The Lindsay Center for Mathematics and Science at dusk  (photo: Katie Barnes, 2012)
The Hard, Collaborative Work of Teaching

How does learning happen here? Well, how could it **not**? Just sit in a Reading Room armchair; survey the bookshelves and the names of all the Ferguson Scholars engraved in that seemingly ancient oak or walk down the first floor hallway of the Schoolhouse and see immortalized the alumni who earned Phi Beta Kappa as undergraduates. Consider yourself and the other alumni you know who have succeeded in so many ways – and who have *invented* success in newfound directions. Read Heckscher, Pier, or Drury and others to learn more about our distinguished history. Scan the list of colleges our graduates now attend. This place speaks loudly of learning.

But the truest meaning of a St. Paul’s education isn’t tradition or history or SAT scores or college destinations, but relationships – how teachers and students learn together, and how sometimes together they even create new knowledge about themselves and the world in which they live. How our kids collaborate to produce answers that are more than the sum of their parts.

And how teachers remain learners themselves, by not only staying current with the changing content of their disciplines, but, and maybe more so, by learning from each other how to become better.

Since the summer, there has been a discussion among the faculty, both wide-ranging and focused, about how we approach the central role of teaching. This is nothing new, but it has intensified under the leadership of Academic Dean Lawrence Smith and Vice Rector for Faculty Jada Hebra, both of whom I appointed last summer with the knowledge that they would quickly create a plan to energize and direct this discussion. The goal: continual professional development – not according to formula but rising from the hard, collaborative work of colleagues determined to achieve the best learner-centered environment.

The academic year began with a two-day teacher workshop addressing in part the creation of “rubrics,” specific standards to guide faculty members in their teaching. Divisions have since been dedicating more of their meetings to the creation and refinement of their rubrics, of their shared craft, than to departmental administration.

Teacher evaluations have been reconfigured to be less judgmental and spur more of a dialogue among colleagues about their pedagogies. Lawrence has circulated practice ideas designed to stimulate student engagement in class, encouraging others to join that particular e-mail conversation. Jada has invited colleagues to teach sample classes in their disciplines during biweekly faculty meetings. Meanwhile, Liesbeth and I have immensely enjoyed Friday-evening faculty open houses in the Rectory, where there is a more-relaxed, less-contemplative form of professional development.

While I have had the privilege of serving the School in many different roles, I’m finding as Rector that the teachers here are more astonishing than I ever before realized, not just for what they know and not just for their classroom professionalism, but – maybe more than those – for the fact that they give so huge a portion of their lives to our students. And that they want so clearly to do their important work even better.

Michael G. Hirschfeld ’85
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by Michele Albion

Two alumni who had likely never met crossed paths on April 14, 1912, the night the Titanic sank in the icy waters off Newfoundland. Only one survived to tell the story.

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Amateur photographer Jimmy Gibson ’59 was a Sixth Former on spring break when he began documenting the awe-inspiring and dangerous world of sports car racing.

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by Thomas P. Owen ’11

Many familiar with St. Paul’s School have never examined its underbelly, at the heart of which is its efficient and innovative power plant.

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It’s Here: Lindsay Opens

After 18 months of students taking tests and performing science experiments to the music of jackhammers, the long-awaited Lindsay Center for Mathematics and Science has finally opened its doors.

Following the November 29 Winter Term Convocation, students and faculty processed past the Schoolhouse to the side entrance of the new building.

A little more than a week after math and science faculty made the move from Payson and Moore into the 78,000-square-foot Lindsay Center, the Reverend Michael Spencer, dean of Chapel and spiritual life, flanked by the Choir, offered a prayer before declaring, “The Lindsay Center for Math and Science is officially open. Let’s get to work.”

Students had been allowed into the building for the first time the night before, as Rector Mike Hirschfeld ’85 greeted them on their return from winter break.

Students marveled at the vast hallways that could pass for double-wide bowling alleys, the spacious classrooms, and the ceiling—high whiteboards.

“We have all the most amazing equipment,” says Maddie Crutchfield ’14, “so there is no excuse for not doing great things.” In addition to the contemporary classrooms, labs, and other resources, almost every hallway corner is home to a study area with oversized boards for impromptu group study sessions.

“The areas are great for students to work and meet with teachers,” says math teacher Laura Hrasky. As math mid-year exams approached at the end of January, students and faculty made good use of the work spaces.

The School broke ground on the Lindsay Center in the spring of 2010. Constructed in a U shape, the building surrounded the Payson Memorial Science Building until it was demolished in December. With the Payson lobby that greets visitors upon entering, the Lindsay Center pays homage to Daniel Carroll Payson ’43, a 19-year-old World War II casualty who perished near Saint Vith in Belgium on January 17, 1945.

An article in the Autumn 1951 Alumni Horae explained, “The Payson Memorial Science Building has eight classrooms, three laboratories, for chemistry, biology and physics, and a lecture room which seats one hundred. St. Paul’s is especially fortunate in having one of the most modern buildings for the study of science to be found in any preparatory school.”

Sixty years later, the Lindsay Center is home to 14 science labs and 21 classrooms, including dedicated spaces for ecology and robotics as well as a solar observatory and a room that features Science on a Sphere, a global display system that uses computers and video projectors to display planetary data onto a six-foot-diameter animated globe suspended from the ceiling.

Prior to the Lindsay Center’s opening, Hirschfeld told students and faculty gathered for Winter Convocation that he hopes the Lindsay Center will be a place that enhances their “literacy and excitement for the linked languages of math and science.”

A Breathing Building

It’s easy to see the Lindsay Center’s attractive design and sleek equipment. Not so readily apparent is what makes the structure more environmentally sound than many comparable buildings. Other than the small rooftop solar array, the building’s green features are either behind the scenes or don’t look much different from conventional alternatives.

The Lindsay Center provides students with immediate examples of scientific principles, from heat transfer to forest ecology to organic chemistry: The building itself can be used as a teaching tool.

All wood comes from forests that meet rigorous Forest Stewardship Council standards; paint, flooring, and construction materials do not emit compounds harmful to human health; sensors control the amount of ventilation, lighting, and heat to maximize efficiency; the walls have double the insulation required, making the building 26 percent more efficient than one built only to code; and rainwater is collected in an underground cistern to be used for flushing toilets.

The building dashboard in the Payson lobby is an interactive touchscreen, showing real-time electricity, steam, and chilled water use, as well as solar photovoltaic production. Users can view short- and long-term trends, helping them understand how energy use changes over time. They can also see unit equivalents that may be more meaningful than kilowatt hours or British thermal units: the dollars, laptop-hours, miles driven, or carbon dioxide emissions equal to the energy being used.

This public dashboard supplements the School’s standard energy measurements, which alert Facilities staff to aberrations and allow them to target the highest-use buildings with energy efficiency measures. All buildings have electric meters, and the largest buildings have steam condensate meters that track heat use as well.

The online dashboard displays variable real-time data at buildingdashboard.com/clients/sps/lindsay/.
GSU science faculty members Terry Wardrop ’73 and Joe Holland were recently interviewed for a segment on New Hampshire Public Radio’s Word of Mouth. Wardrop (guitar) and Holland (harmonica and vocals) are two of the seven members of the GSU faculty band the Fletchtones – named in honor of longtime GSU music teacher Bill Fletcher, to whom Wardrop refers as the group’s “musical guru.”

The Fletchtones also include vocalists Jada Hebra (vice rector for faculty) and Tina Abramson ’82 (director of alumni relations), drummer John Bassi (medical faculty), and bassist Jere Williams (arts).

The band’s roots date back a decade, when former faculty member Jim Mahoney first began assembling like-minded musical peers. “We keep finding people who love playing,” Wardrop told NHPR, adding that the Fletchtones enjoy being a “garage band.”

“I had spent years learning how to play guitar, but until I was invited to join a faculty band, I had never really played with other musicians,” Wardrop told Alumni Horae. “Being able to play with excellent musicians is one of the great joys of life. I always leave our sessions exhilarated and happy.”

The band rehearses its repertoire – mostly rock and blues cover tunes – on Tuesday nights in the “rock band room” in the basement of Memorial Hall, where Abramson once practiced with The Rhythm Method, which included friends Blake Dancer ’81, Haruki Minaki ’81, Toby Howarth ’81, and Ben Bidlack ’81.

“We are definitely keeping a dream alive,” said Holland. “We are living out our rock ‘n’ roll fantasies in Mem Hall every Tuesday night. I don’t think it’s going to go too much farther than that.”

Earlier this winter, the Fletchtones performed and shared a talk on the history of rock at Concord’s Red River Theatres as part of the Rock ‘n’ Roll Film Festival.

“I think we’d all love to be up on stage playing music in front of 100,000 screaming fans,” added Bassi, “but, somewhere along the line, we felt our current careers would probably lead to a more secure and stable life. I can still be a doctor and play drums. It would’ve been much harder to do the other way around.”

First Scoop: Winter 1977

Todd Purdum ’78 spent 23 years as a journalist for The New York Times, including a stint as Los Angeles bureau chief and White House correspondent. He has worked since 2006 as the national editor of Vanity Fair. The subjects of his interviews have included just about every household name, from Alaska Governor Sarah Palin to President Bill Clinton’s mother, Virginia Clinton Kelley, to screen legend Robert Redford.

But Purdum, speaking in front of students and faculty on a January 10 return visit to the School, revealed that the biggest scoop of his career was his first, in the winter of 1977, when then-Rector Bill Oates revealed to then-editor-in-chief of the Pelican Purdum that he was to marry admission secretary Jean Matson.

“Mr. Oates chose the Pelican as the vehicle for the announcement, confiding the news in an exclusive interview on a Friday night just before Christmas break,” said Purdum proudly, recalling how surprised he and his fellow students were that the businesslike Rector had a private life at all. “Because I was too embarrassed to ask the Rector, or anyone else, just when his first wife had died, I trudged to the school cemetery the following morning and dusted a fresh snow off several dozen headstones before finally finding Mrs. Oates’ marker from 1965. It is almost impossible to convey to you now just how shocking this news was at the time.”

In his three days at the School as a Conroy Visitor, Purdum met with students at informal meals and in classes, talked with the staff of the Pelican about journalism, and watched New Hampshire primary election returns with community members in a faculty home.

Dance Dance Revolution

It’s been this way for years. Remember? Before fresh memories of winter break have evaporated, students and faculty begin to predict when the Missionary Society will host its annual themed dance and subsequent surprise holiday.

“Mish is something the entire school looks forward to,” says Alice Purdum ’13. “The buildup is very exciting.”

This year, after more than two weeks of anxious anticipation, rumored themes, and decoy pranks performed by the Mish officers, the surprise dance – and accompanying retro-arcade theme – was announced on January 22. Students arrived at the Athletic and Fitness Center dressed up as various classic and new video game characters, including Mario and Luigi, Pac-Man, Tetris, and the Dance Dance Revolution (DDR) arrows, among others.

The AFC’s Barker Courtyard was filled with black lights, neon decorations, hand-painted murals, and a station for students to show off their dance moves while playing DDR.

The attire and decorations have evolved over the years, as seen in the black-and-white photo below depicting the 1951 Mish Fair of Winter Dance Weekend, held in the basketball court of the gymnasium after a Saturday afternoon hockey game.

As many alumni likely recall, students further enjoy being able to let loose and have fun at the dance, knowing they have a holiday from classes the next day.

Since 1926, this time-honored tradition has provided students and faculty with a much-needed respite in the dead of New Hampshire winter.
Only the ghosts of high-speed galloping engines race across the elevated tracks where freight trains once hovered, for a span of 50 years, 30 feet above the bustle of three Manhattan neighborhoods.

The High Line, dubbed for its elevation above New York’s Meatpacking District, West Chelsea, and Hell’s Kitchen, was billed as a public safety project in its 1930s infancy, endeavoring to lift freight traffic away from busy streets full of purposeful pedestrians as part of the West Side Improvement Project. But train service was halted on the High Line in 1980 and, as weeds overtook the tracks, the structure languished for years. City officials contemplated demolition. Seeing potential in the space, a nonprofit community group called “Friends of the High Line” – including founding member Olivia Douglas ’87 – formed in 1999 to help determine an alternate use for the aged tracks and the surrounding overgrown landscape.

“Local residents tried to prevent it from being torn down – it is a green miracle cutting its way through the city, a secret garden nobody knew about,” says Peter Mullan ’87, an architect who joined the High Line effort in 2004 and now serves as its vice president for planning and design. “It started as a grassroots dream that nobody thought would happen.”

Years of planning have resulted in the opening of an atypical public park at the High Line, which, according to its website is a “non-profit conservancy working with the New York City Department of Parks & Recreation to make sure the High Line is maintained as an extraordinary public space for all visitors to enjoy.”

The park is composed of three sections that run along a 1.45-mile stretch from Gansevoort Street to West 34th Street on Manhattan’s West Side. Two of the sections have already opened to the public and, according to Mullan, the third is currently in the design phase.

Since the opening of its second section in 2011 (the first debuted in 2009), the High Line has become, according to Mullan, the most popular New York City park on a per-acre basis, welcoming roughly three million visitors annually. The park also boasts an educational mission, hosting outdoor and in-classroom programs for children in grades two through seven on native plants, the history of Manhattan’s shipping industry, and park design. The High Line also displays art in its temporary collection and hosts other cultural events and performances.

In addition, the High Line represents a model of urban ecology, an impressive juxtaposition of garden and cityscape. “It’s about finding nature where you can,” says Mullan, “and supporting it in a way that can sustain itself long-term. The beauty of it is nature. If you give it a chance, nature will do fine, it will thrive – even in the middle of the city, where we least expect it.”

For more, visit thehighline.org.
Veteran musher Dan Dent ’59 traveled to Alaska in January to compete in the Knik 200 (−mile) Joe Redington Sr. Memorial Sled Dog Race. Knik is an Iditarod-qualifying race, in which Dent, a first-time participant, placed 17th in a field of 38 competitors at Alaska’s Knik Lake. His 40-hour elapsed time included an eight-hour mandatory rest in Skwentna and two four-hour rests to feed his 12-dog team. While this was the first time Dent competed in the Knik race, he is no stranger to mushing. He previously finished five other dog sled races, including the Iditarod in 2000. Dent was recruited to the Knik race by friend and four-time Iditarod champion Martin Buser. Of competing alongside the dog sled legend, Dent said whimsically of his opportunity, “It’s akin to playing hoops with Michael Jordan.”

Jessica Thompson Somol ’88

In December, Jessica Thompson Somol ’88 was a panelist on WGBH Boston’s “Innovation Hub,” where she spoke about Containers 2 Clinics (C2C), a global poverty-alleviation organization for which she serves as director of development and partnerships. C2C has operated a clinic at Grace Children’s Hospital in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, since November 3, 2010, to help restore resources devastated by the January 12, 2010, earthquake. In January 2012, C2C sent the first of three planned clinics to Swakopmund, Namibia, which is scheduled to open in March. In July 2011, C2C was selected as one of 70 finalists among more than 600 applicants to compete in the Saving Lives at Birth Grand Challenge hosted by USAID, the government of Norway, the Gates Foundation, the World Bank, and Grand Challenges Canada.

Pete McBride ’89

In November, Pete McBride ’89 (the subject of a cover story in the Winter 2011 AH) learned that his short film “Chasing Water” had been named “Best Short Mountain Film” at Canada’s Banff Mountain Film Competition. The 18-minute film, directed by McBride, details the story of McBride’s journey to capture the beauty and the heartbreak of the Colorado River, which “ran through my backyard” as he grew up. The honor is only the most recent in a series of awards for the film, which in 2011 also earned “Best Environmental Film” honors at the San Francisco Frozen Film Festival; “Best Cinematography” at the Cine International Film Festival; “Best Documentary” at the ClearWater Film Festival; and “Most Inspiring Story” at the 5 Point Film Festival, and won at festivals in India, Slovakia, Hawaii, Washington, D.C., and Colorado. “It isn’t the Oscars,” McBride told Alumni Horae, “but it’s been a fascinating tour.”

Mike Daly ’08

In January, Holy Cross senior hockey captain Mike Daly ’08 was named a candidate for the Hobey Baker Award, which honors college hockey’s top player. The award is named after SPS alumnus Hobey Baker of the Form of 1909, a casualty of World War I who was known as the best amateur athlete of his day. Candidates are nominated by college coaches, who are asked to select the top three players in their league. Award criteria include strength of character on and off the ice, hockey skill, and scholastic achievement and sportsmanship. Daly, a defenseman, is among the leading scorers for Holy Cross. “I’m completely shocked that my name is on the Hobey Baker ballot list,” Daly told Alumni Horae. “I look at that list and I see the most talented players from around the country in college hockey, many of whom will be future NHL stars. It’s such an incredible honor to even be mentioned in the same breath.” The Hobey Baker winner will be announced on April 6.

Alison Crocker ’02

Former Loomis Award recipient Alison Crocker ’02, an astrophysicist at UMass–Amherst, was among Sports Illustrated’s “Faces in the Crowd” (11/21/11) when she swept three women’s open events at the U.S. individual orienteering championships, outside Boston. She won the sprint (19:32), middle-distance (40:26), and long-distance (1:17:16) events. At Worlds in August, Crocker, 27, was one of four athletes to qualify for the finals in all three events on foot. She also finished eighth in the world ski-orienteering championships last March, representing the best American finish ever.

Alumni Horae
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.

The Carvings

The fall issue of Alumni Horae arrived today and I was struck by the story of the class carvings. At the time, I was mailing a letter which mentioned them to a classmate who had also served in destroyers in the Pacific war so long ago.

Irving C. Sheldon ’40
Saunderstown, R.I.
December 21, 2011

A Familiar Presence

As you note in the article “Carving History” [Fall 2011], my grandfather [former Rector Samuel Drury] had a special relationship with woodcarver Greg Wiggins, and I grew up with quite a number of his carvings and other forms of artwork in our home. I never met him, but he has been a familiar presence in my life for as long as I can remember, and a tangible link back to a grandfather I never met either. My father, who did know Greg, always spoke of him with a mixture of deep admiration for his art and affection for his irrepressible wit. I wish I had known him, but owning some of what he created has been a lifelong source of pleasure for me.

I have attached for your enjoyment photographs, taken this morning, of two of Greg’s pieces that hang within 20 feet of my computer. The first is a carving of “St. Dunstan Tweaking the Devil’s Nose,” evidently sent to Dr. Drury as a Christmas present, with a humorous poem about the Satanic encounter (also by Mr. Wiggins and signed “Benvenuto Wiggins”)

“St. Dunstan Tweaking the Devil’s Nose”: An original carving sent to Fourth Rector Samuel Drury as a Christmas present. As indicated in the letter above, the carving was a gift from John Gregory Wiggins, the carver responsible for creating more than three decades’ worth of form plaques for the School. Wiggins also gave a watercolor to his friend. Both works hang in the home of Drury’s grandson, Geoff ’62.

on the back. The other is a Japanese-style watercolor of an old man [not shown], possibly a scholar, lecturing a crane or heron, with no particular story attached but with humor implicit in every detail. I hope you enjoy them as much as I do!

Geoff Drury ’62
Canaan, Conn.
January 2, 2012

Words that Remain

I was saddened to read in your Fall 2011 edition of Bert Honea’s demise. Mr. Honea (even as an adult I could never presume to call him Bert) was my house master and teacher in (I think) 1964, and he was a shining light in my life at that time, which had little other illumination in it. A gifted man in many ways (for example, he could make Bible studies as relevant and exciting to a teenage boy as going to the movies), Mr. Honea’s great gift, in my opinion, was his capacity to reach right into you and touch you where you lived. He taught me something that changed my life.

I had been severely harassed by other boys in my first two years at SPS, and by the time I was under Mr. Honea’s charge I had grown bigger, big enough to torture the younger boys the way I had been tormented by older ones. One day I made a little kid suffer, and was called into Mr. Honea’s office after he heard of the incident. I stood there sullenly, waiting for the expected diatribe to begin. Mr. Honea stared at me silently for a long time – a very long time – and I knew he was searching for a way in. I knew he wasn’t getting in. Then he said, in a distinct Texas drawl, “King. . . . Be kind.”

That was all. In his superb diplomatic
First Lady Visit: Help Wanted

On April 17, 1936, Eleanor Roosevelt delivered a speech at St. Paul’s and stayed for two days while visiting her nephew, Daniel Roosevelt ’36. There is very little documentation of this visit by the First Lady. If you have any letters, photographs, or other information, please contact SPS Archive Librarian David Levesque (dlevesque@sps.edu). Thank you.

Rutledge Simmons ’85
Washington, D.C.
January 31, 2012

way, he had found the one thing I could hear. I can’t explain why, but those words emblazoned themselves on the walls of my brain, and have remained there ever since. They changed my life. Those words move me to think of them, even as I write this, and if I am ever drawn to a cruel moment, I again hear that Texas drawl remonstrate with me.

I loved Mr. Honea from that point on. We stayed in touch and saw each other for a few decades after my graduation, but, as is the way of the world, I lost touch in the last 10 or 20 years. The world is a less wonderful place without Mr. Honea in it. Boy, could he teach young men! I’ll never forget him or what I learned from him.

Perry King ’66
Studio City, Calif.
January 23, 2012

The Spring 2011 issue of *Alumni Horae* has been placed prominently on my desk since Spring 2011, and there it shall remain until I take necessary action. Today I am doing it. I write to salute anyone who has a role in producing this publication. It only gets better as it continues to draw on the talents, and to tell the story, of the extraordinary alumni of SPS. In addition to the nice mix of color photography, I am particularly pleased by several feature articles in this issue.

First, the spotlight on Bill ’61 and Marcia Matthews, penned by my formmate Andrew Corsello ’85, is a terrific tribute to a man who brought a tone to his tenure as Rector that will benefit SPS for years to come. His style easily encouraged one to give treasure and time – a most precious commodity – to advance the betterment of SPS.

Second, other than in *Alumni Horae*, where do you learn about the celebrities and variety of interesting people who once wandered the halls of SPS? I didn’t know that Perry King ’66 was in *The Lords of Flatbush*. I loved that movie!

Lastly, I agree that Sarah Howell ’97 is “Doing It Right,” as described in the spotlight detailing her architectural work to benefit actor Brad Pitt’s Make It Right foundation.

Once again, thank you for producing a wonderful publication. I will now move it to the shelf behind me.

Rutledge Simmons ’85
Washington, D.C.
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Keeping AH on My Desk

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Washington, D.C.
January 31, 2012
“One of the sleighs for the ride on Washington’s birthday.”

– T. Mitchell Hastings
(Form of 1894)
A personal photo album containing 120 photographs was donated to the SPS archives some years ago, inscribed with the title “Views Taken at St. Paul’s School, Concord, N.H., 1890 by Theodore Mitchell Hastings.”

In the winter of 1890, when many of these photographs were taken, T. Mitchell Hastings (Form of 1894) was a 14-year-old Second Former. It was a particularly snowy winter that year – the Record of 1891 reports snowfall in excess of 94 inches – enough for 101 continuous days of sleighing.

One of the photographs from the album shows a sleigh filled with students accompanied by Hastings’ handwritten note: “One of the sleighs for the ride on Washington’s birthday.” We know some of the details about this excursion from the March 18, 1890, edition of the Horae Scholasticae, which printed a description of the president’s birthday celebration for that year:

Saturday, February the twenty-second, was cold and clear, and the sleighing, about which there had been no little doubt, was, thanks to the recent fall of snow, quite good.

As soon as Chapel was over, the large sleighs and cutters, which were to carry a large party to Shaker Village, drew up in front of the Study, and about one hundred and twenty-five fellows took their places and set out on their long ride. They arrived at Canterbury about noon, and, after buying the usual amount of candy, seeing the barns, stock, and other objects of interest, had an excellent dinner, and then started for Penacook to attend the fair given by Mr. Valpey’s parish.

This photograph is part of a collection that offers a personal glimpse of student life in 1890, providing a level of visual insight that is not usually captured in the written histories of the early years of St. Paul’s School. It is included in the new online exhibit “The T. Mitchell Hastings Album of 1890,” accessible through the Ohrstrom Library Digital Archives (OLDA) website at www.ohstromblog/spsarchives. A free downloadable eBook of the entire album is also available there, formatted for reading on the iPad, iPod Touch, and iPhone using the iBook application.

– Lisa A. Laughy
SPS archive assistant
As her friend raced past her, sliding out of control, Hilary Eisen ’02 screamed at her to self-arrest.

It’s a term familiar to those involved in mountaineering or ice climbing, the latter of which was the pursuit for Eisen and friend Echo Oak on the darkening afternoon of January 15, 2011. The maneuver begs the sliding climber to stop him or herself, using whatever means possible – hands, feet, ice ax.

But Oak, having lost her footing in what Eisen calls an unexpected and freak fall for an experienced ice climber, was simply moving too fast. All Eisen could do was watch as her friend fell over the edge of a cliff, leaving her 220 feet above on an icy pitch, and no way to know, based on the silence below, if Oak had survived the fall.
[Eisen] went ice climbing the weekend after the accident, adding, “It didn’t occur to me not to climb.”
Eisen grew up an outdoorswoman, a product of her Montana upbringing. But she discovered ice climbing on a trip her Sixth Form winter with former faculty member Chip Morgan and the SPS Outing Club. While Eisen is fuzzy on the details, other than the bitterly cold weather, Morgan recalls that in February 2002, he took a small group of students to Willey’s Slide in New Hampshire’s Crawford Notch.

“I remember Mr. Morgan teaching us how to walk with crampons on and how to swing a tool,” recalls Eisen.

Tasked with coiling the rope at the end of the session – and struggling with the frozen knots – she remembers the day as “cold and windy, a blizzard. It was frustrating, but fun.”

It wasn’t until Eisen got to Middlebury College that her interest in ice climbing picked up speed. And she soon became a diehard, recalling that she couldn’t wait to return to the icy faces of the nearby Adirondacks despite that first Crawford Notch experience, which included a wind-chill factor of 20 below. Ice climbing appeals because it’s not commonplace, she explains, and draws climbers to rarely visited places. The sport can test the mental edge of a climber as much as one’s physical limitations; climbers are constantly bashing their knuckles and knees, while connected to the ice by a quarter-inch of steel. It’s a magic combination, Eisen adds, of exhaustion, fear, and pain.

“You wonder why you would ever do this sport again,” she says. “But it’s one of those things that seems more fun in retrospect, when you are back in the car and warm. Ice climbing makes you appreciate being able to feel your fingers.”

Eisen majored in environmental studies and conservation biology, spending her free time building her backcountry skills. Despite bruised knees and frozen hands, ice climbing became her favorite pursuit, and she spent most winter weekends swinging ice axes and kicking her crampons into ice flows in upstate New York.

The West beckoned and Eisen moved to Wyoming the winter after her graduation, where she landed a job with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, tracking wolves in the Tetons. She found herself drawn to Cody, Wyo., home of some of the best ice climbing in the lower 48 states, and landed a dream job – as a public lands advocate for the Greater Yellowstone Coalition. Here, Eisen was surrounded by more talented climbers, willing to share with her their expertise in the mountains of Cody. In 2011, a connection to an ice climbing pal and photographer landed her on the front cover of the catalog for Patagonia, the outdoor clothing and gear company.

She made use of her lead climbing knowledge, instead of the top–rope method by which novice climbers follow a rope suspended from above. Lead climbers are attached to a 200-foot rope and are charged with placing ice screws along an upward path. In this technique, climbers ascend to pitches in up to 200-foot segments. Before long, she found herself danging from frozen waterfalls – and loving it.

“You’re completely responsible for your own safety,” explains Eisen. “The rule for ice climbing is that you don’t fall. You place the protection, but the conditions are so variable.”

Returning to January 15, 2011, Eisen and Oak had just ascended Smooth Emerald Milkshake, a long but moderate climb. The ice flow sits high in Cody’s

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**Fall Sports Highlights**

A freak snowstorm that dumped more than a foot of snow on Concord before Halloween wreaked havoc with the outdoor schedule. The field hockey team made use of the School’s new turf field, playing its final four games on the artificial surface. The boys soccer team (5–7–3 ISL) christened the turf with a 1–0 gem over league–powerhouse BB&N. HM All–ISL Max Krieg ’13 provided the winner.

Other fall highlights included the performances of the boys cross country team (11–4, 5th in ISL) and All–ISL runners Ian Gallager ’12 and Kai Kirk ’12 as well as those of the girls trailblazers, who went 9–3 in the ISL.

The football team had a hard act to follow after a 6–2 run in 2010, but the Big Red won three of its last four games to finish at 4–4. Richard Bradley ’13, Dan Beliveau ’12, Harry Nicholas ’12, and Connor O’Brien ’12 earned all–league nods.

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**Sports Summary**

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South Fork drainage, reached by a steep three-mile hike.

The climb went without incident. But soon after 3 p.m., Eisen and Oak began their descent. Leading the way along the fourth of five pitches the duo was to descend, Eisen crossed a ribbon of ice on nearly flat ground. She recalls seeing or hearing her friend slipping on the ice, sliding out of control, and disappearing over the edge of the cliff. Oak’s ice tools were strapped to her pack, and self-arresting without an ice ax is nearly impossible. She was gone, igniting an epic 24-hour rescue.

Without knowing whether her friend had survived the fall, Eisen methodically descended, remaining calm even as fear of the unknown accompanied her.

“In climbing, you talk a lot about somebody’s head – how far you can push yourself without getting scared,” she says. “When I’m scared, I’m still in control and don’t let that fear overpower me. I continue to do the things I need to do to stay safe.”

The winter sun had receded by the time she reached the bottom, where she found Oak in a snowy basin a surprising distance from the foot of the climb. She was conscious and moaning, and disoriented to a point where she knew who and where she was and could follow basic commands, but she had no idea what had happened to her.

“Night was closing in, and the temperature would drop to freezing, so that was the first situation,” Eisen recalls. “I wasn’t worrying. I made sure I stayed calm and took it one step at a time.”

Eisen assessed Oak’s injuries – later discovered to include two collapsed lungs and a broken pelvis – and determined she could move her. Using her experience as an outdoorswoman and incorporating her basic wilderness first-aid training, she connected to Oak’s harness and dragged and belayed her injured friend to a safer area, wrapping her in every scrap of clothing they had. She built a shelter around the injured girl using downed tree limbs. She soon realized that the 30-foot ascent back up the cliff to the path where a three-mile hike stood between the women and their car was not possible. Assessing their surroundings, Eisen recalled that, thanks to an invasive species known as the Mountain Pine Beetle, the South Fork drainage was full of dry pine needles, plentiful enough to kindle a fire as Oak began to fade dangerously. Coincidentally, Eisen’s master’s research project at the University of Montana has her investigating how the demise of the Whitebark Pine, thanks to the destructive beetle, is affecting high-elevation streams and the invertebrates that live in them.

She kept Oak as comfortable as possible and settled in for a long night, knowing that she might be forced to leave her friend in the morning to seek help.

“Hilary was not one to get impatient or rattled,” explains Chip Morgan. “Both her mental and physical balance were good; and she was strong enough physically to handle the demands of climbing. Saving her friend would have required that calm strength – the capacity to recognize what needs to be done, and then to do it.”

Meanwhile, a rescue was mobilizing. A friend looking after Eisen’s dog, Pika, had grown concerned when Eisen did not turn up to collect her pet. That seed of worry led to a call to Cody Search and Rescue, which enlisted the help of local climbers. An expert climber and friend of Eisen’s located her abandoned car and searched the drainage until he found the pair at 4 a.m. It took 12 hours to pull Oak from the drainage and send her to a hospital.

“I felt total relief because it wasn’t in my hands anymore and, seeing my friend, I knew Echo would be fine,” she says. “I love the wilderness, this sport, and the people who do it. Cody is such a close-knit community of climbers – people who’ll get out of bed at 3 a.m. and travel into the wilderness to help you.”

Recalling the rescue, Eisen offers that the experience heightened her appreciation for spending time in the mountains. She went ice climbing the weekend after the accident, adding, “It didn’t occur to me not to climb.”

A year later, Oak is doing well, says Eisen, noting the pair reunited for an ice climb earlier this winter. Oak recovered from her injuries, including severe frostbite to her hands that sacrificed three of her fingertips, enough that by summer she was competing in local mountain bike races.

Though she wouldn’t wish to repeat her experience, Eisen understands that incidents such as the one she and Oak survived are always a possibility.

“Accidents happen,” Eisen says. “You deal with them, and you don’t let them stop you.”
On the night a century ago when the Titanic sank below the surface of the North Atlantic, it carried one St. Paul’s alumnus with it. Another survived to tell the story.

by Michele Albion
“Oh, the agony”
In April 1912, two St. Paul’s School graduates stood side by side on the bitterly cold deck of the RMS Titanic.

Archibald Gracie IV of the Form of 1875 and John Jacob Astor IV (1882) had likely never met before the voyage, since they did not attend the School at the same time. Yet they were together, stranded on a sinking ship in the frigid waters off the coast of Newfoundland. In the three hours between the ship’s collision with a mountain of ice and the time the Titanic went down, the men were called upon to exemplify two St. Paul’s ideals: service and sacrifice.

Archibald Gracie had boarded the Titanic at Southampton on April 10. The trip to Europe had been a reward to himself. An amateur historian, Gracie had worked tirelessly on a manuscript about Chickamauga, a Civil War battle fought in Georgia by his father, who served with the Confederate army. With the manuscript now finished, he was looking forward to a happy reunion with his wife and daughter in the United States.

The journey aboard the White Star Line’s new luxury ship promised to be the perfect opportunity for rest. Gracie could relax in his first-class cabin, stroll the 880-foot length of the ship, read in the library, or visit its many shops and recreation facilities. On April 14, the day of the disaster, he played squash, swam in the salt-water pool, and attended a religious service. Later, he read and chatted with other first-class passengers in the library. He had a particularly interesting discussion with an older passenger, Isidor Straus, the Macy’s department store owner and, like Gracie, a Civil War enthusiast. That evening, Gracie went to bed early, looking forward to spending the next morning on the Titanic’s squash courts.

It seemed his entire passage would pass in similar pursuits. But, sometime near midnight, Gracie was startled from his sleep by a great jolt. Determined to find the cause, he immediately dressed and went up to the main deck, where he realized the ship had lost power and suddenly ceased its forward motion. He examined the ocean from different decks without seeing the cause, but finally, as he explains in his book The Truth about the Titanic, a friend came to him with a piece of ice in his hand, “coolly suggesting that I might take it home for a souvenir.”

As he encountered other passengers and officers, he was told of an iceberg towering a possible 50 feet above the upper level of the ship. Since the Titanic had been advertised as unsinkable, not all passengers were particularly alarmed at first. But when the ship began to list, Gracie returned to his cabin and strapped on a life jacket.

His fellow St. Paul’s alumnus John Jacob Astor IV had boarded at Cherbourg, France, returning from a European tour with his new wife, Madeleine. His marriage to the young woman had caused a scandal, not only because of his recent divorce but also because she was only 18, 29 years his junior, a year younger than his son. The trip abroad was intended to allow time for the gossip to dissipate.

Inherited wealth and his own business endeavors, including New York’s Waldorf-Astoria and other hotels, had made Astor a millionaire many times over. His status as the most affluent passenger on board was
illustrated by the fact that his party occupied three cabins. The Astors had a maid, a valet, and a nurse. The nurse was charged with tending to Madeleine, who was pregnant.

After the collision roused the Astors from their beds, they made their way to the gymnasium to await instruction. Astor sought to reassure his wife that the danger was small – that the Titanic was ready for any eventuality. Soon, though, they were told to report to the deck for evacuation. Astor cut a hole in a life jacket to show Madeleine the material that should keep them afloat before rescue if the worst occurred.

In his account – written that same year, published the next, and still in print – Archibald Gracie recalls that “prayerful thought now began to rise in me that my life might be preserved and I be restored to my loved ones at home.” Then, he writes, “I questioned myself as to the performance of my religious duties according to the instructions of my earliest Preceptor, the Rev. Henry A. Coit, whose St. Paul’s School at Concord, N.H., I had attended.”

Gracie remained on deck to help the officers save others as it became evident that the ship’s personnel were underprepared and overwhelmed, launching several of the lifeboats only half full. Among those he assisted were three sisters traveling by themselves whom he had earlier in the voyage escorted around the ship. One was the wife of a St. Paul’s schoolmate, E.D. Appleton (1875).

As the night wore on and lifeboats were filled, Gracie and others began to realize there would not be nearly enough boats for the more than 2,000 passengers. Thus, the process of evacuating the Titanic became even more distressing as families were made to separate.

Faced with the policy of “women and children first,” the first-class men helped their wives and children aboard before wishing them well, trying hard to maintain cheerful facades. Gracie watched as Isidor Straus and his wife, Ida, calmly discussed the situation. Ida refused to leave without her husband. Because Straus

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**John Jacob Astor’s body was identified from its effects. A ship’s cable recorded:**

*No. 124 – Male – estimated age 50 – light hair & moustache*

- **CLOTHING** – blue serge suit; blue handkerchief with “A.V.”; Belt with gold buckle; brown boots with red rubber soles; brown flannel shirt; “J. J. A.” on back of collar.
- **EFFECTS** – gold watch; cuff links, gold with diamond; diamond ring with three stones; £225 in English notes; $2440 in notes; £5 in gold; 7s. in silver; 5 ten franc pieces; gold pencil; pocketbook.
- **FIRST CLASS NAME** – J. J. Astor

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The Ryerson family returned to the States to attend the funeral of the family’s oldest son, Arthur Larned Ryerson Jr. of the Form of 1909. The young man, who died in an automobile accident on April 8, 1912, attended St. Paul’s from 1904 to 1907. The other members of the Ryerson family – Arthur’s wife, daughters, and one younger son – survived. The boy, 13-year-old John Borie Ryerson, matriculated at St. Paul’s the fall after the disaster, graduating in 1917.
A Survivor’s Account

Not long after escaping death on the Titanic, Archibald Gracie shared his account of the disaster with Outlook magazine, portions of which were reprinted in The Evening Post of New York upon his December 4, 1912, death.

“I now took my station in the bow of the boat on the port side and helped in loading the boats at this side with the helpless women and children. I assisted a mother and babe to safety. I also helped Mrs. Astor over the rail into the boat, and heard her husband request of the second officer that he be allowed to accompany her to protection.

“No sir,” said the officer; ‘no man must go on this boat.”

“Col. Astor bravely held his peace and gracefully accepted the painful situation, asking only for the boat’s number in order that he might find his wife later. And now so palpable was the list to starboard that the second officer ordered all passengers to the port side, but not before one had called for all the women on that side.

“Holding on as long as I could to the railing, I was at last compelled to let go, and was hurled around and around on my stomach on the deck where the funnels were. Then down I went into the waters below, drawn beneath by the suction. How great was the depth to which I went I cannot say. Had it been of greater extent than twenty-five feet, undoubtedly the blood would have rushed from my nose and ears. My chief concern was to escape from being boiled, as I at this time expected the water to boil from the engines below.

“When I reached the surface finally, there was nothing to be seen about me but a great field of wreckage of every sort and description. . . . My first efforts were devoted to getting towards a mass of wreckage consisting principally of a crate-shaped mass of wood, but when I saw a short distance beyond a boat upside down, with men struggling on it, I struck out in that direction, took hold of one man’s hand, and lifted my legs over and secured a position thereon with members of the Titanic’s crew.”

was elderly, the ship’s officer told him to come aboard, but he refused to take a place meant for another. In the end, he and his wife resolved to remain and face their deaths together.

Gracie assisted a family from Haverford, Pa., as they climbed into Lifeboat 4. Keeping a brave face, the father, Arthur Larned Ryerson, waved reassuringly to his wife and three children, including his son, John Borie Ryerson, soon to become a member of the SPS Form of 1917.

The Ryersons were joined by Madeleine Astor. Her husband stood near Gracie as first she, then her nurse and her maid, were placed into the boat with Gracie’s assistance. Astor then asked to accompany them so he could care for his young wife and unborn child. The ship’s officer refused, Gracie writes, “not knowing the millionaire from the rest of us . . . . Colonel Astor did not demur, but bore the refusal bravely and resignedly, simply asking the number of the boat to help find his wife later in case he also was rescued.”

Gracie watched as the richest man on board walked away, quietly accepting his fate.

Most passengers were desperate to find some way to save themselves. Others were more resigned. The Pennsylvania man, Arthur Ryerson, having seen his family aboard the lifeboats, seemed to accept his destiny. He and three other men sat quietly in the smoking room, resolutely waiting for death.

After the lifeboats were first launched, the second-class passengers emerged from the ship’s belly, where they had been slower to realize the gathering crisis, with third-class, or steerage, passengers, who had experienced more difficulty finding and making their way up, having been confined during the voyage to the lowest passenger deck. Gracie recorded the scene in his book: ‘‘There arose before us from the decks below, a mass of humanity several lines deep, converging on the Boat Deck, facing us, and completely blocking our passage to the stern. There were women in the crowd, as well as men, and they seemed to be steerage passengers who had just come from the decks below. . . .
Even among these people there was no hysterical cry, or evidence of panic, but oh, the agony of it! According to his own account, as the ship sank deeper and deeper in the water and the end approached, Gracie employed his penknife to help the Titanic’s staff untether a collapsible “Engelhardt” boat. He helped lower the boat, but did not reserve a place for himself. When ice-cold water began to flood the deck, he ran for the ship’s bridge. When it too was plunged into the black water, he was sucked under with it. Kicking hard, he fought desperately against the icy current. After what seemed like an eternity, Gracie broke the surface and breathed in a great gulp of air before frantically searching for a bit of debris large enough to keep him afloat. Finally, he found one of the collapsible boats, which had never been turned upright. With several other men, he pulled himself out of the freezing water and struggled up and onto the underside of the Engelhardt. Soaked, his clothes quickly freezing solid to his body, he waited for rescue or death.

The next morning, the sun rose over a sea of wreckage and floating ice. Gracie was barely conscious when one of the lifeboats rescued the ice-covered men from their overturned craft. A short while later, the steamship Carpathia broke the horizon, and for the first time Gracie realized he would probably survive. All told, of the 2,224 men, women, and children on the Titanic, more than 1,500 died. Astor’s wife was rescued and would later give birth to a son bearing his name. Among the bodies eventually recovered, Astor’s was one of the few identified in the wreckage (see sidebar).

In the months following the disaster, Gracie testified to Congress and wrote the book about his experiences. It was likely not until he visited St. Paul’s in June 1912 for the School’s 56th anniversary that he learned that he and Astor had both come of age in Millville.

The strain of his harrowing experience never left Gracie. He died at 55, five months after attending the St. Paul’s commemoration. In his final hours, his thoughts turned back to the Titanic. His last reported words were, “We must get them into the boats. We must get them all into the boats.” Though his life had taken him far from St. Paul’s, Archibald Gracie’s service and sacrifice saved many who otherwise might have died aboard the Titanic.

“Prayerful thought now began to rise in me that my life might be preserved and I be restored to my loved ones at home. . . . I questioned myself as to the performance of my religious duties according to the instructions of my earliest Preceptor, the Rev. Henry Coit, whose St. Paul’s School at Concord, N.H., I had attended.”

– Archibald Gracie

The author of books about Thomas Edison and Henry Ford, Michele Albion consulted on the winter 2009 prize-winning Horae article “Sons of the Phonograph.” Among the infinite publications about the Titanic, Archibald Gracie’s The Truth about the Titanic is considered one of the most exciting and reliable first-hand accounts.

An alumnus unveils his collection of vintage racing car photos, recalling a time in which car enthusiasts once roamed free among racing's legends.

by Jana F. Brown
Golden Age

PHOTOS BY JIMMY GIBSON ’59
(www.jimmygibsonphotographer.com)
On January 19, 2012, Eastman Kodak, founded in 1888 and once the standard-bearer of the photography industry, filed for Chapter 11 bankruptcy. The financial woes of the corporate giant are undeniably linked to the times. As the digital age of photography has barreled into existence, it has all but erased the days of loading film, chancing a shot, and waiting anxiously for the results to emerge from a bath of chemicals.

Musician Paul Simon sang about Kodachrome, Kodak’s iconic 35mm film, in a 1973 song that pleaded, “Mama, don't take my Kodachrome away.”

For amateur photographer Jimmy Gibson ’59, Kodachrome is a metaphor for another time, a time when he clicked away in the color film, when automated exposures were a luxury of the future, and when an 18-year-old Sixth Former from St. Paul’s could leave school for spring break with a couple of pals and, days later, stand mere feet from the track around which the legends of car racing sped.

Kodak did take Kodachrome away, retiring it in 2009, a year shy of its 75th anniversary as the flagship of the company’s brand. But Gibson grew up threading its glossy spools into the back of his camera. The son of a photographer, Gibson was given a Kodak Brownie as a 12-year-old and a Pentax with a 50mm lens at 17, and his fascination with seeing the world through a lens soon became a passion he was able to merge with another boyhood obsession: cars.

On Labor Day Weekend 1958, Gibson met up-and-coming driver Lucky Casner at Connecticut’s Thompson Raceway. The meeting was one of fortune for Gibson and, eventually, SPS pals Ted Johnson ’59 and Marty McClintock ’59. Earlier in the year, Gibson had created fake letterhead identifying the members of the SPS Auto Racing Team, consisting of two drivers (Gibson and Peter de Bretteville ’59), a chief mechanic (Johnson), and a manager (Alston Boyd ’59). The team even bought an ad in the back of the 1959 SPS Year Book. The boys sent their letter, adorned with an oval logo of a Ferrari grille overlaid with crossed hockey sticks (in homage to the black ice of Millville), out to as many racing teams as they could manage, hoping for a chance to crack the pit crew lineup at a race the following season.

“I met Lucky Casner and I asked him if he was going to the races at Sebring the next March,” recalled Gibson, who now lives in Rhode Island. “He said he was, and I told him, ‘I’m your guy. We’ll shake here and I will be there.’”

Family vacations to the Bahamian Island of Nassau were integral to Gibson’s childhood. Forays to nearby Sebring, Fla., had become a part of the trips’ lure for Gibson. Having grown up on a quiet farm in Maryland, he recalls the first trace of his obsession with vehicles: eagerly awaiting the weekly arrival of the milkman in his fancy new Divco truck.

As SPS spring break dawned in March 1959, Gibson, Johnson, and McClintock managed to negotiate the loan of a new Ford station wagon from Johnson’s mother. According to Gibson, the boys threw a mattress into the hatchback’s cargo area to create a makeshift mobile motel and piled into the car for the 1,400-mile trip from Johnson’s home in Ipswich, Mass., to Sebring, Fla., for the eighth annual 12 Hours of Sebring race. The boys arrived to discover that Casner had left credentials for them, providing unlimited access to the track and the drivers.

“We left the campus eager to get down there,” said Gibson. “We were already exploding with excitement, with the dream of being there in the middle of it – the action, all these people. It was glorious, a fabulous thrill to stand there and watch these guys drive by in these fabulous cars.”

Inside the pits of Sebring, Johnson recalls being a “gofer” while Gibson did “whatever they told me” – lifting tires and retrieving water and oil for Casner’s No. 19 Ferrari 500 TRC. And, to their delight, they crossed paths with some of the greats of auto racing, names like Dan Gurney, Stirling Moss, and Phil Hill,
among others. Without the security that surrounds today's auto racing scene, with its less defined mass of rabid fans, the spectators at Sebring and the other well-appointed race tracks of the late-1950s circuit were true car enthusiasts, there to marvel at the flashy aluminum hand-built vehicles developed more for style than for aerodynamics.

"The pit pass gave me a lot of access to the various teams' space," recalled Johnson, a lawyer now living in Delaware. "All manner of big names were there."

Access, Gibson concurred, was easy to acquire. The racing community was a small one, willing to embrace those interested in joining the club. With his camera acting as the thin barrier between him and the scream of the grand marques of Ferrari, Porsche, and others in the sports car spotlight, Gibson became a member of that club, enjoying the social aspect of the many races he attended at Sebring and beyond – dinners and parties with the drivers – as much as the high-speed action on the tracks.

"I was standing in the pits next to Ferrari team manager Romolo Tavoni during practice for the 1959 Sebring 12-hour race, and I asked how the factory came to the design of the '59 Testa Rossa," said Gibson. "He said, 'If a car looks beautiful it will go beautifully.' It was sculpture. They could shape these cars into anything they wanted. It wasn't just a car packed in stamped metal like they are today. There was a certain element of art. I got to see them pushing technology, take photos of the beautiful paint jobs. It was a time when there was no advertising or promotion on the cars."

Gibson inhaled the atmosphere at Sebring with all his senses. Though he was fortunate never to witness a fatal accident, he could sense the danger and see it in the absence of roll bars, the racers' flammable cotton suits, and the presence of hay bales to somehow cushion careening cars and serve as a barrier between speedway and pit. At Nassau, relocated infant pine trees served a similar purpose. Heavy rain slicked the track at Sebring in 1959, resulting in several disabling spin-outs, but no serious injuries (a year later, driver Jim Hughes was killed when his Lotus rolled over, also killing a photographer). Lucky Casner was killed six years later during a test run at Le Mans, France.
Gibson was so close to the action that he soon was able to identify each car’s distinctive exhaust tone with his eyes closed. In fact, at some point in his Sixth Form year, Gibson acquired a record album containing the “Sounds of Sebring.” Sitting in his room in the Upper, Gibson would listen to the machines race by, recalling that most of the friends who poked their heads through his door—way failed to understand his obsession with race cars.

“Very few people were interested in sports cars at St. Paul’s, and nobody was interested in our adventures,” he said. “In that way, I had a little bit of a double life.”

Gibson recalls that former faculty member Bishop John Walker, who lived in the room adjacent to his in Coit, would graciously listen to the Sebring recording in Gibson’s room. In February 1959, a month before Gibson traveled to Florida in the borrowed Ford, he convinced a local Chevy dealer to bring a metallic blue Corvette to the SPS Missionary Society vendor show in the old Cage.

But the pull of the racetrack was strong for Gibson, who spent the next several years widening his circle of racing friends—and thus his access to the tracks—and even getting behind the wheel, racing his own Porsche and sometimes serving as a reserve driver. A highlight was an Alfa Romeo co-driving experience at Valletunga in Italy. Gibson also continued to crew for pals in other races, when time permitted.

All the while, Gibson used his Pentax to document in Kodachrome the color, speed, and progress of auto racing at Sebring (1959, 1962, 1964, 1965), Nassau (1959), Bridgehampton (1964), Watkins Glen (1964), Marlboro Raceway (1959), Thompson Raceway (1958), and Stillwater Lake, Pa. (1964). With a few exceptions, most of his photographs were stowed away in a box until 2007, when Gibson’s wife, Cynthia, founded the Vanderbilt Concours d’Elegance, an auto show at the mansions of Newport, R.I., that included the presentation of the inaugural William K. Vanderbilt Jr. Awards for Lifetime Achievement to Dan Gurney and Stirling Moss, whom Gibson and friends had encountered on the racing circuit more than four decades earlier. The event also featured a lineup of vintage cars, some of which had been driven by the two honorees.

As the Concours approached, Gibson thought of his archival images, to which he had returned for selected shots in earlier years, soon discovering drum-scanning technology that was able to transform his half-century-old Kodachrome negatives into detailed color prints. Setting up shop as a vendor at the Newport show, Gibson sold every print he displayed in his cramped booth.

“It was a visceral, personal thing to be involved in taking pictures like this,” he said. “When I look at them now, they instantly transport me back to the exact moment I took each image, and I feel I am there again.”
By the end of the Vanderbilt Concours, Gibson had multiple orders to fulfill. It was then he decided that perhaps he should unlock all of the images that provided a window into a golden age of sports cars. He discovered among his stock some true gems. In a 1964 photo of Gurney – the first driver to earn victories in the Sports Car World Championships, Formula 1, NASCAR, and IndyCar, and the first American driver to win a Formula 1 race in a car he built himself – the driver’s signature concentration is visible in a simple gesture: biting down on his tongue. (Gurney is also credited with being the pioneer of the celebratory champagne spray now iconic for racing victors.) Moss, the celebrated British driver with whom Gibson has maintained a friendship for many decades, communicated with the photographer about the images.

“The pictures are wonderful, bringing back memories of long and ago and, even better, not so long ago,” Moss wrote in a letter to Gibson soon after the Concours.

Another of Gibson’s favorite images, taken at Nassau Speed Week soon after his 1959 SPS graduation, reveals the full frame of Phil Hill, at the time a recent winner of the 24 Hours of Le Mans. In the photo, Gibson caught Hill’s superstitious side as he pushed his Ferrari 250 Testa Rossa – a car similar to a prototype that set a world record in 2011, fetching $16.4 million at an auction in California.

“I blew this up and could see that Phil has on his feet his good luck suede loafers and argyle socks,” said Gibson. Gibson sent a print to Hill, who had shared driving duties with Gurney, Olivier Gendebien, and Chuck Daigh to lead the No. 7 Ferrari to victory at a rainy Sebring in 1959, explaining how the details produced by modern scanning technology had betrayed his superstition. “Nobody ever photographed feet,” Gibson said. “It was all waist up in the cars.” Hill himself, Gibson added, told him the image of the gleaming Testa Rossa and surrounding casual activity in the pits “perfectly captured the ethos of that time.”

Gibson recalls with nostalgia that his time among the stars of auto racing stood in stark contrast to the life he was living at St. Paul’s, then an evolving but disciplined place in which student grades determined their permission to leave campus on weekends.

“They were orderly times at St. Paul’s,” said Gibson. “I think our form felt like we were starting to bridge out of the Victorian era to the modern era.”

Gibson’s photographs are resonating with vintage racing aficionados. A family-owned company, Suxitil, which once produced sleek racing suits for European teams, has requested the promotional use of some of his images, hoping to resuscitate the brand. And Ferrari’s magazine has asked to print a selection of Gibson’s images in its pages.

Many of the prototype models he photographed are now some of the most valuable collector’s cars in the world, selling for millions at auctions, their drivers legends of their era. But the one gaping hole in Gibson’s vast gallery of images covering a decade of motorsports is a picture of the photographer himself. In an image taken at Thompson Raceway that Labor Day 1958 when Gibson first met Lucky Casner, the shadow of a figure holding a camera stretches across the path of George Constantine’s Aston Martin as it battles eventual winner Chuck Daigh’s Scarab for first place. That shadow belongs to Gibson and is solid proof of just how intimate his access to the track was at the time.

“You can’t get much closer to racing,” he said. “Sometimes I was so close to the cars that a few brushed my pant leg as they went by.”

This 1958 photo is the only image that includes Gibson, as his shadow crosses the No. 49 Aston Martin.
DOUBLE

by Thomas P. Owen ’11
A recent SPS graduate explores the inner workings of the extremely efficient gem that is the School’s central heating plant.

From outside, the St. Paul’s steam plant looks decidedly antiquated. With its imposing Collegiate Gothic architecture, the power hub of the School looms over the quad, a brick cathedral obviously dedicated to burning coal. The psalm engraved on the exterior – “O Ye Fire And Heat, Bless Ye The Lord” – completes the appearance. Few would guess that beneath this artfully aged exterior lies a facility at the forefront of energy technology.
he first floor represents a complete departure from any preconceived notions of the dark, dirty, boiler room. It is an immaculately clean, sparklingly white room, with an oversized desk framing the entrance, on which a row of computer monitors stands at attention. Towering, shiny metal structures take up the majority of floor space, and the room hums with the whir of generators. Visitors can look into the small, round viewing window with its pane of protective blue glass and see the spectacular flame of the gas combustion. It’s a window into the world of fuel efficiency.

In 2007, the School installed a natural gas line and retrofit the main boiler to accommodate the use of either gas or oil.

“We battled for years to get a gas line in here,” says John O’Shaughnessy, associate director of facilities. “And then the day finally came when we welded our line up to the grid.”

The original motivation for the accommodation was driven by environmental considerations. According to Maura Adams, who manages environmental stewardship at St. Paul’s, “gas emits 26 percent less greenhouse gases per unit heat than oil,” so by burning natural gas instead of oil, the School is taking an active stance against global warming.

Since natural gas is mostly composed of methane, when gas is combusted, the major compounds released into the atmosphere are carbon dioxide and water vapor – the same compounds we exhale. Oil and coal represent much more complex molecules, so when they are combusted, they release more harmful emissions, including carbon, nitrous oxides, sulfur dioxides, and ash. Gas combustion leads to lower levels of the emissions that lead to climate change, acid rain, and atmospheric pollution.

While these efforts are laudable and follow both the Strategic Plan and the Environmental Values Statement, responsible fiscal planning also played a role in the decision to add the extra burning option. Although oil and gas prices were roughly the same at the time of the gas line installation, oil prices since then have shot up nearly 400 percent. It cost St. Paul’s a quarter of a million dollars to invest in a natural gas option, but it took only two years to make a return on the investment.

“We didn’t think we would pay it back anytime soon,” says O’Shaughnessy, “but when oil prices shot up, we knew it was worth it. The offset paid for itself.”

Oil is the preferred tradition for heating because one barrel of oil contains about six times the energy content of one million BTUs of natural gas. “It’s more bang for your buck,” explains O’Shaughnessy.

Given this proportion, intuition would assume that a barrel of oil is six times more expensive than natural gas. In reality, while natural gas is about four dollars per MMBTU, oil is closing well over one hundred dollars – a ratio of over 25:1. Since 98 percent of the natural gas this nation uses is produced in the United States, gas prices do not fluctuate with political crises in other nations the way oil rises and falls depending on the day’s diplomatic climate. The new system is “more than easier,” claims O’Shaughnessy. “It’s like night and day.”

During the peak heating season of December to February, oil was delivered every 24 hours, and main steam plant operator Kevin Keefe was charged with vigilance over the burning of two types of oil.

“It was almost like a game,” recalls O’Shaughnessy. “A very stressful game.”

The winter of 2012 brings with it a constant flow of gas from the national grid, and Keefe only has to monitor the system. “I can run everything on this plant from home on a laptop if I need to,” says Keefe. “Sometimes I’ll check on weekends even, just to see how things are going.”

In addition to its evolving efficiencies, the keepers of the SPS steam plant also place an enormous emphasis on upkeep and maintenance. This has been the St. Paul’s way for generations.

“The old system was replaced because we couldn’t find replacement parts to buy anymore,” says O’Shaughnessy. “We got 40 years out of equipment that was supposed to last for 20.”

One important aspect of maintaining the plant is water treatment. In addition to the town water supply, St. Paul’s also makes daily use of 1,000 gallons of water from the Hargate dam. And in order to prevent corrosion in all the underground pipes, the water’s pH must be closely
monitored so it remains neutral at all times. St. Paul’s also maintains contracts with two companies (one for the computers, one for everything else) who spend three to five days each year making sure everything is running well.

“Every year, this school is getting more efficient,” O’Shaughnessy reports. For example, although the Athletic and Fitness Center (built in 2004) was already LEED-certified, O’Shaughnessy helped lead a 2009 initiative to replace the light bulbs in the Crutchfield/Hirschfeld Gymnasium with more efficient technology. The gym was the first installation site of brand-new 210-watt metal halide bulbs, which sense natural light and automatically dim, reducing electricity usage by 75 percent. The bulbs have since been installed in many other locations, including the ice hockey center and squash courts.

“Every light we leave on means more fuel that’s needed to power it,” says O’Shaughnessy. Since 2006, St. Paul’s has reduced its campus-wide energy use by 1.5 million kilowatt-hours, and last June O’Shaughnessy accepted an award from Northeast Energy Efficiency Partnerships honoring the School’s efforts.

Back inside the smokestack, in the relative darkness of its basement level, you have to shout to make yourself heard over the whir of motors and electricity. O’Shaughnessy points out large, black cooling fans fitted with computer-automated variable-frequency drives that have shaved energy usage by 75 percent.

But the heart of the basement is an 18,000-gallon oil tank, dwarfed only by the three 20,000-galloners that surround it. The tanks are massive and monolithic, dominating a vast area specially diked in case of a massive leakage. The larger tanks hold #6 oil, while the smaller one holds #4. At room temperature, #6 oil takes on the consistency of molasses, whereas the more refined (and expensive) #4 oil is normally liquid. The engineers would heat the #6 oil with the steam generated from #4, a reliable but inefficient system.

At basement level, black soot marks on the walls and ceilings are ghostly reminders of the coal chutes once so central to the plant’s operation. According to an article by former faculty member Ronald Clark in the Spring 1975 Alumni Horae, shoveling coal was a common Work Program duty in the 1950s. The School would stockpile 5,000 tons of coal during the summer, when coal could be purchased at reduced prices, and move it from storage to bunkers above the boilers every spring. In one typical afternoon, 10 boys might move 20 tons of coal, and “it was a mark of distinction to leave the work detail as dirty as possible and parade through the School back to the dormitory,” Clark wrote. A 1963 conversion to oil brought an end to the coal era. SPS boys marked the occasion with their final coal movement on April 6, 1963.

During the Mother’s Day flood of 2006, the steam plant was hit particularly hard. The lower level was engulfed in several feet of water, destroying the electrical system and temporarily disabling the plant entirely. “We had the fire truck pumps in here and they weren’t even making a dent,” O’Shaughnessy recalls. “We had to get a huge pump from Worcester, Mass., that could pump 18,000 gallons a minute. That took care of it.”

Iconic buildings — the Chapel and the Schoolhouse, for example — are usually the first to come to mind when contemplating the heart of the School. But the next time the vitality of the St. Paul’s ecosystem is debated, the Central Heating Plant should at least be on the ballot.

Natural gas is rapidly replacing the mammoth oil tanks the way oil once replaced coal as the School’s primary energy source.
Area 51: An Uncensored History of America’s Top Secret Military Base  
by Annie Jacobsen ’85  
Little, Brown, 532 pages, $27.99

Reviewed by Mark Bell

I’ve always loved a good conspiracy theory, whether I think it’s accurate or not. Something about how people synthesize facts and circumstance with cynicism and paranoid distrust is endlessly fascinating. One genre of conspiracy theories to which I’ve never given much credence is “ufology,” the controversial study of mobile alien visitors. And given Area 51’s affiliation with a host of so many improbable stories of flying saucers and extra-terrestrials held in captivity, I couldn’t help but acknowledge my own skeptical bias when I sat down to read Area 51: An Uncensored History of America’s Top Secret Military Base. However, the more I read, the more my resistance softened as Jacobsen’s exhaustive research unfolded into an engrossing and compelling narrative about one of America’s central assets in the Cold War and beyond.

An investigative reporter and contributing editor to Los Angeles Times Magazine, Jacobsen reveals to us much of the mystique enshrouding the government’s “most secret domestic military facility.” Part of a larger government facility 75 miles north of Las Vegas in the Nevada desert, Area 51 has served as a base for numerous “black operations” and nuclear tests. The government has never officially acknowledged that Area 51 exists, a fact that alone fuels the conspiratorial imagination.

The further I read, the more my skepticism dissipated and I gradually accepted that the explanation for these phenomena is a lot more plausible than the conspiracy theories would lead me to believe. Those flying discs that landed in Roswell, New Mexico, in July 1947: Were they UFOs or simply Nazi–engineered, Soviet–operated super flying discs? The U–2 and A–12 Oxcart spy planes had to be assembled and tested somewhere, didn’t they? Captured Soviet technology had to be reverse–engineered covertly lest the enemy knew our secrets, right?

Jacobsen brings to her work the hallmark of superior scholarship – a passion for her subject that transfers to the reader. Jacobsen meticulously details her subject for nearly 400 pages, with another 100 pages of notes and citations. She interviews dozens of men who worked at Area 51, persuading them to speak – most for the first time – on the record about their top–secret work, and she pores through countless declassified documents and government records.

Frequently, she reveals for the first time information that helps in the demystification of Area 51, chronicling the history of one of the great enigmas of the last century.

On the Shelf . . .

In the Shadow of Time
George de Man ’57
George de Man’s seventh book – and fifth of poetry – contains many new poems and author–selected previously published work. Among the latter are selections from his book on SPD: Blue Water, Black Ice. Included in this collection are poems published in Horae Scholasticae in the 50s, love poems, portraits, elegies, foreign language poems, and a number of other categories. George Hobson ’57 provides the introduction.

The Wandering Gene and the Indian Princess
Jeff Wheelwright ’65
In the isolated San Luis Valley of Colorado, Shonnie Medina inherits a breast–cancer mutation known as BRCA1.185delAG – a genetic variant characteristic of Jews. This beautiful and harrowing book tells of the Medina family’s 500–year passage from medieval Spain to the American Southwest and of their conversion from Catholicism to the Jehovah’s Witnesses in the 80s. Rejecting conventional therapies in her struggle against cancer, Shonnie Medina died in 1999. Her life embodies a story that could change the way we think about race and faith.

A Zen Monk Had Sweaty Palms
Sims Wyeth ’69
This is a short book on presentation skills training, but one that’s long on solutions to the problems that bedevil today’s speakers. Each page offers its advice in large–print one–liners – “stand on the balls of your feet” or “cheat and steal whenever possible” – and dispenses a handful of simple directives below. Zen Monk provides pithy nuggets of practical advice for business presenters.

Finding My Way Home
KT McCammond ’78
In her debut CD, McCammond (ktmccammond.com) sings a selection of jazz and cabaret dedicated to her late husband, Mac, who passed away from lymphoma in 2009. The 12 songs spanning 1887 to 2000 include new twists on old favorites. Finding My Way Home is McCammond’s first step in honoring the love and the life she and Mac shared and in acknowledging her discovery that “home is within me.”

Cell Traffic: New and Selected Poems
Heid Erdrich ’82
This book includes new poems and previously uncollected prose poetry along with selected work from this award–winning poet’s three previous collections. Erdrich’s new
**Liberty Lanes**  
*by Robin Troy ’92*  
*West Word Fiction, University of Nevada Press, 180 pages, $22*

Reviewed by Michael Matros

It’s hard to say if it’s Nelson saving Fran from choking on a chicken-wing bone that starts it all, or if it’s reporter Hailey coming by the bowling alley to write about it. But in Robin Troy’s beautiful new novel *Liberty Lanes*, every little thing does lead to everything else, just as it should in a story. *Liberty Lanes* may convince you it happens that way in life, too.

Nelson and his friends, all in their 70s, gather three times a week for afternoon bowling in their small Montana town. Afterwards, they sit together in the bowling alley bar and talk. The lines of their dating histories have crossed and re-crossed over their many years together, but no one seems to let any hard feelings show — until Hailey joins hero Nelson for breakfast at the bowling alley to report the chicken-bone story for the town’s weekly newspaper.

Nelson, we learn, is becoming increasingly confused as he ages, and he sometimes speaks what he only means to think. When he reveals to Hailey that he and Fran, the woman he saved, “are lovers” — and she prints it — life becomes more interesting: He and Fran haven’t, in fact, dated for years. Nelson is now with Bethany; Fran is now with Jim. But Fran suddenly wants to rekindle Nelson’s flame. Meanwhile, just why is Clarette leaving the bowling party early every day?

However *Liberty Lanes* is not in the least a comedy of manners, but a subtly layered story told through the eyes of six characters, chapter by chapter, as Nelson moves more rapidly toward dementia, until once again, in a moment of his worst confusion, he performs another heroic act.

The writing is spare, confident, and evocative. We spend some time with Alastair in his trailer with its four fish tanks and, although Alastair is blind, he knows the fish so well: “the bright red noses of his male barbs, the slow, moony circles of the silver dollars. He knew the iridescent stripes of his neon tetras, and the way they dimmed at night. . . . He shared something with the fish. It was a sixth sense, he said. That fishes have. That blind men have. The part of you that picks up on things. You feel vibrations running from one person to the next, electricities shifting inside someone else’s heart. You see useless shades of light and dark, but you have this instead of sun and stars and stop signs, this invisible tether the seeing world goes without.”

There’s no sentimentality here, but somehow this book can break your heart.

The reader experiences its 70—sometimes as unfailingly real. In her acknowledgements, Troy tells us, “*Liberty Lanes* is a work of fiction inspired by a group of bowlers who first invited me to join them for a drink in 2003. Through their friendships, they save and shape and brighten each other’s lives.” Maybe some of them are closely represented in the novel, maybe not; still you’d like to go bowl a few frames with them in small-town Montana.

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**Torn**  
*Edited by Samantha Parent*  
*Walravens; Laurie Henneeman ’86, contributor*  
*Trying to strike the right balance between career and motherhood is one of the most stressful, heart-wrenching issues facing women today. In Torn, 46 women, including Laurie Henneman ’86, examine the conflict between the need to nurture and the need to work, revealing creative solutions for having the best of both worlds. The stories in the collection offer hope and inspiration, but they also reveal the messy realities of modern motherhood and life’s inevitable crises, both small and large.*

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**The End of Cheap China: Economic and Cultural Trends That Will Disrupt the World**  
*Shaun Rein ’96*  
*An expose of how the rise of China will affect the American way of life, this book examines the extraordinary changes taking place across all levels of Chinese society, from Chinese billionaires and senior government officials to poor migrant workers, drawing also on personal stories and experiences from living in China since the 1990s. Chapters focus on different aspects of China’s transformation, from fast-improving companies to confident, optimistic women to the role of China’s government. The author puts China’s continuing transformation from producer to large-scale consumer under the microscope, examining trends that are catalyzing change in China and posing threats to Americans’ consumption—driven way of life.*

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**ZooBorns Cats!: The Newest, Cutest Kittens and Cubs from the World’s Zoos**  
*Andrew BLEITMAN ’98, Chris EASTLAND ’98*  
*Building on the grow—ing ZooBorns brand, this beautifully photographed book showcases the newest and cutest animal babies — this time cats, as the title indicates — from accredited zoos and aquariums around the world. With interesting animal facts and background stories on the featured kittens, ZooBorns Cats! illustrates the connections between zoo births and conservation initiatives in the wild.*
Meet the Rector

The Institute of Contemporary Art on Boston’s waterfront set the stage for an evening with Rector Mike Hirschfeld ’85 on November 2, while the edge of Turkey Pond at the Crumpacker Boat House provided the setting for a second night with the Rector, in Millville on November 17. The Rector’s final stop on the tour came on December 1 at New York City’s Morgan Library. In all, more than 450 SPS alumni, parents, and friends gathered to hear the Rector’s vision for the School.

Young Alumni Event

January 28: Young alumni (1997 – 2008) gathered at Butterfield 8 in NYC to enjoy good company, the latest Alumni Mobile App technology, and SPS giveaways.
Millville Dinner

Recognizing the generosity and support of some of the School’s most dedicated alumni, parents, and friends, Mike Hirschfeld ’85 presided over his first Millville Dinner as Rector on January 26 at the Princeton Club of NYC. Dinner guests enjoyed remarks from poet and journalist Eliza Griswold ’91, author of *The New York Times* nonfiction bestseller *The Tenth Parallel: Dispatches from the Fault Line between Christianity and Islam*.

MARK YOUR CALENDAR FOR MORE SPS ALUMNI EVENTS!

**MARCH 20:** Boston, Mass.
Interprep, a young alumni multi–school gathering

**APRIL 4:** New York City
Alumni Association Annual Meeting

**APRIL 11:** Philadelphia, Pa.

**APRIL 12:** Washington, D.C.

**MAY 2:** Chicago, Ill.

Go to [www.sps.edu/alumnievents](http://www.sps.edu/alumnievents) for details on these and other events.
Charlie ’58 and Nina McKee: The Importance of Family

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<tr>
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<td>David (Grandfather)</td>
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<td>1922</td>
<td>Elliott (Father)</td>
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<td>1933</td>
<td>Fred Brooke (Uncle)</td>
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<td>1951</td>
<td>Elliott (Brother)</td>
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<td>1958</td>
<td>Don Pillsbury (Cousin)</td>
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<td>2012</td>
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<td>2014</td>
<td>Aidan (Grandson)</td>
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Charlie and Nina McKee understand the importance of family. And their family has been an important part of St. Paul’s School for generations, dating back more than 100 years.

The McKees just got closer to their SPS family, each committing a portion of their retirement funds to St. Paul’s School, and becoming members of the John Hargate Society.

Making St. Paul’s School the beneficiary of your retirement funds is a tax-efficient way to make a gift to the School and, like the McKees, keep it in the family.

To explore ways in which you can join the 300-member-strong John Hargate Society family, please contact Bob Barr, director of gift planning, at 603–229–4875, rbarr@sps.edu, or visit our website at [www.sps.edu/plannedgiving](http://www.sps.edu/plannedgiving).
The Formnotes below reflect information received through December 2011. 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

Jack Rumery celebrated his 95th birthday with friends, including Ted Taws ’52, at a dinner in September. Ted presented Jack with an SPS 1936 embroidered cap as a birthday gift.

1957

Please make plans to come back to Millville and celebrate your reunion at Anniversary Weekend in June. Visit your reunion page at www.sps.edu/1957 for all the details.

George de Man reports the party in Philadelphia was great. Attending Maysie Starr’s (widow of Tat Starr) gala dinner dance at the Gulph Mills Country Club in suburban Philadelphia on December 10 were Wendy and Walter Foulke, Rena and Bukk Carleton, Ann and George Reath, George de Man with Susan Cobleigh, Nell and John Evans, and Barbara and Nick Carper.

Thomas Bartlett’s October message: “In 2006 I retired from teaching at La Trobe University in Melbourne, Australia, after 25 years as an itinerant academic, never receiving tenure anywhere in the age of affirmative action. In 2010 my wife, Li Liu, was appointed the first holder of the Sir Robert Ho Tung Professorship in Chinese Archaeology at Stanford. By a fortuitous coincidence, our daughter, Vicky, had just finished high school and was admitted to Harvard. So we all relocated back to the U.S., albeit still 3,000 miles apart. In September 2011 I resumed part-time teaching at Stanford. We have a guest room at our home here in Los Altos, and friends are welcome to stop in.”

1958

It is reported that Hilmi Toros is alive and well and living on the tiny isle of Sovalye and the town of Fethiye in southern Turkey, also known as the Land of Lights. After a career at the Associated Press with assignments in New York, Miami, the United Nations (1964–80), and heading the media operations of the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization in Rome from 1980 to 2000, Hilmi opted for sun, light, organic food, swimming, and so on.

1959

David Atkinson writes: “The Form of 1959 held a dinner – that could have rivaled one at Fouquet’s – at the Racquet and Tennis Club on November 11. In attendance were Gretchen and Joe Ingersoll, Nancy and David Vietor, Julia Brown and Mal MacKay, Betsy and Steve Hershey, David Atkinson, Sydney Waud, Barbara and Bill Everdell, Frank Nelson, Coley Burke, Jill and Sam Callaway, Peter de Bretteville, Judy and Barclay Howe, Bob Retew ’69 (executive director of the AA), and our host, Speedy Mettler. Speedy arranged for the dinner in the library of the Club, the best room in the house.”

From Nick Biddle’s November travel log: “We just returned from two weeks in India and Nepal. The photos of the Himalayas and Mt. Everest evoke amazement and wonder. The pressurized Beechcraft can fly no higher than 25,000 ft. As we headed straight at Mt. Everest (29,080 ft.) we were at 24,800 ft. Since I first saw a Sir Edmund Hillary documentary in 1954, age 13, one year after he and Tenzing Norgay, his Sherpa, conquered Everest for the first time, I’ve dreamed and obsessed over Everest, and the Himalayas. How thrilling it was to live the dream (er, uh, sort of!) and fly so close to my idol, or mountain mecca, at age 70.”

Dan Dent wrote in December: “I’m off to Alaska on January 1 to train and compete in a dogsled race on the Iditarod
At the Form of 1959 New York dinner at the Racquet and Tennis Club in November (l. to r.) are: Gretchen Ingersoll, Nancy and David Vietor, Julia Brown and Mal MacKay, Steve and Betsy Hershey, Joe Ingersoll, David Atkinson, Sydney Waud, Bill Everdell, Frank Nelson, Barbara Everdell, Coley Burke, Jill Callaway, Judy Howe, Peter de Bretteville, Barclay Howe, Sam Callaway, Bob Rettew ’69 (executive director of the Alumni Association), and Speedy Mettler.

Trail. Got a good team. It’s the Joe Redington Jr. Memorial Race. Joe started the Iditarod Race and is the one who got me into its craziness. Martin Buser, a friend and four–time Iditarod champion, asked me last fall if I would race a team for him. Took me a nanosecond to ask, ‘When do you want me up there?’ Don’t know how I’ll do, but it’s going to be a cold trail and very fast team. The best way to hold on is with frozen hands.” (See Updates for more.)

1960

Tony Duke Jr., Ben Moyer, Joe Mechem, and Charlie Thomson enjoyed a mini–reunion with golf and a few good days at Casa de Campo at La Romana in the Dominican Republic in December 2011.

1962

Please make plans to come back to Millville and celebrate your reunion at Anniversary Weekend in June. Visit your reunion page at www.sps.edu/1962 for all the details.

1964

Joseph Wiley reports: “I am working part time at same environmental engineering firm, Sadat Associates. Always chasing interesting projects at home and abroad. Done lots of work in North Africa and Middle East. I personally have worked on projects in Morocco, West Bank, Shanghai, Mexico City, Bogota, and trying to get ones started in Belize and Brazil. Shall I mention Libya? Mostly working on what Tony Soprano aptly noted, ‘I’m involved in waste management.’ Also more edifying work such as sewers and redeveloping contaminated property. Now big push on solar projects at old dumps. The rest of the time I’m taking care of my farm, doing the hay and cutting a lot of firewood. Big garden and sort of hippiesh attempt to be self-sufficient. My son, Joe IV, and his wife moved to nearby Morristown, N.J. He’s a trucking executive in rough business. My daughter, Helena, is married to fellow Harvard classmate Chris Von Rueden. They are both academics, he’s Ph.D. in anthropology about to get first teaching position, we hope. Helena is singing opera and getting doctorate in choral music conducting. Phoebe is an artist and, as such, always restless. She got a nursing credential and is working in Trenton, N.J., doing home visits for Latina mothers. We get to use our Spanish a lot these days. Haven’t seen too many of you, but had a nice lunch with Sperry not too long ago. Talk with Cummins and Schutze periodically. Anyone who needs a workout is welcome to visit our farm and if so inclined be instructed in blacksmithing. Looking forward to our 50th.”

Dick Sonderegger’s note from Granby, Conn.: “Still working (haven’t hit the Lotto yet) and employed as a solutions engineer by Datalink (www.datalink.com). Territory is Maine to D.C., with most of my recent activity being in D.C., Md., and northern Va. Several of us think it would be a wonderful 50th reunion activity to put a team in the 1883 Black Ice
Pond Hockey Championship (www.blackicepondhockey.com) tournament in Concord during January 2014. We made a run at it for this year (2012), but fell a few players short (a roster requires seven). We will try again for 2013, with the goal to have a full roster for January 2014.*

1967

Please make plans to come back to Millville and celebrate your reunion at Anniversary Weekend in June. Visit your reunion page at www.sps.edu/1967 for all the details.

Steve Crandall reports from Ashaway, R.I.: “These are busy times within the Form of 1970. The transition from summer to fall has brought an increased level of activity in preparation for our off-campus reunion June 8–10 at the Great Mountain Forest in Connecticut (www.greatmountainforest.org). In September, I met with Tres Davidson and Chris Charles to begin our dialogue on a reunion agenda that would offer a balance of camaraderie and conversation. The rough outline from this meeting was then shared with the form’s broader organizing committee and, after much discussion, a basic schedule for the weekend was set.

“In October, I visited with Henri Schlumberger and his wife, Isabelle, in Paris. They were great hosts and organized a reception in my honor at Le Cercle de l’Union Interalliée with a group of their French/American friends, including former SPS Weicker Scholars Thierry Aube ’64 and Sylvie Flouriou ’77. We adjourned to Henri’s home for a private screening of Tom Igelhart ’69’s Departure 1970 film, followed by a long conversation about the current status of the Weicker Scholarship program, the changes in leadership at SPS, and the Form’s 2012 reunion. The Weicker Scholarship blog contains some vintage 1970 SPS cartoons that are reminiscent of Garry Trudeau ’66’s early work at SPS. Go to www.weicker.blogspot.com and click on the October 2011 postings, where you will find several classic cartoons drawn by Weicker Scholar Michel Raoust ’73 during our Sixth Form year.

“The following week I had the pleasure of visiting with Patrick Currie and his wife, Angela, in Rome. The Curries were also wonderful hosts, organizing some tennis as well as a delightful meal at their apartment. Patrick sends his best regards to all and hopes to bring Angela to our next reunion in Millville in 2015.

“Upon my return to the States, I was lucky enough to get together with Steve Moor-

1970 formmates met at the Yale Club, including (l. to r.) Clem Wood, Steve Crandall, Doug Bateson, Peter Culver, Mory Houghton, and Charlie Wagner.
writes: “I had a 50th reunion in 2020!”

opportunity to foster a mean-
tion provides us with a unique
to reconnecting with each other
years. Our shared commitment
within the Form that have been
gratitude at my relationships
beyond. I also look back with
December, I look forward with
pective forms. The next week
on the activities within our re-
problems with the world and catching up
together solving the problems
of the world and catching up
the activities within our re-
spective forms. The next week
I made a trip to NYC, where the
held at the Yale Club. Our gra-
Sor status at OSU in both the
end in June. Visit your reunion
date (spring
SPS dance weekend date (spring
‘69), Elaine Lockwood. After
a month—long honeymoon in
East Africa, the two have settled
down on their 40-acre farm in
northern Vermont. Gerry and
Elaine recently had the pleasure
of having dinner in Newport, Vt.,
with Fritz Newman and his wife.

Please make plans to come back
to Millville and celebrate your
reunion at Anniversary Week-
end in June. Visit your reunion
page at www.sps.edu/1972 for
all the details.

News from Julia Alexander:
“Beginning a new life chapter
as I weave my thread into
Sarasota, Florida’s culture, arts,
and natural beauty. Have im-
mersed myself in the study of
expressive arts, learning how to
facilitate their profound healing
effects while closely monitoring
the health and vibrancy of the
Gulf Coast waters and beach.”

This from Russ Bartlett: “I
live in Nashua, N.H., where I
have been for 30 years. My wife,
Marina, and I have been married
for 34 years, and we have two
grown children. I am an avid,
but largely inept, fisherman. I
play an occasional round of golf
(also ineptly) and am a painfully
loyal Red Sox fan (far from inept
here . . ).”

News from Robin Beran:
“My wife, Marilyn, and I will be
celebrating our 33rd wedding
anniversary this June. Our two
boys are employed in Columbus.
With Marilyn’s design expertise,
we are presently building a
timber home from a restored
1800s barn frame. I continue
my private practice in refractive
and cataract surgery, along with
my assistant clinical profes-
sor status at OSU in both the
Department of Ophthalmology
and the School of Optometry.
Other than waterfowl hunting
and golf as hobbies, I’ve man-
gaged to publish an illustrated
children’s book, *Axel Visits the
Shoe*, a story about a Rottweiler
puppy who goes to his first Ohio
State football game with his
family. I donate copies to the
inpatient children at Nationwide
Children’s Hospital when Ohio
State plays Michigan. As you
can imagine, this is a huge hit
with the kids.”

Charlie Bronson writes:
“Things are back in balance. One
daughter painted ‘Occupy This,’
the other ‘Occupy That,’ on their
backs during the annual ‘Dead
Week’ naked dash through the
libraries at Berkeley.”

News from Doug Chan: “I am
an attorney in San Francisco, as
I am sure everyone knows by
now, a founding partner with
the San Francisco law firm of
Chan & Welch, LLP. Our firm
concentrates on transactions
involving business formations,
ergy efficiency programs,
and joint ventures (okay, that’s
just the short version…). I’m
currently serving as a com-
missioner with the S.F. Human
Rights Commission, and let me
just say that San Francisco is a
terrific place in which to moni-
tor human rights. I also serve
on the board of directors of
the Chinese Historical Society
of America. San Francisco is
also a terrific place in which
to monitor Chinese history
in America. Our firm is thriving
and my professional life is both
rewarding and stimulating. I
heartily endorse the field of
law, even after all these years.
My other hobby, besides civic
involvement, remains music. If
you visit Facebook, you will see
that jazz is still where it’s at and
anyone reading this note should
‘get thee there.’ For grins, I like
to rollerblade like a banshee
through Golden Gate Park on
Saturday mornings, when the
roads are closed and there are
tons of pedestrians to weave
through and terrorize, espe-
cially young couples with infants
in strollers! From the wheeled
boards to the non-wheeled
boards, I quite like skiboarding
now and my boys run me ragged
on the slopes when we get out
together. And, although I live in
the Richmond District of San
Francisco just minutes from
Ocean Beach, I have decided to
stay off the surfboard because
we really do have great whites
here – in abundance – and the
water is just too darned cold.
Lastly, I will say I have turned
into a killer chef, and my wife
lets me spend as much time on
this endeavor as I please. Ah,
marital bliss!”

Ernesto Cruz shares: “I’m

“Detail, NEWPORT STUDY,” 2011, (oil on mylar, 12 x 12 in.) was
among Jeffrey Keith’s works represented at the AQUA MIAMI show
during Art Basel Miami Beach.
living in N.Y. in a married state of mind. One grandchild, one 16-year-old boy, and one daughter working in N.Y. Sadly, none of them want or wanted to go to SPS, for different reasons (even the grandchild I am told, but I haven’t acquiesced completely). Happily to report, however, that my brothers and nieces did follow my impossible-to-fill footsteps. After law school and business school, I became a banker, but not like the ones you see in those dreadful documentaries! I do IPOs all over the world and quite enjoy the hunt. Jamie Hills’ love of skiing finally infected me, and I became an avid skier and outdoor person. Surprise! Mostly I hit the slopes in Colorado and hike on the West Coast when I IPO there!"

Tom Hewson reports: “I am happily married for 30 years to Debbie, with one son, Ben, who is now married and working in Australia. We love those flights...but they are worth it, son… I am still chugging away in Washington, D.C., at the company I co-founded 30 years ago, Energy Ventures Analysis Inc., an energy and environmental consulting firm (we had nothing to do with Solyndra, let me get that straight right here). How time flies. I find it difficult to believe that we are coming up to our 40th reunion, which I am planning to attend. I was so sorry to think that Steve Krause will not be joining us. He was a wonderful guy, and I will be thinking of him while in Millville.”

News from Al Frey: “A reluctant landlord, I’m attempting to hang on to my building here in Portland, Maine. Between jobs, but looking to rejoin the workforce soon, as an alcohol and drug counselor. As you would expect, I keep up with my music, playing gigs together with a pal as a duo. My blues harp chops were never better, and, compared to Leo Kottke’s sounds—like a goose-honking voice (his words, not mine), I am not half-bad on vocals. My keys are not my strongest talent, but I still hit ’em earnestly, along with a little guitar and flute. Got ideas of an SPS memoir someday soon, those reminiscences still vivid and treasured. My daughter, Corinna, does research at St. Jude’s in Memphis — very proud am I! Look forward to catching up at our 40th!”

David Holt reports: “Day job: founding editor of OptiMYz, a Canadian health and fitness magazine. Plus, I am developing a consulting program and a book based on the triple threat of leadership, strategy, and innovation. I covered a security event for my other magazine, with Senators McCain, Udall, and Shaheen. I met Swanee Hunt, the former U.S. ambassador to Austria before and during war in Bosnia, who was perhaps the most interesting person in the room. Family: wife, Donna, and son, Ben, and I went to Norway in September to visit relatives. Then on to Holland, Germany, and Brussels — for the annual beerfest, as it turned out. Ben studying jazz guitar and beer, since he has the required base of knowledge from Belgium now. Daughter Claire just earned master’s of public administration. Also, my ‘sister’ from France SYA 1972, now in Paris, visited with her husband and one son. Twice we visited friends who started a wind farm in Barbados. Did a lot of kayaking, swimming, and cycling this year, even in December, as it has been mild in Nova Scotia!”

Jeffrey Keith penned this communication: “Earlier this year I launched a new, exclusive business partnership with gallery Carmen Wiedenhoeft to create the Jeffrey Keith Archive as a long-term project of the Carmen Wiedenhoeft Gallery (www.carmenw.org). Together, the gallery and the archive work to document my career, establish and increase value of the work, and expand recognition into a broader international art market. Carmen just wrapped up a successful outing at Aqua Art Miami, a satellite of Art Basel Miami Beach. Plans are in the works for similar events next year in New York, Aspen, and other venues. In the immediate future, I am putting together work for the faculty show at the University of Denver School of Art and a one-man show at K. Saari Gallery in Steamboat Springs, both of which are in January. Last December I worked with master printer Sue Oehme at Sue Oehme Graphics in Steamboat for a two-week residency that produced 80+ mono-prints and mono-types as well as an edition print just released as part of boxed set of artwork from the year at Oehme Graphics called ‘Stairway to Heaven.’ Sue also just came back from Miami and New York art fairs and has invited me to return for another residency in October 2012. Meanwhile, my boys, Owen and Charlie, are 10 and 7. Chasing after them keeps me fit and often requires that I volunteer my body for my wife Sara’s Lomi-Lomi massage practice; somebody has to do it!”

Henry Laughlin reports on his whereabouts: “I live in Steamboat Springs with Linda, my wife of 18 years, and our 15-year-old son, Jesse. In 2002 we left Maine after 25 good years and headed West just like the saying: ‘Go West, young man.’ I mean, you can only be a ‘Mainiac’ for so long. We decided that we wanted to reinvent ourselves, to live our dream life, and to fully enjoy what we know life has to offer. At the age of 50, I learned to ride horses, snowmobiles, and dirt bikes with Jesse. My new goal in life, the life that is offering everything I knew it would be, is to try and keep up with Jesse. He is a great skier who finds himself on the Junior Championship Alpine Team for the Rockies! (Sure, I can keep up…) Linda enjoys the arts and has a non-profit gallery for emerging artists. I thoroughly enjoy all the outdoor activities of the Rockies – everything from backcountry skiing and mountain biking to tennis and rec. hockey. As for my business life, I own a collection of aviation companies that service commercial and private aviation.”

John Henry Low writes: “We continue to enjoy living in beautiful Pine Plains, in New York’s Hudson Valley. Our daughter, Spencer, is a fourth
Jim Moorhead reports that his new book, *The Instant Survivor: Right Ways to Respond When Things Go Wrong* (www.instantsurvivor.com) was published by Greenleaf Book Group in February 2012. The book empowers managers and employees to conquer the personal and professional challenges that hold them back at work – by employing the tools and techniques Fortune 500 companies use to overcome their business crises.

News from Keith Rollinson: "Professionally I seem to have hit a seemingly bottomless pothole, working for many years as a producer/editor of corporate media – my market and clientele have all but disappeared. Therefore, I am trying to reckon with a major retooling and reinvention of said professional self. I welcome any constructive input, aside from that found in Jim Moorhead’s book! I’ve closed my studio and moved stuff back into my mostly childless house. My eldest, an HR generalist at Amazon in Seattle, has been helping me groom a résumé, though oddly enough no one seems too eager to engage a 57-year-old media professional on a paying basis. I am doing some teaching, which I quite enjoy. I did release a new educational DVD this summer on traditional music and dance of Ghana, number six in my educational DVD series. This is more a labor of love, not profit, as the Ghana-music-and-dance-loving population in the U.S. is relatively small, but no worries, as they’re intended to be teaching tools. As for a more direct SPS connection, I started to play the organ again this summer after a 25-year hiatus. It makes me realize how much I suffered from undiagnosed ADD/ADHD back in the day. In any case, the musical passion is rekindled and I hope to start gigging. I’m pretty sure this will represent the financial panacea required. The only SPS–er I ever see is David Melody '73. The last time included a fantastic bike ride along the Klickitat River. David and his partner, Kerry, run an amazing educational initiative called the Private Eye. They live the beautiful life with their two goats on the bluffs of the Columbia River, an hour east of Portland. Do goats like music from Ghana? I am now wondering.”

Tori Spaulding’s message: “I love seeing you on Facebook! It makes me feel like I’m in touch! I have four kids: a son in Cambridge, unmarried, a son in the S.F. area, married, a son in the Army at Fort Campbell, neither married nor unmarried, and a daughter at home, unmarried and not in the Army; she’s doing school in Boston. My grand-daughter (yikes! me!), who has been mine since birth, is now 8 and in the second grade. Thank goodness she’s out of the house, so I can have a little bit of a life now! Just went to India for the first time since 1975 and had a wonderful time! All my old ashram friends are still … still. Ski season has started so I am very, very, very happy. Looking forward to the 40th!"

Bob Stockman sends his warmest wishes to the great Form of 1972. He works for Reva Medical, a small medical device company in San Diego that is developing a fully bioresorbable drug eluting coronary stent that does the job of scaffolding an artery during an angioplasty procedure then safely is cleared from the body, allowing the vessel to function naturally without a permanent metallic implant caging the artery. Bob and his wife, Lisa, have four grown children who attended SPS. “I will be at our reunion and I hope we have a great turnout! Cannot wait until you see the fabulous Lindsay Center for Mathematics and Science.”

News from Clint Van Dusen: “As we come to the end of 2011, it’s a blessing to reconnect with the Form of 1972. I continue to teach French to adult students, some of whom have included a retired engineer, a retired piano teacher, and an events coordinator. Each week I meet with a longtime friend, now 76, to translate literature and political texts from English to French and French to English. And each month I dine at a local French restaurant – just once – to converse with members of the local French community in, you guessed it, French! My wife of almost 30 years, Betsy, works as a house manager at Family House, a nonprofit that provides low-cost guest rooms to patients, their families, and their caregivers while they...
are in Pittsburgh for complex treatments at the world-class hospitals here. To stay healthy, Betsy and I muck stalls at the barn where Betsy’s horse lives. I am also quite accomplished in helping Betsy lead the horses to pasture. Yoga, weightlifting, indoor rowing, and swimming keep me fit for my bike rides around Pittsburgh and the Three Rivers on the major holidays (including Thanksgiving, weather permitting). Only on major holidays… I don’t ride the other 355 days of the year! I hope everyone remains fit and healthy for the 40th reunion.

Mark Wainwright writes: “After 29 years of living in the same house, our kids are grown and gone. But we are left with two Labradors and two cats, so there’s still hair all over the place! Adelaide ’01 just left her job at a literary agency in New York to pursue a master’s in early education at the Bank Street College of Education (that would be in N.Y., since none of you went there and don’t know where it is). Our son, Max, is in the last year of a doctorate in theoretical physics at the University of California. Mimi has a successful business as an independent medical writer. And I continue to battle banks in a post–2008 hangover. When I figure out which one of us has the hangover, I will (a) send in a new formnote or (b) make another movie about hangovers.

Otherwise, I have been pursuing a long interest in flying small planes, which seems to fit in with my enthusiasm for driving motorcycles. I hope to have my private pilot license sometime next year, and, with an open heart, I gladly offer rides to any or all of the Form of 1972 who care or dare. Mountain climbing and fishing seem to have received short shrift lately, but maybe that will change in 2012 because (a) I fully intend to pursue all that life has to offer and (b) there are a lot of mountains I have not yet climbed! Dad, Carroll Wainwright ’44, continues to be able to enjoy skiing and fishing trips at his place in Montana. “It is clear to me that I need to pack up my gear and my motorcycle, toss it in one of my small planes, grab a local SPS buddy, say Halsted Wheeler, and go to Montana.”

News from Jon Whitney: “Forty years, a lot has happened… and then again, it seems like just yesterday that we were walking the paths of St. Paul’s. Hard to believe I have a son, David, studying cognitive science at McGill University, having graduated from Exeter in 2010. Or that I just celebrated my 30th anniversary with my wife, Janine, at our favorite country inn, Winvian, located outside Litchfield, Conn. I highly recommend both the inn and the 30 years of marriage because while I was there I got a midnight blue Les Paul! Also hard to believe that I have been practicing law for 30 years when most people faint and then fade away into anonymity after only 12 years in the legal profession. I am quite happy to still be at Pillsbury Winthrop Shaw & Pittman, and I was recently named managing partner of the New York office. We still live in Tuxedo Park, though Janine has her eyes back on Manhattan, where she is pursuing her third career as a theater producer. Still love traveling. Recently back from running the Berlin Marathon because traffic was bad in New York. There must be more, but it all tends to blur. I am sure that somewhere in a parallel world, I am doing far more interesting and exciting things, but, then again, perhaps this is the best of all possible verses in the multiverse!”

Larry Woody writes: “The past few years have been very fulfilling for me. I have become increasingly involved in my work with the fatherhood movement and disadvantaged fathers, publishing and promoting my SPS memoir In Black & White (and then publishing an e-book version of it), re-connecting with SPS by addressing the students and faculty in Chapel and Memorial Hall, enjoying time spent with Marcia and Bill Matthews ’61 as they were winding down their SPS mission, and seeing my son begin his freshman year at La Salle University, where he appears to be doing quite well! All good stuff, more to come.”

Notes from John Christensen: “I survived another Texas summer in Austin. I recently opened a show of sculpture in Houston, ‘John Christensen – Push Down the Dark Water.’ I installed a large commission in Tucson in July, and I hope to soon see the completion and installation of architectural designs and sculpture for a new municipal park in Austin. My wife, Andrea, is a dancer/choreographer and senior lecturer at the University of Texas Department of Theatre and Dance. My daughter, Ryan, and her family live nearby. I go to work in my studio, swim laps, and take hikes. And I play dumb stuff with two granddaughters – ages 1 and 3 – to get relief from both the cerebral and the creative. These things take up most of my time, but I did manage to put up my site (www.christensen-oko.com), where you can see images of my work.”

1975

Randy Blossom writes: “Greetings to the Form of 1975 from the banks of Turkey Pond. I had a chance to attend the Evening with the Rector at the Crump-acker Boathouse in November. Please be sure to drop a line to Alumni Horae with any news you might have to share. As far as us, Dayle and I have three in college and one recent graduate who is gainfully employed. Hope to see folks this June at Anniversary Weekend. Let me know if you plan to be in town.”

1977

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1979

An update from Dave Stevenson: “After four years of military retirement, I was recently accepted into the N.H. Army National Guard Medical Detachment, where I am serving as the deputy commander for clinical services. I anticipate deployment in 2013, depending on the then-current geopolitical situation. I am still otherwise full-time employed at Concord Hospital in obstetrics and gynecology.”
1981

Polly Boswell Wakeman reports from Jackson, Wyo.: “I have recently become enamored with surfing, joining Biddle, Julie, and others in that pursuit. But more important, I want my beloved form to know how your performance in the boat races inspired me, after 30 years, to take up the sport of rowing this summer! Now I finally get its appeal, and if I keep practicing, maybe I can join the fun on Turkey Pond at our 35th? I’d enjoy hearing how our other formmates are experiencing the midlife crisis. I’m back teaching alpine and Nordic skiing in Jackson Hole for the winter, having founded a women’s ski club, which donates profits to charity. I extend an open invitation to anyone who’d like to come visit the Tetons and stay in our guesthouse!”

From Jim Hammond: “I am still smarting from having missed our 30th. My wife’s 25th at Hamilton combined with my father’s 75th birthday that same weekend in Cooperstown won out. A few changes on my end: I left ISI Emerging Markets in August, where I happily hung my hat for 14 years, and bought a piece of the business from them. I started Emerging Markets Direct as a vehicle for the acquisition, and eponymously, am now the proud owner and publisher of a specialist news and research outfit. Somewhat incongruously, I run this from Boston, with editorial desks in Sofia, Istanbul, and Malaysia, and editors and analysts in a dozen other countries. As you might imagine, I’m keeping all sorts of strange hours.”

Sam Richardson and Sean McDonnell connected with Geordie Wilson this fall after Geordie’s dad’s death. George Wilson was the well-known and widely respected former owner and publisher of the Concord Monitor and the CEO of the media business that owned the Monitor and a number of other New Hampshire and Massachusetts newspapers. Members of our form frequently dropped in to raid the fridge and check in with the Wilsons at their house in Concord.

John Bankson was scheduled to see Geordie and family in Frederick, Md., before press time. Geordie is the publisher of the Frederick News-Post. Walker Bankson, younger spawn, got another speaking part in a film, this time called Journey II Mysterious Island. It’s a 3D kids deal based loosely on a Jules Verne saga. Coming to your multiplex in February, John is “still doing movies every once in a while and appraising/broking art and antique stuff the rest of the time. Hard to believe we all soon turn 50.”

Gabriella Demenyi left this brief message: “Leaving Bahamas and moving to Geneva around the first of the year.”

Maria Agui Carter checked in from Newton, Mass., where she lives with her husband Nick, her son, Max (18), daughter, Isabel (17), and feisty Wheaten terrier, Luna. Maria makes films and works in media and social justice advocacy. “This October I was invited to present my latest film, Rebel, at the White House Forum on American Latino Heritage,” she writes. “Rebel, about a woman soldier in the Cuban civil war, is a lush historical feature with dramatic scenes based on her first-person memoir. It showed to a packed house of historians and cultural leaders as part of a day-long celebration of American Latino contributions to American history and society. President Obama delivered remarks, and guests included Secretary of the Interior Ken Salazar, Secretary of Labor Hilda Solis, Secretary of Veterans Affairs Eric Shinseki, members of Congress, and Supreme Court Justice Sonia Sotomayor.” Rebel will be doing the film festival circuit and will air on PBS this coming year.

Sara Divya has moved back to Colorado from the Big Island of Hawaii. She has rejoined Prudential Colorado Properties, and her office will be located on Bridge Street in Vail.

Adam Young and his long-time partner, Karin Gitt, had the audacity to invite themselves to Idoline and Biddle Duke’s house in Stowe on one of the busiest fall foliage weekends under the pretense that all the hotel rooms in town were taken. Save for the fact that the Dukes were away at their son’s homecoming weekend at Proctor Academy, it worked out perfectly: The house was charming and the price was right. “I would highly recommend these accommodations to anyone traveling to Stowe, and if you research ahead to see when Proctor’s homecoming weekend is you can even have the house to yourselves as we did!”

Peter Paine wrote in this news like the lawyer he is: ‘Peter Paine IV ’15 is a Third Former and just loving it. Also in his form is Serena Double-day ’15, our own Ned’s daughter. No doubt this generation will exceed the rather low bar set by their parents! Our eldest daughter, Annelyes, is a senior at Lawrenceville and will be going to Princeton next year, where she intends to row. Els and I are holding on to our fading youth with our youngest, Isabel, who is in fourth grade and keeps us on our toes.”

1982

Please make plans to come back to Millville and celebrate your reunion at Anniversary Weekend in June. Visit your reunion page at www.sps.edu/1982 for all the details.

1983

Charlie McKee writes: “Great pleasure in reconnecting with the School through the lives of daughter Nina ’12 and son Aidan ’14. I have, however, so far successfully managed to deflect their probing questions on ‘so what did you do on Saturday nights?’ If any Paulies head west to Whistler for this year’s phenomenal skiing, drop me a line.”

David Victor lives in Del Mar, Calif., with his wife, Emilie. Together they are raising a son, Eero (2). They also co-direct a lab at U.C. San Diego, where they are both professors. Neither has yet learned to surf.

1984

Maja Paumgarten-Parker writes: “The following formmates attended the NYC gathering at the Morgan Library and we all had a great time hanging out together, catching up with...”
other alumni, and hearing the new Rector speak (Mike to all of us): David Boston, Chauncey Dewey, Diane Dwyer, Joaquin Garcia–Quiros, Andrew Hultkrans, Maja Paumgarten–Parker, Greg Selch, Kipp Sylvester, George Thomas, Tim Wray, and Smokey Rashid.

Johanna Boynton’s December e-mail: “Busy with four kids: Scout (14), Tucker (12), Daisy (9), and Chester (7), who love all sports and are presently playing hockey, basketball, tenor sax, trumpet, and drums, go to the public schools in town and love the rink in our yard. John runs a business in innovative shared office space in Concord, Mass., called the Wheelhouse (www.wheelhouse.thebradfordmill.com) and I run a residential real estate company (www.BoyntonBrennan.com), building a few houses a year. This year we have been building a house for ourselves and will move this spring — to the other side of town — and can’t wait! Have seen Maja Paumgarten–Parker over the summer as well as much of the Boyntons. Just had a third child and lives around the corner from us!)

Maja Paumgarten-Parker in November.

Marshall Neilson ’89 (just had a third child and lives around the corner from us!), Albert Neilson ’87 (in San Fran, loving California living with three kids) and Jamie Neilson ’79, living in Pasadena running an Upper School and now has a son, Reath Neilson ’15 at SPS! We are having a blast racing through life at breakneck speed and hope all are doing well!”

Charlie Meyer sent in this note: “Over the past year, I have enjoyed serving as chair of the board of FOCUS (Fellowship of Christians in Universities and Schools), a non-profit Christian youth ministry some of us Paulies attended when we were kids (Hillary Bidwell Mackay and, I believe, Ellie Waud and Bobbie Notebohm also participated in some of its camps and activities). FOCUS just celebrated its 50th anniversary and continues to play an important role in the lives of students seeking Christian fellowship and answers to some of life’s more important questions. During the past month, I have also found myself playing the dreaded role of ‘stage parent’, as 13-year-old son Charlie is an extra in Steve Spielberg’s ‘Lincoln’ movie being filmed here in Richmond. His older sisters, Caroline (16) and Meg (15), are doing an admirable job tolerating their younger brother’s newfound fame and clearly get their patience from their mother. If any Paulies find themselves in Richmond, please drop me a line or call.”

This update from Ben Hall: “Currently spending most of my freelance time working at Suffolk University in Boston, writing everything from speeches for the president to postcards for the admissions office. Enjoyed my annual summer visit to the Mass Media class at the SPS Advanced Studies Program. This fall Kelly and I managed a 10th-anniversary trip to Italy for two weeks — without the kids. Fantastico.”

Joaquin Garcia–Quiros checks in: “I have not been in contact for the last 25 years! However, my wife, Philippine (French origin), and our four sons. I am now running the family office; I think there are better opportunities here than back in Europe. It would be great if anybody could give me a hand with the Lycée Français de New York. I heard it is pretty hard to get the small ones accepted. Best regards to all.”

This from Thorne Sparkman in December: “Longtime reader, first–time caller. I am a proud father of two daughters, Mills (13…yikes!), who did well in her horse show, and Ellery (9), who loves watching soccer and the ‘Lincoln’ movie being filmed here in Richmond. His older sisters, Caroline (16) and Meg (15), are doing an admirable job tolerating their younger brother’s newfound fame and clearly get their patience from their mother. If any Paulies find themselves in Richmond, please drop me a line or call.”

John ran a business in innovative shared office space in Concord, Mass., called the Wheelhouse (www.wheelhouse.thebradfordmill.com) and I run a residential real estate company (www.BoyntonBrennan.com), building a few houses a year. This year we have been building a house for ourselves and will move this spring — to the other side of town — and can’t wait! Have seen Maja Paumgarten–Parker over the summer as well as much of the Boyntons. Just had a third child and lives around the corner from us!

Marshall Neilson proudly announces: “My wife, Liz, and I had our third child, Molly, on November 22.”

Mary Robins: “I spent a day with Maja Paumgarten–Parker and Diane Dwyer this summer and wished we had a week to gal-pal. I’m unemployed addressing climate change in Durango, looking for job creators (Do it, Wall Street, alumni!), keeping fit, and being a fun mama.”

Steve Clay writes: “Was the play–play voice for NCAA.com’s webcast of the 2011 Division III field hockey national championship – the sixth NCAA national championship game I’ve had the privilege to announce – and, for the second time in three years, was joined by former faculty member Louisa Gebelein Jones. Still working in healthcare IT, and living in Marblehead, Mass., with wife, Kristen, and sons, Timothy (7) and Ryan (5).”

Please make plans to come back to Millville and celebrate your reunion at Anniversary Weekend in June. Visit your reunion page at www.sps.edu/1987 for all the details.

Marshall Neilson proudly announces: “My wife, Liz, and I had our third child, Molly, on November 22.”

Please make plans to come back to Millville and celebrate your reunion at Anniversary Weekend in June. Visit your reunion page at www.sps.edu/1992 for all the details.

Jeremiah Dinan Casey, son of Alicia and Chris Casey ’93.
Chris Casey’s happy missive: “My wife, Alicia Casey, and I welcomed our son, Jeremiah Dinan Casey, to the world on May 15, 2011. He is already an avid SPS hockey fan and was on hand with me, his cousin Dave McCusker ’84, his great uncle Steve Jones (parent of Nick Jones ’04, Victoria Jones ’01, and Samantha Jones ’98), and Ed Krayer ’85 to watch his cousins Colin ’12 and Cam ’14 McCusker in action on December 2, 2011, at BB&N.”

Tyler Grant writes: “Recently enjoyed dinner in Venice, Calif., with Helen Inge, Rupert Sandes, Evan Asano ’93, and Reeve Schley ’93. Many laughs and memories were shared.”

Form director Nick Van Amburg writes: “Hard to believe that the tumultuous year of 2011 has finally drawn to a close. As a direct consequence of last issue’s wealth of updates, the Form of 1995 is keeping it brief this time.

“From the West Coast, Morgan Stewart reports she is moving to Venice, Calif., and cannot wait to see Michael and Alyson Grant Jones, Lynn and John Connolly, and Chris and Frances Reath Merrill ’96, among many other Paulies in L.A.!”

“From Brooklyn, Gordy Rogers writes, ‘Our daughter, Nina, was born November 22, 2011. Mom (Jeanne Goodman, BB&N ’95) and baby are doing great, if sleeping seldom. Her 2 ½-year-old brother, Jesse, seems to adore his sister and is relishing being a big boy. We live in Park Slope with the rest of the baby mafia there. Enjoyed seeing several Paulies at the Boerum Hill housewarming party of Grace Evans. Get in touch if you’re in the ‘hood – we might be even able to make it out.’

“And in more news from New York, Vanessa Cornell shares, ‘I guess it is time to write an update as I have had four children since my last one: Henry (5), Tristan (4), Rose (2), and Dylan (6 months). Life couldn’t be busier or more full of joy.’ And while I was unable to attend Alexey Salamini’s impromptu rally before New Year’s in NYC (where rumors circulated about Tom Champion and an engagement?! If you have details, I want to know), I did connect with Washington denizen James Ahn, when he managed to rally Medora (Dolly) Geary and husband Jack for a few too many and some (very) spirited political debate on a chilly late December evening. Thank you, James.

“As always, drop me a line at nvanamburg@gmail.com, and if you’re in NYC, let me know, as I would love to see you.”

Please make plans to come back to Millville and celebrate your reunion at Anniversary Weekend in June. Visit your reunion page at www.sps.edu/1997 for all the details.

Arthur Wellman Sheehan married Blair Cavanaugh Gallagher on September 10, 2011, in Greenwich, Conn., where Blair grew up. His best man was Bradford Aston and groomsmen included his brother Thomas Sheehan ’93 and David Walton, Oli Haslegrave, Hilary Walton ’98, Wilkie McCoy Cook ’88, Amy Brown ’99, and Arthur’s uncles, Richard Vietor ’60 and David Vietor ’59, were also in attendance. Blair is in residential real estate in New York with Brown Harris Stevens, and Arthur is a manager for GAF.
Lucy Stringer Rojansky proudly announces: “My husband and I were overjoyed to welcome our daughter, Edith Bloom, born October 14.”

A December check-in from John Chen: “Quit banking in 2007 and got into the hospitality business. Been expanding the business in Taiwan ever since. Have a portfolio of three hotels and five restaurants: Gloria Hotel Group (www.ghg.com.tw). One of the hotels, HOTELQUOTE Taipei (www.hotel-quote.com), won Best Boutique Hotel in Asia Pacific. Currently have a few boutique hotels and one resort hotel in the pipeline. Look me up if you’re in the area.”

Michelle Chan Brown announces: “I married Paul Erik Lipp in August 2011 at the Golden Lamb Buttery in Brooklyn, Conn. I am also poetry editor of a magazine, Drunken Boat, and enjoying the rural pleasures of Connecticut, where I am writer-in-residence at Pomfret School and my husband is preparing his first tour as the electronic artist Evening Man.”


Werner DeWolf Kratovil married Suzette deMarigny Oates on September 17, 2011, at Dark Harbor, Maine. Despite the remote location on an island in Maine’s Penobscot Bay, many of their school friends made it, including SPS alumni Nick Oates ’03 (and his bride, Lizzy), Clay Nichol (and his bride, Ellen); James Peniston (and his bride, Vanessa); Michael Kurd, Ben Martin, McKay McFadden, Tina Thatcher, Ashley Kim, Kate Ellison Craigen, Will Culp, Lucy Grayson Delaland ’01, Sarah Potts ’01, Amy Randall, Alec Randall ’03, Leelee Robinson Duryea ’02, Oakley Duryea ’05, Charlie Scribner ’69, and Tom Oates ’66. Werner and Suzette are living and working in Manhattan. Werner is involved in investment banking and Suzette in interior design.

2002

Please make plans to come back to Millville and celebrate your reunion at Anniversary Weekend in June. Visit your reunion page at www.sps.edu/2002 for all the details.

Despite the unexpected arrival of Hurricane Irene, Lindsay
Barada married her Colby College beau, Jake Bayley, on August 27 in Nantucket. Lily Weed was a member of the bridal party. Lindsay plans on moving to Cambridge, Ontario, in 2012 to be with her husband.

Pedro Villa writes: “In August, I held an unofficial alumni reunion in Vancouver, B.C. My two best friends from St. Paul’s, Lucas Swart ’04 and Paxson Woelber ’03, joined me from Seattle, Wash., and Anchorage, Alaska, to challenge the legendary West Coast Trail off the Pacific Coast of Vancouver Island. The trail spans 75 kilometers of untouched rugged coastline and temperate rainforest, which we trekked over our six-day journey. The trip turned out to be a memorable reunion as we had not spent any time together since 2003. We were also fortunate that it did not rain, so we had no accidents aside from the odd blister as Lucas decided to hike the whole thing in sandals! It was very neat to reunite with my two buddies and to see who and where we are now; Lucas is a geologist, Paxson is a graphic designer, and I am a chartered accountant.”

In November, Margaret Wyman Robidoux shared good news: “On September 9, my husband, Jeff, and I welcomed our son, John Lucien Robidoux (8 lbs., 3 oz.). He’ll be fitting into his SPS sweatshirt soon enough. In other exciting news, my first building as an architect is currently under construction at the summit of Loon Mountain, ready to be the headquarters for the ski patrol this winter, and I can’t wait to see it finished. Life is good for us in Maine. I hope you all are well!”

Charlie Nelson’s December update: “Just wanted to let everyone know that I am presently on a Fulbright grant, working as an English teacher at Jeonju Young Saeng High School in Jeonju, South Korea. In February, I’ll be living in Seoul and working at the Sogang University Business School’s International Affairs Office. Lucky for me, there’s another SPS Fulbrighter in my hemisphere. I’ll be meeting up in Thailand with James Isbell for the holidays. James is on a Fulbright in Indonesia. Hope all is well with everyone!”

Please make plans to come back to Millville and celebrate your reunion at Anniversary Weekend in June. Visit your reunion page at www.sps.edu/2007 for all the details.

Nellie Ruedig is the graduate assistant women’s rowing coach at the University of Michigan, while pursuing a master’s in applied economics. Nellie was also chosen as one of ten outstanding Pi Beta Phi sorority members in the U.S. during her senior year at UM.
Deaths are reported as we receive notice of them. Therefore, alumni dates of death are not always reported chronologically. This section was updated February 7, 2012.

1935—Thorndike “Dick” Williams
November 3, 2011

1937—William Augustus Read Jr.
October 28, 2011

1938—Richard Hart Dale
May 15, 2009

1939—Bruce Cox Conklin
September 26, 2010

1939—Robert Griffith Page
August 31, 2011

1940—John Sutphin Tytus
May 31, 2011

1942—George Burgwin Holmes
February 1, 2012

1942—Edwin Alan Ramsdell
October 19, 2011

1943—Robert Van Cleef Lindsay
January 20, 2012

1943—Devereux Haigh Lippitt III
October 5, 2011

1944—Marion Sims Wyeth Jr.
September 25, 2011

1946—Paul Mills Ingersoll
January 2, 2012

1952—James A.M. Douglas
December 8, 2011

August 25, 2011

1959—Gordon Ferrie Hull III
June 3, 2011

1972—Henry Tuttle Chandler Jr.
September 13, 2011

1998—Caroline Ruth Thompson
January 6, 2012

2001—Caroline Mead Wall
2011

1935
Theodore Alexander McGraw III

an ebullient and generous figure to the end, interested in literature, in conservation causes, in the details of his children’s and grandchildren’s lives, a person his daughter described as “a role model for how to grow old gracefully” died, on February 28, 2011, at age 94.

Mr. McGraw spent most of his life in Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich., scion of a prominent Detroit family. His paternal grandfather was a surgeon in the Civil War and went on to found Detroit Medical College, which became the School of Medicine at Wayne State University, and his father, Theodore (Form of 1894), was an Army physician during World War I. His mother, Esther (Longyear), an heir to the Uihlein family brewing fortune, was active in Detroit charitable work.

At 13, Mr. McGraw entered SPS as a Second Former in September 1930. His father had died when he was seven, and his mother was remarried to Dr. Fred Murphy, a Detroit physician and financier. At SPS, Mr. McGraw soon acquired the nickname “Gratz” and participated enthusiastically in all aspects of school life. He rowed for Shattuck, played football with Delphian, joined the Cadmean Literary Society, was treasurer of the Missionary Society, and participated in the Rifle Club and Der Deutsch Verein. He earned Second Testimonials in his Third, Fourth, and Fifth Form years. He later reminisced fondly about ice skating on the pond and classrooms so chilly that ink froze in the bottles.

In January of his Fifth Form year, Dr. Drury called him into the office to say that his mother was very sick, and the young man should go home immediately. “Teddy,” Dr. Drury added, “pack a dark suit.” She died a few days later. He returned to SPS, confiding to the Rector that he wanted to be “a cooperatingly loyal son” to Dr. Murphy. Their relationship did, in fact, remain close.

Mr. McGraw entered Yale, his stepfather’s alma mater, majoring in English history. He graduated in 1939 and immediately went on a big-game expedition to the Brooks Range in Alaska, the first of two such trips he funded to collect skeletons of grizzlies, Dahl sheep, and mountain goats for the Museum of Natural History. His intense interest in nature and wildlife would lead to long involvement with the Huron Mountain Club and Wildlife Foundation in the Upper Peninsula, where he helped promote the reintroduction of wolves, among other efforts.

During World War II, Mr. McGraw was a sergeant in the U.S. Army, serving from April 1942 to January 1946 in both the European and Pacific theaters. He was with the 755th Engineer Parts Supply Company. After the war, he married Helen Stoepel. They raised their two children in Grosse Pointe and took leadership roles in their community, serving on many nonprofit boards. In later years, he was a caregiver for his wife, who suffered from dementia during her last decade. She died December 23, 2010. Although Mr. McGraw was firmly tied to Detroit, he traveled to New York City every month to see his

CORRECTION: The Fall 2011 Alumni Horae obituary of Samuel Riker III ’54 incorrectly listed Mr. Riker’s date of birth and place of death. Mr. Riker was born on November 2, 1936, and he passed away in Bermuda.
children, Theodore A. McGraw Jr., and Kathryn McGraw Berry, and their families. He’d recommend books (recent reading included bestsellers Cleopatra and The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo) and was always up for a trip or new adventure. In addition to his children and their spouses, he is survived by three grandchildren.

1939  
Robert Griffith Page

The son of Edward Crozer Page of the Form of 1909 and Elizabeth Griffith Page, he was born in Philadelphia on March 25, 1921, and spent many happy childhood years at Furlough Farm in Bryn Mawr, Pa. He entered SPS in the Second Form in 1934, following his brother, Ned ’38, by a year. By the time he graduated cum laude in 1939, he had earned an array of honors, including Second Testimonials and the Stuart Douglas Robinson Prize, both at the end of his Fifth Form year, and a reputation as a scholar and a young man of “extraordinary rectitude” and breadth of interests. He was a member of the Cadmean Literary Society, played first football and fifth hockey for Old Hundred, rowed with Halcyon, was head of the Acolyte Guild and secretary of the Scientific Association, and was a member of the Dramatic Club and the Missionary Society. He headed straight for Princeton, graduating in 1943, and pursued his medical degree at the University of Pennsylvania.

Upon completing his internship in Philadelphia in 1946, he joined the Medical Corps of the U.S. Naval Reserve and was assigned to the Veterans Hospital in Chillicothe, Ohio, for two years. He married Mary Elizabeth Kent of Springfield, Ohio, in 1947, and they returned to Philadelphia while he completed his residency. He found himself in Rangoon, Burma, in 1951 as visiting professor of pharmacology at the University of Rangoon Medical College, under the auspices of the Marshall Plan and the U.S. Public Health Service. He returned to the U.S. in 1953.

Dr. Page and his growing family spent 15 years in Chicago while he taught medicine and served as academic dean at the University of Chicago. In 1968, he was named dean and professor of medicine and pharmacology at the Medical College of Ohio in Toledo, rising to provost of academic affairs and dean of the medical faculty in 1972. During these academic years, he also maintained a private practice in cardiology and collaborated on many scholarly papers and two medical textbooks.

In 1981, he moved with his family to Londonderry, Vt., where he became a country doctor affiliated with Mountain Valley Health Center. He was active in town affairs in the village of Landgrove, was appointed by Governor Howard Dean to serve on a regional environmental commission, and started perfecting his skills at golf, tennis, paddle tennis, sailing, and skiing (alpine and cross country), as well as oenology (wine).

Dr. Page was known to his family, friends, and wide circle of acquaintances as a person who had an impact on everyone he met. He helped many people along the way as a doctor and friend. He was admired as a raconteur and for his rich baritone voice. As a medical student in Philadelphia, he sang in the Orpheus Club quartet, performing a wide range of jazz and popular music. When his granddaughter Katherine was married five years ago, he and the other surviving member of the quartet sang to her, performing the same song he’d first sung to his own bride in 1947, and to his daughter Elizabeth when she was married. “It was a wonderful moment,” Elizabeth said.

Dr. Page is survived by his wife of 20 years, Priscilla Toland Drinker Page (widow of Pemberton Drinker ’40); his children, Robert Griffith Page Jr., Elizabeth Page Waltz, and Mary Page Stewart; his brother, Edward C. Page Jr. ’38; three stepchildren; 11 grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren. His first wife, Mary, died in 1987. A sister, Mary Elizabeth Page Sears, also predeceased him.

1940  
John Frazer Jr.

a professional genealogist, whose cataloging work was a vital tool for the National Portrait Gallery, passed away in his sleep at his home in West Annapolis, Md., on July 7, 2011. He was 88.

Born October 11, 1922, at the American Hospital in Paris, where his father, John (Form of 1899), was a university exchange professor, “Jack” Frazer was the great–great–great–grandson of Lt. Col. Tench Tilghman, an aide–de–camp of General Washington during the American Revolution.

Genealogy had been a consuming passion of his since the age of 12, and he spent most of his life dedicated to this fascination with ancestry and heritage. He entered St. Paul’s as a Third Former in the fall of 1936. He was a member of the Old Hundred athletic club and manager of the 1939 football team. He also belonged to the Halcyon boat club and was involved with the Library Association and Der Deutscher Verein. He once said that the impact of the education he received at SPS was “enduring and inspiring. [My] interest in linguistics has grown year by year.”

After leaving St. Paul’s, he received his B.A. at the University of Pennsylvania in 1947 and his M.A. from the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies in 1949. During World War II, he served as a combat infantryman in Italy and France, and as a displaced persons officer in Germany. He was recalled by the Army during the Korean War to serve as an intelligence officer in Tokyo. He also worked for Radio Free Europe in New York during the Cold War, where he also began work as a professional genealogist. In the 1960s, working in New York City at the Frick Art Reference Library,
he devised the Catalog of American Portraits, a critical tool of national portrait archives which today maintains information and images for nearly 200,000 portraits.

In 1974 he relocated to Maryland to devote his energies to genealogy. He was a member of the Delta Psi Fraternity, the Society of the Cincinnati, the Society of the Colonial Wars, the Huguenot Society, and a number of other historical and genealogical societies.

Mr. Frazer was predeceased by his brothers, Tilghman and Tench '45, as well as his sister, Isabel. He is survived by his friend of 50 years, Walter E. Arps, one of his caregivers since 1995.

1940
Keith Mali Moffat

of Cold Spring Harbor, N.Y., New York City, and Sanibel, Fla., a retired partner in the law firm of Casey, Lane, and Tendiford, an avid tennis player, gardener, reader, outdoorsman, and fly fisherman died, on May 14, 2011, at the age of 88.

Mr. Moffat was born on August 19, 1922, to Douglas and Gertrude Moffat, and from the beginning seemed destined for St. Paul’s School. A little over a month after his birth, his father wrote to the School to inquire how his son could attend when old enough.

He attended St. Bernard’s School and was admitted to the Second Form in 1935. An excellent student, he earned Second Testimonials once and First Testimonials three times. As a Fifth Former, he was the recipient of the Oakes Greek Prize. Mr. Moffat was a member of the Cadmean/Concordian Literary Society, Le Cercle Français, and the Dramatic Club. He also competed in debate. He played hockey and ran cross country with Old Hundred and rowed with Shattuck.

He left St. Paul’s for Yale, graduating Phi Beta Kappa in 1944. From 1943 to 1946, he studied Japanese and was an interpreter with the Marine Corps. “Occupation of an enemy defeated country is, I think,” he wrote to the School in February 1946, “ordinarily a depressing duty, but I was busy enough not to become bored and my contacts with the Japanese were surprisingly pleasant despite the bitterness of the recent conflict.”

As First Lt., he served in Pearl Harbor, Japan, Guam, and Iwo Jima, but his chief regret was that he was never able to visit China, “which I wanted to see very much and which is apparently a most interesting place these days.” After his service, he went on to Yale Law School, earning his J.D. in 1948.

“My father assures me that there are too many lawyers already and that it is a hell of a life anyhow,” he wrote to St. Paul’s in 1946, “but I am determined to enter the field just the same. If I had a passion for nuclear physics or music, or almost anything in fact, I would follow it up, but such being not the case I believe that the law offers a starting point for a greater number of interesting careers than almost any other field. The war cured me of my previous desire, which is apparently a most interesting and which is apparently a most interesting place these days.”

Mr. Moffat was a member of the Angler’s Club, the Union Club, the Cold Spring Harbor Beach Club, the Piping Rock Club, and the Huntington Country Club.

He married M.F. “Frances” Seidel in 1953, and they raised four children: Gertrude S. Moffat, David D. Moffat ’75, Harry K. Moffat ’78, and Leslie F. (Moffat) Little. He is survived by them all, as well as 12 grandchildren. He was predeceased by his sister, Virginia (Bateson) Nickerson.

1941
Claude Kress “C.K.” Williams

passed away at his home in Montecito, Calif., on September 7, 2011, at the age of 88. He was born in New York City on April 9, 1923, and was a graduate of St. Bernard’s School before entering the Second Form in 1936. While at SPS, he was a member of the Cadmean Literary Society, the Scientific Association, and the Library Association. He played football – earning the nickname “Crusher” – and hockey for Isthmian, rowed with Halcyon, and was a member of the boxing team. A member of the Dramatic Club, he acted in his senior play, “Too Few Boys,” and once won a Thanksgiving competition for a short story he wrote named Briogert’s Bells. “It was quite humorous and well done,” says his good friend John Jessup ’41, who remembers Mr. Williams as “a jovial guy.”

Mr. Williams graduated from Princeton in 1945, then went on to serve three years in the Army during WWII and later as a 2nd Lt. in the Korean War. In 1948, he moved to Houston, Texas, and – along with his brother Jake Williams ’38 – started the Williams Brothers Construction Co. in 1955. The following year, President Dwight D. Eisenhower signed the Interstate Highway Act into law and the company prospered. At the time of Mr. Williams’s retirement in 1985, Williams Brothers was the seventhlargest highway construction company in the country, and it continues to thrive today under his longtime business partner, Doug Pitcock Jr.

In 1954 Mr. Williams married Constance Winant, daughter of John Winant (Form of 1908) and sister of John Gilbert Winant ’41. She passed away in 1981.

In addition to being a successful businessman, Mr. Williams was also a flourishing artist, with sell-out one-man shows and a large group of collectors.
At age 35, he took up painting after visiting an art gallery with his wife, who wanted a painting to hang above their fireplace mantle. Thunderstruck at the price of the artwork — and confident that he could do better — he promptly purchased canvas and paint at a hardware store and set to work.

“Before I knew it, the sun was coming up and I’d just finished my first painting,” he once said in an interview with Art Online. “While it was still wet, I hung it over the mantle as a surprise for my wife. She was thrilled and I’ve been painting ever since.” He continued to paint until the end, leaving a number of canvases waiting to be finished.

C.K. is survived by his wife of 22 years, Mary Elting Church Williams; a son, Claude Kress Williams Jr.; a daughter, Cynthia Williams Collins; a son–in-law, Atwood Collins III; two grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

1943 Catesby Brooke Jones

of Richmond, Va., a banker, community leader, and former president general of the Society of the Cincinnati, died July 9, 2011, in Virginia. He was a longtime summer resident of Martha’s Vineyard, Mass.

Mr. Jones was born in Lexington, Va., on March 7, 1925, to Colonel Catesby ap (a Welsh word meaning “son of”) Jones and Elizabeth Cox Jones. He attended the Pingry School in Elizabeth, N.J., for two years before entering the Third Form at SPS, reporting for his first day on September 19, 1939. His uncle, Archer Harman (Form of 1909), was a faculty member, and Harman’s son, Archer Jr. ’41, was a student. Mr. Jones’s brother, William ’45, soon joined him at SPS.

He played football and hockey for Delphian and rowed with Shattuck’s first crew. He was a Chapel warden, a member of the scientific society Der Deutscher Verein, and a member of the Missionary Society. During the war years, while his father worked in the Military Intelligence Service, Mr. Jones hoped to follow in his family’s military tradition. He was accepted at Virginia Military Institute, where his father had taught, upon graduation from SPS. He went to VMI in September 1943 and soon was swept into the war, joining the Army in June 1944 as a private and reaching the rank of second lieutenant in nine months. He served in the U.S. Army Reserve as a first lieutenant from 1946 to 1949.

Mr. Jones entered Yale with the Class of 1949. His college recommendation read: “Catesby Jones was a boy of thorough reliability and integrity, with plenty of courage and a steady influence in his Form. He is attractive looking, a bit shy in his manner with his elders. Highly recommended.”

He graduated from Yale with a B.A. in economics, was married in 1953 to Margaret Gordon Gaffney, earned a certificate from Rutgers University’s Stonier Graduate School of Banking in 1956, and was launched into a career in banking and finance in Richmond, eventually serving United Virginia Bank (now SunTrust) as senior vice president. He was active in numerous civic and charitable organizations in Richmond and on a statewide level, serving city and state chambers of commerce, the Richmond Bicentennial Commission, and the Richmond Area Community Council (now United Way), among others. He retired in 1985.

Those who knew him well saw a man for whom history and tradition were paramount.

“He was dedicated to his family and to whatever he did in life,” said his second wife, Barbara Jeffreys Jones (whom he married in 1996 after the death of his first wife), in an interview with the Richmond Times-Dispatch. For Mr. Jones, family went way back. He was a great–great–great–great–grandnephew of John Catesby Cocke, a captain in the Virginia Navy during the Revolutionary War. Another ancestor was Lt. Catesby ap Roger Jones, who commanded the CSS Virginia (formerly the Merrimack) in its famous Civil War battle with the Union ironclad Monitor.

Through his ancestry, he was eligible for membership in the Society of the Cincinnati, formed in 1783 with members from each of the 13 original states and from France, and whose first president general was George Washington.

The second Virginian to hold that office was Mr. Jones’s father. In 1983, at the organization’s bicentennial, Catesby Brooke Jones became Virginia’s third president general, earning the right to wear a jeweled pin, the Diamond Eagle, first presented to Washington by Count d’Estaing, ranking officer of the French Navy. During Mr. Jones’s tenure as president general, the organization’s endowment increased by 50 percent, and the number of volumes in its historical library in Washington, D.C., quadrupled. After passing the Diamond Eagle to his successor, he worked tirelessly in other roles in the organization.

Mrs. Jones noted her husband’s fondness for golf. He loved to wear traditional golfing clothes and reported in a note to SPS in 1999 that “a new hip this winter has done wonders for my morale and has even helped my golf game a little bit.”

He leaves his wife; his son, Catesby ap Catesby Jones and his family; his daughters, Brooke J. Hodges and Elizabeth Hiatt and their families, including six grandchildren. His brother also survives him.

1943 Robert Van Cleef “Rod” Lindsay

of Manhattan, N.Y., and Wellington, Fla., former president of J.P. Morgan & Co., Inc. and its principal subsidiary, Morgan Guaranty Trust Company of New York, died peacefully of complications from pneumonia at the age of 86 in West Palm Beach, surrounded by family, in the hospice wing of Good Samaritan Hospital. He died just after the stroke of midnight, Friday, January 20, 2012.

Born just after the stroke of midnight, January 1, 1926, Mr. Lindsay, known as “Rod,” was the son of George Nelson Lindsay and Florence Eleanor Vliet Lindsay. He was the youngest of five, including his brother, former Mayor of New York John Vliet Lindsay ’40. He attended Buckley School before entering the Third Form in
the fall of 1939. He was a member of the Cadmean Literary Society and the Clock Committee, served as treasurer of Le Cercle Français and as head editor of *Horae Scholasticae*, and competed with Isthmian and Shattuck. He earned Second Testimonials three times and was awarded First Dickey Prizes in Spanish and French in 1942.

He served in the U.S. Merchant Marine and the U.S. Army Transportation Corps. Upon his return, he attended Yale University, where he majored in Spanish literature. He graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Yale in 1949.

In a 1949 recommendation letter to F.R. Moseley at J.P. Morgan, Sixth Rector Henry Kittredge wrote, “Lindsay’s principal gift is his ability to get along with people of various ages, particularly those older than himself. If the type of work for which you are considering him involves such a social requirement, Lindsay should do the work well. I need not add that he is scrupulously honest.”

Mr. Lindsay joined J.P. Morgan that same year and spent his entire career with the company until his 1986 retirement. He became an officer in 1954 before working his way up to chairman of the Executive Committee and a director of the holding company and the bank in 1978 and, ultimately, president in 1980.

In 1950, Mr. Lindsay wed Nancy Adams Dalley, the beautiful younger sister of Larry Dalley, his close friend at Yale. They were happily married for 58 years, until her 2008 death. Together the Lindsays raised their daughters, Cammy and Tinker, and son, Bob ’73.

Mr. Lindsay gave generously of his time to numerous nonprofit organizations. He was past chairman of the Foreign Policy Association. He served for 20 years as the director of the New York Philharmonic Society and remained an honorary director. He served for six years as chairman of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation. He served as treasurer of the Long Island Biological Association, was a member of the founding board of the Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory, a trustee of East Woods School, and was active in the New York Institute for the Education of the Blind. He was a member of the National Board of the Smithsonian Associates and a trustee of the Cooper Union and the ASPCA. He served as treasurer of the Downtown Lower Manhattan Association and was a founding director of the New York City Development Corp. He was also a member of many other organizations throughout his life.

Purebred dogs played a prominent role in the life of the Lindsays. They were active in the dog show world, breeding and showing basett hounds and bloodhounds out of their Lime Tree Kennels in Syosset, N.Y., for many years, and later owning Norwich, fox, and Yorkshire terriers. Mr. Lindsay served as president and longtime AKC delegate for the American Bloodhound Club, and as president of the Long Island Kennel Club. In addition, he was the longest standing member of the Westminster Kennel Club, which he joined in 1959 and served as president from 1969 to 1972, among many other offices. In 2011, the Westminster members awarded him the club’s prestigious Sensation Award. The Lindsays were also primary forces behind the founding of the AKC Museum of the Dog in 1981.

Mr. Lindsay wrote of his own association and of the association of many other SPS alumni with Westminster in an article published in the Fall 2010 *Alumni Horae*. He delved enthusiastically into the project, visiting campus to research the connections in the archives of Ohstrom Library. The story was both informative and amusing, with Mr. Lindsay recalling a year in which a shepherd was hired to exhibit the control of border collies over a flock of sheep at the WKC’s annual show in New York City. The sheep were spooked and scattered toward the exits. “I could only close my eyes and pray,” Mr. Lindsay wrote. “Nothing in my St. Paul’s experience had prepared me for stampeding sheep on Seventh Avenue!”

Mr. Lindsay remained an active and vibrant member of the St. Paul’s community throughout his life, serving as a form director for many years, as president (1972–73), vice president (1970–72), and treasurer (1963–64) of the Alumni Association, and as a trustee (1972–73 and 1981–85). He and his family donated generously to the School and he was proud to witness the building of the Lindsay Center for Mathematics and Science, which opened shortly before his death.

He was a faithful member of the Episcopal Church, and regularly attended services wherever he lived.

In addition to those already mentioned, Mr. Lindsay had numerous passions, including music, fly-fishing, travel, art collecting, horse breeding, reading, and eating great food. A student of both history and human nature, he managed to avoid politics, but acted in various roles in his older brother John’s eight years as mayor of New York.

But his passions and interests paled in comparison to his devotion to his wife, Nancy. In their 58 years of marriage, they set up households all over the world, from New York to London. In their later years, they spent their winters in Florida, enjoying the warm weather and great show jumping. Wherever they landed, their home quickly became a magnet for their many friends. In 2008, Nancy succumbed to a brain tumor. Rod remained devoted to her care even as he fought Parkinson’s disease for the better part of 15 years. Following her death, he moved back into Manhattan one last time to revisit the vibrant city where he was born, reacquainting himself with jazz at Dizzy’s, mussels at La Mangeoire, and Shepherd’s Pie at Parnell’s, and organizing various gatherings.

Mr. Lindsay’s modest demeanor belied his many talents. He was a brilliant thinker, consummate storyteller, and voracious reader. He and Nancy treated all with equal enthusiasm and generosity of spirit whether it was the Queen of England (whom he and Nancy met during their stay in London—they discussed Welsh Corgies, of course) or a waitress at their favorite local diner. Mr. Lindsay displayed a rare combination of intelligence, loyalty, humility, humor, and practicality. He had impeccable judgment regarding people, places, and things, without being judgmental. He maintained close contact with friends from all over the world until the last week of his life. He died peacefully and painlessly, comforted that his family was well taken care of, and looking forward to rejoining his beloved Nancy.

Mr. Lindsay leaves his three children; eight grandchildren, including Lindsay grandsons Roddy ’03, Pitch ’05, Alec ’07, and Duncan ’10; two great-grandchildren; and many other relatives and friends.

This obituary was primarily compiled and written by the Lindsay family.
1944
Henry Bennett Sheets Jr.

For the last 40 years, he and his family spent summers at their home on Nantucket. He enjoyed fishing and sailing, but mostly loved to walk the beach with his dogs (in recent years, his yellow labs Chutney and Butternut). A passionate conservationist, Mr. Sheets helped fund wildlife projects at Turkey Point, Ont., and Great Point, Mass. He and his son Michael enjoyed annual fall trips to Turkey Point to hunt waterfowl. He served on numerous boards, delivered for Meals on Wheels, and chaired the board of the Salvation Army.

His son Michael described his father as “generous and caring, putting his family ahead of his own interests. He met every challenge with a smile, even when he was diagnosed with Alzheimer’s. From my perspective as his son, I can only hope to live up to the standards of decency, honesty, and integrity that he lived every day.”

Mr. Sheets is survived by his wife, Jane, his sons, Henry III and Michael, a daughter, Wendy Mathias, and nine grandchildren.

1944
Marion Sims “Buz” Wyeth Jr.

Buz Wyeth continued his education at Palm Beach Private School, before heading north in the fall of 1938 to St. Paul’s, entering the School as a First Former. He participated in Glee Club and served as a supervisor in a Fourth Form dormitory. A solid athlete, he captained the Halcyon crew as a Sixth Former and competed in hockey and football with Delphian.

He entered Princeton University in the fall of 1944, trained as a naval pilot at Duke University, and, when the war ended, was discharged from the military while still in training. He graduated from Princeton with the class of 1948.

He began his career as a salesman in a Doubleday bookstore. Hired by MacMillan as a salesman in the Northeast territory and then by Harper & Bros. as a rep along the same route, he ascended to the editorial staff at Harpers and was soon working with writers such as George Plimpton, Richard McKenna, and Ursula Le Guin.

In a letter dated March 1, 1949, Mr. Wyeth wrote to Rector Henry Kittredge, reporting that he had been hired by MacMillan editor-in-chief J.R. “Randy” Williams ’30. “This most recent bit of fortune prompted my father to remark on the obvious advantages of going to St. Paul’s,” he wrote. “I agree.”

He was the editor of a book by Fred Gipson, which came to him with the title Big Yellow Dog. He re-named it Old Yeller. He also loved to tell the story of how he turned down a book about a talking seagull, which became the best-seller Jonathan Livingston Seagull.

Mr. Wyeth acquired and edited an eclectic variety of titles, including two Pulitzer Prize winners: Edith Wharton: A Biography (1975) by R.W.B. Lewis, and The Life and Times of Cotton Mather (1984) by Kenneth Silverman. Other titles, award winners and bestsellers among them, reflect personal passions for history and sports: Geoffrey Ward’s biography of Franklin Roosevelt, A First-Class Temperament; Sterling Seagrave’s The Soong Dynasty; Stephen Oates’s biographies of Lincoln (With Malice Toward None) and Martin Luther King (Let the Trumpet Sound); Roger
Kahn's *The Boys of Summer*; and George Plimpton's *The Paper Lion*; among others. "He's a soft-spoken, low-key guy, more a friend than an editor," Plimpton once said. "I wrote my best books under his tutelage."

Among the other works he edited is a surprising collection of New Age books, including Linda Goodman's *Love Signs*, which broke the record for reprint rights at the time with a price of $2 million-plus. Other publishing milestones included *The Sand Pebbles* by Richard McKenna, whose bestselling novel became a movie starring Steve McQueen, and *Intern* by Dr. X.

Mr. Wyeth maintained a long relationship with St. Paul's School. He often sent titles he had worked on to the School's Rectors, from Kittredge to David Hicks. He claimed that his baldness began at St. Paul's, where he would shower after hockey practice and then walk with frozen hair from the gym to dinner.

He cherished the works of A.A. Milne, which he read to his children repeatedly, never failing to cry, according to his daughter Ellie, as he read the passage in *Winnie the Pooh* in which Christopher Robin has to leave the Hundred Acre Wood.

Mr. Wyeth is survived by his wife of 63 years, Nancy Coffin Wyeth; his sister, Alice Wyeth; his son, Marion Sims Wyeth III '69; his daughter, Ellie; and six grandchildren. He was predeceased in 2001 by his eldest child, Lisa Wyeth Kirk.

*This obituary was compiled primarily by Marion Sims Wyeth III '69.*

### 1945

**Samuel Shober Stroud**

of Lafayette Hill, Pa., an educator and educational consultant, died unexpectedly on March 1, 2011, of cardiac complications following hip surgery. He was raised in Villanova with his siblings, a brother and three sisters. Their parents were Dr. William D. Stroud, a leading cardiologist in Philadelphia, and Agnes Shober Stroud, whose father, Samuel L. Shober (Form of 1881), and uncle, S. Pemberton Hutchinson (1879), were SPS alumni. Mr. Stroud attended the Haverford School for his elementary education and entered SPS in the fall of 1941. He participated in Choir and Rifle Club and excelled at mathematics. He withdrew from the Fifth Form in December 1943 and returned to the Haverford School, from which he graduated in 1945.

Mr. Stroud served as a Navy medical corpsman in the Pacific and in occupied Japan, and on his return from active duty enlisted with the First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry in the Pennsylvania National Guard. He enrolled at the University of Pennsylvania, earning a master's in history.

In 1954, Mr. Stroud married Judith Macy Chamberlin, whom he had met at the Onteora Club in the Catskills. He and his wife soon moved to Newport, R.I., where he taught French and sacred studies and coached soccer at St. George's School. They were dorm proctors at the school, and their three children were born there. They returned to Pennsylvania for good in 1961, when he was appointed head of the Lower School of Germantown Academy. That same year, the Academy went co-educational and opened its new campus in Fort Washington. Mr. Stroud directed the opening of the new facility and was later appointed assistant head and then headmaster of Germantown Academy.

In 1970, he resigned to return to his passion: teaching children. He served his alma mater, Haverford School, as middle school math teacher, upper school history teacher, and director of admissions. The Class of 1980 dedicated its yearbook to him, writing that Mr. Stroud "seems always to engage his work with a certain eagerness as well as unselfish willingness to help others." From 1980 to 1990, he worked as an educational consultant for students seeking placement in independent schools. He finally retired from education to enjoy his growing brood of grandchildren and to travel with his wife.

Mr. Stroud loved family time—he told stories, took his family on trips, golfed, worked *The New York Times* crossword puzzle (in ink), and told more stories. He belonged to the Mill Reef Club on the island of Antigua, where he and his wife vacationed in the winter, and the aforementioned Onteora Club in Tannersville, N.Y., where they had a summer home. He was a member of the Society of Colonial Wars in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Stroud is mourned by his wife; their sons, William and Samuel Jr., and daughter Susan Kleinfeld; their respective spouses; and nine grandchildren.

He was buried in the churchyard at the Episcopal Church of the Redeemer in Bryn Mawr.

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**1947**

**Antoine “Tony” du Bourg**

Mr. du Bourg came to the United States when he was 11 years old.

He attended the Buckley School in New York City and then the Harvey School before entering St. Paul's as a Second Formate in 1942. He participated in the Library Association, the Choir, and Glee Club. He also served as secretary of Le Cercle Français, rowed with Halcyon, and competed for Old Hundred.

Formmate Sidney Whelan recalled that Mr. du Bourg's love of music was greatly encouraged and nurtured by Channing Lefebvre, the School's organist and music director. Dr. Lefebvre had much of the charisma and teaching talent that du Bourg subsequently exemplified, said Whelan.

While at St. Paul's, Mr. du Bourg also showed an impish interest in electricity—putting his self-taught knowledge and mischievous humor to use by committing a number of misdemeanors, for which he was briefly suspended in 1945: among other things, tapping various private telephones and throwing the light switches in
his house and locking them. On the more practical side, he built a mechanism by which he could close his bedroom window by remote control with a switch at his bedside. For these reasons, the “budding electrical genius” became known as “the Bug” or “the mad scientist” to the rest of his formmates.

He graduated from Hamilton College in 1951, received his MALS from Wesleyan University, and served in the U.S. Army before beginning his teaching career in the mid-1950s. He spent 46 years at the Pingry School in New Jersey, where he taught physics and chaired the music department. The final decade of his career was spent at St. George’s School in Middletown, R.I. where he taught music. “It’s a very busy, wonderful life,” he wrote in 1995.

Many of his students described Mr. de Bourg as a teacher on many levels, because he taught them lessons not only about math and music, but also about life. The Antoine du Bourg Physics Award is presented every year at the Senior Awards Assembly at Pingry to a senior who has demonstrated an interest and high achievement in physics, in honor of “one of our most outstanding and unique teachers whose long career at Pingry is noteworthy for scholarship, integrity, and an uncompromising devotion to the classical pursuit of knowledge.”

Known for his signature red suspenders, seemingly endless doughnut supply, and a penchant for bestowing a nickname upon everyone, Mr. de Bourg has been described as a “dynamo,” a “character,” and the “Pied Piper of music.” Often collaborating with Clare Gesualdo, his dear friend and companion for more than 40 years at both Pingry and St. George’s, he enabled thousands of students to benefit from his contagious love of music. He kept his students engaged and was unwaveringly devoted to the existence of Pingry’s music program. He also introduced brass choirs to each institution. His students sang and played at celebrated concert halls in Europe and the United States and even toured behind the Iron Curtain in the 1970s.

Along with teaching, boating was another of his passions. He and Clare often took summer sailing adventures with friends from Cape Cod or Martha’s Vineyard.

Tony du Bourg was predeceased by his half-brother, Joseph F. McCrindle ‘40.

1950
William Lord Brookfield Jr. died March 26, 2011, from the complications of heart disease. On the day he was born, October 5, 1932, his father, William Lord Brookfield ’25, notified SPS of the blessed event and began the enrollment process. It may have been the last time the elder Brookfield had a good measure of control over his son.

Young Brookfield entered the First Form in September 1944, as his parents were divorcing. He arrived highly recommended for his personality and character, yet relatively untested academically. He soon encountered difficulties in Latin and mathematics despite summer tutoring and frequent communications between the School and his parents. Substituting Spanish for Latin during summer school in Greenwich, Conn., also proved unsuccessful. By the winter of his Sixth Form, he ranked 82nd in a class of 84. It appeared that he would not receive a Latin diploma and might not graduate at all. His father insisted that the boy apply only to Ivy League schools, despite frank advice from the SPS faculty to look to less competitive colleges.

Meanwhile, Mr. Brookfield was doing a stellar job in other areas of his life. He was widely regarded as honest, charming, companionable, and conscientious. He sang bass in the School Choir; Glee Club, and Quartet, belonged to the Missionary Society, made the first Old Hundred football team and Shattuck’s first boat, captained the crew as a Sixth Former, participated in Student Council, and mentored younger students. He dutifully wrote home, although his father was known to return his letters with corrections marked in red ink.

He graduated on June 16, 1950, with an English diploma. Mr. Brookfield matriculated at Hobart College and went out for football, then dropped out, enlisted in the Army Signal Corps, and went to Korea as a lineman. He did not let his father know he had enlisted until he was in Korea.

He came out of Korea a sergeant and in 1956 married Frances Fisher of New Canaan, Conn. They moved to Ormond Beach, Fla., in 1958, where they raised their family of five and Mr. Brookfield came into his own as a real estate developer in the Daytona Beach area. He soon became a leader in the industry and was named Realtor of the Year in 1967 and again in 1984. He served on many regional and national boards, was active on the planning commission in his community, and was known for his warmth and quick wit. His daughter Kate, who helped care for him before his death, wrote that his passions included, in no particular order, building houses, messing around in boats, speculation (both philosophical and financial), conservative politics, vintage cars, singing, fishing, and rowing. He attended his 50th reunion at SPS, where, to his great satisfaction, his 50th crew beat the 25th anniversary crew. His brother, Christopher Brookfield ’54, called him “the darling black sheep of the family.”

He is survived by his former wives, Frances Wilson and Elizabeth McLaughlin, his brother, daughters Kate Holcomb and Beth Brookfield, sons William, Richard, and Jonathan, eight grandchildren, one great-grandchild, and his longtime friend, Ms. Marty Erisman.
1952
George Trimble “Wedge” Murdoch II

passed away on May 22, 2011, at age 76. Born on July 7, 1934, to Gladys Minchin Murdoch and Rea Allen Murdoch of the Form of 1909, he was named after his grandfather, a mining engineer from Forest Hills, Calif., who later became treasurer of the Witherbee Sherman Company in Port Henry, N.Y.

He was known to most as “Wedge,” a nickname derived from “Wedgeacres,” the family home in Weston, Conn., although his family moved to Middlebury, Vt., when he was a boy and he lived nearly all of his life there. He attended Middlebury Grade School before entering the First Form at St. Paul’s School in 1946.

While at St. Paul’s, he was involved in varsity crew with Halcyon and football and ice hockey with Delphian. He was also a member of the Scientific Association.

Mr. Murdoch went on to Yale University. He entered active duty in the U.S. Army in 1958, where he was immersed in Russian and German at the Army Language School in Monterey, Calif. He was then stationed in Germany for six years. Following his release from the service, he returned to Middlebury and joined the family realty business, Murdochs of Middlebury. He also served several years as an instructor with the U.S. Army Reserve School in Winooski, Vt., eventually retiring as a Lt. Colonel.

Mr. Murdoch cared about his community deeply and served on several city boards and commissions throughout his life. In 1970, he helped to found the Middlebury Volunteer Ambulance Association (MVAA), serving 40 years in various capacities. He is credited for helping the ambulance service transition from basic to advanced life support services, and from an organization staffed exclusively by volunteers to one that includes full- and part-time paid staff. Four years ago, Mr. Murdoch — then president of the MVAA — received the first-ever Vermont EMS System Improvement Award, an honor that recognizes a lifetime of adapting and implementing new EMS technology for the benefit of patients.

In 1989, the town of Middlebury dedicated its Annual Report to him for his contributions to the city, and, in 2010, Middlebury College awarded him the McCardell Citizen’s Medal for distinguished work in the community.

Nearly three decades after graduating from Yale, he went back to school at the University of Vermont, earning his associates degree in nursing. He joined the staff at Porter Hospital. From 1994 until his death, he worked as an R.N. for Addison County Home Health and Hospice.

Wedge Murdoch is survived by his wife of 51 years, Cecilia Moller Murdoch, and their four children: Jennifer, Andrew, Matthew, and Amy; eight grandchildren; and several cousins. Mr. Murdoch was predeceased by his brother, Rea ’40.

1954
Morgan Kinmonth Smith Jr.

known to his friends as “Kim,” passed away peacefully at his home in Concord, Mass., on Feb. 6, 2011, surrounded by family. He had suffered from stomach cancer.

His father (Form of 1930), his paternal grandfather (1899), and two of his mother’s brothers had graduated from SPS. Mr. Smith (born December 10, 1935) entered SPS in the Second Form in 1949. He had attended the Fenn School in Concord, whose headmaster, Roger Fenn, described his character as “absolutely tops.”

Although born on the West Coast, Mr. Smith spent most of his life in Massachusetts. His mother, Beatrice Stewart Smith, was known as a fine athlete. Mr. Smith’s father was publisher of the Riverside Press imprint at Houghton Mifflin Company in Boston and later chairman of the board of Yale University Press. The family summered at the Ausable Club in St. Huberts, N.Y., a hamlet in the Adirondacks and the clubhouse for the Adirondack Mountain Reserve, which had been formed in 1887 by a group of wealthy sportsmen to save the high peaks from logging and development.

Tall and athletic, Mr. Smith was an outstanding athlete at SPS, competing in football and hockey (Delphian) and crew (Shattuck). One faculty member wrote in a college recommendation that Mr. Smith “combines high boyish spirits with seriousness of purpose.” He was on the boards of the Horae Scholasticae, the Scientific Association, and the Missionary Society, was secretary of his rowing club, earned a Second Dickey Prize in Mathematics in 1954, and was supervisor in a dormitory of younger boys.

He matriculated at Yale, then withdrew to serve in the Navy from 1955 to 1957. He finished his college degree at Boston University and began a distinguished teaching career in Massachusetts private schools. He was briefly sidetracked from his work on January 1, 1963, when he was seriously hurt in a ski-lift accident, breaking his back and many other bones. He spent six months in the hospital, recuperating and learning to walk again. That July, he married Belinda “Binnie” Pleasants of Groton, Mass., and in the fall he went back to teaching and coaching. Their three daughters were born in the next four years. He taught mathematics at Brooks School in North Andover and in 1971 was appointed headmaster of the Fenn School, his grade-school alma mater. He also worked as business manager and teacher at Noble and Greenough School in Dedham.

Always interested in civic affairs, Mr. Smith continued to give back to his community after retirement. He was an active member of Trinity Episcopal Church in Concord and headed the Independent School Association of Massachusetts for a time. He worked on behalf of the Concord Council on Aging and the local rail trail. He was especially passionate
about the Adirondack Mountain Reserve, where he had roamed since childhood. As president of the Ausable Club (a position his father had also held), he started a foundation to preserve the grand old clubhouse and to enroll it in the National Register of Historic Places. With his wife and family, he returned to the Ausable Club faithfully each year. They made their last trip together in 2010. In the summer of 2011, he was the posthumous recipient of the Harold Weston Award for his dedication to the Adirondack Mountain Reserve and to preserving the traditional culture of its small towns and hamlets.

His wife; their three daughters, Sallie Schneider, Dorrie Scranton, and Henley Konar, and their spouses; seven grandchildren; and three sisters survive him.

1956
John Phillips Britton

who made a living as an investment manager but made his mark on the world as an independent scholar of Babylonian astronomy, died on June 8, 2010, at 71. He suffered cardiac arrest while working out at a gym near his home in Wilson, Wyoming.

Born December 6, 1938, in Hartford, Conn., Mr. Britton was raised in nearby Bloomfield, where he attended a local elementary school and Kingswood School. His parents, John Delaplaine Britton, managing partner at an investment firm, and Margaret Ferguson Britton, whose ties to SPS went back to its Third Rector, her grandfather Henry Ferguson, enrolled the boy in the Third Form in 1952. The recommendation from Kingswood called him “a modest, natural leader” and an outstanding scholar and athlete who was especially interested in studying the sciences and higher mathematics.

His early talents were only amplified by his SPS education, and, by the time of his magna cum laude graduation in 1956, he had made an indelible contribution.

He skied all four years and was a co-captain in 1956, rowed for Halcyon, and played football for Delphian, sang in the Choir, supervised younger students in Brewster, and was vice president of his form. He belonged to the Scientific Association, the Propylean Literary Society, and the Ski Club. He received the Oakes Greek Prize, the Dickey Prize in Greek, First Dickey Prize in Mathematics, First Testimonials, and the Frazier Prize; earned honors in sacred studies, Greek, history, chemistry, and physics; and was a National Merit Scholarship semifinalist. In an evaluation for his application to Yale, an SPS administrator wrote, “It is impossible that any boy could be more highly recommended.”

By his sophomore year at Yale, Mr. Britton was on the varsity ski team and had declared a major in physics. He graduated Phi Beta Kappa in 1961 with a B.A. in history and physics and a Carnegie Fellowship to study the history of science in graduate school, with a special interest in ancient mathematics and astronomy. He received his Ph.D. from Yale in 1966 in the history of science and medicine. In his doctoral thesis, he analyzed how the Greek astronomer Claudius Ptolemy (second century A.D.) arrived at the parameters of his solar and lunar theories from observations and models. He saw Ptolemy’s work Almagest as a great, if not the first, scientific treatise.

He married Kathryn Spotswood Lines in September 1963. After he received his terminal degree from Yale, he and his wife returned to Hartford, where he entered the investment business and eventually founded his own asset management firm. Together they raised sons John Delaplaine Britton ’85 and Samuel Spotswood Britton. By the 1980s, Mr. Britton was a man of independent means, and he sold his business and returned to his first intellectual love. He enrolled again at Yale, took classes in Akkadian and Sumerian, and over the next two decades developed into one of the world’s experts in ancient Babylonian astronomy and its transmission to the Hellenic world. The first paper he wrote after his return, published in 1987, was on Babylonian lunar theory. He later wrote on the Babylonian discovery of the Saros cycle (the lunar eclipse cycle) and other related topics. He learned to transcribe, translate, and interpret cuneiform texts and place the scholarship into a broad historical perspective. He was a visiting scholar at Yale, Harvard, the Dibner Institute at MIT, and the Institute for the Study of the Ancient World at NYU.

In 1995, he married Claudine—Adrienne Vincente, and they moved to Wilson, Wyoming, where he could rock-climb, ski, and hike, as he had done most of his life. He introduced his sons and grandchildren to the outdoor life. He could charm friends and family with his contrarian sense of humor, deep intellect, and wide-ranging interests in politics, financial markets, science, the arts, and history. One of his fellow scientists described his generosity in sharing ideas and his “delightful mixture of cordial joviality and New England reserve.” To those who admired his work, he characteristically joked that he could just be making it all up, and nobody would know the difference.

Mr. Britton is survived by his wife, Claudine Britton of Wilson, Wyo.; his sons John of New York and Sam of San Francisco; his brother Peter Britton ’61 of South Hamilton, Mass.; and four grandchildren. His brother, reflecting that Mr. Britton still had many things he wanted to do, added, “We’re all taught to be fully in each moment, and he was.”
1956
William Alexander “Sandy” Gordon Jr.

a retired investment broker and maritime agent, died in a hospice in Exeter, N.H., on April 11, 2011. He was born on Dec. 28, 1937, in Sewickley, Penn., near Pittsburgh, the third son of William Alexander Gordon and Madelaine Laughlin Alexander. He and his five brothers often traveled with their parents to Isleboro in Maine, where his maternal grandparents had a house in Dark Harbor. (His grandfather, Maitland Alexander Jr., graduated with the Form of 1926.)

Mr. Gordon’s mother died in 1944. He matriculated in the Second Form in the fall of 1951, joining his older brothers, Gordon and Maitland. His father praised Sandy’s interest in music, especially piano, although he also acknowledged that his son was “entirely different” from his brothers and had not theretofore been known for his scholarly bent.

Loved at SPS for his amiable personality, a willing attitude, and his able performance in the Choir, on the hockey rink, and on the soccer field, Mr. Gordon struggled academically, tested poorly, and, by the end of his Fifth Form, conceded defeat and withdrew. His father enrolled him for his senior year at Brooks School, where he was named captain of the soccer team. He went on to study at the University of Arizona, where he met and fell in love with Lucretia Selover, also a student and the sister of one of his fraternity brothers. They married in 1960 and moved to Los Angeles, where Mr. Gordon started a music store and recording studio. He sold pianos, played with local musicians, and worked with a young singing duo performing in a group called the Paramours. The duo soon split off and formed the Righteous Brothers.

The Gordons moved to Pennsylvania in the mid 1960s, where Mr. Gordon became a stockbroker in Pittsburgh. He eventually convinced his firm to establish an office in St. Croix, Virgin Islands, where the family moved. Although the investment office did not last, Mr. Gordon parlayed his considerable salesmanship skills into work as a maritime agent, setting up a wholesale grocery business to supply cruise ships. He was an extrovert, an accomplished storyteller, and an expert salesman who made friends everywhere. A gifted pianist, he played show tunes and jazz standards by ear, and loved to play duets with his daughter, Elizabeth. Mr. Gordon and his wife retired to Exeter in 2003. They enjoyed walking the beaches of the seacoast with their dogs.

He is mourned by his wife, Lucretia, of Portsmouth, N.H., and their two children, Elizabeth Fichera of Portsmouth and William A. Gordon III of Clarksville, Tenn.; two granddaughters; two great-grandchildren; his two surviving brothers, Gordon ’53 and Maitland ’54; and cousins in Vermont and Maine. His brothers, Laughlin Alexander Gordon and Charles Alexander Gordon, died earlier; his brother Jonathan Harrington Gordon died in December 2011.

1968
Thomas Neill Chambers

of St. Petersburg, Fla., died on May 24, 2010, from complications of cancer. A lifelong working musician with an intuitive connection to the blues, he also worked as a computer engineer for a large utility in the Tampa Bay area. The second son of William Ely Chambers Jr. and Eleanor Neill Chambers, he was born in Bronxville, N.Y., on January 11, 1950, and raised in Greenwich, Conn. Mr. Chambers entered SPS in the Second Form in the fall of 1963. He had been an excellent student at the Brunswick School in Greenwich, described by his teachers as “a cheery soul, not above a little mischief” who “appeared to get little discipline at home.”

The more SPS attempted to provide a steadying influence, the more Chambers swayed. His grades were top-notch, his grades were deplorable. He was rebellious and disorganized, he was polite and diligent. It was, as readers may recall, the 1960s, and as one formmate noted, it was not all tea dances and dutiful boys lined up in Chapel. Although Mr. Chambers was not the only student at SPS attracted to the experimentation and creativity of the counterculture, he was one of the most visible. Influenced by his father’s love of rhythm and blues, including the work of Ray Charles and Bill Dogett, he channeled his energy into music, organizing a band called The Loudest Noise in the World, and delivering thrilling leads on his electric guitar, a handsome soloist who could not wait to get on with life. His room with its booming stereo was, to the chagrin of administrators, “the Mecca for many boys in the School.” His formmates still remember that room as a place of firsts – where they blasted the first Cream album, where they first heard the Paul Butterfield Blues Band’s track “In My Own Dream,” where the latest Winwood, Clapton, or Hendrix LP was playing.

For his College Board writing sample, Mr. Chambers analyzed his tussle with SPS administrators over the length of his hair. He was accepted into the University of Pennsylvania and graduated with his form on June 9, 1968. The band stayed together that summer, renaming itself the Nickel Bag. At Penn, he majored in English, but switched to studying computers, graduating in 1972. He earned a master’s in computer science at the University of Bridgeport in 1978. He played
music always, jamming with Bonnie Raitt and Huey Lewis early in their careers, and studying the work of blues musicians Albert King and Albert Collins. He married Denning McCleery in 1978, and their daughter, Melanie, was born in 1979. The marriage ended in 1986, his parents died in 1988, and he moved permanently to Florida.

Dorothy Pattengale, a nurse who works in social services, met him in Florida in 1989 when he was playing in a band in Palm Harbor. He and Ms. Pattengale lived together for 13 years before marrying on February 1, 2002. In 1992, he started a well-regarded eight-piece R&B band called Rhythm Revue. They practiced in the recording studio and rehearsal space he’d built at his house and began playing out in 1993. The response was phenomenal and they developed a devoted following, playing at bars, private parties, and music festivals throughout Florida for 10 years.

As his 25th SPS reunion approached in 1993, he got The Loudest Noise in the World back together. They practiced once and found their groove again, to their formmates’ delight.

Always a busy person, Mr. Chambers loved to have a “project” going on. Following a boyhood love for ham radios, he erected a 41-foot radio tower in his backyard. He also developed and sold a software program for martial arts schools that was featured in a martial arts trade journal, with his photo on the cover.

Mr. Chambers died only 12 days after his cancer diagnosis. He was an enigma to some, a gentle and kind person to many. He was charismatic and social yet could be intensely private. He is mourned by his wife, Dorothy Pattengale; his daughter, Melanie Chambers of Fairbanks, Alaska; his brother, William Chambers of Greenwich; and many other relatives and friends.

1986
William Harry Priestley

of East Greenwich, R.I., died of pancreatic cancer at Brigham and Women’s Hospital in Boston on April 8, 2011. He was 43 years old. His wife of 12 years, Kinda Remick Priestley, was at his side.

Born February 21, 1968, he was the son of Joseph A. Priestley Sr., president of George C. Moore Co. in Westerly, R.I., and Beverly M. Priestley. The youngest of four children, Mr. Priestley grew up in a warm and supportive family, where his interests in music, computers, sports, and other endeavors were nurtured. He went to local schools and then to Pine Point School in Stonington, Conn., where his chorus teacher noted his excellent performance as a singer and saxophone player, and his history and literature teacher praised his poetry skills and insightful class participation. In his application to SPS, Mr. Priestley described himself as “a young man with an outgoing, friendly personality” who most valued his relationships with family and good friends. Already topping six feet tall at 15, he was also friendly, poised, and articulate, according to notes taken during an admissions interview.

Mr. Priestley entered SPS in the Fourth Form in September 1983. By all accounts, he thrived. He played on the JV and varsity teams in both football (where he was nicknamed “Bread Truck”) and baseball, joined the Republican Forum, portrayed a policeman in a staging of George Bernard Shaw’s Poison, Passion, and Petrifaction, played saxophone in the band and wind ensemble, took up guitar, was a radio announcer for WSPS, grew to appreciate the importance of good study habits, and remained his genial and thoughtful self. By his Sixth Form year he was doing Honors and High Honors work in all of his courses. He could be found on the football field on Saturday afternoons and in the front row of chamber music concerts on Sundays.

Mr. Priestley graduated on June 1, 1986, with distinction in music and headed for Colby College. He graduated cum laude with honors in philosophy and religion, then taught elementary school in New Hampshire for two years before entering Boston University School of Law. He was editor-in-chief of the Annual Review of Banking Law from 1994 to 1995. He joined a Boston law firm after graduation and sent a note to SPS, saying he was “still geeking as a lawyer in Boston and searching for my life’s passion – maybe bocci.”

Mr. Priestley joined Edwards Angell Palmer & Dodge LLP in Providence in 1999, where he worked in litigation management. In his spare time, he skied and golfed, indulged his creative side with singing and songwriting, and was an enthusiastic mentor with Rhode Islanders Sponsoring Education. He made friends easily and treasured his colleagues, friends, and neighbors. Most of all, he loved and cherished his wife, Kinda, and their four young children – Georgia, 7, twins Harry and Owen, 5, and Emma, 19 months. He is also mourned and greatly missed by his brother, Joseph A. Priestley Jr. ’69, and his sisters Carole and Pamela, and their families, all of whom lived near him in Rhode Island.
Tony Parker ’64

“elections have consequences.” One of those consequences is the direction that he is taking the country as compared to what we probably would have gotten had John McCain won in 2008. I have a much greater appreciation for the impact that a leader has on the institution he or she runs.

**Getting involved is much more than just going to a polling booth.** It includes learning the issues, volunteering, getting to know the candidates, engaging friends and acquaintances. It is never too early to get involved.

**Money is very important.** First, it demonstrates that the candidate has a following. Presidential candidates are limited to receiving only $5,000 from any person. Campaigns are very expensive. Therefore, a candidate’s ability to raise money from a broad number of citizens is key to an election. Organization is critical to winning campaigns, and organizations take money. While it is not the only measure of success (see Hillary Clinton’s unsuccessful campaign in 2008), it is almost impossible to run a credible campaign without significant financial resources.

Most successful candidates, particularly on the Republican side, have waged a previous presidential campaign. Getting it right the first time is very difficult. It is like building a business from the ground up and learning on the job as you are hurtling down the road at 100 miles an hour. The potholes are huge. One huge advantage the Romney campaign enjoys is that Romney ran in 2008. He made mistakes in that campaign, he learned his lessons, he is not repeating those same mistakes in this campaign.

Because I am an officer of the RNC, I must be neutral until we have a presumptive candidate. What I have been doing is managing the finances of the RNC, which run about $100 million in a non-presidential year and up to $300 million in a presidential year. I am also working hard to raise money so we have a war chest for our presidential candidate once he has been identified.

I like the idea of “retail” campaigning. No one can be successful in New Hampshire without going out and meeting the people, going to people’s homes, stopping by the local diner. High-level media campaigning is not very effective in New Hampshire. Jon Huntsman, for example, did 350 town hall meetings, I think, in the last year. He rose from obscurity to come in third in the primary. New Hampshire citizens are sophisticated; they care; they take time to assess the candidates. They do a very good job of vetting the candidates.

I have learned a lot from my time in politics. First, entrepreneurs and politicians have a lot in common. Both put themselves on the line; failure is a real option. Realistically, most entrepreneurs and most politicians fail. But there is something in both of their characters that drive them to run or to start an enterprise. Second, I have a lot more respect for politicians than I had before. As a general statement, they work very hard. There is no such thing as a 9–to–5 job as a politician. You may disagree with their positions, but no one can credibly state that being a politician is an easy job.

I had no real involvement in politics at St. Paul’s or at Harvard. It wasn’t until I got out of the Navy that I decided to become an advance man in the 1972 Nixon campaign. St. Paul’s was much more isolated back then. While I remember the Kennedy–Nixon debates and the 1960 election, I don’t remember my classmates or me being very politically interested in the process or the outcome.

Leaders can and do make a real difference. I don’t think I realized how important leaders were until I got in the Navy. My first assignment was on a guided missile destroyer in the Gulf of Tonkin during the Vietnam War. While I was there, we had two skippers. It was extraordinary to witness the difference in the morale and the performance of the crew between the two, even though the crew remained the same. As President Obama said recently, “elections have consequences.”
At one point in her life, Lise Lemeland ’85 was gripped by a fear of flying. The nervous shakes that accompanied her infrequent commercial flights weighed on her. But to face that fear, on a summer vacation to Martha’s Vineyard in 2007, Lemeland decided to venture up in a biplane with a local pilot.

The pilot “must have sensed a fellow adventurer in the front seat,” Lemeland wrote in a 2009 article for Sport Aerobatics, “because the next thing I knew he was looping and rolling me through the skies off South Beach.”

Lemeland, an artist and associate professor of drawing and painting at New York’s Alfred University (www.liselemeland.com), admits to a confusing mix of elation and fear, but she was sure of one instinct – she had to fly again. By January 2009, Lemeland had earned her pilot’s license and, by July, had married her instructor, fellow pilot Pat Jessup. And she had not only learned to fly, but had taken on a specialty – aerobatics – twisting and turning a small plane, a few thousand feet up in the air, into gravity-defying configurations.

She still admits to a touch of fear, but that emotion cannot overcome the passion she has discovered in the sky. “In aerobatics, you are putting an airplane in all these configurations. I mean, it’s not meant to fly upside down,” Lemeland tells Alumni Horae. “There is the fear factor and the thrill that’s woven together, which is part of what makes it so much fun.”

Since June 21, 2010, Lemeland, a 44-year-old mother of three, has had to once again put aside her fear. That’s the day that Jessup, her husband of only 11 months, was killed when the Cessna he was piloting suffered engine failure on a charter flight with two members of the U.S. Department of Agriculture’s Forest Service.

“I had so little solo time before my husband was killed,” says Lemeland. “Once he was gone, I had to learn a lot of things on my own. It was a very difficult time in so many ways.”

It took a few months for Lemeland to return to the air. She had at that point already placed fourth in her first aerobatic competition in the summer of 2009, her training costs for that initial step defrayed when she was awarded the Douglas Yost Aerobatic Scholarship. “I remembered what [Pat] taught me and I was able to transform it into a focus on aerobatics,” she says of returning to the cockpit.

To date, Lemeland has competed in six aerobatics events, moving up from primary (novice) to sportsman (standard) level in the summer of 2011. Her many
flying honors include first place in the primary category at the 2010 U.S./Canada Aerobatic Challenge and second in primary at the 2010 East Coast Aerobatic Contest.

In competition, Lemeland must demonstrate the ability to maneuver her Super Decathlon aerobatic plane through a sequence of six figures over a 3,000-square-foot grid marked an equivalent vertical distance below on the ground. She casually speaks of training to handle advanced spins, of wearing a parachute in the cockpit at all times in case the need to bail out arises, and of performing loops and half-Cubans (half figure-eights), all with the ability to pull the plane out of a spin at the right moment.

Her current challenge is mastering in her tri-weekly practice flights a maneuver known as a “hammerhead,” in which the pilot must pull the plane into a vertical up line and, before it loses air-speed, kick the rudder to cause the plane to pivot.

“You’re waiting for this ever-so-subtle shudder that happens because of slipstream on the propeller that hits the tail,” she says. “It’s difficult to master because you have to trust what you feel.”

Painting, says Lemeland, had been her greatest passion until she discovered flying. But she soon learned that the two were connected. Her views from the cockpit register in her brain for later translation (see image at right). In 2010, three of her paintings were acquired by the permanent collection of the Smithsonian’s National Air and Space Museum.

“There are lots of things that go into the art that I see when I fly,” she explains. “I try to put into the paintings my perspective when I am in the airplane. I find that I get really inspired in my studio after I’ve been flying. And art gets into the flying in that, when I am up there, I am always cataloging. I notice a cloud coming at me inverted and I think, ‘that is the coolest thing; I have to remember that, but right now I have to fly.’”

*Lise Lemeland ’85 with her “Grey Out over Runway 23,” 2009, (5-color aquatint proof with gouache, 24”x18”).*
A few days after the New Year, a group of us from Communications and Development gathered in the second-floor conference room of Alumni House to discuss our plans for the Annual Fund for the remainder of the year. Of the ideas we discussed, we kept coming back to the theme of community, an ideal of St. Paul’s School much heralded by our new Rector, Mike Hirschfeld ’85. By community, we meant our extended SPS community. Before long, others were enlisted to help with our plan.

Within two weeks, carpenter Scott Russell of the SPS Facilities Department had fashioned a giant (20” x 24”, 35-pound) “U” out of plywood. It sat on the desk of my next-door officemate, Cindy Foote, who designs this magazine, for a few days before it was hauled away to Hargate, where fine arts teacher Brian Schroyer and a group of Third Form art students went to work on its pristine white surface. Something important to know about the “U” is that it is extraordinarily heavy. The heft of the alphabet’s final vowel did not deter Ms. Foote and Web Manager Lauri West from toting it around campus, from the Matthews Hockey Center to the Schoolhouse Reading Room, where students happily posed with the misplaced letter.

The amusement and participation produced by this giant letter of the alphabet reflects the community it aims to highlight. St. Paul’s wouldn’t be the community it is without “U.”

This community shows itself daily. I’ve experienced it. On a raw, rainy day early last spring, I found myself hurrying down the brick path from the Schoolhouse toward my office in Sheldon. I ducked into the Rectory looking for Marcia Matthews, who was not home at the time. Adam Stockman, the Rectory chef, opened the door for me, his apron fastened securely around his waist. Seeking shelter, I entered the front hallway for a moment and commented on the pleasant aroma wafting our way from the kitchen.

“That reminds me,” I said. “I haven’t eaten lunch yet.”

I didn’t really mean to spur Adam into action, but, before I knew it, he had packaged up a cup of his delicious, piping hot pumpkin soup and sent me on my way. Still underprepared for the icy rain, except for the warm soup clutched tightly in my hands, I hustled up the path toward the Post Office. I turned as I heard someone call my name. Hurrying toward me was longtime French teacher Jane Clunie, her perpetually kind face etched in true concern. Jane insisted that I take her umbrella, motioning to her home in Kitt I off to our starboard side (it was raining heavily, remember, hence the boat reference). Despite my protests that I would be fine in the short distance between where we had halted along the brick path and the promise of Sheldon just around the corner, she handed me her umbrella, smiled, and hurried off to her nearby home, absorbing the rain herself.

I returned to my office cold and wet, but a little less cold and a little less wet than I would have been had not two of my fellow SPS community members intervened. Jane’s kindness brought a warmth to the day and her umbrella literally saved me from becoming any more soaked. Adam’s gesture was equally kind and his soup literally brought the warmth back to my day (and my toes).

Community is not something concocted in a conference room, which is what we all knew when we decided to make a giant letter a part of our message this year. It’s being offered a hand in hoisting an oversized U out of a car and into a crowded rink; it’s sharing an umbrella on a path.

Specific to this issue of the magazine, community is present on the RMS Titanic, as it lists treacherously in the icy Atlantic, while Archibald Gracie (Form of 1875) helps the pregnant wife of John Jacob Astor (1882) into a lifeboat. It’s present in the camaraderie of Jimmy Gibson ’59 and SPS friends on their 1959 drive from Boston to Sebring, Fla., for a chance to work in the pit crews alongside some of car racing’s legends. It’s evident in the heroic efforts of Hilary Eisen ’02 to preserve the life of a friend injured on an ice climb in Wyoming. It’s present in the work of architect Peter Mullan ’87 to help beauty rise from an abandoned rail yard in New York City. And it’s evident in the memories of friendship shared in the Letters section between student and teacher.

These stories are all true and we wouldn’t have them without Y–O . . . “U.” So read hungrily and be warmed by all the varied pursuits of the extended St. Paul’s School community.

Jana F. Brown
Editor of Alumni Horae
COMMUNITY

WE NEED YOU. Community is the very heart of St. Paul’s School, where lifelong relationships are sparked and nurtured. Contributions to the SPS Annual Fund directly support the daily life of the SPS community. Your community. Please give generously. EVERY GIFT MATTERS.

Go to: www.sps.edu/giving
Aerobatic Artist
Lise Lemeland ’85, p. 62

“Night Acro,” 2010
(oil on canvas, 62” x 82”)

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