

1962 Butch and Sundance together again, that's the way it was supposed to be, but now the sun-dappled dancing man turns tail and heads for the hills, leaving old Butch to face the Mexican army alone. Not the way it was supposed to end.

Richard Hannah's final column, in its characteristic grace, wit and eloquence, has thrown me into commingled nostalgia, gratitude and alarm. He was over-generous in his advance publicity of my succession to the role he himself has so inimitably filled these past 10 years. Never have such tiny feet been called upon to fill such humongous boots! Going forward I'll shuffle along to the best of my ability, stumbling now and then, and wonder how Sundance was ever able to strut with such style and aplomb through so many *DAM* columns and never miss a step. I did, indeed, apprentice at the feet of The Master. On behalf of the class, I sincerely thank you, Richard, for a decade of delightful Class Notes and for all else you have so ably done in your role as class secretary. As you ride off into the sunset, happy trails, amigo. Your melody lingers on.

Our 45th reunion is a still-warm memory and—thanks to the efficient planning of **Bill Pierce**, **Dick Brooks**, and others—it was a predictably stellar affair. Outgoing President **John Walters**, who passed the torch to **Gordy McKean**, announced that 146 classmates attended and most brought guests, making for a jolly good group. The mostly sunny days and mild evenings were vintage Hanover-in-June. A picnic by the Connecticut River, boiled lobster by Occom Pond, dinner in The Bema, a farewell banquet at Hopkins Center with Thad Seymour's legendary stories for dessert—it doesn't get any better than that. Or does it?

Keeping a low profile, Sundance and I made an informal survey. We asked random classmates for their own personal reunion highlights. The respondents were full of lobster and in a good mood. Here are some "highlight" sound bites. **Jim Biggs** and **George Freedman**: "Meeting a lot of wonderful people you didn't necessarily know in school. Making new friends." **Bill Semos**: "Loosening up. Seeing everyone." **Jim Blair**: "Climbing Mt. Moosilauke." **Woody Chittick**: "At the Class Picnic hearing the 1962 Faculty Fellows articulate the connection between research and teaching." **Don Ulrich**: "At the Class Banquet hearing Thad Seymour spin yarns." **Charlie Balch**: "On the Appalachian Trail hearing voices and realizing I wasn't lost." When asked for a highlight, **Tom Davies** prophetically mused: "The best is yet to come." Now there's an early promo for the 50th!

Perhaps old Sundance himself had the summary reflection, though. Building on the banner proclamation of **Al Huck's** *Newsletter*, he said: "Good friends are worth the effort." And once again—all thoughtful, all philosophical now—as if speaking for all the ages, he said, "Reunions and good (new) friends are worth the effort."

So there it is. The last word. I couldn't say it better myself—and I don't aim to try. Y'all be well, keep in touch, and send news.

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