



DAVID KINGSLEY HALL "SPIRIT OF '51" AWARD

Dave, some might say that you were born with three strikes against you — a father and two uncles who went to Harvard. But the spirit of your illustrious great, great grandfather, Nathan Lord, must have come upon you. After family vacations in the Upper Valley introduced you to the Lake Morey golf course and the Hanover Plain, the fix was in; Dartmouth was your first-and-only-choice. Those were four very rich years; your brilliant mind plumbing the depths of Professor Lou Mathewson and his math department and the dead-serious duplicate bridge games at the Inn, your love of music waylaying you every time you passed a piano in Commons or the Sig Ep House, or the organ in Rollins Chapel, the spring and fall afternoons keeping your great golf game razor sharp.

Then came the Korean War — boot camp, OCS and a memorable wild-oats tour of the exotic Western Pacific as electronics officer aboard the destroyer Sproston. Later the Navy drew you into training in nuclear physics, a most elite calling in those scary Cold War years. You moved on to California's Lawrence Livermore Laboratory in 1957 and plunged headlong into designing America's nuclear weapons, from the big strategic warheads down to tactical battlefield missiles. Within just a year you and two colleagues achieved a design "coup," a "breakthrough" that still stands as a milestone in the annals of military physics.

But that was just at the office. You played almost as hard as you worked, shooting holes-in-one, reigning as the Castlewood Country Club golf champ, and becoming a '49ers fan for life. Then in 1960 you met and fell for a lovely school teacher, Barbara Farr from your old North Jersey homeplace, married within five months, and fathered Jenny Lynn and Nathan. Together, you and Babs beautifully restored an historic old Victorian house in Pleasanton.

In 1973 you joined the Science Applications International Corporation, increasingly taking your scientific expertise to Washington and other key sites. Wherever you went, the people you met soon learned that you had gone to Dartmouth; they still describe you as the guy who "bleeds Green." So no one was really surprised when you convinced SAIC to let you move back to Hanover. You bought the fine brick house on Downing Road in 1978 and put your office in the basement. You are still into consulting, keeping a great second home in San Francisco's Huntington Hotel for quarterly stints back in California. But you have long been a genuine Hanover fixture, walking downtown every morning for doughnuts and coffee at the Foodstop, picking up mail and the New York Times (you do the crossword in ink), talking to every dog you meet on the street, still lugging rocks around to enhance the graceful stonework in your yard.

You have supported Dartmouth loyally, on the Alumni Council, twice reunion treasurer and now class treasurer. Most of all, you and Babs have given the warmest of welcomes to fellow '51s, opening your lovely home for cocktails and buffet every homecoming weekend for nearly two decades. And together you have transformed the sorrow of Nathan's tragic death into a priceless gift to the community, as Nathan's Garden has become a serene haven for so many Dartmouth students and townspeople alike.

Dave, we can only wonder what Nikita Khrushchev would have said if he knew this scientific genius who disturbed the Kremlin's sleep was also a devoted husband and loving father who called his golden retrievers "the girls" and gushed baby talk into their ears, a man who believes "a person may die broke, but if he has friends he will never die poor." The nation and the free world are in your debt; Dartmouth is honored by your undying loyalty; and we, your classmates, are blessed to have had your friendship and wonderful hospitality for so many years. It is our pleasure and privilege to present to you the 1999 "Spirit of '51" Award.