

DARTMOUTH 55TH REUNION CLASS OF 1961
Passages

June 15, 2016

I have two complaints about where Dartmouth has gone since our graduation in 1961. Why did we ever drop the Indian mascot and who invited the women? We did just fine with the Indian traditions, and we did just fine without co-eds. We became proud MEN of Dartmouth--- with solid granite in our muscles and our brains. Who could ask for anything more?

With me Indian culture goes way back to when I was 8 years old. My brother Fran was 10 and the little girl next door was 9. There were no other kids our age in our rural neighborhood. In those days, kids played cowboys and Indians. But we had no use for cowboys. We always played Indians. My older brother Fran was Chief, I was Running Bear, and the little girl next door was Pocahontas. My brother and I would establish camp in nearby woods. Since he was Chief, he gave all the orders—Running Bear go get wood for the fire—Running Bear go get water from the stream---Running Bear go next door and get Pocahontas and tell her to come to camp so we can play MEDICINE MAN. That last order never worked out the way my brother intended. Pocahontas was only 9, but she was nobody's fool!

We all spent grammar school years listening to the radio since TV was not yet on the scene. And most kids listened to The Lone Ranger. I did too, but I had no use for that guy hiding behind the mask. Tonto, who rode the Pinto, was my hero. He was my true kemosabe. He knew the ins and outs of hunting deer and wild turkey, and he was an expert on tracking outlaws. The Lone Ranger was USELESS without Tonto.

So later in high school, when it came time to find the right college, naturally I was attracted to Eleazar Wheelock's place up here in the north. Why? Because Eleazar Wheelock was a very pious man who went into the wilderness to teach the Indian. And if that school was good enough to teach Indians, it was the right place for me. And I liked that Eleazar taught only males---no need for a Pocahontas or a Hiawatha to clutter up the campus. But I did learn that Eleazar did have one course for women. It was called "Wifery"---not sure what that course entailed, but I think it had to do with turning corn into maize, cleaning the teepee, and taking care of the papoose---things of that nature.

In any event, the Dartmouth we all went to was embedded in Indian culture. Remember the football games when the head cheerleader ran out on the field dressed in traditional leather with feathers in his hair, a tomahawk in his hand and doing back flips. Then came the supreme Chief, Bob Blackman, who could walk on water and was more famous and adored than Sitting Bull or Crazy Horse. Then as Chief Blackman's Indian troops ran out on the field, we Indians in the stands hollered at the top of our lungs, "WAH HOO WAH!" There was no uninspiring "go Green go." No it was WAH HOO WAH!! We were not there to watch a friendly athletic get together. We wanted a massacre! We wanted as many of those Harvard intellectual scalps as we could tomahawk off. And we got them. Our worriers speared those cantabs in the ribs with their helmets--- causing fumbles and scoring many touchdowns. And when we couldn't get a touchdown, we sent in the specialist, Geronimo, who kicked the ball through the double totem poles for 3 more points. In the end, we came away with many winning bets—a huge amount of wampum.

Yes the Indian way led to the best learning experiences. Not only did we learn how to hunt the deer and the wild turkey, but was we learned how to hunt WOMEN---how to follow the scent to COLBY JR, GREEN

MOUNTAIN JR, AND , of course, TO THE CLOSEBY MARY HITCHCOCK SETTLEMENT. And, later on, we also learned how to read the constellations and the North Star to GPS--- the Indian way--- down to the Skidmore tribe, the Wellsley tribe and the very challenging Smith tribe. And when we got to the final destination of any of those road trips, we got the same greeting. Three or four house mothers would be in the parking lot screaming the lyrics of one of our favorite Dartmouth songs, "Dartmouth's in town again, run girls run!" And run they did, but we caught our fair share. And before the night was over, there was plenty of hand- holding , rubbing of noses, and other things of similar nature---always consensual !!

And do you remember the most impressive part of our graduation ceremony? Yes that's right--- the Indian peace pipe smoking up at the BEMA. The atmosphere was one of a proud Indian tradition, and, if I remember correctly, some of us got pretty high. Rumor had it that the pre-meds had stuffed the pipes with m & m --- medical marijuana! We were years ahead of our time!

Of course, in the years after graduation, I had to come to grips with the fact that many great all male colleges were accepting women---even our beloved Dartmouth. But LOOK WHAT THAT HAS COME TO! You know what the name of my family attorney is ---MARIA! And do you know what the name of my family doctor is --- AMANDA. Yes, now when I am sick, I go to MEDICINE WOMAN. In the old days, I always went to MEDICINE MAN. He would give me a bowl of herbal stew with a few mushrooms , and I would get well right away with no side effects. Now when I go to Medicine Woman, Amanda , she sends me to Rite Aid to get 6 or 7 sophisticated drugs. The Rite Aid guy gives me a 4-foot-long receipt and a 27 page pamphlet to read about each one, but I stop reading after page 3 when I see that the 5th possible side effect of all the drugs is DEATH!. Give me a break! I'm going back to Medicine Man.

What about the politics of the country? I have an old uncle, Pete, who is 50% Cherokee and a Dartmouth grad. I asked him about the current presidential race. He put his arm around me and said, "Running Bear---how are we going to fix the country's problems if we have a squaw as the chief? She can't even be trusted with basic smoke signals. If a few sensitive puffs from her personal back-yard fire get hacked, we will get terrorists all over the place." I said, "Ok but what about this guy Trump?" Uncle Pete responded with an old Apache saying, "It is better to have less thunder in the mouth and more lightening in the hand." Then I asked, "But what about the great wall builder's sexy hairdo?" Pete quoted another Indian saying, "Most of us do not look as handsome to others as we do to ourselves."

Men of Dartmouth and female guests--- I have to end these passages comments by confessing to you that deep down I have no real problem with Dartmouth bringing in the co-eds. I remember well when the only woman consistently seen on campus was that onerous Lt. Colonel Miss Gill who ran that horrific Thayer Dining Hall with an iron tomahawk. Heaven help the scholarship guys if you if you were 15 minutes late for dish duty. And remember all that steamed food that tasted a lot like hospital stuff. I can remember days when I would have cut off my arm for a greasy cheeseburger and fries.

And guys---with no women on campus, remember how we all coped and kept our blood flowing? I remember three things---actually I remember four, but I will only mention three. The first had to do with the Road Runner cartoons at the Nugget. Remember how we sex-starved worriers screamed with delight every time the Road Runner out foxed the fox. Second , remember the occasional walks by the AD zoo where you could pet or feed the animals---the lions the tigers, the otters, the Dobermans and the rest of the animals. And, finally, remember the reliable Dke House where Jim Progin would give a pitcher of beer to any guy still standing. They had a keg flowing 7/24 every day and night of the year. You could even get a shot of firewater there----something now banned from campus---thank you very

much current Chief Hanlon. Now, as I understand It, if a celebration is to be held, it must be held at one of six community areas where they serve unlimited tea and crumpets.

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But I must always remind myself and you my fellow 61s--- when we think of the changes brought about by our esteemed Dartmouth presidents, we must always remember the words of the old Cherokee chief who said, "Do not judge your college president until you walk 2 moons in his moccasins."

And in spite of the plethora of political correctness----I still love the place!

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