

**Class Notes**—Jan/Feb 2005 issue of *DAM*

# 1962

Who says that the Dartmouth College Class of 1962 has no imagination? No rebellious spirit? No passion for change? Consider this. We skipped the official homecoming parade, bonfire, speeches at Dartmouth Hall, and arctic temperatures. Instead, we chose the long Columbus Day weekend, spectacular fall foliage and pleasant weather for our fall reunion! Rebels, all. Our gracious hosts for Friday evening were **John** and Karin **Schempf** who welcomed a large gang of us into their comfortable and commodious home in Windsor, Vermont. A great start to a mellow mini.

Coming from California were **Jack Edwards** and his good friend Arlene. Jack told us that along about sophomore year he had a heart-to-heart talk with Dean Thad Seymour. He took a break, served in the US Army for a while, returned to Dartmouth and switched from pre-med to the arts. “The Hopkins center was in full swing when I returned,” Jack explained, “and it changed my life.” After graduation, Jack moved to England to collaborate with sculpture Thomas B. Huxley-Jones on a magnificent piece of public sculpture art commissioned by the College. You can see it today, on the exterior wall of the medical school Life Sciences Building. **Charlie Gaillard** joined the tailgate festivities Saturday afternoon on the lawn of the Alpha Delta house.

**Russ Hardy** wrote recently. “Packing it in after 40-plus years in medicine, most of them spent in academic neurosurgery. I've had a great run as a neurosurgeon, but decided it was time for a change. I expect to devote much of my time trying to develop a second career as a watercolor painter and, if that doesn't work, to fly-fishing all the rivers I never had time to get to when I was in practice. I decided that it was important for surgeons to quit while they still had their surgical skills, and that the decision was made easier if they had a new challenge to face. I suspect that this advice applies to other professions as well.”

**John Smith** doesn't seem to be the retiring type, though. He wrote earlier this year: “Your class poet (ex-officio still) reporting in. I am acting as the sole judge for the Maple Shade School District's all-grades poetry contest for the third year and as usual their works inspired me. I am still teaching, though the standard of the students, except for the international students, is pitiful.” John forwarded a poem that achieved great acclaim in his New Jersey area school, “The Day I Put My T-shirt On Backwards.” John has my vote for *official* class poet. Any competitors out there?

An article in *Science* from February featured **Donald Berry**. Don is a disciple of Thomas Bayes, the 18<sup>th</sup> century minister and statistician. Don, head of biostatistics at the famed M. D. Anderson Cancer Center in Houston, Texas, is a driven man. Don sifts, analyzes and critiques medical trials and therapies. His work may influence modern day medical therapy more than one could imagine.

**Richard Hannah**, 11 Sunset Road, Salem, MA 01970; (978) 744-0655 (fax);  
[rjhannah@massmed.org](mailto:rjhannah@massmed.org)