

FIFTY – ONE FABLES

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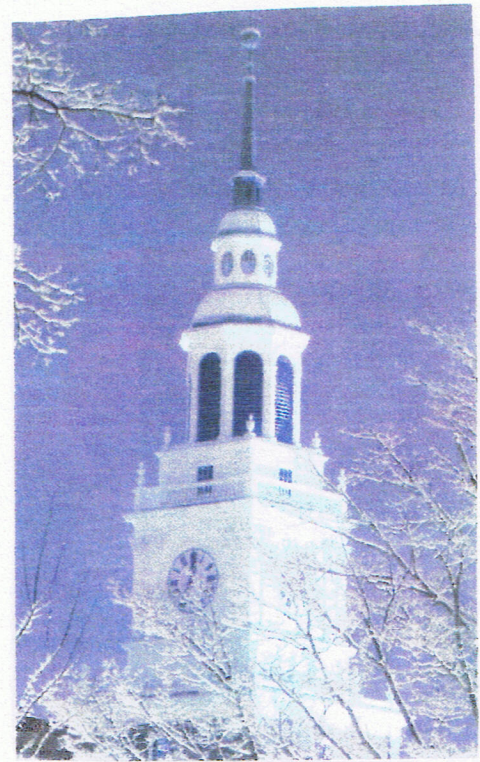
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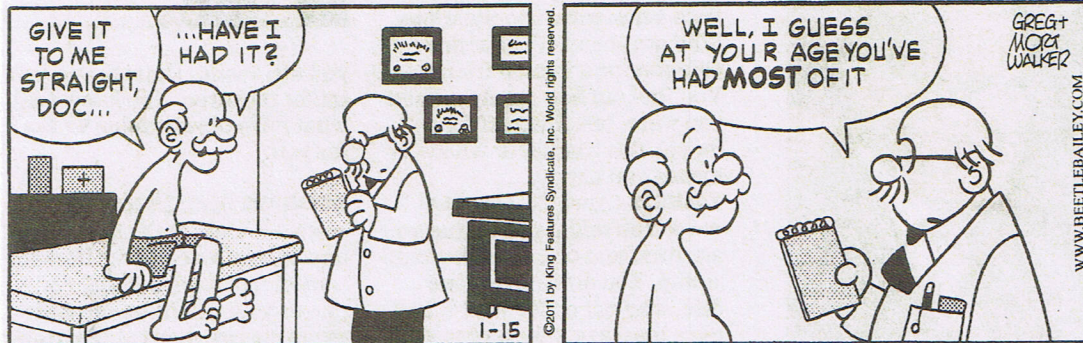
Salisbury, Conn.
March 4, 2011

Greetings to all Classmates!

The Following cartoon doesn't leave much to the imagination! ...

BEETLE BAILEY

by Mort Walker



Still left for many of us is our 60th reunion, coming up on June 13 – 16, 2011. As of last count, Loye Miller reports that Gold Card responses mean a total of over 200 attendees from estimated classmates, companions and widows. The decision was made early on to contact every 1951 classmate entering Dartmouth as freshmen. Bob Hopkins and I designated “captains” to make these contacts so that no one would have to call more than four classmates. The result has been a complete contact of all members of our Class ... and a resounding response!

By now you will have received a mailing from the College with all the details regarding this reunion. The most important inclusion is the registration envelope ... your check for the reunion fee! Note that we have the College's newest dorms for lodging (\$40 a night per person, \$80 per couple). Also note that none of the rooms have a private bathroom ... bring a bathrobe for a trek to community baths! ... or choose from the listed motels.

So ... Join your classmates for a truly 60th reunion of our entrance to Dartmouth!

NEWS FROM CLASSMATES:

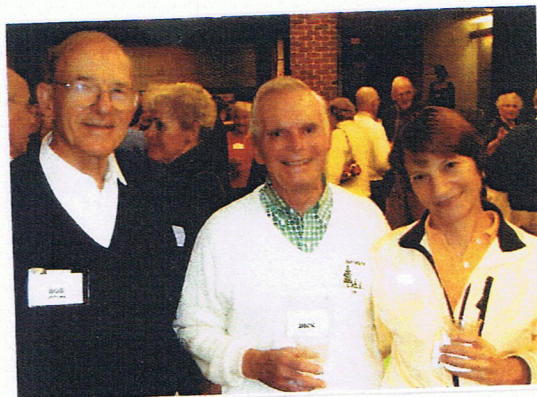
: Bill Rugg makes an interesting observation after reading the November 4, 2010 issue of Fables ... "How is it that Fables is getting longer every year even though there are less of us? We, apparently, have more time to write letters! ... I particularly enjoyed Earl Brabb's letter to Marr Mullen ... and I also found Arno Arak's letter on global warming really interesting. I say that because I agree with him. I don't know if Al Gore has realized yet that we are still coming out of the last ice age, but he's reportedly making a lot of money on the issue so I doubt that he really cares! Warm or not, I don't like dirty air and we have plenty of it out here in California. I look out our window down to San Francisco Bay and watch the brown air flow south, and then around a corner and east into the Central Valley that has some of the dirtiest air in the West. To me, that is a major problem. While I believe with Arno that the global warming problem is not a serious one, many of the 'solutions' to it are the same solutions we need to clean up dirty air."

: Here's an echo of similar thoughts from Frank Johnson. "I fully agree with Arno Arak that there is no human caused global warming. The whole claim is a fraud. In fact, I question even the claim that there were various ice ages in the past. There is no known natural mechanism that could account for thousands of years of global cooling necessary to produce such a phenomenon! The 'evidences' of it could just as well have been produced by a global flood!"

: Reported by Bob Hopkins, "Recently, I was inducted into the Connecticut Golf Hall of Fame. It's not for golfing prowess, but rather for 'Distinguished Service' to golf. There were three of us ... one was a male golfer; one was an outstanding female golfer and me. The event was the big Annual Meeting held this year at the New Haven Country Club. It was exciting stuff! Coming after almost 30 years of work in the Connecticut State Golf Association and 20 years work for the USGA, it added a wonderful cap to it all!" Ed Comment: The Class extends congratulations to another of our Hall of Famers!

Pictured to the right ...

BOB HOPKINS
DICK PUGH
MY SCHATZI ...



* * * * *

: Blake Ireland touches briefly on the last 30 years of his life ... and then tells us how proud he is of his daughter. "I finally got around to retiring a year ago last spring. I spent the last 30 + years at Raytheon Company in systems and software engineering. Anne, my bride of 55 years, continues to be active at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston as a Senior Associate ... Anne and I are still pursuing our interest in wildlife photography; next fall we'll be taking our 14th trip to sub-Saharan Africa ... Our recent family news concerns our daughter Leslie, who is a career intelligence professional. She and a colleague, who work for the Director of National Intelligence, spent the Obama administration's first 14 months providing the President and his staff with the daily intelligence briefing. Last March, Obama nominated Leslie to be Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for Intelligence and Analysis. She was confirmed by the Senate and moved into her new role in July."

PLEASE NOTE: The Hood Museum celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary this fall!

'Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening'

Whose woods these are I think I know.

His house is in the village though; He will not see me stopping here To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer To stop without a farmhouse near Between the woods and frozen lake The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake To ask if there is some mistake.

The only other sound's the sweep Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.

But I have promises to keep, And miles to go before I sleep, And miles to go before I sleep.

— Robert Frost, N.H., 1923

Looking out of my living room window in Westport, surrounded on all sides by pine trees weighed down with layers of virgin snow, I am struck by the sheer beauty and purity of nature.



WOODY KLEIN

There must be others here, I think, who are also touched by the stillness of the white blanket around us, by the silence and peacefulness of it all.

I am reminded of that famous Frost poem, above, which I first heard the poet read aloud in a great hall at Dartmouth College.

It was my freshman year in Hanover, New Hampshire, in the mountains and woods.

It was the winter of 1947.

It was an awakening, a grand introduction, in retrospect, to the happiest years of

my young life.

Coming from New York City that first winter, I was overwhelmed by the sheer immensity of all the snow, the crisp, dry sub-freezing mornings when I went about campus dressed only in a sweater and jeans, carrying my books on my back, eager to submerge myself in this splendid campus life.

Surrounding the snow-covered campus green were the white New England-style buildings, adorned with dark green shutters decorating the white scene as far as the eye could see. It was exhilarating.

Every day and every night.

All these years later, as I bundle up in my comfortable home in Westport, my thoughts race back to those exciting and fresh days when I felt I had been transported into a world of sheer frozen beauty, where the giant-sized temperature bar on the side of the Hanover Inn on Main Street rarely registered above zero.

Yet I always felt invigorated outdoors.

The dry air made it easy to get around in the snow, which, it seemed, had been on the ground from the day I had ar-

Hanover is the place where I first fell in love with winter.

It is where I first felt at home in the depths of winter, during the sun-drenched days of perfect gleaming snow and the stars and moon lighting up serene nights.

It was the place where I first created my "Out of the Woods" column, as sports editor of The Daily Dartmouth, a newspaper that published six days a week and laid thus the groundwork for a career in journalism.

I recognize that the snowstorm in our town, which totaled more than 42 inches and set a new record, was a major disruption in the lives of most residents.

It slowed or canceled their plans, created humongous traffic tie-ups and work delays, and left many people literally trapped in their homes.

I sympathize with those folks and understand the ordeal they must have endured. Not to mention the huge clean-up job the town — and all of its residents — face in the aftermath of the blizzard, which seemingly has no end.

But cast aside these daily challenges, just for a moment, and step back from it all: A dramatic change in our environment has brought with it an opportunity to see and enjoy a world of white.

It is a feeling of suddenly being cut off from our daily imperatives that allow us to realize that we are at nature's tender mercy — and just how beautiful and rewarding that experience can be.

Thus, on this wintry day when most Westporters are asking themselves how much longer will it last, I prefer the old refrain: "Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow."

Featured to the right is an article by Woody Klein, titled OUT OF THE WOODS, a column produced weekly in the Westport News in Westport, Connecticut. It was sent to me by Jack Giegerich by way of his sister, Cynthia.

: The following article appeared in the Winter 2010 issue of **DARTMOUTH MEDICINE**. It commemorates a gift to the Dartmouth Medical School by Ed Latham in honor of his late wife, Elizabeth French Latham. Printing this article in its entirety was suggested by Herb Knight.

Gift links Dartmouth-Hitchcock's past and future

By KATE VILLARS

As the first woman to be appointed a full professor at Dartmouth Medical School and the first female member of the Dartmouth-Hitchcock Clinic, Dr. E. Elizabeth "Betty" French continued a family legacy in medicine at Dartmouth. Her father, Dr. Harry Tapley French, was a professor of anatomy at DMS and a founding member of the Dartmouth-Hitchcock Clinic in 1927, and her two brothers, Arthur and Rowland, were both DMS graduates.

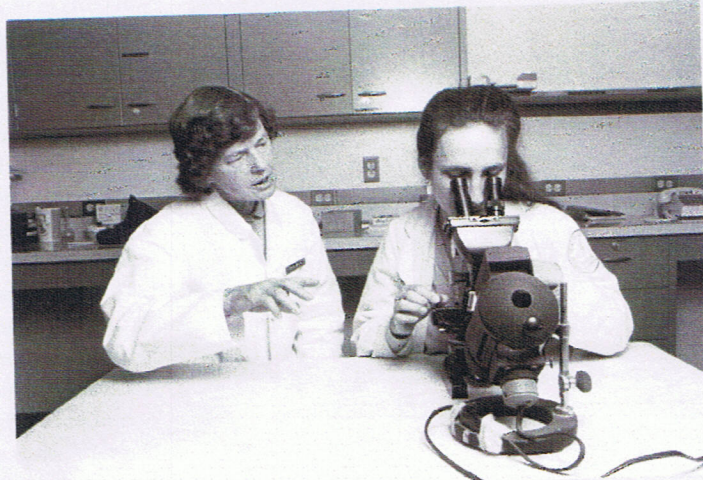
Now, 18 years after Betty French's death, an extraordinary \$4-million gift to Dartmouth-Hitchcock from the estate of her husband, the late Edward Connery Latham, honors the memory of his wife and her commitment to medical education and research while advancing the future of medicine through translational research. The gift links Dartmouth-Hitchcock's history with its aspirations as an institution that today is on the forefront of transforming health care.

French initially trained as a medical technologist at Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital's School of Medical Technology before earning her M.D. and a master's of surgery at McGill University in 1950. Trained as a pathologist, French returned to Hanover in

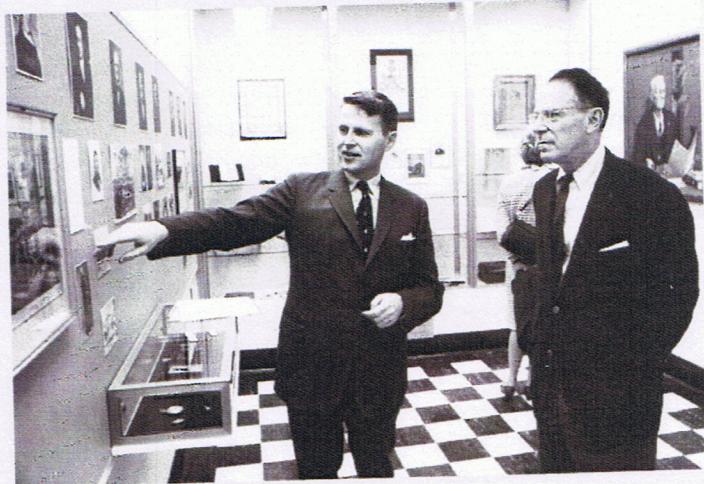
1957 to become director of the Clinical Diagnostic Laboratories at MHMH and begin what would be a 30-year tenure as director of the School of Medical Technology. That same year, she and Edward Connery Latham were wed, attended by Latham's good friend, the poet Robert Frost, as best man.

Latham, a 1951 graduate of Dartmouth College and a member of Dartmouth's library staff, went on to become the College's head librarian and dean of libraries. He was also a writer, editor, and counselor to Dartmouth presidents beginning with Ernest Martin Hopkins and continuing through James Wright, and he held a number of administrative offices at the College. Latham is perhaps best known for his volume *The Poetry of Robert Frost*, first published in 1969, which remains the standard edition of Frost's verse, and he edited or coedited a number of other volumes of his friend's poetry and prose, as well as scores of other books.

The Latham gift has funded two endowments that will accelerate translational clinical research at Dartmouth-Hitchcock by providing a perpetual source of funding where it is needed most: the training of postdoctoral fellows in cross-disciplinary translational research and the support of innovative, interdisciplinary pilot research by promising junior faculty and clinicians. Translational research seeks to



The late Elizabeth French (above, left, in 1983) spent her career teaching and practicing pathology at Dartmouth-Hitchcock; the institution will benefit from a recent bequest from her husband, Edward Connery Latham (below, left, in 1965).



move basic science findings quickly and efficiently into medical practice, and thus into meaningful improvements in health and health care.

"Dartmouth Medical School has a rich history of very strong biomedical basic science," says DMS dean Dr. Wiley Souba. "At the same time, Dartmouth-Hitchcock is one of the more innovative medical enterprises in the

country in terms of focusing on outcomes, quality, and comparative effectiveness. By bridging those two, we have the ability to be on the cutting edge of transforming health care in this country."

Postdoctoral training

Upon French's retirement in 1986, she and her husband established the Dr. E. Elizabeth French Fund for Laboratory

The following is a continuation of the article on the previous page honoring the gift of Ed Latham to the Dartmouth Medical School.

Medicine (a.k.a. “Betty’s Fund”), an endowment at Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital to support training and research in clinical pathology. Their generous gifts to this fund over the years have now been augmented by a portion of the Latham estate gift. As a result, “Betty’s Fund” can now truly realize its original vision—expanding educational and scholarly activities in pathology—by supporting the training of postdoctoral fellows within the Pathology Translational Research Program (PTRP).

Established in 2006, Dartmouth-Hitchcock’s nationally recognized PTRP plays a central role in the translation of basic science research to patient care across the medical center, fostering collaborative research efforts and providing valuable training experiences for young research scientists. “Pathology has a behind-the-

scenes—but really vital—contribution to improving clinical outcomes and patient care,” explains Dr. Alan Schned, the department’s acting chair. “The PTRP generates a tremendous amount of translational research activity involving pathology and other disci-

The Latham gift has funded two endowments that will accelerate translational clinical research at DH.

plines, and it brings together the expertise to initiate and validate new tests that can then be brought into the clinical arena. Our patients should have confidence that the pathology contribution to their care is state-of-the-art. Betty’s Fund provides valuable support for our work.”

Pilot projects

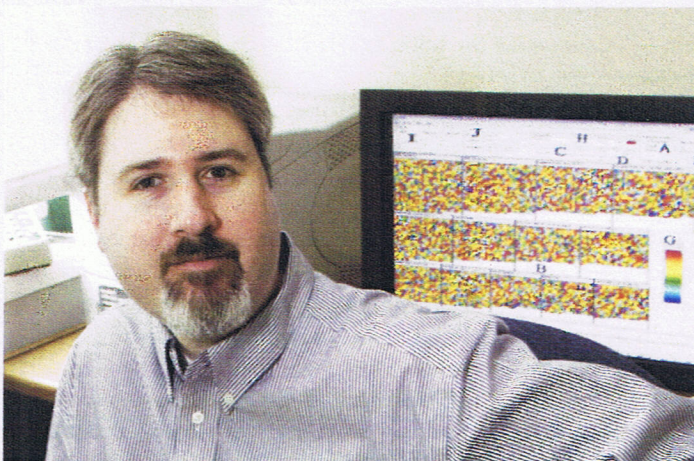
A second endowment created by the Latham gift will support

collaborative, cross-disciplinary translational research pilot projects through Dartmouth-Hitchcock’s MITRA program (Methodology and Technology Innovation for Translational Research Awards). Pilot studies such as those funded by MITRA are a

critical bridge between promising preliminary results and the development of enough supporting data to allow an investigator to compete for a larger federal research grant. MITRA targets this seed money to innovative projects led by cross-disciplinary teams of junior and established investigators.

Typically, pilot studies are heavily reliant on institutional support and grants. In fact, the initial round of MITRA awards in 2009 was funded by Dartmouth-Hitchcock. The new endowment secures a permanent source of private funding for this critically important program.

“This remarkable gift allows us to capitalize on the strong collaborative spirit that’s a hallmark of Dartmouth-Hitchcock and nurture the talent of our trainees and junior faculty,” says Dartmouth-Hitchcock copresident Nancy Formella. “Ultimately, the impact of this gift will extend far beyond our own patients. We are truly grateful to the Lathems for their generosity.”



Computational geneticist Jason Moore led a study—titled “The Developing Infant: Mapping the Microbiome in Health and Disease”—that was funded in 2009 by the MITRA program, which the Latham bequest has now endowed.

: Here's another Bill Rugg missive, this one with a little background on a busy life! ...

One of the many wonderful things about Fifty-One Fables is its warmth. No one ever has a negative comment about anything, everyone is upbeat, It's great!

Like most of my empty-nester classmates, Norma and I have no trouble keeping busy. Daughter Lexi is a veterinarian/acupuncturist and owns a small clinic in Santa Barbara—Goleta, actually, but who knows where that is? Owning a small business in California is a challenge beyond her and our wildest imagination, largely because of the labor laws in California. Any of my classmates experts in Chapter 7 and 13 bankruptcies? Anyhow, it's a weekend a month in Santa Barbara, which is not all bad!

Our little place in the Sierras is another reflection of aging gracefully! All our trees, and there are a lot of them, were small when I built the place 40 years ago, but now we're in the middle of a dense forest and just tending to our pine/cedar/fir "orchard" is a challenge! But it's worth every minute we can spend there!

We've been doing a bit of traveling, too. We tend toward active "vacations from retirement," so we've been to Africa three times and are going back to watch the migration in February. We've been to Patagonia, Antarctica, the Amazon rain forest, Machu Pichu, Turkey, Egypt, Jordan, Israel, the Magdellan Islands, China, Svalbard, New Zealand and Australia, among other places. Sometimes I think it would be fun to just go lie on the beach for awhile, but somehow that never happens!

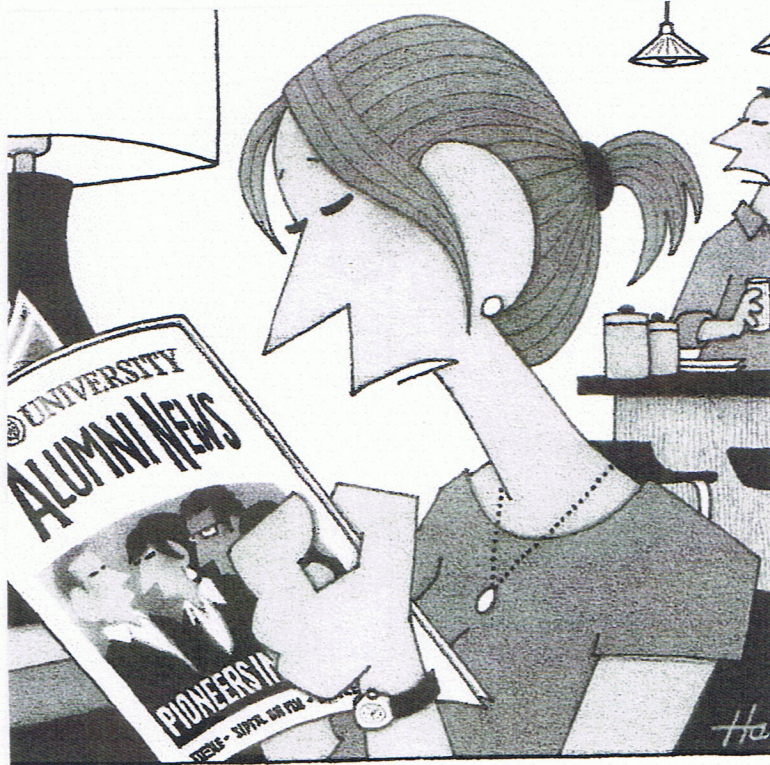
We have a funny old motorhome with 120 K miles on it that we dearly love because we can take our equally old 'coon hound with us. She spends most our time on the road sitting in the passenger seat staring intently at the road ahead. The good part is that she doesn't criticize my driving! This year we took in the Calgary Stampede, which was a different kind of trip from the self-directed jaunts we generally take. It was fun, but I think we'll go back to our self-directed trips!

For the past several years I've been gracefully removing myself from the sorts of boards and offices that we all seem to collect as we move through life. It's kind of nostalgic to spend an afternoon, as I did today, discarding old files and reliving, for a moment, the victories, defeats and frustrations that they brought but without which I wouldn't have felt fulfilled. The wars we get ourselves into in order to fulfill ourselves!

Bill Rugg letter (cont.) ...

As I read Fables, it's no surprise that I haven't bumped into any classmates while Norma and I are out and about. I think because the sorts of things we do are more wildlife-oriented than people-oriented I'm not where everyone else is, and I regret that. But that's the only mildly negative comment I'm going to make!

* * * * *



*"If you didn't want to feel inferior to your classmates,
you shouldn't have gone to such a good school."*

The cartoon on the left (telling it like it IS!) comes from Charlie Russell and Peggy Read. The poem below was on the occasion of a gathering of classmates at the Woodlands just prior to last fall's mini reunion (see text below).

*The Fifty-ones gathered with zeal
To enjoy each other for real.
The drinks were exotic,
The wait staff neurotic
While Yale pulled it off. Twas a steal!*

The following poem was inspired by Saint Patrick's day, also from Charlie and Peggy.

*Saint Patrick did green beer espouse!
The "ladies" and "lassies" carouse
To the tune and the beat
Oft heard on the street.
Inner spirits this now does arouse.*

Charlie & Peggy

Peggy and I are still at work with the transition from condo living to this new fangled "independent living". "What's that?", you ask. Well, it's a version of "assisted living" but with a lower level of medical care. We have moved into The Woodlands at Harvest Hill and have a lovely apartment with a terrific view of the sunset. Part of the transition has to do with getting rid of the excess of stuff collected and accumulated over the years. This process goes on even though we have been here since July 1.

Classmate Jack Skewes and his wife Connie are also residents here along with a couple of characters from the Class of 1952, and probably more to be discovered. Just before this fall's mini-reunion Peggy and I participated in a dinner in The Woodlands dining room with Jack and Connie, Henry and Amy Nachman, along with Ed and Betty Weisenfeld. The conversation was as animated as you might expect with a plethora of smart remarks and raising of our glasses [and I don't mean spectacles]. You two were the object of at least one toast which surely should make you both feel much better.

IN MEMORIAM:

: Ray Mullin died on December 20, 2010 after an extended illness. Ray was one of the Class's 60+ veterans of World War II, having served as a Navy SM/3-c for 18 months in the Asian-Pacific Theater. He was an English professor at Salem State College in Salem, Mass and St. Johns River Community College in Florida where he lived for 42 years. He is survived by his wife, Judith Holmes Mullin; and one daughter, Jeanne Mullin. His freshman roommate at 402 Fayerweather was Chuck Packard. He was a member of Sigma Chi fraternity.

: Sam (Bud) Hibben died on September 13, 2010 in Anaheim, California. His wife died many years ago ... and he was remote from his children who remain in the mid-west. They are Eugene, Catherine, Kenneth and Dan. Freshman roommate was George Bikle.

: Jim Thorpen died on October 30, 2010 of unknown causes. He came to Dartmouth from Cody, WY and was a doctor in Casper Wyoming. His wife, Ellen, is deceased. He is survived by children Charles Thorpen, James Thorpen and Patrick Thorpen. Freshmen roommate in 105 Woodard was Jim Ballard. Jim was a member of Handel Society and in Dartmouth's marching band.

: Dick Ellis died on November 3, 2010 of unknown causes. His wife, Susan, predeceased him on March 15, 2010. His children are Richard Ellis (deceased), David Ellis, Michael Ellis, Peter Ellis and Jennifer Ellis. Dick served in the Coast Guard and the Coast Guard Reserves, retiring as a Lt. Commander in 1973. He coached the Trinity Women's softball team from 1992-1996, and was a recipient of the Trinity College Athletic Department's Bantam Award. Dick was also active in Weathersfield's Little League and Senior league as a coach and umpire. Freshman roommate at 310 Topliff was Frank Smallwood.

* * * * *

*A rose once grew where all could see,
sheltered beside a garden wall,
And as the days passed swiftly by,
it spread its branches, straight and tall*

*One day a beam of light shone through
a crevice that had opened wide ...
The rose gently bent toward its warmth,
then passed beyond to the other side ...*

*Now, you who deeply feel its loss,
be comforted – the rose blooms there --
Its beauty even greater now,
nurtured by God's own loving care.*

* * * * *

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: Bob Hopkins offers this reminder: "Be sure to remind classmates to keep checking our Class Website to see the latest listing of classmates coming to our 60th reunion!" Perhaps you'll see a classmate's name that will trigger a response from you to attend! ...

Best from,

DAVE / BARCLAY



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

Page 1. Cartoon on aging ... Loye Miller, Bob Hopkins, 60th reunion information.

Page 2. Bill Rugg, Earl Brabb, Marr Mullen, Arno Arak, Frank Johnson, Bob Hopkins, Dick Pugh, Schatzi, Blake Ireland ... 25th anniversary of the Hood Museum.

Page 3. Woody Klein article ...

Page 4. Ed Latham gift to Dartmouth Medical School ... Herb Knight.

Page 5. Continuing Latham gift.

Page 6. Letter from Bill Rugg.

Page 7. Continuing letter from Bill Rugg ... Charlie Russell and Peggy Read, Jack and Connie Skewes, Amy and Henry Nachman, Ed and Betty Weisenfeld.

Page 8. **IN MEMORIAM:**

1. **Ray Mullin** ... freshman roommate Chuck Packard.
2. **Sam (Bud) Hibben** ... freshman roommate George Bikle.
3. **Jim Thorpen** ... freshman roommate Jim Ballard.
4. **Dick Ellis** ... freshman roommate Frank Smallwood.

E-mail addresses of contributors ...

Bob Hopkins reminder to visit Class Website ... memory cartoon.

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NON SEQUITUR *by Wiley*

