

**1962** At the Dartmouth class secretaries meeting in Hanover last weekend (September 12), one veteran secretary asked one of the pros—dare I say Dean—of the class secretaries, “Is it better to write a column with lots of bold face names and a short piece about each classmate’s business accomplishments or longer pieces about fewer class members. His answer lingers: “Let the artist decide.” Later that afternoon, at his Vermont mountaintop home, President **Charlie Giersch**, convened six of us: VP and Webmaster, Treasurer, Acting Newsletter Editor, Mini-reunion Chair, and me. A summit meeting if ever there was one. (Can you name the characters? For extra credit, can you find our November column in the *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine* where they are listed?)

It was a long summit meeting but affairs of state are like that. From time to time the treasurer would read from his New York Times account of the Starr report and nudge the acting newsletter editor, “Get a load of this!” The president winced, the vice-president paused in his account of the faculty fellowship, the mini-reunion chair made some wisecracks and the secretary woke up. At one point it was stated that the secretary’s job is the least desirable of the different class offices. I disagree.

**John Selden Allen**’s dad wrote a fine letter to us recently. In the letter he asked if John had been in touch about his film/tv production company. The answer is “no” and I suspect that John is one of the many unsung heroes of our class. I turned to the superb 25th Reunion Book (for which editors **Carl Jaeger**, **Gordon Williamson**, and **Jere Hawkins** deserve special awards) and looked John up. John reminisced then about his two careers and his one fulfilling marriage. He recalled “the old influence and spirit that still guides—the influence of professors, deans roommates and classmates—some only memories, others active parts of my life. And what they taught, above all, was that one takes so much of what he is from others—so much that the only real repayment of the debt is to devote the time that is left to finding new ways of giving something back to any and all within one’s reach. And, whether they are administering hospitals, teaching art, advancing dental health, acting for stage and screen, humanizing a government bureaucracy, expanding communication media, or just trying to hold their own—other Dartmouth men are also out there giving something back in their own way.” John’s company has moved to southern Maryland from Alexandria, Virginia, and is called Signature, a communications company.

One special plus in the letter from Mr. **O. Fay Allen**, Dartmouth ’35, Tuck ’36 is his question about a classmate named **Selden Hannah**, ’35. Yes, Uncle Sel was my relative, passing away in 1991, after a colorful career as farmer, ski lodge operator, and pioneer ski area developer.

Class secretary, a crummy job? Hardly. Please keep in touch. We’re online, now, via the Dartmouth College Class of 1962 home page at <http://www.dartmouth.edu/alumni/classes/62/>

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