



Wilmon B. "Chip" Chipman PhD

July 6, 1932 - April 18, 2020

Wilmon B. "Chip" Chipman..... Fishing, Family & Friends....

SHIRLEY: Wilmon B. "Chip" Chipman, 87, of Shirley and Martha's Vineyard, formerly of Bridgewater, died Saturday, April 18, 2020 at Health Alliance-Leominster Hospital.

Mr. Chipman was born in Winchester, July 6, 1932, the son of Wilmon B. and Catherine (Blanchard) Chipman and grew up in Reading. He and his family resided over 40 years in Bridgewater before moving to Shirley three years ago.

He was a 1954 graduate of Harvard University where he majored in Chemistry. He furthered his education by receiving a Master Degree in Chemistry from Dartmouth University in 1956 and in 1958 a PhD from University of Illinois.

Dr. Chipman began his lifelong career in education at Northfield Mt. Hermon in Northfield. He moved on to teach chemistry at Colby College in Waterville, Maine before, in 1964, settling in to Bridgewater State College, Bridgewater Massachusetts, where he spent the next thirty three years as Professor of Organic Chemistry, retiring in 1997 as Professor Emeritus.

Chip's three 'F's' were Family, Friends, and Fishing. Many years ago he purchased a beach home on Dogfish Bar, Martha's Vineyard, which enabled him to gather family and friends, and pursue his favorite pastime, fishing.

He leaves his wife of 61 years, Barbara A. (Bennett) Chipman; two sons, John

T. "Terry" Chipman and his wife, Debra of Middleboro, Wilmon D. "Billy" Chipman and his wife Shannon Conry of Watertown; a daughter, Elizabeth C. Quinty and her husband, James of Shirley; eight grandchildren, Amanda, Sean, and Brendan Chipman, Deran, Catherine, and Sierra Quinty, Oscar and Tallulah Chipman and a great grandchild, Ava Chipman.

Funeral services will be held privately. The family asks, in lieu of donations or flowers, that you spend time with family and friends. And take them fishing.

The Anderson Funeral Home, 25 Fitchburg Rd, Ayer is assisting the family with arrangements. To leave an online condolence, please visit their website at www.andersonfuneral.com.

Tribute Wall



“ It was a real honor to be a student of Dr. Chipman in 1979 in his organic chemistry class at Bridgewater (State College). He offered his class the opportunity to learn the complexity of chemistry through his unique and creative means of teaching. He would stand in front of the class and position his arms and legs in a manner to demonstrate the chemical bonds of molecules to provide a 3 dimensional image of the subject. He had a true gift as a teacher, which stemmed from his devotion to learning and enjoying others who shared his passion. My deepest sympathy to his family. When loved ones pass, they do not pass away but pass deeper inside us ...closer to our heart, to further inspire us. ..Keith Wilson class of '79”

Keith Wilson - November 30, 2020 at 01:00 PM



“ My husband Angie enjoyed Mr. Chipman's company on the beach very much. They were both avid surfcasters! I will miss seeing him casting for albies and bonita at West Basin! That hat and sunglasses were unmistakable!He was such a nice person. I know you will miss him so much.May God bless you all. Mary Ann Angelone

Mary Ann Angelone - April 28, 2020 at 10:46 AM

AO

“ I am saddened to hear of your loss. Growing up with Terry on the South Drive/ Pleasant Drive strip during the 70s he always made quite an impression on me. During our elementary school years I was convinced that he must be running a fishing shop on the bottom floor of the house, given the vast amount of tackle and poles filling the entire space, and that this was obviously his sole vocation. (Never mentioned the Phd in chemistry of course) I also believed he had personally invented and manufactured the prototype for what was later marketed as the “moped”. Perhaps he did. Occasionally he would pose a non sensical riddle, with an even more baffling answer. Like a Zen koan I suppose. No other grown ups did that. I enjoyed hearing those very much, and still repeat a couple now and then. So he is forever quoted.
I see from Deb’s posted pics that he was the patriarch of what became quite a large family! That is nice to see.
Arvid O

Arvid Ohlen - April 25, 2020 at 05:39 PM

ER

“ I am so sorry to hear of Chip's passing. My condolences for your entire family. I first met Chip playing youth hockey and then had the pleasure of Working with him at Bridgewater State as an adult.

Erik - April 23, 2020 at 12:02 PM

LO

“ I don't know you I'm so sorry to hear about your husband passing he is now resting in peace may god be with you and your family you are all in my prays always remember the good times you had with him



Lorraine - April 21, 2020 at 11:09 PM



“ 6 files added to the album Memories Album



Debra Chipman - April 21, 2020 at 02:46 PM

BC

“ Great guy: friend, neighbor, hockey dad. Hated to see him leave the neighborhood. All the best to Barbara, Beth, Terry and Billy.

Bill and Jackie Crane

Bill Crane - April 21, 2020 at 02:25 PM

LB

“ I don't know you I'm so sorry to hear about your husband passing he is now resting in peace may god be with you and your family you are all in my prays always remember the good times you had with him



Lorraine Butler - April 21, 2020 at 01:40 AM

JS

“ Chip was such a kind, good-natured person. I'll never forget the day when I was sitting on the beach with my family, contemplating a run into Menemsha to go to Larsen's, and Chip was surf-casting. He caught an enormous striper and said, "Here you go." May his memory be an eternal blessing. Rest in Peace.

Jonathan Soroff - April 20, 2020 at 07:16 PM

LJ

“ I'm so very sad to read the news of Chip's passing. He was one in a million, and the unofficial 'Mayor' of Dogfish Bar. Always so kind and generous with his time and wisdom. Barbara, I'm so sorry for your loss, and my condolences to the entire family. I know you all have so many memories to treasure. Luanne Johnson, Martha's Vineyard

Luanne Johnson - April 20, 2020 at 05:09 PM

AC

“ 2 files added to the tribute wall



Amanda Chipman - April 20, 2020 at 10:13 AM

AC

Sunset deck and Ava's first trip to Nana and Grandpa's beach house

Amanda Chipman - April 20, 2020 at 10:45 AM

AC

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Amanda Chipman - April 20, 2020 at 10:08 AM

AC

“ *Bill is at the bar
When fishing is on par
While on the dog, you can quito
Then the swiftness of the bonito
Brings you back to the sandbar!*

*Bill you a great guy, and will missed by many!
This poem is for you!*

Angela A Cywinski - April 19, 2020 at 11:07 PM

AC

Correction: Bill you are a great, no definitely awesome guy!

Angela A Cywinski - April 19, 2020 at 11:09 PM

“Fishing is the great equalizer on Martha’s Vineyard. My condolences to Bill’s family. I had the pleasure of meeting Bill while fishing on Lobsterville Beach. He told me a story that I incorporated into my book, “Martha’s Vineyard Fish Tales,” (available at Bunch of Grapes Bookstore which could sorely use the online business) and which I recount. I hope it brings a smile, and helps those who have never stood on an Island beach understand what Bill saw in fishing.

Derby Time ... Good Entertainment ...

The derby is as much a state of mind as it is a season. For some fishermen, it is a short cast out of their minds. False albacore and bonito are the two species responsible for most of the nuttiness that takes place in the light of the day on Martha’s Vineyard. Not that bass fishermen are necessarily sane. But except for the rare blitz at Wasque or Squibnocket, bass fishermen rarely are forced to congregate at close quarters. And most bass fishing from shore takes place at night.

Albies and bonito will periodically rise to the surface in a splashing feeding frenzy. Fishermen react to the sight as if some primordial mental circuit breaker blew in their brains. Their eyes glaze, their nostrils flare, and they cast with the same look of determination ancestors used to have when throwing stone-tipped spears at a charging wooly mammoth.

A good example is the scene Bill Chipman witnessed one year and relayed to me. As with most fishing craziness in the derby, it involved fishing for false albacore. Bill was fly fishing along the shore on Lobsterville Beach. Suddenly a woman standing on the beach between him and the Lobsterville jetty hooked up to what he presumed was an albie.

The fish immediately took off and headed around the rocks at the end of the jetty. At this point a guy — husband or boyfriend, no one knows — hopped off the jetty, ran to the beach and grabbed the woman’s rod, and ran back out on the rocks.

“This guy is running out on the jetty with a rod, running as fast as he could run out to the end,” Bill said.

The tide was flowing in, and the fish had already made the turn,

wrapping the fishing line around the end of the jetty. "He got out to the end, took off his shoes — he was in a bathing suit — and jumped into the water," Bill said.

Menemsha Bight is no water park. The current flows through the channel with impressive force. Appare

Menemsha Bight is no water park. The current flows through the channel with impressive force. Apparently it was not enough to keep Tarzan from trying to bring back a fish for Jane.

"He swam out diagonally towards Gay Head holding the rod and reel above his head as high as he could," Bill said.

I asked Bill, "Was he reeling?"

"He was reeling. I don't know how he really managed to get his head and the rod as high out of the water as he did."

I suggested that maybe he had webbed toes. I mean if people will inject themselves with botox to remove a few wrinkles, why not add a little webbing between the toes before they hit the beach?

But webbed feet or not, Tarzan was no match for the force of the current. "He got out to where the current flowed and it picked him up and whipped him right around the end of the jetty and into the channel," Bill said. "At that point I lost sight of him."

A few minutes later the fisherman, dripping wet, emerged from the channel and climbed back up on the jetty from the other side.

"He had lost the fish, but it was quite a sight to see him going around the corner, still reeling, still holding on," Bill said, "it looked like he was going about five knots."

"The fishing was kind of slow, so it was good entertainment," Bill added.