



DAVID WINDSOR BATCHELDER "SPIRIT OF '51" AWARD

Batch, you are the embodiment of some old-fashioned and very simple virtues: a capacity for hard physical work, an abiding loyalty to friends and institutions in whom you believe, and a steadfast devotion to those ideals by which you live your life. While your having grown up in Darien and your majoring in English at college seem to be at odds with your rugged individualism, the paradox is probably evidence that a Dartmouth education has helped you to become your own kind of person.

Like several others in our class, you wanted to be a Marine after college, but an accident while working on a town sanding truck one summer prevented that ambition; and so you studied a year at the Cornell Agricultural College before going north to Stowe, Vermont, where you established your dairy herd at Misty Meadows Farm. Surely no Marine training was ever more demanding than the regimen you exacted of yourself throughout the four seasons, day in and day out, for eighteen years. It was a small farm, but you surely loved it; for with your commitment to its labors you became, in but two years, recognized as the best farmer in Vermont by winning the Green Pastures Award in 1956. For you farming was the outward expression of your innermost drives, and you took pride in the lonely hours plowing straight furrows of corn, pride in the care of your cows, pride in the caring relationships with neighboring farm families, pride in creating a modest lodge to which skiers were attracted by the simple farm-home accommodations and by the power of your commitment to the ideals of rural life.

This was your difficult but richly rewarding life until 1969, when circumstances dictated leaving Stowe with your two then-small children, Deke and Annie. You moved to Salisbury, Connecticut, where you persisted in physical and mostly outdoor work as a builder of homes. How you ever found time to do for Dartmouth when you were beginning your life over, we'll never know, except that as always your strength of conviction and your determination served you — and us — well.

Like your father, an earlier Batch in the Class of 1919, you give Dartmouth and your class more than a full measure of your time and talents: Campaign for Dartmouth Leadership Committee, Alumni Fund Agent, Alumni Interviewer, and most importantly for us, Class Newsletter Editor since 1981. As you have reported a variety of news items of interest to us all in a number approaching one hundred issues, you have shown the same devotion to designing the layout of each five-to-seven-page issue as you once did to farming, so that the stamp of your personality is apparent in each. And your magpie fascination with quotations from Herodotus to *Hoard's Dairyman* is a constant source of entertaining enlightenment.

While we may not be sure what President Freedman means by "creative loners" or "daring dreamers," we believe, Batch, that these terms must encompass the kind of person you are: one who favors a life wholly dependent upon personal endeavor, one who has held fast to a conviction of what is right for him without sacrificing his obligations to others.

Batch, your classmates salute you as one of the truly unifying forces of our class, not only because of what you have done for us and for Dartmouth, but also because of the model you offer us all for the future. And so we are pleased to honor you with the 1988 "Spirit of '51" Award.