

Robert Calvin Larson died December 29, 1914, of complications arising from lymphoma, after a ten-year battle. Bob grew up in Everett, Washington, where he captained the swim team and was involved in student government. As an undergraduate at Dartmouth, Bob was on the swim team his freshman year, and majored in Geography. He was remembered by friend Dan Butterworth as incredibly fit free spirit, nicknamed "Sex", who would walk around shirtless, a cigarette behind his ear. Bob enjoyed muscle cars with big dice hanging from the mirror and a real record player under the dash. He received his Master's in 1970 at the University of Cincinnati and Doctorate at Indiana University in 1975, and spent most of his career teaching at Indiana State University, from which he retired in 2006. After retirement, he returned to the Pacific Northwest, settling in Port Angeles, Washington. Swimming remained part of his entire life: Bob was a Master's swimmer for years, ranked in the top ten nationally in distance events numerous times. He is survived by his wife of thirty-five years Kate Larson, and three children: sons Robert of Tacoma, WA, Jack of St. Louis, MO and daughter Elizabeth Dicker of Chapel Hill, NC, as well as two grandchildren.

Peter Logan provided the following recollection of his friend "Sex" Larson:

David, I am Class of 1970. I was saddened to hear that Robert Larson, known to all as "Sex" Larson, passed away in late 2014. As a Freshman in South Wig/French Hall Fall 1966, and for the next two years, I was amazed, entertained and impressed with Bob Larson. We all were. I don't recall a livelier guy. Quite a character. He seemed to be friendly to and with everyone. He won over the ladies like no one else (hence the nickname). He was outlandish, and lived publicly, but never bragged. His good fortune was to be shared. I remember him pulling up to the dorm on many a Friday afternoon in his 4-4-2, and in one motion getting out of the car, holding up a little bag, and telling all and no one in particular: "I've just been to Edith's!" He said his major was "Maps." Had crab races in the common room. He often wore his "1968" sweater (swimming), and always had a smile. I remember when he was caught with a girl in his room overnight, an offense punishable by expulsion. He came up with a creative story about seeking a motel for her, not finding, etc. The only time I saw him in a three-piece suit was the day of his formal hearing at whatever the disciplinary body was. He was going over his upcoming appearance with those of us relaxing in the common room. Reportedly, he was the first student who beat the rap. (Times soon changed, of course.)

RIP.

Regards, Peter