

FIFTY – ONE FABLES

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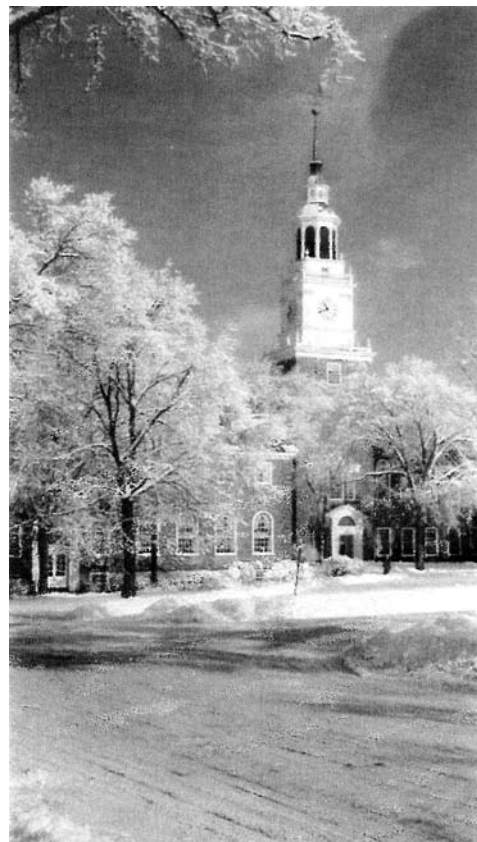
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Salisbury, Conn
June 9, 2008

Greetings to all Classmates!

“Round the girdled earth they roam ...”

Memory serves up the following world travelers ...

- : Jack and Betty Sutton, Hank and Amy Nachman (and many more) to England ...
- : Dave and Ginny Hilton to China ...
- : George and Dorian Bikle to Japan ...
- : Sam and Nancy Roberts to the Philippines ...
- : Brace and Gill Foster to Africa ...
- : Loye Miller to Russia for fishing ... and with Joe Caldwell in New Brunswick, Canada ...
- : Pete and Jean Henderson to Thailand (and Norway) ...
- : In March of this year, Dick McFarland to Tanzania (details later in this issue) ...
- : Bill and Pam Monahan live in both Hawaii and New Zealand ...
- : Bob and Susan McCabe live in Paris (again, details later in this issue) ...

Allow me to be personal ... after almost 80 years with my feet planted solidly in Vermont and Connecticut soil, I, too, became a world traveler with a trip to England and Ireland this spring. I was joined by my sister, Nancy (widow of Bill Bridge) and her daughter, Leslie. It was notable because we spent three days with classmate Mark Helfer and his “very real dairy farmer” wife, Rachel. She owned the farm (and milked the 30 Jersey cows) when she and Mark were married in the late fifties ... so Mark became a dairy farmer by default. Over the years, the “business” was expanded to include a Bed & Breakfast and a Caravan Park. Now, with Mark retired and quite incapacitated with emphysema, his son Alan is the farmer ... the herd up to 100 cows in a modern milking parlor and a TMR (total mixed ration) feeding program. Having spent many years as a commercial dairy farmer in Vermont (with Jersey cows), I was very impressed!

Mark and Rachel can be recommended as perfect hosts! ... warm, friendly, generous, with wisdom and knowledge on the historic landscape of their lives. Mark’s words follow here.

"We tried hard to slow them down and get them to savor and comprehend a smallish patch of a very multi-layered and ancient landscape. I'm sure that they would now agree with me that it would take a month or two to travel around England and see everything worth seeing, if you were to comprehend what you were seeing. Unlike the U.S, even Olde New England, which was settled in modern times by modern people, England was originally settled 1000, 2000 or even 4000 years ago, when a half-mile between communities was sufficient to feed themselves and to give themselves space. Many of these original sites are now abandoned, but many are still marked by a village or a farm or a house, and every sixth one, or so, is a town with a church or two. So, there's something worth stopping to see every few miles ... EVERYWHERE! And yet, strangely, nearly all of it is wonderfully GREEN!"

His attempt to slow us down didn't work. We toured the major cathedrals, Corfe Castle, Stonehenge, Avebury "Stones" (500 to 1000 years older than Stonehenge), Oxford University (where we learned that 38 "colleges" make up Oxford), and Windsor Castle. Mark called us "daft Yankee tourists", flitting from one historic landmark to another ... but our tour showed us places of interest to concentrate on during another visit.

Mark and Rachel live in an historic 400-year old farmhouse, with a stone-roof (yes, stones weighing up to 300 pounds! ... see picture) and beautiful gardens (both flower and vegetable) and stunning views. Mark, who says of himself, "my wittering on about things historical and archaeological," has written a 17-page pamphlet titled, *The Evolution of a Purbeck Farm* ... which is both historical and archaeological, and describes the history of present-day Knitson Farm, going back as far as 500 or 600 AD. I'm sure Mark has copies to share with interested classmates. Contact Mark at Knitson Old Farmhouse, Corfe Castle, Dorset BH 20 5JB, England. E-mail mark@knitson.co.uk

Pictures: Left, showing a side view of Old Knitson Farmhouse and its stone roof ...

Right ... L/R back row: Rachel, Lelsie Bridge, Nancy Bridge ... L/R front row: Mark and your editor.



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A 3-day trip to Ireland preceded my visit with Mark and Rachel, which I did while Nancy and Leslie toured London. This part of the trip was fascinating. Ireland was like going back 100 years in time. I stayed with a new friend, a man I met at one of Schatzi's nephew's wedding several years ago. He lives on Sherkin Island, the southwest corner of Ireland, about a mile off the coast of Baltimore Harbor, County Cork. He is opposed to using fossil fuels ... so there was no heat in his house, no hot water (shaved in cold water) and slept under three quilts, the top one doubled! It WAS rustic, but made me think of my first winter on the farm, and also the musical, Brigadoon (a summer theater production I had acted in in 1956). I truly loved it! Two of his sons are oyster fishermen. I spent a day with them, first on the water harvesting bags of mature oysters (see pictures next page) ... and then in their "shop" where they were mechanically graded. My "help" netted me the title, "oldest oyster-fishing-man" on the island. My farm background made it easy to identify with their hard work and I was easily accepted by the whole family.

The scenery was spectacular! ... new and different views almost very few feet (see pictures next page)

The picture on the left shows the trestles where the bags of oysters lay while they are growing. This picture depicts the two sons removing some of the seaweed collected on the bags ... The picture on the right shows some of the bags of oysters loaded on the flat barge for transport to the grading shop ...

The picture below these two is “the oldest oyster-fishing-man” on Sherkin Island (your editor) ... and one of the island scenery ...



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On the day I left Sherkin, because I was on an island, my trip to the mainland and the Cork County Airport was memorable. The day began cold, windy and blustery. I was driven to a private pier, where I met “Charlie”, the operator of a RIB boat (solid, wood bottom with inflatable pontoon sides). Charlie was a little guy with a big EGO! The waves were over three feet high and it was cold! Charlie started out slowly, going against the waves until he got opposite Baltimore Harbor. Then he made a sharp left turn, hit the top of the waves and opened his throttle. The boat reared up almost perpendicular, going as fast as I had ever gone on water, while I held on for dear life. Charlie was in his element ... and I had the ride of my life ... fortunately, wearing a life preserver, as in the picture above.

Pictures below show more of the island spectacular scenery ...



NEWS FROM CLASSMATES:

: During my trip to England and Ireland, I had hoped to see Bob McCabe. That didn't work out, but with help from Loye Miller and Amy Nachman, two of our Dartmouth (51) 55th reunion caps were sent to Mark Helfer and Bob. Following are Bob's interesting comments upon receiving the cap.

"The Green Cap sauntered in safely the other day, looking not at all crushed by its brief imprisonment in its envelope, and I hasten to tell you that it was particularly well chosen to make an impact on the French scene. Why so? As I probably have not reported to you, the license plates on French autos, while not as stimulating as ours in the States, have their own significances. The final two digits of the (usual) seven digit number, for instance, indicate the car's 'departement' (roughly the equivalent of an American state) of origin. Paris cars, for example, all have licenses that terminate in 75, Nice in 06, Sens in 89 ... and cars with licenses that terminate in 51, I'm happy to say hail from Champaign.

*So ... I can thank you doubly,
for both Hat and hint of bubbly."*

: As mentioned on the first page of this issue, Dick McFarland had gone to Tanzania in March of this year. He writes, "We (representing the McKnight Foundation) spent two weeks visiting 26 McKnight grantees in eastern Tanzania between Dar es Salaam, Zanzibar and Arusha ... there were many highlights of the trip, but, for me, the most poignant was visiting with a Maasai elder who was able to give us a detailed overview of the issues facing the Massai people. His basic message was that the Massai are living with a time bomb in the form of HIV/AIDS. Another highlight was being able to re-connect with the young Tanzanian who led eleven of us to the top of Kilimanjaro ten years ago; He now has been up to the summit over two hundred times. It was a thrill to touch base again."

: Here's a small recollection from Roger Thomas. "I was sorry to learn of Art Gustavson's death. The biggest coincidence in my life occurred when I boarded the U.S.S. Oriskany in May 1953 and relieved Art as disbursing officer. Shortly thereafter my car was hoisted onto the flight deck in San Diego for the trip north to the Alameda Naval Air Station where Art and I spent a wonderful summer double dating and exploring San Francisco and the Bay Area."

: On 16 May 2008, Herb Knight hosted a lunch for the following classmates in California. L/R: **John Hatfield, Jim Balderston, Herb Knight, Peirce McKee, Mike Heyman and Herm Christensen.**



: Bill Rugg adds a non-football remembrance to the hurricane of 1950 (mentioned in the October 31, 2007 issue of Fables). "Adding to Buck Scott's and John Clayton's recollections of the 1950 hurricane, I remember being (literally) blown out of the Connecticut River. I was President of the Canoe Club and decided to follow John Ledyard's voyage to the sea. So, I gathered a few club members and headed downstream. We got into Connecticut with high waves and trees dropping into the river as we hugged the banks ... but we didn't make it to Saybrook! Now they do [this trip] in the spring ... better choice!"

: Bud Lang offers the following suggestion regarding classmates who become ill in the now twilight of our years. "I have been saddened by the recent deaths of Bill Roberts, Jack Jacoby and Al Leclair and had I known they were in ill health I would have contacted them to offer encouragement and make an effort to comfort them. But no information regarding friends in ill health is available. Is there any way you could encourage readers [of Fables] to notify others [in the class] of such matters?"

Ed comment: Although this can be a very sensitive subject, this editorship is open to compassionate communication if asked to do ...

: Dave Ballantine reminds us all of the value of our friendships. “My life is sort of quiet now since I had to put my wife (Rae) in an Alzheimer’s facility last year. Friends have been wonderful and I play golf on Mondays (year round) with them.” Dave is a Marco Island, Florida resident.

: Earl Reynolds is now facing another of the burdens of age ... “Now in the process of cleaning out our home ... selling contents, disposing of personal items; we’re moving to an Assisted Living Apartment in Freeburg, Illinois.”

: Bill Friedlander offers scotch tape proof of an old DAM photograph. “[while] Cleaning out some old files I came across this photo which appeared in the Alumni Magazine of ‘some years’ ago. The participants are named in the caption, but I have no idea when the event in Minneapolis occurred “ ... on a lighter note, Bill shares a Wisconsin weather report from 30 January 2008. “Right now we are having some truly proper winter weather ... temps in the minus teens and wind chills between -30 and -40 below.”



Representatives of '51 joined President Dickey at the Annual Alumni Club Dinner in Minneapolis. (From left) Charles E. Breed, David M. Leslie, Richard D. Macfarland, President Dickey, William S. Friedlander, and James D. Rogers.

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: In the February 6, 2008 issue of Fables, a medical misdiagnosis was erroneously given by Bill Leffler regarding Ady Berger. “Unfortunately my report on Ady [being in the early stages of] Alzheimer’s is incorrect. I spoke with him and Helene last evening and he seems to be just fine. We [obviously] misinterpreted what we saw on March 21 ... so please print a correction and apologize for me.”

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OF INTEREST TO THE CLASS:

: Sixty years after he sat down with Dartmouth College students for an off-the-record lecture, poet Robert Frost’s words to them are about to be published for the first time. A transcript of the October 23, 1947 speech – one of dozens he gave at the College – will be published in the journal, *Literary Imagination*. “It’s like Frost unplugged,” said Peter Campion, editor of the journal. “Previously unpublished lectures would drive scholars crazy in and of themselves, but in addition to that, we’re getting him in discussion. He’s sitting down with a bunch of 20-year olds and trying to teach them. That involves anecdotes, stories, jokes, funny little disses on his contemporaries.” Your editor will keep you posted as to publication date.

: Gift Planning Chairman Herb Knight adds this provision to a Bartlett Tower Society gift to the College, which appeared in the February 6, 2008 issue of Fables. Dartmouth can be named as a non-contingent beneficiary of a life insurance policy ... as well as being mentioned in your will, or a retirement plan, or any planned gift at any percentage.

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**1951 MINI REUNION
FORT LAUDERDALE, FL
FEBRUARY 15, 2008**

Al Loehr hosted a mid-winter gathering of '51's at the Fort Lauderdale Yacht Club. The picture below shows many "native" Floridians, but a scattering of northern "snow birds" proclaimed their respite from snow shovels. Standing L/R: Al Loehr, Gerry Loehr, Schatzi Ludwig, Bob Fiertz, Dwight Allison, Barry Spiegel, Chuck Packard, Marion Packard, Fred Chandler, Sam Roberts, Nina Geilich, Lois Broido, Bing Broido. Seated L/R: Joan Hopkins, Carol Giegerich, Marilyn Fiertz, Elsa Spiegel, Jane Chandler, Elaine Bovaird, Nancy Roberts. Seated on floor L/R: Jack Giegerich, Chick Geilich, Dave Batchelder, Bob Hopkins.



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Jane Chandler took the picture on the right of four members of the "old" Beta Theta Pi fraternity ... all four attended the Florida mini reunion.

**L/R: Bob Hopkins, your Editor, Fred Chandler
Jack Giegerich**



For those classmates who may not remember, Chick Geilich was featured in an earlier issue of Fable as one of the main architects of Boston's **BIG DIG**. At the Florida mini, Chick brought to light the history of this monumental undertaking.

The "BIG DIG" was a project conceived by the City of Boston's Public Works Director, Fred Salvucci in the mid 1980's. It was an attempt to reunite the City by eliminating the Central Artery overhead highway that split the City and created unhealthy pollution by the 100,000 cars that used the highway each day.

The concept was to remove the overhead highway, build a ten lane highway under the City, build a third tunnel under the harbor, and a second bridge, connecting to the North, would be all part of the traffic relief program.

The project sponsored by "Tip" O'Neil, then Speaker of the House of Representatives, was estimated at about 7 billion dollars. Now 15 years later and 15 billion dollars, the project is complete and has accomplished its goals.

During the early planning stages, one of my friends, an engineer assigned to the project, asked in casual conversation, what he was going to do with 16 million yards of dirt that they would dig out of the ground to create the tunnel. Having just arrived back home after two years sailing in the Caribbean, I took on the challenge.

I enlisted my neighbor, Bill O'Connell, a local developer, to join me in this folly. We were able to put together 500 acres of land, just 7 miles from downtown Boston, which included 7 owners, a City, a Town, two municipal landfills, abandoned granite quarries, archeological sensitive areas and artifacts (8000/10,000 years old) and wetlands, which included the headwaters of three rivers. Being the highest land south of Boston, it overlooked the City, Boston Harbor and on two sides a State wilderness park of 8000 acres.

To entice the two municipalities to allow us to close their landfills with about one million truckloads of dirt, we proposed to build a golf course, including a new exit ramp from the highway and other amenities.

It was a daunting task which included permits, licenses, rules, regulations, oversight and votes starting with the State Legislature and passing through a Mayor, City Council, three Selectmen and 400 Town meeting members, Zoning Boards, and Board of Appeals, two Boards of Health, two Conservation Commissions, a City Engineer, a Town Engineer, Public Works Departments, the Army Corps of Engineers, the State Department of Environmental Protection, the State Department of Environmental Management, the State Archeologist and the Federal Register, groups of concerned citizens, local teens, whose rite of passage included swimming in the Quincy Quarries, and deer and coyotes who had adopted the land.

A contract for the dirt with the Agency controlling the construction of the Big Dig took several more years. Then it was hiring Engineers, Environmentalists, Archeologists, Architects, Planners, Foresters, Chemists and Contractors.

The construction offered additional challenges. For 4 1/2 years we took in up to 1200 truckloads of dirt a day, our permit maximum. Each 50 truckloads had to be segregated for 8 to 10 days while it was tested to insure that it was not hazardous and acceptable under our permit before it could be placed to build the contours of the golf course. Since the tunnel was being dug underground, weather was not an issue for them but we had to deal with rain, snow, hurricanes, and dust and mud, mud, and deep mud. We were open every day.

It worked out! We have a twenty-seven-hole golf course, selected by Golf Digest as one of the top ten best new courses in the Country in 2006, a clubhouse, whose 19th hole was selected by Golf Digest in February 2008 as one of the top 50 in the Country. The clubhouse also includes a very successful restaurant, open to the public, and 400 seat function facility. The total project includes 4 Little League Ball fields, 2 soccer fields, the development of one of the best rock climbing sites in New England, 312 Townhouses and more than a mile of new roads.

The last piece of development is the conversion of the Methane gas produced by the landfill to electricity. Hopefully this will be complete in 2008. Then perhaps I'll be able to work on my game.

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The February 6, 2008 issue of Fables included a long recollection by Charlie Russell of a trip to Alaska during the summer of 1948, at the end of our sophomore year. The first sentence in the following "story" by Dave Emerson identifies his inspiration.

How I Spent My Summer Vacation

Charlie Russell's account of a trip to Alaska via the Alcan Highway inspired me to write about my experience in the summer of 1949, between my sophomore and junior years. Needing to make some money to supplement the GI Bill, I landed a job with the Fairbanks Exploration Company, a gold mining outfit that did mostly gold dredging. I flew to Fairbanks from Seattle on an Alaska Airways DC3. On getting to the company bunkhouse where we were to spend the night before being sent to mining property near the Arctic Circle, I found that I left my raincoat on the plane. The stewardess had told us that if we left anything behind it could be picked up at the Lacy Street Hotel. Wearing my old Army field jacket I set off on foot to find the hotel. Some MPs stopped me thinking that I was an AWOL but I was able to convince them that I was a once again a civilian. I stopped a man on the street and asked the whereabouts of the hotel. He looked around and then, sotto voce, he gave me directions. Taken aback by his strange behavior, I forgot the directions and stopped another man who exhibited similar behavior.

I walked into the lobby and saw a sign above the desk stating, "These premises are off limits to all military personnel," a sure indication that the place was a brothel. The stewardess was manning the desk. I asked for my raincoat and she went behind a curtain and then came back with my raincoat, accompanied by the pilot of the plane. He asked if I cared to go out for a beer, which we did. He told me that he had dropped out of school in the 10th grade, bought a wrecked Piper Cub, rebuilt it, and taught himself to fly. He was a bush pilot for a while, then bought the DC3 we were on and started Alaska Airways. He said he was the owner, passenger agent, pilot, and chief mechanic. After a couple of beers, I took my leave and returned to the bunkhouse.

Bright and early the next morning several of us loaded into a station wagon and set off for the incipient dredging site near the Arctic Circle called Fairbanks Creek, our happy home for the next 10 weeks. We turned off the main road and transferred to 2-ton truck because the road was too awful for the station wagon to negotiate. At the camp we were assigned to tents, eight men to a tent that had a wood floor and a coal stove in the middle for heating. The bath house and latrine were nearby. All tents and other buildings were accessed by duckboards because the yard was a sea of mud. The cookhouse and dining room were also close by. We met with the superintendent who told us the rules. Early the next morning I went to work on the bull gang (pick and shovel laborers, digging in mud or trying to dig in frozen gravel). There were water pipelines everywhere because vast amounts of water were used to supply hand aimed hydraulic nozzles that washed away frozen muck from the most recent ice age, and supplied the point field where water was pumped into frozen gravel of old stream beds at the bottom of which lay the gold.

After a week I was promoted to mechanical point driving machine operator, responsible for tending four electric powered machines that drove the water pipes down into the frozen gravel. We worked ten hour days, seven days a week and switched back and forth between night shift and day shift every two weeks. In the middle of the shift we were taken by truck two miles back to camp to have a meal and then returned to work.



Dave Emerson
Fairbanks, Alaska
1949



Dave Emerson
Operating a Point Driving machine
1949

The hydraulic nozzle operators worked eight hour shifts, around the clock. That was really boring work but they did get to see some wild life such as moose or an occasional bear. From time to time bones, teeth, horns and tusks were washed out of the muck.

The work force was about equal numbers of college students and older guys some of whom were foremen. There were a few old sourdoughs who as youths participated in the gold rush. The camp was largely peaceful because one got fired if one started a fight and no alcohol was allowed. There was a store about 3/4 of a mile away that sold beer and mosquito repellent that didn't work.

(Those were pre-DEET days.) In mid summer a guy from upstate NY showed up in a 1947 Chevy panel truck, equipped for the Alcan Highway and another guy, Tom Keyes from Kokomo, IN arrived with his bike, having ridden from Indiana to Seattle except when he could bum a ride on a truck. He took a ferry from Seattle to Valdez and the train from Valdez to Fairbanks.

Joe had intended to sell his truck and fly back, but he couldn't find a customer, so at the end of the summer he wanted passengers to share the expenses. Gas on the Alcan cost \$0.65/gal. (Horrors!) Because I lived in Littleton, MA, I signed up, Tom from Kokomo signed up, and two guys from the West Coast signed up. Off we went with a big gas tank on the roof, 4 spare tires and room for three to sleep in the back. The Alcan at that time was a good gravel road but there were lots of small stones. Most of the highway is in Canada. The first night we managed to knock a hole in the gas tank and we had to stop in Whitehorse to get the tank brazed. On the whole trip we experienced four blowouts and six ordinary flats. We worked out a routine where everyone had a job when a flat happened, jut like a NASCAR pit crew. We could be back on the road in just a few minutes except when the bumper jack got bent. We had our first bath at about 6 AM in Liard Hot Springs, BC, where a woman was killed by a bear a few years ago. We split a wheel rim between Dawson Creek and Edmonton and had to get it brazed in a town where everyone spoke French. They were quite hostile until I broke out my French (Thank you, Dartmouth!)

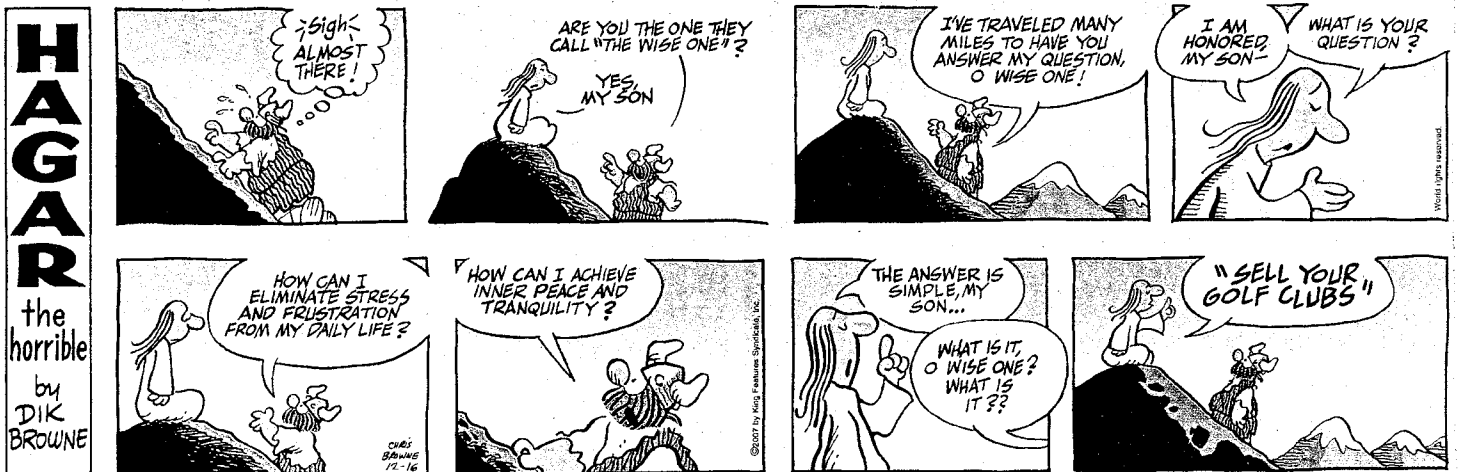
(Dave Emerson: cont.)

Joe, the owner, couldn't stay awake after dark and hadn't a clue how to use the engine to brake when going down steep mountains. One of the guys from the West couldn't drive and the other almost drove us over a cliff. Tom from Kokomo could whistle whole symphonies but drove into a ditch when he got carried away so I drove all night every night. Two of the guys got off in Helena, MT and we continued on. The engine used rather a lot of oil so we had to add some often. We actually bought a quart of Isovis in Albert Lea, MN, (shades of *Barefoot Boy with Cheek*, anybody remember Schuman's book?). Tom got off in Kokomo and Joe let me off in Troy, NY where I could get a train to get near home. We spent nine days and nights on the road. I got home about lunch time, got cleaned up and headed for Hanover, because it was registration day. I stopped for a haircut on the way and got there five minutes late for registration. It was necessary to see Dean Neidlinger the next day (two cigarettes were burning in his ashtray and one was burning in his hand) to get special permission to register and pay a \$5 fine.

Many years later I took two trips to Alaska as a member of a university re-accreditation inspection team of The Northwest Association of Schools & Colleges whose jurisdiction encompasses 1,500,000 square miles. In the late 1990s Shirley and I took a small ship pleasure cruise in Southeast Alaska that was most enjoyable.

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A little levity is directed towards our golfing classmates ...



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The Dartmouth Alumni Magazine can be proud!

Our College Alumni Magazine has been named the Grand Gold Medal Newsweek Robert Sibley Magazine of the year by the Council for the Advancement and Support of Education. (Shorter version: it's the best DAM alumni magazine in the land!).

This marks DAM's fifth Sibley (1943, 1949, 1991 and 1993). The Dartmouth Alumni Magazine now has more Magazine of the Year titles than any other alumni magazine.

This report is courtesy of Patricia Fisher '81
Director of Class Activities

IN MEMORIAM:

: Bill Woolner died on December 26, 2005 of unknown causes. His wife, Sarah J., is deceased. Children surviving are John Woolner and Connie Woolner. Freshman roommates in 312 Russell Sage were Dick Bucy and Roger des Prez.

: Jack Jacoby died of unknown causes on January 18, 2008. His former wife, Linda Cabot, survives him. There are no children listed. Freshman roommates in 408 Gile were Jerry Mitchell and Roy Reynolds (deceased).

: Nels Bellesheim died on February 4, 2008 of unknown causes. He is survived by his wife, Betty; and 5 children, Nelson F., Karen Pinnel, Susan Stonehouse, Lynn Wronka, Douglas ... and fifteen grandchildren. Nels was a Navy veteran, having served during the war years 1943-1945. He lived in Wigwam during his years at Dartmouth.

: Philip Hudson See, Jr. died on February 13, 2008 of unknown causes. His former wife, Katherine Bradley, is deceased. Surviving children are Philip See and Alicia Groom. There is no record of his freshman roommates ... nor any other information in subsequent 25-year and 50-year reunion books.

: Charles Sherman died on March 5, 2008 of unknown causes. Two former wives, Sheila and Susan, are both deceased. Surviving children are Nancy, Sandra, Brenda and Glen Sherman. His freshman roommates at 101 North Mass were Harford Field, Charles Salisbury and Dick Sedmak.

: John Condon died of unknown causes on March 14, 2008. He is survived by his wife, Nanette; and children, Laurie LePine and Thomas Condon. His freshman roommates in 405 Hitchcock were Dave King and Burgess Taylor (deceased).

: Tom Arnold died on April 3, 2008 of unknown causes. He is survived by his wife, Deloris Marie ... and his former wife, Janet Onstad. Surviving children are Pamela Arnold, Thomas Arnold and Virginia Arnold. His freshman roommates at 110 Woodward were Bob McCabe and Dick Woolworth.

: Bruce Robertson died of unknown causes on April 9, 2008. His wife, Ann, survives him, as do two children, Emily Robertson and William Robertson. His freshman roommates were Harry Berwick and Ted Hazen.

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The class will be interested in the following reports of non-classmate's deaths.

: Skip Brooks, (widow of Bill Brooks) writes, "I was glad to see the 'squib' about [Bill's mother] Helen. Sadly, she passed away on February 12 at the age of 107. (see picture on right). She just went to sleep. She was ready and played her last bridge game that Friday before. I'm having a memorial service for her on April 6th and she'll be buried with Bill in our church garden. She was the end of an era, a great lady and Dartmouth all the way."



(cont. next page)

IN MEMORIAM (cont.):



MOVIE STAR NEWS

Sherry Britton

: The Class will remember that the lead “story” of the February 6, 2007 issue of Fables featured the end of Burlesque in New York City. This prompted an interview with Sherry Britton, one of the striptease stars of the 30’s and 40’s. Ms. Britton died on April 1, 2008 of natural causes at the age of 89.

“Along with Lois de Fee, ‘Queen of the Glamazons’, Betty Rowland, known as the ‘Ball of Fire’ and Zorita, known for her sensuous snake dances, Ms. Britton was one of the last stars of a once-thriving sprinkling of theaters in Times Square. In the 1940’s, after burlesque was effectively banned from New York City by the administration of Mayor Fiorello La Guardia, Ms. Britton – sometimes called ‘Great Britton, a striptease with brains’ – went on to an acting career.. She performed in 39 plays, including 14 musicals, sang in nightclubs and made numerous television appearances. In 1958, on Broadway, she played the part of Princess Alexandra, an accomplished belly dancer, in the comedy ‘Drink to me Only’. At that time, she was the only guest on Mike Wallace’s television talk show whom had been called back for a second interview by popular demand.

“During the war years, after entertaining troops in 1944, she was named an honorary brigadier general by Franklin D. Roosevelt. Sherry Britton never attended high school, but at the urging of her husband, Robert Gross, whom she married in 1971, she enrolled at Fordham University and graduated in 1982.

“In an unpublished memoir that she titled, ‘The stripper, by the Hon. Brigadier General Sherry Britton, Ms. Britton wrote, ‘There seems to be two of me. One, onstage, undressing; the other saying, what are you doing, taking your clothes off for those morons.’”

A remembrance for those who have gone before us ... the fox speaks to the prince in Le Petit Prince:

*“On ne voit bien qu’avec le Coeur.
L’essential est pour les yeax.”*

*“We only see well with our hearts.
The essence of a person is invisible to our eyes.”*

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FALL MINI:

Our annual Hanover fall mini will take place Friday-Sunday, October 17th –19th. Homecoming Weekend. The schedule for the weekend is not finalized (next newsletter we carry details, but we wanted to give you a head’s-up so you may make your room reservations. A block of rooms have been reserved at the Baymont Inn on Airport Road in West Lebanon. To reserve your accommodations call 800-433-3466 and state that you want to book one of the rooms reserved for the Dartmouth Class of ’51.

One of the highlights will be participation in the Friday night parade. Our Class is planning to have a “float”, pulled by a 1951 John Deere tractor, featuring a display of every license plate from the year 1951. It is Bill Leffler’s idea to have classmates on the float toss small bags of green and white mint candies. It is hoped that everyone in attendance will be identified with ’51 by wearing a 1951 numeral sweater, a Class Jacket, (’51 Beanie?), a Dartmouth D51 reunion cap. Beg, borrow, find your own numeral sweater and be sure to make plans for this mini reunion!

Best from,

DAVE BARCE