot on the campus in the Fall of 1947. That season you and two other remarkable freshman quarterbacks - Ace Mueller and Bob McRaney - led Dartmouth’s freshman football team to an undefeated season.

That was just the start! The following year you nailed down the varsity quarterback job. You led the team to a much-improved 15 - 9 - 1 record over the next three seasons, receiving the George Bulger Lowe Award as New England’s top college football player. In December, 1950 you played in the 26th annual Shrine East-West All-Star Football Game in Kezar Stadium, San Francisco.

Never a Johnny One Note, you were an active member of Delta Kappa Epsilon and Sphinx. You went to the Tuck School, finding time while there to help coach Dartmouth’s freshman team, along with classmates Pete Bogardus and Ted Eberle. You went on to a contributive business career as a senior sales and marketing officer with Knapp Shoe Company and as President of the outplacement firm, Baker/Clayton, Inc.

You have always given back to the College. You have been a member of the Alumni Council, an officer of regional alumni clubs and an enrollment interviewer. You regularly serve as a mentor to Dartmouth football players and have been a member of the Athletics Committee.

And you have responded generously to calls from our class, serving as a member of our Executive Committee, co-chair (with Dick Price) of our 45th reunion, and as an Alumni Fund class agent. Since you and your wife Marcia moved back to the Eastman Community in Grantham, New Hampshire in 1992 your home has been a welcoming gathering place for ’51 classmates and Dartmouth friends of all generations.

Over the years you regularly contributed to the communities in which you and Marcia lived. In Hingham, Massachusetts you were a member of your church vestry, Commodore of the Yacht Club and Little League Commissioner. In Grantham, you have served as Chair of the Library Building Committee and member of the zoning board. We can’t begin to count the youth sports teams you have coached or the residents’ associations you have chaired.

More than anything else, family has been the centerpiece of your life. Along with Marcia, your two children and five grandchildren are the sources of your greatest pride and pleasure. Son Mark ’82 and his daughter Ellie ’13 carried on the Dartmouth tradition and inherited your athletic prowess, Mark in football and Ellie in women’s lacrosse. Daughter Sally played field hockey and lacrosse at Bowdoin. Family time in a sailboat or on the tennis court, ski slopes or golf course (can it really be true that you have shot five holes in one?) have all been life highlights.

This past summer you were inducted into Andover’s Athletic Hall of Honor in recognition of your remarkable three-sport accomplishments there. The presenter of the award summed up your impact, then and now, in these words: “I never saw a more dedicated, fierce and intense competitor than John Clayton on the athletic field. But I also never saw a kinder, warmer, or more friendly person off the athletic field. To know John is to know a real gentleman, a wonderful husband, a devoted father and a caring grandfather.”

Your fond and admiring Dartmouth classmates say “Amen!” to those words. We are pleased to recognize the many ways in which you have brightened our lives and positively impacted the lives of so many others by presenting to you the “Spirit of ’51” Award.
The following eulogy was written by John Clayton. He gave this to ma in Hanover and asked that it be included in a future newsletter. Sadly, John died before he saw this in print.

**DICK PRIE** of Stone Mountain, Georgia and Stuart Florida died on August 10, 2012. He was born in Brooklyn, NY and raised in Gauley Bridge, West Virginia. He graduated from Staunton Military Academy and Dartmouth College where he played football and basketball. He served in the U.S. Air Force and worked his entire career for Union Carbide Corporation where he retired as V. P. of Sales and Marketing for the Eveready Division. He was a model of loyalty, honesty, generosity, friendship and family responsibility. He is survived by his wife of 60 year, Peggy Hatch Price, 2 sons, Bob and Cesilie Price, Bill and Megan Price, and a daughter, Wendy and Scott Newton

**Dick Price**

We lost a good friend when Peggy called to tell us that Dick had died.

We connected with the Prices when we both moved to Eastman, Grantham NH about twenty years ago. The Prices for just the summer but we were full time. We played tennis, golf went to events in Hanover and Dartmouth athletics. Many times we would eat at our favorite restaurant, The Riverside Grill.

Dick had come to Dartmouth as a football recruit after spending two years at the Staunton Military Academy. He was an outstanding guard on the football team. He claimed he sacrificed his knees (he had two new knees) protecting me from opposing linemen. He did a good job.

He joined the DKE fraternity where he Bob Mathews and Jerry Shaw (deceased) room together. Bob, who has his problems including dialysis, expounded on the friendship he and Dick had shared while at Dartmouth and had lasted throughout their lifetime.

The Dartmouth connection continued when Dick went into the Air Force after graduation. He and Peggy had met at Dartmouth, when she was a date of a fraternity brother. Somehow they connected when they were both in Texas and in 1952 were married in Lackland Texas.

Dick was an active alumnus. He served on the Class Executive Committee, assisted in the annual alumnae fund drive and co-chaired the 45th reunion. He was particularly supportive of Dartmouth athletics through the Sponsors Program. Several student athletes got a trip to visit Dartmouth through Dick’s generosity.

Three years ago Dick and Peggy sold their condo at Eastman and moved to an assisted living facility in Stone Mountain Ga. He was a special person and will be missed.
JOHN CLAYTON:

The funeral service of John Clayton overflowed the handsome but smallish St. Andrew’s Episcopal Church in New London, NH this morning. The ‘51 contingent included myself, Mitchells, Choukases, Skeweses, Weisenfelds, Saxtons (Dave was an usher) Howie Allens, Dotty Mori and Barbara Hall. There must have been at least 250 people. The pews probably handled 200. Most of the rest were on metal folding chairs.

Down front a little stand held the small manila-colored wooden box containing John’s ashes and a triangle-folded American flag. Don’t recall seeing any flowers.

The rector, Rev. Celeste Hemingson, wore a simple white surplice and successfully triggered a sprightly mood which held up throughout the service. John had told her he wanted a celebration, She said.....”John wants everybody to be happy, to be smiling.”

There were the usual Protestant scripture readings and hymns but the occasion was captured by the rather brief but effectively warm and humorous memories from his children--Sally Clayton Caras and Mark Gardner Clayton--and--especially--those of grandchildren Elizabeth Weeks Clayton and Scott Clayton Caras. “He made me want to be an athlete, said Elizabeth, who made it on an Ivy championship Cornell lacrosse team. Once back when she was young and shy, “he hid behind a lamp post” to watch her play. “He was always the first one walking up to us after a game,” she said. “I will always remember him teaching me skiing at Sunapee,” said Scott. “I had a lot of fun kidding him that he couldn’t make it playing on the line,” said son Mark ’82, himself a Big Green lineman.

In conclusion, everything turned--and tuned--Dartmouth Green.

Rev. Hemingson reminded us that the scripture read earlier included the phrase “a voice crying in thre wilderness” “How many of you got it?” she teased.

The green-coated Dartmouth Aires sang “As the Backs Go Tearing By” and “Men of Dartmouth, with a lot of help from the congregation.

Following the very short benediction, a man shouted loudly “WAH-HOO-WAH!”

It didn’t seem out of place at all.
Jeffrey O'Connell, widely admired as a giant of insurance law reform, a virtuoso classroom teacher, and a scholar whose work directly impacted people's lives, died on January 6, 2013 in Charlottesville, Virginia.

Jeff conceived and actively championed the concept of “no fault” insurance. In this approach auto accident victims forego potentially large payments for pain and suffering in return for expedited payment of reimbursement for medical and auto repair costs. By removing the civil trial process this approach speeds up insurance payments by at least 2 1/2 years, reduces auto insurance premiums, and curbs ambulance-chasing, thus benefiting both accident victims and policy-holders. It has been called “the most revolutionary reform in tort law in the past one hundred years.”

Sixteen states have adopted some version of no fault insurance. More recently, Jeff fought to apply similar laws to medical malpractice cases. Not surprisingly, the trial bar has vigorously opposed both measures. Said Jeff, “If I had known tort reform would be this difficult I would have taken on something easier - like reformation of the Catholic Church.”

Jeff spent 32 years at the University of Virginia Law School where he was the Samuel H. McCoy II Professor of Law. Previously he taught at the Universities of Iowa and Illinois. He was a visiting professor at numerous universities, including Oxford and Cambridge. He received two Guggenheim Fellowships and was honored by the American Bar Association with its Robert McKay Award. He wrote or co-wrote twelve books on insurance law.

At Dartmouth Jeff was a member of Psi Upsilon fraternity, Casque and Gauntlet and Phi Beta Kappa. He served as president of his class, Green Key and Palaeopitus. He received Best Actor awards while performing for the Dartmouth Players.

He attended the Harvard Law School and served in the U.S. Air Force in Korea from 1954-1957.

Jeff's wife Virginia died in 1994. He is survived by two children, four grandchildren, a sister and a brother, Tom '50, with whom he has authored several books, most recently, "Stories of a Lifetime."
IN MEMORIUM:

William D. Beasley, known by his family, friends and Hanover neighbors as "a gentle soul who thrived on helping others," died in Boston on October 31, 2012. He is survived by four children, including his daughter Faith who is a professor of French and Women and Gender Studies at Dartmouth. He also leaves six grandchildren.

Bill had lived in Hanover since his 1988 retirement from a 30-year career in the international division of the Upjohn Company (pharmaceuticals). He loved to read and was a lifelong learner, regularly taking classes through the Institute for Lifelong Education at Dartmouth (ILEAD). He volunteered for years as a tax return preparer and served on the board of Brook Haven condominiums where he lived. "Giving back" was a consistent theme in his life; in earlier years he was a member of the school board and library board in Plainwell, Michigan.

Bill came to Dartmouth from Springfield, Ohio High School. He stayed for three years before transferring to Ohio State University from which he earned bachelors and masters degrees in History. Following graduation he served for two years in the U.S. Army in Munich, Germany.

Bill's great loves included his family, classical music, photography, film, travel, history and Dartmouth College.

Classmates attending his funeral service in Hanover were Mike Choukas, Loye Miller and Jerry Mitchell.

Bob Hopkins brought the following classmates for a luncheon in Salisbury, Conn at the Black Rabbit Inn ... sort of a mini reunion ... bloody Marys and burghers. Classmates L/R: Dick Dutton, Dave Saxton, your Editor, Sandy McDonald and Bob.

Best from,
Greetings to all Classmates!

Way back in 1981, Bob Hopkins asked me to begin my duties as Newsletter Editor of the Year. Thirty-one years later, through seven classmates who have served as Class Presidents, I have reached the point where I cannot continue. Diminishing eyesight due to macular degeneration in both eyes makes reading the computer almost impossible... And my failing eyesight means I fall a lot. I have broken my clavicle. I fell getting out of bed one night, blackening my left eye and cutting my wrist... and never remembered doing it. Schatzi won’t let me drive. I’m a mess.

I can’t tell you much I’ve enjoyed editing the Newsletter! I hate giving it up. I’ve spoken to Loye and Pete Henderson about filing this position... I’m sure they will welcome volunteers!

Many thanks for letting me express myself for these many years!

Loce Batch