Anniversary Special
Alumni Horae
ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL  SUMMER 2012

Don’t worry, St. Paul. A little rain won’t keep them away.
Rain chased Graduation inside to the Matthes Cage this year, where there was ample space for friends and family to celebrate the Form of 2012. Thirteenth Rector Mike Hirschfeld ’85 concluded the 156th session of St. Paul’s School with the familiar line, “For the Sixth Form of . . . the session . . . is closed.”
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Behind the Scenes

That’s me absorbing rain behind the statue of St. Paul for a cover idea hatched as sheets of rain attacked horizontally through an idling golf cart on Saturday of Anniversary Weekend. My passenger, photographer Wendy Cahill, responded to my thought of putting an umbrella in St. Paul’s hand with an enthusiastic, “Great idea!” In truth, neither one of us really recovered that day from the soaking that ensued, but voilà!

The idea was born before its execution involved flagging down a kind parent on the stone path in front of Hargate and swapping her oversized SPS umbrella for Wendy’s Union College look-alike, to be returned in a cordial exchange an hour later at the soggy (but spirited!) Boat Races.

Let’s face it, Anniversary Weekend is a whole lot nicer when Mother Nature cooperates. And, as St. Paul’s red–and–white–striped cover reveals, in 2012 she did not.

If you returned to Concord for Anniversary Weekend, you experienced something truly special – the 24–hour rain total between June 2 and 3 represented the greatest one–day precipitation –1.99 inches – in the month of June. And, according to the National Weather Service, “nearly half the monthly rainfall fell on just one day when 1.96 inches of precipitation was recorded on [June 2].”

But mirroring the cheer of the alumni and families who weathered a less–than–idyllic weekend on the grounds, Wendy and I laughed all the way to the boat docks at maximum speeds of 12 mph after capturing the desired cover image.

Anniversary Weekend is a smoothly run operation. To make it so, the real work behind the scenes is considerable. Two days before this year’s event, SPS groundskeeper Rick Snow, kneeling in a bed adjacent to Sheldon, planted the last of the 1,000 fresh flowers installed campus–wide. The facilities crew, headed by Ben Jorgensen, spread more than 20 cubic yards of mulch and accrued more than 1,500 hours of overtime. They arranged 1,810 chairs for Saturday’s alumni luncheon and another 2,000 for Sunday’s Graduation of the Form of 2012, which was, not surprisingly, chased indoors to the Matthes Cage.
SPS security deployed nine SPS officers and two supervisors on Anniversary Saturday, supplemented by two School staff members working outside their regular duties and four private company security officers. SPS staff member Laura Guimont, who processes the bi-weekly payroll, moonlighted as a security officer and directed alumni to the School’s red mini-bus fleet late into the afternoon of June 2, drenched to the bone even while donning a full-body rain suit.

Consulting an 11-page document that took several weeks to prepare, Officer Glen Killam was assigned as the detail commander for the weekend, breaking the campus into 11 traffic posts. SPS officers worked a combined 194.05 regular hours and 101.40 hours of overtime between June 1 and 3. They conducted a total of 20 pre-event egress inspections, logged 291 miles of travel (on campus), and answered 69 calls for service (one involved removing a large and feisty snapping turtle from a well-traveled path).

Alumni/Development staff members, including Melissa Walters, Becca Brewster, Elle Finnegan, and Bob Barr, seemed to be everywhere, kindly shuttling alumni all over the grounds.

Food Services, managed by Kurt Ellison and Larry Fischer, provided nourishment for 22 separate events between June 1 and 3, serving 6,744 individual meals. It took two cooks 16 hours to grill 3,000 chicken breasts; two bakers 12 hours to make 3,000 double-chocolate-chip cookies; and two cooks eight hours to prep and marinate 500 pounds of coleslaw. Those food items were included in the Saturday afternoon alumni luncheon baskets, baskets that four Food Services staffers spent 12 hours preparing – in March – with plasticware, napkins, salt, pepper, and moist towelettes. It required five people 10 hours to turn the chicken breasts into sandwiches and 15 people three hours to assemble the food in the baskets. Food Services employees logged more than 387 hours of overtime on Anniversary Weekend.

SPS Events Manager Barbara Fermon made sure everything ran smoothly. Truly, everything – too many details to even count.

And all the while it rained in epic proportions. Still, rowers rowed, paraders paraded, alumni reunited, and Sixth Formers graduated, subconsciously appreciative of all that went on behind the weekend’s many “statues” to make it a memorable time.
Alumni return to St. Paul’s to discover a feeling that they have never left

“Wherever you go, there you are.” That cliché rings true when graduates return to St. Paul’s School. This year’s assembly of alumni – known in affectionate reunion-year lingo as the “twos” and the “sevens” – rediscovered their teenage selves when they stepped onto the grounds. Time was no matter. But the place was.

“I feel all the same old things,” shared David Sinkler ’52 as he stood under a tent on the Chapel terrace with friend Tom Charlton ’52.

“All the anxieties and all the pleasures return,” added Charlton.

Sinkler spoke nostalgically of his time in the Chapel, of serving as an acolyte, and of singing in the Choir under the direction of beloved former master and organist Channing Lefebvre. As a Fifth Former, Sinkler lost his father. En route home to Philadelphia for the funeral, he encountered Rector Henry Kittredge on the train.

“I don’t think he knew why I was there, but I told him,” Sinkler recalled. “He sat up and talked to me all night.”

Alex Whiteside ’62 sat with formmate Tony Schall on June 2 in what he called the “master’s section” of the Chapel, waiting for the Saturday morning alumni service to begin. He talked proudly of not needing the prayer book for the familiar School service
he had long ago memorized. Schall, who served as a Chapel warden in his student days, said that when he returns he immediately recalls the “little nicknames and funny occurrences.”

“It’s true now that I can remember things that happened here so many years ago and I can’t recall what I did last week,” said Schall. “It shows the kind of community we feel when we return.”

More recent graduate Mary Gamber ’07, back for her five-year reunion, characterized her return as “coming home.” Like so many alumni, Gamber spent time walking through the Chapel and the woods that surround the School. She visited the boat docks and sought out a pair of her former teachers, to whom she feels particularly connected.

“The biggest thing for me is that I can see St. Paul’s friends and we just pick up where we left off,” said Gamber. “We can start talking as if it’s graduation week again. It really feels like I am back home.”

Connor Burleigh ’06 returned to watch his brother, Tucker ’12, graduate. Connor said he felt chills as he strolled around campus. Memories of hanging out in the North Common Room flooded back. While Tucker, a day before his graduation, pledged to keep in touch with many of his formmates (particularly through the ease of social media), Connor admitted that staying in touch had not been as easy as he imagined.

“But it’s so easy to pick back up,” he said. “The friendships are easy to slip back into. It’s great to see that you can take a break from the community and it’s still the same old feeling when you return.”

At lunch with his formmates in Ingalls Rink, Doug Asano ’92 said that despite 20 years away, their common connection to the School holds up.

Sophia Jannetty ’12 and Lucia Petty ’12

Sixth Form girls of the house with parting gifts.

“As my last couple of weeks here have come to an end,” said Petty, “it is the beauty of the place that has really struck me. That’s one thing that ties us together – we all have such fond memories of the physical place. We will always have that in common.”

Sixty years removed from his own graduation, Tom Charlton said he still looks at his formmates and recalls who was interested in music, who in sports, who in writing.

“You see somebody and you remember the jokes you played on him,” he said. Like his formmate Sinkler, Charlton affectionately recalled the way Rector Henry Kittredge served in their day as the head of the family. Charlton, who had lost his mother shortly before enrolling at St. Paul’s, said the School “was a family to move into.”

“The feeling of community never leaves you,” said Monty Forman ’97, reconnecting with old friend David Brown ’97 at the rear of the Chapel. “It’s an incredible feeling that stands wherever in the world you live. There’s a total connection back to the School. It’s a tremendous gift.”

Benton Moyer ’92 and his son, Harry
Alumni return for a traditional service on Anniversary Saturday

Seeking refuge from the weekend’s rain in a familiar space, alumni packed the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul on Saturday, June 2, of Anniversary Weekend as members of the School Choir – joined by alumni singers – sang “Love Divine” and the “Last Night Hymn” as well as the Anniversary Anthem “O Pray for the Peace.” The anthem included an opening solo from Philip Heckscher ’62. Graduating Sixth Formers Katherine Borst, John Clow and Nina Peluso performed the other solos.

Other alumni Choir members, dominated by a large contingent from Heckscher’s 50th Anniversary Form of 1962, included Ellerbe Cole, Geoffrey Drury, Jim Barney, Daniel Barbiero, Rory Johnston, Richard Schade (and wife Heike), Rufus Griscom, Robin Ross, and Rob Howard. Lew Rutherfurd, who was called away on business at the last minute and unable to attend Anniversary, was the only one among the 11 surviving Sixth Form members of the 1962 Choir who was not present.

Barney, who served as School carillonneur as a Sixth Former, was invited to play the carillon before the service.

Bishop G.P. Mellick Belshaw ’47, Reverend Hugh Magee ’52, and Bishop Mark Hollingsworth ’72, all of whom came to celebrate respective SPS anniversaries, offered prayers and blessings in the Chapel.

Anniversary 2012 marked the third consecutive year that the School has combined an Alumni Service of Remembrance and Recognition with certain elements of the traditional Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association, the full slate of which was held in New York City on April 4.

Following the service, outgoing Alumni Association President Laura Bartsch ’86 presided over the presentation of awards and recognitions. Bartsch then took a few moments to reflect on her two-year presidency, describing the moment in 1996 when formmate Jacqueline Smith Truesdale encouraged Bartsch – nearly nine months pregnant with son Griffin ’14 – to volunteer as a form agent. She has continued to give back to the School as a volunteer since that time.

“I have been both privileged and honored to serve this School in this capacity,” Bartsch said of her presidency, “and I truly thank you for the gift you have given me in allowing me to do so.”

Trustee Hilary Bedford Parkhurst ’80 reported the numbers – as of Anniversary – for the 2012 Annual Fund, which combines the Alumni and Parents Funds. This year’s total at the end of June included more than $5 million in cash and pledges.

The Form of 1987, led by Brittain Stone and Mona Mennen Gibson, set a dollar record for a 25th anniversary form. Other forms...
setting new Alumni Fund records include the Form of 2002, led by Chuck Culp and Ashley Miller Dunn for 10th reunion participation; the Form of 1977, with leadership from Josh Gould, for dollar record by a 35th anniversary form; and the Form of 1952, led by Peter Stearns, Bill Emery, and Albert Francke for a dollar record for a 60th anniversary form. Since Anniversary Weekend, the Form of 1962, under the leadership of Ellerbe Cole, Chris Chapin, and Robin Ross, has set a participation record for a 50th anniversary.

“Please join me in thanking everyone for their hard work,” said Parkhurst.

Rector Mike Hirschfeld ’85 and Board President Douglas Schloss ’77 presented a School bowl to Bartsch in appreciation.

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Alumni contributed more than $3.6 million, with 48% of alumni participating. Not to be outdone, the Parents Annual Fund also set a record by raising nearly $1.8 million, with 80% of families participating.

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

1952 – 60th reunion record for dollars
1962 – 50th reunion record for participation
1977 – 35th reunion record for dollars
1987 – 25th reunion record for dollars
2002 – 10th reunion record for participation

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

Berkley Latimer has mastered the art of the brisk stroll—an oxymoronic pace that is simultaneously graceful and purposeful. But over the last 18 years, Latimer has been more likely to break his stride to wait up for others or stop completely to chat along a path of St. Paul’s School.

“Berkley is always willing to stop and engage in conversation about interests he shares in common with those he encounters,” says a colleague. A true gentleman who is proud of his Southern heritage, Latimer joined the SPS faculty in the fall of 1994, already a seasoned professional with two decades of teaching experience at independent schools in Atlanta, Mississippi, New York, and San Francisco.

He has since made a tremendous impact on the School and its students as an enthusiastic and knowledgeable participant in everything from humanities—curriculum review to advising the Korean Society to coaching club soccer to serving as Chapel verger. Brought in by Tenth Rector David Hicks, with whom he had worked previously in Atlanta, Latimer took a lead role in the transition to the combined humanities program of the mid-1990s and in the establishment of the Residential Life Program. In addition to his passion for the integrated humanities curriculum, he is proud of the economics class he taught for years.

“Berkley is a gracious Southern gentleman, a true scholar, and a man of indefatigable good cheer and merry wit,” says Anny Jones, Latimer’s SPS humanities colleague. “He is a very special teacher, colleague, and adviser. I feel so privileged to have worked alongside him.”

Known for his organizational acumen and attention to detail, Latimer is also the School’s unofficial historian. In celebration of the 150th anniversary of St. Paul’s in 2006, he developed a curriculum for an elective on School history, inviting guest speakers to class throughout the term to share their personal knowledge of SPS. He was a key asset for the Sesquicentennial Steering Committee, helping to plan the 150th celebration with his usual gusto.

Latimer continued to educate his students on School history outside the classroom. As a longtime head of house in Drury, he established what he called “Drury’s Founder’s Series,” bringing in guests to speak about the School’s Fourth Rector in meetings that opened with the recitation of the School Prayer and ended with pizza feeds for the boys in his house.

But, Latimer’s is a teaching career that almost wasn’t. Initially leaning toward law school out of Davidson College, where he took the ROTC route, he was awarded a Woodrow Wilson Teaching Fellowship. His mother having been a teacher helped inform Latimer’s decision to pursue the same path. He earned his Ph.D. in European history at Duke and, despite toying with the idea of following the professorial track, settled on an independent—school career because “you don’t have enough time with the [students] in college. In a boarding school you are a moral tutor for the students the whole time. Early on I made the decision that I’d rather do that than spend my time researching.”

In 1994, recently married and living in California, where he served as assistant principal of Lick–Wilmersding High School, Latimer was poised to accept a job as a high school principal in Wisconsin when he received an offer from St. Paul’s.

“Where would one go?” asks Latimer, when contemplating why he chose to remain at St. Paul’s for the better part of the next two decades. “Where would you find a more beautiful setting, more congenial colleagues, and more wonderful students?”

Latimer did not always stay put in the summers, spending five years, from 1999 to 2004, as a summer headmaster, running The American School in Switzerland (TASIS) and applying his international experience to his work with Humanities V students at St. Paul’s upon his return. He remains the secretary of the TASIS board, for which he travels to Switzerland three times each year for meetings.

Those who know him recognize his penchant for crossword puzzles and his love of golf (“although I am not very good and have a low cost per hole”). They may know that he enjoys walking and biking, is always up to date on the latest digital technology, and that he has reached the summit of Egypt’s Mount Sinai. Though he will have more time to pursue those interests, along with a handful of deferred scholarly research projects, he admits he will miss many aspects of a boarding school life, but à la Dorothy, the students are his Scarecrow.

“T here are a lot of appeals at independent schools, but it’s really about the students,” he says. “I loved being head of house. I loved being the Chapel verger; it was like having a Seated Meal table with every student in the School.”
Music has been integral to the Seatons’ lives. Judy fell in love with the sound of the violin as a child and David discovered the clarinet as a teenager.
In what has evolved into a 22-year career at St. Paul's, Bryan has worked to instill in her students of biology and ecology an intimate appreciation for the environment, both through her work with them in her hip-waders and by example through her commitment to walking or biking wherever she can. She also has led students in community outreach work, studying the Upper Merrimack River. And she found that by choosing the classroom as a profession she didn’t have to abandon her love of research; in fact, she could pursue it, at the same time showing her young collaborators how to conduct research effectively and responsibly.

Bryan is particularly proud to have served as a role model for young women in science. “I believe Theresa Gerardo-Gettens and I are the longest-tenured female faculty in the sciences at SPS,” she says. “In the fall of 1990, when we both arrived, I had only one female student in my chemistry class. Now many more young women are taking science and excelling in it.”

In her years at the School, Bryan has served on countless committees, among them, appropriately, the Environmental Stewardship Committee. One of her most visible activities has been her recent tenure as adviser to the Yearbook, which this year’s staff dedicated to her.

“She is a person of tremendous character, grace, intelligence, and perseverance.”

At first, Bryan wasn’t sure she wanted to give St. Paul’s more than a year or two, but soon, she says, “I recognized that I had an opportunity to learn and grow as an educator, and the School was willing to let me try new things: write the first Biology and Chemistry lab manuals, develop a coordinated curriculum across disciplines, try some new electives – Marine Biology and Limnology – look ahead and work toward refining science teaching and pedagogy.”

In the years ahead, Bryan may consider full- or part-time teaching positions, but during the next year, she plans to “spend more time with aging parents, be able to ride my horse Quinn, read everything that I want to(!), enjoy my garden, and most likely spend some time sailing.”

And she will miss the School, her students and, most of all, “walking to Chapel in the fall with close friends.”
The Latin Play was first presented at Anniversary Weekend in 1964 as a production of the Palamedean Society. The Society was founded in 1957 for the purpose of studying "the Classics and the Ancient World...antiquity (measured not in years but in the stage of man's development) elsewhere," according to the Summer 1964 Alumni Horae. The play was one way through which its members explored the classics (others included readings, debates, symposiums, lectures, and movies). The performance was initially given in the Spring Term, but was moved to Anniversary Weekend seven years after the Society's founding, at which time the group presented the Curculio of Plautus on the Chapel lawn on May 29, 1964.
Tennis: Entertaining and Inspiring

by Coach Dave Taylor

The rain did not stop the alumni tennis games, thanks to the shelter of the Stovell Indoor Tennis Courts. The courts and stands were packed for almost three hours on Saturday, June 2, for a great afternoon of friendly competition.

It all started with a Form of ’72 battle as Bob Stockman and Tori Reeve Spaulding took on Norty Knox and Henry Laughlin. Meanwhile Alan Borst, proud father of Katherine Borst ’12, teamed up with JY Kwak ’12 to take on George Congdon ’15 and Clay Yonce ’82. We were lucky to have Clay in the mix, since he was forced to leave his lacrosse gear in his locker due to the weather.

The girls varsity ladder graced the third court. A mother–daughter game was organized as Jessie Dalman ’14 and her mother, Jocelyn Dunn, took on Lucy Marshall ’13 and her mother, Lita Remsen ’78, while others cheered from the sideline. Mariana Carrizosa ’11 played barefoot due to a blister, which is apparently typical from her SPS playing days. Alexandra White ’11 happily joined former teammates Isabella Turchetta ’14, Margot Littlefield ’12, Gaby Bates ’12, Halishia Chugani ’14, Dalman, and Marshall in the game.

While the mirth from Court 3 kept the spirits high, the boys also shared some good laughs as Tom Bartlett ’11 and George Tilghman ’11 took on former teammates Kwak and John Hwang ’12. This was an entertaining match for all and, in the end, the soon-to-be graduates were able to handle the college boys.

Stockman, Yonce, Laughlin, Knox, and Borst kept at it throughout the afternoon. Occasionally, current team members SJ Kim ’14, Jeffrey Bai ’14, Congdon, Sung Mo Koo ’12, and Joo Hyung Song ’14 would fill in to give the guys a break.

After everyone had their fill of tennis, they headed back into the rain to get ready for the Flagpole Ceremony. The tennis was entertaining and the atmosphere on the courts was inspiring.

MICHAEL MATROS

Alumni Games

Tennis: Entertaining and Inspiring

The Form of 1972 battled as Norty Knox (above) and Henry Laughlin took on Bob Stockman and Tori Reeve Spaulding.

Bob Stockman serves in the 1972 challenge.

Lita Remsen ’78, Lucy Marshall ’13, Jessie Dalman ’14, and Jocelyn Dunn played a mother-daughter match.
The Fun Run

by Jana F. Brown

Current students, faculty, and staff joined alumni, family, and friends for the annual Fun Run through the woods on the School’s cross country course. Driving rain did not prevent the hearty runners from completing their run.

Alumni included Wookie Kim ’05, Lizzy Bates ’07, Donny Dickson ’07, Morgan Nelson ’07, Sarah Tory ’07, and Lily Rowland ’11. The intrepid crew included former and current SPS cross country captains and two school record holders in Peter Harrison ’07 and Nate Sans ’10.

Joining them were faculty members Toby Brewster, Alisa Barnard ’94, and Kate Daniels; staff members Becca Brewster and Gail Dexter; and students Anna Hymanson ’12, Ian Gallager ’12, Kai Kirk ’12, Alex Kim ’13, Cort Weatherley-White ’13, Regina Brown ’14, and Max Abram ’15.

Hearty Rowers Brave Elements at 140th Boat Races

by Jana F. Brown

It’s a good thing rowers are known for being tough and adaptable to even the most unforgiving weather conditions.

That reputation was challenged on the shores of Turkey Pond June 2, as student and alumni rowers, gathered for the 140th Annual Boat Races over Anniversary Weekend, launched their wooden boats in a persistent, driving rain fueled by a strong headwind and a chilly 55-degree high.

“We had many rainy days on the water, so it almost feels normal,” said Halcyon Trisha Patterson ’82, as she waited to row with other alumni. “It wouldn’t be New Hampshire if it weren’t somehow rainy, overcast, snowy. We are the most hard-core athletes ever! It’s still all good. We are happy, wet, and semi-cold, but the boat docks are still crazy busy and people are going to jump into boats.”

“You don’t go into this sport unless you can handle a little bit of rain, a little bit of wind, and a lot of pain and blisters and still smile at the end of it,” added Sally Washburn ’92, a onetime Shattuck coxswain who went on to compete with Brown University.

According to Robin Ross ’62, who rowed in a four with formmates Ralph Peer, Tom Roberts, and Tony Schall, his reunion row collided with a tremendous headwind that hit immediately after he and his crewmates emerged from underneath the bridge. Ross said the wind created a “brutal” stretch to the finish line.

There would be no raising of the winning Shattuck oars up the flagpole in the center of campus, as rains chased the ceremony into Memorial Hall, and the
horse–drawn carriages were sent home in the interest of safety (the horses left happy, full of apples). But everyone was smiling by the Crumpacker Boathouse. For alumni, reliving the heartiness that enhanced their time on Turkey Pond brought back fond memories, and, for the student crews lining up to secure the day’s club pride, it was a chance to join in solidarity with those who had gone before them.

As most know, the Boat Races at St. Paul’s represent a longstanding tradition of club crew at the School. The annual races feature the Shattuck and Halcyon boat clubs competing in the name of School pride. All students are assigned to one of the boat clubs upon their arrival at St. Paul’s. Unlike many of their predecessors, who competed only at the club level, the majority of today’s students compete for their club only on Anniversary Weekend. On that Saturday, the School also welcomes back alumni crews, including a boat made up of 50th anniversary rowers, who renew old rivalries. This year’s line–up included crews from 1952, 1962, 1977, 2002, and 2007, along with several mixed crews.

In even years, the result of the first boys race breaks a deadlock, so Shattuck’s two wins in four races gave them the Majority Cup. With chants of “Shattuck, Shattuck, Shattuck” echoing in the boathouse behind them, Shattuck first boys oarsmen Mac Keyser ’12 and Eric Nieminen ’12 spoke of their crew’s upset over the favored Halcyon crew. Shattuck (4:58.05) had edged Halcyon (5:00.01) by a nose.

“We surprised them,” said Keyser, who stroked the boat.

Nieminen said he and his crewmates were full of energy once they realized they had the advantage, and were motivated by the possibility of having their names immortalized on the wall of the boathouse alongside so many other SPS rowers.

The second girls boat (6:11.04) earned the other win for Shattuck, beating Halcyon (6:26.04) by open water. “It’s good to know we are part of this rowing community,” said bow Charlotte Santomero ’15.

Shattuck second coxswain Hannah Richman ’14 did double duty, serving as coxswain for the 50th anniversary crew of the Form of 1962, which included the aforementioned Ross, Peer, Roberts, and Schall. Schall laughed that the “old, bad rowing habits that kept him on the second crew” returned so immediately, while Peer said it was a joy to row with old friends.

“It was absolutely fantastic to go out there again and do something I haven’t done in – I can’t tell you how long,” added Roberts. “It was a lot prettier day than today [in 1962], but a lot more fun today than 50 years ago.”

Shattuck Albert Francke ’52 (stroke) helped to organize a 60th anniversary crew for his form. The lineup included fellow Shattucks Truman Bidwell (two) and coxswain William “Breezy” Reid and Halcyons Fred Hoppin (bow) and Tom Charlton (three). After St. Paul’s, Francke, Bidwell, Reid, and Charlton all went on to row at Yale, with Charlton captaining the crew that won an Olympic gold medal in Australia in 1956, making him the senior SPS crew alumnus to achieve that feat. Charlton continued to row at an elite level well into his 40s, before continuing until recently as a masters rower.

“My miles on the water in competition and practice have more than carried me around the world,” Charlton said.

The Form of 1952 was the first crew to row on Turkey Pond in its day, the sport having been relocated from its previous home on Long Pond in their Sixth Form year. With no boathouses yet constructed, shells were kept in Quonset huts, recalled Bidwell (who was invited to Melbourne as a spare in 1956), and rowers had to wade into the pond to launch the boats. Bidwell’s Shattucks won at Anniversary that spring, and it is a moment he has not forgotten.

“Riding down through the School on the horse–drawn carriage with oars held upright and singing the Shattuck song was just as good as it got,” he recalled 60 years later.

Not to be lost on the present day was the performance of the 2012 Halcyon first girls crew, which set a new course record with a time of 5:34, beating Shattuck (5:47) by open water. The record demolished the previous girls course record of 5:39.5 set by the Halcyons in 2003.

“I love knowing that my name’s going to be on the plaque with all the other hundreds of people who’ve raced before us,” said Halcyon captain Sophia Jannetty ’12.

The second Halcyon boys (5:21.04) also won one for the crimson club, beating Shattuck (5:41.03) by a wide margin. Coxswain Takuma Makihara ’15, grandson of Minoru “Ben” Makihara ’50, was a good sport, willingly submitting to the tradition of the winning crew throwing its coxswain into the pond.

Boatmate Tim Hood ’15, standing nearby, said he was thrilled to be part of what is not only a St. Paul’s tradition but a family legacy as well.

“My father [Donald Hood ’68] and grandfather [Frederic Hood ’42] were part of this,” said Hood, who rowed in the five seat.

Alumni and student rowers dispersed quickly at the conclusion of the races, having spent their share of time in the rain.

“It’s awesome to see how many people decided to brave the elements to go out and do what’s in our blood,” said Sally Washburn, who captained the 1992 Shattuck girls as a Sixth Former. “Rowers are hard core. There’s no other answer for it.”
The first of the annual races between Shattucks and Halcyons occurred June 7, 1871, on Long Pond around a newly constructed boathouse paid for out of Rector Coit’s own pocket, according to Arthur Stanwood Pier’s history of the School. Halcyons won that contest by 32 seconds. The races also included a boat of Third Formers with “A” emblazoned on their T-shirts rowing in a shell named “Ariel.” The crew had practiced in that boat all spring and beat the Halcyon crew by two seconds, although the prize – a bouquet of flowers – still went to the Halcyons. The three crews and umpires were taken the mile to the pond by a large bandwagon drawn by four horses. Members of the winning crew included bow William Platt (1871), Edward Dickerson (1870), Allan Marquand (1870), William Biddle (1870), stroke DeLancey Nicoll (1870), and coxswain Howard Hoppin (1874). To this day, the winning crew arrives at the Flagpole Ceremony honoring athletes in a horse-drawn wagon.
Sincere Appreciation for Our Presence and Devotion

by George Grove

It was again a wonderful weekend. The pouring rain on Saturday didn’t affect the complete enjoyment of our 70th reunion. Only four of our form returned: Fred and Nonnie Hood, Frank and Susie Murray, Nellie (Sam) and Susie Niles, and George Grove. Perry Morgan and Lem Sperry had reservations, but, at the last minute, unfortunately declined. We gathered at the Holiday Inn in Downtown Concord, where we four were staying. And as of old, we rode in the most welcome and efficient SPS coaches to meet for a delicious dinner at the Upper, where we enjoyed the welcoming remarks of our new Rector, Mike Hirschfield ’85.

On Saturday morning, we attended the Alumni Service of Remembrance and Recognition in the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul. Eight of our form were recognized – sadly, the most of any form. Our new Rector presided, with two alumni bishops assisting, which to us was quite unusual. The Chapel appeared to be quite full, which to us was also quite unusual on Anniversary Weekend. It was a most appropriate service.

Immediately following, in the pouring rain, our form, with the help of golf carts, led the Saturday parade, followed by lunch and the traditional form photographs in Gordon Rink. We then watched the crew races on Turkey Pond in the pouring rain before returning to the Holiday Inn to prepare for dinner at the Rectory. A couple of us toured the new Lindsay Center for Mathematics and Science, and we were tremendously impressed by it.
We completed our reunion with delightful cocktails and dinner in the Rectory with the Forms of 1932, 1937, and 1947. Bishop Mellick Belshaw '47 gave a rare and wonderful prayer before dinner, followed by the Rector's most sincere appreciation for our presence and devotion to St. Paul's. We are all looking forward to our 75th.

Van Richard '32, the most senior alumnus present at Anniversary

Susie and Sam Niles, George Grove, and Frederic and Nonnie Hood
Old Friends and Good Cheer
by Frank Montross III

We celebrated Anniversary Weekend with old friends and good cheer in the pouring rain!

I think all were amazed by the beauty and scope of the new math and science building.

The Chapel service was the highlight of the weekend. We all have such fond memories of the service and the music. Sadly, we remember getting up morning after morning and listening to the Rector read the names of those killed in action. It brought back memories of five years ago when Peter Arnold said that those services were the most difficult part of his years at SPS.

Some of the brave ones went to the boat races – I wasn’t one of the brave ones! To be personal, I was delighted when the new Rector commented after dinner Friday night that I’d had a small part in his attending SPS 30 years ago.

Most important, we need to take care of ourselves so we will be back in five years!
Abby Rockefeller, Betsy and Mellick Belshaw, and Eliot Coleman ’57

Dwight Degener and Charlie Dodge

Wendy Cahill

Miles Herter and John Greene

Breezy Reid ’52 with George and Ellie Ford

Hollis Hunnewell at the lunch
A Busy Weekend

by Bill Emery

Not dismayed by rain, 44 formmates, spouses, and friends returned for our 60th – specifically 25 formmates, 17 spouses, and two friends. Those who attended all or some portion of our reunion included Barbara and Paul Bartlett, Truman Bidwell and friend Tara Stack, Alan Booth, Joan and Perry Burns, Tom Charlton, Eric Cheney, Lois and Charley Cheston, John Crider, Diana and Dick Duckoff, Shelley and Bill Emery, Rosie and Albert Francke, Caroline and Fred Hoppin, Yvonne and Hugh Magee, Jennifer and Berto Nevin, Mauny and Matt Plum, Ala and Breezy Reid, George Ross and friend Tracy Robinson, Gerhard Schade, Carlin and George Scherer, Becky and David Sinkler, Dee and Peter Stearns, Karin and Peter Wells, Xenia and Ted Wilkinson, Terry and Joe Williams, and John Witsell.

On Thursday, May 31, we had an informal pre-reunion buffet dinner at The Centennial Inn in Concord – a good turnout of 25 attended, representing 14 formmates and 11 spouses/friends. Friday started as a quiet day as more formmates continued to arrive. Some of us took advantage of the opportunity to visit the new Lindsay Center for Mathematics and Science, built at the site of the Payson Science Building, inaugurated 65 years ago by our form. That evening we all enjoyed the Rector’s invitation to a reception and
dinner in the Coit (New Upper) Common Room and dining rooms. Many of us then retired to the Music Building (near Memorial Hall), where we fully enjoyed the presentations by an outstanding string orchestra, madrigal singers, concert band, and jazz band.

On Saturday, most of us had a quiet breakfast in the hotel before attending the Alumni Memorial Service in the Chapel. Participating in the service was our own Rev. Hugh Magee, which pleased us all. We then lined up for the alumni Parade, which now originates outside the Chapel and proceeds to lunch at the Matthews Hockey Center. Some slogged to Big Turkey for the Boat Races and others made their way to the Lindsay Center (the Lower Grounds games were canceled because of the rain). Some of us went to the Chapel and sat in the choir stalls, where we were treated to a marvelous organ recital by Nicholas White, director of Chapel music and organist. Meanwhile at Big Turkey, our form distinguished itself, thanks to Albert Francke, and launched a four-oared shell with Breezy Reid as cox, Albert as stroke, Tom Charlton as No. 3, Truman Bidwell as No. 2, and Fred Hoppin in the bow. The report from the stands was that “they looked smooth.” Congratulations!

Saturday evening was the form’s reception and dinner in the Capitol Room at the Holiday Inn. Highlights included a remarkable display of SPS and form memorabilia, thanks primarily to Truman Bidwell, George Ross, and Hugh Magee, topped off with piano sessions by Hugh and John Crider. To cap our reunion, announcements were made that Peter Stearns will be our new form director and that David Sinkler and Fred Hoppin have volunteered to serve as form agents. Regarding fundraising to date, it was announced that the form’s contributions to this year’s Alumni Fund topped $89,000, which is a record for a 60th reunion form. The reunion total gift (Capital Fund and the Annual Fund combined) is approximately $1 million cumulatively over the past five years. Praise goes to Albert Francke and Peter Stearns for working so hard to achieve this result from and for all of us.

Here’s looking forward to our form’s 65th reunion!
Another Reason to Get Together

by Bill de Haven

The Form of 1957 has a tradition of “getting together.” We’ve organized an annual dinner in Philadelphia for the past 20+ years. Other “get-togethers” have taken place in Santa Fe, N.M., York Harbor, Maine, and Nantucket, Mass.

This year, for our 55th, we gathered early in the week in the charming town of Woodstock, Vt. As a result of the yeoman’s work of Sandy Holloway – aided by Ian Baldwin and Bukk Carleton – we had a fabulous two-day stay at the Woodstock Inn. Individual activities enhanced by the advantages provided by the Rockefeller family in Woodstock gave us all a full plate each day.

One of the highlights was the Thursday dinner at Cloudland Farm outside of Woodstock. The dinner was preceded by cocktails generously provided by Ian and Bukk. Beautiful Vermont views and excellent organic fare added much to the evening. We were also blessed with fabulous weather.

Friday saw our group moving over to Concord. One of the highlights there was greeting EQ and Kathy Sylvester, who had gamely driven over from Chicago. Dinner that evening was at Coit (New Upper to us). Rector Mike Hirschfeld ’85 kindly addressed our form (and others) after dinner.
Saturday’s weather was an unfortunate mix of rain followed by more rain. But several of us enjoyed the Chapel service. Some of us even sang in the Choir. A hardy group braved the elements and went to Turkey Pond for the boat races.

A delightful dinner at the Common Man finished the day. We all departed on Sunday, vowing that we would press those formmates who couldn’t join us to come to our next mini-reunion.

Plans are already being made to gather in Jackson Hole, Wyo., in 2014. Stay tuned, everyone!

To those of us who have contact with the School, we find it in able hands. As we all know, the world today is a much more challenging experience. But those in charge of SPS seem to have a firm hand on the rudder.

Hopefully, those who could not make this reunion will come to both the Jackson Hole gathering in 2014 and to our 60th in 2017.

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We Are One in Millville

by Toby Hall

It seems fitting to begin a report on our 50th reunion by mentioning Pete Wylie, who has served faithfully and effectively for nine years as form agent and form director, but whose health problem prevented him from completing his term. As we gathered in Millville, we were happy to hear that he was finally back home.

Ellerbe and Zeb organized a pre-reunion event in Portsmouth, N.H., at which Cole, Griscom, Hall, Macdonald, Myer, Peer, Preston, Roberts, Rowland, Sherman, Smith, M., Wallace, Wilcox, and Whiteside appeared with nine wives and one grandson. Portsmouth is a charming city at the mouth of the Piscataqua River, with many surviving 18th and 19th century buildings.

Some went golfing on Thursday morning while others visited the Ogunquit Museum of American Art to see a fine collection of American paintings from the first half of the 20th century. It is charmingly located overlooking Narrow Cove with rock ledges on the seaward side and a nice sculpture garden and lawn on the inland side. After a pleasant walk along the shore, we had lunch in a waterfront restaurant. A short drive to Kittery Point brought us to the town wharf, where Capt. Neal awaited us in his motor launch, Sir William Pepperell, for a cruise around the harbors of Kittery and Portsmouth. Following a cocktail party hosted by Zeb and Debra at their top-floor duplex suite, which offered a great view of the Piscataqua, about 20 of us proceeded to the River House for dinner. On our way back to the hotel, we passed an ice cream shop at which Tar treated us all to a little dessert.

The principal event of Friday morning was a tour of Strawberry Banke, a museum of Portsmouth history. On we moved to Concord, where we convened on the Chapel
terrace for another Ellerbe extravaganza: a campus tour with a copious offering of historical information. Our numbers were also enhanced to about 30.

We gathered in the Coit (Upper) Common Room for evening cocktails. We had two special guests in Sage Dunlap Chase, David’s sister, and Florence Johnson, Peter’s sister. What nice proxies they made for their brothers! The dinner, hosted by Rector Michael ’85 and Liesbeth Hirschfeld, was as nice a meal and occasion as I have ever enjoyed in that room. Laura Hildesley Bartsch ’86, outgoing president of the Alumni Association, was present to confer the Alumni Association Award on John Kerry, the third member of our form to be so honored, in recognition of his service to the country as a United States senator. John received the medal and responded graciously to the warm applause of his formmates and guests. Then Jim Barney, Ellerbe, and I mounted the podium to present a new translation of the SPS Alma Mater, Carmen Paulinense, which Jim and Ellerbe had prepared for this occasion and I had printed as a keepsake, and which we all sang for the first time. After dinner a bus took us back to the hotel. The kindly innkeeper postponed closing the bar, giving us another hour of conviviality.

Saturday was rainy, reducing many outdoor activities. Most of us attended the Alumni Service, at which we said the familiar prayers and sang the beloved hymns. Philip Heckscher had the honor and pleasure of singing the opening solo of O Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem. The alumni Parade proceeded to the Matthews Hockey Center, where we had lunch and photographs. When the turn for our form photograph came, we insisted on a second shot with our 25 wives and other ladies included. As all five of us whose fathers were members of the Form of ’33 were present, we had a picture taken of this group, which symbolizes many good things about SPS.

Seeking dry places, many proceeded to Ohrstrom Library, where we viewed displays of publications some of us had written, Pictorials of our era (many edited by Ralph Peer), and a slide show. We were well represented at a fine organ recital by SPS organist Nicholas White, who performed several pieces that were introduced to us many years ago by Channing Lefebvre.

The heartiest of our members made their way to Turkey Pond for a row, which Robin Ross considered the highlight of the weekend. Mighty as our eight sounded in anticipation, only four appeared for realization, so Ross, Peer, Roberts, and Schall manned a four under the skillful direction of coxswain Hannah Richman ’14, who turned potential disaster into triumph for the old boys.

Nearly 80 of us gathered at the Kimball-Jenkins Estate for our form dinner. We had Bill ’61 and Marcia Matthews, Florence Johnson and her daughter (Peter’s sister and niece), and Mary Fields (Steve’s widow) as our special guests. Before sitting down to dinner, President Macdonald welcomed us and especially Bill and Marcia. Vice President Thompson read the list of our 16 deceased members, and Tar Roberts asked a blessing. Having done justice to a very nice buffet dinner, we had a brief program consisting of the election of Seymour Preston as form director; a poem written and read by Philip Heckscher; a poem written by Max King and read by David Lloyd; and letters written by our old housemaster Alan Hall and formmates Piero Fenci, Max King, Lewis Rutherfurd, and Willie Taft, read by T. Hall, Sempliner, Rousmaniere, Peer, and Schall respectively. There followed a period of remarks from the floor; then the faithful began to drift away. The meal was greatly enhanced by the efforts of our Wine Committee, Ralph Peer and Bill Wallace assisted by Jim Barney, to whom we were much obliged.

When we arrived at SPS, we were a collection of small groups: clubs, teams, jocks, brains, city folk, country folk, cliques of one sort or another, and a few loners. It’s very different now. We have continued to grow. We have a broader view, a bigger picture. Our interests have expanded and merged. When we gather in Millville we are now one: The Form of 1962.
A Very Good Time Together

by Ham Clark

Who’ll Stop the Rain

Long as I remember, the rain been comin’ down
Clouds of mystery pourin’ confusion on the ground
Good men thru the ages tryin’ to find the sun
And I wonder, still I wonder, who’ll stop the rain!

The Form of ’67 did its best to show its sunny side, but it sure was hard to do anything outside all weekend long, except to lean into your umbrella and hope it was pointing into the wind. In spite of what Mother Nature threw at us, the hearty band of 67ers who made the trip to Millville in their foul-weather gear had a very good 45th reunion, together.

We had debated the site for Friday evening’s rendezvous for months, almost caving in to the Grappone Conference Center option, where many reunion classes were headed, but instead we rads opted for a very nice private room at the Common Man in Concord. As I recall, in attendance were John Goodwin, Jim Marshall and Lita Remsen ’78, Allan “Lanny” MacDougall, Carey and Beth Rodd, David Parsons, Will and Sandy Dick, David Rea, Bill (just in by bus from El Paso) Bohlen, Tom and Laura Beale, and Rick Wheeler, along with Gail Clark and me. At one point, we tried our luck at some SPS ’67 rock ’n’ rock trivia,
and we were successful in identifying all the members of both the Foul Dogs (easy) and the Drunken Lords (hard – where are you, Stu Wattles?). Most of us waddled back to the Fairfield Inn without incident.

On Saturday morning, the heavens really opened up, making the 10 a.m. Chapel service a welcome retreat from the driving rain. We prayed for the “Peace of Jerusalem” quite a bit and sang a spirited “Love Divine” at the end, before heading out into the deluge yet again for the alumni Parade. This event turned into a mass, floating-upstream retreat – past Nash, over the bridge, around Upper, and into the new hockey rink – the Form of ’67 stalwarts by now interwoven with multiple umbrellas from every other reunion class.

At our form photo, we added to our ranks Bob Ewell, Steve Barker, and Charles “Chip” Storer. And though not in the picture, Tony Kiser was on hand as well (attending his daughter’s SPS graduation). Although some of us brought back our old baseball gloves, alas, all outdoor alumni sports were mercifully cancelled (except for the die-hard rowers).

For dinner, we all reconvened at the Concord Country Club for a very relaxing and enjoyable buffet dinner, with plenty of wine and spirits to drown out the noise of the monsoon outside. In a heroic effort, Abbott and Kay Reeve drove all the way from N.J., where they had been watching their son compete in the intercollegiate crew races, and they made it in time for the dinner. SPS Alumni Association Director Bob Rettew ’69 and his wife, Annie, joined us for the dinner, and they added a very good and relevant SPS perspective to the event. During dinner, I passed the torch for form director on to Tom Beale, who, albeit very humble, will be a most capable man to lead this ’67 crowd onward to our 50th reunion in 2017. After some humorous stories, more trivia (Q: Who was the captain of the ’66–’67 hockey team? A: John Resor), and a Rolling Stones sing-along (“Time Is on My Side”) led by Will “Mick” Dick, we bid adieu once more and powered our boats through driving headwinds back to Concord.

The crowd had rushed together, trying to keep warm
Still the rain kept pourin’, fallin’ on my ears
And I wonder, still I wonder, who’ll stop the rain!

– John Fogerty, CCR, 1970
A Weekend of Good Will and Grace

by Charlie Bronson

The Form of 1972 was mightily represented at its 40th reunion, with 38 to 42 attendees, depending on whether one counted heads or brain cells. We are still working on that tally. We are happy to have hired the bright young chap demonstrating the orbiting globe to assist us. Even without his iPad, we are certain he is the man to examine the outward streaming electrons from our dinners, lunches, and breakfasts to sort out just who was present and who was prescient.

Early outings at reunion included a John Tait–led excursion to see the Latin Play at the George Tracy amphitheater. Ever the Sagittarian, Dr. Tait explained the meaning of life, beautifully and comically expressed in Latin.

On Friday night, we had a great turnout at the Grappone (disco) Center, where we danced our hearts out with some other forms. We had one formmate fresh off the plane from Australia (Bob Stockman, peddling stents or perhaps just a stent company) all the way across the spectrum to a drive-in musician with an entire sound studio jammed in the back of a Suburu (Al Frey – go figure). An after–dinner highlight was a bourbon–sipping no–contest tête–à–tête under the guidance of Graeme Boone, students being Sally Carroll, Alec Rutherfurd, Bill Keegan, and Dierk Groeneman and Dave Holt. This group covered what the Latin players missed: social media, the acceleration of technology, coed–ism, spiritual identity, religion, education, the economy, marriage, unmarriage, etc.

“I think we share an intimate sense of what life is about and what matters in the world – those formative years were really something, weren’t they?”
Saturday morning was very special, as the skies opened up to a cathartic deluge, enabling those of us with clouded consciences and hearts to cleanse in an Episcopalian downpour. One poignant moment was sitting in Chapel learning with a formmate that his great-uncle had died this year. It was news to him. But part of the catharsis. We lost our own Harry Chandler this year, who had done groundbreaking social access work in Chicago, leaving a legacy to which we should all aspire.

The Parade was stellar, with the class tchotchke, branded Frisbees, kept tucked away in lieu of stolen Fidelity Investment umbrellas (just kidding).

Saturday afternoon was a casual time for investigations. Ian Laird led the troupe of Norty Knox, Rick Miller, and Jeffrey Keith to the boat races, their mission morphing to assess the physical prowess of the scullers (purely scientific of course) as advance research for a visit to the Lindsay Center.

Ah, then there was our Saturday evening at the Audubon. Rector Mike Hirschfeld ‘85 graciously recognized our spirit and acknowledged the dedication of Deb Sistare and Bob Stockman (trustee) on the one hand and Mike Sweeney and Matt Mandeville as form directors on the other hand.

Everyone seemed so happy at the reunion. The sense that we feel in each other, those of us who shared a certain camaraderie back then. It’s a little embarrassing to say that, but there you are... SPS did its job after all, even with us!

Simply put, the evening was sweet and warm. Chip Haggerty and Russ Bartlett showed up looking terrifically healthy and cheerful. Oliver Wolcott and Elise made the trip, which was especially wonderful, given that Ollie was with us only for a couple of years. Katherine McMillan and Q Belk from ’73 joined us, recognizing that ’72 was the place to find a proper avatar. How strong are these bonds we forged? John Henry Low put together a terrific playlist and streamed it live on WSPS. Tom Penhale and Al Frey gave us a talent-laden live music performance, with Tori Reeve belting out a fantastic version of “White Rabbit.” We also learned that Bayard Clarkson has restarted his guitar playing, thank goodness. Jim Moorhead entertained us with a clever trivia exercise, which was wholly entertaining and stimulating, prompting Henry Laughlin to ask where in the heck he went to high school. Mark Hollingsworth helped us remember our humanity and J.T. Howell our humanness. And if you look at the photo of Larry Woody and Julia Alexander, you wonder if they even graduated, as youthful and handsome (okay, stunning is the right word) as they appear.

Of course the post–dinner meet–up was the highlight of the weekend, with George Williams holding court in someone else’s hotel room until a wee hour in the morning (he’s on a fixed income, so he grabs when he can). Who would have thunk that Tom Hewson and Lin Giralt would keep pace with George through to the end? Our class has character and fortitude!

Summing up the good will and grace of the weekend, I leave readers with these words of blessing from one of your own:

“Indeed, there was something greater than the sum of its parts at this reunion. There was...love. Truly! Compassion, gratefulness, interest, forgiveness, bonding, appreciation, and...REDEMPTION!”

At right, Rick Miller, Norty Knox, and Tom Penhale
Some of us hadn’t returned to Millville in decades. No matter. Our innate radars for rhythm and raucous celebration trump any GPS out there. Home for us is where the party is, has been, or will be, and, as we quickly discovered, our old mugs grew younger by the hour, despite the torrential deluge that threatened to put a damper on the weekend’s activities.

Friday night’s bacchanal began off campus. We’ve come a long way, baby, from the Quonset huts and dam soirees of our youth. Leebo hosted our gang at the Concord Country Club. There were drinks in stemware, and hot hors d’oeuvres to boot, and not a backpack or can of Cheez Whiz in sight. Warren, in on a whim from Palm Beach, and Winni, on the long haul from Germany, joined Friz from Bermuda, Kathy from Cairo, and Liz from Annapolis to hoist a few with dozens of the double sevens until closing. Bert77 and Dr. Potts graciously opened Room 136 for late-night revelers, who were sprawled, draped, and jammed into every available crawlspace. Swifty’s rolling bar, Bert’s home brew, and

**Forever Young**

by Talie Ward Harris

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Doc’s natural cure nourished the troops well into the wee hours. Some might have seen the sunrise — if the rain weren’t falling in sheets outside the Hampton Inn. Ramsdell, Rosie, Bird, Deeds — how do you do it?

We slid into Chapel, with 30 seconds to spare, remembering our old seats and ageless hymns, all of us stuck like Janus somewhere between the past and the yet-to-be. The alumni Parade was a rainbow of umbrellas snaking its way toward lunch in the rink, where we stood tall (and damp) for the photo. Hours later, Heather, Chris, Carrie, Peter CB, Dickie, and several rowing newbs (Ingie, Charlie K.) took to Turkey Pond in the rain. Shattuck? Halcyon? See Facebook for details.

Saturday night’s all right for anything — especially for the Chonnying Mongie Band Once–Every–Five–Year–Not–Ready–For–Prime–Time World Tour. Nick, Billy, Dickie, CB, Charlie, the Woo Woo Girls, and Winni brought it to Millville, with guest appearances by Bert77, Mr. Harris, and Tina — who knew all the Dead lyrics and therefore has earned a permanent spot on the tour.

Videographer Al, thanks for the YouTube highlights! “Love Divine” is what we’re all about. It just sounds better amped up in six-part harmony, wafting its way over Turkey Pond out there beyond the ripple. Going where the water tastes like wine... going down the road... feelin’ all right, willin’, woo-wooin’, and forever young.
Our 30th reunion was reminiscent of Biblical times, with incessant, driving rain that threatened to eradicate our species. Unfortunately, Noah was nowhere to be seen, so the Form of 1982 took refuge wherever it could. The weekend opened with a casual reception at the Grappone Center in Concord. It was exciting to see our formmates, their spouses, and their children arrive over the course of the evening, and the casual nature of the event allowed us to spend meaningful time reconnecting with each other. As conversations unfolded, it became clear that many of us were navigating the same life speed bumps, and our common reality seemed to surprise everyone.

The conversations deepened as the weekend progressed. This was in large part due to the fact that the torrential rain precluded us from doing anything but sitting around eating, drinking, and talking.

On Saturday night, we enjoyed a plentiful feast at Blaser’s Fireside Tavern, orchestrated to perfection by our newly elected form director Trisha Patterson. Trish arranged a festive gathering, which excelled in all respects – from the venue, to the menu, to the immense SPS sheet cake.
equipped with copious amounts of frosting. We were honored that our faculty guests – George and Sally Chase, George and Joanne Carlisle, and Jennifer Horner – could join us, and share that special memory with us.

After dinner, many in the group retreated to the spectacular Hampton Inn, which graciously allowed us to convert its breakfast room into a concert hall. There we gathered to continue discussions with our formmates and listen to Jeff Rodgers’s fantastic performance of so many songs we remembered from our days at SPS. As the evening progressed, it was evident that our group members were thoroughly enjoying themselves, easing into a state of relaxation and contentment. It was reminiscent of another very happy time, when we were surrounded by interesting peers and stayed up late into the night enjoying each other’s company. These are the friends we made 30 years ago, and with whom it remains so easy to reestablish the friendship, as though we have only been away on Spring Break.

It was a gratifying weekend – reuniting with friends, hearing them describe obstacles they have overcome and those they are navigating, hearing about their personal and professional successes, all in the familiar, beautiful setting where we spent an important time of our lives. I leave each reunion energized and inspired by my very talented classmates who positively impact their families and communities every day.

Who can deny, who can deny, it’s not just a change in style?
One step down and another begun and I wonder how many miles.
I spent a little time on the mountain, I spent a little time on the hill
Things went down we don’t understand, but I think in time we will.
Now, I don’t know but I was told in the heat of the sun a man died of cold.
Keep on coming or stand and wait, with the sun so dark and the hour so late.
You can’t overlook the lack, jack, of any other highway to ride.
It’s got no signs or dividing lines and very few rules to guide.

– Robert Hunter/Jerry Garcia

During this reflective weekend, I was reminded of many of the reasons I attended St. Paul’s, and why I thoroughly enjoyed my experience. It was the opportunity to be in the company of so many substantive people whose deep character and genuine goodness I found so enriching. I am already looking forward to 2017.
Eminently Recognizable

by Nick Paumgarten

The 25th Anniversary form had the honor, on Friday, of a Rectory blowout. It was hard to get over the sense that we didn’t belong there – that we were still a bunch of unruly kids. It felt transgressive to order a whiskey or to sneak a peek at the kitchen, which, by the way, is about the size of Gordon Rink. Then again, we had to wonder if its current inhabitant sometimes feels the same way.

The Rector, to most of us, is still Hirsch, genial upperclassman, wandering the halls of Center Upper. And as we tracked up his carpets, you’d think he’d have had every right to treat us like newbs. But instead he was very Rectorly. Flanked by his august predecessors Bill Matthews ‘61 and Kelly Clark, he extolled our form’s school spirit and fundraising prowess and made but one remark about our time at St. Paul’s together, over a quarter century ago: “I’m a little afraid of what you all know about me, but then again you should all be afraid of what I know about you.”

A formmate informed me that I looked less like I did 25 years ago than anyone else. Gee, thanks, Dave. Would that be because of the yellow teeth or the double chin? But then he asked, “Are you still acting?” which
suggested that he had me confused with Silas Neilson, who is currently starring as a "blutbad," a kind of werewolf, on the NBC hit series "Grimm." In which case, yep, I done changed. But he was right, in a broader sense. Everyone was eminently recognizable – if not the same as before, exactly, then at least a plausible mutation of their earlier selves. We all, if we may say so, looked marvelous. Not that anyone cares about appearances, at these things.

Before the Rectory dinner, we’d gathered at Hargate for a reception honoring Richard duPont, who had an exhibition there of his recent sculptures. Half of them were giant hollow polyurethane-resin casts of his head, crammed with scrap that he’d collected over the years, some of it probably looted from Kitt I dorm-mates, decades ago. These were plausible mutations, too. After the weekend, he donated one of these heads to the School, to be installed in the new Lindsay Center for Mathematics and Science, which many of us toured and marveled at during the weekend. duPont’s resin head should fit right in with that neat-o Science on a Sphere, Terry War-drop ’73’s robots, and Foucault’s pendulum.

Sixty-five of us made it to Concord for the weekend. A few of our superstars missed the parade and the photo on Saturday, either because they’d mistakenly gone to the Cage instead of the Rink or because they were shaking off the post-Rectory shenanigans from the night before at the Marriott Courtyard hotel. Unimpressive, this truancy, considering that Lori Huneke had made the trip all the way from China, and Christina Leitner, who’d spent just one year with us as an exchange student, had come from Vienna. Still, turnout and enthusiasm were strong for a parade in the rain.

The afternoon slate of games was cancelled, you might say mercifully, but eight veterans of the 1987 varsity lacrosse squad, pumped up on Cliffy-isms, suited up and played a mostly friendly, muddy half-field game. Special mention goes to Jim Barker, who stood tall and only half-armored in goal, and Greg Fowlkes, who flaunted some nifty cleats and undiminished all-ISL moves.

The downpour kept up deep into the night. We convened, as we had in years past, under a tent on the sprawling grounds, up the road, of the Mill Brook Gallery and Sculpture Garden, which doubles as the home of Bethany Tarbell’s mother Pamela. (Thanks be to the Tarbells!) Ancient rituals were re-enacted: Our own Hersh (not to be confused with Hirsch) performed striptease, the Chehab boys pulled Eighties-caliber breakdance moves, and Alex Paine emerged from his fortune-teller side-tent long enough to ensure that a recital of the Fox transition not be interrupted, as per the Four Commandments. Mona Mennen Gibson, newly elected as form director, had to be moved to an undisclosed location, for her own protection, and so our outgoing form director, Tim Clark, held down the fort. Special thanks to them both for all of their hard work on our behalf and the School’s, and also to Brittain Stone and his gang of volunteers, and really to everyone, for braving the rain and the ravages of time to stir up some of the old magic.
A Wonderful Weekend with Great Friends

by Mark Smith

When the forecast for Anniversary Weekend this year showed 100 percent chance of rain, it seemed appropriate. After all, 20 years ago, the Form of 1992 graduated in the Cage due to a similar forecast. But the weather didn't dampen our spirits back then, nor did it keep us away this year. The 92s arrived in force once again, with over a third of our form returning to Millville to celebrate our 20th reunion. We had formmates attending from 15 states and three continents, some of whom hadn't been back since leaving for grad parties two decades ago.

What was very apparent during this reunion was that our form has experienced a mini baby boom over the past five years. We have had children present at nearly all of our past reunions, but this time there were 45 children in attendance – as many kids as formmates! There were times (typically early in the morning) when the lobby of the Comfort Inn was overrun by little Paulies.

The weekend got a fantastic start at an event that the Alumni Office organized at the Grappone Center in Concord. The catered affair made for the perfect rendezvous point as everyone arrived in town. By the end of the evening, the dance floor was full, led in large part by the Walcott, Aldrich, Kearney, and Asano offspring. Back at the Comfort Inn, an impromptu lobby gathering kept the revelry going, welcoming the late arrivals. When I retired around midnight, I heard rumblings of a late-night trip to the Lower School Boat Docks, though I'm not sure if anyone "moto'd."

Saturday proved to be as wet and rainy as the forecast had predicted. A morning Chapel service provided a break from the weather and a chance to sing "Love Divine" and the "Last Night Hymn," and to listen...
to Rector Mike Hirschfeld ’85 speak. The alumni Parade that followed was accented by umbrellas and raincoats, but we marched nonetheless, arriving at the Matthews Hockey Center for an SPS box lunch and the form picture.

On Saturday afternoon, many families returned to the Comfort Inn, and before long the indoor pool was teeming with toddlers. But there were some who braved the elements, remaining on campus to represent 1992. With the alumni lacrosse and baseball games canceled, all eyes were on Turkey Pond, where Shattuck prevailed over Halcyon in the student club races.

However, from our perspective, the outcome of the alumni race was much more important. A rag-tag crew populated 1992’s eight. Cox Sally Washburn led Alex Blake, Roger Walcott, Eric Skoblar, Jason Andris, Jared Shaw, Dan Kearney, Ty Smith, and Charles Doucette ’82 away from the dock. The 92s took their place at the starting line against formidable boats from 1987 and 1977. In the end, our boat took it by a boat length.

With our honor successfully defended in the afternoon, we gathered Saturday evening at the Beaver Meadow Golf Club for dinner. Thanks to contributions from various formmates, the festivities included a slide show of a much younger group of co-eds – many of us with less gray hair, narrower waistlines, and fewer wrinkles. The tables were topped with blown-up versions of our Fifth Form “Scope Book,” pictures that many of the spouses in attendance had never seen. The music was a compilation of the most popular SPS tunes from 1988 to 1992, including an unearthed recording of “Memories of May,” the hit single by Uncle Sam and the Uprising that swept the Millville campus in the spring of 1992. At the end of the evening, the results of our closely contested form director election were announced, naming Dan Kearney as our leader for the next five years.

In all, it was a wonderful weekend with great friends, fond memories, and a little bit of rain. With any luck, our 25th will be drier, but even if it does rain I’m confident it won’t keep us away.
We traveled all the way to Millville, and all we got were these super awesome SPS gray gear T-shirts. Also, pneumonia, because Costa Rica’s total annual rainfall decided to fall on Concord between 3 a.m. and midnight all day Saturday. Still, it did nothing to dampen the spirits of our prideful Form of 1997.

Most arrived Friday evening to the Comfort Inn, a place where our class is always greeted with a shaky smile that promises to call the cops if we even think about playing Chumbawamba more than once after midnight. Even if we assure them the choice is solely ironic. It never is.

From there, some people hit up Concord’s most charming eatery – the Grappone Conference Center – which proved to be a great place for people to show off their ability to create other mini-humans, as John Rudy, Julie (Jarrett) Reid, and Monty and Avery Forman took the leashes off their little rug rats and let them run wild. Afterwards, our form poured into the Barley House, where oddly we spent the hours until check-in drinking clear, odorless liquors out of Snapple bottles and chasing them with warm Nantucket Nectars.

Saturday, with the skies fully opened, we battled our way through the alumni Parade, pausing for brief hugs with teachers and old friends. Then people broke off to tour the grounds, including the amazing new science center, which is so fancy they actually have computers that do lab reports for you. In my day, that was called a Tom Russo.

With the alumni field games canceled due to weather, a brave few made their way out to the Boat Races, where both Shattuck and Halcyon boats were aptly defeated by driving sheets of horizontal rain.

Katie Tenney
Later in the night, we all met up at Cheers, where Cornelia and Amy organized an elegant plastic shot party that was interrupted occasionally by fajita platters and a wonderful impromptu performance by the Mad Hatters. It wasn’t quite the Chapel, but if you closed your eyes tightly enough you could definitely feel Mr. Ball’s eyes glaring at you for arriving late.

We also enjoyed a surprise pop–in from Rector and Mrs. Hirschefeld. While he didn’t exactly say this at all in words, it was clear in the side-glances and subtext that we are by far his favorite form ever and that all of our children are guaranteed spots at SPS some day.

After Cheers, the party moved to Tandy’s Top Shelf, where some Manville alums quickly made friends with the bartenders. Thanks to a nearby jukebox, we quickly proved to the greater Concord community why we Paulies always held our dances in the darkest building on campus. Still, we would not be deterred, and the party kept going all the way back to the Comfort Inn. With Jenna Millman cranking music faintly out of her iPod headphones and Brooke McLaughlin calling in favors from her uncle over at Domino’s Pizza, we celebrated form pride until the wee hours of the morn – just in time for Katie Tenney and David Walton to make their horribly timed 6 a.m. flights.

All in all, it was by far one of our top four reunions and will definitely be at least top five for the next nine years. For those of you who missed it, please try to come next time, because you were missed.
The celebration for the Form of 2002 started the day before Anniversary, when we broke the 10-year participation record for Alumni Fund giving. With the leadership of Main Agent Chuck Culp and Form Agent Ashley Miller Dunn, our form set a new standard for giving back to SPS with 81 percent participation. E-mails came from all around the world announcing donations. Catharine Morgan donated from the Ukraine and Elizabeth Ashamu donated from South Sudan. Our new record was a great way to kick off Anniversary Weekend!

On Friday night, formmates arrived in N.H. and reunited at Pit Road Lounge in Loudon for a night of karaoke and catching up. Chief among the singing talent was Alexa Melkonian-MacIver, who rocked a Johnny Cash tune, giving Pit regular “Mary Lee” a run for her money. We talked, laughed, and closed down the bar.

On a rainy Saturday morning, we marched in the alumni Parade and came together for lunch and photos in the Matthews Hockey Center. At the luncheon, we visited with Rector Mike Hirschfeld ’85 and met Sarah Bates Johnson’s new baby girl, Knowles. We all shared what we’d been up to and discovered two chefs in the form, Macy Radloff and Isa Widdowson. Afterward, many of us walked to the Upper to rub our names and hear about the new form plaques project. Others visited the beautiful new Lindsay Center for Mathematics and Science. We were very impressed! Our form then showed its spirit and strength at the crew docks. Hard-core formmates Dane van den Akker, Ali Crocker, Matt McLane, Annemarie von der Goltz, Alex Hearne, John Livingston, Sarah Bates Johnson, and Jackie Zider
rowed to a photo finish in the pouring rain. Adoring formmates cheered them on from the bleachers.

We all headed back to the Red Roof Inn to warm up and then back out to our big party at the American Legion. The Legion was decorated with old photos and red ribbons, and set up with beer pong tables with branded Form of 2002 ping-pong balls and koozies. The Sharkeys killed at beer pong and Kendall Spradley Moore’s playlist with songs from ’02 brought back great memories. Kate Waters handed out bubbles, which sparkled up the room. At who knows what time, a ping-pong-ball war broke out. No casualties, just a lot of fun.

On Sunday we said our good-byes after an awesome weekend with great friends. Congratulations to Toby McDougal, our new form director, and we can’t wait to see you all for our 15th!
What a Weekend!
by Mary Gamber

Thank you to the 72 formmates who traveled from near and far to come together and celebrate our five-year reunion. Ki Hong Kim wins the prize for coming the farthest – all the way from South Korea. It was great to see so many old friends and catch up on what’s happened over the past five years. Members of our form are doing amazing things – teaching special education math in Baton Rouge (Liza Carter), playing professional hockey in Europe (Tyler O’Brien), working as a teaching assistant in France (Jessica McKenzie), coaching women’s crew at the University of Michigan (Nellie Ruedig), committing five years to teach in low-income schools in New York City (Forrest Van Dyke) – it was so great to hear everyone’s stories.

Our weekend started on Friday as people arrived in Boston. I unfortunately missed...
the events that evening, but I heard the form all gathered together and had a great night. On Saturday morning, we braved the wind and rain to proudly march in the alumni Parade and represent our form on campus. As always, it was wonderful to be back on campus and explore old – and new – buildings. The Lindsay Center for Math and Science is unbelievable, and made many of us wish we could be students at SPS again. Down at the crew docks, eight Form of 2007 Halcyons challenged the Form of 2002 to a 900-meter piece and won. As Quincy Darbyshire said, “It’s the only time I’ll ever beat a Hearne!” Congratulations to Quincy, Lizzy Bates, Sam Cooley, Danielle Covatta, Hayley Duus, Kat Greenbaum, Alec Lindsay, James Saraidaridis, and Jenny Zeckendorf for their victory.

After a fun day on campus, all 72 of us met at Boston Beer Works near Fenway Park for a fabulous form dinner. The food and drink flowed all evening, and we eventually shut down the restaurant. It was almost like mingling after Seated Meal, though with more food and much better refreshments. We spent four hours talking, laughing, sharing stories, taking pictures, and enjoying our weekend together. The koozies were a big hit and were put to good use. Karl Schoch, yours is in the mail — send us some pictures when you use it in Afghanistan. Many thanks to all those who hosted us at the Hotel Buckminster afterwards, particularly Beth McDaniel, Tessa Raebeck, David Friedman, and Charles Vennat. What a great night.

It’s hard to believe that five years have gone by since we walked across the stage at Graduation, but I’m glad I had the chance to celebrate with so many of you. Congratulations to our new form director, Quincy Darbyshire. Quincy has lots of great ideas for more frequent events, so I look forward to seeing everyone soon. Many, many thanks to everyone in the Alumni Office for all their help planning a great weekend, especially Tina Pickering ’82 and Melissa Walters.
Nick Stoller ’94 vividly recalls sitting in the Chapel with the Form of 1994, hours away from their graduation. Contemplating his life away from St. Paul’s, Stoller was struck by a vivid realization.

“I remember sitting here 18 years ago, about to graduate, and thinking . . . I will never have to play a sport again,” he told the members of the Form of 2012, their families, and the St. Paul’s School faculty.

Standing tall at the lectern in the Chapel at the June 3 Baccalaureate service, Stoller reflected on life at St. Paul’s, revealing his desire to come in second – to last – in JV cross country races, lamenting his initial lack of popularity with his peers, and his inability to “find a passion” on campus. He talked about his popular Brazilian roommate to whom girls flocked, and his own awkward attempts at talking to girls, which rarely went his way.

While he eventually found his niche and lived a contented existence at St. Paul’s, Stoller has made use of the angst he felt as an awkward high-schooler in his career as a television and film writer. He is especially known for his knack for comedy (as a writer and director), readily apparent in a series of films that includes Get Him to the Greek, Forgetting Sarah Marshall, The Muppets, and The Five-Year Engagement. He has recently signed on to pen a sequel to the Muppet franchise, due out in 2013.

St. Paul’s, Stoller said, provided the material for his first screenplay, about a prep school boy whose unrequited love drives him to fake his own death and haunt the campus as a ghost.

“T he magic of Millville – what everyone had been crowing about for the previous two years – suddenly became evident,” he said. “I no longer wanted to go home all the time. Just during the cold winter months, from October to May.”

Stoller explained that his school memories (including the repossession of his contraband fridge) have an “extra rosy sheen to them.” He talked about the importance of overcoming adversity as a part of growing up. He noted the significance of his SPS-learned essay-writing skills in developing his screenwriting talent, and conceded that forced running with the JV cross country team has led to a lifetime of jogging and fitness.

While he instantly felt at home as he brought his dorm life experience with him to Harvard, his classmates did not know where to put the futon or what to hang on their walls.

“It’s the angst of your high school years that you will use as fuel for the rest of your life,” he said. “. . . You will all be fine. Until four years from now. Then it will suck again. But you don’t have to worry about that now.”

To view the Baccalaureate address of Nick Stoller ’94, visit www.sps.edu/stoller2012.
With gratitude and appreciation, the students, faculty, and staff thank everyone who gave to the 2011–12 Annual Fund.