

Class Notes—Sept 1997 issue of *DAM*

1962 The reunion began for some at Ravine Lodge, Mount Moosilauke, on Sunday, June 8. Sweaty 62's, spouses, and friends climbed the mountain the next morning and returned Monday afternoon in time for clams and lobsters at the DOC house. Other 62's mellowed into the reunion at a reception graciously hosted by **John** and Nancy **Walters** Sunday evening at their Eastman "cottage."

The Alumni Chorus of the Upper Valley—George Barr '45, Director—invited glee club alums to rehearse Monday afternoon and perform in the concert given to a packed Spaulding Auditorium Monday evening. Later, outgoing class president **Tom Komarek**, who deserves our deep gratitude for his superb contributions and leadership over the last fifteen years, was seen plotting and scheming with incoming president **Charlie Giersch**. At Tuesday's dinner retiring Dean of the Faculty Jim Wright spoke well on many topics of interest. Komarek would have handed over the gavel to Giersch if only the class owned one. **Kent (Hutch) Hutchinson** deserves, again, our huge thanks for running a superior reunion. He passed the cocktail glass to mini-reunion chair **Gordy McKean**. Class Treasurer **Bill Sadd** whispered the Swiss bank account number into the ear of incoming Treasurer **Charlie Balch**. (Kudos to Charlie, our hardworking reunion treasurer.) Bill will move over to the newly created position of Web Master as well as Vice President. Outgoing Head Agent **Ben Vogel** splinted John Walters' badly twisted arm as John returns to service as Head Agent. **Gordy Williamson** will serve another term as editor of our award-winning newsletter. McKean threw the inkpot at Hannah as Giersch announced that I am your new class secretary.

Earplugs were in short supply when *Gary and the Wombats* powered up at the Class tent behind Dartmouth Hall Monday and Tuesday nights. Lots of 62's can really dance! One observant spouse wondered, though, "How many more reunions are we going to be able to do this?"

Tom ran the class meeting Tuesday morning. **Cary Clark**, college counsel, explained that the USAF was sending a flag to be run up and down the flag pole on the Green to be presented to four-star Air Force General **Tom Moorman** in July when Tom retires. Cary wondered if the Air Force could deliver bombs better than flags, since the flag had not arrived. *THE CLASS OF '62 FACULTY FELLOWSHIP*—a program worthy of praise and support—was next, and then on to a sublime Storr's Pond picnic. After the Moorman flag deal (it arrived—FedEx), the Reverend **Tom Gray** presided over Wednesday's memorial service to honor our deceased classmates. Wednesday evening our own Dean Thad "The Dad" Seymour had us convulsing in tears and laughs at the BEMA. Our reunion days passed like dreams. The weather was perfect. The conversations-- stimulating, mellow, and thoughtful. Joan and I drove south on Interstate 89 Thursday morning after breakfast—this time, outdoors on the terrace at the Hop. The music kept playing in my head. "The long cool shadows floating on the campus.... The gleaming, dreaming walls of Dartmouth...." "It's okay, officer. Don't worry about us, even though I was doing ten over the limit. I'm just blissed out from my Dartmouth thirty-fifth. Can't wait to get back for the mini on October 31st!" She chuckled and let me off.

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