

Thomas (Sieminski) Harlow  
(9/19/1942- 4/1/2010)

Tom followed his father Edmund Sieminski (D'31) to Dartmouth from Deerfield Academy, where he was on the lacrosse and soccer teams. When "Min", as he was known to his friends in Hanover, was adopted by his step-father, he changed his name to Harlow. At Dartmouth he was a member of the freshman soccer and varsity lacrosse teams, and a member of Theta Delta Chi and Dragon. Though his education was interrupted by service in the army, he returned in 1967 and graduated with a major in economics.



Tom started his career as a stockbroker on Wall Street. He remained in the securities business throughout his career, including many years in Denver and later in Durango, Colorado. Tom cherished his family time and enjoyed fishing, golf and volunteer activities, including commitments to Habitat for Humanity, Planned Parenthood and The Nature Conservancy.

Tom placed extraordinary importance on the many life-long friends he made at Dartmouth. They viewed him as a man of matchless wit, boundless energy and great loyalty, a leader of the pack. According to his friends, "the party started when Min (Tom's nickname) walked in." Furthermore, they praised him for saying what everyone else was thinking.

Tom and Michelle, his wife and mother of two of his children, travelled extensively, especially after he learned of his illness. Tom left Michelle and four children, Graham, Davis, Molly and Casey and four grandchildren.

Eulogy  
by Whitney Goit

On March 28, Wilson Madden, Chip Waite, Jay Regan, Bob Freeman and Whitney Goit were in Carmel, CA saying goodbye to our classmate, Tom Harlow. He died from pancreatic cancer four days later. Here are a few thoughts on his passing.

The standard eulogy characterizes its honoree through his or her outstanding career, memorable deeds, and a litany of noble sentiments. In Tom Harlow's case he would be the first to point out that such a testament would be inadequate. He had a couple of bad habits but hypocrisy was not one of them. He was a crusader against bombast and posturing.

The Dartmouth he and we knew is fast fading. For many of us the feisty, insolent, irreverent times we shared are relics of a different world. By today's standards we were recklessly incorrect (politically) but for those of us who miss those times, when Tom Harlow died, we lost our Pied Piper.

Before ambition tamed us we were all, more or less, Harlow wannabes. Not only did he have a matchless wit, he was also extraordinarily independent, honest and loyal to his family and friends. He also had a unique way of saying out loud (very) what we were thinking and making us laugh at ourselves.

Tom Harlow (aka "Min") shared his boundless energy and humor with us for fifty years- "The party started when Min walked in". Those that knew this one of a kind and shared the laughs will miss him very much. There are also hundreds of waitresses, cabbies, and especially caddies who, having been run over by this "force of nature", will also miss him. In the case of the latter his usual tip for a bad caddy was "never pet a burning dog".

He went out of our lives the way he came in - with a wise crack and a peel of laughter. As he promised long ago, "I won't rust out, I'm going to burn out." And he did as bright as ever.