

Frank Lee Hannah
(4/18/1942- 4/3/2013)

Frank came to Dartmouth from Littleton (NH) High School where he was a member of the skiing team and the National Honor Society. He comes from a family of skiers and Dartmouth grads, including his father Selden Hannah '35, an uncle, his brother Selden '65, nieces, cousins and his son Stewart '90. While at Dartmouth he was a member of the ski team and a respected brother of Kappa Kappa Kappa. He also earned an M.A. in mathematics from Dartmouth. He and Janette have three sons, Andrew, Stewart and Gordon and two grandchildren, Owen and Felix.



Hiking in Scotland 2000

by Janette Hannah

Frank and I met in July 1963. As a summer job, he built and operated a vegetable/fruit stand next to The Village Store in Franconia, NH selling produce, mostly grown on his parent's farm nearby. A year later immediately after graduation we were married and settled in Hanover, NH, where Frank had been offered a post as math teacher and ski coach at Hanover High School. Since his teens Frank had known that he wanted to teach math and remain involved with skiing, so this was a dream job for a twenty two year old!

After four years in Hanover, Frank was encouraged to apply for a post at Phillips Academy in Andover MA and the dream continued. Here was an institution that encouraged further education in one's field, supported text-book writing and held spirited discussions on education. Frank loved being an instructor at Phillips Academy, spending thirty-seven years there teaching, coaching and counseling students. It was also a special place to raise our three sons.

Sports were always an important part of Frank's life. He played tennis, golf, squash, soccer and continued skiing. At school he coached, over the years, tennis, Nordic skiing, x-country running, soccer, squash, softball and lacrosse.

Family was just as important to Frank. He was very proud of his three sons and was thrilled to become a grandfather. In 1973 his sister was killed by a drunk driver leaving four young children. This tragedy was compounded by the death of the father four years later, in a plane

crash. Frank immediately stepped forward to take on the responsibility of supporting the children until they became adults.



Janette and Frank, Isle of Mull, 2000

After a sabbatical year spent in St. Andrews, Scotland in 1999/2000 Frank began to experience some memory difficulties. This situation resulted in him having to take early retirement in 2003. He accepted the diagnosis, Alzheimer's Disease, with calmness and a determination to make the most of his remaining years. We moved to Grantham, NH where skiing and golf were nearby but sadly after a year or so he could not participate anymore. He died in April 2013.

Dartmouth was an important part of Frank's life. He would have enjoyed his 50th reunion so much.

Poem for Dad
Andrew Hannah
June 2013

Oh Sweet Shimmering Father
As you release yourself you release me
you fly into the cosmos to bask in the infinity
you leave a trail of sparkling dust as I remained grounded in New Hampshire
the land where you were born
the land where you learned from
the land which you left
but you settled down and settled deep
into a sleep where you dreamed of probability and statistics and what were the chances
that you and she would raise us in that sanctuary
and look now I am far from home and I am rooted in and your roots go right through me
the grow right beneath me



Frank, Gordon, Stewart, Andrew and daughter-in-law Tara

Oh Shimmering Father
Your ashes are spread throughout the stars
So you can watch your roots from far above
Your ashes are buried into the Earth
So you can feel the roots of the seeds you planted surround you
you witness your seeds of love germinating, sprouting, struggling, yearning, growing,
grieving, laughing, crying

Following in your footsteps
Oh Shimmering Father
I follow your steady footsteps
I follow in your golden footsteps
I follow in your holy footsteps
And look Shimmering Grandfather
Do you see your children's children's first footsteps
do you see their every laugh and every giggle
and every tear and every wiggle comes from your shivering
Oh Shivering Grandfather
you are in the wind whispering
you are in the ground holding
you are in our hearts flowing
you are in the sky shivering, twinkling
You are so beautiful as I look up at you
Can you see the face of your grandchildren looking up at you?
Can you see their love for you in their eyes
Oh Shimmering grandfather
we see your love shivering on the stars
you see our love in our eyes
our eyes
your stars
oh Shimmering Father