Aubry ’88: Helping Haiti’s economy rise from the rubble, p. 45
In the spring, St. Paul's welcomed visiting photographer Connie Imboden, best known for her dramatic images of the human form in and under water, and through glass and mirrors. The Gallery at Hargate featured Imboden's own work in an exhibit presented from April 16 to May 15.

But the artist also shared her techniques with St. Paul's photography students during a spring residency. With Imboden’s guidance, students in Charlie Lemay’s AP and Color Photography classes spent time in the Ma Swimming Pool, creating their own underwater images.

“The big thing Connie is teaching isn’t new techniques or equipment, but rather how letting go of preconceptions leads to unique personal vision,” said Lemay, who credits Imboden with influencing his own photography. “My students have all been taught to work this way, and putting them in a new situation like water forced them to apply what they had learned about letting go. Many of them found that the water would not allow them to work as they were used to. This wasn’t just a project with new materials, but a real opportunity to make unique images only they could see.”

Imboden’s message resonated with students, who absorbed and appreciated her urgency to be different.

“Connie Imboden taught me a lot about being unconventional,” said Color Photography student Colton Timmerman '11. “Conventional photography is plain, and, in my opinion, to be conventional is boring. Very few have attempted this same [underwater] environment. I used Connie's view of unconventional beauty in the workshop my class had with her and ended up producing a lot of very interesting shots. It's all about finding your own eye and seeing the work.”
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Browse the St. Paul's School course catalog or, better yet, walk the halls of the Schoolhouse most mornings and peer through the glass panes on the classroom doors. Students and their teachers will be leaning forward against their Harkness tables, engaging in lively conversation or debate, books open to Lucretius, Flannery O'Connor, Gabriel García Márquez, or Chinua Achebe. The academic intensity at this School is tangible. You can feel it through the doors.

That the work here is serious is not news. But it is news, as reported in these pages, that a slightly less serious area of School life, our club system, is coming back strong. Venerated for decades since its founding in 1888, the athletic rivalry among Isthmians, Delphians, and Old Hundreds has ebbed in campus consciousness over recent years, a development that seems to have begun slowly with the move in the 1960s to our engagement in interscholastic competition. The article in this Horae points out that the great majority of current students and faculty seem to have had no notion of their club affiliation — until now.

As the Fall Term commenced in September, the Sixth Form officers announced a stirring initiative to revive the traditional rivalry. Their first action was to inform all students and faculty members which club claims their affiliation – in many cases a legacy from family members who attended the School earlier. However, where the original clubs featured football, ice hockey, and rowing most prominently, points in the new system will be awarded not only for athletic prowess but also for accomplishments of scholarship, community service, and other areas of campus life. Points already accumulated have been announced in Chapel, with the year-end club prize yet to be established, but surely to be appropriately grand.

Each year it seems that the Sixth Form officers and Student Council contribute a gem of original thought that takes hold in the SPS community. This year’s revival of the club system and its new approach strike me as something wonderful, engendering a sense of fellowship in a group that may, as it has for many of us, stay vital for years.

The way we live together in this all-residential community is at least as essential a learning experience as anything that occurs in a Schoolhouse classroom. The newly incarnate club rivalry is going to be a lot of fun, but, more than that, it is community spirit made manifest in a way that honors the past and can engage us all.

(And, oh yes: Go, Old Hundred!)

Bill Matthews ’61
We love hearing from you in response to stories we have published in Alumni Horae or in response to alumni matters. As space permits, we will print your letters. Please keep writing to: The Editor, Alumni Horae, 325 Pleasant St., Concord, NH 03301 or to alumni@sps.edu.

“A Teacher Affects Eternity . . .”

I was glad to see this again in the latest Alumni Horae. It was the phrase I chose for the plaque in the Ohrstrom Library in memory of James Carroll McDonald, my most beloved teacher.

He seemed to find so much more in me than I could find or even imagine myself, that I have been looking for it and finding it ever since. As W. B. Yeats put it, “The purpose of education is not to fill a bucket, but to light a fire.” Thanks to Carroll McDonald and others like him, mine has been burning for 50-plus years.

Bill Brigham ’61
Putnam Valley, N.Y.
May 26, 2010

Wow. I am a longtime reader, first-time writer. As a gay mathlete Form Director living far across the country from Millville in Los Angeles, the Winter Alumni Horae [“Inside Out” by Will Schwalbe ’80] reminded me of the pride we all share in St. Paul’s continued thought leadership in academia, social issues, and community service. Thank you, editorial team and Alumni Association, for doing an outstanding job of conveying our history, present, and future so cohesively in the Horae. Also, you should let everyone know that they can read Alumni Horae on the iPad/Internet! It’s a great feature.

Gordon Bellamy ’88
North Hills, Calif.
May 2, 2010

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May 26, 2010

Our Youngest Reader

I promise this picture is not posed! My wife, Rachel, looked around and there was [one-year-old] Sadie, engrossed in AH.

Sam Callard ’93
Providence, R.I.
August 24, 2010

NOMINATIONS PLEASE!

Please nominate any SPS alumni who are having a major impact on the world for the Alumni Association Award, given each year at Anniversary. Our committee will meet in January to review nominations.

Also, in April, the Alumni Association Board of Directors will elect a new Treasurer and Fund Chair. A nominating committee will vet the nominees in accordance with guidelines established by the Alumni Association Executive Committee and will present a slate of candidates to the Board of Directors for a vote. Alumni will have a chance to discuss the candidates with their Form Directors in advance of the April election.

Nominations for the Alumni Association Award and for Treasurer and Fund Chair should be sent to Tina Abramson at tabramson@sps.edu.
It was back in 1998 when Lexy Funk ’87 and her business partner discovered a vinyl billboard in a dumpster near their New York City apartment. That discovery led to the eventual manufacturing of trendy, recycled billboard-based messenger bags. Out of that industry, Funk built a wholesale clothing distribution business called Brooklyn Industries. The company’s first retail clothing store opened in 2001 in the Williamsburg neighborhood of Brooklyn, and Brooklyn Industries now boasts 14 retail stores in New York, Chicago, Portland, Oregon, Boston, and Philadelphia. Funk’s innovative and environmentally friendly business plan has earned her Ernst & Young’s 2010 Metro New York Entrepreneur of the Year Award.

What happened next? 
The turning point was when we decided to open up our first store. We had the idea that we could really connect with customers through a brand. We knew we could talk directly to customers through vertical retail. We made $1000 on the first day, which was quite a bit for us at the time. Our desire for growth is to be able to supply a full line of clothing and bags, and that’s where we are now.

Why the focus on sustainable products? 
A product can say a lot about sustainability. All of our stores are powered by wind, and that sends a strong message. It’s symbolic and something we think is a good step forward. What we realized through our billboard bags was that there was no way we could make enough to consume all of the discarded billboards in the world. But we could contribute to raising awareness. By Brooklyn Industries being a cool brand, we can contribute to the debate in that way. Sustainability and recycled products are not new concepts in art. We like the idea of putting upcycling into practice, of taking something and making it better and different. It’s practical in terms of business, and it resonates with customers.

What’s your customers’ response? 
They like our core mission: “Live. Work. Create.” You can live an artistic, sustainable, and creative life no matter what you do. What sells well is the product that’s a little bit different. We have a huge product line – we have been really interested in waxed canvas for varying weather patterns. We have waxed canvas jackets, bags, outerwear. Organic T-shirts are also very popular, and we partner with a nonprofit and give a percentage of sales to them.

What can people expect from Brooklyn Industries in the future? 
One thing I’d be very interested in is how people can purchase products and give back to the community at the same time. I am thinking of sub-brands, where a set percentage of sales would go to nonprofits for investment in sustainable businesses. We have an eco-line coming out in 2011, which is fully made out of recycled cotton.

Can you tell me how a view of billboards turned into a clothing retail business? 
My partner and I were already running a creative firm doing video and branding. We found a piece of billboard material in a dumpster and brought it back to the studio and we wondered what kind of product it would make – something waterproof and one of a kind. I was very much interested in the forefront of sustainability and not paying for materials and also the culture of bike messengers and the product emerged from those things. We made prototypes and took them to trade shows and started writing orders immediately. There was a limit to how many billboard bags we could make; that’s what got us into apparel.
Callie Lowenstein ’06

Callie Lowenstein ’06 was one of five members of the Yale University Class of 2010 to be awarded a Howland Fellowship, which supports study or research abroad for a senior who “demonstrates promise of useful activity to improve international relations.” Lowenstein, a political science major, will spend a year in India, where she will serve as an intern for the grassroots educational NGO Pratham, which works to provide quality education to the underprivileged children of India.

John Buxton-Punch ’09

In the Society section of the September 2010 issue of Vanity Fair, columnist Christopher Buckley, whose father was National Review founder William F. Buckley, Jr., wrote about his experience as a 2009 Conroy Visitor to St. Paul’s. In “Notes from an Aging Prepper,” Buckley wrote: “I was entranced by the caliber of students, by their brightness and politesse. Also by their engaging straightforwardness, which bordered on cockiness. In the Q&A with 20 students before my talk, one of them asked me, ‘What is it you hope to bring away from your experience with us today?’ (Translation: ‘Just what is it you have to offer us, Mr. Buckley?’) Actually, a good question. Thus confronted, I wasn’t quite sure. The student there who seemed to me most preppy – by virtue of his clothes, demeanor and attitude – was a very attractive young African-American lad living in San Francisco. “If this doesn’t pan out in terms of business success, the technology is still out there and speech therapists are excited about it,” says Salamini. “We are going to help kids and that’s really the goal. I always wanted to start a company – to start one with a best friend from SPS is pretty sweet.”
As the sun set on the Hudson River, more than 550 alumni and friends of St. Paul’s School gathered at Pier Sixty on New York’s Chelsea Piers to be part of an evening of SPS Celebration, Reflection, and Storytelling. The night marked the official launch of the Campaign for St. Paul’s School, which endeavors to raise $175 million for School initiatives. The launch was announced by Campaign Chair Bob Lindsay ’73.

In its “quiet phase,” the campaign already has raised more than $98 million, including $43.4 million for construction and endowment of the Lindsay Center for Mathematics and Science. Over the next five years, fundraising efforts will focus on adding equity to the endowment for faculty support, financial aid, and off-campus programs. The Annual Fund will be a major component of the campaign, raising money for the operating budget in support of the daily life of the School.

“This campaign is about ensuring that St. Paul’s School remains a great school for this and the next generation,” said Rector Bill Matthews ’61. “It’s about fulfilling a promise, a promise of attracting and retaining the best possible faculty, enrolling exceptional students from all backgrounds, and strengthening a fundamental community ethic of leadership, compassion, and service.”

At Chelsea Piers, guests dined on a wide variety of appetizers, from pasta dishes to sliders, before gathering to view a 45-minute multimedia presentation that included video of recent graduates talking about their SPS experiences along with montages of retired faculty members and alumni who have made their marks on the world.

Actor David Walton ’97 served as master of ceremonies, introducing the stories of Vicky Thomas ’07, Trevor Patzer ’92, and Kareem Roberts ’99. Thomas is a junior majoring in aeronautical engineering at MIT. A video segment showed her reconnecting with her SPS robotics roots through science faculty member Terry Wardrop ’73. Patzer is the co-founder of the Little Sisters Fund, which provides educational opportunities for girls in Nepal. His story traced the roots of his own desire to emulate the generous spirit of Ric Ohrstrom ’40, who funded Patzer’s St. Paul’s education. Roberts’s emotional story connected the love and support he received as an SPS student suffering with sickle cell disease to his current pursuit of a joint M.D./Ph.D. at Columbia University’s College of Physicians and Surgeons.

All three featured alumni were present at the event and took the stage after their respective video segments to say a few words about why SPS matters to them.

“You’re a Paulie, that doesn’t go away,” said Roberts. “[St. Paul’s] matters because it seeks out young people from all over the world. We are taking the fact that St. Paul’s matters so much in our lives, and we are passing it on.”

The event at Chelsea Piers was made possible by the generous overture of Roland Betts ’64, owner of Chelsea Piers, who donated the scenic space – as well as food and beverages – for the evening. The night’s festivities caused alumni in attendance to ponder their own St. Paul’s experiences and reflect on why the School matters to them.

“St Paul’s matters because it continues to be a community well after matriculation,” said Brittain Stone ’87. “It’s not just a simple clique of achievers and the well informed, but a group of people who have been instilled with the desire to give back.”

St. Paul’s School last embarked on a capital campaign in 1974. That six-year effort raised more than $30 million for the School.
Edison Strikes Gold for Alumni Horae

An article from the Winter 2009 issue of Alumni Horae received a “grand gold” award (first place) from the Council for Advancement and Support of Education (CASE) as the best article of the year in an independent school magazine.

Written by Horae editor Jana Brown and designed by Cindy Foote, associate director for publications at SPS, the article, entitled “Sons of the Phonograph,” tells of a Class M electric phonograph donated to the School in the 1890s by its inventor, Thomas Alva Edison, when his sons attended St. Paul’s. Through original research, Brown brought to life the SPS careers of Thomas Alva, Jr., and William Leslie Edison, which were short-lived and often miserable.

CASE offers Circle of Excellence Awards in 41 categories.

The phonograph was apparently a gift to First Rector Henry Augustus Coit in thanks for trying to help the boys adjust to St. Paul’s, despite the loneliness that appears in some of their letters, now archived at Rutgers University.

The award–winning entry was on display at the CASE Summit for Advancement Leaders in New York City in July. The Horae story is posted in the .pdf version of the Winter 2009 issue on the magazine section of the SPS website at www.sps.edu/horae.

Club Revival

Up until the 1960s, students of St. Paul’s prided themselves on their club affiliations. They bled Isthmian red or Old Hundred blue or Delphian maroon.

All that changed at the onset of interscholastic sports, which gradually replaced the bragging–rights–driven, school–spirit–inducing club system.

Unless they are affiliated with a club soccer or hockey team, today’s students no more know to which club they belong than why the club system was so important in its heyday. With any luck, however, all that is changing.

Sixth Form officers Joe Noreña (president), Ellie Duke (vice president), Jeff Winthrop (secretary), and Sam Miller (treasurer) are making it their mission to revive the almost–forgotten club system through a yearlong series of activities designed to reinvigorate student pride in their clubs.

“One of our big themes as officers is to enhance the energy of school spirit in the community in general,” explains Noreña.

The club athletic system was fully established in 1888 to promote healthy rivalries. In those days, all students knew to which club they belonged, many of them as a result of family legacies.

In their current revival attempts, the Form of 2011 officers’ first task was to assemble, distribute, and inform (or remind) all students and faculty of their club affiliations. They then went to work on creating a points system to calculate what they will eventually present as a club championship trophy at the end of the school year.

The points system includes 100–point categories such as Ferguson Scholarship nominations, Hugh Camp Cup finalists, and one for the 10 students with the most hours of community service to their credit. Ferguson Scholars will be awarded 500 points for their clubs as will the winners of the Gordon and Loomis Medals for best male and female athlete. Points will also be given for students who achieve First Testimonials with Honors, who earn All–ISL honors in interscholastic sports, who win individual speaking categories in debate, and who receive School prizes at the end of the year. The largest point awards will come from club hockey and soccer championships, with 1,000 points to the winning clubs.

The Student Council also hopes to initiate a winter carnival filled with club spirit that may include a snowman–making competition.

“People seem excited about it,” says Miller, “and that’s what we want to see.”

Seeing Stars

How do you see something that’s invisible? Radio astronomy lets us observe celestial objects that cannot be viewed using traditional optical devices, which has led to groundbreaking discoveries (quasars, anyone?). While radio telescopes – large antennae – are critical tools in modern astronomy, they are usually limited to government observatories. Thanks largely to the efforts of Stella Kim ’11, St. Paul’s is well on its way to becoming a fully–fledged center for radio astronomy.

Kim spent part of her summer at the National Radio Astronomy Observatory (NRAO) in Socorro, New Mexico, home of the Very Large Array radio interferometer. During her time at the NRAO, Kim was able to perform maintenance duties on the telescopes with the engineers and learned how a radio interferometer works. Continuing the Heckscher Prize work of Sam Simmons ’09, Kim’s Bennett Prize project idea was to build a radio interferometer at SPS.

“We have amazing optical telescopes, but no radio telescopes,” explains Kim. With guidance from astronomy faculty member Dr. Ian Hoffman, Kim has been building radio telescopes out of rooftop TV antennas and has already successfully collected data.

“My goal is to finish this radio interferometer and add radio astronomy as a course,” Kim says, “because it is completely different from optical astronomy and just as important.”
The September 21, 1966, cover of *The Pelican* included a photograph of the incoming masters for the 1966–67 academic year. That group included Bill Matthews ’61, who, as we all know, would go on to become the Twelfth Rector of St. Paul’s School. Mr. Matthews’s St. Paul’s tenure has outlasted those of all of his 1966 colleagues, including that of longtime crew coach and humanities teacher Richard Davis, who retired in 2003 after 37 years at the School. The others – William Adams (1966–70), Sheldon Sturges (1966–68), the Reverend Donald Dunbar (1966–70), James Palin (1966–70), the Reverend Frank Moan (1966–67), and the Reverend Driss Knickerbocker (1968–70) – served brief tenures before moving on to other pursuits. Rev. Knickerbocker’s obituary appears in the pages of this issue of *Alumni Horae*. He spent two years as a member of the SPS religion faculty before moving on to an Oxford Ph.D. and ordination in the Episcopal Church.
Go Phish
Tape of 1990 SPS Show Enters Online Circulation

By Tom Owen ’11

“I remember hearing that the band Phish was coming to play in the Upper,” recalls Brian Costigan ’92. “Most of us had never heard of them, and other than a few live tapes someone produced, there was little reconnaissance done prior to the performance.”

For many Paulies, the Phish concert in the Upper on Saturday, May 19, 1990, marked the beginning of a lifelong love for the band. Through the efforts of Costigan, an audio recording of the show is now available online.

Jam bands like Phish are renowned for their improvisational live shows, and the dedicated “tapers” community makes and trades concert recordings. Thanks to the Internet, almost every Phish show can be freely downloaded from various fan web sites. Until this summer, however, the SPS show existed only on tape.

Costigan described how “after spending a couple years trying to track down a copy of the show, I wound up finding a cassette in my barn!” The tape was a copy of the only known existing source, a soundboard recording by Justin Kurtz ’91, who patched his home cassette deck into the front-of-house mix. Costigan proceeded to convert the analog tape into digital music files and upload the recording to a community web site.

On the afternoon before the 1990 show, Costigan and a few friends helped the band carry equipment into the Upper.

“After a few loads, [guitarist/vocalist] Trey [Anastasio] jokingly offered to get us into the show for free (the show was, of course, free) as thanks for our help,” Costigan recalled.

Despite the band’s relatively unknown status, the audience was immediately captivated. Costigan recounted how “musically, I could see that they indeed had something special. At the time, I was the most impressed with the performance of [keyboardist] Page [McConnell] . . . his playing really amazed me. The drummer, Jon Fishman, also stuck out because of his unique look – black dress, white tube socks, no shoes, and his super-thick glasses. Trey and [bassist] Mike [Gordon], at the time, were quite unremarkable.”

Costigan also shared some memorable events of the night. He mentioned how some fans had heard about the show, and when security tried to “kick them off campus, SPS students would step in and say that whoever security was trying to remove was their guest.” And between sets, security caught the band and crew involved in some illicit activity behind the Upper. Costigan added that “while security was debating with the faculty chaperones about what to do, the band was in the cafeteria serving area eating oatmeal cookies and washing them down with fruit punch.”

The Phish show had a resounding effect on the School community. “Many of us became instant fans,” said Costigan. After two decades of a Grateful Dead-saturated campus, “most Deadheads viewed Phish as a welcome supplement to both our listening and future live-show experiences.”

Costigan remembered how he and a handful of friends attended a second show in Port Chester, N.Y., on April 27, 1991. Since then, he has seen the band perform live more than 50 times.

Audience member Lockhart Steele ’92 went on to co-write the first published guidebook to the band, titled The Pharmer’s Almanac. Originally published in 1995, it is a compendium of fan-produced set lists, reviews, and historical notes which Costigan described as “very important in a time before the Internet.”

The May 19, 1990, show can be downloaded from the web. However, Costigan’s cassette was corrupted and about half of the second set is missing. Costigan also remembers a student videotaping the concert. If any alumni have either a complete audio or video recording, sharing would be appreciated.
May 30, 2010, represented a major breakthrough for Christian Dietrich '01. That was the day he unseated Ken “The Champ” Climo, defending champion of the Beaver State Fling.

For those unfamiliar with the Professional Disc Golf Association (PDGA) or its National Tour, Climo may not be a household name. But for others who wait with unfettered excitement to witness the best professional Frisbee golf has to offer, Dietrich’s victory over the 12-time world champion speaks for itself.

On the same course that day at Milo Melver State Park in Estacada, Oregon, Dietrich dispatched not only Climo, but also 2009 U.S. champion Nikko Locastro, 2008 world champion Dave Feldberg, and two-time world champions Barry Schultz and Nate Doss – two of the three pro disc golfers aside from “The Champ” ever to have claimed more than one Disc Golf World Championship.

“That was my biggest achievement, far and away,” he says of his one-stroke victory in one of pro disc golf’s largest tournaments.

Known during his St. Paul’s days as a constant scoring threat on the soccer field and as the boys 110m hurdle record-holder, Dietrich is fresh off a year on the road (most of it in his car), where he gave it a go as a full-time professional disc-thrower. His quest to raise his status on the National Tour sent him to PDGA events in Salt Lake City, Utah (Full Throttle Challenge), Fort Morgan, Colo. (High Plains Challenge), Leicester, Mass. (Vibram Open), Lakewood, Wash. (Pt. Stelleracoom Open), and back home to Missoula, Mont., for the Zoo Town Open, with other stops in between.

In 2010, Dietrich has earned victories at six PDGA-sanctioned events, including his breakthrough triumph at the Beaver State Fling, and has placed either second or third in four others. A mini-breakout in 2007 – which included a 24th-place finish at the PDGA World Championships and the second of four straight Montana State Championships – earned sponsorships from Innova Discs – also sponsors to Climo and Feldberg – and Mystery Ranch Backpacks. He currently ranks 50th in the world in the little-known sport with a fervent inner following.

Despite giving disc golf his best shot since turning pro in 2006, Dietrich is unlikely to give up his day job – he is a 2009 graduate of the University of Montana Law School and plans to pursue a career in nonprofit law. His piece of the purse at the Beaver State Fling – his highest earnings in a single event to date – totaled $2,660.

“The top two guys probably make $50 to $60 thousand a year – it’s pretty great earning a living for throwing Frisbees,” says Dietrich, acknowledging that not all pros can support themselves on the sport. “Most people don’t know about it as a competitive sport. Several million people play recreationally, but there are very few who play in tournaments. When I say I am a pro disc golf player, people laugh because, obviously, they think I’m joking. But I am a professional disc golfer. It’s not as if I am making a million dollars a year – people who play in the pro division have other jobs.”

As a disc golf insider, Dietrich provides a view of a world into which few have peered. He discovered the sport in 2003, when he entered his first local tournament near his Montana home.

“I started playing recreationally around Missoula in these beautiful natural areas you would want to spend time in anyway,” he says. “I was shocked at how dedicated people were to it and some of the things the pros could do. If you haven’t seen a pro disc player throw a Frisbee, you would be amazed.”

A nagging injury had cut short Dietrich’s collegiate soccer career at Yale, and the competitive fire began to well inside him once he got a taste of what the pro throwers could do. Professional disc golf is similar to what the Frisbee-addicted call “ball golf.” There are 18 holes and players use discs of varying weights and velocities like drivers, wedges, and putters as course terrain and distance from the disc pole and its basket (a.k.a. “hole”) dictate. There are discs built for distance throws, others for mid-range and fairway shots, and still more for putts and approaches. Dietrich carries about 20 discs in his bag during his two-dozen annual tournaments. The discs, he explains, are denser, flatter, more aerodynamic, and have sharper edges than the average flying object. They are “not like the discs you play catch with. I once had to take a friend to the ER because he got hit in the face with a disc and it looked like a buzz-saw cut.”

As with its ball game counterpart, the “object of the game,” according to PDGA lingo, “is to traverse a course from beginning to end in the fewest number of throws of the disc.” There are pars and birdies and bogies and eagles to reflect a player’s success on each hole. The best players can throw the disc upwards of 500 feet. Instead of sand traps and water hazards, players must consider proper
stance, flight paths, and tree interference. Whereas in ball golf a player hits the next shot from the spot where the ball landed, disc golf players must take their next throw from immediately behind the disc’s most recent resting place.

“It is a young sport and a growing sport,” says Dietrich, who has played in tournaments with as few as 25 participants and as many as 1,000. “People say the level of the top guys in the game and the depth of the talent is a lot better than it used to be.”

When he first became enthralled with the sport, Dietrich traveled a lot to expose his game to the top-level players, learning sound habits and skill sets by emulating the best.

The sport is on the rise, concurs Brian Graham, executive director of the PDGA, noting that now there are nearly 3,100 disc golf courses in the United States alone, compared with 1,145 in 2000, and most golf courses in the United States boast the most courses. Meanwhile, the National Tour purse has more than doubled, from $800 thousand in 2000 to nearly $2 million in 2009.

“The level of play has certainly improved drastically over the years, due in part to advances in equipment technology as well as larger numbers of people playing on a regular basis,” explains Graham. “There is currently a youth movement, with many young professionals under the age of 20 making their mark on the game by doing well in our larger events. The future growth of the PDGA and the sport of disc golf is limitless, with hundreds of courses continuing to go in the ground each year and tens of thousands of people picking up the game. The low cost to get started in the sport and the wide availability of free courses both contribute to this growth.”

Hours after he spoke to Alumni Horae, Dietrich, referring to himself as a “road trip warrior,” was due to load up his car with as few as 25 participants who has played in tournaments that will train to compete in the 2011 U19 World Championships in Germany. “It is a young sport and a growing sport,” says Dietrich, with as few as 25 participants who has played in tournaments that will train to compete in the 2011 U19 World Championships in Germany. "It is a young sport and a growing sport," says Dietrich, with as few as 25 participants who has played in tournaments that will train to compete in the 2011 U19 World Championships in Germany.

Spring Sports Highlights

It was a productive spring on the hard courts as the boys tennis team went 11–5 to finish fifth in the ISL and the girls earned a 9–5 record. The boys boasted a pair of All–ISL honorable mention selections in Will Schoder ’10, who went 22–6 in his singles matches, and Mark Poon ’10, who went 20–6. The doubles tandem of John Hwang ’12 and Jamie Raffini ’10 were the New England Prep School runners–up, falling in the championship match to a duo from Belmont Hill. Alexandra White ’11 (9–3–1) and Gaby Bates ’12 (6–2–5) were awarded All–ISL honors for the girls, while Andrea Dragone ’11 (9–1–1) earned HM honors.

All–ISL Jackie Brew ’10 closed her SPS track career on a high note, setting new School records in the long jump (16‘10.25”) and the 100m high hurdles (15.3). Distance runner Nate Sans ’10 set the ISL championship meet on fire by winning the 800m, 1500m, and 3000m to earn MVP for running events and, eventually, recognition as a Boston Globe All–Scholastic for track. Meg Gildehaus ’13 established a new mark in the pole vault with a leap of 9’0”.

Other notables were All–ISL lacrosse player Luke Sisler ’10 (23 goals, 34 assists); softball standout Marciana Gildehaus ’13, who ranked 15th in the ISL with a .435 batting average; and lacrosse players Tyra Clemmenson ’10 and Christine Ferguson ’11, who were named to the New England Prep School Women’s All–Star team. Ferguson was also named to the 24–woman roster that will train to compete in the 2011 Federation of International Lacrosse U19 World Championships in Germany.
Death &
The author traces the origins of Lincoln Memorial sculptor Daniel Chester French’s little-known World War I memorial in the SPS Chapel.
“By the Light, even before the hour of obligation, the eyes of St. Paul’s boys read that, ‘he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it:’ and so they led the way and the untrained followed. Not all of these leaders who went came back from the Great War.”

– Owen Wister, Form of 1877
Douglas Yeo has been bass trombonist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and on the faculty of New England Conservatory of Music since 1985. His online gallery of Daniel Chester French's works in situ may be found on his web site, www.yeodoug.com. This article is adopted from a Chapel reflection given at St. Paul's School on May 24, 2010. The author is grateful to St. Paul's School archivist David Levesque for his considerable help and cooperation in researching Death and Youth.

Committee felt the nude Youth needed some form of covering. French’s compromise — to provide a belt and scabbard for the Youth’s sword — was elegant without diminishing the Memorial’s impact. Death and Youth was delivered by truck — heavily shrouded — and installed in the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul in late 1928. French’s signature can be found on the right side of the base of the sculpture: D. C. French, Sculptor. 1928. Marble braces that had been left on the sculpture to provide additional support during travel were cut away. Its elegant setting — in which the names of the St. Paul’s School World War I dead are inscribed — includes a pedestal that reads, “IN MEMORY OF THE BOYS OF ST. PAUL’S SCHOOL WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE GREAT WAR 1914–1918.”

Recounting the dedication of the War Memorial on January 26, 1929, the Spring 1929 issue of Alumni Horae set the scene for the dramatic moment when French’s work was given context:

From the chancel Taps was sounded. The Bishop then dedicated the Memorial. After responsive reading of Antiphon and Canticle by the Bishop and the congregation, the hymn, “O Valiant Hearts,” was sung. Then, standing by his seat under the gallery and turning towards the Memorial, the Rector delivered the Address. . . . He spoke of Joshua’s command, after the passage of the Jordan, that a monument of stones should be set up, so that subsequent generations should ask, “What mean ye by these stones?” Here on the stones which form the background of our Memorial the names of those whom it commemorates are inscribed. Each name means a child born into the world, a nursery and a mother’s love, a boy growing up and going away to school, a boy leaving school, a man going to war, falling, and being raised again. These stones mean love. The men who died fought for no gain to themselves or their country, but in a righteous cause; cheerfully they gave themselves to suffer in cold and filth, to endure wounds, to embrace death. These stones mean sacrifice. And they are a plea for peace, a petition of peace, a pledge of peace. These stones mean peace. It was a deeply moving address; a hushed and reverent congregation listened to it.

In our post-modern world, French’s four-score-old Memorial still speaks to us. His inspired design for Death and Youth is recognized as one of the finest examples of memorial sculpture ever created. Little known to the general public because of its placement on a private school campus, generations of St. Paul’s students have been privileged to stand before it to consider the themes of heroism, leadership, and sacrifice. Alumnus Owen Wister again provides a context for continued contemplation of this great treasure at St. Paul’s: “Through French’s sculptured boy, all his brothers in sacrifice speak to us — sheltered, uplifted, at rest, finding his life thus, he beckons from where the immortals are, lighting the road ahead: a lustrous lamp, burning in the halls of brick and mortar.”
by Robert V. Lindsay ’43

During a meeting of Westminster Kennel Club officers, the author discovered a long and deep connection between St. Paul’s alumni and the famous dog organization.

LEFT: Former WKC presidents Rod Lindsay ’43, Bill Chisholm ’36, and Bill Rockefeller ’36.
Westminster: The Club

The Westminster Kennel Club was founded in 1877 by seven men who enjoyed working with sporting dogs, primarily pointers and setters. They met regularly at the Westminster Hotel at Irving Place in New York City, gleaning the Club’s name from their place of assembly. The Club’s first president was General Alexander Webb, who fought off Pickett’s Charge and is credited for turning the tide for the North at the battle of Gettysburg.

In the early days, the WKC operated clubhouses with kennels and owned dogs in its own name. The most famous of these was a pointer named Sensation imported from England, a winner in conformation as well as field trials. His image has been the club’s logo throughout its history.

Membership in the WKC is by invitation. The club has enjoyed the fellowship of a number of individuals prominent in their own fields, names such as banker Junius Morgan (Form of 1884), Jim Farrell of Farrell Lines, Bill Chisholm ’36 of Oxford Paper, C.V. Whitney, co-founder of the Guaranty Trust Company, Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke ’34, S. Dillon Ripley ’32 of the Smithsonian, department store heir Marshall Field, Jr. ’34, railroad magnate Roland Harriman, and many others, as well as a number of experienced dog breeders and judges. The Club meets monthly at a black-tie dinner in one or another of New York’s private clubs from October until May, the February dinner being linked to the dog show. In addition to responsibility for the dog show, the Club remains actively interested in field sports and supervises the charitable activities of the Westminster Foundation, including scholarships at leading veterinary colleges as well as support for the American Kennel Club Museum of the Dog at St. Louis, Mo., of which it is a founder.

February 2008

A sellout crowd lets out a roar as a 15-inch beagle, Ch. K-Run’s Park Me in First – known affectionately as “Uno” – is selected Best in Show at the Westminster Kennel Club’s 132nd Dog Show at New York’s Madison Square Garden. Uno goes on to meet President and Mrs. Bush at the White House, ride a float in the Macy’s Thanksgiving Day Parade, “toss” the opening ball of the Major League Baseball season, and attend other events. The Westminster Dog Show has become an American icon.

May 2008

At the annual meeting of the members of the Westminster Kennel Club (WKC) held at the Brook Club in New York City, a candidate is elected a member of the Club. Someone notes that he is a graduate of St. Paul’s School and jokes that Westminster is becoming “overloaded with St. Paul’s people.” He is correct to the extent that ten members have connections to St. Paul’s within a membership that averages 40 in recent years, including all of the current masthead: President Peter Van Brunt ’57, Vice President John Everets (nephew of Richard McAdoo ’38), Vice President Sean McCarthy (father of Patrick ’13), Secretary William M. Jackson ’66, and Treasurer Charlton Reynders ’55. Governors W. Mairs Duryea ’55, Robert D. Lindsay ’73, Steven Bedford ’71, Johnston Evans ’66 and I (Robert V. Lindsay ’43) number 11 – one fourth of the Westminster membership. Time to investigate.
Westminster: (WKC) The Dog Show

The WKC show is the second oldest consecutive sports event in the U.S., deferring only to the Kentucky Derby. It is a champions-only show due to space limitations in the “Garden.” A further factor which sets the WKC apart from almost all other shows is that it is “benched,” meaning the dogs must remain on benched stalls with other entries in their breed for a requisite period of time. This gives potential buyers a chance to educate themselves about the breed of their choice, see the dogs close at hand, and talk to their breeders. Benching adds cost to the show, but the crowds in the benching area at the WKC attest to its importance for the public.

Given that the judging at the WKC begins at the championship level, the pressure and suspense to succeed in the group and compete in the finals for Best in Show are that much greater. Beyond being a dog show, the WKC is an annual convention where dog people from all over the world come together to see the best dogs and to engage in canine gossip. The WKC event is more than a dog show; it’s showbiz.

The hub of activity during the show’s two days in February is the Chief Steward’s Office, located off the exhibition floor in the Garden, where participants and judges are checked in and disseminated. It is also where the “ramp committee” comes for coffee after their 6 a.m. assignments, regardless of weather, to the bottom of the ramp, helping the exhibitors who must travel five tiers above street level to deposit their dogs in the benching area. This is a most welcome service by WKC members and may even have prolonged a marriage or two – driving a vehicle of nervous dogs through New York traffic to an unfamiliar building is not conducive to marital harmony.

The year 1969 was a watershed for the WKC. It was the first in the present Garden, and estimates on space proved to be inadequate despite a blizzard which crippled the city and decimated the gate and catalogue sales, thereby nearly bankrupting the Club. Twice during the show the Fire Department threatened to shut down the operation for overcrowding. There were tales of the heroic struggles of exhibitors to get their animals to the Garden, which for the most part they accomplished. Anecdotal tales of this unexpected mess have become part of the lore of the sport, notably the response to a friend of Walter Goodman, a prominent breeder of Skye terriers who was struggling on foot through the snowbanks outside the Garden carrying a Skye terrier while his mother struggled to keep up. The son got a good tongue lashing. The dog went on to win Best in Show.

SPS and WKC

While there exist gaps in the files of the WKC office in Manhattan, it is quite clear that St. Paul’s graduates have been associated with the Club since its beginning in 1877, with at least 60 St. Paul’s affiliations existing over the years in a total membership of 500. One of the seven founders in 1877 was DuBois Wagstaff, the great-grand-uncle of David Wagstaff, Jr. ’30. At no time since 1880 has the WKC been without at least one – and usually two or more – Paulies, some of whom had major responsibilities at the show. Winthrop Rutherfurd (Form of 1880) joined the WKC in the same year he graduated from St. Paul’s and remained a member until 1944. He served as a governor of the Club for 40 years and as show committee chairman for 32 years. His smooth fox terrier (“Warren Remedy”) holds the Westminster record of three consecutive wins as Best in Show.

Walton Ferguson, Jr. (Form of 1889) was another St. Paul’s stalwart who belonged to the WKC from 1897 to 1936, serving as president from 1933 to 1936, vice president on three different occasions, and as a member of the dog show committee for ten years.

I was a member of a St. Paul’s triumvirate in the 1960s, which also included Bill Rockefeller ’36 and Bill Chisholm ’36. Our hours were brightened by the visits of fellow member Alden Blodget, father of Otis Blodget ’49, who had a seemingly endless supply of jokes and anecdotes. His wife, noted comedienne Cornelia Otis Skinner, wrote a hilarious story for the
The Canine Presence in Millville

While not directly related to the SPS/WKC connection, a quick review of dogs at St. Paul’s seems a logical addendum. Here we are dealing with very little documented history and must rely on a few earlier written references to specific animals, as well as some comments from memory by individuals of this generation. We also have a useful dog census, itemized by breed, which was included without explanation by an “alumni master” as part of a “School in Action” article written in 1939, the first year of Norman Nash’s service as Rector. The listing for Newfoundlands indicates the popularity of these gentle giants in northern climates.

The 1939 census would probably be similar to any campus canine assessment—the St. Paul’s grounds are ideal for dogs, which are easily accommodated in the life of the School.

The first dog at St. Paul’s arrived on the School’s opening day, April 3, 1856. He was traveling with the first Rector, young Henry Coit, and his bride, plus students George and Bigelow Shattuck. The poor dog did not enjoy his new home; he was “thwacked” down the stairs by a housemaid and died. We are given no further explanation.

The Rectory housed more successful pets in later years. The Doberman mentioned in the census was undoubtedly the Nash’s “Thor,” which had a strong territorial instinct. One didn’t barge into the Rectory without pre-clearance from Mrs. Nash. The Kelly Clarks whelped three litters of Labrador puppies in the Rectory. Priscilla Clark speaks of the puppies as excellent antidotes to homesickness among new boys.

Retired Master Marshal Clunie writes of the Vanderwolks’ pair of golden retrievers swimming after a young beaver who plays a game, staying just out of reach as they chase him. This was observed with interest by Clunie’s springer spaniels, Innse and Thistle. Dr. Drury’s Welsh terrier Taffie was said to accompany him on his visits to the infirmary. The Hulsers had black standard poodles, the Fermanes have Labs, and there were many other breeds, including a Bernese mountain dog, well insulated like the Newfs. There was also a report of an Old English sheepdog who kept trying to herd faculty children playing on the Schoolhouse lawn.

One persistent rumor acquiring the status of legend is of a dog that was smuggled into residence in the old Middle House. Certainly the lawn on the back side sloping down to the lower pond would be dark enough for nightly walks undetected, and the clanging of the steam pipes would cover up any morning yelps. (Having lived in four of the oldest houses on campus, I became something of an expert on steam pipe percussion at St. Paul’s. My hands-down winner on volume per linear foot of radiator was little Conover up the hill, worthy of comparison to Siegfried’s Anvil Chorus. The Old Upper was a distant third, after Middle, but then its specialty was showers. Spigots hung from the ceiling in the unheated cellar and emitted a stream of water on the cold concrete floor. The flow was adequate, but the temperature varied from near-scalding to tepid, depending on the mood of the pipes. Pearl Harbor occurred while a group of us in the Fifth Form were living in the Old Upper. When two of our members resigned to enlist in the Marine Corps, some who stayed on opined that their choice was based on the conviction that nothing Parris Island could throw at them could be worse than the showers in the Old Upper!)

I revert in closing to the rumor about the old Middle. In my view, a pet might well have been allowed in by doting parents to sleep on Junior’s bed one last time before they departed, but a longer residency would have been very hard to pull off.

The 1939 census of the dog population of the School gives the following results: 4 Newfoundlands, 4 cocker spaniels, 4 Scotch terriers, 1 Great Dane, 1 Airedale, 1 Belgian cart dog, 1 Doberman, 1 dachshund, 1 wire-haired fox terrier, 1 West Highland terrier, 1 setter. To these resident canines may be added four non-residents: two setters domiciled at Mr. Campbell’s house, a pointer, and a cocker spaniel.

– Rod Lindsay ’43
June 10, 1944, *New Yorker* about her visit to St. Paul’s to see their son, then a new Third Former. She opened the article with the image of struggling with clothes and toiletries in an upper berth of a night train to Concord on its way to Montreal. During the weekend that followed, Otis kept disappearing with a mumbled “gotta go now, Mom” on some mysterious errand or other presumably to avoid being embarrassed by his mother’s display of maternal affection in front of his new friends.

All was not smooth in the pre-1970 days, and we had our share of mishaps, some stemming from the exhibitions which we offered in those years before the Best in Show judging, and over which we had little control and which each tested the patience of our show committee.

There was the year of the trophies. We awarded the widow of a deceased member a contract with a prominent silver dealer for engraved trophies for the group winners. We discovered on the first Monday, a holiday, that she had left for Florida, completely forgetting to order the trophies. A frantic call to the home of a competing silver retailer resulted in unmarked silver trophies being removed from a warehouse to be awarded without the WKC logo.

There was the year of the cornstalks. As a reliable crowd pleaser, we periodically offered an exhibition of gun dogs working around simulated ground cover to point or retrieve fake birds thrown by their handlers. On one of these occasions, an ice storm prevented the truck from traveling from the Poconos with our tied-up dog exhibits. The truckload managed to arrive on the Garden floor at the precise time of their performance prior to Best in Show judging. During the weekend that followed, Otis kept disappearing with a mumbled “gotta go now, Mom” on some mysterious errand or other presumably to avoid being embarrassed by his mother’s display of maternal affection in front of his new friends.

There was the year of the sheep. A shepherd was hired to control the border collies over a flock of sheep. The truckload managed to arrive on the Garden floor at the precise time of their performance prior to Best in Show judging. However, something spooked the sheep and they scattered helter-skelter toward the aisles and the exits. I could only close my eyes and pray – nothing in my St. Paul’s experience had prepared me for stampeding sheep on Seventh Avenue!}


“**I could only close my eyes and pray – nothing in my St. Paul’s experience had prepared me for stampeding sheep on Seventh Avenue!**”

hearing by the dog show committee. Bill Rockefeller, partner of Shearman & Sterling and possessor of that air of inner confidence appropriate for a Rockefeller, was the obvious choice to chair the ad hoc meeting while Chisholm and Lindsay served as the silent rear guard. Much of an hour was wasted listening to the accusations, all the more confusing at times when the battle lines were redirected to attack a third lady who had no part in the previous accusations. Eventually Rockefeller came down with a ruling which satisfied neither party but at least produced a truce until another day.

None of the above points to a single compelling reason why so many St. Paul’s alumni have been attracted to Westminster. Both organizations are venerable, St. Paul’s having been founded in 1856 and Westminster, of course, 21 years later. Both welcome siblings and legacies, hence a likely widening of any circle of family and friends. Both institutions are packed with what Rector William Matthews ’61 has called “traditionalists.” Where else would you find on the one hand a school holiday kicked off by an obscure biblical reference to cricket (no one at St. Paul’s has played cricket since the close of the 19th century); on the other hand at Westminster the by-laws incorporate the rules of pigeon shooting, irrelevant since 1907. Finally, both enjoy a membership fervent in its determination that these institutions represent the best at what they do.

There are, however, three key factors which I believe underlie the SPS/WKC relationship: happenstance, flexibility, and congeniality.

**Happenstance.** Because we have no evidence of some plan by which SPS alumni happened to find themselves among the young sports of early Westminster.

**Flexibility.** Unlike in any case that a group of amateurs could annually present a two-day event at Madison Square Garden to a full house and a worldwide television audience without the flexibility to adapt to constantly changing circumstances calling for different talents among the officers and committee members of the small club that is the parent organization of Westminster.

**Congeniality.** A lively discourse which can take place at the monthly WKC dinner meetings. St. Paul’s alumni bring a broad perspective and well-trained minds to these evenings of friends who share a recognition of the importance of Westminster to the world of dogs and contribute a variety of other interests. As long as that convivial atmosphere is part of the equation, the future of this institution and the likelihood that St. Paul’s graduates will continue to make a contribution are assured.
for the
Love
of
Service

by Jana F. Brown
Young alumni at military academies found themselves in the minority when choosing their college destinations. Here they discuss what led them to their decisions to serve.
Less than a month after following the sounds of the Chapel bells through her daily routine, hurrying through the Schoolhouse for humanities classes, and dipping her oar into the placid waters of Turkey Pond, Ruthie Bates ’10 found herself saluting superior officers, memorizing military weapons systems, and facing an abrupt wake-up at 05:30 each day for military training.

But Bates would not have it any other way. In fact, she glows when she talks about a future of Naval rank and structure, even if it means eventually going to war. Through her own initiative, the Cambridge, Mass., native became the fifth St. Paul’s graduate since 2007 – and only woman – to enroll at one of the country’s five service academies. In contrast, more than 15 students each have matriculated at Harvard, Columbia, Georgetown, Yale, the University of Pennsylvania, Dartmouth, and Stanford in the same time period. Bates officially enrolled at the United States Naval Academy on July 1, a year after she first set her sights on Annapolis.

“I wanted to serve my country and I wanted to do something exciting,” explains Bates, 18, who also considered colleges with Reserve Officers’ Training Corps (ROTC) programs. “I wasn’t looking forward to a normal college life at a NESCAC school. I knew I wanted to serve and though an academy would prepare me better. I figured if I was going to do it, I would want to go through the whole thing.”

The “whole thing” begins with seven weeks of intense summer training at Annapolis to “turn civilians into midshipmen.” New students or “plebes” immediately face the shears that crop their hair to military standards and begin a year in which they are willingly treated as inferiors.

“People are woken up by the door smashing open,” recalls Jo Brooks, director of community outreach at St. Paul’s and a 1996 graduate of the Naval Academy. “You are on the go from the moment you wake up until you crash into bed at 10:30 at night. It’s a lot of physical and a lot of mental exertion, laundry lists of information you have to memorize every day. The whole point of it is to overload you mentally, physically, and emotionally and see how you handle stress. You have to learn followership and leadership.”

Bates was not entirely blind to the challenges of life at a military academy – her brother, David ’04, is a 2008 graduate of the USNA and is currently serving a one-year tour of duty in Afghanistan as the motor transport platoon commander for the I Marine Expeditionary Force Head-quarters Group Forward and as the assistant camp commandant for Camp Leatherneck in northern Helmand Province, west of Kandahar.

“They say [Annapolis] is a hard place to be, but a great place to be from,” said 1st Lieutenant Bates via e-mail from Camp Leatherneck. “I told her it would be challenging, but I was very proud that she would even consider that route. Other than that, I left her alone to make her own decision.”

While he admits that the opportunity to row at the Division I level tipped the scale when making his college choice, Bates also knew that he wanted to join the military one day. “If you want to be a Naval or Marine officer, why not apply to the school whose sole role for the past 150 years has been to create them?”

The decision to commit to four years at a U.S. service academy plus five more years of military service is not one to be taken lightly. Perhaps that’s one of the reasons why so few St. Paul’s graduates have traditionally chosen to pursue college at the 165-year-old Naval Academy, the 208-year-old U.S. Military Academy at West Point, N.Y., the 134-year-old U.S. Coast Guard Academy in New London, Conn., the 68-year-old U.S. Merchant Marine Academy in Kings Point, N.Y., or the 56-year-old U.S. Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs, Colo. The pattern is nothing new, according to SPS alumnus James Kinnear ’46, winner of the U.S. Naval Academy’s 2008 Distinguished Graduate Award, who said his decision to attend Annapolis was “unusual” in his day as well.

“Students who pursue opportunities at the service academies tend to be particularly focused and self-disciplined,” says Tim Pratt, current director of college advising at St. Paul’s. “We are certainly supportive of those who decide to pursue that route.”

Some, such as John Cronin ’08, don’t see the military in their future until they are struck by a revelation. Cronin, a second-year cadet at West Point, experienced his moment of clarity in his Sixth Form winter while listening to FBI Director and former Marine Robert Mueller ’62 speak at St. Paul’s.

“I was profoundly impressed by his example of service,” says Cronin. “I think it has been a little bit forgotten with our generation in a time of extended war. It was like a lights-on moment for me. I love St. Paul’s, but I don’t think military service is really promoted. People understand and respect my decision to serve, but one thing that struck me when Robert Mueller addressed us was that it was the first time the idea had entered my mind. Before that, St. Paul’s had provided me with so many opportunities to serve in other capacities.”
While his best friends, he says, were completing internships at investment banking firms, Cronin spent most of the summer in air assault school at New York’s Camp Smith, where he learned, among other skills, how to rappel out of a helicopter into a landing zone.

“We really push our physical and mental limits,” he says, “but we love it. You don’t want to come to West Point because it will look good on a résumé. You have to believe in what you are getting into and realize you will have a different experience from your friends, but it is very rewarding. You will be responsible for people’s lives. You have to know yourself.”

Cronin’s formmate Andy Kohl ’08 dreamed as a small child of being a Navy pilot. But the aerospace engineering major at Annapolis says that most of his like-science-minded St. Paul’s formmates tended to look toward MIT and other similar institutions. But Kohl, who told SPS admissions officers during his 2003 interview at the School that he had his heart set on the Naval Academy, feels that he is getting the best of both worlds.

“St. Paul’s is an elite institution, and there is a big push to go to the most elite schools,” says Kohl. “At St. Paul’s, the service academies don’t seem to fall on those lists. But it’s not just St. Paul’s – I can count on my hand the number of [Annapolis students] who went to boarding schools. There are many people for whom it never crosses their mind to pursue the military.”

Cheyne Rocha, another member of the Form of 2008, was attracted to West Point as much for the opportunity to learn leadership skills as the chance to play Division I hockey for Army. But, he stresses, the decision to commit to four years of college and five additional years of military service – potentially in harm’s way – is something he considered very seriously before making his decision. He was drawn to the intensity of the academics at West Point, a daily existence that can include up to seven classes, with more traditional subjects as well as focused military study in courses such as leadership, honor, warfare and tactics, rank structure, and the unified chain of command.

“Less than half of a percentage of the United States population serves, and that is something that everyone needs to appreciate and understand: When an 18-year-old decides that that commitment, it is something very few can do,” says Rocha, an Academic All-American who also won West Point’s John Heinmiller Award as the hockey program’s outstanding freshman. “I went to a camp once and something a person said to me was that you can’t pick a college based on what will happen in the next four years; you have to consider the next 40 years. The academic prestige at service academies is often overlooked and I also do not think this lifestyle appeals to most of the people who graduate from St. Paul’s.”

Karl Schoch ’07, a senior cadet at West Point, kept his options open when applying to colleges. Initially unsure of his preferred path, Schoch applied to West Point as well as several other colleges, worrying that the peak in his military interest might be a “blip.” Schoch said his pursuit of service academies (he also applied to the Naval Academy) came as a surprise to his family, although an uncle graduated from the Coast Guard Academy and his two grandfathers served in World War II.

“The things that St. Paul’s talked about were very important – service, honor, and integrity – and I wanted to be in a place like that again,” says Schoch, who rowed for his first three years at the USMA. “All those things that drew me to St. Paul’s are the same things that drew me to West Point.

“It’s not for everyone, but human beings do it. It’s not like you are a superhero to be able to get through [West Point],” Schoch continues. “But the idea of being on the ground in Iraq does not jibe with what most people think about service. It’s out of the normal path and I think that inertia is enough to explain why kids don’t go to service academies.”

“The things that St. Paul’s talked about were very important – service, honor, and integrity – and I wanted to be in a place like that again . . .”

– Karl Schoch ’07
Poet Michael Dickman, who visited with his twin brother, poet Matthew Dickman, in May, recommends Your Face Tomorrow by Spanish writer Javier Marías. “It’s like Henry James meets 007 and one of the most beautiful books I’ve read about adult relationships and the consequences of talking to anyone at all.” Dickman also suggests Sherwin Bitsui’s book-length poem Flood Song. “To me, he’s one of the most exciting Native American voices today and he writes a lyric poem that is on fire. It’s wild stuff.”

What are you reading?

Poet Michael Dickman, who visited with his twin brother, poet Matthew Dickman, in May, recommends Your Face Tomorrow by Spanish writer Javier Marías. “It’s like Henry James meets 007 and one of the most beautiful books I’ve read about adult relationships and the consequences of talking to anyone at all.” Dickman also suggests Sherwin Bitsui’s book-length poem Flood Song. “To me, he’s one of the most exciting Native American voices today and he writes a lyric poem that is on fire. It’s wild stuff.”

China Boys
How U.S. Relations with the PRC Began and Grew: A Personal Memoir
by Nicholas Platt ’53
Vellum, 366 pages, $28

Reviewed by Yoshiaki Shimizu ’55

President Richard Nixon’s foreign policy decisions to reset the official channels of the U.S.–PRC relations broadly defined in the Shanghai Communique was the pivotal point in the U.S. diplomatic history of the second half of the 20th century.

In this memoir, Nicholas Platt ’53 discusses his role as a member of the U.S. Foreign Service team (“China Boys,” as Nixon coined them) that accompanied the president on his historic 1972 trip to resume American–Chinese relations. Platt also recounts the years he was posted as a political officer for intelligence analysis in Hong Kong, his appointment as one of the lead officers to establish the U.S. Liaison Office in Beijing, and his next assignment in Tokyo (1974–77).

The book is a beautifully presented, intimately recounted narrative of the diplomatic happenings involving the U.S. foreign policy toward China. “... Putting a human face on intelligence analysis struck me as a good idea,” writes Platt. “I enjoyed not being hidden. More important, I found that I could make a more cogent analysis to the policymakers once I had explained our thinking in terms understandable to public audiences.”

China Boys reads as a kind of autobiographical diary of the author’s life, which led him from Harvard to the Foreign Service, where he served ambassadorships to Pakistan, the Philippines, and Zambia, and worked as a high-level diplomat in Canada, China, Hong Kong, and Japan.

Through discerning description in disciplined and flawless prose – and peppered with humorous anecdotes – Platt illuminates the usually closed corridors of the State Department and its diplomatic posts. The fluid writing underscores the author’s ease with which he animates the narrative text.

Henry Kissinger, Nixon’s national security adviser, described the brief prepared by Platt for the State Department just before his party departed with the president for China as “… the best he had ever seen from State for any trip or visit,” and, addressing his own staff members, Kissinger said, “I have worked with you before and know what kind of book you produced – the quality of the current set must be Platt’s fault.”

Reviewed by Yoshiaki Shimizu ’55

In the course of its 725 pages, The Four Fingers of Death entertained me, fascinated me, discomfited me, and sometimes confused – but never bored – me. After reading the 75-page introduction, I wondered if Moody could be serious about anything. Montese Crandall’s narrative describes, among other things, the terrible illness of his wife, Tara. As a last-ditch effort, the doctors replace her lungs in an operation that is ultimately only partially successful because of the onset of bacteria. One of the biggest concerns, however, is the nuttiness of George, the donor of the lungs, killed while driving for the first time his prized, reconstituted motorcycle. This introduces Moody’s wildly bizarre humor. Ultimately, the author can be serious. The world he shows is decadent, in the last stages of civilization. I winced, but also laughed – sometimes against my better nature.

The science fiction in the central part of the novel is the best I have ever read. In 2025, Jed Richards is on one of three spaceships on a three-month, 40-million-mile journey to Mars as part of an attempt to start a colony. (At least that’s what they think. NASA’s real purpose is appalling – and backfires.) Moody has mastered the probable details of life with all its demands and complications, both in a 1,200-foot spaceship and in the space station on Mars. Throughout their experience, the men and women on the mission begin to deteriorate both psychologically and physically, because of Planetary Exile Syndrome and infection from a Martian bacterium.
In Book II, Moody soars off into wild flights of imagination. Richards (or what is left of him) is the sole survivor and is hurtling back to earth. The only part of him that returns is his decayed and infected arm. The arm assumes a life of its own, wreaking havoc as it moves about in a world that has lost its bearings.

Much as I enjoyed *The Four Fingers of Death*, certain parts at times seemed like confusing digressions, such as the humorously descriptive of the duct tape that someone uses in an attempt to restrain the arm.

And what about Jed’s returning to earth, more dead than alive, with NASA debating at length the possibility that he is already dead, while actually still alive?

The reflections about the tape don’t seem to relate to anything later on. At least I don’t think they do, but they might. With Moody, at times it is difficult to tell. Sometimes I worried that I wasn’t reading the book carefully enough. But gradually I relaxed. Moody was having fun, so why shouldn’t I? I tightened my seat belt, held on tightly, and enjoyed the wild ride.

Six hundred pages after the introduction, the afterword returns to Montese Crandall and his dying wife. Six hundred pages later. We learn that *The Four Fingers of Death* is a novelization of *The Crawling Hand*, a bad film (or a great one?) produced in 1963. Montese finishes the game of chess with D. Tyrannosaurus, the game he started in the introduction. Then he begins writing *The Four Fingers of Death*. Does this make sense? Of course it doesn’t, but yet, maybe it does if you think about it long enough.
In the Places of the Spirits
by David Grant Noble ’57
SAR Press, 196 pages, $30

Reviewed by George de Man ’57

The publication of a new book by writer-photographer David Grant Noble is cause enough for celebration by all of us who amateurishly poke about the SW looking for petroglyphs, visiting well-established sites of Anasazi and later inhabitants, and marveling at the strength and beauty of these early cultures. But the fact that In the Places of the Spirits exhibits in detail Noble’s wealth of photographic evidence, of which he is as masterly as in the lovingly written descriptions, places the book archivally for me and I’m sure many others who have trekked the sites with him and heard him personally expound his insights. The School is honored to have three large-format photographs by Noble in its permanent collection, where students and alumni can fully appreciate his genius.

That Noble has been to remote sites that are inaccessible, secret, even “lost” there can be little doubt. Most of us can number only a few, guarded, eroded, sometimes tragically defaced “galleries” of desert rock, and walls protected by overhanging cliffs. The full glory of Native American depictions: abstract, shamanistic, hallucinatory – is here for armchair perusal in this new book. In his foreword, N. Scott Momaday compares these works to the greatest of Old World cave art: “The ancient images on rock seem not only a calendar of human tenure, but a link between what we were and what we are . . . not unlike the paintings on the walls of Altamira and Lascaux.”

Noble reminds us of the precious and fragile nature of this work – images pecked white into the gray patina of desert rock, how the “best sites” are closely guarded secrets of guides and archaeologists, what epiphanies await the intrepid who go great distances over rugged terrains to behold something as astounding as the dancing figures at La Cienega or the horned serpents at Galisteo Basin. But he also enthralls with personal detail as in his harrowing escape with a mired-to-the-axles Toyota, far from help and short on food and water. He weaves present-day difficulty into the narrative of ancient peoples seeking the most remote, sacred, and cosmically attuned venues in which to work their magic.

Likewise, Noble brings us into the present life of the descendants of the ancients with photographs of pueblos, rituals, and even a mysterious and creative montage of a modern phoenix against a Hohokam sun petroglyph. The vacancy and vastness of the West is portrayed as only a sensitive photojournalist living in the moment can attest.

The book leaves us, because of Noble’s musings, experiences, and brilliantly written text, aware of what he says are the indigenous peoples’ recognitions of “meaning in landscape” and their “honoring of the spirits of places, their glyphs and feathers as prayers,” and how our own “baggage of colonial experiences and attitudes has created gulfs that need more time to cross.” For those with the time and interest, David Noble’s work is a fine beginning to the journey.

THE TENTH PARALLEL
Dispatches from the Fault Line between Christianity and Islam
by Eliza Griswold ’91
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 336 pages, $27

Reviewed by the Rev. Michael E. Spencer, dean of chapel

In the 13th century, the Muslim Sufi poet Jalal ad-Din Rumi spoke of the limits of perception and the reality of interreligious struggle: “We are like boats dashing together; our eyes are darkened, yet we are in clear water.” All too often, tribal conflict, political tensions, and cultural bias inhibit the acknowledgement of our deep interconnectedness. Dashing together on the surface, cultures become defined through the struggle for identity.

In The Tenth Parallel, Eliza Griswold wades into the flotsam and jetsam caused by the clash between Christianity and Islam. She travels along the tenth parallel – the geological line of latitude north of the equator, known as the “torrid zone,” where more than half of the world’s Christians and Muslims live and push against one another.

Griswold’s beautifully written narrative eschews focus on abstractions of ideological struggle and instead portrays vivid encounters with the people she met during her travels as a journalist. Beginning in oil-rich Nigeria, through the “missionary mayonnaise” of the Sudan, and into the strategic fault line of Somalia, which lies on the edge of Dar-ul-Islam, the Land of Islam, Griswold allows the sights, sounds, and stories of individuals to paint a picture of complex tensions where faith and fundamentalism inform the geopolitics of the region and the struggle for control of diminishing resources. Islam and Christianity, both with an imperative for evangelization, have each staked a claim over the centuries for the heart, mind, and soul of Africa. Consequently, imperialistic tendencies, missionary zeal, and fundamentalist practice have threatened to tear apart the fabric of culture and community. With the globalization of post-modernity in full swing, countries have become internally divided, Griswold asserts, often along tribal lines, even as they experience growing nationalism and the hardening of religious identity.

Moving from Africa to Asia, the book ends in the predominantly Muslim country of Indonesia and the overwhelmingly Christian country of the Philippines, where Griswold challenges the stereotype of these seemingly hegemonic cultures by highlighting the complicated nuances of history, politics, and religion. Throughout the book, by underscoring the interconnectedness of the geopolitical landscape, she demonstrates how events in the Western world have radically shaped fundamentalist tendencies along the tenth parallel. In the emerging century, the reverse is equally as true.

Griswold’s stark realism of cultural ships clashing together amidst the frothy sea of ideological conflict is balanced by Rumi’s timeless wisdom: “The eye of the Sea is one thing and the foam another. Let the foam go, and gaze with the eye of the Sea.” If only we would.
Washington, D.C.
April 21 – At the Smithsonian’s National Museum of the American Indian, Director Kevin Gover ’73 talked about his experience at St. Paul’s and the importance of embracing diversity and global perspective — one of the five areas of focus of the School’s Strategic Plan.

Nantucket, Mass.
July 30 – Sarah Bankson Newton ’79 and her husband, Jeff, opened their door to a summer evening filled with SPS friends at their Nantucket retreat.

Chicago, Ill.
August 20 – Caryn Cross Hawk ’76 and family hosted an Alumni of Color event at LaRabida Children’s Hospital library. In the photo: Front (l. to r.) Kelli Phillips ’97, Caryn Cross Hawk ’76, Monique Washington ’87, Margie Hartfield ’88, Erica McClendon Walker ’99; back (l. to r.) Shawn Timothy Cross Hawk ’09, Shawn Hawk P’09, Nelson Williams ’87. (Not pictured: T.J. Hardaway ’95).
Kennebunkport/Northeast Harbor

August 26 and 30 – Reeve ’81 and Melissa Waud and the Rev. Peter Cheney hosted separate events near Acadia National Park and at St. Ann’s by the Sea, allowing guests to enjoy summer in Maine.

North Shore, Mass.

September 23 – Carroll and Bobby Clark ’61 hosted an event at the Clarks’ home in South Hamilton, Mass., with Peter M. Whitman ’62 and Gracyn R. Whitman ’89.

Alumni Volunteer Weekend

October 1–2 – Volunteers gathered in Concord for a retreat designed to assist their efforts and provide opportunities to talk with the School’s leadership team. Volunteers attended classes, workshops, and the debut of An Evening of SPS Celebration, Reflection, and Storytelling.
The Formnotes below reflect information received through November 2, 2010. Please send news and/or photos of yourself or other alumni to include in these pages. The address is Formnotes Editor, Alumni Horae, St. Paul’s School, 325 Pleasant St., Concord, N.H. 03301 or alumni@sps.edu. Thank you.

1936
Francis R. Bliss wrote in May: “For the first time in 30–odd years, I’ve started putting in my vegetable garden by mid-May. Hope to get to Sabbathday Lake for a hymn-sing with the Shakers.”

1939
From Harry Hilliard: “I have been reading former master John Archer’s insightful book of verse (2002). He died December 2009 [see the obituary in this issue of AH]. Here is a quote: ‘To worry about tomorrow is trouble I don’t intend to borrow. Let past and future go their way. My mind is focused on today.’”

1941
J.B. Smith shared this information: “After SPS, I graduated from Princeton University in 1945 with a B.S.E. in chemical engineering. I entered the U.S. Navy and was assigned to the Manhattan Project (atomic bomb). I married Betsy Ann Howe and we raised four children. All are self-supporting and lead successful lives. We have five grandchildren and, so far, two great-grandchildren. My career covers research, sales, and product management in the broad chemical and water treatment fields. Retiring in 1984 after about 30 years with the American Cyanamid Co. was the smartest thing I ever did besides marrying my bride in 1946. In 1960, after a stint in Houston, Tex., Betsy and I returned to Princeton. In 2004, we escaped to a ‘continuing care retirement community.’ All this avoids the necessity of the children riding herd on the old folk. While the children were relatively young, we spent our summer vacations on the small island of Chappaquiddick off Martha’s Vineyard in Mass. As they grew older, we rented vacation spots in Europe. Betsy and I continued our international travels until a few years ago.”

1948
Twenty members of the Form of 1948 and their spouses, including Pete Coley, Joan Gayley, and Oliver Gayley, gathered at Lincoln Center in June to see Pete Gurney’s latest play, The Grand Manner, at the Mitzi Newhouse Theater.

1949

1951
Peter Elliman proudly announces: “My first grandchild, Daphne Cooke Elliman, was born August 20 in San Francisco. Her parents are Cheryl and Peter Elliman ’87. All are doing fine and now living in nearby Menlo Park.”

Fred Church writes that he and Mary L. Campbell were married on the beach at Hilton Head Island, S.C., on April 28, 2010. “We live at Oldfield, a private river community nearby in Okatie, S.C., where we struggle at golf, fish, work out regularly, hunt for quail and turkey in season, ride occasionally, and enjoy our many friendships, old and new.”

This from Felix Kloman: “My wife Ann has just published her second mystery novel, Isobel’s Odyssey, set again in that small mid–coast Maine fishing village of ‘Elmore Harbor,’ of which she wrote in her first novel Swan-song (2005). Copies are available from Amazon, Barnes & Noble, and Xlibris, as well as from my well–stocked library!”

Felix Kloman, Mark Cluett, John Lorenz, “KC” Morrish, and David Morrish met in Belfast, Maine, on July 21 for their annual mid–coast seaside lunch and mini–reunion.
1953

Peter Paine, who has devoted much of his life to exemplary public service, received the Adirondack Museum’s 2010 Harold K. Hochschild Award in August for his contributions to the protection of the region’s environment, historic resources, and quality of life. Peter writes, “When they start handing out rewards at our age, remember the obituary comes next!”

Peter deL. Swords was awarded the 1844 Medal by the Correctional Association of New York on June 15 at its annual benefit in recognition of his skillful service as treasurer plus more than 30 years of service on the board of directors “in deep gratitude for his energetic devotion to making New York a better, fairer and more caring place for all its residents.” Among the large audience assembled were Peter’s wife, children, and relations (including his cousins Fred Hoppin ’52 and Charles Hoppin ’49), as well as Jim Hammond, Marshall Jeanes, and Nick Platt.

1954

Ted Achilles, Jr., the founder of the School of Leadership, Afghanistan, writes: “SOLA is a people to people, not-for-profit, nongovernmental organization dedicated to the furtherance of global educational opportunities for the new leadership generation of Afghanistan.”

1959

Ridgway Hall was honored with a garden in his name to honor his work with the inner-city charter high school Thurgood Marshall Academy in Washington, D.C.

1960

News from Rich Brewster: “After graduating from Princeton (1964), Harvard Law School (1967), and taking the bar exam, I worked in a local N.Y. political campaign for a great guy (Sol Wachtler, who lost the election, became N.Y. State’s chief judge and was then unfortunately indicted and went to prison). After Sol lost the 1967 election, I went to work for a Wall Street law firm (Milbank Tweed), then went to the U.S. attorney’s office in the Eastern District of N.Y. (1974 to 1979), where I became chief of the criminal division then went into private practice as a partner of a mid-sized Manhattan firm, Moses & Singer (1979 to 1991), which got my two oldest kids through college. After that, I took a year off to write fiction, which didn’t make a dime, then ran my own law practice for about 10 years.

Finally, I landed in the N.Y. State attorney general’s office for a second stint in public service, where I do defensive civil rights litigation for the state’s law enforcement establishment. I went through a divorce, remarried a wonderful woman, Barbara, with whom I live in Manhattan with our sixth-grader, Darrah.”

1961

Stuart Douglas dashed off this note: “On May 5, playing at a golf tournament at Stone Ridge Golf Course in Eagle Point, Oregon, I had my first hole in one – 145 yards with a 7 iron. I have played for 59 years and it was definitely a life highlight. I challenge my formmate Bill Matthews to a friendly game after his retirement.”

William S. Pier, Jr. enjoyed a “wonderful visit with Eric Herter, wife Hoa, and daughter Samantha in Maine last July. I look forward to our 50th!”

1962

Lewis P. Rutherford sent this note: “Still here in Hong Kong, three kids and five grandkids all in same house in San Francisco (three units). Very sad to think of Peter Johnson and others long gone, but looking forward to our class reunion in 2012.”

Richard Schade spearheaded an effort to have a segment of the Berlin Wall permanently installed at the National Underground Railroad Museum Freedom Center in Cincinnati.

1963

Arthur S. Thomas sent this news: “Had a heart transplant three years ago and now I am running 5K races (slowly) and running a consulting busi-

ness for families in the college process. I am retiring from the college office at Lawrenceville this year. Life is very, very good.”

1966

Hugh Clark writes that he is delighted that his elder son, George, married Tricia Desmarais last year and his younger son, William, married Breen Sullivan in October – all four of them have law degrees. George is a U.S. postal inspector; the other three all practice law. No grandchildren yet, but hopeful. Hugh and his wife, Barbara, have been together for more than 36 years. They recently bought a summer cottage on Mt. Desert Island, so anyone who is in the area is welcome to find them on Stonehaven Drive. Hugh has been a professor at Ursinus College for more than 28 years. He is a specialist in middle-period Chinese socio-cultural history. He invites any and all to contribute to his retirement fund by buying his books! Go to Amazon. Barbara is the executive director of the Network of Victim Assistance in Bucks County, Pa.

Dave Dunford said that after a career in investment management, he retired eight years ago to Orleans in Cape Cod, Mass., where he is focusing on public service. He has been a town selectman for six years and

Bill Foulke ‘60 and his wife, Wendy, in Berlin.
is currently running for state representative. His two sons, Brian and Todd, are married and Dave has three grandchildren. Brian is the older son and lives outside Chicago, Ill., while Todd lives in Amherst, Mass.

After a career as a civil rights advocate, prosecutor, opera singer (40 roles in 300 European opera houses), investment advisor and lawyer, **Ray Hornblower** reports that he is in his 11th year in the family business — investing in and advising new medical, energy, and logistics technology companies. His most exciting project is called LPP Combustion (LPPCombustion.com) — a game-changing technology that converts liquid fuels of any type, including waste, garbage gasses, liquids, and bio fuels into a natural-gas substitute with almost zero carbon footprint. Hornblower and LPP plan to roll out the technology first in the Arab world by providing enough cheap energy for desalination projects that could turn the desert into an agricultural area similar to the California Central Valley.

Ray’s son, Sam, is an associate producer at CBS’s 60 Minutes while son Luke, a student at Loyola Law School in Los Angeles, just completed an internship at the SEC. Daughter Natalie, 3, sings with her dad every night, while Cynthia is a phenomenal mother, expert business consultant, and long-suffering spouse.

**George Wheelwright** and his wife, Nancy, live in Camden, Maine, where he works at Jaret & Cohn Real Estate. He has been at this real estate firm since the early 1980s. Before joining Jaret & Cohn, George was a forester for four years, having earned his master’s degree in forestry and environmental studies at Yale. On September 17, 2010, his daughter Christina married Brian Kelly from Cheshire, Conn. The couple now resides in Lincolnville, Maine, next to Camden. His son, Lewis, lives and works in Ecuador.

### 1967

**Stephen K. Barker** reports: “After a year in Washington, D.C., where I served as the interim head of Sidwell Friends School, Sallie and I are now moving to Charlotte, N.C., for the 2010–11 school year, where I will be the interim headmaster at Providence Day School. I am finding the interim role to be an invigorating combination of educator, consultant, and tourist.”

### 1968

**Dean H. Auslander**’s summer news: “I was married to Cristina P. Benitez on April 16 in Manila, Philippines. I have taken up scuba diving; see me on Youtube – ‘HongKong Divers and Dean.’”

### 1971

**David W. Baldwin** composed this message: “Just finished a 4000–sq.–ft. addition to our seed production garden. It was hard work but greatly satisfying. I regret I had no trip to New England this summer.”

**Hornor Davis** checked in: “Kudos to Hugh Schmidt for his incredible commitment linking the class. Great fun. We have just gotten another home in Aiken, S.C., so welcome, anyone, in the area. Our house has a great SPS tradition with the Knox family. We sold our ‘home place’ in West Virginia, where I lived while at SPS and also for the last 15 years. I reflect this is the first time since SPS I no longer have that address. In West Virginia we have a new loft space – lots of invigorating changes.”

### 1972

**David E. J. Holt** reports: “Co-founding fitness magazine, wind energy company, and data center in nuclear bunker. Daughter is on her way to grad school in political science, son is studying jazz guitar. Summer is good in Nova Scotia.”

**Emilio “Lin” Giralt**’s fall message: “I have just moved to Houston – again – and look forward to hearing from my SPS friends. I am starting a firm in management consulting (www.lmbdainternational.net) and have been in touch with Charlie Bronson about potential endeavors together. Next reunion I shall not be a telephone ‘aparition’ as was commented last time. Cheers to all, be well.”

### 1974

**Ed Shockley** writes: “Launching a tour of a new show, One Fine Day, at Firehouse Theatre in New York this fall. I was on-stage in my touring show, Slave Narratives Revisited, in June as a fundraiser for the African American Museum of Nassau. The museum agreed to create summer internships for SPS students interested in fine arts or museum studies.”

From **Dick Henriques**: “On April 19, I started work as chief financial officer for the Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation based in Seattle, Washington.”

### 1978

**Angus Beavers** sent this note: “Now residing on Culebra, Puerto Rico, an island between the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico. Have two kids, Dashiel, 6, and Sadie, 4. Hope all’s well in Millville!”

**Bryan Bell** was selected as one of two finalists for the 2010 National Design Award in Architecture from the Cooper–Hewitt National Design Museum. Bryan will be a Loeb Fellow at Harvard in 2010–11.”
1980
Christina Robert writes: “I was very pleased to catch up with Richard Walsh and family this spring as they came through the UK. Also, had a wonderful time hanging with some of the Form of 2010 in London for the 18th birthday of Cristina Vere Nicoll ‘10.”

1981
Page Chisolm Hughes saw her now 6-foot-4-inch son Andrew off to college! He is studying international business at George Washington University in D.C. Her husband, Robert Hughes, is the director of global development for Clive Christian, an international interior design and luxury goods company. Page is deciding whether to return to practicing law or possibly change careers and teach or work for a nonprofit.

Nina C. McKee checked in with this brief update: “Alive and well in Marshall, Va., with two poodles, eight horses, three-year-old Lily, and husband Rooster Yacubian (who made it safely home after his escape) on a borrowed bicycle, jump off the ski jump (now gone) on a borrowed bicycle, his pioneering domination on the Snurfer (the precursor to the snowboard), and his taunts of the School’s hard-working security officer, Murph (Mr. Murphy). When he’s not leading St. Paul’s guests down steep chutes in the Jackson back-country, Binger is a contractor. He’s lived in Jackson since the mid-1980s.” Other attendees at the Binger–Johnson wedding included Biddle Duke, Lucy Chubb ’82, Nina Houghton ’84, and Gus Wilmerding ’82.

1982
Anne Dickinson Barber’s message: “Graham and I are still in Bartlett, N.H., raising three children, ages 11, 6, and 6. I enjoy working in the family courts of northern N.H. A little different from NYC!”

In April, Nicole Gallagher, Hugh Millard, Alison Horne, Sally Rousse, Louisa Benton, Mariza Scotch, and Gusty Thomas gathered together at Mariza’s home the night before the world premiere of Gusty’s “Jubilee for Orchestra” at Alice Tully Hall in New York City.

1985
Clayton Rutledge Simmons, son of Rutledge Simmons ’85, was born three weeks early, on April 5, 2010, weighing 6 lbs., 14 oz.

1986
Jill Forney sent this note: “Almost one year into a two-year fellowship in psychodynamic psychology after completing my master’s in social work last summer. Life feels very full with that and five kids. Oldest, Jackson, is a Third Former at SPS, while youngest, Beckett (2), is in preschool. Colby, Clio, and Fisher are in sixth grade and partner, Mike, continues to be a provider rather than a consumer of education at UMass/Lowell.”

1987
Lori Huneke writes: “I have been working at the World Expo 2010 Shanghai as a protocol manager at the USA Pavilion. I help arrange the visits of and greet high-level guests from around the world. It has been the experience of a lifetime. Guests whom I have met include Former President Jimmy Carter and Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger. I also had the pleasure of meeting Gaston Caperton, president of the College Board and former governor of West Virginia. After recognizing his last name, we soon realized we knew someone in common: his son and our classmate, John Caperton.”

Proud parents Rena and Brittain Stone announced the June 9, 2010, birth of Linus Mayfield Stone, who weighed 7 lbs. and measured 20 inches long.

1988
Carol MacKinnon Fox e-mailed this September report: “John and I are living in New York City, where I am working at Thomson Reuters as a vice president of strategy in our financial markets division. This year I joined the board of The Nature Conservancy’s Adirondack chapter, which recently made a record-breaking deal to preserve more than 160,000 acres of some of the most pristine parts of the Adirondacks. To mark my 40th birthday, I completed a half Ironman triathlon in June, a goal I have had since taking up the sport seven years ago. Still undecided about the full Ironman – maybe for my 50th birthday?”

From Laura McVey: “In mid-May, Scott Skey and I hosted a gathering for our formmates in the tri-state area. Thanks to Scott, who runs a successful catering business in NYC (www.bitefood.com), we were able to serve up some fabulous food and drink. Scott’s business caters very high-profile events and private parties, so our gathering was a walk in the park for him! Formmates who showed up included Oye Carr, Van Taylor ’91, pictured in April with his two oldest daughters, celebrates his election win for the Texas State Legislature.
Georgia Bush, Ajai Zecha, Fred Jones, Blair Pillsbury Enders, Ray Jackson, Vanessa Fieve Willett, Alison Manolovici Cody, Alex Sparkman, Kyle Lonergan, Alexis Zoulas, Amira Thoron and René Aubry. Apologies if I have overlooked anyone. Several folks brought along spouses. Having Ajai Zecha there was a real treat as he happened to be in NYC. He lives in Singapore, where he runs a coffee business, among other things. I also have to spotlight Oye Carr’s bike shop in NYC (www.modsquad-cycles.com) for anyone looking for a new set of wheels. Finally, I must heap praise on two other attendees – Georgia Bush, who is getting her Ph.D. in macro-economics (God bless her!) and René Aubry, who has been doing disaster relief work in Haiti (see Facetime, p. 45). René’s work reminds all of us how we can make a real difference.

Gordon Bellamy was elected chairman of the board of the International Game Developers Association (IGDA). In its 15th year, the IGDA is the largest nonprofit membership organization serving creators of video games. “I also attended Grinnell Morris’s fantastic wedding celebration in Los Angeles, saw Walt Zink ’90 at his fantasy baseball party in NYC, and spoke at a games conference with John Pleasants ’83 in the span of two weeks. I am also on a Form-Director–inspired vision quest to find everyone in our class and reconnect us in time for our 25th! Yes, we are in the middle of the parade of life.”

1991

On April 13, Van Taylor won his election for District 66’s (west Plano’s) seat in the Texas State Legislature with 58 percent of the vote. Taylor defeated Mabrie Jackson in the GOP run-off to fill the vacated seat of longtime Rep. Brian McCall.

David Oprava announced: “My third book of poetry, Sole, was out in September 2010: a new direction, an autobiographical collection about growing up rural, small, and universal. It’s published by Blackheath Books and is available only in limited, handmade editions. The cover image is actually my daughter’s footprint. Otherwise, still alive in Wales and finishing my Ph.D. in poetry, which gave me the opportunity to be in touch with and interview a few expat alumni, especially Doug Di Salvo, who is camped out on the Ethiopian–Eritrean border. Hoping to make it back for the reunion next June. Well wishes to all.”

1990

A June comment from Marie Schley Morton: “I was disappointed to miss our 20th reunion this year but enjoyed my late–night phone message from whoever that was. Amanda? Hutch? Troy? Very funny!” This from Em Buxton McCann: “Just wanted to share the good news that our fourth McCann, and second daughter, Elle, arrived on July 27, 2010. Big siblings Cooper (6), Emma (4), and Chase (4) are smitten and in perpetual battle for snuggle time with the baby. Our dog, Sula, is a little less solicitous; she literally rolled her eyes when Elle first arrived home. Life is chaotic but so, so fun. Great to see everyone at our 20th in June – we have such an amazing class.”

Charlotte Katherine Toomey and big brother Jackson are the children of Carly and Rob Toomey ’92.
her friends call her, weighed in at a robust 8 lbs., 13 ounces. We are now all settled into our new home in the Portsmouth, N.H., area. Big brother Jackson has been happily distracted by family visits and seems blissfully unaware (for the moment) that he has been dethroned.”

Douglas Trafelet and his wife, Elizabeth, proudly announce the birth of Frederick Sligh Trafelet, who was born just before midnight on May 28, 2010, weighing 8 lbs.

David Waserstein and his wife, Mary, live in New York City with their children, Bunny (born October 22, 2008), and Harry (born January 28, 2010).

1993

Megan Coles Zug and David Zug are delighted to announce the arrival of Julian “Garrett” Zug, born June 25, 2010. He joins big brother Gavin, who turned four in August. They loved spending time with their cousin, Eleanor Parker Evans (daughter of Courtney Coles Evans ’95 and Jonathan Evans), this summer in Maine and Boston.

James Hathaway reports: “Following my two years as a Mansfield Fellow working within Japan’s Foreign Ministry, I decided to move to the Caribbean for a stint. I’ll be serving as the political and economic officer at the U.S. Embassy in Jamaica until 2012, at which point I’ll return to China. I welcome visits from friends in Providence, R.I., and California (you know who you are), as well as others, of course.”

Sam Callard shared a picture of his one-year-old daughter, Sadie, “reading” the spring issue of Alumni Horae (see Letters, pg. 3) and writes: “We recently moved from New York City to Providence, R.I., and would love to hear from other ‘Rhodey’ Paulies!”

1994

Sarah Card Moles and her husband, Eric, welcomed their son, David, into the world on November 25, 2009.

Nick Papanickolas and Kristin Heil were married at the Greek Orthodox Cathedral of Boston on July 4, 2008. The reception was held at the Danversport Yacht Club in Danvers, Mass. They currently reside in Peabody, Mass.

1995

This from Elizabeth Eisenhardt: “I finished my chief resident year here at Maine Medical Center, and I’ve started my new position as a primary care provider with Maine Medical Partners in Falmouth and also

Sarah Card Moles and her husband, Eric, welcomed their son, David, into the world on November 25, 2009.

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with the Maine Medical Center Resident clinic. It is a wonderful mix of clinical medicine and teaching. Most importantly, I am happy to announce the birth of our second child, William Russell Huckel-Bauer, born April 13, 2010. He joins his big sister, Ella, with the 13th birthday club, as her birthday is December 13, 2007. Hope everyone is doing well, and let me know if you are ever in Portland, Maine!”

Landon Loomis and his wife, Holly, proudly announce the August 16 birth of Henry Soren Loomis in New Orleans, La.

Allyson Ross Pachios and Chris Pachios ’94 are excited to announce the birth of Charles Ross Pachios on April 21, 2010, weighing 9 lb., 8 oz., and measuring 21 inches long. Charlie joined sister Saylor (2) and brother Harry (3).

1996

Max Lamont proudly announces the birth of his son, Will, on December 30, 2009, weighing in at 8.1 lbs. and measuring 21 inches long.

1997

Julie (Jarrett) Reid and her husband, Alex, welcomed the birth of their second daughter, Margaret Caroline, on March 9, 2010. Maggie arrived in quite a dramatic fashion – in the lobby of their apartment building in Manhattan. Luckily, both mom and baby are healthy and happy despite the unexpected and quick delivery! Big sister Lily turned three in November and is enjoying the new addition to the family. Julie has returned to work at Credit Suisse, where she is a director on the Convertibles desk.

Christian Peter Rodriguez married Sarah Elizabeth Godfrey on May 1, 2010, at St. Bartholomew’s Church in New York City.

1998

Noelle Kwok Lu and Bryant Lu are delighted to announce the birth of their second son, Noah, on January 11, 2010, in Hong Kong.

Nate Johnson married Clare Ferraro on July 24 in Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass. Paulies in attendance included Avery Forman ’97, Geoff Rogow ’00, Monty Forman ’97, and Stuart Smith.

1999

August news from Ann (Carley) Gavin: “I married Jon Gavin on July 18, 2009, in the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul. The Rev. Richard Greenleaf officiated the ceremony, and Sarah Carley Thompson ’95 and Megan Stroop May were part of the wedding party. We just bought a house outside of Boston and are living the suburb life!”

Cybil Gregory Roehrenbeck and her husband, David, are delighted to announce the birth of their son, Galt Pickering (8 lbs., 8 oz., and 22 inches), on February 3, 2010. Nate Johnson married Clare Ferraro on July 24 in Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass. Paulies in attendance included Avery Forman ’97, Geoff Rogow ’00, Monty Forman ’97, and Stuart Smith.

2000

Katie Baines Drossos graduated from Cornell University’s Johnson Graduate School of Management on May 28, 2010, the same weekend daughter Madeline Ashcroft Drossos (8 lbs.) was born.

Formmates from 1997 met up in NYC for dinner in May. They are (l. to r.) Cornelia H. Van Amburg, Clemie Drackett, Amy Sykes Singer, Barrett Baer, Joanna Baker, Sasha Lewis Heinz, and Jennifer Kim.
Capt. Brandon H. Woods writes: “I hope this finds everyone well. I am currently deployed to Camp Leatherneck, Afghanistan, with Marine Medium Tiltrotor Squadron Z61. The country and people are amazing and I feel on a daily basis we are making a difference. Prior to my deployment, I married the former Danielle Garcia on September 5, 2009, in Morristown, N.J. Just another two months and my unit will be back stateside. Take care and God bless.”

Capt. Jim Baehr reports: “I’ve been assigned to be a defense counsel at Camp Pendleton in sunny Southern California for the first year of my judge advocate trial practice. I live on the Pacific in the surf town of San Clemente, equidistant from downtown Los Angeles and San Diego. Anyone coming through the region drop me a line – I would love to see you.”

Michelle Dodge and Shamar Whyte are pleased to announce the birth of their son, Langston Grant Whyte (8 lb., 13 oz.), on August 9, 2010. Michelle teaches environmental science at Brewster Academy and helps coach crew.

First Lt., Leatherneck Assistant Camp Commandant David Bates e-mailed us this update: “I’m halfway through a year-long deployment in southern Afghanistan, due to head back to Camp Pendleton, Calif., next March. In August, I was quite surprised to run into Forrest Horton aboard the camp where I live. He’d spent most of the summer up in Kabul working as part of a geology internship and was down in Helmand to conduct a site survey of an extinct volcano in the south of the province. We were able to grab dinner together before they left on the survey and then as they came back through we got out for an early-morning run around the camp’s perimeter. It was great to see a familiar face so far from home.”

Jongwook Kim’s March note: “I am currently teaching 10th- and 11th-grade English at Theodore Roosevelt Senior High School here in Washington, D.C., as a Teach for America corps member. I’m loving it, but am discovering how hard teaching is. I’m also thinking back about all the fantastic teachers I had at SPS. Thank you!”

A September check-in from Eli Mitchell: “I’m currently living in Rwanda and working for Wyman Worldwide Health Partners, a health center management NGO. Let me know if your plans ever bring you to Africa. I have a spare bed and can bring you to see the gorillas!”

Jenna Lloyd-Randolfi’s news: “I graduated from Johns Hopkins University in May and this fall began my master’s in chemical and biological engineering at King Abdullah University of Science and Technology (KAUST) in Saudi Arabia. Hi to all alumni in the Middle East; I hope to make it to my five-year reunion next summer.”

Taylor Robinson ‘01 married Hanna Robinson on April 24 in New York City. Guests included (l. to r.) Browning Platt ’12, Torey Lee ’11, Isa Widdowson ’02, LeeLee Robinson ’02, Oakley Duryea ’95, the groom and bride, Matthew McKeen ’01, Jake Cail ’01, Julia Sortwell ’01, Will Lynch ’01, Suzette Oates ’00, Simon Perkins ’01, and Werner Kratovil ’00.

Present at the wedding of Nate Johnson ’99 and Clare Ferraro were (l. to r.) Avery Forman ’97, Geoff Rogow ’00, the bride and groom, Monty Forman ’97, and Stuart Smith ’99 (not pictured).

Kim Lofgren ’05, Inger Karlsson ’00, and Inger’s daughter, Ulrika, at Anniversary in June.

Cianna Wyshnytzky ’07 (l.) was a senior forward on the Amherst women’s hockey team, which won its second consecutive NCAA Division III National Championship.
Make a gift to SPS – and keep the money working for you . . .

It was 2008 and Ginny and Andy Hall ’58 had returned to Concord to celebrate his 50th reunion.

“It reminded me of what SPS had done for me,” Andy says. “The faculty were very demanding of me. I was a one-dimensional student, and they really drew me out. SPS got me headed in the right direction both academically and spiritually.”

Even at Princeton, Andy recalls, he continued to receive letters from then-Rector Matthew Warren. The clear message: You’re special to us. “I felt an obligation to give something back to SPS as it was instrumental to my future success.”

Andy originally contemplated including St. Paul’s School in his will. Then he discovered that he could provide for the School more immediately through a charitable gift annuity while retaining the benefit of his gift’s earning power to support himself and his wife.

“It makes no difference to my family,” he adds, “and I was able to support the Lindsay Center for Mathematics and Science – a project in line with both my life’s work and the School’s greatest need – now.”

The Halls’ decision turned out to be mutually beneficial for the family and for St. Paul’s.

To confidentially explore if such a commitment might be a win–win for you:

Contact Bob Barr, Director of Gift Planning, 603–229–4875 or rbarr@sps.edu; or to explore on your own, visit our Planned Giving website at www.sps.edu and click on “Giving.”
Death notices for alumni whose names are red appear in the following pages. The section was updated October 22, 2010.

1930– Wirt Lord Thompson
June 24, 2010

1931– Frederick Smith Strong III
May 22, 2010

1933– William Everdell
September 3, 2010

1934– Richard Sears
September 10, 2010

1935– Louis Philippe deGive
March 25, 2010

1936– John Dean Purdy
March 16, 2010

1937– Frederick Hamilton Donner
February 4, 2004

1937– John Bennett Oliver
July 4, 2010

1938– Rene di Rosa
October 3, 2010

1939– T. Decker Orr
July 3, 2010

1940– Josiah Howe Vose Fisher
July 29, 2010

1941– Wayne Johnson, Jr.
October 20, 2010

1941– Coleman Benedict
McGovern, Jr.
October 22, 2010

1943– Stephen Wolcott Spencer
July 21, 2010

1944– William J. C. Hughson
July 3, 2010

1945– Gordon Taft Cheney
July 19, 2010

1945– Lea Marsh Griswold
July 30, 2010

1946– Arthur Wendell Gardner
April 1, 2010

1949– Landon Evarts
June 2, 2010

1949– Harry King Baird
October 18, 2010

1951– Warren Wilson
April 7, 2008

1952– O. Kingsley Hawes II
September 1, 2010

1954– Holcombe Ward Hurd
June 6, 2010

1956– John Phillips Britton
June 8, 2010

1959– George Vernon Coe III
May 27, 2010

1959– John Arthur Holmes, Jr.
August 21, 2010

1959– Peter Rich Kinnear
May 14, 2010

1959– Roger Angus Craig Williams
July 2, 2010

1960– Richard Preston Jones
September 28, 2010

1961– Alexander Griswold Higgins
August 12, 2010

1961– Thomas Frederick Vietor III
October 1, 2010

2003– Kathryn Faye “Katie” Robertson
February 7, 2010

Former Faculty
John S.B. Archer
December 21, 2009

Driss R. Knickerbocker
December 13, 2009

SEND A TRIBUTE

Honor your friends and loved ones in Alumni Horae. We accept any number of materials to help us in preparation of obituaries. You may send a copy of an obituary, your own written tribute, a note listing a few facts about the deceased, or an e-mail version of any of these. We also request that you send a photo for inclusion.

Mail your information to: Editor, Alumni Horae, 325 Pleasant Street, Concord, NH 03301 or e-mail the information and photos to us at alumni@sps.edu.

1931
Frederick Smith Strong III

passed away after a brief illness at 96 on May 22, 2010, in Bloomfield Hills, Mich. Born in Washington, D.C., on September 12, 1913, to General Frederick S. Strong, Jr., and Marjorie Ward Strong, he grew up in Orchard Lake, Mich. There he learned to love golfing, swimming, and sailing, activities he continued throughout his life.

He entered the Third Form in January 1928, from the Cranbrook School in Birmingham, Mich. He earned Second Testimonials in both 1929 and 1930. As a Sixth Former, he played Old Hundred football and hockey and rowed for Halcyon. He also belonged to the Scientific Association, the Glee Club, and the Chess Club. He earned his B.A. from Princeton University in 1935 and his M.B.A. from Harvard University in 1937.

He served in the U.S. Army during World War II (1941–46), earning the rank of Major. He served in field artillery in the Western Pacific, where he met his wife, Mary West, a Red Cross volunteer. They were married in 1948, and she preceded him in death in 1987. In 1989, he married Elizabeth “Betty” Shontz, who passed away in 1999.

His business career included positions with Ford Motor Company in their Chicago and Detroit offices and then with National Bank of Detroit. He retired in 1978 as a vice president and trust officer, developing his own practice as an estate and financial-planning consultant in his retirement.
In his community, he served as trustee for both the Detroit Historical Society and St. Anne’s Mead Retirement Home and was a sub–chairman for the United Foundation Fund Drive. He was a member of Christ Church Cranbrook and served for many years as an usher and member of the vestry. He belonged to the Princeton Club and the Harvard Club. One event he attended faithfully every five years was the Princeton reunion, including the “P–rade.”

For the last 20 years, Mr. Strong divided his time between Michigan, Long Island, N.Y., and Vero Beach, Fla. He continued to swim and sail and was a competitive golfer and bridge player into his eighties, when macular degeneration made playing impossible. Later in life, he also developed a passion for croquet and played in “whites” on Long Island.

Until the last two months of his life, Mr. Strong traveled regularly on his own to visit his children, grandchildren, and friends around the country.

He is survived by his three children: Frederick Smith Strong IV, Robert A.W. Strong, and Eugenie M. Kauffman; six grandchildren; seven great–grandchildren; and a sister, Rosamond Bradshaw. He was preceded in death by his brother, John “Jack” Strong, and his sister, Marjorie “Peggy” Richardson.

1935
Louis Philippe deGive

Born in Atlanta – where his father was the Belgian Consul – on November 24, 1916, to Katherine Ransford deGive and Henry Leon deGive, he was the youngest scion of a distinguished Belgian family that put down roots in Civil War Georgia and went on to become a prominent Atlanta family, died of a stroke at 93 on March 25, 2010.

Mr. deGive enjoyed a rich social and civic life in Saratoga, Calif., where he lived for 42 years. He and his wife socialized frequently, especially enjoying bridge. Eventually they purchased a small motor home and took pleasure in the travel freedom it afforded them. After her death in 1995, he joined the Venture Outers RV Club in order to continue his association with fellow enthusiasts. Numerous past–times engaged Mr. deGive in retirement. He enjoyed playing his three–manual home organ, and seldom did visitors leave without being treated to one or two of the “old time” songs he loved. Mr. deGive – Lou to his friends – was also active in ham radio activities, serving several years as Saratoga’s emergency communications coordinator. Complementing his technical interests was a delight in gardening. He grew figs, guavas, lemons, limes, oranges, and tomatoes, and loved to share his bounty with friends and neighbors. Similar talent and generosity were evident when he made bread, pies, jellies, and marmalades. Perhaps his most unusual hobby was chiromancy, or palmistry. He said that his mother taught him to read palms and impishly remarked that this provided him a great excuse for “holding the ladies’ hands.”

Active almost to the end, Mr. deGive lived independently with his two cats, did most of his own yard work, and on Sundays walked to the nearby Church of the Ascension, where he was a faithful communicant. Predeceased by his parents, siblings, and wife, he is survived by three children, four grandchildren, one great–granddaughter, and numerous nieces and nephews. Following cremation, half his ashes were scattered over the Pacific to mingle figuratively with those of his wife, while the other half are destined to return to the family plot in Atlanta’s historic Westview Cemetery.

The editor is grateful to Mr. deGive’s daughter, who provided information for this obituary.
Holcombe Ward Hurd

a lifelong resident of New Jersey, died in Tinton Falls, of natural causes, on June 6, 2010, at age 74. He was the son of Richard M. Hurd, Jr., ’24 and Helen L. Hurd, born on November 29, 1935. After preparation at Rumson Country Day School in Rumson, N.J., he entered the Second Form in 1949.

His enthusiasm for math, electronics, and music were evident – and nurtured – during his SPS years. He sang in the Glee Club and was secretary of the Scientific Association. He also participated in the Missionary Society and le Cercle françois. As a Sixth Former, he played football for the Old Hundred club, was a member of the wrestling and hockey teams, and rowed for Shattuck.

His daughter, Claire Hurd, provided a glimpse into her father’s time at SPS and his affection for the math department. In 1979, while at boarding school herself, she phoned home one Sunday and mentioned she would be having a substitute math teacher named Mr. Smith. Mr. Hurd perked up.

"Mr. Smith?" he asked. "Watch out. If you’re not paying attention, he can whirl around and pitch a piece of chalk that will whosh within a half inch of your ear – but it won’t hit you. He has perfect aim. He’s the best teacher you’ll ever have."

After SPS, Mr. Hurd continued his study of math, science, and engineering at MIT and Columbia University, and earned his B.S. in electrical engineering from Monmouth College (University) in 1962. He later took graduate courses at Brooklyn Polytechnic. He worked as a microwave engineer in research and development for a number of corporations, specializing in guidance systems. He retired as chief scientist at Flexco Microwave in Port Murray, N.J. He was a member of St. Anthony Hall and IEEE (Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers).

He took several years away from engineering to share his love and aptitude for mathematics with students at Red Bank Regional High School. Math problems and puzzles were recreation to him. For years he kept a spare computer at home, randomly shuffling a virtual deck of cards to see if any useful patterns would emerge.

He also enjoyed singing and playing the piano. He sang in the choir at All Saints Episcopal Church in Locust, N.J., and played piano to entertain residents at Seabrook, the assisted living facility to which he and his wife retired in Tinton Falls, N.J.

Mr. Hurd is survived by his wife of 40 years, Elizabeth “Beth” Hurd of Fairhope, Ala., his children, Holcombe Ward Hurd, Jr., Claire Hurd, Shelley Leigh, and Roy Cox; seven grandchildren, including Alexandra Leigh ’96; two great-grandchildren; and nieces and nephews, including Richard Hurd ’74. He was predeceased by his brother, Richard M. Hurd, Ill ’48. His great-grandfather graduated from SPS in 1883.

John R. McGinley ’54 wrote, “There was always a light moment around [Ward], sometimes at his expense – which he took with good grace – and sometimes at others’. Whenever they play the hymn ‘The Church’s One Foundation . . . ,’ I always think of Ward. Some of us used to sing ‘the church’s one foundation is our friend Wardie Hurd.’ Then the hard part was not howling with laughter in the church.”
George Vernon Coe III

avid outdoorsman, fisherman, and conservationist, died peacefully on May 27, 2010, at 69. He was born December 5, 1940, the only son of George V. Coe, Jr. ’28 and Martha Rutgers Coe of Rumson, N.J., where he spent his childhood and attended Rumson Country Day School. He entered the Second Form in 1954.

He played on Old Hundred football and baseball teams, competed on the SPS varsity boxing team, and rowed with Halcyon. He also played hockey and lacrosse. During his Sixth Form year, he served on the Attendance and Green Room Committees and joined the Missionary Society and Scientific Association. He also sang in the SPS Choir.

After graduation, he attended Tulane University, then served in the New Jersey National Guard. He began his business career with Chemical Bank and later became a private investor. He owned Oliver’s Orvis Shop in Clinton, N.J., which was another outlet for his love of the sporting life.

His passion for the outdoors focused mainly on bird hunting, fishing (especially fly fishing), clay–pigeon shooting, and golf. To pursue these sports, in 1962 he became a member of the Rumson Country Club in his hometown. In 2001, he was elected a director and served on the club’s board of governors until 2005. Mr. Coe distinguished himself by winning the club’s clay–pigeon shooting trophies multiple times, the skeet shooting championship twice, the trap shooting championship twice, and the overall shooting championship seven times.

Golf was also on his menu, and he often participated in the Rumson Country Club’s early morning shape–up, a game that involved a cash reward, which pleased him to no end.

Mr. Coe owned a home in Islamorada, Fla., where he often went to indulge his longstanding dream of catching a tarpon over 200 pounds on a fly rod, an extremely rare feat. He did catch many tarpon weighing in the high one–hundreds.

As well as being an active sportsman and traveler in the great outdoors, he was involved in clubs and organizations that served the interests of conservation and the sporting life. He was chairman of the Atlantic Flyway of Ducks Unlimited and the Camp Fire Club of America, served on the board of the African Wildlife Foundation, and was a member of the Boone & Crockett Club, Game Conservation International, and the Philadelphia Gun Club.

In his community, he served as vice–chairman of the board for Monmouth Medical Center and chairman of the board for Monmouth Chemical Dependency Treatment Center.

Mr. Coe is survived by his wife, Sarah H. Coe; daughters Elizabeth H. Coe, Holly R. Coe, and Alexandra Coe; three grandchildren; his sister, Brucie Coe; his uncle Nicholas G. Rutgers ’44; and cousins Michael D. Coe ’46 and Anthony D. Duke ’60.

Contributors to this obituary include Sydney Waud ’59 and Tony Duke ’60, who wrote, “The picture shown here of George is from a 1976 tiger–fishing trip in Rhodesia, now Zimbabwe. It’s a wonderful depiction of this good man ‘in his element.’ We will miss him.”

Kathryn Faye “Katie” Robertson

scholar, artist, athlete, died, on February 7, 2010, in a pedestrian/freight train accident at a crossing in the community of Rowena in The Dalles, Oregon. She was 25, born on August 28, 1984, the daughter of Margaret Almeda Hewitt and Joseph Edward Robertson. After attending Oregon Episcopal School, Portland, Oregon, she entered the Third Form in 1999.

In her four years at SPS, she was awarded the Fine Arts Dickey Prize in 2000 and earned Second Testimonials in 2000 and First Testimonials in 2001 and 2002. She was the head of the Art Association and a member of the Independent Study Program (ISP) committee. She earned All–Lakes Region honors as a member of the SPS Nordic ski team, was part of three New England Nordic championship teams, and rowed on SPS junior varsity and varsity crews. She graduated magna cum laude with Distinction in Fine Arts, Humanities, Modern Languages, Mathematics, and Science.

Katie spent a year studying and traveling in Europe and South America before joining the Dartmouth College Class of 2008. While at Dartmouth, she was a romance languages major, who participated in three off–campus programs, including a Language Study Abroad (LSA) program for Italian in Rome; the Portuguese LSA in Salvador, Brazil; and the Spanish LSA in Barcelona. The spring after her college graduation, she also accompanied Dartmouth students on the Barcelona LSA as a teaching assistant. She was actively involved in the Thursday Night Salsa group at Dartmouth.

At the time of her death, she was in a master’s degree program in Spanish at Middlebury College.
Friends remember Katie as a “happy, wonderful person” who was dedicated to the arts. Her SPS roommate and friend Lauren McKenna ’03 remembers, “Katie had a heart of gold and a laugh and smile that were contagious. She was a great roommate and friend to me and touched many other formmates and teachers at SPS. Katie was an unbelievably talented artist and spent countless hours in Hargate, perfecting her work. Additionally, she seemed to thrive in her Spanish courses. As one of the strongest female athletes in our form, Katie helped her cross country skiing and crew teams defeat many opponents. The memories of Katie are near and dear to us all. She will be greatly missed by the Form of 2003 and many other Paulies.”

Katie’s mother, Maggie Hewitt, recalls her daughter’s love for St. Paul’s, her particular passion for Nordic skiing, her kind, caring, and thoughtful personality, her availability to her many friends, and her gentle nature. “As well as being an excellent student,” Ms. Hewitt wrote, “she was capable of great humor and silliness. She easily laughed at herself and would have childlike fits of laughter with everyday pleasures.”

Survivors include her parents and her brother, Charles Joseph Robertson ’05.

**Former Faculty**

**John S.B. Archer**

Born in Salem, Mass., on December 13, 1908, he was a graduate of the Loomis School, Windsor, Conn., and of Harvard in 1931, where he majored in French. He often told the tale of his first interviews with Samuel Drury, Rector of St. Paul’s at that time, and Henry Kittredge, then head of the Lower School. He was hired for three months in the spring to fill a faculty vacancy in the Lower School, not to teach anything specific but to keep order in an unruly dormitory.

He was successful and was asked to return in the fall to teach French after going to Paris in the summer at the School’s expense. The rest is history!

He taught from 1931 until his retirement in 1974 after many years as head of the Modern Languages Department and independence Foundation master. He was the housemaster of Ford for many years and involved with tennis and squash. He served in the Signal Corps of the U.S. Army in World War II, stationed on remote islands in Alaska to monitor Japanese military radio traffic.

He was active in several professional organizations locally and nationally and received the award of Chevalier de l’Ordre des Palmes Academiques from the French government in 1967.

In retirement, he did research for and wrote articles for the New Hampshire Historical Society and the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society, now the Hopkinton Historical Society. His first collection of poems was privately published in 2001 and enthusiastically received by a growing readership, and in March 2008 he signed a contract with Publishing Works, Inc., Exeter, N.H., to publish his book of poems, *Walking Backwards toward Old Age*. The book was nationally debuted on October 1, 2008 – two months before his 100th birthday.

His wife, Margaret Tyler Archer, whom he married in 1937, predeceased him in 1992. Survivors include two daughters, Susan and Phebe; six grandchildren; and eight great-grandchildren. Another daughter, Peggy, died in 1996, and a son, Charles ’67, died in 2005.

John S.B. Archer

Former Faculty

Driss R. Knickerbocker

of Rahway, N.J., a retired priest of the Episcopal Church and a member of the St. Paul's School Religion Department from 1968 to 1970, died, at the age of 70, on December 13, 2009, in St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, N.Y.

A graduate of the University of Michigan, he received his B.A. in 1966. He received a master’s degree in divinity from the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass., in 1969, and a Ph.D. from Oxford University in 1974.

After serving the Church of England, he returned to the U.S. and the Episcopal Church in 1984. Trained as a professional interim rector, Mr. Knickerbocker served as interim rector in various Episcopal churches, most recently at St. Paul’s Episcopal Church, Rahway, from which he retired in 2006.

He was predeceased by his life partner, George Brown, in 2002. Surviving are his stepmother, Melba Knickerbocker; a step-sister, Sandra Kischnick; nephews and their families in Michigan; and a lifelong dear friend, Arville I. Stephen of Boston, Mass.
René Aubry ’88 (raubry@post.harvard.edu)

René Aubry was born and raised in Haiti until his family moved to New York when he was seven. Despite his long absence from his country of birth and the death of both of his parents – his true links to his heritage – by the time Aubry was 20, he felt compelled to act when a devastating earthquake struck Haiti on January 12, 2010. Within two weeks, Aubry was on the ground in Haiti and had cobbled together a network of friends and medical professionals to assist the quake’s victims. He called the group “Denise,” after his mother. As the anniversary of the disaster approaches, Aubry is launching Ciel Capital Partners (www.cielcapitalpartners.net), a venture fund aimed at creating jobs in Haiti.

Q What do you remember of Haiti from your childhood?
A My memories are happy ones – playing soccer barefoot with my brothers, sleeping under a tin roof and hearing the beautiful sound of rain, and my mother being a present part of my life.

Q How did you react to the earthquake?
A What helped me into action was not thinking about the enormity of it all. When I tried to figure it out, the fact that it was immediate made it impossible not to act. Someone told me they had a friend who needed help. It was a discrete task. From that, we realized we could help people get in and out of Haiti. I realized it would be irresponsible of us not to do that. More often than not, people don’t go seeking out these [leadership opportunities] – they are dragged into it. I was lucky enough to have a network that supported me in finding answers. Luckily somebody else’s greater sense of desperation helped give me focus.

Q Can you describe e-mails and calls you received after the earthquake?
A I was on the tail end of a trip to South America when I started to get e-mails asking how I was. About a quarter of the e-mails were from people I didn’t know, asking me to help them.

Q What was your first breakthrough?
A My greatest strength is working on logistics. We contacted JetBlue and they agreed to provide free flights for our relief personnel. We then pulled together a network who helped transport people from the Dominican Republic to Haiti. Within three hours of the agreement with JetBlue we had more doctors contacting us than we could accommodate. We helped a total of 50 medical personnel get to Haiti.

Q What did you find in Haiti?
A It was surreal. Everything just looked broken. The most fitting sight was the presidential palace, which seemed to have collapsed as much from the weight of history as the quake. There was a kinetic energy there. There was a sense of cooperation and a sense of this is not going to destroy us. I found that really humbling. I did recognize the enormity of the pain, the enormity of the loss, both physical and metaphorical, but there was no sense of real quit. It seemed that, no matter what, there would be a way through – they would be rebuilding, they would survive.

Q How have things changed since then?
A When I went there most recently, the energy was different. There was less of a sense of desperation in the air. There was an acceptance like this is how it is now. The big corner has not been turned yet.

Q What is Ciel Capital Partners?
A “Denise” raised $30,000, all for relief aid, but we never intended it to be indefinite. The last thing we wanted to do was hang around. My goal after that was to find a way to have a long-term, sustainable impact. The goal of Ciel is to bring knowledge-based, value-added jobs to Haiti. Saving a life is noble; giving purpose and opportunity to that person is just as meaningful.

Q How can people help?
A What I’d like more than anything else is for those who read this to think of ways that they can be useful. Many may be in positions of authority in organizations that can have a real impact in Haiti. To those people, I say, contact me and let’s work on the larger issues. My approach is one that says let’s get Haiti’s economic engine running again. Let’s help Haiti help itself. This is not about me; it’s about helping people who will never know my name.
Flowers flooded the stage beneath him. His colleagues – ballerinas, dancers, even the behind-the-scenes types – wiped tears from their eyes during a 25-minute curtain call celebrating the close of the dancer’s brilliant 23-year career onstage.

On June 13, 2010, tears flowed freely within the David H. Koch Theater, home to the New York City Ballet and home of Neal for the better part of his adulthood – except from the eyes of Neal himself. “Everyone around me was crying,” acknowledges Neal, 42, a veteran of more than two decades on the stage at Lincoln Center. “I had a job to do and had to get through it. I was relieved and joyous. I was happy and proud and nostalgic. I was resolved, not sad. I had achieved what I had set out to do with no regrets. Now it’s the beginning of something else.”

Dancing became a passion for Philip Neal when he was 11 and routinely accompanied his mother to fetch his sister at her ballet classes in Richmond, Va. There, he would mimic his sister’s movements, quickly (to her sibling-rivalry-fueled chagrin) becoming the center of attention. “My mother said, ‘I guess we’ll have to get you your own class,’” recalls Neal, who soon immersed himself in tap, ballet, and gymnastics. “I don’t think there are many 11-year-old boys who know what they are going to do for the rest of their lives, but I knew it from the very first day. I have never felt more comfortable than in the ballet studio.”

Neal danced for six years in the Richmond Ballet School before meeting then-SPS ballet director Richard Rein during a summer stint at the School of American Ballet arranged by former NYC Ballet star Edward Villella. Rein introduced Neal and his parents (who ran cotillions for a living) to the idea of boarding school. “It was the atypical route, but my father was adamant that I get a terrific education. He was like, ‘If this ballet thing doesn’t pan out, what are you going to do?’”

Neal says he often recounts to young male dancers his inauspicious beginning with the SPS Ballet Company, in which his braces became snagged on the tulle of the ballerina’s tutu during a rehearsal for The Nutcracker.

But that was merely an outtake of an otherwise splendid career, at the beginning of which Neal won a silver medal in the 1985 International Prix de Lausanne ballet competition. Within a year of his St. Paul’s graduation, he was accepted to the New York City Ballet’s corps de ballet. He was promoted to the rank of soloist in 1991 and the following season was named a principal dancer of the New York City Ballet, a title he held until his retirement.

Neal describes his early years with the NYC Ballet as “exciting but tough. There’s no life except life in the theater those first few years. It’s not always beautiful at the ballet. You are supposed to make the impossible look effortless.” Neal, however, reflects with nostalgia on the 13-hour days he and his fellow dancers put in, often breaking from eight hours of classes and rehearsals only long enough to catch a quick breath before gracefully stepping out before Lincoln Center’s evening audiences.

As a principal dancer, Neal shouldered the burden of being front and center for years, sometimes as often as seven nights a week. (“The moment we were done with one ballet, we were preparing for the next.”) For a decade, he was nicknamed “Backbone,” a reflection of his ability to carry the heaviest load of all the principals at any given time.

“These were the happiest moments of my career,” he says. “Just feeling so needed and being able to contribute to something so beautiful and fulfilling. Being a principal you have a lot of responsibility with every appearance. You can’t hide in the back. You can’t have a bad night. But the more that was asked of me, the happier I was.”
During his career, Neal fought through multiple ankle and knee injuries, coming back stronger each time through what he calls “tenacity, discipline, and the desire to go out on top.” Though it’s hard to distill his career into a single highlight reel, he counts guest appearances with the Kirov Ballet in St. Petersburg, Russia, and with the Paris Opera Ballet at Paris’s Garnier Palace as some of his fondest memories. With the Kirov, Neal danced George Balanchine’s “Serenade,” one of his favorites. It is so close to his heart, in fact, that he chose the piece as one of his final performances on June 13 at Lincoln Center.

The New York City Ballet is known for its vast repertoire, including the legacies of choreographic luminaries Balanchine and Jerome Robbins. Neal has become a trustee of those pieces, serving as a repetiteur – staging and casting the ballets appropriately around the world – for both men’s works. Since his retirement, Neal has relocated to Palm Beach, Fla., with his partner, but remains on the faculty of the NYC Ballet’s School of American Ballet and has signed on as a liaison with the Miami City Ballet. The Miami stint represents a full circle for Neal, as its ballet chief, Edward Villella, is the same man who arranged a summer scholarship at the School of American Ballet for Neal after meeting the young dancer in Richmond. It was that summer that Neal met Richard Rein, who introduced him to St. Paul’s.

Rein was among dozens of friends and family members who journeyed to New York for Neal’s emotional final performance. “You don’t have a better career than Philip had,” Rein told Alumni Horae. Bathed in the limelight for the final time, Neal put on a performance that the New York Times called “a full and appropriately graceful acknowledgment of the intensity and meaning of the moment.”

“I really feel my true self when I am dancing, and if it has brought pleasure to other people, that is great,” Neal says. “I am really lucky to have been able to make a career out of it.”
As others have done before, I brought a new student to St. Paul’s this fall, one who will embark on a new chapter in her life. The experience, as an alumnus, was perhaps even more poignant than Anniversary Weekend. My SPS experience is also entering a new chapter, moving from memory to anticipation, from indirect to direct. I wonder, as we leave the Rectory with my daughter’s Big Sister, whose school is this – mine or my daughter’s?

Much seems to have changed at SPS, but I think those of us who visit from time to time see those changes with our minds, although our hearts say differently. I see more clearly what has stayed the same and find what is different may just be modern expression of the old. The small dorm room with a roommate – the same. Instant communication in the room, phone, voicemail, e-mail instead of pay phones at the Upper – different. Central focus on community and Chapel – the same. Practical application of community in the residential life program, community service, and residential adviser – different.

In my day, it seemed like if you were punctual and kept your commitments, you could be left pretty much alone if you wanted. But now I realize that the level of engagement by teachers and programs is astonishingly broad and constant.

As our family walks around the campus, the familiar and the different evoke memories. I always liked the size and separation of the buildings and grounds. Even in my time, while there was plenty of space, the campus seemed full. Now I see all the new buildings – dance, theater, gym, dorms, outdoor amphitheater – and even though I know there are a lot more buildings on the grounds, the connected but separated fit of the campus is just as comfortable. My daughter notes the beauty of the campus and already feels confident that she knows her way around as if the three visits she has made before becoming a student are all it takes.

Our daughter packed for hours over a couple of days and we drove a full car up from our home in New York to her new home in Brewster, but it took only about 30 minutes to bring it all into her room. I wonder if all the hard work of lower and middle school has just been a long prologue to a journey that makes all of the previous school years seems like a small suitcase of clothes in a very large chest of drawers. We speak in the common room to her adviser, who is also head of house, and I think that I once must have poked my head in his door for check-in even though he tells us that he came to the School long after I left. There is just that familiar connection to the house masters of the quad that anyone who has lived there, as I did in Ford, recognizes on a subconscious level.

Sent out to shop for some forgotten items as we unpack, I never make it to lunch with my daughter and her mother in the Upper, but I know she moves with confidence past the names on the walls that include four previous generations of her family. And as she tells us there is nothing more to do to get her settled and gently nudges us to depart, that’s when I realize that this confidence is not about our histories, but about her certainty that this place contains her future and that she has been looking forward to making SPS hers.

Sincerely,

Arthur “Quarry” Bingham ’78
The St. Paul’s experience is amazing both inside and outside the classroom. I could talk about St. Paul’s forever. It’s so easy to be part of something when you care about it so deeply.

– Vicky Thomas ’07

At an Evening of SPS Celebration, Reflection, and Storytelling on October 28, at New York City’s Chelsea Piers, Vicky Thomas, Kareem Roberts ’99, and Trevor Patzer ’92 shared their inspirational stories.

To make your gift to the 2010-11 Annual Fund, please go to www.sps.edu/giving. Thank you!
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PHOTO BY JANA F. BROWN