The Alumni Parade began in the 1920s as part of the send-off for the Halcyon and Shattuck race day events on Long Pond. The Parade followed the Alumni Association Annual Meeting in the Community House, which was located between Alumni House and Scudder. Alumni gathered by Forms outside the Community House and marched to the flagpole to give the Halcyon and Shattuck crews, in their horse-drawn carts, a rousing send-off to the Boat Races on Long Pond. The Parade changed a bit when the City of Concord closed Long Pond in 1951 and the School had to relocate its crew races to a shortened course on Turkey Pond.
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You know those little white plastic tripods that come with take-out pizza to prevent the cardboard cover from sagging down and sticking to the cheese? It’s unusual to see them in the street, but that’s where my colleague Bob Barr spotted one recently as we were walking from the Upper to Alumni House after lunch. It was hard by the granite curb opposite Kittredge House, and Bob bent to pick it up without breaking stride.

As we neared the flagpole, I glanced over toward the Post Office and recalled a similar incident from my first year on the faculty at SPS: It was the fall of 1993 and I was leaving the P.O., en route to lunch amidst an ocean of students. A few yards ahead of me was George Chase Sr., who had been my head of house in Drury back in 1967–68 and was now near retirement. As George crossed the granite pavers near the flagpole, he paused to scoop up a candy bar wrapper, which he crumpled and stuffed into his pocket. I recall being struck by what he did, and even more by what he didn’t do: He did not look around to see who was watching him, nor did he say anything to nearby students who had stepped over the wrapper moments earlier. I’ve often seen new Rector Mike Hirschfeld stoop to pick up trash while walking around the grounds of the School, and I cannot number the times I’ve seen Bill Matthews clear used napkins, abandoned glasses, and silverware from tables in the cafeteria.

One of the enduring lessons of life in community at SPS is that even our smallest acts can have lasting consequences. To be constantly aware of this potential is to court madness: We can hardly take account of the possible follow—on effects of everything we say and do in the course of a typical day! From time to time, though, it’s important to reflect on what we’ve learned from others in this way, and valuable to hear from others about how our words and actions have affected them.

Soon after Anniversary and Graduation one year, I received a note from a student who had entered SPS as a new Fifth Former. In her initial days at the School, we met in the lobby of Ohrstrom Library during first period on the first day of fall—term classes. As luck would have it, it was pouring rain. Soaking wet and confused, she looked at me and said, “This isn’t Payson, is it?” I told her she’d taken a wrong turn leaving Chapel, then fibbed and said I needed to go to the Schoolhouse and would show her the way to Payson. We walked over together, sheltered by my umbrella, and I don’t recall ever talking with her again. So it was a surprise to get her note two years later and to read her expression of thanks for my small act of kindness, which she said had meant a great deal to her. Her note meant a great deal to me, too: It reminded me not only of the many opportunities we have here every day to both teach and to learn, but also of the importance of expressing gratitude.

So, Bob Barr, George Chase, Mike Hirschfeld and Bill Matthews, thank you for the important work you’ve each done for the School, each in your own time and in your own way – for all the major projects undertaken and important decisions made. But thank you also, and equally, for the lessons in stewardship, personal responsibility and modesty embedded in your everyday acts of care and kindness. They’ve meant a lot to me, and I promise to continue practicing your lessons going forward.

I’ve been blessed to have had multiple roles at SPS and have tried to be an active learner or teacher (or both) at each stage of the journey – first as a student, then in faculty roles as director of Ohrstrom Library, humanities teacher, academic dean and vice rector. The enthusiasm and energy of current students and SPS alumni during Anniversary Weekend and Graduation this year was – as usual – wonderful. As I transition to my new role as executive director of the Alumni Association and development associate, I look forward to nurturing that enthusiasm and energy for the School, while sharing in its benefits.

Bob Rettew ’69
After the annual club Boat Races, the Shattuck and Halycon crews gather at the flagpole to celebrate the winning club’s victory. The club that wins the most races gains the privilege of hoisting its banner up the flagpole. In even years, the first girls stroke oar and, in odd years, the first boys stroke oar, also go up the flagpole.
Over Anniversary Weekend, alumni contemplated – and shared – their associations with their SPS eras.
There’s Something About Music

Music is certainly not the only catalyst for memories. World events and milestones have also remained integral to the memories of Paulies’ formative years. As alumni gathered for Anniversary Weekend, they had time to reflect on the eras during which they lived at St. Paul’s. Jim Kinnear ’46 and his formmates spent the darkest days of World War II in Concord, taking comfort in the Chapel on Sunday evenings.

“The Rector would stand on the chancel steps every Sunday night at Evensong and read out the names of the graduates who had been killed that week,” recalled Kinnear. “I was here on V-E Day, and that was pretty emotional. We went into the Chapel, as we always did, and we sang ‘God of Our Fathers Whose Almighty Hand’ and that was wonderful. We were also here the day [President Franklin D.] Roosevelt died. We went back to the Chapel and sang ‘Faith of Our Fathers.’ Those are things you remember.”

Ledyard Smith ’51 recalled that, in April of 1951, members of his form joined the underformers in listening as President Harry Truman fired General of the Army Douglas MacArthur for making statements contradictory to the Truman administration’s policies.

Harald Paumgarten ’56 and Pete Evarts ’56 proudly reminded others that theirs was the 100th anniversary form of St. Paul’s School, and they commemorated the centennial with many events during their Sixth Form year.

“There were wonderful ceremonies at the end of the year,” said Evarts. “It was a special year.”

Abbruzzese and Faber concurred that music would be found in a Form of 1986 time capsule, if one existed.

“It was a big deal if you made a friend a mixed tape,” added Faber. “There were a lot of mixed tapes while we were here.”

Faber’s formmate, Rogeair Purnell, closely associates her St. Paul’s days with a Stevie Wonder album while Henneman links her time in Millville with the music of Paul Tillich. Brandon Barry ’96 recalls that his roommate played Nirvana’s Nevermind on endless repeat while Peter Paine ’81 and Julia Sortwell ’01 – although separated by 30 years – think of Grateful Dead tunes when recalling their respective Sixth Form years.

Abbruzzese and Lisa Faber on Saturday, June 4, and contemplating potential artists for her form’s soundtrack. “People would play her song ‘Holiday’ when we were hoping for a day off. They’d have it cued up when we came out of Chapel.”
Big Study Fire

Form of 1961 classmates Chris Jennings, Rick Jackson, and Bill Brigham remembered clearly the night of January 21, 1961, when the Big Study burned down. Brigham captured the now iconic images of the building in flames, of the firefighters assessing the situation, and of the frozen, charred ruins of the Big Study when the sun rose the following morning.

“I was living in the New Upper. It was a Saturday night and I got up to change a record,” said Brigham (who still possesses a vinyl collection that includes the LPs of the Kingston Trio, The Weavers, Harry Belafonte, The Ray Conniff Singers, Percy Faith and his Orchestra, and Jerome Kern, among others). “I looked out the window and I saw that there were lights on at the Chapel, which was unusual, because I never could really see the Chapel at night. Then I saw sparks, so I grabbed my camera, came down, and stood on the Chapel terrace.”

Standing on that same terrace with formmates Jeff Eastment, Larry Mowell, and Bill Rulon-Miller, Copey Coppedge ’66 remembered the quirky moments of his form’s final year at St. Paul’s.

“What I remember most vividly is these giant feet that looked like they were coming out of the Rectory one day,” Coppedge said. “Someone climbed up to the very highest part and nobody could figure out how they got there. We all knew who did it — after the fact. That was reflective of what people were doing back then, sort of oddball things that went along with a lot of weird things going on in the world.”

For Severo Nieves ’76 and Toni King Callahan ’76, their Sixth Form winter and spring coincided with America’s bicentennial.

“We celebrated the country’s 200th anniversary,” said Nieves. “That was a big deal for us, so the ‘Spirit of ’76’ lives on.”

In addition to remembering the music of their day, Lisa Faber and Rogeair Purnell also recalled clearly the morning of January 28, 1986, when they heard the news of the explosion of the Space Shuttle Challenger. The shuttle was carrying Concord High School teacher Christa McAuliffe, which made the tragedy a little more personal for the St. Paul’s students living right up the street from where she had taught teenagers just like them. Purnell was studying at a School Year Abroad program in Spain and recalls feeling “overwhelmed and disconnected” when her Spanish mother told her the news.

“I remember being in the SPS infirmary when the Challenger exploded,” added Faber. “It was an incredible event. The teacher being from Concord made it more surreal that this was happening in our city.”

Members of the graduating Form of 2011 offered a different perspective on their own era, one they do not yet have the benefit of years to ponder.

“We really appreciate everything,” said Alex Gettens ‘11, as he ate lunch in the Matthew Hockey Center with formmates John Meehan, Eli Mokas, and Ben Kaplan. “There’s nothing you can really fit in a time capsule.”
After a decade-long absence, Graduation returned to its traditional location alongside Lower School Pond, nestled between the wooded path that leads around the water and the back of the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul. William Matthews ’61, Twelfth Rector, concluded the 155th session of St. Paul’s School with the familiar line, “For the Sixth Form . . . the session . . . is closed.”

Graduation took place in its traditional location alongside Lower School Pond, nestled between the wooded path that leads around the water and the back of the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul. William Matthews ’61, Twelfth Rector, concluded the 155th session of St. Paul’s School with the familiar line, “For the Sixth Form . . . the session . . . is closed.”
For the second year in a row, the School combined an Alumni Service of Remembrance and Recognition with an award presentation program that also contained elements of the traditional Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association.

Alumni packed the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul on Saturday of Anniversary Weekend as members of the School Choir – joined by alumni singers – sang “Love Divine” and the “Last Night Hymn” as well as the Anniversary Anthem “O Pray for the Peace.” The anthem included a solo from Ray Hornblower ’66.

The Rev. Ernest A. de Bordenave III ’61, who came to celebrate his 50th SPS anniversary, offered a blessing just before the choir sang “Love Divine.”

Following the service, Alumni Association President Laura Hildesley Bartsch ’86 presided over the presentation of awards and recognitions. Retiring Rector William R. Matthews Jr. ’61 was honored as the recipient of the Alumni Association Award, the highest distinction the School can bestow upon a graduate. The selection of Matthews also coincided with the Rector’s 50th SPS anniversary.

Also receiving special recognition was Mathematics Division Head Jane Brandt, who was honored for her 25 years of service to the School.

Alumni Fund Chair Scott Fossel ’71 reported the numbers – as of Anniversary – for the 2011 Annual Fund, which combines the Alumni and Parents Funds. This year’s total at the end of June included a record $5.1 million in cash and pledges.

By fiscal year end, the Form of 1986 set a participation record (77%) for a 25th anniversary form. Others forms setting new Alumni Fund records for dollars or participation include the Form of 2006 (76% participation in honor of its fifth); the Form of 1981 ($132,487 with 84% participation in honor of its 30th); the Form of 1991 ($153,509 in honor of its 20th); and the Form of 1946 ($48,861 in honor of its 65th.). In addition, the more than $400,000 raised by the 50th Anniversary Form of 1961 set an Alumni Fund record for a 50th reunion and is the largest gift from any form ever to the Alumni Fund.

Bartsch returned to the microphone to discuss the transition of Alumni Association Executive Director Tina Abramson ’82 to director of alumni relations. Bob Rettew ’69, until recently the vice rector for academics, will now oversee the day-to-day running of the Alumni Association as executive director, including organizing meetings, communicating with form directors, recruiting leadership, coordinating the Alumni Association Award, and other Association priorities. Bartsch also expressed her confidence in Rector-elect Mike Hirschfeld ’85, endorsing his “ability to lead our School to continue growing in our understanding and pursuit of true excellence in secondary school education.”

Bartsch then took a few moments to make a special presentation to Marcia Matthews

A CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

Please nominate any SPS alumni who are having a major impact on the world for the Alumni Association Award, given this year at the Alumni Association annual meeting in New York City on April 4. Our committee will meet in November to review nominations. Please include the name of the nominee and any helpful information on the contributions this individual has made to improve the quality of life in a community on a local, national, or global level.

Also in April, the Alumni Association will elect a new president. A nominating committee will vet the nominees in accordance with guidelines established by the Alumni Association Executive Committee and will present 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 Award and for president should be sent to Bob Rettew ’69, executive director of the Alumni Association, at brettew@sps.edu.
on behalf of the Executive Committee.
Bartsch recalled that “one particular mem-
ber of our committee said, ‘We have to
do something that recognizes her as the
consummate mother, because that is what
she is.’”

With that said, Bartsch called Mrs. Mat-
thews to the podium to receive a specially
designed platter that featured a pelican. “The
pelican is the perfect symbol for this person
– a symbol of our School, of Christianity,
and of the selfless generosity of mother-
hood,” said Bartsch. The central image,
Bartsch explained, was taken from a stained
glass window in the Chapel of St. Paul por-
traying a mother pelican and her three
babies. Inscribed around the edge of the
platter are the words of the School Prayer.

“If ever there was a person who embodied
our School Prayer,” Bartsch told Mrs.
Matthews, “it is you. From the bottom of
our hearts, we thank you for all that you
have done for us and in our community.”

Annual Fund Update

Once again, the St. Paul's School Annual Fund – which includes the Alumni
Fund and the Parents Annual Fund – made history. Together, the School’s
alumni and parents contributed more dollars to annual giving than ever
before – more than $5.1 million.

The Alumni Fund set a record by raising more than $3.5 million, with 48% of
alumni participating. Not to be outdone, the Parents Annual Fund also set a
record by raising more than $1.6 million, with 89% of families participating.

The School would especially like to recognize the following reunion forms
for breaking Annual Fund reunion records for dollars and/or participation
in their reunion year:

1946 – 65th reunion record for dollars
1961 – 50th reunion record for dollars and participation
1981 – 30th reunion record for dollars and participation
1986 – 25th reunion record for participation
1991 – 20th reunion for dollars
2006 – 5th reunion record for participation

Success of the Annual Fund is the direct result of the many alumni, parents,
and other friends who contribute generously to the School each year. The
School extends its thanks to them and to the numerous volunteers for their
hard work and dedication.

The Form of 1961 was one of two reunion forms to break Annual Fund
records for both dollars and participation.
A MOM AWAY FROM HOME

by Jana F. Brown

Jane Brandt’s second tour of duty at St. Paul’s has spanned a score and two years. That’s 22 years for those who need help solving Lincoln’s Gettysburg Address math. It’s an easy equation for Brandt, however, a chalkboard veteran who has nurtured mathematic minds at St. Paul’s during her extended tenure.

In all, Brandt has served the students of St. Paul’s School for 25 years. She made an initial stop at the School from 1977 to 1980 before moving to Indiana with her husband, Ryan, where he had been offered a job as teacher and assistant hockey coach at Culver Academy. But a yearning to live closer to family brought the Brandts back to New Hampshire, and, by 1989, Jane, a native of nearby Bedford, N.H., had been lured into a return to her post in the SPS Mathematics Division.

“It’s a busy life, but it’s a great community,” says Brandt. “It’s the community and the students that keep me here. I love being in the classroom with them, in the dorm with them. That’s what it’s all about for me.”

Brandt was minding her own business as a math teacher at Concord High School in the spring of 1977 when she received a call from now–retired faculty member George Chase Sr. Although she had grown up 20 miles away and had taught up the road from St. Paul’s for seven years, Brandt had never considered what went on within the grounds. Chase had heard good reviews of Brandt’s CHS work and asked her to interview for an open position in the SPS Mathematics Division.

“I said, ‘Thank you, but no thank you,’” recalls Brandt.

Chase was persistent enough to make a follow-up call a few weeks later. The second attempt caught the attention of Brandt, who had heard praise of St. Paul’s from Concord High School students who had attended the summer Advanced Studies Program. She responded with, “Well, I guess it wouldn’t hurt to see what this place is all about.”

Her visit convinced Brandt that it might be time for her to try something new. She spent the next three years at St. Paul’s, during which time her daughter, Liz ’98, was born. Liz Brandt was the third child to be born to a female faculty member at the time, joining Katie Tenney ’97 and Erin Kelley ’97, all of whom would eventually reunite at St. Paul’s.

Almost immediately, Brandt was hooked on the smaller class sizes and the opportunity to interact with her students outside of the classroom. In addition to teaching just about every level and topic available in the SPS math curriculum, Brandt has volunteered her strong, balanced voice to a variety of school committees, including the Admissions Committee, the Cum Laude Society, the Faculty Evaluation Design Team, the Faculty Professional Standards Task Force, Scholastic Committee, the Schedule and Calendar Committee, and the Strategic Planning Academic Excellence Committee.

She has also been an active faculty representative on the Board of Trustees’ Grounds and Building Committee, which is responsible for designing and constructing new faculty homes, as well as academic build-ings, including the soon–to–open Lindsay Center for Mathematics and Science.

Says one colleague, “She has worked tirelessly the past two years as an engaged, thoughtful participant throughout the design and construction stages of this new building.”

More than one former student still considers Brandt a second mother. Gina Kim Sumilas ’98 says Brandt became her “mom away from home” during her four years at St. Paul’s.

“She opened her heart and home to me unconditionally,” says Sumilas. “I could go to her with any problems, to celebrate accomplishments, or just to have a quiet moment together. She is, quite simply, an extraordinary person.”

Brandt was Kate Walker ’98’s Third Form geometry teacher, and initially Walker was intimidated. “I’m pretty sure my parents only knew of her as my scary math teacher for the first few months,” admits Walker. “Little did I know that I would ask her to be my adviser, survive a year of honors calculus under her tutelage, become best friends with her daughter, spend countless hours at her home getting math help, watching movies, and celebrating special occasions, and, most notably, consider her to be my mom away from home. Almost 15 years later, Jane is still part of my extended family.”

The feelings are mutual because, as much as she loves her classroom work, it is Brandt’s role as adviser, dorm supervisor, and girls JV hockey timer that keeps her the most engaged in students’ lives.

“I like being in the dorm with the students,” she says. “I like sitting in the common room on duty. They gossip, tell jokes, tell me about their day. I like being there for them and, of course, answering their math questions.”

Oh, yes, the math questions. One of the most popular queries fielded by Brandt – and, doubtless, by countless other math teachers around the globe – is a classic.

“When kids ask me why they need to know math,” explains Brandt, “I say to them, ‘you may never need to know how to factor this polynomial, but the skills you gain by logical reasoning are skills you certainly will be using.’ It’s not so much the actual math they do, but the thinking that’s involved in doing it. That’s what I like to help them understand.”
Jenny Walser ’86 scored a pair of goals and Jill Forney ’86 added one, as a team combining 10 alumni with members of the graduating Sixth Form of 2011 defeated the St. Paul’s girls lacrosse team, 8–5, over Anniversary Weekend.

Joining Walser and Forney on the alumni side were Eleanor Foote ’06, Eli Mitchell ’06, and Annie Baer ’06, Katelyn Gettens ’07, Beth Strong Lyman ’86, Jen Boyle ’91, Emily Day ’86, and Ashley Crutchfield ’08. Dana Seglem ’10 was limited by a knee injury and provided support for the alumni from the sideline.

The 25-year class showed they still had a lot of gas in the tank with Day and Walser running the midfield, 1986 Loomis Medal recipient Strong and Forney showing they still had the moves, while Forney’s son, Jackson Gates ’14, cheered her on.

The five-year class had a strong showing with Foote, Mitchell, and Baer leading the way. Crutchfield and Gettens, fresh off college lacrosse seasons at Connecticut College and Holy Cross, respectively, played well. Ashley Crutchfield was guarded throughout the game by younger sister Madison ’14.

Between runs on the field, you could find Jen Boyle doing yoga on the sidelines, encouraged on by classmate Kristin DiGaetano Tone. Overall, it was a lot of fun, with a great lacrosse display included.
Tennis: Return to the Hard Court

by Jana F. Brown and Coach Dave Taylor

As in past years, the outdoor tennis courts hosted alumni from multiple decades as they took on current SPS tennis players – and one another – for generational bragging rights. Seven courts saw action on the afternoon of Saturday, June 4.

Jon Old ’78 teamed up with Will Rives ’09, who plays collegiate tennis at Amherst College, to defeat Tom Bartlett ’11 and George Tilghman ’11 in a tiebreaker, 7–6 (5). Also faring well in doubles was Emily Hewitt Rhinelander ’83, who joined forces with Isabella Turchetta ’14 to win, 6–2.

Rhinelander later worked with Se Choong Kim ’11 to earn another match victory. John Ransmeier ’61 and Renzo Falla ’11 also earned a win.

Formmates Jackson Shafer ’01 and Oliver Jay ’01 went head-to-head in singles action. Shafer and Jay also enjoyed time as a unit against Falla and Alexandra White ’11. Meanwhile, Jessie Dalman ’14 and Margot Littlefield ’12 took on recent graduates Cammie Wheeler ’09 and Julie Monrad ’10 in a series of friendly rallies.

Coming off a stint on the baseball diamond, Ray Hornblower ’66, a former Gordon Medal recipient and national tennis player in the 60–and–over division, arrived near the end of the matches and challenged SJ Kim ’14 to a singles duel. Among the other alumni in attendance were Alisa Moseley ’81 and Blake Dancer ’81.

Baseball: Diamonds on Display

by Jana F. Brown

Rector Bill Matthews ’61 drew a walk and his son, Billy ’86, patrolled center field for a team of SPS graduates at the alumni baseball game.

Among the others who participated in the game was William Moorhead ’66, who pitched a complete game and, it was reported, demonstrated “good velocity and a nasty curveball.” Ray Hornblower ’66, fresh off his solo of “O Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem” at the morning Chapel service, played well at second base. Mike Murphy ’86 joined Billy Matthews in the outfield, Tim Truncellito ’04 turned in a steady performance at first base, and Kevin Kaiser ’06 made the play of the day – stabbing a line drive at third base.

Boys Lacrosse: Alumni Go Down Fighting

by Jana F. Brown

Scott Heitmiller ’81 suited up in goaltending gear, backstopping the SPS alumni lacrosse team in a well–played 7–3 loss to the current SPS varsity squad. “The boys took it easy on us, playing all different positions,” said Heitmiller.

Mark Walsh ’73 played well, scoring the final goal for the alumni. Rufus Clark ’82 also gave a good effort for the alumni. The Form of 1986 was well represented by a contingent that included Scott Albertson, Will Bain, Chuck Fedolfi, Alex Hodges, Lent Howard, John Lewis, and Mark Ramus.
A Delightful Occasion

by Trow Elliman

In perfect bluebird weather, eight stalwart members of the Form of 1946 graced our 65th Reunion. Prior to June 3, it might be noted, New England was engulfed in seemingly endless rain, with no let-up in sight.

Present were Sam Aldrich, John Carroll, Trow Elliman, Torr Harmer, Jim Kinnear, Sid Lovett, Dave McGovern, and Kaighn Smith. Adding to our congenial group were four wives: Phyllis Aldrich, Dede Carroll, Claudia Elliman, and Ann Smith. Also in attendance was the late Dick Biddle’s widow, Jean.

Dave McGovern earned the furthest-distance-traveled award, coming from Paris, his home for the past 42 years, for a four-day weekend. The shortest distance was from the self-ascribed local “farmer from Holderness,” Sid Lovett.

On Saturday, we convened on the Chapel terrace prior to the new alumni service. This new venue happily replaced the former Memorial Hall event, and, I hope, will become a new traditional fixture. What better treat for visiting alumni to again relive the beauty of the Chapel, the old familiar hymns and prayers, booming organ, full choir, and “O Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem?”

Yours truly, Trow Elliman, was singled out for leading our form to a record-breaking most dollars ever raised by a 65th reunion form. The record, of course, deservedly goes to the whole form for their generosity and for their help in further soliciting their cohorts. Our form is now down to 49 members, five of whom have requested not to be further solicited. Of the remaining 44 formmates, 61 percent have contributed to our 65th Anniversary, not quite a record
participation, but very close.

The Alumni Parade took on a new route as we now marched from the Old Chapel up beyond the New Upper (now Coit). With only a smattering of older forms ahead of us, our group of eight returnees joined Amo Houghton, the lone returnee of 1945, to swell our ranks. Our destination was the newly named William R. Matthews Jr. ’61 Hockey Center for lunch and reunion photographs. The ice rink acoustics, however, limited lunchtime conversations to one-on-one shouting matches, nullifying much of the raison d’être of a reunion. In all fairness, there were perhaps other opportunities for meaningful conversations, such as Friday’s dinner and Saturday afternoon’s events, but unfortunately Claudia and I were unable to attend. (We also shared the weekend with our two oldest children and their families. They, in turn, were the proud parents of our two grandsons who graduated on Sunday. That, incidentally, brings us to five grandchildren now graduated from SPS.)

En route to the Upper, the School band led us with what sounded like “Maryland, My Maryland” to my tin ear. When the significance was questioned, it was guessed that that was all they knew. It was not until hearing “Salve Mater Alma Mater” sung at Sunday’s Graduation ceremony that I finally grasped the forgotten significance of our marching music.

We were graciously welcomed by Marcia and Bill Matthews at the Rectory for cocktails and dinner on Saturday night. The occasion afforded us a final opportunity to wish the Matthewses good-bye and thank them both for their many years of service to the School.

Our dinner proved to be a delightful occasion and a great success. The quiet paneled library of the Rectory thankfully proved to be the perfect setting for good conversations, old memories, and reminiscences about formmates – past and present. After dinner, we left together via one of the cozy red shuttle busses for the Holiday Inn. Once there, we again reconvened for another round of spirited discussion, solving all remaining problems of the world prior to final good-byes.

I am now stepping aside after 15 years as your letter-writer, but happy to report that Sid Lovett has graciously agreed to takeover the responsibilities of main agent for the Form of 1946. Thank you for the opportunity.
reunion
Form of 1951

Many Misty Eyes

by Fred Church and John Lorenz

Fifteen faithful members of the fabulous Form of ‘51 plus eight ladies returned to Millville at Anniversary to celebrate our 60th Reunion. Couples attending included Fred Church and his bride, Mary; Doug and Dee Dee Barclay; Felix and Ann Kloman; David and “KC” Morrish; Bill and Louisa Newlin; Tadger and Judy Webster; Art and Ruth Perry; and Charlie Van Doren with Ann Ashton. Unaccompanied formmates included Peter Jefferys, Charlie Ohl, Ledyard Smith, Steve Gurney, Micky Voukitchevitch, Mark Cluett, and John Lorenz. Mark Cluett had a really full weekend, as his granddaughter, Claire Stanton ‘11, graduated from SPS on Sunday, as did the Klomans, who had to race to Proctor Academy and back for their grandchild’s graduation. Ledyard Smith and Charlie Ohl roomed together at the Holiday Inn, just as they had last done their freshman year at Harvard.

After checking into the Holiday Inn, we gathered to register on the Chapel terrace. Then up to Coit (in our day the New Upper) for cocktails and dinner. We shared the dining room with the rest of the Old Guard, consisting of the Forms of 1946 and 1956, plus one heroic member of the Form of 1936, who drove down from Maine all by himself. Will that be Lorenz in 15 years? Bill and Marcia Matthews kindly stopped by for a visit with the Old Guard en route to their own 50th Reunion dinner in the main Upper Dining Room. After dinner we returned to our lodgings in Concord, except
for Micky Voukitchevitch, who had the honor of staying upstairs in Hargate (in what was once Peter Elliman’s apartment.)

The next morning was a beautiful day, so unlike the pelting rains of our 50th and 55th Reunions. We had a continental breakfast on the Chapel terrace before attending the Alumni Memorial Chapel Service followed by the Alumni Recognition and Award Presentation. The soloist who sang “O Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem” was Ray Hornblower ’66, a hero of Harvard’s 29-29 football victory over Yale in 1968.

There were not many dry eyes in the Chapel, especially when Rector Bill Matthews received this year’s Alumni Award.

After the service, we formed up for the Alumni Parade and marched to Coit. How did we ever become the third marching group, preceded only by the nine returnees from 1946 and one from 1936? From Coit we went to the rink complex, where we had two tables for lunch and also had our form photo taken. While we were there the name of the rinks was changed to the William R. Matthews Jr. ’61 Hockey Center, a most appropriate honor for the retiring Rector.

After lunch some of us went to the Lower Grounds to watch alumni play students in lacrosse, baseball, and tennis. The cultural trio, however, of Barclay, Church, and Van Doren listened to a marvelous organ concert in the Chapel. Shortly afterwards, everyone gathered at Turkey Pond for the alumni and club crew races. The highlight for 1951 was the sight of Steve Gurney, Art Perry, and Flix Kloman taking to the water in single sculls. After the rowing came the Flagpole Ceremony, where we watched Billy Matthews, the Gordon Medal winner of 1986, give out this year’s medals and cups.

Leaving the Flagpole, we returned to the Holiday Inn, where the 23 of us gathered for our own form dinner. It would be impossible to describe a more poignant evening. A memorabilia table was filled with yearbooks, Pelicans, photos, Pictorials, and medals from our time at the School, all put on exhibit by formmates in attendance. Generous highlights included a gift of delicious appetizers by Mort Saunders (in absentia), an open bar courtesy of Bill Newlin, and table wine donated by a formmate who insists on remaining anonymous. During the dinner, SPS golf balls were awarded by John Lorenz to formmates who correctly answered trivia questions from our time at the School. And Peter Jefferys was given an SPS key chain for having traveled the farthest (from London) for the reunion.

Also, Fred Church was belatedly awarded a mini SPS hockey stick for his stellar play in the 1950 Garden game vs. Princeton (despite the fact that he ended up in the penalty box in the waning minutes!).

Fred Church asked for nominations and a vote for a form director and a form agent for the next five years, through our next reunion in 2016. He and John Lorenz were elected to succeed themselves yet again! The most moving part of the weekend then followed, when Steve Gurney asked each of the 15 formmates present to recall any special memories of their time at the School. There were many misty eyes during these reminiscences, both by the speaker as well as his audience. Most particularly enjoyed were the stories and poems rendered by Micky Voukitchevitch. Later everyone attempted to acquire an autographed copy of Micky’s latest murder mystery.

The stories made our feeling of camaraderie so deep that we all stayed on in the dining room long after the tables had been cleared. No one wanted to leave, in part because many of us would not be seeing each other for five years, and in part because we knew that the 15 of us would probably never all be together again. But for those of us in attendance this Anniversary, it will be remembered as one of the happiest times of our lives.
Ideas Warmly Embraced

by Zach Allen

Members of the Form of 1956 arrived in Wolfeboro, N.H., on the Wednesday before Anniversary Weekend in the midst of a heat wave: 89 degrees in Wolfeboro by beautiful Lake Winnipesaukee. Our first event was dinner that night at the Wolfeboro Inn, which was well attended (28 people). Among those returning were Yale Kneeland and Mickey Lloyd – their first returns in decades. The distance award went to Tom Trumpy, who came with his wife from Brussels.

On Thursday, we went to Hunt Barclay's house on the shores of Silver Lake – in the Conway, N.H., area – for a great lobster roll luncheon, boat rides, and animated conversations. We had dinner that evening at the Bemis Farm, a large hilltop farm at the north end of Lake Winnipesaukee that is owned by the family of Ellen Pillsbury, Jock's wife. The oppressive heat had broken overnight, changing the situation from the prospect of being bitten to death by mosquitoes to being nearly frozen to death. But, we didn't freeze, had spectacular views of the White Mountains, and the dinner was magnificent. The hospitality of both the Pillsbury and Barclay families made the day one to be long remembered.

We moved on to SPS on Friday. The first item on the agenda was a memorial service in the Old Chapel, remembering those of our
class who have passed on. We sang marvelous and moving hymns of our times (15 of them!), and said a few prayers. It was a lovely service, indeed. We are indebted to John Graham and Harald Paumgarten for organizing the service, and to John’s talented wife, Sharon, who played the organ. Then, on to a dinner hosted by the School at the New Upper (sorry folks, but it remains the New Upper to us).

We turned out in uniform on Saturday morning for the new Alumni Chapel Service (instead of the meeting in Memorial Hall). We were the “guys in the red shirts” – not to be mixed up with Italian Reunification – with the chief-of-wardrobe being our form director, Rennie Atterbury. Talk about cohesiveness: the SPS centennial form takes the lead! Perhaps those stunning red shirts explain the very warm welcome we received during the Parade as we marched from the Chapel up to the New Upper.

At our concluding dinner Saturday evening at the Common Man in Concord, the overwhelming verdict was that the weekend had been a great success and that we look forward to an interesting 60th reunion following in the same pattern. The suggestion was made then, and warmly embraced, that the next reunion start with two days at Wentworth-by-the-Sea in Portsmouth, N.H.

All in all, we could not have asked for a more memorable Anniversary Weekend. Our turnout was remarkable, with 32 or more members of the form showing up. That is slightly less than half of the surviving members of the Form of 1956.
The Form of 1961 had a terrific Anniversary and much enjoyed the long weekend’s near-perfect early-June weather, which presented SPS at its very best. Forty-eight formmates were on hand at one time or another, along with about 28 spouses and guests.

Informal festivities began on Wednesday evening at Bobby and Carroll Clark’s home in South Hamilton, Mass., where a small group of early returners convened for a cookout. On Thursday, a swelling contingent of 23 formmates and 16 spouses and friends gathered at the Essex Country Club in Manchester, Mass., for a pre-anniversary event, organized by John and Emily Jay. The event started with a relaxed patio lunch, at which we began to reconnect. After lunch, the golfers in the group spent the afternoon trying to demonstrate improvement from their adolescent skill levels, when numerous balls were lost in the general environs of Drury, while tennis players repaired to the club’s grass courts for various combinations of mixed and men’s doubles, much complicated by unfamiliar low grass court bounces and blustery winds.

Meanwhile, our serious athletes hit the road on bikes to cycle a 50-mile course in honor of our 50th, with Bobby Clark as tour guide riding tandem with Will Pier, and Tod Rodger, Bob Rounsavall, and Rick Leach taking turns leading the peloton. The word is that that this remarkably fit group was able to keep up with Tod, who had trained for the event by biking north from Florida to New Hampshire, and that all resolved to repeat the effort, with appropriately increased mileage, at our upcoming anniversaries. Cocktails, a delicious banquet, and an evening of reminiscences.
and laughter wrapped the day up perfectly.
On Friday, the Essex group relocated to Concord, and other formmates found their way to SPS during the course of the day. We strolled around campus, visited, and took in the numerous changes in the plant and buildings. We assembled in the Upper for a School-hosted reception and dinner banquet, which marked the first time the form as a whole convened. Priscilla and Kelly Clark, Alan Hall, and Inge and Bob Eddy joined us for dinner while Annie and Bob Rettew ’69 and Liesbeth and Mike Hirschfeld ’85 were able to be with us for the reception.
After dinner, our form fundraising team, captained by Marshall Bartlett and Bobby Clark, reported to us that the form’s giving participation percentage was an eye-popping 99 percent, and that as a form our contribution to the Annual Fund was a record-breaker. Special thanks were extended to Chris Jennings for his creative work in designing and finding the content featured on our customized form website, which we hope will provide a good foundation for other forms to use in future years.
The evening ended with a touching moment as John Jay, recipient of the Howell P. Campbell Hockey Award back in 1961, passed the award to Peter Pell, along with an SPS hockey jersey and a shiny SPS-red helmet, acknowledging that nobody had matched Peter in his enthusiasm and love of the game. The generosity of John’s gesture, Peter’s surprise on receiving the honor, and his heartfelt appreciation of the spirit that motivated it captured the good feelings we were all experiencing as we celebrated together.
On Saturday, Stuart Douglas took many of us on an early-morning tour around the Lower School Pond. The walk brought back old sluicing memories, and we noted Henry Corning’s pondside rock installation, which will likely be the longest-lived marker of our connection to the School, as well as the bench given in memory of Tod and Lyn Rodger’s son, Doug ’89. We then went to the Anniversary Chapel Service, where Tad de Bordenave read the lesson and Bill Matthews spoke eloquently of the School’s students, the significance of the Chapel experience, and the meaning of the School Prayer in the lives of the SPS community. The Alumni Parade came next, leading to lunch, followed by the dedication of the Matthews Hockey Rink, a fitting tribute to recognize all Bill has meant to the School as well as to hockey. At the afternoon boat races on Turkey Pond, shells manned by Shattuck and Halcyon formmates took to the water, and nobody drowned or expired from exhaustion. After the Flagpole Ceremony, we dined at the carriage house of the Kimball Jenkins Estate in Concord’s historic district, much enjoying the grounds and the opportunity to view the old Victorian mansion. Dinner featured Stuart Douglas’s menu selections, Nick Burke’s always-humorous recollections of old times, spontaneous good cheer, and the special treat of a short classical guitar recital by Rick Leach.
On Sunday, as they have for previous anniversaries, Ed and Joan Tiffany welcomed us for a delicious brunch at their summer place on Tiffany Hill in Weare, N.H., which was attended by nearly 50 of us, including spouses and friends. Mike Seymour, who had not been back to SPS since graduation, gathered us in a circle and spoke movingly of the experience he had had during Anniversary, which he said reminded him of how SPS-instilled values had influenced his life. To wrap up his remarks, he had us clap, sway, and sing an African song together (yes, we did it). A serious conversation followed, during which we traded recollections of formmates who have died or who were otherwise not able to be with us. The party broke up at about 2:30 p.m., with all expressing thanks to Ed and Joan for continuing the splendid tradition of the Tiffany brunch.
Good Turnout and Good Fun

by Richard Woodville

The Form of 1966 had a low-key but enjoyable 45th reunion in Concord. Our reunion was friendly, relaxing, and inclusive.

Twenty—one of our classmates attended, with Jay Hopkins traveling the farthest, from Tucson, Ariz. Others who came included Jens Appel, Rick Carrick, Jim Cavanagh, John Chapin, Hugh Clark, Copey Coppedge, Jeff Eastment, John Evans, John Ferguson, Gordie Grand, Ray Hornblower, Bill Jackson, Bill Moorhead, Larry Mowell, Jim Phillips, Andy Roberts, Tim Rowland, Bill Rulon—Miller, and Richard Woodville. Several spouses and children were able to come. Tim and Michele Rowland’s daughter, Lily, was a graduating SPS Sixth Former this year.

Our reunion started with dinner Friday night. John Chapin, who owns and runs what I hear is an amazing restaurant, Canoe Club, in Hanover, N.H., suggested several weeks ago that we have dinner at a well—regarded, gourmet restaurant that he knew about in Concord. Not knowing how many of us would show up Friday night, that option might have caused a scheduling problem, so we decided to have dinner at the Grappone Conference Center in Concord. Ten classmates were able to make the dinner. We sat at two round tables, where we were able to catch up with each other.

On Saturday, many of us had breakfast in the small dining room at the Fairfield Inn, where most of us were staying. We had a place to sit down and continue our conversations from the night before.
Later, there was an Alumni Service and Annual Meeting in the Chapel. While walking in to take our seats, we heard Ray Hornblower sing “Comfort ye, my people” (from Messiah) and, later in the service, he sang “O Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem.”

After the Service, we had lunch in Gordon Rink, where two tables were reserved for our form. John Ferguson handed out a poem he had written on a postcard, illustrated by Garry Trudeau. John said Garry had drawn this illustration when John sent him the postcard a couple of years ago.

After lunch, many of us walked in the woods, ending at the top of the Lower School Pond at Joe Wheelwright’s granite sculpture, Resting Moon, which honors deceased members of the Form of 1966. Joe said he hoped to attend our reunion, but qualified that statement, saying that an opening of his work that weekend at the Katonah Museum in Katonah, N.Y., might cause him to miss the reunion, which, sadly for us, is what happened.

For many of us, the highlight of Saturday afternoon took place on the baseball field, where an alumni baseball team played against the SPS baseball team. Bill Moorhead pitched for the alumni and Ray Hornblower was the second baseman. Gordie Grand, John Chapin, Bill Rulon-Miller, and others watched from the first-base line. I know little about baseball, but Bill Moorhead’s sliders, fastballs, and curveballs must have been effective, because I am told the alumni team won.

Our last scheduled reunion activity was a Saturday night dinner at the Concord Country Club. We started off with cocktails and hors d’oeuvres, and sat down to dinner at four tables.

SPS robotics teacher Terry Wardrop ’73 spoke about how SPS had changed since the 1960s. SPS is more diverse and can almost be considered a global school. The students can be described in a sense as “mercenary,” with the peer group pressure focused on doing well to get into a good college. The student/adviser relationship is central to the School. Athletics has taken on a professional dimension, with the students and parents wanting specialized coaches in place of the all-purpose coach of yesteryear.

Lastly, he said that relationships were important to students, but with a twist of technology thrown in. Students congregate with each other, in the same room or lounge, but their interactions are frequently focused on their laptops rather than with each other.

After Terry’s talk, Ray Hornblower entertained us by singing three arias. For those of us who were able to make this reunion, as one of our classmates put it, “Good turnout and good fun.” Another one wrote, “It was wonderful. I had a great time.” For those who were unable to make it, we hope to see you the next time.
The Closeness Is Still Palpable

The Form of 1971 gathered more than 30 of its faithful from around the country to celebrate our – gulp – 40th. Whether by plane from Hawaii (our distance record) or driving solo from Wisconsin (our enthusiast award) or a meandering eight-hour epic car ride from New York City (no record or award, just great conversation) we gathered for an all-too-rare opportunity to share a weekend together. It is safe to say that, whatever trouble one had gone to, it was well worth the effort.

The majority of us found lodging at the Fairfield Inn, which quickly took on an intimate feel as old friends crossed paths and remembrances flowed. For many it was their first reunion in years, and for several it was their first ever. Some were brave enough to have brought their spouses, or perhaps it is better said that they brought their brave spouses. All felt a sense of welcome and the importance of formally recognizing this milestone as the SPS era, unsurprisingly, remains singularly poignant to many of us.

Reunions produce the gamut of impressions: Friday evening at the Common Man provided a rush of cheerful catching up (typically for us, we went our own way and abandoned the multi-class gathering at the Grappone Center), while the wreath laying early Saturday and the Chapel service that followed were sobering counterpoints. Several of us visited the grave of one of our classmates in the School cemetery. The Parade, despite our position alarmingly close to the front, was a joy, as always. To prove that we really aren’t *that* old, a determined core of oarsmen took to the water in the afternoon in not embarrassing fashion. A viewing of the film *Departure 1970* was held at Hargate. Despite its focus on the form just above us, it captured beautifully the hopefulness of that time and the intensity with which we experienced it.

Saturday evening’s dinner was highlighted
by several eloquent toasts to the joy of being gathered together again as well as a spontaneous concert by two of our class musicians. If memory serves correctly, these same two sang many of those songs in the Rectory on a Saturday night many years ago. Nothing connects one to one’s past quite so well as music. Thanks to both of them for providing a sublime end to the evening.

A bleary-eyed but contented breakfast crowd gathered around the hotel dining room Sunday morning for goodbyes and some last shared memories. Sitting in that group, one could not help but have the impression that time has been kind to our class spirit, which, if anything, has increased since we graduated. Despite the intervening years and the absence of teachers and coaches who were so important to us, the closeness we all still feel for each other and the School is palpable.

Next stop: 45th. See you there.
Our Merry Band of ‘76ers

by Severo Nieves

On this, the 35th Reunion of the Form of 1976, the School came together yet again for another Anniversary to reminisce and celebrate. But this writing is especially for and about the hardy band of ’76ers, who managed to wend their way back to Millville on a beautiful June weekend.

And it was great to see familiar faces, starting at the inaugural multi-form dinner at the Grappone Conference Center on Friday evening. Those who were able to attend this event enjoyed a delicious, healthy buffet meal (was that mashed potatoes served in a champagne glass?) and heard the DJ spin tunes from yesteryear. The scene at the lone ’76ers table was one of animated conversations and comfortable smiles.

Saturday was a long day of merriment and remembrance. Arrivals to campus caught their first glimpse of the more-than-half completed Lindsay Center for Mathematics and Science. Many gathered at the Chapel for the morning’s Alumni Service and, after much applause and acknowledgement for Bill and Marcia Matthews, we made our way outside to begin the traditional Parade. More than one person pointed out how close we were situated to the golf carts reserved for senior alumni. The route took us along Rectory Road toward the Upper and eventually into the Hockey Center, which would, on this day, take on the name of our esteemed Mr. Matthews. After a healthy lunch we took our turn for the form group picture which, unfortunately, did not include Toni King.
Callahan (engaged in conversation elsewhere) and Hilton Clark (lost on campus). The afternoon scattered our merry band of '76ers, but we later assembled at the Crum-packer Boathouse, where the new reception room would serve as our dining facility. What an evening! Nice and cool, with the sun setting and the grounds lush and green. The Common Man, a local caterer, provided an outstanding meal, and we were graced with the presence of former SPS teacher Charlene Clinton as our invited guest. Hilton managed to salvage his reputation by providing some nice background music, amusement was provided by questions submitted by Chuck Baldwin, and everyone spent the evening relaxing, stepping out onto the balcony, or chatting about past and present. You should have been here!

So thank you, Toni, Hilton, Peter, Annette, Carl, Don, Alison, Mark, Caryn, Peter, Sue and Sims, and congrats to new Form Director Don Keyser. I leave you with these final thoughts:

Hello! How about that ride up to the School? I guess that’s why they call it Millville . . .

You people may not know this, but I consider myself a bit of a die-hard Paulie. I tend to think of myself as someone who, when I was growing up, appreciated green grass, fresh air, nice friends and a great education. And when my junior high guidance counselor introduced me to St. Paul’s School, I knew it was something I wanted to be a part of. And my curiosity was a little piqued.

So there was the prospect that St. Paul’s School was going to be a big part of my future. At first I wasn’t sure and then I was becoming surer . . . and then, several months later, after accepting their offer and walking onto campus, I thought, “Wait a second, could it be?” And today I know for sure, St. Paul’s School will always be a big part of my life. St. Paul’s and me, those four years together, in New Hampshire, looking for answers and truth. So, I make a toast! Hail thee, ’76ers!
Recognizing Deep Connections and Shared Values

by Biddle Duke

Is it just me, or do our Anniversary reunions just keep getting better? A good thing, really, because who among us doesn’t also approach these get-togethers without some trepidation?

That came clear recently as one 1982 graduate reminded me dryly: “We were in geometry class together. Well, sort of. I was there. I’m not sure about you.”

“One looks back to one’s youth as to a cup that a madman, dying of thirst, left half tasted,” Yeats said in a fitting quote one of our formmates shared after our reunion.

We all gaze back at that cup and, if geometry is in there somewhere, it is not beckoning me. But seeing you, Form of 1981, and many St. Paul’s friends, that’s another matter. How fun to be with everyone, to compare life’s notes, to meet children, to recognize the deep connections and shared values, to play like kids again, and to reconcile how far we’ve come against what we remember of our younger selves in June of 1981.

Thanks to flawless planning by Gabriella, our 30th Reunion went off without a hitch and was improved with a little sun-splashed weather. Turnout was strong – upward of...
rivaling the 25th, thanks to a big push by Gabriella and our team of agents. And fundraising was spectacular, with the form receiving special mention at the Annual Meeting on Saturday morning.

At Friday night’s gathering in Concord, we refreshed our memories for names and faces. Time has been kind to us, but thank goodness for nametags.

Some of us had our children in tow – Mike de Vegvar and John Duer, to name two, whose children got on like best pals – while others had children in the graduating form – Page Owen (Tom Owen ’11), Addie Lapsley Mulry (Hope Mulry ’11) and me (Ellie Duke ’11).

It was Bill Matthews’s last Anniversary and Graduation as Rector. At the Chapel on Saturday, he reminded us that St. Paul’s is a community founded and fueled on optimism; each one of us has a role in that mission, he said, pointing to a huge mobile hanging in the nave of a thousand paper cranes, little folded symbolic meditations on hope created by students.

Then it was on to sunshine and lightness. The form looked the part for the Alumni Parade, donning Halcyon and Shattuck boaters, another of Sam Reid’s colorful and generous touches. Sam ordered the hats for the reunion and, after the parade, gave them to the boat clubs to revive the lost tradition of the rowing crews wearing boaters at the afternoon Flagpole Ceremony.

After lunch, we dispersed for various sporting events. At the Boat Races, Sam was able to patch together two eights. One was composed of Nancy Chase Hill, Lixy Carey, Annie O’Keeffe and Jenny Hok, classmates who were part of the champion and record-setting 1981 New England crew. (Formmates Janet McAlpin, Maria Agui Carter and, Nina Streeter were also part of that winning crew, but not the reunion).

The other boat included Sam Reid, Jon Reckford ’80, Peter Paine, Mike de Vegvar, Brooke Southall, Ned Doubleday, Tim Cotton and Page Owen. Miraculously, both boats launched at the same time and rowed up and down the slot together, looking pretty darned good.

Geordie Wilson and his acoustic band played at the party that evening, at a restaurant overlooking Kimball Lake in Hopkinton, throwing in a few familiar Grateful Dead tunes for old-time’s sake. Our guests were George and Joanne Carlisle and Baccalaureate speaker Jon Reckford. (Jon spoke brilliantly to the graduates the following morning, urging them “to dwell in a place where deep gladness and the world’s hunger meet.”)

Another weekend highlight was Blake Dancer as the all-around games champ. Although roof-ball commissioner Andrew Binger was not in attendance, a round robin was well attended and hilariously fought. Blake, blithely claiming never to have played, quickly absorbed the rules and dominated such veterans as Adamson, Lister, Fowler, Neilson, and me.

Blake’s other dominance came at Saturday’s impromptu late-night gathering at the rockin’ Chinese restaurant/bar/pool hall across from the hotel. Again, Dancer was king, this time at the table: the never-played-pool-before Blake was all about behind-the-back shots, off the rims, etc. Annoyingly gifted, he clearly paid attention in geometry. My pool partner, Stacy J. Caffrey, showed off some pretty impressive shots of her own.

A favorite moment: Peter Paine and Sam Reid, interviewed by SPS staff for a school video:

Sam: “So, Peter, how does it feel to know that the Shattucks were named after the founder of the School in 1855, and your boat club is named after an adjective?”

Peter: “It makes me want to kill you.”

I am deeply grateful for just being a part of this fun and for knowing you all – a little more and a little better with each reunion.
FORM PHOTO (l. to r.), row 1: Ashlee Patten, Anthony Sehnaoui, Laura Hildesley Bartsch and Spenser, Ann McKay Farrell Thoroman, Liz Bigham-Hotson, Nick Stern, Rogear Purnell, Liam Muecke, son of Will, Suzanne Ferlic Johnson, Amy Sullivan, Lisa Faber, Laurel Abruzzese with Grayson and Emily, Emily Mackay-Smith Day, Spencer Shaw, son of Sarah Chase Shaw, Hannah Beams, daughter of Ginny Callery Beams; row 2: John Wesson, Jan Eckstein, Abby Caldwell Walsh, Pam Lloyd, Nils Eddy, Nancy Rueda Ruple, Sarah Hinman Whittle, Cee Cee Gammon Belford, Mark Hsieh, Beth LaFortune Gies, Melanie Apostile Koehler, Beth Strong Lyman, Jill Forney, Jenny Walser Wilson, Kathy Cargohan Kuhn, Courtenay O'Sullivan, Phyllis Hansen Clark and Phoebe '14; row 3: Nina Rowe Ward and Kate, Van Halley, Helen Fairman, Mark Kehaya with Mary Louise and Ery, Jennie Peter, Chuck Fedolfi, Laurie Henneman, Chip Terry, Martha Wadsworth, Chris Doucette, Scott Albertson, Ginny Callery Beams, Sarah Chase Shaw, Matt Schmitz with Alden and Thuy, Perk Miller, Suzanne Walker, Kinda Remick Priestley; row 4: Mike Murphy, Scott McCormack, Joe Cardwell, Terence Gilheany, Alex Hodges, Oakes Hunnewell, Nick Jacobsohn, Harold Bost, Will Bain, Billy Matthews, Chris Wirth, Mark Ramus, Lent Howard, John Lewis, Tony Brown, Will Muecke, Dion Lim

We Came, We Represented, and We Left Renewed

by Pam Lloyd and Lent Howard

If someone wanted to make a movie of our 25th SPS Reunion weekend, the elevator pitch would be: “It was like Hot Tub Time Machine mixed with The Big Chill with some Sixteen Candles and Ferris Bueller’s Day Off thrown in!”

The screenplay would follow a big group of middle-aged hipsters, descending upon their utopian alma mater for their 25th high school reunion. Motivated by our form director, president of the Alumni Association, and trustee, Laura Hildesley Bartsch, and fellow trustee Laurel Daniels Abruzzese, close to 75 formmates arrived, setting a new record for (percentage) participation in contributing to the Alumni Fund (thanks to Nina Rowe, Will Muecke and their team’s diligence) and traveled from as far away as Taipei (Mark Hsieh), Paris, London, Germany, and Oregon and Oregon...
as last-minute as Dion Lim, inspired on Friday night to hop a flight from San Francisco, having read the online class book compiled by the Morrows.

Friday evening included cocktails and dinner at the Rectory – a full bar! the plaid couches! It was the ideal setting for our first gathering. Marcia and Bill Matthews ’61 (celebrating his own 50th reunion) hosted, and we had the chance to personally express our appreciation for their wise and loving leadership. Particularly poignant was the presence of Kelly and Priscilla Clark, who began their tenure the same year we became Third Formers. The only thing that could’ve made the event more “1986” was if we’d been eating Mrs. Clark’s poppy seed cake while watching the Bruins game on the Rectory television.

On Saturday morning, eight members of our form participated in the 5K run on campus, while the rest of us slept off post-Rectory festivities at the Courtyard Marriott bar generously underwritten by “Capt.” James Longshore. The day quickly gathered momentum, however, as we progressed through the lineup of campus events. From Laura’s address at the Alumni Chapel Service (where many a tear welled during “Love Divine”); to the foam fingers (and other “schwag”) declaring our superiority at the Alumni Parade; to the utter domination of the alumni/varsity games (special shout outs to the alumni women’s lacrosse team and ’86 crews!); to former Gordon Medal Award recipient Billy Matthews presiding over the Flagpole Ceremony; we were prominently featured for all to admire (and render due homage).

In the final act, Saturday evening we boarded the yellow school buses, which took us to a clambake at Dimond Hill Farm, where we washed down dinner with much laughter and memories, tented under the stars, overlooking a solitary llama amidst the glow of candlelit port-o-lets (you had to be there). We paused at one point, only to reflect on the magic happening around us and remember our late formmates, Bill Priestley and Andrew Ruscus, before resuming our ’80’s dance party, which eventually culminated in a conga line that assimilated almost the entire group singing along to “We Are Family.” Not wanting the evening to end, most of us adjourned to the pool area of the hotel (the Dorm) to continue the revelry until the wee hours of the morning.

As the camera pulls back and the credits roll, we see beautiful faces barely touched by time (well, the women anyway!) framed by an impossibly gorgeous campus. Besides igniting a “friendzy” of Facebook requests amongst the form, this year’s gathering was an amazing opportunity to reunite with old friends and share laughter and memories about a time when we had boundless energy and felt, perhaps, immortal. We came, we represented, and we left renewed.
“I wish we could slow down time…”

by Jen Boyle

The Form of 1991’s 20th Anniversary was a weekend worth remembering. We had a fantastic turnout, with over half of our form returning. We had people travel from far and wide. I think Doug DiSalvo won the award as he traveled from Ethiopia (via Texas and a subsequent drive from Texas to N.H.); Kevin Riendeau flew in from Hong Kong; various people made it from Europe, including the Opravas, Meekses, and Littleton Glover. The West Coast was well represented as we had plenty of folks strolling in after taking a Thursday night red-eye. And although we are grateful that so many came from so far, it was just as special that so many made it from the area. I think I can speak for everyone when I say the Form of 1991 has a tremendous bond and that we all enjoyed spending quality time with one another. To all of our form-
mates who could not make it, please know that you were missed and we hope to see you at the 25th.

Friday night started off at the Grappone Conference Center with a collection of other reunion forms. The night began with catching up and, by the end of the evening, the Form of 1991 was controlling the dance floor and convincing the DJ to play “one more song.” (I think John Meeks had something to do with all of those extra songs.) No Anniversary Weekend is complete without hanging out at the Comfort Inn, where we solved many of the world’s problems, talking into the wee hours of the night.

Saturday was simply a picture–perfect day, a day where the beauty of SPS was awe-inspiring. Kristin DiGaetano Tone started off our day with a yoga class with nearly 20 nimble classmates attending. Brett Stickney was determined to master the handstand in class, and we expect him to show us how he has improved by the 25th.

On Saturday afternoon, we gathered as a form at Nash House and walked to the near boat docks for a memorial service in honor of Jason Ruiz. After a great day at SPS, we all hopped on a school bus and headed to Marcy Chong’s family barn for the big party. The clear highlight of Saturday night was the SPS rock band performing together again. Their tunes brought us back in time as everyone danced and sang along as if it were a Saturday night in the Pit. The band also reminded us of how many talented folks we have in our class: Justin Kurtz played the bass, Franchot Tone lead guitar and vocals, both Will Cook and John Colpitts rocked on the drums. The stage proved a revolving door of one great talent to the next: Alex Eberts on bass, Ramsay Ravenel on guitar/vocals and then Will Minton, Phil Price and Dad–Ali Ziai belted out tune after tune. We capped off the evening with s’mores by a roaring bonfire. All in all it was a fantastic weekend. I think Will Minton summed it up well when he said, “This is so fun. I wish we could slow down time so it could last longer.”

We are so grateful to Marcy’s family for hosting us at their party barn. It was an evening and weekend I will never forget. See you all in 2016!
The 15th Reunion of the Form of 1996 began with staggered re-introductions on the Chapel terrace on a breathtaking Friday afternoon. After formmates reacquainted themselves with their favorite corners of campus, the first official events of the weekend began at Concord’s Grappone Convention Center, which hosted cocktails and dinner for the 15th, 20th, 30th and 35th reunions. I am happy to report that faces have not changed one bit and names are as easy to remember as they were when wheels rolled out of dorms on Sunday, June 2, 1996. The evening was a success, and later spilled onto the bars of Main Street and the cramped – but comfortable – confines of scattered rooms at the Comfort Inn (the latter two venues were recurring gathering points throughout the weekend).

Among the most exciting news of the weekend was the addition of new members to the extended family of the class of 1996, including Stan Schreyer (Amanda Filoso Schreyer’s husband), Nathan Brown (Alex Leigh’s husband), Beth O’Sullivan (Sean’s wife), and Erin Eastland (Rick’s wife). Children began popping up in volume for the first time this reunion, with the Eastlands, O’Sullivans and Bediakos all bringing their pairs. Hopefully all the newcomers enjoyed...
their time – I’m predicting greater volume in five years.

While few of our formmates live in the same cities (outside of New York), and visits can be sporadic, the most reassuring quality of the weekend was the comfortable, casual, and spontaneous manner with which all who gathered were able to debrief on years gone by, share strong and personal thoughts about the future, and, most importantly, laugh at everything that has passed through our collective lives since we entered St. Paul’s in the Third, Fourth, or Fifth Forms. This was evidenced by the continued clustering, meandering, and conversing throughout campus from Friday to Sunday. It happened at the Parade, in the playing fields, at the Boat Races, while swimming at the dam, and any place in Millville to which people felt a magnetic attraction. Five years sounded like a long time, but everyone in attendance constantly marveled at how easy it was to catch up with all formmates, and the barriers of the years gone by disappeared.

A few quick updates. Mark Kurd is finishing up his residency and busy raising two children . . . Alex Tilney and Calvin Burton work together in New York and continue to pursue outside interests in writing and fine art . . . Peter Light was recently married and works for Bloom Energy in the San Francisco area . . . Ben Loehnen continues to work as an editor and call New York home (I even got him to admit that he hasn’t quite made the switch to e-readers and still likes real ink) . . . Alana Pietragallo was not able to attend as she was on her honeymoon, nor was Emily Chang Brands, our new form director, who was due with a baby at any minute . . . Abbie Ransmeier also couldn’t make it, as her architecture job in Germany would not let her go… Todd Norris dropped down from Maine . . . Ken Kim and his wife rounded out the Birmingham, Ala., medical contingent (along with Alex Leigh and her husband) . . . Jess Martin Hayne came with her baby-to-be (July) in tow and left her husband and other two children at home . . . Carey Wagner is hard at work in Miami as a photojournalist . . . Ian Cohen is continuing his adventures in Asia and is now in Hong Kong, while Nick practices law in New York City . . . Isaac Ro is working hard in New York . . . Katie Zug Volkmar is loving life in Boulder and was without her husband and two children for the weekend . . . Jeff Lynn has just started a technology and finance company in London. Others in attendance included Steph Oliver (Philadelphia), Ned Hall (Boston), Christine Parker (New York), Lloyd Walmsley (San Francisco), Rich Spiller (Boston), Caitlin Riley (New York), Owen Weihman (New York), Dave Mathews (Chicago), Nick Kelley (San Francisco), and Adrian Stafford-Browne (New York).

The 15th Reunion of the Form of 1996 was a fantastic success, and, as formmates said their staggered goodbyes throughout the weekend, two common themes dominated – how grateful everyone was to have been able to share such formative years with exciting and interesting people, as well as early enthusiasm to do it again in June 2016.

Melissa Stimson, Todd Norris, Ned Hall, Nick Cohen, Ian Cohen, and Mark Kurd
Our Differences Are What Bind Us Together
by Taylor Robinson

What a difference some sun makes. Unlike our graduation and our five-year reunion, this time the remarkable class of 2001 was able to enjoy Millville without an umbrella. We had a wonderful showing of formmates, who came from all directions – some of whom were recognizable from across the Chapel lawn, and some who required very close inspection to identify. But once we'd realized exactly who was there, it was as if we were back in Sixth Form.

The festivities began in two places: our fine, but remote, lodging in Manchester, N.H., and at a reception at Nick Ames’s house in Boston on Friday night – which brought some serious characters out of the “wibbies.” Unlike our five-year, when most of the class was a year out of college and had had mostly similar experiences in those five years...
since graduation, the 10-year highlighted how incredibly accomplished and grown-up this rag-tag group has become. Among our classmates were doctors, lawyers, teachers, parents, writers, artists, pilots, political activists, and even the winner of a reality TV show – with this cast of characters, we could have filmed our own!

We met as a group for the first time at the Alumni Parade, where, despite being towards the end of the line, we’re pretty sure we received the most applause of any class. After the alumni lunch, the group scattered to take in the Boat Races, play in alumni games, visit friends, and hit the boat docks – which now have a Stonehenge-like structure instead of the old Boathouse. Tuck smelled just like we left it – grilled bread and “SPS specials.” While the School has made some incredible upgrades and built some unreal new facilities, we were happy to see that, for the most part, nothing had changed (except for the Campus Safety officer on the Segway, which we realized would likely have had many a cruising classmate before the DC in our day!).

We re-gathered that evening at a bar aptly named the Strange Brew Tavern. What started as a fairly civil affair of old friends catching up over dinner and drinks, ended in wild dancing and hilarity – exactly as we’d hoped and expected it would. Some remember what went on that night; others don’t. I do know that certain members of other, older forms made the pilgrimage from Concord to Manchester to join in the fun; I don’t blame them – our party was better.

It is very clear that what binds the form of 2001 together is our differences. We are an eclectic group, a “strange brew” – always were, and always will be. I was glad to see that time had not dulled any of our edges – in fact, if anything, we are sharper.

When day broke on Sunday, most of the group had scattered. I was lucky enough to go back to Millville to witness the Form of 2011 graduate, and I’m happy to report that they look to be nearly as cool as we were.

We had a wonderful turnout for our 10th Reunion. Being back at SPS on a beautiful weekend and seeing so many friends from our class made it even harder to believe that we’d had the pleasure of spending three or four years in that incredible place, with those incredible people.

While we’ll hopefully cross paths before then, I’m already looking forward to gathering in 2016.
It Was Apparent That Nostalgia Had Set In

by Jack Eshelman

While it would be perhaps inappropriate to use the word gratitude to express my feelings toward the Form of 2005, I would indeed like to thank them for their zany hijinx last year, which effectively led to the blacklisting of the fifth reunion from the city of Concord. Although we were all disappointed at the prospect of missing out on the famous blueberry piña colada smashes at Cheers, and a midnight closing time (the weekend bedtime for everyone in their early twenties), my formmates and I reluctantly decided to forgo the bright lights of Concord for the friendly confines of the Hotel Buckminster in that great American city – Boston.

On Friday night, a group of 50 bright-eyed and bushy-tailed Paulies swarmed en masse to Cornwall’s, a bar you can doubtless tell
from its name is steeped in history. In fact, some of their wall hangings are rumored to be some of the last vestiges from the original Ruby Tuesday’s in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., circa 1973, no small feat considering that sacred place was burned down in 1978 in a tragic fire caused by a neon sign malfunction. But enough about history.

While formmates eagerly greeted each other and exchanged hugs, behind the scenes a plot was a brewing: a plot by John MacGregor to be the best form agent ever! Scratching and clawing, John finally managed to negotiate some strong deals in the back room of Cornwall’s and solicit the last pledges he needed to surpass the record for highest participation at a fifth reunion. Congratulations to John and all the other form agents. With business behind us, we were finally able to have some fun – until everyone realized the busses had been ambitiously scheduled to pick us up at 9 a.m. With this somber realization in mind, many headed back earlier than expected, while only a few brave men and women soldiered on.

On Saturday, we awoke to a glorious morning, and a rather unpleasant hour and a half drive, but all our cares were washed away when our eyes beheld the glorious sight of St. Paul’s on a sunny day. As we jockeyed for position in the Alumni Parade, it was apparent from all the glossy eyes that nostalgia had set in. Thankfully, many of us were able to wipe away our tears and make our way to the docks for a dip, followed by a jaunt through the woods to visit a few old haunts. Many managed to find their way down to the Crumpacker Boathouse to watch the Boat Races, and we were all treated to quite a show when Clayton Sachs and Jay Clapp removed their shirts after victory (clearly those guys have been working out!). Sadly, the boat races signaled the beginning of the end. Ours was a short visit to Concord and it was time to say good-bye.

In the afternoon, the form dispersed to various gatherings throughout the New England area. Many made their way to Harry Jostrom’s in the New Hampshire woods, where we were treated to a wonderful time and discovered that the police of Sugar Hill, N.H., are only marginally friendlier than those of Concord, N.H. Needless to say, these public servants are not believers in the state motto, “Live Free or Die.” Despite attempted authoritarian interference, it was a fantastic weekend that none of us will soon forget.

To all the members of the Form of 2006: It has been an honor to serve as your form director for these last five years. I have no doubt that my successor, Clayton Sachs, will surpass me in these capabilities, as he did not earn the nickname “Cruise Director” for nothing. I would also like to thank the Alumni Office for putting up with me this year, as I stretched all decision-making to the eleventh hour and most certainly instilled doubts in them about my ability to function in the real world. I can say without any sense of hyperbole that I most definitely could not have done it without them. I look forward to seeing all of you at the 10th, and hopefully before! Thank you, and God Bless America.
It’s not always easy to motivate oneself to pack up the car, book a flight, or seek hotel accommodations. Tod Rodger ’61 has found a way to avoid those pitfalls of travel – he avoids them all.

Rodger’s preferred mode of transportation sports only two wheels. Accompanied by his helmet and backpack – stuffed with essentials only – Rodger routinely takes to the open road on his bicycle. The 50th anniversary alumnus began touring by bike in the late 1960s and continued the tradition with his son, Douglas ’89, on a three-week Nova Scotian journey in the summer of 1987.

“My wife thought, ‘This will cure him – get it out of his system,’” says Rodger, 67. “We returned home from Nova Scotia and were already planning next summer trip – five weeks down the West Coast.”

Rodger’s cycling résumé includes treks in Europe and the Canadian Rockies, among others. He has for the last 10 years cycled through Switzerland each summer. This summer will take him through northern Italy. As his 50th SPS anniversary approached, Rodger decided to check another ride off his list. Beginning April 12, Rodger and his friend, Bill Scott, spent six weeks cycling up the East Coast. Rodger timed the journey to coincide with the Form of 1961’s celebration of a half-century of alumni–hood.

“I have ridden up to a lot of reunions,” says Rodger, who now lives on the New Hampshire Seacoast, of his previous 70–mile rides from Harvard, Mass. “I thought it would be fun to do something special for the 50th – riding from Portsmouth is not very special.”

Rodger decided to travel from his second home in Florida, beginning a 2,100–mile ride though 13 states at the District of Columbia ahead of Anniversary Weekend.

“This was something I’d wanted to do for a long time,” says Rodger. “Everything just came together; the timing worked out, everything worked out.”

Formmate Sherm Barker ’61 was an avid supporter of Rodger and Scott on their East Coast trek, offering his home for a rest in Hilton Head, S.C., and calling ahead to other friends to help arrange safe respite for the cycling duo in their further travels (many of Rodger’s and Scott’s other stops were organized through warmshowers.org).

“Tod spent a night with us in mid–April,” says Barker. “I subsequently e–mailed [our form director] John Ransmeier that I thought a good prompt to get our form to attend Anniversary would be to say, ‘If Tod can bike 2,000 miles from Florida to Millville for our 50th, what possible excuse can you have for not attending?’”

Rodger describes his proclivity for bike travel as a way to see the world from a different angle. “You make yourself vulnerable and people really reach out to you,” he says. “People are much more friendly and helpful when you’re on a bike than when you’re riding around in a car.”

Among his favorite stops was one in Fredericksburg, Va., where Rodger learned about the more than 100,000 casualties sustained in that town during the Civil War. “There are several examples of towns which I always thought of as I-95 interchanges with gas stations and restaurants and motels,” he says, “but go a mile into town and they are just delightful. I found so many of those kinds of towns along the way.”

Adventure was also part of Rodger’s routine, but fortunately not too much of it. He and Scott diligently monitored weather patterns, avoiding a string of tornados in the Carolinas and severe thunderstorms in Virginia. Amazingly, the duo sustained not a single flat tire in the combined 4,200 miles between them.

Rodger admits to briefly entertaining thoughts of “rolling in on Anniversary Weekend,” fresh from the road. Instead, he and Scott arrived at their final destination of Kittery, Maine, on May 21, two weeks before the kickoff of the Form of 1961’s 50th Anniversary celebration. But, he says, “It certainly gave us something to talk about at reunion – it was a good starting point for conversation.”
Hooray!

With gratitude and appreciation, the faculty, staff, and students thank everyone who gave to the 2010–11 Annual Fund.

Thank you.