

1962

When news arrived of the death of J. D. Salinger at 92 I was struck once again by the brevity of life—even of Salinger’s relatively long life of self-imposed seclusion somewhere in the hills of Cornish, New Hampshire, not all that far from the Dartmouth campus. Occasionally he would visit the Dartmouth Bookstore and the lucky among us would report sightings. Once upon entering the store I brushed the back of his raincoat as he made a hasty exit, jumped into his Jeep and drove away. **Sam Anderson’s** wife, Marilee, actually taught his kids for a while in the Cornish elementary school. But in those days, as forever after, seeing J. D. Salinger was akin to spotting a rare, near-extinct bird.

How time flies! It seems like only yesterday that Holden Caulfield exposed all the phonies of the world and Seymour Glass shot himself. Which is exactly why we need to follow Strether’s advice to Little Bilham at the end of *The Ambassadors*: “Live all you can; it’s a mistake not to.” I hope to see y’all real soon in Charleston, South Carolina, May 3-6, to celebrate our **Komarek**-orchestrated three-score-and-ten birthday extravaganza!

Talk about chance encounters: **Russ Hardy** sent word, via **Al Huck** and the Internet, that “four ‘62s who didn’t know each other in Hanover found themselves on the same Dartmouth-sponsored trip to Egypt and Jordan.” Russ includes a photo of himself and his wife Judy, Cynthia and **Craig Dorman**, Margaret Kilduff and **David Muhlitner**, and Carol and **Dick Harris**. The group of eight is standing on the sandy terrain in front of the Treasury at Petra. Behind them the door to the Treasury stands wide open. They are all smiling impishly and clutching what appear to be stuffed tote bags. Have they discovered a hedge against our soaring national debt? Will they be able to get the tote bags through the security metal detectors?

On the home front, **Oli Larmi**, who has always had golden nuggets to share, tells of bonding with an undergraduate neighbor—Ben ’12—“over his winter break as part of the relationship we ‘62s are developing with the class of 2012. He especially appreciated,” says Oli, “my account of our notorious 1958 food fight. However, he seemed to enjoy the lunch I cooked for him even more.” Oli does not make clear whether Ben enjoyed eating the lunch or using it as ammunition.

And talk about lunch: **Joel Monell** responded to my ad for North Shore Men Our Age (NOSHMOA) in the last class column. Joel lives in Beverly, Massachusetts, and has accepted an offer to join the firm of **Weinberg, Hannah, Weeks, McDonald, and Wilkinson** as a junior luncheon partner. He is a retired educator, former associate dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Education, is on the Board of Trustees of two independent schools in the Boston area, and brings much sagacity to the table. Bon appétit!

For dessert, kudos to **Sandy Apgar**, recently appointed as Woodrow Wilson Visiting Fellow by the Council of Independent Colleges. Sandy’s distinguished career just keeps on growing.

Finally, in the words of Holden Caulfield, “About all I know is, I sort of *miss* everybody I told about.... Don’t ever tell anybody anything. If you do, you start missing everybody.”