

FIFTY – ONE FABLES

PRESIDENT: Loye Miller, 59 Apple Blossom Drive,
West Lebanon, NH 03784: 603-298-5878: e-mail: <loye1@comcast.net>

VICE PRESIDENT: Parke Sickler, 144 Fox Cross Drive, Brevard,
NC 28712-9500: 828-862-5660: e-mail: <phsickler@citcom.net>

SECRETARY: Kenneth (Pete) Henderson, 576 Maple Street, Winnetka,
IL 60093-2336: 847-446-5109: e-mail: >pandjhenderson@gmail.com>

TREASURER: Edward A. Weisenfeld, 82 Chadwick Place, Glen Rock,
NJ 07452-3105: 201-444-7882: e-mail: <eweisefeld@aol.com>

HEAD AGENT: Howie Allen, 241 Perkins Street, Apt D605, Jamaica Plain,
MA 02130-4082: 617-232-4694: e-mail <atcoinc@comcast.net>

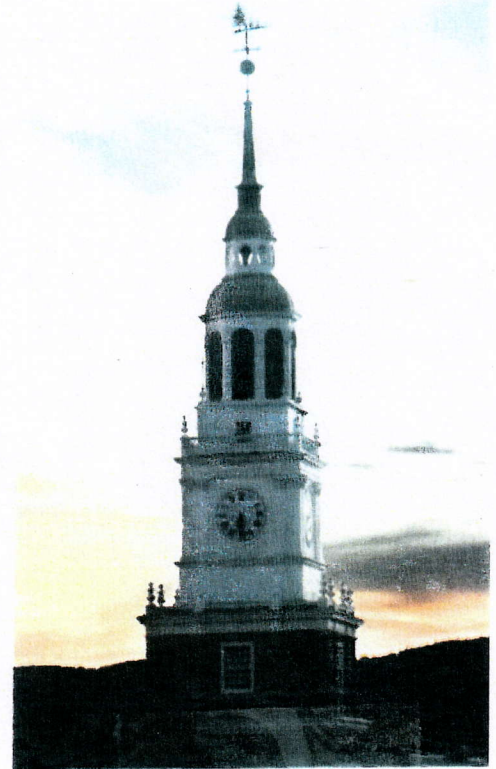
BEQUEST CHAIRMAN: Herbert B. Knight, 1380 Hampton Course,
Saint Charles, IL 60174: 630-377-9290: e-mail: >hbknight@comcast.net

MINI-REUNION CHAIRMAN: Henry Nachman, 14 Dunster Drive,
Hanover, NH 03755-2704: 603-643-2146 or 2143:
e-mail: <henry.nachman.jr@dartmouth.edu>

NEWSLETTER EDITOR: David Batchelder, 252 Under Mt. Road, Salisbury,
CT 06068-0393: 860-435-0114: e-mail: <davebatch51@comcast.net>

WEBMASTER: Alan P. Brout, 82 Brook Hills Circle, White Plains,
NY 10605-5005: 914-946-7926: e-mail: albrout@aol.com

WEBSITE Dartmouth.org/classes/'51



Salisbury, Conn
August 27, 2012

Greetings to all Classmates!

Here's something to ponder ...

Footprints

by Mary Stevenson

One night a man had a dream. He dreamed he was walking along the beach with the Lord. Across the sky flashed scenes from his life. For each scene, he noticed two sets of footprints in the sand: one belonging to him, and the other to the Lord. When the last scene of his life flashed before him, he looked back at the footprints in the sand. He noticed that many times along the path of his life there was only one set of footprints.

He also noticed that it happened at the very lowest and saddest times in his life. This really bothered him and he questioned the Lord about it. "Lord, You said that once I decided to follow you, You'd walk with me all the way. But I have noticed that during the most troublesome times in my life, there is only one set of footprints. I don't understand why when I needed you most you would leave me." The Lord replied, " My son, My precious child, I love you and I would never leave you. During your times of trial and suffering, when you see only one set of footprints, it was then that I Carried You."

This index is included as an insert so that you can quickly find
mention of yourself ... or your special friends.

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Page 2. Index page

Page 3. Pete Henderson, sixteen year-olds as Dartmouth freshmen, Dick Bucey, Doug Gray,
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Page 4. Bill and Ellen Blodgett, Bill Boynton in graduation march in 1951, Grandson Andy Boynton
with your Editor; picture of Bob Hopkins, your Editor, Bill Boynton; Art Worden;
Pete Bogardus, Pete Henderson

Page 5. Jack Giegerich, Earle Brabb, Woody Klein, Len Smith. Bill Rugg, Kate and Andy Pinkus

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Page 7. Joan and Hap Person (cont)

Page 8. Reed Badgley. **NOTE: New snail mail address for Reed**

Page 9. Andrea Bucey, Dotty Mori, Marr Mullen and the "4 Amigos", Herb Knight, Andy Timmerman,
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IN MEMORIAM:

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Page 11. Dorian and George Bikle, Herm Christensen, John Hatfield, Howie Fuller, Jim Danaher, Dori
and Jim Balderston

Page 12: IN MEMORIAM:

John Hatfield: (cont).

Freshman roommates: **John Lounsberry (deceased), Floyd Parks, Franz
Richard Schneider,**

Arthur Baldensperger died on May 13, 2012 as a result of Alzheimer's. A complete
obituary will appear in the next issue of Fables.

Dick Price died on August 10, 2012 in Hospice in Atlanta, Georgia. A complete
obituary will appear in the next issue of Fables.

Poem "Heart of Life"

Anniversary of Appalachian Trail

HALLOWEEN ...

NEWS FROM CLASSMATES:

: Pete Henderson (pandjhenderson@gmail.com) shares a memory of freshman year. "As I read your June 12, 2012 newsletter, I was transported back to my first days at Dartmouth in 1947. I was 16 and wide-eyed ... and the College (in its wisdom) assigned me to room with two veterans, Tom Brown and Bob Leavitt (something to do with liberal education, I guess). Our room became the meeting place for quite a group of guys who had been in the service [in World War II], including Ben Bidwell and Doc Ridlon (ex-Navy corpsman, hence the 'Doc'). Tom's (Brown) mother sent him off to college with a bottle of bourbon and a note about her certainty that he would use it wisely after his maturing experience in the Army. That bottle was placed in the back of a large liquor cabinet behind a large number of other bottles provided by the other vets. The stuff in front turned over rapidly and was carefully hidden whenever Tom's mother visited. That allowed Tom to produce her bottle ... untouched; he'd explain to her that he was much too busy with his studies to take time for drinking. She went away starry-eyed after each visit, exclaiming about her son's wise priorities!

"Those were wonderful guys, sadly now all gone ... Sig/Pete."

* * * * *

Ed Comment: I couldn't help marvel at Pete's mention above that he was just 16 as a freshman entering Dartmouth. Dick Bucey was another, as was Doug Gray (born on December 30, 1930, almost making it to Dartmouth as a fifteen-year-old). I believe there were two or three others in this group ... and I hope they will identify themselves ...

* * * * *

: Joe Spound (sda238@aol.com) reminds us of the wisdom often emanating in the words of long-ago comedians. "In your June 12, 2012 newsletter, you mentioned 'growing old is not for sissies!' And though many in the Class are doing quite OK these days, hopefully we will all remember the words of Jack Benny; 'Age is a matter of mind over matter – if you don't mind, it don't matter.' Sig/Joe."

: George Emerson (gweson@hotmail.com) pokes fun at your editor for telling of his early demise. "It was a great shock when I read my name on page 7 of your recent issue of Fables regarding obituaries. To quote the late, great Mark Twain, 'The reports of my death are greatly exaggerated' ... actually, I am leading a reasonably healthy life in Santa Barbara and still a practicing financial advisor, serving on four boards and one state committee."

"I will even give you my phone number: 1-805-967-7019. I guarantee St. Peter will not answer!"

: Herb Knight (hbknight@comcast.net) comments via e-mail, "I just finished reading the obits in the recent Fables. I appreciate your sharing them with the Class. So many wonderful guys did so many wonderful things. Without your sharing we would not have known about them. Thank you! ... we will not be back this fall for the mini ... all is well here but other things press on us."

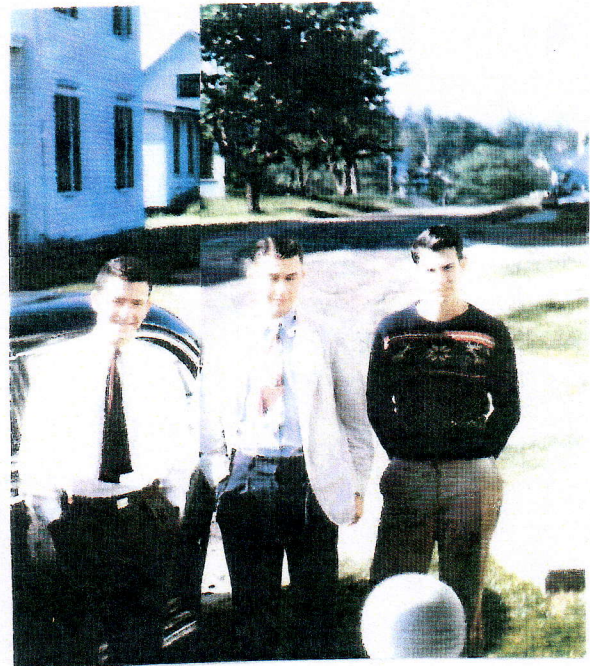
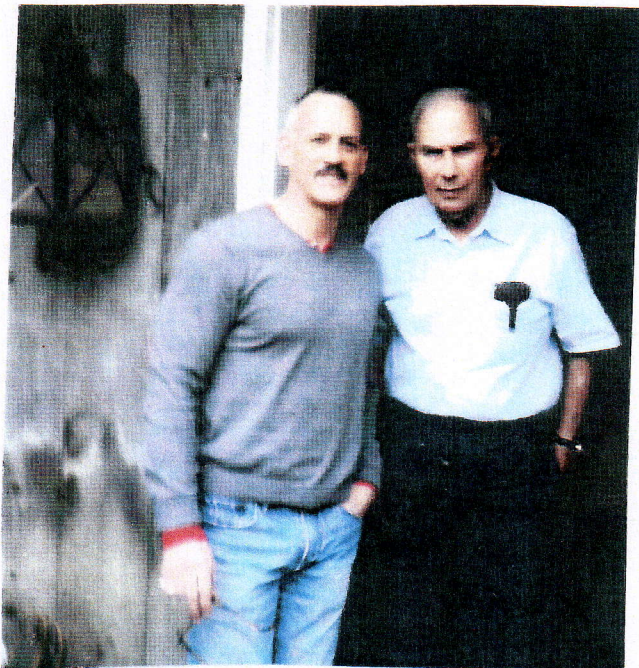
: Two Green Cards from Chester Cotter: "July 21: this summer we decided to forsake the vineyards of Europe (flying ain't no fun, no more) and opened up Dad's fishing cabin in the Northeast Kingdom [of Vermont.]. We watched TV descriptions of fires, floods and 110 degrees elsewhere. We averaged 78 – 82 degrees with a pleasant breeze. In August we will head south (to Beaufort, SC), only to return to Hanover for 60th ... home again and then back here (North Stratford, New Hampshire) for Thanksgiving." Chester signs his name "in good health"!! ... "September 20: Great 60th, but my how the campus has changed! ... with a 'Federal Style' Department to match. Glad to hear President Kim has made peace with the Dartmouth Review ... seems like Dartmouth ought to get out of the restaurant business and turn it over to independent contractors ... my next Green Card will be about our Portuguese vacation: nice third world country that modernized itself into bankruptcy. Any similarities"

: Judge Jim Rogers (judgejdr@comcast.net): "I recently received the David T. McLaughlin Distinguished Service Award from the Dartmouth Club of the Midwest. I am the second recipient of this award ... Leanna and I always enjoyed seeing your father at the Alumni Council meetings during the two terms that I served on the Council."

NEWS FROM CLASSMATES:

: Bill Blodgett (847-234-4090) tackles the high seas. "My wife (Ellen) and I will be taking the Dartmouth Alumni Travel Trip: Mississippi and Gulf Coast cruise from October 30, 2011 to December 11, 2011."

: I've been corresponding with Bill Boynton's grandson after he visited here in Salisbury ... and he sent some photographs from his Dad's attic. The long picture shows the graduation march in June of 1951. Bill is identified as the smiling face in the center (-) of the group. I welcome identification of the other faces ... the photo on the LEFT shows grandson, Andy Boynton, in the doorway of your Editor's house in Salisbury, with your Editor ... and the one on the RIGHT is from a visit to Boothbay Harbor, Maine in 1946. Pictured L/R are future roommates in 110 Richardson, Bob Hopkins, your Editor and Bill Boynton.



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: Art Worden (afworden@earthlink.net) asks for a correction. "It has to be tough when so much of the news revolves about our decreasing numbers (last two newsletters). It certainly makes the rest of us appreciate whatever degree of good health we have ... somehow my Bogardus tale in the June 29 issue of Fables started off with the wrong Pete, (Henderson instead of Bogardus). Pete Bogardus and I enjoyed picking on each other – (I would never accuse Pete Henderson of being late – he is the most dependable guy I know!) — So if you can make this correction in the next issue, it will be greatly appreciated!"

NEWS FROM CLASSMATES:

: The following is an e-mail to Jack Giegerich from Earl Brabb (ebrabb@earthlink.net), copied to your Editor. The date is April 18, 2011 – so it is from the bottom of the pile ... and refers to a snowstorm by Woody Klein in an earlier issue of Fables, page 3 March 4, 2011.

I can remember 40 below our freshman year, but the snow reported by Woody is only a slight dusting. A classmate, fraternity brother, and dear friend Len Smith has a cabin at Donner Summit where the snow is over the roof and completely covers the cabin, perhaps 25 feet deep and more if it has drifted. All this snow has ended our drought so the thirsty Southern Californians can steal more of our water and make sure the fish are left to rot.

You probably have no remembrance of the 1933 Pontiac I bought from a Vermont farmer for \$50. I would park it on the hill leading from the observatory to Topliff. If I wanted to go somewhere, I would pour some ether into the carburetor and release the brake. If the car started before the bottom of the hill, I could go somewhere and return later to my parking spot. If it failed to start, the car was there for the winter. On my way back to Michigan, I burned 37 quarts of oil so everyone could see me coming.

No doubt you are getting the lacrosse reports. I should have begun that sport in the 3rd grade, but football was much more manly, I thought. I was never much of a threat to anyone, and geology field trips soon took preferences.

I enjoyed also seeing the nice comment by Bill Rugg. I never did make it to San Leandro to see him in action at City Hall, but I have thought about him from time to time. Where have the years gone?

Sig/Cheers Earl

: Andy Pincus (alpinski39@gmail.com) reports on a "not-so-retired" life ...

I was much saddened to read in the newsletter about the loss of so many classmates, including some I knew well, but glad to hear you're recovering. Thought I'd check in as a survivor.

Kate and I (now married 59 years, believe it or not) moved during the winter to a retirement community near our home of 33 years in Lenox, Mass. Fine accommodations but I'm not yet ready to concede to old age. In fact, I'm at it again pretty much full time for the 37th year reviewing and interviewing at Tanglewood, both in print and online, and Kate, a handweaver, is still running her one-of-a-kind women's clothing shop in Lenox. Though not without aches and pains, we're both in pretty good health for geezers (knock on wood) and continue to walk and swim every day. Swimming in the lakes around here has been especially good during this overheated summer.

I get to concerts during the winter at Williams, which isn't far from here, and often think of Dartmouth there. But, of course, everything is different. And guess what? The freshmen (and the Tanglewood students) look younger every year!

Sig/Andy

NEWS FROM CLASSMATES:

: The next two pages are devoted to an article sent to me by our president, Loye Miller, and refers to a Conservation Legacy set up by Hap and Joan Person (martin.b.person.jr.51@alum.dartmouth.org). Loye writes from an article from **THE WILDLANDS NEWS**, "I'd say that Joan and Hap Person have left a really extraordinary legacy in the best Dartmouth tradition."

"I think having land and not ruining it is the most beautiful art that anybody could ever want to own."

—Andy Warhol

Person Family Creates an Impressive Conservation Legacy

It may surprise you to see Andy Warhol quoted in a land trust newsletter, or in any conservation-related publication. Perhaps best known for his pop art prints of soup cans and famous people, Mr. Warhol nonetheless beautifully captured the spirit of the outstanding conservation legacy that Plymouth residents Martin ("Hap") and Joan Person have established over a quarter-century of donating land to Wildlands Trust.

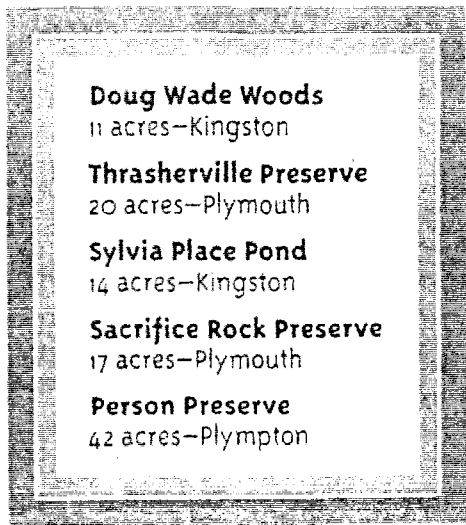
Growing up in Vermont, Hap and his family depended in part on a fireplace for heat which meant that it was vital to keep a significant supply of firewood readily available. His family later moved to Plymouth. While attending Dartmouth College in 1947 he met Ross McKenny, a well-known Maine guide, who initiated a "Woodsmen's Weekend," a competitive tradition for many area colleges.

Hap's patience and eye toward the long term was remarkable and selfless, particularly in view of the fact that most of the parcels he had accumulated had significant development potential. Developers coveted his properties because of their ample road frontage and extensive uplands, and frequently contacted him seeking to purchase or—to invoke Warhol—ruin them.

Fortunately for us, Hap learned of Wildlands Trust after meeting Plymouth resident Charles Strickland, then president of The Trustees of Reservations. This introduced Hap to organizations which "love the distinctive charms of New England and believe in celebrating and protecting properties". Hap was particularly pleased to learn how Wildlands Trust was dedicated to conservation in his immediate locale and became inspired to eventually donate properties to be forever protected for conservation.

Hap returned to Plymouth after completing his studies at Dartmouth and serving four years in the U.S. Coast Guard. His father had become interested in purchasing a few acres that would primarily supply the wood for their fireplaces. Hap recalled, "My experience at the Dartmouth Woodsmen's Weekend provided me with enthusiasm to chop and see what was needed for our wood stoves and fireplaces."

Motivated not simply by a need for firewood but also by a genuine love of the land, Hap began building his land portfolio in the early 1950's, when he acquired properties across Southeastern Massachusetts, including parcels in Kingston, Plympton, and Plymouth. Unlike many others who assemble real estate portfolios, he did not harbor aspirations of developing his land, nor was he seeking to cash in by offering them to abutters at a premium. Instead, he held them and carefully managed them, eventually entrusting them to the expertise of Phil Benjamin, a professional forester and longtime Trust board member.

NEWS FROM CLASSMATES: (Hap Person: cont).

One of the first properties Hap gave to the Trust is named Doug Wade Woods in memory of a conservationist who had inspired him and many of his classmates in his early Dartmouth College days. This 11-acre parcel in Kingston is just off of Pembroke Street. The entirety of this preserve is mapped as rare species habitat by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts Natural Heritage and Endangered Species Program, and is proximate to a large assemblage of town-owned conservation land.

This initial gift was followed some years later by the donation of the 20-acre Thrasherville Preserve in Plymouth, located near the junction of Ship Pond and Old Sandwich Roads and the Trust's Emery East Preserve. The Thrasherville name evokes the specter of a long-vanished village that once existed in the area. This heavily wooded preserve includes areas of Pine Barrens, a globally rare forest community of which Plymouth has one of the largest concentrations in the world.

In 1999, Hap and Joan donated a conservation restriction on their homestead property in Plymouth, not far from Plymouth Beach. The restriction protects a parcel with sweeping views of Plymouth Harbor and Cape Cod Bay, and that provides habitat for several species of imperiled shorebirds, including Piping plover and Least tern.

And more recently, as part of their estate planning, Hap and Joan decided to donate their three remaining undeveloped properties to the Trust. The first of the trio, a 14-acre property in Kingston, had long been admired by the Trust for its extensive frontage on Russell and Sylvia Place Ponds, unusually rugged topography, scenic values, historical importance, and proximity to our existing O.W. Stewart Preserve. It includes an esker that rises sharply above the surrounding landscape, and is within an area that was central to Kingston's colonial-era prosperity because of its pond-powered sawmills.

Just a few months later, the Persons donated the Sacrifice Rock Preserve on historic Old Sandwich Road, Plymouth, just south of the Thrasherville Preserve. The preserve's namesake rock, long denoted on topographic maps and believed to have been employed by Native Americans for ceremonial use, is one of its most compelling and mysterious features.

And, this past February, the Persons completed their legacy of conservation giving by donating a 42-acre parcel in the northern tip of Plympton. This final donation is significant for more than just its size, habitat diversity, and proximity to other large undeveloped parcels. It is also one of the largest conservation holdings in the entire town and only the second property that the Trust has acquired in Plympton.

As Hap and Joan recounted, "We have been enthusiastic stewards of these woodlands over many years and look forward to the continued conservation of these properties by Wildlands Trust."

The Trust is most fortunate to have families like the Persons in our region who possess an unshakable conservation ethic, a keen eye for land, and a generous spirit. The preserves entrusted to us by the Persons are indeed irreplaceable natural works of art. We will endeavor to maintain them as such.

The Wildlands Trust is a non-profit organization dedicated to conserving land and preserving the natural heritage of Southeastern Massachusetts. We work to permanently protect and steward important habitats and landscapes, including woodlands and fields, ponds, coastal areas, agricultural lands, and river systems.



WILDLANDS TRUST

NEWS FROM CLASSMATES:

: Reed Badgley (reedbadgley@yahoo.com) apologizes for being long-winded. **NOTE:** New retirement address in last sentence of this report.

I have been fortunate to be associated with several outstanding non profit organizations

- 1) The Golden Apple Foundation (Board member)
- 2) The University of Chicago's Music Committee (Elected Life member)
- 3) The Executive Service Corps of Chicago
- 4) The Jazz Institute of Chicago Former (Board member)

1) The mission of the Golden Apple Foundation is "to inspire, develop and support teacher excellence in Illinois, especially in schools of need" Because the critical contributor to student achievement is the quality of the teacher in the classroom, Golden Apple provides exceptional teacher preparation for teachers at all stages of their careers.

Because I truly believe education is the answer to our ills throughout the world I feel privileged to be on the board of this outstanding organization. Not only does education give one knowledge, it also nurtures understanding and a willingness to listen to another point of view. Education broadens our perspective. This is why I feel so very fortunate to have had a fine education which is the hallmark of Dartmouth.

2) Visiting Committee to the Department of Music, The University of Chicago
The mission of this group is to be a "walking ambassador for the Department of Music, well informed and financially supportive of the Department and forthcoming programs. My role as well as other jazz aficionados is to represent that segment of the musical spectrum. For example I know and was able to bring to the University, Dick Hyman. Dick, I truly believe is the world's greatest living jazz pianist.

I have enjoyed my Department membership and friendships with a number of outstanding Department members

3) The mission of The Executive Service Corps of Chicago is to "strengthen nonprofit organization across the greater Chicago area by bringing them leadership, management and governance skills that are critical to the growth and sustainability of the nonprofit sector."
Because I believe that service and giving back is important to one's physic, I am invigorated to be a member of this organization. Other members have had outstanding careers in all walks of business and other pursuits. We work as a team and I have learned a great deal from my associates as we work to solve the problems and issues of our clients.

4) The mission of the Jazz Institute of Chicago is to "support and promote Jazz in all its forms throughout the City of Chicago". Because of my love of jazz, my past membership on the Board of this group gave me great pleasure and broaden my contact with top Jazz personalities like Ramsey Lewis and others. In the mid 1970's a highlight of my life was my friendship with Teddy Wilson. He actually came over to my house for a piano gig to which I invited a few of my friends who were in awe of Teddy's superb talent.

Well, Dave, that's about it. Perhaps I have been too inclusive and "long winded".

I end by saying my health is OK, with few exceptions, I have moved to a Retirement community for seniors call the Breakers at Edgewater Beech, 5535 North Sheridan Road- 30 J, Chicago, Ill 60640

All the best to you, my Dartmouth friend, Reed

NEWS FROM CLASSMATES:

: Andrea Bucey (1480 Groton Drive, Hudson, Ohio 44236) writes warmly and personally to Schatzi and me. "Reading the recent Dartmouth '51 Fables (which Mom shared with me) was bittersweet. What a wonderful Dartmouth family we've all enjoyed! But, yikes, you were right in your intro: pages 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 were sobering to read. Growing old is no fun, but assuredly it beats the alternative

"There are 3 reasons for my note ... #1: I wish to express my best and heartfelt wishes for your continued recovery from your surgery. Keep up the good work; so many are thinking of you! #2: My sincere condolences on the loss of your sister. Decidedly, such loss must be quite painful, but I hope your happy memories bring you a sense of comfort. Finally, #3: Your words of sympathy (both of you!) when I lost my Dad were so touching, moving and soothing. I am grateful for your warm expression of friendship (especially to Schatzi) for your beautiful, poetic words. Sig/warmly Andrea Bucey"

: Dotty Mori (11 Oak Ridge Road, West Lebanon, NH 03784) writes about Hanover ... "Lovely to have the recent edition of Fables ... it is distressing to hear that you've had to have surgery. I think many of us worry about our carotid arteries! Happy to know, at least, that one of yours is clear! ... It's a nice hot summer here in the Upper Valley. I know it's not so nice for some but all I have to do is conjure up a vision of mid-January, or even mid-March, and the heat doesn't bother me much.

"Hanover is getting bigger and bigger – new hotel, the Hanover Inn completely redecorated and refurbished, and another huge Visual Arts Center on little Lebanon Street, not to mention new sports facilities and classrooms. I feel like a curmudgeon, but it seems awfully crowded now. Well, I am glad to be here – and still upright! ... Sending you and dear Schatzi, much love ... Sig/Dotty ... PS: I don't often see The New York Times these days – but always enjoy Monday's 'Dear Diary' too."



Motorcyclist Marr Mullen (rdking03@drizzle.com) writes about our 60th reunion ... and identifies the "4 Amigos" on the left – his riding companions. "I'm writing regarding our 60th reunion – organizing this reunion must be like herding a bunch of cats! My wife and I had a great time ... I was really glad to spend some time with Herb Knight and especially Andy Timmerman, my crewmate on the Dartmouth Henley crew. Sadly, the rest of our crew classmates have passed on (Egon Kramer, Pete Krehbiel, Paul Roullard and Guido Rahr).

"The picture on the left of the '4 Amigos' was taken on our annual ride around Mt. Rainier – a spectacular ride! Pictured L/R, Martin Snoey (our leader and retired VP of

Harley Davidson), Bart Olsen (retired owner of a metal fabricating plant), myself and David Jack (former owner of a construction supply company). We have a lot of fun on our rides, which have taken us across the Trans-Canada highway to Nova Scotia, both islands of New Zealand, Alcan Highway to the Arctic Circle – and many more through the western United States. We figure we've got to make hay while the sun shines."

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The DARTMOUTH AIRES were runners-up in the conclusion of NBC's a cappella competition. Their letter of gratitude to the Dartmouth community: "We want to thank the Dartmouth community in Hanover and beyond for all your support these last few months. Throughout the entire experience, we tried to represent Dartmouth as best we could and will return to campus extraordinarily proud of our hard work and where it has taken us. This has been an incredible experience of learning and growth that we could never have accomplished alone. Thank you all for sharing this journey with us! Sig/ all sixteen members of the Aires."

NEWS FROM CLASSMATES:

: This is a follow-up to the (page 9 of this issue) by Marr Mullen (rdking03@drizzle.com). It is written by Linda Ball, staff reporter for the Mercer Island News and is titled, **MERCER ISLANDERS 'GO TO THE SUN' AND BEYOND IN EPIC HARLEY RIDE**. "Spectacular scenery, the wind in their faces and time to get lost in their own thoughts were just a few of the benefits members of the 'Mercer Island Retired Ones' (MIRO) motorcycle group gained on a seven-day ride earlier this month. Pictured on the right, L/R, are some members of this group on the Bear-Tooth Highway on the Montana ride: Martin Snoey, Jim Horn, Marr Mullen, Hans Koning-Bastiaan and David Jack. Snoey started the group in 2000 along with Mullen and David Jack."



The rest of the article deals with the itinerary of the trip and will be detailed in the next issue of Fables.



: Aram Chorebanian (aramchore@hotmail.com) submits his words of wisdom, titled, **A REALITY CHECK**. "After surviving combat tours in 3 wars, a heart attack in '84, 4-way by-pass in '98, I took a hard look in the mirror...overweight (hand-to-mouth disease) ...I decided to focus on health and fitness. I'm now at 160 lbs, leg press one ton (2000 lbs, a gym record), do a daily 16 miles on the treadmill and the stationary bike, 100 sit-ups, 10 chin-ups, eat only 3 healthy meals ... OK for an 82-year old man, eh? ... BTW (**ED:** I don't know what this means) see YouTube: (<tucsonaram>) skydives, (<tucsonaram>) sings "Bring Him Home, MP4' (**ED:**

ditto) (from Les Miz) ... at our age 'Use it or Lose it'... Wah Hoo Wah ... Sig/ Aram (sent from my Samsung Mobile phone)."

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IN MEMORIAM:

: **Dave Emerson** died on January 12, 2012 in Las Vegas, Nevada of Pulmonary Fibrosis. He is survived by his wife of 57 years, Margaret Shirley Emerson, herself a retired professor and department chair at UNLV; and three children, Richard Emerson, Eric Emerson and Ellen Emerson. Dave entered Dartmouth after our freshman year and didn't appear in the Green Book; there are no listed roommates. He is listed as a member of the Class of 1951, but received his degree (in chemistry) in 1952 after 2 tours of duty in the U.S. Army. He earned a PhD in chemistry from the University of Michigan in 1958.

Dave served first as a professor of chemistry and later as Dean of the College of Arts, Sciences and Letters at the University of Michigan-Dearborn. In 1981 he took on the challenge of building the College of Science, Mathematics and Engineering at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. When he arrived at the college as Dean it had only five faculty members in engineering, inadequate facilities, and no accreditation. When he retired in 1998 a new College of Engineering had been established, programs in civil, mechanical and electrical engineering had been accredited, a new \$11.5 million building had been built and the faculty was greatly expanded.

The prestigious UNLV Emerson Medal is named in his honor and is awarded by the College of Sciences to individuals who have made distinguished, and sustained, contributions and played a strategic role in the development of the sciences. Dave was awarded the Donna Weistrop Career Achievement Award in 2009. A student computer lab in the chemistry building is named in his honor.

IN MEMORIAM: (cont.)

: George Bikle (gbikle@earthlink.net) and Herm Christensen (217 Park Lane, Atherton, CA 94027) both write of the death of **John Hatfield**. The first report is by George. "The last issue of Fables required catching up on the passing of some of the best representatives of the Class of 1951. Now it is my sad task to inform the Class of the passing of another of our classmates. Paula Hatfield called me yesterday evening and informed Dorian and me that her father, **John Hatfield**, had passed away on July 21, 2012. John had kidney problems and was on daily dialysis, assisted by 2 nurses on shifts of 16 hours a day. Dorian and I had just had dinner with him on June 23rd; he seemed a bit pale, but otherwise he was the old John, the eternal active Democrat. He had just written a short piece on the shortcomings of Mitt Romney that he hoped to get published in the local Chronicle. It was well written and publishable, but the Chronicle is, after all, a Hearst paper (ultra conservative).

"Before leaving, we talked about taking him out to dinner. Herm Christensen called me about getting together for lunch with John and Jim Balderston, but that meeting had to be postponed because John had suffered some sort of mishap. So the news of his sudden passing was quite a shock to Dorian and me.

"Paula said there would be a memorial service for John on August 5th, led by Howie Fuller, a minister of the United Church of Christ. John and Howie had become religiously very close in recent months, Howie a practitioner of Zen meditation. John reported that Howie had been responsible for some kind of personal revelation, a revelation John called 'an epiphany' – possibly of a Zen nature – but most certainly John felt the end was near and wanted some sort of religious closure. Dorian and I took it as a goodbye to his friends.

"He was a brilliant man, with a strong, unheralded sense of social conscience ... and a good friend. He will be greatly missed."

: Now, from a letter by Herm Christensen. Herm and George both sent me the obituary notice that appears on the right ... "Thanks for the two June Fables newsletters [with so many classmate's obituaries].

"I write not alone to thank you for the Fables [issues], which I have enjoyed for years, but to report the death of my good friend, **John Hatfield**. The obituary on the right appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle.

"John and I were two of the nine freshmen from the San Francisco Bay area who enrolled at Dartmouth in the fall of 1947. Three, including John, have now passed on. Despite our Political differences, we have always stayed in touch. With Jim Danaher, John and I started having lunch every three months or so, and a few years ago, were joined by Jim Balderston, and later, George Bikle.

"By the way, 'Baldy' seems to be slowly recovering from an unknown ailment, which came on after his hip replacement surgery. Last week he and Dori played nine holes, for him the first time in two or three years.

"Back to John ... I talked to him three or four hours before he died. He had been having daily dialysis for several years, and this spring was in the hospital for pneumonia. Recovery was slow and he had to wear an oxygen mask. He told me he had had a downturn and seemed to struggle to have the energy to talk.

"I will miss John as a friend. Despite our political differences. We could talk about politics, even joking at times. He listened extremely well and always came back with a well-considered comment or counter argument.

"As you said, our health or condition may not be as good as it once was, but it certainly beats the alternative."

John Selden Hatfield

Passed away at home in Burlingame on July 19, 2012, after gracefully managing his kidney disease and other medical problems for years with patience, humor and the determination to enjoy life to its fullest. He was born in 1930 to John G. Hatfield and Margaret Hatfield and survived by his sisters, Sal Chappell and Emily Benner, and his daughter, Paula Hatfield. John grew up in Berkeley, CA, graduated from Dartmouth College and earned his PhD in Psychology at UC Berkeley. John specialized in clinical psychology with a focus on community mental health in the San Mateo County Mental Health Service as well as a private practice. John was proud of his work in doing psychotherapy with individuals, couples, and groups, his administrative roles, his supervision of staff and interns and his home visits with geriatric patients. He was especially interested in serving diverse and under-served populations. Throughout his life John enjoyed spending time with friends and family, dining in restaurants, spending time at the Russian River, travelling in the U.S. and other countries, attending Theatre performances, playing poker, reading the SF Chronicle and both watching and attending SF Giants and SF 49ers games. His volunteer activities included work with San Mateo County Democracy for America and the Bay Area Association of Kidney Patients. John is greatly missed by his family and friends who loved him. A Memorial Service will be held Sunday, August 5th at Kohl Mansion, 2750 Aline Dr., Burlingame, CA 94010. Visitors are invited to gather beginning at 2:00PM before service at 2:30PM. Contributions in his memory may be made to the Bay Area Association of Kidney Patients, PO Box 2332, Menlo Park, CA 94026-2332, Save the Children, 54 Wilton Road, Westport, CT 06880, Dartmouth College Fund, c/o Gift Recording Office, 6066 Development Office, Hanover, NH 03755-3555 or your favorite group that is working towards re-electing Barack Obama.

IN MEMORIAM: (cont).

: **John Hatfield** (cont). (see page 11 this issue): I believe his wife, Carol, predeceased him. He is survived by one daughter, Paula. Freshman roommates in 209 Crosby were **John Lounsberry** (deceased), **Floyd Parks** and **Franz Richard Schneider**.

: **Arthur Baldensperger** died on May 13, 2012 as a result of Alzheimer's. A complete obituary will appear in the next issue of Fables.

: **Dick Price** died on August 10, 2012 in Hospice in Atlanta, Georgia. A complete obituary will appear in the next issue of Fables.

**Pain throws your heart to the ground,
Love turns the whole thing around;
No, it won't all go the way it should,
But I know the heart of life is good.**

**You know it's nothing new,
Bad news never had good timing.
But then, the circle of friends
Will defend the silver lining.**

**Fear is a friend, who's misunderstood,
But I know the heart of life is good.**

**I love you in a place where
There's no space or time.**

**Mother of
Thomas Edwin Lynch**

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OF NOTE: August marks the 75th Anniversary of the Appalachian Trail ...

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HALLOWEEN

Best from,
DAR/BATCH

NOTE: New snail mail address on masthead!