



HENRY NACHMAN JR.

"Spirit of '51" Award

Henry, when you were the slim, handsome senior class president at Stuyvesant High School 51 years ago, all the primary forces in your life had you programmed straight for Cambridge and Harvard. What else would a smart kid raised in the canyons of Manhattan want? But, thank God, you had spent your summers in the glories of Mother Nature at Maine's Camp Belgrade, and perhaps it was that which led you to take the other fork in the road, the upcountry route to Hanover, Dartmouth and the great outdoors.

You were a solid citizen in our days on campus, your room an island of neatness in the Topliff clutter. You complemented your economics major by being business manager of the Dartmouth Quarterly. You organized friends in starting a new fraternity, Tau Epsilon Phi. And you began an intimate acquaintance with the ski slopes of New England that one day would greatly influence your personal and professional life, and become a precious asset to the heritage of skiing at Dartmouth.

After graduating, you had just begun to learn the ropes at Lord & Taylor when Uncle Sam pointed that long finger and, almost before one could say, "Forward... MARCH," you were in the front lines in Korea, a dogface infantryman right out of Bill Mauldin, taking an enemy bullet in your leg. But it's safe to say you were the only GI whose first stop on heaven-sent liberty was not a geisha house but, instead, a Dartmouth Club of Tokyo meeting. And the accumulated winnings from dugout poker games contributed nicely to your postwar MBA stint at Tuck School.

Then it was back to New York where — in order of importance — you (1) married Amy Pollner, (2) fathered Robert and Suzy who both would go to Dartmouth, and (3) got a good grounding in the advertising business, so good that in 1967 you audaciously opened your own agency, Henry Nachman Associates. It was bound to succeed — you made Amy Vice-President-In-Charge-Of-Everything — and so you became a "name" in the marketing of skiing, the sport you had come to love. That led to offices and a second home in Woodstock and, ultimately, moving the whole shebang to 14 Dunster Drive in Hanover in 1991 and hanging out the welcome sign for '51 classmates.

You were also toiling unceasingly in Dartmouth's vineyards. You've done it all — alumni fund and capital gifts appeals, applicant interviewing, class secretary, 25th reunion publicity chair, and mini-reunion chair. As its president, you nursed the ailing Dartmouth Club of New York City back to robust health, and a grateful College bestowed upon you that highest honor, the Dartmouth Alumni Award. More recently, when budget pressures threatened to close down the Dartmouth Skiway, the College brought your keen knowledge of ski industry economics to the rescue. Your superb leadership of its advisory committee has been the cornerstone of the Skiway's dramatic operational and economic improvement.

Henry, you get nothing but rave notices from friends, business associates and Dartmouth colleagues. You always see the glass as half full rather than half empty, and no worthwhile task is too difficult to try. Your modest, low-key manner hides a super ability to organize, yet those you get to work the hardest praise your knack for "leading" them rather than "driving." You're the most loyal of friends. Your admirable 42-year marriage has been the richer for having Amy literally at your elbow in everything, particularly in your inestimable contributions to Dartmouth and to our own class. Many of us like to feel that our generation was Dartmouth at its best. You seem sincerely to believe that Dartmouth's best is — and should be — yet to come. It is our pleasure and privilege to present to you the 1998 "Spirit of '51" Award.