

**Class Notes**—Nov/Dec 2006 issue of *DAM*

**1962** This column is about “hidden treasures.” I refer, of course, to the hidden treasures of the class of 1962—an eclectic and disparate group. Most of us convened in the fall of 1958 and spent the better part of four years on the Hanover Plain. Some of us, in truth, arrived in Hanover in 1957 or before, took some time off and graduated with us in 1962—choosing to be part of the class of 1962. And some of us who showed up in the fall of 1978 with the class of 1962 graduated years later—but chose this notable group as mates. Some of us are rather famous. (You know who you are.) Some of us just do our daily work, raise our children and grandchildren, write fiction, nonfiction or poetry on occasion, sing or play instruments on occasion, work in community hospitals and other nonprofits—and enjoy our remembrances of good times together at Dartmouth. (This, of course, is not to say that us ordinary folks are better than the more famous. It is just a column about our hidden treasures, your humble secretaries included.)

**Doug Skopp** and I reconnected recently after he kindly forwarded information about a departed classmate. I see that this is not the first time Doug has helped out. Doug and his wife have made their way to upper New York State. He keeps in touch, works at his chosen career in writing and teaching English at SUNY at Plattsburg and before long will publish a most important work of historical fiction. It is a joy to talk with Doug on the phone. A few years back Doug wrote, “I just opened the most recent *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine* and found the one-sentence announcement of **Chuck Hegeman**’s death in 2001. My wife, Evelyne, and I visited him in southern California with our 2-year-old son in 1968. Chuck’s (then) wife Jesseye, had just given birth to their first child, as I recall. The six of us had a happy, happy time. With my son on Chuck’s shoulders, as he walked with Evelyne, and his baby in my arms, as I walked with Jesseye, we so enjoyed the stares we got from passers-by.”

**Russ Hardy** (somewhat more famous) writes from northern California, “where life after neurosurgery is terrific. We are quickly adjusting to rural, coastal Sonoma County after several decades in Cleveland. My second career as an artist is modestly flourishing, with a one-man show coming up next year at the Sea Ranch; classmates might be interested in taking a look at one of my watercolors.” It was a great pleasure to reconnect with my Delta Upsilon brother **Jorge Llacer** after so many years of separation: “Cordial greetings from Los Gatos, just south of San Jose, in Silicon Valley. ” Jorge enthusiastically works in electronics and other applied forms of physics.

In the words of Garrison Keillor: “Be well, do good work and keep in touch.”

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