

Frank Everett Couper '68

Frank Everett Couper, the last of the Dartmouth Indian mascots, died April 6, 2011 after several years of declining health with a neurological condition.

Frank came to Dartmouth from Kensington, Maryland, where he was active in Orchestra and Gymnastics. At Dartmouth, he did freshman swimming, and was a four year member of the Gymnastics Club, Glee Club, Cheerleading Club and Dartmouth Orchestra, continuing to play his beloved bass violin. He was a member of Tri-Kap., which won three consecutive Hums competitions while he was there. But he is best remembered in his role as the Dartmouth Indian mascot at our football games, a role he also served for four years. The use of Indian mascot was dropped thereafter, so he was the last.

After Dartmouth, he served in the United States Coast Guard, and while with them obtained his law degree from Georgetown Law in 1976. Over his full career, he obtained the rank of Lieutenant Commander. After retirement from the Coast Guard, he continued in private law practice in Montgomery County, and did pro bono work as well. He continued in his love of music for his entire life, playing his bass violin (several times at Carnegie Hall) and electric bass, singing, serving in an English Handbell Choir and supporting musicals from the "Pit".

Frank is survived by his two children, son Scott Couper, who serves as a minister in South Africa, and daughter Kristen Schellhase, and his four grandchildren. Frank was the son of Dean Couper '35.

Contributed by Eric Jones:

Frank loved music almost as much as he loved people. He'd carry his double-bass anywhere to play with old friends and new. In the spring of '65, several of us wanted to be Peter, Paul & Mary; and if we'd all been as good as Frank, we might have pulled it off. His contribution wasn't just a great pair of hands on that enormous instrument. He also brought a smile, the best-natured laugh, and ego control so perfect he could fit into any group--of musicians, of fraternity brothers, of people. At our 40th reunion, Frank wasn't feeling great, but nothing could stop him from helping us make music together in honor of classmates who had gone on before. Many of us will remember Frank, singing and sometimes playing, always smiling, always ready to lead the laughter with that unfailing twinkle in his eyes.—Steve Calvert

My first introduction to Frank was in freshman year Math, in the dreadful shower-stall decorated Bradley Building, I recall. He was the smart-alecky kid behind me who always raised his hand to answer or ask questions. But of course, we were all

smart alecky. We introduced ourselves right after the class, and were friends ever since. At the first home game thereafter, there he was, with a trim sculpted physique and war paint, doing extraordinary flips and attacking the other team's mascot. One of his modes of celebration of a Dartmouth score was to do marine pushups for each point. When Dartmouth beat Harvard 48-0, he was some tuckered out. He had to do 7, then 14, then 21, then 28 pushups...you get the drill. We both were in the Glee Club for four years, both second tenors, and often roommates on the Glee Club trips. He always brought along his bass violin, to be part of one or more sets of music with Glee Club, and it made for cumbersome travel to and from our host houses. He was pathologically worried about scratches to his beloved bass...but it sure wouldn't fit the trunk of a car! We both joined Tri-Kap, and in our three years, the house won Hums all three years. During our undergraduate time, with House and music in common, it was a warm and tight friendship. After graduation, we would see less of each other, at occasional Dartmouth events and when he would visit Boston on business, but the old friendship would immediately restart and carry on as if we had never separated. His affection for Dartmouth never flagged as well...he was very supportive of our planned class gift for our 50th Reunion, and the last email I had from him was asking about where to send his check. Frank was a fine friend, and I will miss him greatly. -David Peck

Back then, in a crowd of all of us in late adolescence trying to figure out who we were and often being mean and insecure and either overly aggressive or painfully shy in the process, myself included, I remember Frank as a rare island of good-heartedness and what I have come to call "centered". I remember his spirit being almost too good to be true, although it just endured until I believed. So sorry he's gone. So glad we had him- Alan Ackerman

FRANK WAS A GOOD ROOMMATE, CLASSMATE ,FRATERNITY BROTHER AND FRIEND. HE WILL BE GREATLY MISSED.