Out of the soot and grime of Pittsburgh one especially bleak and sooty day in November, 1926, emerged a lad destined to carve a name for himself on an Institute desk top—Herbert J. Hansell. Having emerged, Herb decided that Pittsburgh wasn’t the place for him to get a start—inhaling all that smoke might have stunted his growth—so at the age of one he gathered together his belongings and took his family to Salem, Ohio, in Herbs’s words, “The fastest growing little town, besides Chicago, in the Midwest.” It is not to be confused with the Boston suburb of the same name, nor with the M.I.T. math professor.

Herb led an uneventful life, except for the usual skinning shins and broken bones of young adulthood, until he entered Salem’s contribution to American education, the Salem High School. There he started his political career, and after an exhausting campaign he was elected the President of his freshman class. He kept all his campaign promises and was, therefore, elected to a second term of office in his Sophomore year. In George Washington’s opinion, however, he considered two administrations to be sufficient, and dropped out of politics until his Senior year when he was voted to the presidency of the student body.

His dabblings in literature eventually made him editor of the school weekly, as well as the editor of his yearbook. His argumentative powers made him editor of the school yearbook. His argumentative powers, weekly, as well as the editor of his weekly, as well as the editor of his...