Alumni talk about life on the Farm

Meet the “real” James Bond

Filmmaker Sarah Burns ’00 enters the family business
PHOTO: KAREN BOBOTAS, JANUARY 2013
The Making of a Moral Code

“Although you may make many deals, you sell yourself only once. And there’s no buying it back.”

In Brett Forrest’s essay in this issue of Alumni Horae, the 1991 alumnus and now international journalist writes compellingly about the ethical challenges he faces in cultures where the standards of morality and ethics can shift according to the exigencies of the moment – where bribery is endemic, where the procedures of due process can amount to a sudden and violent visit by the police, where residents may “live by a moral code that differs from your own, or by no moral code at all.”

Brett’s is a career made to challenge core beliefs – to bend them, probably to a slight angle at first, but the angle can widen with acceptance or approval until you’re really not sure where you first drew that line.

“It is not enough,” Brett writes, “to be able to identify the right thing to do. You must have the strength also to do it. St. Paul’s gave me the capacity for both.”

In a recent talk to a group of parents, I recalled my “career” as a faculty advocate enlisted by St. Paul’s students appearing before the Disciplinary Committee. Although my record for acquittals was actually no better than that of any other faculty member, I seem to have been a popular choice for this role. Over those years, it gradually occurred to me that the kids whose character I was defending were, in fact, virtually all good kids, who knew when they faltered morally or in matters concerning personal integrity. What they had more trouble understanding was why they stumbled in these realms – and how to catch themselves when they were about to stumble.

Neuroscience offers a compelling explanation for why this is so – the underdeveloped frontal cortex in adolescents more often than not loses its battle to moderate boundary-testing and risk-taking behaviors. With the development of that part of the brain, however, comes maturity and the understanding of consequences. But Brett offers another, less physiologically based, explanation for doing the right thing: an environment in which healthy relationships with adults shape and propel this development – and where the greater the number of these relationships, in the greatest diversity of contexts, is a rich and durable grounding for moral development.

In his title, “Don’t falter. Don’t judge,” and throughout his essay, Brett refuses to set himself up as a moralist. He doesn’t weigh the choices of others against his own sense of rightness; in fact, the descriptions of his meetings with remarkable men – and they are mostly men – are devoid of judgment. And that is as much a part of his theme as personal integrity and a key aspect of the character that guides him.

“I can’t always do the right thing. Who does?” Brett writes. His internal compass may not always point straight to true north; the needle can waver. Meanwhile, try to do right, without self-righteousness, and the learning will continue.

Brett credits no single person or event at St. Paul’s, no blinding moment on the road to Damascus, to set him aright. The source seems to have been more a quality of the water or the air in Millville – “something else, all of it together, the lesson in kindness, that though we compete, we may still have empathy for one another.”

It is a joy to see so well expressed the promise we hold – to provide the best possible environment for the intellectual and moral growth of our students. Many thanks to Brett, and the deepest wish for safe journeys ahead.

Michael G. Hirschfeld ’85
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It takes an hour or less for some St. Paul's School student artists to create a portrait from a favorite photograph. Recognizing artistic talent as a way to give back, Pearly Kim '13 recently enlisted the help of five fellow artists for a project to raise money for Ronald McDonald House, a charity that offers a "home-away-from-home" for families so they can stay close to their hospitalized child at little or no cost.

"I chose Ronald McDonald House because I wanted to help kids," says Kim, of Seoul, South Korea, who serves as the graphics editor for the Pelican. After noticing the way many other SPS students have been able to use athletics or music to contribute to their communities, Kim asked some of her artistic friends if they would join a fund-raiser that involves drawing 8 x 10 portraits from photographs. Youngeun Ahn '14, Joon Park '13, Nicole Kim '15, Christina Kim '15, and Lilly Schoeller '15 responded in the affirmative.

"I had been thinking for a while that art students don't have many opportunities to give back," she says. "Music students play [at the local Alzheimer's center], athletes have [tournament fundraisers] Hoops 4 Hope and Grassroots Soccer. This is a good way for art students to contribute."

In a Chapel announcement to the SPS community, Pearly Kim presented her offer: portraits for a base fee of $5, plus $2 for an additional face and $3 for a color portrait. All money raised will go to Ronald McDonald House.

More than 50 portrait requests came in by the February 4 deadline. And Kim was surprised by the nature of some of the requests.

"This project has more emotional value than I thought it would," she says, noting requests for portraits as Valentine’s Day or graduation gifts, birthday presents, or thank-you offerings. "It’s a really nice, sentimental gift."

The policy makes official the financial aid practices of the SPS Admission Office over the last several years. Building on a policy announced in 2006 that awarded full tuition to families of admitted students whose household income was $65,000 or less, the policy was expanded to those with household incomes of $80,000 or less. Now, families who make between $80,000 and $200,000 per year will be asked to contribute between zero and 10 percent of their yearly income, as determined by a needs analysis. Families in all income ranges who have significant non–residential and non–qualified retirement assets will be asked to pay more than families without those resources.

According to Financial Aid Director Tim Caryl–Klika, the new policy also means that there is no income cut–off for financial aid eligibility, so families with incomes higher than $200,000 per year may still qualify for aid.

"This policy clarifies our financial aid philosophy to prospective families," said Director of Admission Scott Bohan '94. "It recognizes that [the SPS tuition of] $50,000 is a lot of money, and it outlines what your actual contribution might be if your child considers applying to St. Paul's. It is a very logical next step."

The policy is intended to increase the range of families who can take advantage of a boarding school education, added Bohan.

"We want a St. Paul's education to be accessible to all," said Bohan. "The best St. Paul's School is one that is full of students of diverse backgrounds and experiences."
Lindsay Gold

St. Paul’s recently received word from the U.S. Green Building Council (USGBC) that the School has received LEED Gold certification for its “Leadership in Environmental Energy and Design” of the Lindsay Center for Mathematics and Science, which opened in December 2011.

According to the USGBC website, there are currently only 53 buildings – only 32 under the new construction category – that have achieved LEED certification in the State of New Hampshire, of which two are located at St. Paul’s. In 2004, the Athletic and Fitness Center earned LEED certification.

“LEED certification acknowledges the fact that we built a really good green building,” says Maura Adams, manager of environmental stewardship at St. Paul’s.

The USGBC evaluated the building in electrical use, heating and ventilation, lighting, indoor air quality, building location, and the handling of construction waste. SPS earned 61 of a possible 110 points to qualify for its LEED Gold designation.

Overall, 13.76 percent of the building was manufactured using recycled materials exceeding the 10-percent LEED requirement. More than 98 percent of construction waste was recycled, including much of the material from the demolition of the Payson Science Center for fill under the Lindsay courtyard.

The building also did particularly well in water efficiency, earning all 10 possible points; innovation in design, earning all six possible points; and indoor environmental quality, earning 12 of 15 points.

According to the LEED Certification Review Report, the Lindsay Center earned both possible points for innovative wastewater technologies, which credited the building for its gray water system that uses rainwater to flush toilets in the building. Overall, the building reduces potable water usage by 83 percent compared with similar structures. Also noteworthy is the Lindsay Center’s significant noise reduction, creating optimal acoustics for learning.

Doves and Crows

A weekend series celebrating the life of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. opened with a January 15 Chapel talk by James Sweet, professor of history at the University of Wisconsin Madison, about loving one’s enemy. Professor Sweet said that humans are often numbed to their common condition, instead trying to insulate themselves.

“There is something sacred in the fellowship of suffering,” he said.

On January 17, Maceo Montoya, an artist, author, and professor of Chicana/Chicano studies at UC Davis, shared a story about an encounter he had with a stranger who simply wanted him to listen. Professor Montoya was working on a mural when a man approached and asked him, in Spanish, “Cuanto me cobras?” (“How much will you charge?”)

“How much will you charge me to express what I feel right here?”

Professor Montoya was disarmed by the request and told the man repeatedly that he was not sure what he was asking of him. The man told him how he’d hurt his back and could not work, how he was 43 years old and felt he would amount to nothing, how “nothing is how I expected it to be” in America. Professor Montoya told the story through his poem “Red Sky.”

On January 18, Deji Ogunnaike, a Harvard doctoral student in religion and African studies who spent the 2011-12 academic year as a teaching fellow at SPS, reminded the community that Dr. King was first a clergyman, who drew from the often quoted ‘turn the other cheek’ verse in Matthew 5:39.

“Any time a person thinks, says, wishes, or does something negative for or toward the other, he or she releases a crow, and positive thoughts, words, and actions release doves,” he explained. “On a more mundane level, I’m sure we’ve all witnessed the miracle of how one person choosing to send out doves dissipates an environment of conflict or animosity.”

Strategic Thinking

Faculty returned from winter break to a day of workshops for exchanging further ideas toward the development of the School’s strategic plan. Faculty were divided into four groups, rotating through sessions related to the Sixth Form experience; encouraging a culture of interdisciplinary, innovative, and collaborative learning; promoting professional development; and encouraging global citizenship and leadership development.

“The point of this,” said Rector Mike Hirschfeld ’85, “is to create a continuing culture of strategic thinking.”

Two themes permeated the day’s discussion: the time restraints imposed by the School’s busy schedule and whether SPS has enough faculty to accommodate the innovations proposed for the future.

Students completed a survey about the strategic planning process. Of the 221 students who responded, 61 percent said they are “very satisfied” with their educational experience at SPS and 92.5 percent are either “somewhat satisfied” or “very satisfied.” Thirty-four percent of students “strongly agree” that SPS offers a curriculum that encourages innovative thinking.

More than 72 percent believe that it is “very important,” and 96.5 percent “somewhat” or “very” important, for the School “to provide meaningful leadership opportunities for students.” Eighty-eight percent of respondents feel that it is “somewhat” or “very” important for the School to educate students about social justice.

Faculty members Tim Pratt and Michael Spencer, co-chairs of the Strategic Planning Committee, will present a draft of the plan to the full Board in April, with the overarching goals focusing on fostering a culture of collaboration, innovation, and creativity; faculty and staff recruitment, development, and retention; ensuring the financial viability of the SPS model now and in the future; and providing an environment of community and character.
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.

It’s All Greek to Me

I was sad to see that with the replacement of the leaded windows in the Schoolhouse, a little piece of the old Classics Department at SPS was lost. In the corner classroom closest to Moore on the second floor, the lead between many of the window panes had, over the years, been inscribed with snippets of Greek. I should be able to recall the details, but can’t – some were random words, many were brief phrases or sentences like (as Faulkner would say here, “memory believes before knowing remembers”) “in the beginning” or “rosy-fingered Dawn.” Most, if not all, were there when I first began teaching Latin and Greek in that classroom (Bobby Lindsay ’73 was in my first class, I recall); so they go back to before the 1970s. Whether they were the result of a bored teacher killing time during the administration of a test, or some creative student during a free period, I have no idea. But they were probably one of the few examples of graffiti in Greek.

Charles “Chip” Morgan, Faculty Emeritus
Alexandria, N.H.
December 18, 2012

Immortal Photo

Peter Finger’s fantastic photo “A View Across Library Pond” (Fall 2012 Alumni Horae) is the finest picture of St. Paul’s I have ever seen, and it should be immortalized.

I also enjoyed the Sam von Trapp ’90 story in the same issue. Having started the St. Paul’s ski team, taught skiing at Stowe, visited the Trapp Family Lodge, met his father Johannes, and recently learned The Sound of Music is my three-year-old granddaughter’s favorite music, I appreciate his carrying on the tradition.

William G. Prime ’51
Warrenton, Va.
January 9, 2013

Von Trapps at SPS

I’m sure my contemporaries at SPS have responded in volume to the omission in the piece about Sam von Trapp ’90 (“Blessed with the Sound of Music”) – namely that the Trapp Family Singers performed at the School shortly after they arrived in the U.S., in 1941 or 1942. Baron von Trapp didn’t sing, but appeared on stage.

Henry Ferguson ’45
Loudonville, N.Y.
January 21, 2013

Concert in the Old Gym

I have just re–read your extremely interesting article on Sam von Trapp ’90 as it brought back to me one of my fond moments as a student at SPS. When I was a Fifth Former in the winter of 1943, the Trapp Family Singers gave a delightful concert in our old gymnasium, which passed as an auditorium. As I recall, Maria and her young group were simply presented as having escaped from Nazi-dominated Austria into Switzerland, and then in turn into the U.S., and were now on concert tour. We knew nothing of the fantasy that would follow in that famous movie The Sound of Music.

When the movie did come out some 20 years later, I was gullible enough to believe it all at first and wished I had known all of those fantastic background facts which they had sung for us. Of course, the true story eventually leaked out and many of us were disappointed to learn how much of it had been “Hollywoodized.”

I have known for some time of the existence of the Trapp Family Lodge in Stowe, but knew nothing of the grandson, Sam, having graduated from the School.

Leverett Hubbard ’45
Scottsdale, Az.
January 30, 2013
What's Missing from Sports Today

“What Ever Happened to the Three-Sport Athlete” at St. Paul’s School (*Alumni Horae*, Fall 2012) by Jana F. Brown is an important essay and a sad commentary on what today’s students have to do to get into the college of their choice – at least for an elderly alumnus like me. I had the 81-year-old club system of sports to enjoy and play for fun.

Three times as many players started games on the varsity teams of Old Hundreds, Isthmians, and Delphians in football, hockey, and baseball. Track was run on the Anniversary track meet day. In football, there were five teams per club from the varsity down to the fifth team. You played to your ability, and worked up the ladder to varsity play. There were 15 football teams on the Lower Grounds each day.

Competition was intense and you had the fun of knowing who you were playing against: whether your roommate, your best friend or even someone you didn’t like. You played as many sports as you liked and were encouraged to do so. You hoped to help your club win the championship in each sport. Later in the season, SPS teams were chosen by the coaches from the best players on each club team to play “outside” schools in hockey, baseball, track, and squash. We actually did pretty well with little practice as a team. In my Sixth Form year, I played six sports on 10 teams, and still got into Princeton. In the Fall Term it was football; in the Winter Term it was hockey, squash, and basketball (we challenged Concord High, the New Hampshire state champions, to two games and lost by only two points in the first game and six points in the second game); in the Spring Term it was baseball and track.

You did not play sports to get into college then. In those days, they felt your wrist, and if it was warm and your dad could pay the bill, you were taken! Instead, you played to help your club win the championship in each sport. In my Sixth Form year, in closely contested seasons in all sports, we Delphians won the championship in all four sports, which only happened seven times in the 81-year history of club series play.

Nowadays, it seems that you have to specialize in one sport only, which you even have to play in summer camp with video of your play in order to get into college. If you don’t make it, what happens to your psyche after all the concentrated effort?

It’s a shame that sports at SPS and other schools have evolved into this state of affairs. The kids are missing a lot.

Talbot Adamson ’40
Gladwyne, Pa.
January 19, 2013
Preserving Outstanding Gallantry

Naval veteran Sid Whelan shares the story of a German U-boat crew, the American destroyermen who put them out of action, and mutual reconciliation more than 40 years later.

By Sidney S. Whelan Jr. ‘47

For three years in the 1950s, I served on a destroyer, the USS Rodman. Among my duties was that of public information officer. In that role I learned of Rodman’s tumultuous, globe-circling World War II operations. It’s a story worth sharing.

By 1944, the Allies had largely eliminated German submarine activity in the Atlantic. In the Mediterranean, however, Admiral Karl Dönitz, C. in C. of Hitler’s submarine force, saw an opportunity to counter the Allies’ offensives in North Africa and Italy by attacking American and British naval vessels supporting the landings.

Between October 1941 and May 1944, 62 of Dönitz’s command succeeded in passing through the heavily defended Straits of Gibraltar, the “Pillars of Hercules.” In May 1943, U–616, commanded by Oberleutnant Siegfried Koitschka, was the 53rd to achieve safe passage.

When submerged, submarines were powered by batteries, which needed to be frequently re-charged. That meant surfacing to run diesel generators. Taking advantage of this vulnerability, the Allied tactic for eliminating U–boats was hot pursuit with aircraft and destroyers, forcing the enemy to remain at great depths for long periods, which starved them of air and battery power. When they had no choice but to re-surface, planes and destroyers were likely to pounce.

The German submarine force had the highest mortality rate of any service, Allied or Axis: 70 percent. Patrols like those conducted by U–616 were essentially suicidal.

Koitschka’s eighth and last patrol was off the coast of Algeria, where, on May 14, 1944, he damaged two freighters but was spotted by that convoy’s escorting destroyers.

What followed was the longest pursuit of a submarine in World War II. U–616’s desperate objective was to cross the Mediterranean in order to attain the neutral waters of Spain, where Francisco Franco offered the German navy refuge.

Hounding Koitschka for 76 hours were eight American destroyers, aided by British aircraft. This posse had an ominous code name: Operation Monstrous.

Captain Koitschka repeatedly slipped away from his pursuers to surface, only to be spotted and attacked before he could re-charge batteries.

Finally, at 0715 on the morning of May 17, its batteries exhausted, U–616 surfaced, surrounded by the destroyer squadron of Operation Monstrous. Koitschka decided to scuttle his boat and abandon ship, rather than sacrifice his command in a hopeless gun duel. USS Rodman and USS Ellyson were closest, and between them the entire U–616 crew was rescued. The war was over for 57 German submariners.

To quote Robert A. Bird, then a newly minted ensign out of the Naval Academy serving aboard Rodman: “Our com-
manding officer LCDR J.F. Foley greeted Lt. Koitschka. Salutes, a handshake, and a few words in German and English completed the formality of surrender. I was directed to escort Lt. Koitschka to our captain’s ‘in port’ cabin and indicate to him the use of the shower and the bunk and whatever else he needed. The captain’s steward was told to see to his needs, and the armed guard was posted. The galley and the laundry were immediately in action to feed the prisoners and to wash and dry their clothing. Captain Foley punctiliously observed the rules set forth by the Geneva Convention, the humane treatment of survivors of a disaster at sea, and the dictates of human decency. This posture communicated itself to the whole crew, members of which acted nobly despite the extra work and inconvenience involved.

Forty-two years later, in 1986, the American and German veterans of Operation Monstrous made contact and commenced joint annual reunions, alternating locations in the U.S. and Germany. The spirit of friendship and gratitude from the Germans for having their lives saved and returned to postwar Germany was inspiring, to understate the tone of a reunion my wife Patsy and I attended in 1999.

Joachim Jaworski was an officer in training aboard U-616. He and Captain Koitschka and their wives attended many reunions. Koitschka died in 2002, but Jaworski, remaining hale and hearty, has been a great help to me in preparing this article. He has this to say about the surrender:

“Siegfried Koitschka, Karl Friedrich Nieka (engineering officer) and I stood on the deck of your ship (with 20 other survivors; soaking wet, filthy, exhausted) and [Capt. Foley] asked: ‘Are there officers among the survivors?’ We put up our hands, and he said: ‘It is a great honor for me to take you aboard.’ I was very impressed by those words, and I thought of a sentence by Lord Nelson: ‘Recollect that you must be a good seaman to be a good officer and also that you cannot be a good officer without being a gentleman.’ I owe the Rodman not only my life, I owe her also the experience of outstanding gallantry, which was unknown to me at that time and which I will never forget as long as I live.”

If only all violent conflicts produced such generosity and respect for life as did the defeat of U-616 on May 17, 1944.
ATHLETICS

The Toughest Two Minutes in Sports

For many SPS wrestlers, the sport has taught them lessons that extend far beyond the mat.

By Jana F. Brown
An overdue haircut was all it took for Jeff King '01 to lose concentration in the final match of the 112-pound consolation round at the 1998 Graves–Kelsey Tournament, which determines the Independent School League wrestling champions.

Unranked heading into the tournament, King, a Third Former, had beaten two seeded wrestlers to secure his spot in the consolation bracket, which would determine third place in the weight class.

“I was ahead by one point with about 20 seconds to go,” recalls King, “and I lifted my right hand to push the hair out of my eyes. My opponent attacked my feet and took me down. Two points, right there, and he won the match – all because I lost my concentration for a split second. Literally, a split second. No other sport punishes you for a slip in concentration as much as wrestling.”

The Kentucky Derby is billed as the “fastest two minutes in sports” for the speed, anticipation, and excitement it creates in its approximate annual life of 120 seconds. Lesser known (except to those who have experienced them) – or heralded – may be two of the toughest minutes in sports. And in wrestling, if one survives an entire match, there are three two-minute rounds, each requiring the ultimate focus and physical exertion, as Jeff King painfully recalls.

“Those two minutes in a word?” asks King. “Ridiculous. I’ve never been as tired in my whole life, mentally and physically. There’s no downtime in a wrestling match. There are no teammates to rely on. You can’t pass the ball up the field and grab a breather. It’s just you and another guy and, if you take a break for even a second, you can lose the match.”

The key to it all, according to longtime SPS wrestling coach Scott Heitmiller ‘81 is pure preparation. You can’t train for a 5K and expect to finish a marathon. Team practices have long reflected that mentality. They begin each day with the Big Red wrestlers moving continuously from side-to-side on an SPS–insignia mat in the Multipurpose Room of the Athletic and Fitness Center. With music blaring, they jog, run, skip, weave, somersault, and jumping-jack their way back and forth – for 20 minutes. There are push-ups and sit-ups, and the dreaded (but appreciated) two-minute sprint. Practice transitions into continuous drilling with partners to simulate match situations. As in a match, there is little or no rest.

“It causes them to hit their wall,” explains Heitmiller, who took over an already successful wrestling program in 1998 from former SPS faculty member John Buxton. “We have to create the same atmosphere in practice that they’ll see in a match. We put them through a lot of hard work. We will never, ever lose because we are out of shape. If a team beats us, it’s because they are better.”
Whatever Heitmiller and assistants Tim Caryl-Klika and Aaron Marsh ’97 are doing, it works. The program has not experienced a losing season in more than a decade. It has produced 11 All-Americans and two national champions. The 2011-12 squad won the Graves-Kelsey Tournament (and the overall ISL team championship) for the first time since 1983. This year’s squad finished the regular season at 15-4, placed third in the ISL, boasted three individual league champs, and sent five wrestlers to Nationals in Pennsylvania.

What further distinguishes the SPS wrestling program is that well over 50 percent of Heitmiller’s charges, year after year, are homegrown, arriving at St. Paul’s with little or no previous wrestling experience. “You have to be patient, want to work hard, and be willing to pay your dues,” Heitmiller explains. “If you are a new wrestler, you’re probably going to get beat up all the time that first year. But it eventually starts clicking and you find out how to push yourself. That’s what wrestling is about; it exposes the pure nature of competing. The hard part is that there is nobody to blame – you only have yourself to look at if you don’t do well.”

Recruited as a Fourth Former to the 112-pound weight class by Heitmiller, Wookie Kim ’05 followed friend David Yahng ’05 into the sport. A self-proclaimed “disliker of sports” when he arrived at SPS, Kim soon discovered that he coveted the shared struggle of wrestling. His competitive drive transferred to other areas of his life; he dropped club soccer in favor of varsity cross country and found success as a coxswain with the first SPS crew. He has since become an endurance-sport fanatic, completing an Ironman triathlon in 2006 and competing as a marathoner. But nothing, he insists, compares with the strain and pure mental and physical toughness required in wrestling. “The longer-distance nature of those other events means I’m sustaining an intensity level that is much lower than for wrestling – my Ironman training was easier,” he says, understanding how that sounds. “Two minutes to me, now, seems like nothing, especially since I’ve moved into events of longer duration. How bad could 120 seconds be? Those rounds included some of the most intense

“This is a sport for any size. Look at some of the most successful wrestlers – you can’t judge it by how they look. Some of the strongest kids are the worst wrestlers. You have to have a whole lot more than muscle to be a good wrestler.”

– Scott Heitmiller ’81
moments of my life. I always knew my body was physically capable of taking down an opponent. But the challenge was gathering the mental energy to act on that belief.”

Thomas Brew ’13, a 120-pounder who spent part of his Sixth Form season rehabilitating an injury, points to “red flag day” as the Everest of his SPS wrestling experience. On that day, midway through each season, the wrestlers test their mental and physical endurance in two hours of pure conditioning—with no rest. Activities vary, but might include two–minute all–out sprints, triple sets of minute–long wall–sits, stair climbing, and turns carrying their drilling partners back and forth across the mat. Wrestling is a sport, Brew explains, that can elevate a developing athlete’s desire to carry on the pride of their predecessors.

Craig Spivey ’83 considered his coach, John Buxton, to be his “guiding light—I owe much of who I am today to him.” Spivey, who wrestled for the first time as an SPS Third Former and concluded his career as a national champion in the 167-pound weight class, found the sport all–consuming. “Most sports, you get done with practice and you can go and relax,” he says. “In wrestling you can never lose your focus. After practice you are still concerned with making weight and have to focus and be determined 24 hours a day.”

It’s the addictive nature of the sport, say many Big Red wrestlers, past and present, that allows wrestlers to fight through the pain, finding the endurance to push through each two–minute period. Jeff King wanted more of the rush he felt after earning his first pin as a Third Former. Craig Spivey referred to grueling workouts as “joyful” for the pleasure of winning his internal war of wills. Sam Schloss ’11 stuck with wrestling because he craved the rewards of his hard work. Victor Haug ’08 entered the sport as a football player looking to stay in shape and ended up wrestling for two years at Stanford, explaining that he simply enjoyed the feeling of winning.

“It might be the most important thing that I’ve done in my life to teach me how to prepare myself physically and mentally for life’s challenges,” says Haug. “There’s a saying in wrestling: ‘Once you’ve wrestled, everything else in life is easy.’”

Fall Sports Highlights

Taking advantage of its first full year on the newly christened Bogle–Lechner Field, the Big Red field hockey team went 9–7 (6–6 ISL) to earn its best record since 2002. Emily Bresnahan ’13 (11g, 3a) and Lily Bogle ’14 (11g, 1a) led the way offensively, while Caroline Ferguson ’13 (5g, 8a) was the rock of the midfield. New goalie Miller Torrance ’15 kept the team in every game.

Other successful teams this fall included the girls (10–6) and boys (14–5) cross country teams, which placed third and fourth, respectively in the ISL; the girls soccer team (7–7–2), which equaled its most wins in a season since 2000; and the football team, which won its final four games to finish the season at 5–3. All–New–England running backs Richard Bradley ’13 (80 rushes, 662 yards, 11 TDs) and David De Cottiis ’14 (90 rushes, 688 yards, 11 TDs) provided the best two–man ground game in the ISL.
Brawn
Alumni farmers talk about why they have chosen lives devoted to the land.

by Nancy Weltchek '78
MAKING HIS MARK IN MAINE

Bill Eldridge was two weeks shy of his SPS graduation when he and two formmates took the car they had dismantled and reassembled for their Independent Study Project out for a late-night spin.

After stopping to fill the car with gas, they were pulled over by the New Hampshire State Police and cited for driving without a registration. The School’s punishment was swift and harsh: the boys were expelled and Eldridge’s admission to Yale rescinded. Thus began a long journey that would see Eldridge join the Navy, earn a scholarship, reapply to Yale, be reaccepted, choose Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute instead, and drop out after only a year-and-a-half in favor of a nine-month stint on the road, Jack Kerouac-style, abandoning his aspirations to become a nuclear physicist.

The wanderer’s life eventually lost its appeal and, through a family friend, Eldridge was hired by the United Fruit Company, the multinational corporation most famous for bringing the Chiquita banana onto the world stage. Eldridge spent the next 20 years moving up the ranks of corporate-agricultural America, most of them at United Fruit. Whether behind a desk or out in the jungles of Latin America, Eldridge developed a deep love of the land.

“One mentor made me eat dirt,” says Eldridge, recalling a southern foray to study banana plantations. “He told me he could distinguish the different pH levels of the soil through tasting. Me, I just had dirt in my mouth.”

PH levels notwithstanding, Eldridge developed a keen understanding of the business of agriculture and farming that would eventually and ironically lead him away from its corporate side.

In 1982, ensconced as the head of marketing for the United Fruit Company in New York’s Rockefeller Center, a comfortable commute away from his home in Westchester County, Eldridge stirred for something more. So too did his family. Together they made the decision to move to Maine, where the agriculture and food sector has been in steady decline since World War II. Eldridge took a series of consulting gigs, never losing a nagging desire to help restore the state’s agriculture to the economic engine it had been during the Civil War, when all bread made for the Union Army came from grain grown in Maine. In early 2009, when the New England–based dairy company H.P. Hood severed its contracts with a group of Maine’s organic dairy farmers and reduced its business with others, Eldridge recognized his opportunity.

At the time, Eldridge was working with Maine’s agriculture and farming leaders, which made it easier to forge a coalition of the suddenly out-of–work farmers.

“Everybody decided we couldn’t let these farmers die,” Eldridge recalls of the formation of Maine’s Own Organic Milk Company (www.moomilk.com). “It was a decision by Maine’s agricultural community leaders to stop any further erosion, especially since the 2007 census showed that the number of farms in Maine had increased for the first time in over a century,” says Eldridge.

Today, the farmers sell in supermarkets throughout Maine and as far south as Rhode Island and Connecticut. They have big contracts with Whole Foods and Hannaford, and Eldridge has a featured role in Betting the Farm, a documentary about the farmers and MOO that debuted at the Camden International Film Festival, where it won the Audience Award.

As proud as Eldridge is of his work for MOO, he is even more proud that on Anniversary Weekend 2009, his form’s 50th, he was awarded his St. Paul’s diploma, making him the School’s oldest recent graduate. The presentation, which was the result of dogged lobbying by his formmates, was made at the form dinner by a former soccer teammate: the School’s Twelfth Rector, Bill Matthews ’61.

“Even though the punishment was more severe than the offense,” says Eldridge, “I accepted the blame for what I had done,” adding that his faith in SPS never wavered.

THE JOYS OF HONEY–MOVING

 Fellow farmer Jason Angell wasn’t surprised by Eldridge’s journey. “I’ve met a lot of farmers who have searched for something that will make them happy,” he says. “You get a lot of people with eclectic backgrounds.”

Angell lives on seven acres of farmland in Garrison, N.Y., just 50 miles from the city, where he once spent many hours in an office behind a computer. Even though his job entailed drafting progressive environmental laws, he
missed having a daily connection to nature. At the time of their marriage, he and his wife Jocelyn Apicello made it their top priority to figure out how to construct a lifestyle that would make them happy. They dubbed their post-nuptials “honey-moving,” and, shortly after getting hitched, found themselves in the town of El Hoyo in Patagonian Argentina, living hand to mouth on a small plot of land owned by a poor farming family. For the next 18 months, they took up residence in a cottage on the farm, learning everything possible about small-scale, sustainable farming.

“We ate the vegetables we farmed,” Angell says. They have applied the knowledge from their apprenticeship in rural Argentina to Longhaul Farm, their small plot in the rocky terrain of Garrison, where they farm vegetables, herbs, and flowers (longhauling.blogspot.com). They have chickens too – half for eggs and half for slaughter. As in Argentina, they do not go far to fill their larder. “We preserve a ton of things,” Angell says, describing an old-fashioned storeroom, which they live off during the cold winter months.

“We didn’t have the money to invest in a tractor,” Angell says, recalling the farm’s modest start. Instead, the two of them employed a method known as double digging, which entails digging the earth two feet straight down so that crops can be planted four times closer to one another than they would be in the more conventional practice. “It was the hardest six months of our lives,” Angell recalls. “But our guiding philosophy has always been, ‘How can we do more with less?’”

Six months into the double digging and well shy of what they needed to get done to prepare for their community-supported agriculture program (CSA) of 25 families, a friend came in with a tractor to till and plough. “We’re not totally dogmatic about our approach,” Angell says, a note of levity creeping into his voice, as it does later in the conversation when he remarks that every farmer needs a good beer or glass of wine after a long day. “Farming,” he says, “is a physical, intellectual, and emotional challenge.”

Today Jason and Jocelyn are seeing a lot of younger farmers who are interested in their model, which includes doing most everything with their hands. “I am living a life where I’m very happy and feel very productive,” he says. “Everything I do makes me feel satisfied. I never have that dread of getting up. No Monday blues. No living for the weekend.”
his mother’s reproach that in leaving teaching for farming he was wasting his education and his brains. “I told her, ‘No, I’m using them more than ever.’”

Describing life on the farm, Coleman cheerfully—squeamish readers beware—describes the humane chicken slaughter, which he says takes place in a simple little building where the chickens’ throats are slit, their feathers loosened, and their carcasses spun clean in a spinning ribbon–fingered plucker:

“The chickens have a wonderful life,” he says. “They run around and then they have one very bad day.”

Coleman runs through the calendar, highlighting the allure of each season. Spring is fun, because life is just beginning. Summer is the hardest—working time, he says, citing a still–experimental foray into growing artichokes, but adding, “Anything they can do in California, we can do better.” He likes fall for the harvest. But his most favorite time of year is reserved for winter, when, in addition to growing hardy Asian greens, he skates on his frozen irrigation pond.

“It has black ice all winter long,” he boasts. The pond is the size of a hockey rink by design, homage to the sport that highlighted his time at St. Paul’s.

Fleming attributes her career choice to a mix of politics and sensuality. “I eat like a king,” she says, waxing dreamy when she describes the quiet pleasure of milking her cow. “The cow’s relaxed and you’re relaxed; your cheek is pressed to her flank.”

Harvesting dry herbs and teas is another respite in an otherwise jam-packed day.

“I do it quietly and I do it alone in the late afternoon,” she says, “with the sun coming through the barn and swallows darting in and out.”

Women farmers, Fleming says, are making a tremendous impact on the sustainable agriculture movement. “Highly educated and highly ambitious women are behind all the major sustainable agriculture organizations and are running the certification agencies, conferences, and many organic farms and food companies,” she says, pointing to Kathleen Merrigan, the U.S. Deputy Secretary of Agriculture.

“They still think that farming is a country bumpkin who takes out a tractor and drags some seed behind it,” Fleming says, ticking off details of a real farmer’s life: planning, accounting, marketing, greenhouse work, animal chores, fence maintenance, grant requests, and capitalization. “Young farmers in the sustainable agriculture movement have to be savvy and run their operations with foresight, stamina, and imagination. We’re talking about very diversified crops and activities. It takes brawn and brains.”

Fleming is making a recruitment pitch, too. “In the next 10 to 20 years, 400 million acres of farmland will be passing from one generation to the next. The average American farmer is 59, so we’ve really got no time to waste.”
Aviation industry veteran Oliver Griswold, who designed a plane for his Sixth Form Independent Study Project, found himself considering the farmer’s life when his mother’s heart problems and father’s dementia led him to look closely at the relationship between disease, food production, and soil. A zealous student of nature who, inspired by his dog, challenged conventional wisdom and went barefoot for five years (marathons included), Griswold was catapulted into action after reading Michael Pollan’s *The Omnivore’s Dilemma*, in particular the chapter on Joel Salatin of Polyface Farm, which Griswold later visited.

“It was a light bulb moment,” he recalls of the farm in Virginia’s Shenandoah Valley that has become a national beacon for local agriculture and environmentally friendly farming practices. “Salatin’s farm throws off more nutrition per acre than just about any other in the country,” Griswold says.

He raises 100–percent grass-fed Scottish Highland beef cattle (which he first saw at the Trapp Family Lodge in the early 1980s) and heritage Berkshire pigs on 180 acres of pasture and woodlands in Western Pennsylvania, employing methodologies that closely mimic nature.

“The more diversity you can have on any piece of land, the better off you are,” says Griswold, describing a farmer’s utopia, where wild birds and wild animals all do their part to preserve a bio–diverse ecology. “When the chemicals kill the grasshopper, they kill all the other nutritious things as well.”

Griswold chronicles life on North Woods Ranch, which he runs with his wife, Jodi, on his website (www.nwoods-ranch.com). It is filled with photos of his farm family, the most physically arresting of whom are the Scottish cattle, with their luxuriant manes of curly hair that come in a range of hues. “They’re great moms, grazers, and foragers,” he says, with a note of reverence in his voice. “And docile, too.”

He doesn’t sidestep the issue about the prospect of slaughtering these beautiful animals, but waxes philosophic before reverting to the lessons of nature, “We have to make choices about where our nutrition comes from. Raising and eating animals that live great lives on perennial pasture is a much better choice than choosing animals from overcrowded feedlots.”

The animals’ lives are entwined in the Griswold family life. “We name our animals. Some will be with us for 18+ years; that’s a long relationship,” he says. “We’re not going to hold the animals at arm’s length.”

Ranching has given Griswold’s children a healthy perspective on the value of life. “It’s taken my kids a while to adjust, but they are able to look at everything with healthy skepticism, question conventional wisdom, and make up their own minds.”

From a dollars and cents perspective, Griswold cannot yet claim success. But what he’s learned from listening to his animals and observing nature is immeasurable. “When in doubt, look to nature. How does it handle the hard things? Everything happens for a reason.”
Avian Adventurer of the Caribbean

Considerably less celebrated than his fictional namesake, James Bond of the Form of 1918 pursued his own life of daring in the name of science.

by Michael Matros
**Pelicans (Pelecanidae)**

*Pelicans feed on fish, which the brown species obtains by plunging into the sea, the white by scooping in shallow water. They are remarkably buoyant, due to their thin, hollow bones and air reservoirs that permeate and envelop their bodies.*

It is the brown variety that most intrigued the author of these words, for it is native to the West Indies, the province of James Bond of the Form of 1918, distinguished ornithologist, writer, adventurer, and the man whose name Ian Fleming surreptitiously appropriated for his much–better–known, fictional spy.

Years before Fleming happened to notice the author’s name on a favorite bird–watching book and immediately purloined it, the real James Bond experienced a minor encounter with espionage, when, just down from a remote mountain during a solo ornithological expedition on Haiti during World War II, he was interrogated by American intelligence agents about his encounter with a German recluse. Apparently Bond’s motives were purely bird–related, although his university, Cambridge, was to soon be revealed as a viper’s nest of Soviet double agents.

But more later on the Bond connection.

With an interest from age five in birds and butterflies, our James Bond was inspired toward his career, according to his obituary in *The Auk*, the journal of the American Ornithologists’ Union, “by his rather dashing father, Francis E. Bond, who led an expedition to the Orinoco Delta on behalf of the ANSP [Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia] when James was 11.” Or his influence could have been the wallpaper in his boyhood bedroom, with its tropical bird motif.

From his wealthy Philadelphia home, young James matriculated as a First Former at St. Paul’s School 101 years ago, an appropriate setting, described by Digby Baltzell ’35, a fellow Philadelphian and popularizer of the term WASP, as “the oldest, largest, and wealthiest of the Episcopal Church boarding schools . . . in the tradition of Harrow.” James’s brother, Francis Jr., followed him to St. Paul’s one year later, in 1913.

After less than two years, however, and the death of his mother, James and his brother were removed from the School and taken to England by his restless father, accompanied by a new stepmother. The young men found themselves situated, inevitably, in Harrow School in Northwest London. “Life at an English boarding school was a torment for James at first,” writes David Contosta, professor of history at Chestnut Hill College in Philadelphia, in his biography of the naturalist, *The Private Life of James Bond*.

“The English boys mocked his American accent, all the while insisting America was a savage and uncouth land filled with wild Indians and the dregs of European society. The worst of this teasing stopped only after Jim became so enraged that he grabbed a penknife and stabbed one of his tormentors in the arm. From then on, most of the boys respected him for standing up and fighting back.”

From Harrow, Bond enrolled at Cambridge, where he earned a degree in economics before returning to Philadelphia to become a junior banker with the Pennsylvania Company. He was a tall, slender, attractive young man, whose accent was, and remained, “an amalgam of New England, British, and upper–class Philadelphian,” according to the *Auk* obituary. Intelligent and well educated, he was apparently destined for success in finance, but, Contosta writes, “It was not long before Jim came to despise his job. His work . . . was boring and he missed spending several hours every day tramping around the English countryside.”

In 1925, after a banking career of less than three years, Bond began his true life’s work, accompanying his friend Rodolphe Meyer de Schauensee – who also became a noted ornithologist – on an expedition for the ANSP to South America, where in Brazil’s lower Amazon, “they obtained many live animals, including birds and snakes, as well as over 500 bird skins for the Academy’s collections,” as reported by S. Dillon Ripley ’32, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, in de Schauensee’s 1984 obituary.

In this first trip, Bond and de Schauensee seem to have gathered their live specimens by purchasing them from the Amazonian natives, selling them upon their return to the States. The Philadelphia Zoo bought their 21–foot anaconda and several birds. “Although they made no profit on the adventure,” recounts Contosta, “they managed to break even – in addition to having a good time.”
Parrots, Parakeets, Macaws: Psittacidae

Members of this family feed chiefly on fruit, and some of the commoner species cause considerable damage to plantations of banana, guava, etc. . . . Parrots squawk (waak-waak), parakeets screech (creek-creek), parrotlets chatter softly.

Bond visited South America only once more, in 1961, decades earlier having decided that his primary interest lay in the avifauna of the Caribbean, and particularly the West Indies. “I’ve always loved islands,” he once explained, “the result perhaps of many summers as a child along the Maine coast.” An active, contributing naturalist until his death at age 89, “during his lifetime he visited more than 100 Caribbean islands and collected 294 of the 300 bird species living there,” his Alumni Horae obituary reported in 1989.

For Bond, “collecting” evolved from actual capture or killing of specimens to a primarily observational and cataloging activity. As early as 1930, he was a vocal critic of “so-called scientists and collectors, through which many species of birds are rapidly becoming extinct,” as reported in a New York Times article titled “Bird Collectors Called a Menace.”

“Jim was one of the earliest among the newly awakened field scientists who preferred to study the living bird, even if it were the last of its kind,” a friend wrote, “to give posterity a verbal portrait of its doings rather than a three-dimensional mass of feathers stuffed with cotton.”

Bond undertook most of his explorations before the time of regular air service between the islands or the other conveniences and luxuries afforded to Caribbean travelers in the decades since. “Setting out for one of the larger islands by steamer from New York,” Contosta wrote, “he relied on mail boats and cargo ships to reach the more remote spots. More than once he had to hire natives to row him out to a tiny off-shore island.”

In her book To James Bond with Love, Mary Wickham Bond, whom the naturalist married in his 53rd year, recounts some of her husband’s exploits, both while a bachelor and in travels with her.

Failing to find any parrots on the Bahamian island of Abaco, she writes, Bond consulted a longtime resident naturalist of Nassau, who counseled him that he never would encounter the colorful birds so far north, on an island higher in latitude than Miami. Undeterred, he arranged passage on an aging motorboat, the Priscilla, which was pushed by a gale beyond its intended Cherokee Sound landing site on Abaco to eventual safety behind an opening in a reef. A forced hike over coral, through mangrove swamps, and across long stretches of loose sand brought Bond only to his next difficult crossing, in a small fishing skiff over more rough water, which tossed all the food over the side. On the 12-mile hike to reach their final destination, Bond and his two fisherman guides had to negotiate wild pigs digging for crabs in the sand and to puncture coconuts for water to ease a a tearing thirst. Finally, just before dusk, the guides led Bond to a deep hole in the earth, away from the beach. They entered and climbed down, escaping the swarms of ravenous mosquitoes.

“It was the most extraordinary place I’ve ever seen,” he told Mary years later. They wandered among caverns of stalagmites and stalactites, startling thousands of bats when they lit a fire with wood from the beach.

In the morning, Bond emerged. Before him was a huge flock of the elusive parrots.

Inevitably as he maneuvered among the many West Indian islands, Bond encountered frequent privation and, reports Contosta, exhaustion, dysentery, and various other illnesses, including terrible seasickness on the first days of voyages. Once with the help of several island natives, he entered a village with only 126 pounds on his 6’2” frame, “looking like a walking skeleton.” A friend fortified him with broth and then “draped him over a horse for the trip alone down to Port-au-Prince.”

Bond’s wife, Mary, wrote about her husband’s connection with the more famous James Bond.
The result of his years spent searching for birds began to appear in publications for fellow ornithologists and, in 1947, as the book *Birds of the West Indies: A Guide to the Species of Birds That Inhabit the Greater Antilles, Lesser Antilles, and the Bahama Islands*. Published in England by Collins and in the U.S. by Houghton Mifflin, with descriptions of more than 400 species and subspecies, the book evolved through numerous editions, with the sixth completed just before Bond’s death.

As Bond traveled among his many far-flung islands he began to observe a demarcation of species between the West Indies and the islands farther south, at about the northern reaches of South America, and he began to realize that, contrary to prevailing wisdom, the birds of his islands were much more closely related to those of North America than South America. Documenting these “zoogeographical” observations, he proposed a line between the Lesser Antilles on the north and Tobago on the south that distinctly separated the more tropical, southern birds from those of his own area of study, virtually all of which could be found in the Southern United States. Years later, with the broad, but reluctant, acceptance of this theory, this latitude was christened “Bond’s Line.”

Meanwhile, in Jamaica, in 1952, a former spymaster for British Naval Intelligence was starting down a new career path as a writer of highly romanticized espionage novels featuring an urbane, extraordinarily handsome, and violent secret agent. The writer, Ian Fleming, spent much of his time at his estate in Jamaica, where he was also a keen observer of the local avifauna. As *Casino Royale* began to gather pages, Fleming needed a name for his spy. He glanced down and noted his valued guide that cataloged the island’s birds.

“I wanted the simplest, dullest, plainest-sounding name I could find,” Fleming later said. “‘James Bond’ was much better than something more interesting, like ‘Peregrine Carruthers.’”

James and Mary Bond became aware of Fleming’s “theft” only after seeing a review of Bond’s bird guide in the *London Times*, which included odd references to sadomasochism, Smith and Wesson guns, and other terms denoting violence. Finally, in 1961, a friend sent them a copy of *Dr. No*, the sixth of Fleming’s 007 books, and the connection began to make sense. Mary, a novelist herself, wrote a lighthearted letter to Fleming, ending, “I tell my JB he could sue you for defamation of character, but he regards the whole thing as a joke.”

Fleming replied in his own affectionate letter that he had indeed taken the name of the author of “one of my bibles.”

“In return,” he wrote, “I can only offer your James Bond unlimited use of the name of Ian Fleming for any purpose he may think fit. Perhaps one day he will discover some particularly horrible species of bird he would like to christen in an insulting fashion. That might be a way of getting his own back!”

The Bonds next visited Jamaica in 1964, when Fleming invited them for an extended lunch and was entertained by Mary’s accounts of her husband’s own dangerous exploits. A heart attack took the novelist’s life later that year.

The real James Bond inherited little of his family’s fortune, which his father had severely reduced through his short lifetime of imprudent behavior.

Bond was purely an amateur, who received no salary during his lifetime association with the Philadelphia Academy. He was one of “what might be called gentlemen naturalists, men who had a burning interest in their fields but no special training for their work,” wrote biographer David Contosta. “Jim fitted this description perfectly except that he lacked the large inheritance or generous allowance which permitted many other gentlemen of science to live in some comfort. Far from living in comfort, Jim often looked downright shabby, his suits old and frayed, according to a colleague who met him in the mid-1930s and once, in downtown Philadelphia, “mistook him for a vagrant.”

Still, after less than two years as a St. Paul’s student, he contributed modestly to the Annual Fund from 1921 until 1976, when Mary wrote to Rector William Oates that her husband’s serious illness would prevent his attending the January alumni meeting in Philadelphia.

Nevertheless, Bond continued to contribute to the work of the Academy, writing at home in his final years. “James Bond, internationally regarded as the doyen of Caribbean ornithology,” began his obituary in *The Auk*, “died on 14 February 1989, after battling cancer for many years.”

*Birds of the West Indies* continues to be the definitive work on the science to which he gave his life.
Don’t falter.
Don’t judge.

An international journalist reaffirms the lessons of St. Paul’s, far away from home.

by Brett Forrest ’91

Let me tell you about Kiril. He called one evening and said that he needed to see me right away. I lived in Moscow at the time, and phone calls of this nature were routine. In the dark and glamorous crowd to which I had fortunately fallen, no one ever made plans. Life was a series of impulses. You made sure you were free at all times, because each new experience may well reveal to you a ripple of human understanding. Besides, Moscow was just a lot of fun. The country was rambling along so quickly through change, it could hardly steer itself. Everyone I knew was along for the ride.

It felt like I was the only one who wasn’t on the take. Russia was a tough place to survive, and I hustled forever for the next job, writing feature articles for American magazines. Other people I knew shook hands in the shadows of one dirty deal or another. I didn’t ask questions. Considering the violence that was always a factor and an option, I chose ignorance.
I didn’t know what Kiril did for a living. He picked me up in a new black Range Rover. His face had the hollow shaping of someone who hasn’t slept in days. He lived in a penthouse, newly renovated, with one room leading into another, and then another. We walked in and took a seat on a designer sofa, joining two beautiful young women. Through a picture window, I watched snowflakes dust the gilded domes of the cathedral in the plot next door.

Kiril handed me a folder. Inside was a report, and I began to read it. The account was written in tabloid style, about a powerful oligarch, a man whom I had seen frequently on the national TV news. The paper made grave claims about the oligarch, that he had participated in a murder; that he was plotting to overthrow the Russian government. When I finished reading, Kiril handed me a drink. “Let’s publish this in America,” he said. “In one of your magazines.” The women leaned in, and the four of us clinked our glasses.

I placed my drink on the glass coffee table. I explained to Kiril that I didn’t operate this way. He smiled easily. He offered me $10,000. It seemed pointless to discuss ethics. Instead, politely back-pedaling, I delineated the logistical obstacles to his scheme. There would be questions from the editor; I said, a fact-checking process, libel concerns. Kiril just nodded. He added another $5,000. “We have a budget,” he said. “We can do many of these projects together.”

He disclosed that he was a managing editor at a Russian newspaper; one I knew to have a respected reputation. Kiril said that during the recently concluded election season, he had accepted bribes in exchange for coverage. His backers were opponents of the oligarch in the report I held in my hands, and they wanted it published in the West, for that would lend credibility to its assertions. Kiril gestured around his home. “I just bought this apartment,” he said. “With cash. The car too.” He winked. “I’m talking real money.”

Although you may make many deals, you sell yourself only once. And there’s no buying it back. I didn’t take Kiril’s offer. I didn’t judge him, either. As I waited for a cab in the cold on the street beneath the warmly lit windows of Kiril’s penthouse, I thought of St. Paul’s, and I was reaffirmed in the decisions that had carried me to my certainties. Don’t falter. Don’t judge.

Talking about morality is tricky. You can hardly do it without moralizing, and moralizing is dangerous business. It is most dangerous when you are mixing with people who live by a moral code that differs from your own, or by no moral code at all. No one enjoys being told that what they are doing is reprehensible. St. Paul’s taught me many lessons. But it is the moral lesson that has guided me more surely than any other. This lesson has served me in my profession, affording me passage to stories on the edges of life, where you must have an open mind, as well as solid moral footing, so that you may stand firmly, if silently, against the excess that threatens your understanding of the right way to treat others and yourself.

Journalism is the domain of fact, not of meaning. However, if you can gain the confidence of your subject, and if you are patient and watchful, and if you can withhold judgment, while maintaining your own moral position, then you will be able to go beyond journalism, to approach meaning. If you can transmit meaning to those in your audience who have the aptitude to receive it, then you will have performed a great service.

I am reminded of Rodrigo. He was the chief of a special forces unit in Rio de Janeiro, and I accompanied him and his group on several missions into the destitute parts of the city. These were ultra-violent affairs that never seemed to produce a clear winner, just casualities. After the operations, Rodrigo and his lieutenants would retire to a favorite restaurant, a Portuguese place, where they would joke about the young criminals whose lives had only just ended. This was gallows humor, and I kept silent. I didn’t know what it was like to fight these battles. Over the months, Rodrigo and I became friendly. He was intelligent. He discussed his job in philosophical metaphors. One afternoon, I was rewarded for my forbearance. I met Rodrigo in his office. He had just returned from a mission. He was alone. There was no one to share jokes. He looked at me plainly and told me that he had just killed a man. “It’s one more death on my shoulders,” he said, staring at the floor. His office fell silent. It was then that I understood the moral toll exacted upon the man whom the state had designated as its applicator of violence. Morality and our shifting, complex understanding of it must be central to the story. Otherwise, you have no story at all, only an anecdote.

It was not the School Prayer that gave me moral guidance. It wasn’t a particular class or game. It was something else, all of it together, the lesson in kindness, that though we compete, we may still have empathy for...
one another. It was a lesson I encountered more than once. I remember the day that fall when I was cut from the hockey team. It was something I had wanted, but for which I was not suited. I was in my room, tying my tie for Seated Meal, when a knock rapped out on my door. I was surprised to see Mr. Matthews, the hockey coach, standing in the hall. Mr. Matthews had interviewed me when I applied to the School. He had been a captain of the hockey team as a student at St. Paul’s. To my mind, he was the formulation of all lesson and experience at St. Paul’s. He took a seat on the dust-bomb, hand-me-down couch in my room, and I sat on the chair opposite him. He said that he had just called my father and told him what had happened earlier in the day. Mr. Matthews expressed his regrets to me, for he knew that my family had achieved some success in the game, that he knew I had worked hard to make the team. By the strain of his voice and the hard setting of his features, I realized that this was not an easy or enjoyable task for Mr. Matthews. Nor did he even have to be there. But he had come anyway, and this let me know that I was not alone.

St. Paul’s gave me the moral footing to go out into the world as an equal with others, no matter how society perceives them. Many times I have walked beside myself – joining the retinue of an Emirati sheikh, herding reindeer with a one-eyed nomad on the Arctic tundra of Yamal, running through Manila’s pool halls with the best shooter in the world, bargaining in the Gobi with poachers of Mongolian dinosaur bones – and thought, “here we are in another strange place with another strange dude.” And it continues. I am writing this on the train from Sochi to Krasnodar, in Russia’s southwest. The railroad tracks follow the shoreline of the Black Sea. Dolphins arc through the water’s surface now and again. Walking through the wagons, from over-spilling third class to the coupés of first, feels like tracing the path of human evolution. I have just met with the Russian prime minister, and now it is time to join Cossack patrols around the Caucasus. Again, I am granted perspective, and I know that these images pass before me on one flickering strip direct from St. Paul’s and my time there years ago. St. Paul’s gave me the idea that I may attempt fluency in the world.

I have worked in a few dozen countries. That’s more than some people, fewer than others. To tell the truth, I remember it all as a single trip: provincial passengers applauding a safe airplane landing, a deadline glaring through the fog of the time zones, knowing someone quickly and then never again, nights chased too late while reaching for the strand of a story, that moment when the reporting crystallizes and you know you have what you need, the goodbyes that you miss. Or avoid. I have looked into the eyes of others and seen myself. I once walked into a hotel lounge in St. Petersburg. It was a tsarist-era palace that had survived the Soviet period and had now returned to its former usage. Wealthy, fashionable, questionable people talked to one another in whispers. I looked across the table from me, and here was someone I had known at St. Paul’s. He was a diplomat now, a job that well suited his temperament and capacity to convince. This posting was testing that temperament. He told me that, more than once, the local authorities had broken into his home and rifled through his family’s belongings. They had left the front door ajar, making sure that their point was understood: we can get to you anytime. He told me this story calmly, as though he hardly minded. But I knew. He wouldn’t let it get to him. We looked at each other, then looked away, said nothing more about it. There was no need, in the ethic that we shared.

That ethic led me to a café in Singapore, for a meeting with a criminal figure. I opened the door, and there he stood. We both paused, and he said, “I think we have an eye for each other.” We spoke for several hours. We talked about his business. Beijing backed it, he told me, and it operated on every continent. I had a beer, he had an espresso, and as our conversation continued, his tone began to change. He had influence. He had a name. But his voice was faltering. He asked me to make a deal for him with the authorities. He wanted out. I saw that if a man knows that you are not judging him, he is inclined to befriend you. I saw also the moral burden that this man had never expected to carry. He understood too late what he had to do.

It is not enough to be able to identify the right thing to do. You must have the strength also to do it. St. Paul’s gave me the capacity for both. I don’t always do the right thing. Who does? But I ask myself a question: What would my life be had I not had the good fortune to be admitted to St. Paul’s? Would I have the strength to stand firmly while in moral distortion? Don’t falter. Don’t judge.

These are questions in the abstract, with no answer, and that’s why I ask them from time to time. All I can answer is that without St. Paul’s, my life may have meandered. Let the reader moralize.
REVIEWS

What are you reading?

U.S. Senator Sheldon Whitehouse ’73 of Rhode Island recommends Robert Caro’s The Passage of Power, “an LBJ’s-eye view of JFK’s election, presidency, and assassination and the early days of the Johnson presidency. It’s a fantastic book; how key Johnson was to President Kennedy’s election; how roughly handled he was by the Kennedy administration; how skillfully he took power when it came without warning; and how with that power he drove the moribund civil rights bill through Congress. Caro really gets the politics right.

“Another is Troublesome Young Men, Lynne Olson’s tale of the Conservative insurrection that brought down the Chamberlain government on the eve of World War II. Although her subject is politics, this is really an adventure story – very well told.”

The Right-Hand Shore by Christopher Tilghman ’64
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 368 pages, $27
Reviewed by Mark Bell

In The Right-Hand Shore, Christopher Tilghman ’64 returns to the Eastern Shore of Maryland and the withering Mason family plantation, The Retreat. Tilghman, the director of the Creative Writing Program at the University of Virginia, shows that he’s a writer’s writer, a skilled craftsman who observes a trained patience as he deliberately unspools the story of the land and his characters.

The Eastern Shore is, by virtue of its geography, a place that time seems to have overlooked. In his novel, Tilghman writes it as a place defined by its idyllic isolation, where even the Civil War “existed only as distant catastrophe and not intimate tragedy; there was no reason for any Union army to drive down the peninsula,

The Pink Nectar Café by James Bishop Jr. ’54
New Territory Arts, 128 pages, $12.95
Reviewed by Mark Bell

Whether describing a chilling encounter between a hunter and mountain lion, or a miracle elixir served in a Sedona saloon, James Bishop Jr.’s The Pink Nectar Café is a collection of intensely local and often dream-like vignettes drawing from the myths, people, and places of the American Southwest. Bishop’s narratives interconnect by virtue of their independent and particular mystery, concluding each of the dozen stories with the refrain “Let the mystery be!”

For Bishop, mystery is a sublime, essential component one must internalize in order to comprehend a subject with the sheer scale of the open West. The ability to appreciate mystery on its own terms allows for a broader celebration of the mystery that defines Bishop’s American Southwest, where “what is imagined is real... and what is real is imagined.”

At times a journalist, at other times a mythologist, Bishop takes on a broad range of interests and themes. However, his writing sharpens and his themes galvanize when telling the story of Everett Ruess, a young Californian who sought a life of solitude and adventure in the canyon country of Utah and Arizona.

The trope of the young man who forsakes the excesses of the modern world for the vast wilderness will no doubt be familiar to those who’ve read Jon Krakauer’s Into the Wild. Calling himself “Nemo,” Ruess sets off for the desert upon graduating high school in 1931. Occasionally, he passes through a town to stock up on provisions and correspond with his family, sharing his poetry and experiences in “perhaps the most lonely and desolate area anywhere in North America, south of Alaska.”

In 1935, Ruess disappears forever – mysteriously, of course. His life and death endure, however, like the other unresolved riddles populating Bishop’s stories; and by virtue of their mystery, they give meaning to Bishop’s American Southwest.

On Virtues: Quotations and Insight to Live a Full, Honorable, and Truly American Life
U.S. Senator Sheldon Whitehouse ’73

This collection of quotations speaks to the forms and principles of American democracy and laws, and to the courage, optimism, and sacrifice that ennable the great American experiment. The quotes, collected by Senator Whitehouse over a 20-year period, include words from philosophers and artists to authors and politicians to activists and intellectuals.

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Quotations for Virtue to Live a Full, Honorable, Truly American Life

What are you reading?
and no way for any Confederate army to march up it.”

_The Right-Hand Shore_ begins in 1920, with the opportunistic and reckless Edward Mason calling on his distant relative, Miss Mary Bayly, at The Retreat, a living history where “what happens on the land is never past.” Mary would like to name an heir to The Retreat, preferably the closest direct descendent of the estate’s founder, on the condition the heir in question is Catholic. This is no obstacle for Edward, who asks, “Really, we’re all Catholics, aren’t we?”

Over the course of his visit, Edward hears the stories of the land and its inhabitants, a rich and complex tapestry of race, class, and family that is both intimately local and universal. He learns of Miss Mary’s grandfather, who preemptively sold all of his slaves rather than lose them to Emancipation; of Mary’s father and his ambitious but disastrous attempts to restore the fortunes of The Retreat.

Unlike Edward, however, Tighetman doesn’t flinch in the face of The Retreat and its history, intrepidly tapping the dark injustices and secrets that riddle the revered property and, more broadly, the United States.

### The Oracle of Hollywood

_Dana Goodyear ‘94_

The frank, raw lyrics of Dana Goodyear’s second collection draw on the scenery of Los Angeles—the teenagers, vagrants, pornographers—and the beautiful decay that serves as an insistent reminder to them all. The poems are unsparing but tender, candid but sly, and open to the force of nature on an individual human life.

### The 4-Hour Chef

_Timothy Ferriss ‘95_

What if you could become world-class in anything in six months or less? _The 4-Hour Chef_ isn’t just a cookbook; it’s a choose-your-own-adventure guide to the world of rapid learning. Ferriss takes you from Manhattan to Okinawa, and from Silicon Valley to Calcutta, unearthing the secrets of the world’s fastest learners and greatest chefs. Ferriss uses cooking to explain “meta-learning,” a step-by-step process that can be used to master anything, whether searing steak or shooting three-pointers in basketball. That is the real “recipe” of _The 4-Hour Chef_. You’ll train inside the kitchen for everything outside the kitchen. Featuring tips and tricks from chess prodigies, world-renowned chefs, pro athletes, master sommeliers, supermodels, and everyone in between, this “cookbook for people who don’t buy cookbooks” is a guide to mastering cooking and life.

### Blood Algebra

_John Cooper Lovejoy ‘83_

_Blood Algebra_ is two stories in one: A fiery and quixotic American physician who goes to Guatemala to help the underserved, but brings about unintended consequences when she falls for the most unlikely of men, and a Guatemalan military hero trained by the CIA, whose greatest qualities bring about his spectacular downfall, and yet lead to his rebirth and his greatest, most ruthless success. Both stories beget the question: What are any of us capable of, if pushed beyond our limits by the extremes of war or love?

### Double Agent

_Michelle Chan Brown ‘99_

_Agent_ is praised in terms of its music, strangeness, and originality. Sound is everything in these poems, and I found myself longing to hear them read aloud. Lines such as these from “Open House,” a poem of social critique, seem meant for performance: “Thirteen tulips heighten the bouquet’s tension. Bouffants float in the atmosphere like funeral chrysanthemums.”

Although the setting is often refined—elegant dinner dates and parties, a chauffeured ride, shopping for high-end fashion, a reference to the opera—all these lovely things are made unsafe with deft little turns of lines so that poems lush as oysters bite us with a grit we come to savor.
COMMUNITY

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
Young Alumni: Hosted by Kim Lofgren ’05 and Lindsay Deane ’04, Dec. 13

Young Alumni: Hosted by Amory Loring ’00, Lindsay Deane ’04, Sarah Burleigh ’05, Arthur Zeckendorf ’05, Clayton Sachs ’06, Quincy Darbyshire ’07, and Brian Burton ’09, Feb. 7

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Young Alumni: Hubbard Inn, Nov. 8

CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE
Festival of Lessons and Carols: Dec. 9

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA
Reception: Hosted by Bill and Dori Walton ’74, Jan. 17

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
Reception: Lucques, February 27

NEW YORK CITY
25th Pre–Reunion Reception: Hosted by Alison Manolovici Cody ’88, Nov. 14

NYC Pelican Network: AHL hockey, December 9

Young Alumni: Hosted by Will O’Boyle ’98, John Imbriglia ’99, Kathryn Duryea ’00, Chauncey Kerr ’05, and Jenny Zeckendorf ’07, Jan. 23

20th Reunion Kick–off: Hosted by Margaret Warden ’93, Jan. 23

Millville Dinner: Jan. 24

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA
Reception: Academic Dean Lawrence Smith, Feb. 21

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
Bay Area Pelican Network: Marine Mammal Center, Jan. 27

Reception: One Kearny Club, Feb. 28

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Reception: Hosted by Sam Reid ’81, Jan. 10

MARK YOUR CALENDAR FOR MORE SPS ALUMNI EVENTS!

March 15: Manchester, N.H., AHL Hockey Game
March 21: NYC Pelicans Theatre Event
April 3: New York City, Alumni Association Annual Meeting
April 19: NYC Pelicans Rock Brooklyn
April 21: D.C. Pelicans Service Event
April 25: Boston, MIT Museum
May 18: Providence, R.I., SPS Sparks Service Event
May 31–June 2: Concord, N.H., Anniversary Weekend and Graduation

For details or to register for these events, go to www.sps.edu/alumnievents. Be sure you receive invitations to upcoming alumni events by sending updated contact information to updates@sps.edu.
Kit Kittredge ’43 makes an easy decision

Meet Kit Kittredge ’43. Even before the “fiscal cliff” tax deal earlier this year, he had already made St. Paul’s School a beneficiary of his retirement plan.

“Some years ago, a tax adviser explained the disadvantage of giving an IRA remainder to children,” Kit recalls. “A huge amount of its value goes to taxes. But with a donation to a nonprofit, 100 percent goes to the recipient — an easy decision!”

Under the new law and depending upon the makeup of your estate, at death your IRA could lose 40 percent or more of its value to Uncle Sam. Additionally for calendar year 2013 only, the early-January tax agreement allows direct rollover from traditional IRAs to qualified charities (including SPS) in amounts up to $100,000. (You must be at least 70 ½. The rollovers can also satisfy required minimum distributions.)

So consider this a tax-efficient way to make pledge payments to St. Paul’s, or to make payments credited to this and/or future years (say, your next reunion, for example). Including St. Paul’s School in your estate plans, either as a beneficiary of your IRA or in some other way, makes good sense tax-wise.

For a confidential conversation, please contact Bob Barr, director of gift planning, at 603-229-4875, rbarr@sps.edu; or visit our website at www.sps.edu/plannedgiving.
The Formnotes below reflect information received through January 2013. 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.

1939


1941

John B. Jessup
jcjessup@sbcglobal.net

John Jessup spoke with several formmates in January, gathering these updates:

Max Belding and his wife, Sally, are doing well and are moving into a life-care unit at Essex Meadows, in Lyme, Conn.

John Bermingham is writing a book entitled Crunch Time and the Myth of Sustainability, about the over–consuming in all of our lives.

Fig Coleman is at Piper Shores, near Cape Elizabeth, Maine. He says he’s getting pretty good at watching TV.

1943

Norman S. Walker
walkerns@verizon.net
www.sps.edu/1943

1948

Clarence H. King Jr.
crucero.clacky@gmail.com
www.sps.edu/1948

1950

W. Dean Howells
hhi@ix.netcom.com

Peter Hopkinson writes: “A few weeks ago, I finally retired from a very long career in architecture that began in 1961 with SOM in San Francisco and culminated as chief architect for NYMTA’s $7.4B East Side Access project (2001–06) and for New Jersey Transit’s $8.7B ARC project (2006–11).”

1952

Peter C. Stearns
pstearns@blissnet.com
November news from Asa Davis: “Still enjoying life. Taking my granddaughter (from Thomasville, Ga.) – last of four – to NYC to celebrate her 10th birthday. Will be glad to no longer have to watch the Rockettes after this one. Whole family, 10 of us, headed for our cabin in Tetonia, Idaho, for Christmas. It was crowded, but fun. Skied in Utah in January, and in Idaho and Wyoming in March. Visiting friends in San Francisco in May. As Satchel Paige said, ‘Don’t look back, something may be gaining on you!’ Anyone passing Savannah, give us a call (912–231–6666). It’s a lovely city with lots to do.”

Stan Rinehart writes: “Hello from one who has long been absent from our formnotes. I’ve enjoyed reading your news and think it’s about time I reciprocated. I’m also motivated by reading that some of you live in N.H., where my wife, Carolyn, and I are purchasing a condo near Hanover. It will be a welcome change from N.Y. taxes, especially of the Westchester variety.

“I’ll keep the biography to a minimum: college, Army, publishing, marriage, two children (Alison, Stanley IV), then in 1983 I joined Bankers Trust and segued from there to the brokerage business. Retired from that in 2007. Since then, I’ve taken on some volunteer commitments and Carolyn and I have been able to spend more time at our cottage on the Canadian shore of Lake Huron near Stratford. Carolyn continues to work for the Institute for Study Abroad, but may be persuaded to join the leisure crowd once we move to Hanover. Alison and Stanley are true Californians now, having moved there with their mother in the early 80s. Between them they have managed to give us five grandchildren. And yes, there is a Stanley V, poor lad.

“I’ve kept in touch with Jasper Evarts, and more recently, Peter Bull, both friends of some
70 years now. I had lunch a few months ago with Peter Gates, who is well and still working, and I’ve seen Tim Cooley several times this autumn. Tim has had a stroke and a heart attack and is now in Governor’s House rehabilitation center. Kathy, Tim’s wife, hopes Tim can return home soon, as do we.

“Carolyn and I will continue to keep a toehold in NYC, so please let us know if you’ll be there, or Hanover, or Goderich, Ontario, as I’d like to renew old friendships.”

1953

W. Wright Olney
wright.olney@comcast.net
www.sps.edu/1953

Dr. Hugh Clark sent in this note: “Good health still allows skiing, fly fishing, hiking, and biking. I teach fly tying to veterans, many with PTSD. We are just back from three weeks in Vietnam.”

1954

Edward P. Harding
barnhill@hardinggroup.com

In recognition of Harry Rulon-Miller’s lifetime of service, Princeton Day School has announced that the annual hockey tournament will now be known as the Harry Rulon-Miller ’51 tournament will now be known as the Harry Rulon-Miller ’51 tournament. The tournament will begin on November 11.

1955

Morris Cheston Jr.
chestonm@ballardspahr.com

Ted Ward reports that he and Jerry Miller had their eighth annual fall lunch in San Francisco. Jerry lives in Scottsdale, Ariz., but keeps an apartment near Stanford for his consulting work. He also does research for the Melanoma Center at Cal Pacific Medical Center in San Francisco. He is ready to host golfers anxious to play the great desert courses in the Phoenix area.

From Morris Cheston: “I deliver the sad news from Yoshi Shimizu that David Dana’s wife, Marcie, died at the beginning of December in Southern California.”

1956

Zachariah Allen
zach.allen@paneurasian.com

Bob Ingersoll shared these travels: “Beadle and Ingy, a.k.a. Bob Ingersoll and Beadle Ingersoll, accompanied by Puffin, a seafaring Bichon Frise, piloted Capt. Bill’s 42-foot powerboat ‘Sparrow’ from East Hampton, Long Island, to Baltimore. The 400-mile adventure included a tour of New York Harbor via Long Island Sound and the East River; the Atlantic coast of New Jersey; Delaware Bay, the C&D Canal to Chesapeake Bay, and into the Port of Baltimore; a Renaissance city if you haven’t seen it lately. Interim overnight stays were spent aboard ship in Atlantic Highlands and Cape May. Beadle’s encore, now in planning, will be to ship ‘Sparrow’ to Rotterdam to start a three-summer odyssey taking him to such ports of call as Prague, Potsdam, Berlin, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Helsinki, St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Istanbul, primarily utilizing the inland waterways, but including the higher seas of the Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Caspian. Whew! Quite a vision!”

1959

David B. Atkinson
david.atkinson1@mac.com

Malcolm MacKay’s new book, Impeccable Connections: The Rise and Fall of Richard Whitney, will be published by the Brick Tower Press. Boylston and Co. will publish the e-book. Malcolm tells the story of Whitney, who was the president of the New York Stock Exchange between 1930 and 1935, and the Wall Street spokesman against the creation of the Securities and Exchange Commission. In 1938 he was sent to Sing Sing for embezzlement. Louis Auchincloss’s novel The Embezzler was based on Whitney. Malcolm knew Whitney as a child and kept in contact with him until his death in 1974. What inspired Malcolm to write the book was his curiosity over how a man who apparently had everything could engage in such a crime.

David Atkinson writes: “Over my desk hangs a piece of artwork by an artist friend of Laura Bartsch ’86, which she had prepared as a gift for each of us on the Executive Committee of the Alumni Association as she completed her term as president. Drawn and hand-written in beautiful script, it depicts a pelican and the School Prayer. Upon this New Year, and in the wake of Newtown, those words come to mind...and to heart. Sam Callaway joins me in the same reflection.”

1963

Peter J. Ames
peter.ames3@verizon.net
www.sps.edu/1963
On Saturday, January 5, Tony Parker and Claire Buchan were married at the Little Sanctuary at St. Albans in Washington, D.C., followed by a delightful reception at their home. On hand from SPS ’64 to help celebrate were Chuck Coggleshall, Haven Pell, Jad Roberts, Peter Gerry, Rob Claflin, Rick Sperry, and Ham Clark ’67.

Haven Pell has moved to career 6.0, with the launch of www.libertypell.com (“mostly not cracked”). Named by Charles Scribner III ’69, it focuses on “deficiencies in our political system.” Seeds for the venture were sewn by Peter Bragdon, an SPS history teacher in the early sixties, and exposure to various aspects of finance during careers 2.0 through 5.0.

JB Richardson had the pleasure of visiting Pete Humphrey, who treated JB to a ride in his beautifully restored Cord auto. Later in June, JB and his wife, Margaret, stopped in Steamboat Springs, Colo., as part of a trip to Mt. Rushmore, Yellowstone, and Grand Teton National Parks, where they spent two delightful days with Linda and Roger Young. It was great to reconnect after many years.

Jad Roberts’s daughter Ellie ’08 is working for a doctor in Buenos Aires for a year before starting medical school (in the U.S.) next fall. Son Bardy is a freshman at St. Lawrence University in far-away Canton, N.Y. Jad is now in his 29th year at Amtrak, thinking regularly about retiring, but with no specific plans or date in mind.

Nancy and Rick Sperry’s daughter, Isabel, is a freshman at Yale.

Dick Ranck reports that the Woodmere Museum of Philadelphia has recently added a painting and collage of his to their permanent collection of contemporary art. The painting is 60 x 50, acrylic/wax, on canvas.

Jos Wiley is now a proud grandfather. His daughter, Helena Von Rueden, gave birth to Lucia last year. Helena is finishing a doctoral in choral music conducting at the University of California, Santa Barbara.

Livy Miller notes his big news on two fronts: “Much like my academics, my grandchild production puts me squarely in the bottom quartile of our form. But what a beauty number one is. Lucy Payne Norberg, six months old, born to Nelle Miller and husband Bill Norberg. Along the way I have appointed myself a new nickname that’s easier for kids to pronounce, and way more masculine than the wishy-washy Livy of all these years. Best to all former mates. ‘Duke’ Miller.”

David Bliss walked his daughter, Laura, down the aisle on a beautiful sunny day at his house in New Vineyard, Maine. New son-in-law is Adam Curtis. SPS alum Francis Bliss ’36 attended and danced at the reception.

Bill Gordon notes: “The attorneys in our form may be shocked to know Alaska’s governor recently appointed me as a non-attorney member of the Board of Governors of the Alaska Bar Association. Apparently, lawyers need help from outsiders to manage their governance. It has been a very interesting first few meetings but the travel back to a very cold Alaskan winter is not something I enjoy.”

Robin Lloyd writes: “I have just finished an historical novel, which will be published in the spring of 2013. It’s a salty tale about sailors, artists, and Charles Dickens, all told through an American sailor’s eyes.”

Steve Crandall and Tres Davidson report: “After our form’s reunion at Great Mountain Forest in June 2012 and discussion on how we can give back to the world around us and at the same time expand our relationship with the School beyond solely pecuniary support, we have launched SPS Sparks, a social entrepreneurship network for sparking ideas, communication, and activities to enable the St. Paul’s School community (students, faculty, staff, parents, and alumni) to collaboratively serve, collectively give back, and creatively share. Our effort has drawn strength and guidance from...”
past leaders of the School, most notably, Dr. Drury, and most recently, Bill Matthews ’61, who wrote in a July 10, 2008 letter to all in the SPS community: ‘How to serve? That ideal is – and has always been – at the heart of a St. Paul’s School education, where learning in community aims toward a purpose higher than personal gain.’

‘Is this what today is called social entrepreneurship? We invite all within the SPS community to participate this upcoming spring on May 18 in the inaugural SPS Sparks Day of Service. This Southern New England event will convene at the Knowles Mill Park on the Pawcatuck River in Richmond, Rhode Island. Please go to www .spssparks.org to learn more.’

Steve Crandall also reports that he was hanging out in Rhode Island with Mark Cameron’s kids, Ian and Shreve, over the holidays. “Both of them are so much like Mark, with big hearts and constant smiles. Ian has been active in establishing Middlebury College’s Center for Social Entrepreneurship and has been a very helpful resource in the development of the SPS Sparks initiative.”

Jamie Hogg reports that his daughter, Betsy, “took over the female lead in the Broadway play Peter and the Starcatcher. A very amusing ‘prequel’ to Peter Pan, it won five Tony Awards and is on the 10 best of 2012 lists of the critics for The New York Times and The New Yorker. If you have the time and inclination, I would recommend the show (of course, I would probably recommend the show even if it was a bomb).”

**1971**

Mark M. Wheeler mwheeler@wtinvestment-advisors.com

In the true spirit of ’71, Bram Lewis chose December 21 to host not the usual holiday get-together, but a combination “Mayan End–of–the–World/Artie Party.” He gathered the largest group of the faithful outside a reunion in memory. Bram was joined by Brook Boyd, Chris Denison, Terry Gruber, Tony Hairston, Woody Pier, Spence Rumsey, Bill Selby, Peter Seymour, Nick Shorter, Fred Stillman, Byam Stevens, Trip Spencer, Mark Wheeler, and Bill Wood. A non–SPS friend of Terry’s wondered aloud, “I can’t believe you guys still stay in touch with each other,” but of course he didn’t experience SPS with us, so we forgave his curiosity. The spirit was more than convivial: reminiscences shared, old acquaintances renewed, new friendships begun, and of particular note, the four we have had the least to report on over the past few years gave new depth to the gathering: Brook Boyd is having a successful career in real estate law in New York; Nick Shorter is head of pediatric surgery at SUNY Downstate; Bill Selby is the managing director at Gabelli Asset Management; and Bill Wood is director of business virtualization at Glaxo Smith Kline.

We wound up around midnight, reassured that the world would not end and there would be further such evenings to share. As we filed out, saying our last goodbyes, our host stood outside in his shirt–sleeves, silhouetted by the New York winter sky, smiling and waving much in the same way one of us remembers him under the New Hampshire sky many, many years ago.

**1972**

John Henry Low jhl@knick.com

John Henry Low files this form report: “And the Oscar goes to ... D.A. Pennebaker! Congratulations to Frazer Pennebaker’s father, D.A. received an Oscar in December for lifetime achievement for his work in documentary filmmaking. Frazer lives with his wife Pam in New York City. His son Nate is attending Pitzer College in Los Angeles and his daughter Mae attends Trinity College in Hartford. After graduating from Hampshire College, Frazer has been the producer at Pennebaker Hege- dus since 1980 and has produced all of D.A. Pennebaker’s films. When I asked Frazer about his meteoric career path, he rather humbly recounted the history as (loosely interpreted here) ‘One day I was working as a carpenter in the office and I was asked if I wanted to be a producer.’ Frazer has numerous credits, including The War Room, Kings of Pastry, Daytime–Emmy–award–winning Elaine Stritch: At Liberty, and another 18 titles on IMDB.”

Charlie Bronson writes: “I recently quit my job in health–care IT to move to Kauai. The job was very stressful and intense, with a long, complex, multi–dimensional sales cycle, although I believe the future of our healthcare system will come out of the incredible work begin done by the professionals in Medicaid HMOs, my former clients. I moved to Kauai for a simpler lifestyle, but also for the opportunity to serve others directly, one–on–one. My work now impacts each person immediately, which is more fulfilling than B2B sales. I live on a farm from where I can see
the Pacific – albatrosses, monk seals, and humpbacks. The Kauai Food Truck, my fave, made their own bumper sticker that sums it up: “Kauai has two speeds: slow and slower.” I’m working on my network marketing business and my farmer’s market business. One is for retirement; the other for immediate gratification. Both work with ancient, whole raw foods consumed as medicine. I intend to be one of Medicare’s healthiest seniors! Soooo, I’m thinking the 50th could be in Kauai? Can you imagine the SPS Hawaii Five-0 Hawaiian shirts?

The “late” Daves Cooke, who was so late that he regrettably missed our Four-0, writes: “It took my daughter’s high school graduation and two flight cancellations to keep me from this year’s Anniversary. Reading Charlie’s evocative account of the weekend only made me miss you more. All is well with the Cooke family. I am busily practicing law, mainly civil litigation, now in my 32nd year with the same firm. Helen is substitute teaching and enjoying staying in touch with our three kids. Dawes III is doing an internship at the Freedom House in NYC, where I am editor and part owner. I also work on my strategy-consulting program, with the help of a designer and a yoga consultant. I hope you’ll come to Charleston and drop in on us! I’m going to make it to the 41st if possible, but Dawes III is getting married shortly thereafter, so it is possible I’ll be grounded during the run-up to the wedding! I hope I’ll see you, though.”

David Holt chimes in from the Great White North: “My son, Ben, stayed at home in the fall, preparing to enter a master’s program in jazz guitar at the University of North Texas, the oldest jazz program in the U.S. (and therefore the world). I continue to develop the OptiMYz health and fitness media company, where I am editor and part owner. I also work on my strategy-consulting program, with the help of a designer and a yoga teacher who also does animation. My wife, Donna, and I visited daughter Claire in Quebec. Here is the answer to Graeme Boone’s question about my revealation at our reunion. Donna had it: ‘Gee, those guys can talk about anything.’ Meaning: not a bunch of know-it-alls, but a bunch of open-minded people. The world needs more of this.”

Blair Scribner, who made an all-too-brief appearance at our 40th, was appointed director of the middle school at the Buckley School in New York City, where he also teaches English and sixth grade. After Penn, his first teaching gig was at the Indian Mountain School in Lakeville, Conn., where John Henry Low’s daughter, Spencer, is currently in the fifth grade.

In November, NAPFA – the National Association for Personal Financial Advisors – held its 2012 East Conference at the Inner Harbor of Baltimore, Md. John Henry Low attended a session taught by our own Rick Miller, who co-taught “Understanding Longevity.” At the same conference, John Henry taught a session on “Counter-Party Risk: The Biggest Risk You Didn’t Know You Were Taking with Your Client’s Money.” John Henry says, “Just like during our Millville days, Rick and I did have a few ‘differences of opinion’ on some of the finer points in our respective presentations. In our Third Form year at SPS, I learned very quickly never get into an argument with Rick, who would always win them, and before long he was moving on to glory with the debating team under Richard Lederer’s tutelage. The odds of two members of the Form of 1972 speaking at the same NAPFA Conference (or even any two SPS alumni) are lower than the odds of being struck twice by lightning.”

Larry Woody writes: “I entered my book into the Writer’s Digest 2012 self-published book contest. I did not win, but here is what an anonymous judge had to say. ‘In Black In White is a highly entertaining, honestly told personal story. In the opinion of this judge, the book’s key strength is Mr. Woody’s incredibly natural style of writing. Interspersing slang and vernacular freely with standard grammar and usage, he does a great job of rendering the gritty city experiences that shaped him. The reader gets vivid picture after vivid picture, with lots of interesting details. Mr. Woody also does a good job representing the core values that he took away from his family and the streets, as well as the unusual experience of his being ripped from familiar surroundings and transplanted to a high-toned prep school, thanks to a scholarship program. Overall, an engrossing memoir of a life well lived.’”

1973
Samuel E. Belk IV
qbelk@hotmail.com
www.sps.edu/1973

1975
Al Besse was honored in October: “I’m pleased to say that I was awarded the William Way LGBT Community Center’s inaugural Humanitarian of the Year award, along with a citation from the mayor of Philadelphia. I think the last time I received such a momentous recognition was when the Rector presented me with a set of SPS blazer buttons at my graduation.”

Jack Bogie, founder of the Vanguard Group, and John Henry Low ’72 take a break from their respective speaking engagements at the November 2012 NAPFA Conference in Baltimore.

The mayor of Philadelphia presented Al Besse ’75 (r.) with the William Way LGBT Community Center’s inaugural Humanitarian of the Year award.
1977

Gordon R. Stanton
gstanton@bhsusa.com

Gordon Stanton writes: “This has been a rough time since our glorious reunion – the five–year reminder of how fabulous it was to be here and how great it is to come back with no homework due, and to take–home mementos crafted by Cornelia Ashley! First Chuck Kuehn battling cancer, and then the shock in October of Sandy Kaynor’s injuries and his battle to heal. We now offer our condolences to Dick Soule on the death of his father, Richard ’45, who played a mean saw–violin. The good news is the amazing support and concern that Chuck and Sandy have gotten from their formmates, like the fundraising bike ride that Dick did in August and dedicated to Chuck. We may end our stay at St. Paul’s, but we always have the opportunity to be part of the strength of its community.”

1978

Nora Tracy Phillips
noratphil@aol.com
www.sps.edu/1978

An update from Will Doolittle: “My two daughters, Tam and Zoe, are 17 now and are high school juniors. My wife, Bella, and I also have an older son, Travis, who is 34, and daughter, Ginny, who is 33, and are proud grandparents of Travis’s daughter, Sophia Bella, born August 1, 2012.

Thor Thors writes after Hurricane Sandy: “The Upper East Side, where my wife, Melissa, kids, and I live, wasn’t that badly affected, except for flooding in lower areas and the FDR, as well as many lost trees. However, a property transaction I was in the middle of was seriously derailed because it was flooded by the storm. We are resilient here, though, and things are moving along fine.”

Henry Trevor reports on his whereabouts: “My wife, Elizabeth, and I have just moved out to Berkeley, Calif., after spending all our lives in New York City, the last 22 years in Brooklyn. I am head of the Montessori Family School, a small elementary school out here. Almost as soon as we arrived, I ran into David Moffat ’75, who lives in Berkeley and is the father of three graduates of my new school. Before joining MFS, I was interim middle school director at the Nueva School in San Francisco for a year, where I had the privilege of teaching two current SPS students, Kevin Penner ’16 and Brunston Poon ’16. My own sons are Colin, age 20, a sophomore at Reed College, and Reece, 23, who graduated from the University of Chicago and is now a junior fellow specializing in South Asia relations at the Carnegie Foundation for International Peace.

Scott Elder just retired from the U.S. Air Force Reserve as a Colonel. After flying A–10s in Massachusetts for nine years, he moved to Southeast Asia and organized U.S.–Thai special operations exercises and Thai civil/military inter–agency terrorist response initiatives for 15 years. He is now vice president of a small jet fuel company, trying to expand business in Asia. By the sofa in his apartment in Bangkok stands a 1924 Gibson 5–string banjo, which, he says, does not get played enough. Scott reports that he may not be able to join us for the reunion, but he invites you for dinner at his home “if/when you transit Thailand’s capital.” If Bangkok is on your travel itinerary, ask the School for Scott’s contact information.

1979

Alexander B. Gove
alexgove@gmail.com
www.sps.edu/1979

Charles Jakosa writes: “After two years in Mexico City with the State Department, I am now in Sierra Leone, heading a UK–funded Access to Justice project. All good here, though strangely the alumni register doesn’t show any other SPSers in Freetown. I have been bating Derek Saleebey to come and have some grilled barracuda and Star beer. However, any of you are equally (and perhaps more) welcome. I’ll see Kari Kontu and Patrick Smulders in London and am going skiing with Steve Kahn in February. Sadly, no 30th for me; I’ll be too busy trying to learn to carry things on my head.”

1984

Maria Paumgarten–Parker
majapaumgarten@gmail.com

Chris Chappell and Edith Pepper connected at the 25th SPS reunion and co–wrote two songs, which appear on the newly released CD Must Hatch by Chris’s band, the Incubators (www.theincubators.net).

Billy McCullough reports: “Off to a great winter in Tahoe. Skied with Kipp Sylvester and Sallie Bryant ’83 this holiday season. Good snow equals great business at my restaurant, Dragonfly. Anyone coming this way, come eat and ski!”

Sarah Casey writes: “Can’t believe it has been 29 years since we all left Millville. I was at SPS this fall with my 14–year–old, who is looking at boarding schools as well as local day schools. The campus is so gorgeous and even better than when we were there if you can believe it. So sorry to hear of the passing of our formmate Henry Whittlesey. God bless Sarah Murphy for organizing a memorial service for him at SPS. Love to all.”

This from Maja Paumgarten: “I was deeply saddened to hear of Henry’s death before Christmas. He was a good friend and I will keep my memories of him at SPS close to my heart as I am sure is the case for our whole form. After Christmas, I visited with Lynne Hawley and her family in Millbrook. Lynne is acting and teaching at Bard College. We had lots of laughs and serious moments in our conversations about SPS and our form. Just after that visit, I dropped my son, John Parker ’12, in Canada where he is
training for his Ski Instructor certification and mountain rescue at Mont Tremblant while on his gap year.

1988

Gordon P. Bellamy
gbellamy@gmail.com
www.sps.edu/1988

From Shauna Peet: “I’m planning for Telluride’s 50th Bluegrass Festival this summer. I saw Amy Beattie and Pete McBride there a couple of years ago. Karl and I are bringing our 7-year-old daughter for her first time. Should be fun! In the meantime, we are hoping for snow in Chicago so we can sled this winter.”

From Jason Savage: “I’ve got nothing of any note. Though I may switch to Cinnamon Kashi.”

From Harimandir Kaur: “We are glad to be settled in Superior, Colo., with our daughter (7) and son (3). Absolutely love it here. Connected to Kemble Stokes ’90 during the unfortunate fire season here, and when visiting Boston to do some research work at McLean Hospital had a wonderful visit with Kristin Osborn ’88 after so many years. I continue to be the principal data manager for the Harvard-McLean first—episode psychosis study, doing data analysis and manuscript preparation. Locally, I will be working on a project with a local sheriff’s department analyzing outcome data from their crisis intervention training. Mental health and the law has been an interest of mine for several years. I hope to see everyone in 2014, if not sooner. Feel free to contact me on my very ancient e-mail: harimandirk@netscape.net. We can sit down, do some long, deep breathing, and feel great!”

From Cristina R. Norcross: “I have my fourth poetry book coming out soon. My chapbook, The Lava Storyteller, is due out in June 2013, as part of the Red Mare Chapbook series. My poem, “When August Becomes a Whisper” (first published on the Your Daily Poem site), was recently turned into a song by the indie, Virginia—based band Signals. Here is a link to the song on ReverbNation: www.reverbnation.com/play_now/song_14616055. Updates on publications and ordering information will be on my website: www.firkinfiction.com.”

From Lynzi Ziegenhagen: “I’ve spun off my team from Aspire Public Schools to bring our popular data tools to schools everywhere through Schoolzilla (www.schoolzilla.org). We provide cloud-based data tools that eliminate busy work for teachers, principals, and superintendents and empower them to make data—driven decisions that increase student achievement. I am amazed and delighted by how many Paulies are working in the education world, including my newb, Jen Boyle ’91, who I ran into at a conference this year.”

From Gracyn Robinson: “Life is very busy with daughters Lila (10), Dylan (8), and Elsie (6) and launch of new venture A CASA Design (www.acasadesign.com) this past year. Many thanks to Alex Paine ’87 and his team at Websight Design (Sausalito, Calif.) for their creativity and talent. Have also been on a Liberty Puzzle tear this past holiday season; thank you, Chris Wirth ’86!”

Bailey Whiteman realizes she hasn’t sent an update in ages: “So, folks may know that Margery Alice W. Belling was born at home in late May 2010. Since then, she has gone from infant to crazy, verbal, awesome 2—year—old in what seems like minutes. Meanwhile, Margery Alice’s older brother, Jonathan Peter, is completing kindergarten at the local Waldorf preschool (Acorn Hill), and will then start homeschooling for

1989

Marshall R. Neilson
marshall.neilson@gmail.com

Andrew Gauldin is organizing a book drive for the Bishop Walker School for Boys in D.C.: “There are two ways to help: purchase a Bible or dictionary from the school bookstore by asking for Sharon or contact the development director at the school, Tom Knox, and ask about building the school library. Contact Andrew at: drewgauldin@gmail.com.”

From John Lehrman: “Good news! Now that I have bought the Downing Mountain Lodge, I recently received Forest Service permission to ski guide in the Bitterroot Mountains. This will enhance our offering and appeal to a larger group of backcountry skiers.”

From Chip Davis: “I’m still publishing Rowing magazine (20th year), living in Vermont with my wife, Alison, our daughter, Ella (3), and son, Charlie (18 months).”

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first grade. Bailey’s husband, Doug, got a job at the U.S. Dept. of Veterans Affairs, and loves helping veterans while helping the V.A. improve its systems and programs. Wildest of all (in Bailey’s opinion) is that she, after 20+ years of singing, is now conducting instead! She’s the chorus conductor for the Washington Ethical Society, a humanistic religious congregation with about 300 members. She loves choosing music that supports a religious service, as well as preparing the chorus and leading them on Sundays. Obviously, she’s still a musician, but just on a different path. If you live in the D.C. area and are looking for a religious community (and especially if you’d like to be singing in a chorus!), she’d love to see you at the Ethical Society. Bailey is in touch with many formmates via Facebook but hopes to see more SPS folk in person in 2013.”

1990
Megan Duryea Scott
mscott380@gmail.com

Alex Tiger writes: “I am married and live in the beautiful wilderness of Green Pond, N.J. I manage the Boast Japan Company and travel a lot to Asia. Playing tennis and squash whenever I can. I see Gray Harley, Charles Buice, Mac Carbonell, and Peter Rankin from time to time. And I recently saw Bill Taylor. He is working with Trombone Shorty and his great charitable foundation.”

Tom Douglas checks in: “Still loving life in Fairbanks, Alaska, with wife (of 15 years!) Sarah, and 5-year-old daughter Siri. We have finally finished our lake cabin a few hours from town and try to go as much as we can. It is boat-accessible in summer or you can ski, drive over the ice, or snowmobile there in winter. I still work for the Cold Regions Research Laboratory and have been traveling to far-out, random, sometimes bizarre locales to investigate permafrost, sea ice, river chemistry, and landscape change. A highlight of a recent trip was running into Paul Cusack on the same flight from Boston to Seattle. He was heading back west from some travel for his position as an Army Ranger and it was awesome to run into him. I send my best to everyone and look forward to the 25th in a few years.”

Emily Lloyd Shaw writes: “Living in Great Barrington with my husband and two girls (3-3/4 and 6) and kitten. I have a part-time private psychotherapy practice in our little village and try to balance that with being a full-time mom. Love life in the Berkshires. Thinking of all of you hit hard by Sandy.”

Francie Walton Karlen and her three kids (10, 8, and 6) spent more than three months in Sao Paulo, Brazil, this summer with husband Jon as he had coffee and feijoada with many Brazilian entrepreneurs. “Fantastic adventure in a city of 12 million with more traffic and helicopters than you can imagine. Family Portuguese lessons, work in a favela, trips to beautiful beaches, rain forests, and even the Amazon, which accounts for 1/5 of the world’s fresh water.”

Pete Vasquez ’90 and Greer Alison Murphy were married on Sept 29, 2012, in South Lake Tahoe.

Ella Jones Mahony, daughter of Michael Emon Mahony ‘91 and Madeleine Jones Mahony, was born July 31, 2012.

Bunny, Minnie, and Harry, children of Mary and David Waserstein ’92.

1991
Marcy M. Chong
chonghall@gmail.com

Marcy Chong writes: “Those of us fortunate enough to experience the amazing Form of ’91 band reunion jam session at the 20th Anniversary Weekend already know all about our form’s excess of musical talent. But, for those of us too deeply middle-aged to stay on top of the scene, we at least get cool points for being able to say we went to high school with actual Rockstars.”

John Colpitts, aka Kid Millions, made the New York Times list of 20 best concerts of 2012 for Man Forever at the Issue Project Room in Brooklyn in June 2012. The show featured experiments in repetition and radical minimalism with drums alone, with voices alone, and, finally, with a full multi-percussionist band. Man Forever has released three albums, including the most recent – Pan-sophical Cataract – on the Thrill Jockey record label. Kid Millions/Colpitts and Robertson Thacher, aka Bobby Matador, are also the critically acclaimed geniuses behind the bands Oneida and People of the North and the indie record label Brah.
Oneida’s been playing, recording, and releasing music on Jagjaguwar Records since 1997. Their 12th album, *A List of the Burning Mountains*, was released in November 2012. While Oneida is composed of a larger group of musicians, Kid and Matador’s People of the North will release its third album in July 2012.

On January 2, 2013, *Franchot Tone* released his debut album, *Thanks for This*. Check out the free download here: www.franchottone.com. He caught the attention of critics and hipsters alike as a founding member of Culver City Dub Collective.


The Excel Academy in East Boston, where *Jennifer Boyle* serves as director of strategic growth and development, received honors in September 2012 as the highest-performing public middle school in Massachusetts. This flagship school was founded in 2003 to address the severe academic under-performance and low college matriculation rates of the predominantly low-income Latino students from these urban communities. Excel now operates three middle schools and plans to open a high school in 2015.

*Doug DiSalvo* has been widely quoted in his role as a UN officer in Kabul, Afghanistan, where his work brings him into close contact with the desperate situation of the 35,000 internally displaced refugees camped within the city. DiSalvo is quoted in an AFP article: “Poverty, conflict and lack of development are longstanding problems, which leave many people vulnerable. We can provide assistance but people still live without proper hygiene, sanitation and protection from the weather and that must be tackled. We have been working with the government and others intensively to prepare for the worse winter period, which may still lie ahead.”

*Michael Mahony* writes: “Though I still lack the profile of the young John Keeton (details to follow), I woke up today and it seemed things had changed a bit in the Mahony household. To my left, a lovely and blushing bride (Maddy, September 2011) and to my right, a belching and drooling new child (Ella Jones Mahony, July 2012). Oh, and even stranger, I also noticed that I am living in Santa Fe, N.M. Needless to say, lots of action and joy filling the house these days.”

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**1992**

Daniel P. Kearney, Jr.  
dpkearney@gmail.com

An update from David Wasserstein: “We had another girl, Minnie, on May 24, 2012, who joins our daughter, Bunny, and son, Harry. We still live in NYC with our golden retriever, Teddy Bear, and the other new member of the family, Butter, who is a yellow lab.”

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Ann Carney ’95 with daughter Elizabeth.

Harvest and Tobey Robbins, sons of Page Sargisson ’93.

Kimiye Corwin ’94 married Jesse I. Liebman on September 9, 2011, in Brooklyn, N.Y.

James, Ted, and Kary Clark ’95.

Ella and big sister, Brooke, daughters of John Connolly ’95.

Louise, daughter of Keith Meade ’95, and Eliza, daughter of Nick Van Amburg ’95, enjoy a play date.

Molly Perencevich ’97 and her daughter, Hannah Maria Smith, and Catherine Hunter ’97 and her son, Morgan Bridge Hunter, met up over the holidays.

Catching up in NYC are Nick Van Amburg ’95, Alexey Salamini ’95, and Carey Wagner ’96.
D. Stuart Logan, Jr.
slogan@heartwareinc.com
www.spsexu.edu/1993

Page Sargisson writes: “I realize I’ve had another child since I last wrote in! My son, Tobias (Tobey) Beckwith Robbins, was born at a whopping 9 lbs., 14 oz., in 2010. We renovated a brownstone in Park Slope in Brooklyn right when he was born, so it’s been a hectic two years. I am still running my jewelry business (www.pagesargisson.com) despite the surge in gold prices and additional child craziness. I look forward to seeing everyone at reunion in June!”

1994

Tyler G. Grant
tggrant33@gmail.com

Kimiye Corwin announces: “I got married to Jesse I. Liebman on September 9, 2011, in Brooklyn, N.Y. Jesse and I met in an acting class in New York City, and we live in Brooklyn. We both act in theater, film, and television. I also teach yoga and Jesse teaches Latin and writing. We were so honored and lucky to have Jessica Barron Essary and Brendan Essary, who live in Denver, Colo., celebrating with us. I am taking the name Liebman, but keeping Corwin for professional use. We are so looking forward to the Form of 1994’s 20th year reunion.”

Nicholas S. Van Amburg
vnvanamburg@gmail.com

Nick Van Amburg writes: “The holidays were a welcome respite from the usual daily fervor here in New York, and I was fortunate enough to catch up with several SPS visitors and local denizens.

Alexey Salamini’s annual New York pilgrimage provided a cold winter’s evening catch-up (in a cozy downtown bar) with Alexey, Gordy Rogers, Alex Tilney ’96, and Carey Wagner ’96. Everyone had a blast, with credit to photographer Carey for documenting and to Alexey for owning the spirit of eternal rally. Keith Meade was also in town with daughter Louise in tow. We were able to pull off a last-minute play date for Louise and our daughter, Eliza. Watching them play kitchen and share dollsies was absolutely awe-inspiring on every level.

“Medora Geary wants to know how Sarah Carley’s trip went, and sends this news: ‘Jack, Eloise (5) and Hilary (almost 2), and I are doing well in NYC, living in Yorkville on the Upper East Side with our dog, Pickles, and Livio, our tortoise. Our big news is that Jack is opening an art gallery called Jack Geary Contemporary (www.jackgearycontemporary.com) on the Lower East Side.’

‘Up in Buffalo, Kary Clark reports: ‘After a year of staying at home with my son, James, and job searching, in November 2012 I started on a new career as a proofreader and copy editor at the Martin Group, an established marketing agency in Buffalo. It feels good to be part of the work force again!’

‘Allyson Jones reports: ‘Thanks to Facebook, I bumped into Alessia Carega over the holidays in Jackson, Wyo. The universe has a funny way of keeping these two roommates close! We managed to get in some good catching-up time, including a snowshoeing expedition. It wasn’t frelking by the ski jump, but it was the next best thing.’

‘And fellow L.A. natives John Connolly and wife Lynn ‘welcomed our second daughter, Ella May Connolly, into the world on November 26, 2012. Still writing music in sunny Los Angeles @ Future Perfect, a company I started in 2008. Recently wrote the theme music for VH1’s “Black Ink Crew.” Also

Ann Carney Nelson was born on March 13, 2012, at 8:54 a.m. It was a natural (drug-free) midwife-assisted birth, which became even more exciting when we learned that she weighed a surprising 10 lbs., 2 oz! Fast-forward almost 10 months and she is a delightful little girl, who loves to crawl, clap, and, most of all, smile. You’ll be happy to hear that her favorite drinking cup is my SPS shot glass. I’m currently working part-time for the same chemical materials startup. Though now I work primarily from a home office, which is simultaneously both chaotic and wonderful. Andrew stays busy with his professorial duties at the University of Oregon.’

‘And unless you have been living under a rock, you know that Tim Ferris has published another blockbuster book, The 4-Hour Chef: The Simple Path to Cooking Like a Pro, Learn-

Kary Clark
Allyson Jones
John Connolly
Tim Ferris

1995

Nicholas S. Van Amburg
vnvanamburg@gmail.com

Ann Carney Nelson
nvanamburg@gmail.com

Kimiye Corwin
Kary Clark
Sarah Carley
Dana Chapin
Alexey Salamini
ing Anything, and Living the Good Life (www.fourhourchef.com), the first major acquisition of Amazon Publishing. He describes it as a choose-your-own-adventure guide to the world of rapid learning, and the media are calling it ‘the cookbook for people who don’t buy cookbooks’ with ‘tips and tricks from chess prodigies, world-renowned chefs, pro athletes, master sommeliers, super models, and everything in between.’ It has proven to be a fascinating case study in the evolution of book publishing, Tim notes: ‘Despite being boycotted by all of Barnes & Noble and nearly every traditional retailer, it hit the NYT, WSJ, and USA Today bestseller lists its debut week. It was one hell of a dogfight, and we had to do some very unconventional things, like partner with BitTorrent (1,000,000+ bundle downloads in the first 10 days).’

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**1997**

Cornelia Henning Van Amburg cvanamburg@stribling.com

**Michael Boyle** is still living in Thailand, developing a yoga, meditation, and permaculture retreat center. This past year, he welcomed his second son, Finn, into the world and has been busy creating a new website (www.dharmainc.org). He is especially excited about the programs in place to rehabilitate and educate young people who have escaped the fate of human trafficking.

**Paul Mysliwiec** has just joined the United States Attorney’s Office for the District of New Mexico after working as a state prosecutor in Brooklyn for two years. He looks forward to prosecuting drug cartels and white-collar crime as an assistant United States attorney, and wishes all his fellow Paulies the best for the New Year.

**Jess Morey**, recently married to Doug Worthen, continues to run Inward Bound Mindfulness Education and led a mindfulness meditation weekend retreat for SPS students in February 2013. She relished in sharing the practice of slowing down and enjoying the present with her alma mater.


**Barrett Baer Braithwaite** and her husband, Sebastian, welcomed Clara Ellis Braithwaite in November 2012.

**Emily Dinnells** recently moved back to NYC after completing a dual M.B.A./M.S. at the University of Michigan. She is a consultant at Accenture in their sustainability strategy and resources practice. She had a great time catching up with many Paulies this summer, including Geoff DeVito ’95 while studying fashion design at Central St. Martin’s in London, Hannah Gray in Maine, and Alan Kurd, Lucy Chapin ’02, and others at the wedding of Dana Chapin ’98 in the Berkshires.

**Lily Parshall** was married to Paul Wachter in New York City on September 22, 2012. The bride and groom met in 2001 in Beirut, where Lily was at the time, a teacher at the American Community School and the groom was a reporter for The Daily Star. Following a honeymoon – hiking in the Alps from Chamonix to Zermatt – they have moved to Visalia, Calif., where Lily has taken a position in financial planning with Edeniq, a venture-backed biofuels technology company, after nearly three years in the equity research group of Goldman Sachs covering clean energy companies. The groom is a freelance journalist.

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**1998**

Edward J. Pena edward.j.pena@gmail.com

www.sps.edu/1998

Hilary Walton Lehman announces: “John Lehman (Deerfield ’97) and I were married in Ketchum, Idaho, on March 10, 2012. We had a blast, surrounded by family and friends with beautiful weather and lots of skiing.”

In a small family ceremony on June 15, 2012, Dana Chapin married Donald Anselmi in Lime Rock, Conn. They spent the rest of the weekend celebrating with guests over lawn games, music, and good food at Berkshire School in Sheffield, Mass., where the couple works. SPS graduates in attendance included Alan Kurd ’97, Kate Esselen Kurd, Lucy Chapin ’02, Chris Eastland, Alex Kumin, Amanda

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Meigher, Emily Dwinnells ’97, Hilary Walton Lehman, Amanda Wynn, Seth Chapin ’02, Andrew Gustin, John Chapin Jr. ’66, David Chapin ’70, Jeff Clark ’66, Steve Lines ’67, and Sam Bailey ’58.

Lucy Stringer Rojansky lucy.rojansky@gmail.com
Lucy Rojansky writes: “D.C.-area alumni gathered at Olivia Millard Davis’s home on December 13 to celebrate the launch of Double Agent, an award–winning book of poetry by Michelle Chan Brown, which was dubbed an ‘enthralling debut’ and an ‘impressive and provocative first collection.’”

Shields Weaver Callahan proudly announces: “Whilden Christopher Callahan was born on March 19, 2012. Chris and I are so thrilled by his arrival! We look forward to our move from Chicago back to New York City in July, where I will begin residency in dermatology at NYU. We can’t wait to introduce our little Whilden to the Big Apple – and all our friends back East.”

Jamie Perencevich and Katie Laidlaw were married on September 22 in Boston. The bride and groom enjoyed celebrating with family and friends, including a much–loved crew of formmates, who traveled from near and far to be a part of the service and celebration. Katie and Jamie continue to live in New York City.

James Peniston’s exciting news: “I am proud to announce the arrival of George Perient Bain Peniston on Sunday, October 14, at 4:47 p.m., weighing in at 8 lbs., 11 oz. The little guy surprised us all by coming two weeks early, and just in time for Hurricane Rafael.”

Colin Koch proudly announces: “Emma ’03 and I welcomed Vivian Acheson Koch on September 14, 2012. The three of us are living in Manhattan, where both Emma and I work at J.P. Morgan. We are planning to make it back to campus for Emma’s 10th reunion and hope to catch up with some of our formmates then!”


2000
Kathryn J. Duryea kathrynj.duryea@gmail.com
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2002
Tobias Y. McDougal tymcdougal@gmail.com
From Chuck Culp: “Danielle Cameron and I were married in Baltimore this past May. In attendance were John Baumler, Russell Corey, Ben Crosby, Garrett Drinon, Will and Ashley Dunn, Willie Evarts, Matt McLane, Michael Shreve, and Christy Wiles, Will Culp ’00, and Quentin Reeve ’03. We would have included a photo of the group, but, at press time, we were still waiting for McLane to report to the dance floor for the picture. Danielle is a general surgery resident at Yale, and I am finishing my last year of business school at Tuck.”

Colin Koch proudly announces: “Emma ’03 and I welcomed Vivian Acheson Koch on September 14, 2012. The three of us are living in Manhattan, where both Emma and I work at J.P. Morgan. We are planning to make it back to campus for Emma’s 10th reunion and hope to catch up with some of our formmates then!”


2003
Anna J. Arendshorst macatawanna@gmail.com www.sps.edu/2003

2008
Courtney W. Bogle courtney.w.bogle@gmail.com www.sps.edu/2008

2012
Taylor G. Casey tgcasey94@gmail.com
John Parker and Jacob Washkurak finished fall internships in D.C. at POGO (Program on Government Oversight) as part of their gap year. John is in Mont Tremblant this winter getting his ski instructor certification and first mountain response.

Pictured at a November Sound Tigers vs. Monarchs game in Manchester are (l. to r.): Faculty member George Chase, Jon Landry ’02 of the Bridgeport Sound Tigers, faculty member Tim Pratt, and Andy Bodnarchuk ’06 of the Manchester Monarchs.
The section was updated January 30, 2013. Please note that deaths are reported as we receive notice of them. Therefore, alumni dates of death are not always reported chronologically.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Date of Death</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1932</td>
<td>Oscar Solomon Straus II</td>
<td>January 11, 2013</td>
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<tr>
<td>1933</td>
<td>Robert Hallowell Shaw</td>
<td>December 6, 2012</td>
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<tr>
<td>1936</td>
<td>Charles Denston Dickey Jr.</td>
<td>December 9, 2012</td>
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<td>1936</td>
<td>Samuel Bradford Legg II</td>
<td>October 2, 2012</td>
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<td>1937</td>
<td>Colton Packer Wagner</td>
<td>January 4, 2013</td>
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<td>1938</td>
<td>Romeyn Everdell</td>
<td>January 3, 2013</td>
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<td>1941</td>
<td>Donald Davidson “Dave” Dodge Jr.</td>
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<td>1943</td>
<td>John Battice Ford III</td>
<td>December 31, 2012</td>
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<td>1943</td>
<td>William Schoellkopf Jr.</td>
<td>July 12, 2011</td>
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<td>1945</td>
<td>Simon Pleydell Bouverie</td>
<td>September 3, 2012</td>
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<td>1945</td>
<td>Dawson Callery Heron</td>
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<td>1945</td>
<td>Richard Havelock Soule</td>
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<td>1946</td>
<td>Miles Eliot Herter</td>
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<td>1946</td>
<td>Arter Fisher Hughes</td>
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<td>1948</td>
<td>Joseph Denny Sargent</td>
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<td>John Welsh Stokes II</td>
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<td>1951</td>
<td>William Coolidge Smith</td>
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<td>1953</td>
<td>George “Gordon” Bellis</td>
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<td>1954</td>
<td>Peter Place Cook Jr.</td>
<td>October 29, 2012</td>
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<td>1957</td>
<td>Alexander Alexandrovich “Sandy” Zvegintzov</td>
<td>October 14, 2012</td>
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<tr>
<td>1961</td>
<td>Peter Richard Lord Sexton</td>
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<td>1963</td>
<td>Lawrence Howard Billingsley</td>
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<td>1966</td>
<td>Eric Charles Stull</td>
<td>April 28, 2011</td>
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<td>1968</td>
<td>Merle David Newberg</td>
<td>November 5, 2011</td>
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<td>1978</td>
<td>Elizabeth Wallace Alexander</td>
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<td>1984</td>
<td>Henry Clark Whittlesey</td>
<td>December 21, 2012</td>
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<td>1992</td>
<td>Francesca di Paolo Drew</td>
<td>September 26, 2012</td>
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**Former Staff**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Date of Death</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Louise Wilhelmine (Grass) Schade</td>
<td>November 1, 2012</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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**1931 Bruce Howe**

Bruce Howe, a noted archaeologist, fine art enthusiast, and accomplished amateur artist, died on February 29, 2012, at Blenheim–Newport, an assisted living community in Middletown, R.I., at the age of 99.

He was born on November 20, 1912, in Washington, D.C., to Walter Bruce Howe, an international lawyer, and Mary Howe, a popular American composer. Mr. Howe entered St. Paul’s School in 1926 and was an active, bright, and well-liked student. He was a member of the Acolyte Guild and the Cadmean/Concordian Literary Society and participated in crew, cross country, football, and squash. The Rector described him as a “receptive and delightful boy” and, later, as a “thoroughly able, reliable, and refined young man.”

Mr. Howe went on to Yale University, earning his degree with the Class of 1935. He served in the United States Army during World War II, and in 1952 he received his Ph.D. in anthropology from Harvard. Between 1947 and 1975, he conducted fieldwork and excavations in prehistoric archaeology in North Africa for the American School of Prehistoric Research at Harvard University, the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, and Howard University. He also worked in Iraqi Kurdistan and Turkey for the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago and for several years was a member of the Prehistory Department of the University of Istanbul. The results of his work in anthropology have been published by the Peabody Museum and the Oriental Institute.

While pursuing his archaeology career, Mr. Howe was also an avid art collector and amateur artist. He served as president of the Newport Art Association for
Guy Gerard Rutherfurd

a New York City lawyer whose legal career stretched back to World War II and the post-war Nuremberg trials, died peacefully on May 27, 2012, at the age of 96.

He was born in New York City on September 11, 1915, the son of Winthrop C. Rutherfurd (Form of 1880) and Alice Morton Rutherfurd. His mother died when he was four, and he was raised by his stepmother, Lucy Mercer Rutherfurd. He was the grandson of one-time New York Governor and American Vice President Levi P. Morton.

Mr. Rutherfurd, who was preceded at SPS by several family members, including his father and Uncle Lewis (Form of 1978) entered the School in the fall of 1930. He was a member of Der Deutsche Verein, rowed for Shattuck, boxed, and played football for Old Hundred. While at SPS, he competed in a four-oared shell at Henley with his brothers Winthrop, John ’28, and Hugo ’30. He graduated from Princeton University in 1934 and later as an instructor at the Academy.

Mr. Rutherfurd was predeceased in 2004 by his wife of 66 years, Georgette, and his son Morton Rutherfurd, who died in 2000, as well as his brothers Lewis, Winthrop, John ’28, and Hugo ’30 and sisters Alice Peralta Ramos and Barbara Knowles. His is survived by his children: Guy Jr. ’58, Leith, and Alexander ’72; twelve grandchildren, including Isabel Rutherfurd ’07; and six great-grandchildren.

Charles Pugh Dennison

whose diverse career included appointments at the U.S. Naval Academy and the State Department, always with the same focus – improving the quality of education here and abroad – died on October 27, 2011, in Princeton, N.J., after a lifetime as a teacher, administrator, and policymaker. He was 95.

Born on Sept. 27, 1916, to Ethan A. and Elizabeth (Fisher) Dennison, Mr. Dennison was also known for his love of music, his penchant for sports, and his many volunteer endeavors.

He entered St. Paul’s in 1930 after a childhood in Rye, N.Y. At school, Mr. Dennison managed the orchestra and participated in a variety of sports, including football, hockey, tennis, and squash. He was a particularly talented oarsman.

Mr. Dennison graduated cum laude, earning the Bronze Scholarship Medal in 1932 and 1933. His brother, Ethan ’33, also attended St. Paul’s. In letters to Elizabeth Dennison, administrators remarked how much the faculty enjoyed working with both boys.

After leaving St. Paul’s, Mr. Dennison attended Princeton University, graduating in 1939. He taught English, Latin, and mathematics at St. Andrew’s School in Delaware and spent five years in the U.S. Navy, first as a destroyer captain and later as an instructor at the Academy.

He finished his military service with the rank of Lieutenant Commander and returned to St. Paul’s to teach for the 1946–47 academic year. Mr. Dennison then continued his own schooling, earning an MBA from Harvard and a doctorate in education from Columbia University.

He applied these advanced degrees first at Princeton and, later, in Washington, D.C., where he worked for the U.S. Office of Education and the State Department. His focus was promoting global literacy and monitoring Cold War-era education issues.

After leaving the federal government, Mr. Dennison returned to Princeton, then worked as the regional director of higher education for the State of New York. He finished his career as the executive director of the English Speaking Union of the United States, a post from which he retired in 1978.

He is the author of *Faculty Rights and Obligations in Eight Independent Liberal Arts Colleges*, a book published by the Teachers College Press in 1955.

Mr. Dennison remained active in education well into his retirement, volunteering in the New Jersey public schools and serving as a trustee of Westminster Choir College. He remained active in his later years as well, riding his bike through the streets of Princeton and maintaining memberships with the Pretty Brook Tennis Club and the Springdale Golf Club.

Survivors include his wife of 53 years, Jane; daughters, Anne and Laura; a stepson, James D. Wharton; and five grandchildren, who were fond of the audiotapes he often sent on their birthdays. He was predeceased in 2007 by his brother Ethan ’33.
Mr. Dennison's memorial service was held at the Princeton Chapel, where regulars will remember his strong tenor voice. Sue Anne Morrow, Princeton's associate dean of religious life, gave his eulogy, ending with this prayer: “for the blessing of Charlie's long life — so well lived.”

1935
Earle T. “Apple” Holsapple Jr. passed away on May 4, 2012, at age 95 in Hackettstown, N.J. He was born in Troy, N.Y., on December 4, 1916, to Earle T. Holsapple Sr. (Form of 1905) and Alice Haven and resided in Scarsdale, N.Y., before entering the Third Form at SPS in 1931.

Mr. Holsapple played first football and second hockey for Old Hundred and rowed with Shattuck. He was a member of the Missionary Society and the Acolyte Guild and earned Second Testimonials in three of his four years at the School.

He went on to Princeton University, graduating cum laude in 1939. After a few months working for W.R. Grace & Co., he joined what was to become the last cavalry unit of any United States war, the Army’s 101st Cavalry Regiment. From January 1941 to August 1942, he served as an enlisted man, and in 1942 he was commissioned as a second lieutenant. He fought in North Africa and Italy before being captured by the Germans, where he witnessed the final months of World War II as a prisoner of war until his release on May 5, 1945.

After the war, Mr. Holsapple worked for Welsh Farms Dairy Inc. from 1946 until his retirement in 1996. He held various positions, from vice president of sales to executive vice president, and, ultimately, president and chairman of the board. Mr. Holsapple held leadership positions on the boards of the International Ice Cream Association and New Jersey Milk Industry Foundation, and owned controlling interest in Windsor Manufacturing Co. of New Jersey and Saratoga Vichy Water in New York. He also served on the board of the House of the Good Shepherd for more than 30 years and as its treasurer for more than 15 years and was active on the boards of Centenary College and the American Diabetes Association.

He received numerous honors throughout his life, including an honorary doctor of humane letters in 1999 from Centenary College and “N.J. Person of the Year” from the national American Diabetes Association.

For 52 years, he lived at Apple Lake on Homestead Road in the Oldwick section of Tewksbury Township, N.J., before moving to Hackettstown eight years ago.

“He didn't fear the future,” wrote his daughter-in-law, Linda, after his death. “Instead he maximized every moment of his life. He rose early and followed a carefully balanced life of work, play, healthful exercise, chocolate chip cookies, hobbies, interests, and, especially, friendships.” She added that he would obligingly give scant details when asked about his time as a prisoner of war, “not because being a POW was a painful memory for him, but merely because so much else had gone on in his life that was more interesting to him.

He was not defined by the worst things in his life that was more interesting to him. He was not defined by the worst things that happened to him, but by the best.”

His wife of 68 years, Jane Reade Holsapple, died in 2009; and a brother, Penn Haven Holsapple of the Form of 1932, predeceased him in 2008. He is survived by two sons, Earle T. Holsapple III and Peter H. Holsapple; a daughter, Holly McLendon; six grandchildren; and two great-grandsons. Several of Mr. Holsapple’s uncles and nephews also attended St. Paul’s School, including Frank and Lloyd Holsapple of the Form of 1901, Haven D. Holsapple ’68, Timothy G. Holsapple ’70, and Jeffrey B. Holsapple ’72.

1936
Samuel Bradford Legg passed away May 5, 1945. He was a prisoner of war until his release on January 1941.

Though he was considered “somewhat of an idealist,” one faculty member wrote on his behalf, “He is greatly interested in all missionary enterprises. This is shown by his work for our School Camp at Danbury, N.H., for underprivileged boys; also in his active support of Coit House, an orphanage near the School and largely supported by it.”
Mr. Legg received his A.B. from Yale University in 1940, with honors in French. Following his graduation, he pursued a career in education, serving as a master at the Malcolm Gordon School, assistant principal at Oakwood Friends School in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., headmaster at the Sandy Spring Friends School in Maryland, and director of admissions at Morgan State College in Baltimore. In 1948, Mr. Legg married Edna Pusey. He was devoted to his two children, Nancy and Bruce.

In addition to his dedication to the field of education, he was active in the Quaker Church. He was a member of the American Friends Service Committee and many other Quaker activities and organizations. Upon his retirement, Mr. Legg and his wife moved to Gex, France, and he continued his Quaker work in the Meeting and International Center in Geneva. Known as a “proponent of peace,” Mr. Legg never tired from giving back to his communities.

Mr. Legg was predeceased by his wife, Edna, in 1984. He leaves behind his children as well as his nieces, nephews, and grandchildren.

1938

of Chestnut Hill, Mass., died from complications of Parkinson’s Disease on September 2, 2012. He was 92. Born November 14, 1919, in Bryn Mawr, Pa., he was the son of Edward C. Page of the Form of 1909 and Elizabeth Griffith Page. Mr. Page attended Episcopal Academy in Bryn Mawr prior to entering St. Paul’s in the Second Form in 1933.

A successful student from the start, he earned first or second testimonials in each of his five years at SPS. Mr. Page demonstrated a love of science from an early age, earning top marks in his classes, serving on the executive committee of the Scientific Club, and participating in the Forestry Club. As was evident throughout his life, Mr. Page also had a desire to help those in need; he was an active member of the Missionary Society. In addition, he participated in Le Cercle Français and the Cadmean/Concordian Literary Society, played football for Old Hundred, and rowed with Halcyon. Mr. Page was lauded by one former faculty member for his exemplary qualities: “He has an extraordinarily high sense of honor, and is tremendously conscientious.”

At his SPS graduation, Mr. Page was awarded the Vanderpoel Prize for excellence in the study of natural sciences. He continued to pursue his passion for the sciences at Princeton, graduating Phi Beta Kappa in 1942 with highest honors in chemical engineering. Shortly after his graduation, Mr. Page enlisted in the U.S. Navy and married Barbara Benson Jefferys of Whitemarsh, Pa. He was deployed to the South Pacific in World War II as a radar officer on the submarine USS Cavalla, serving in five war patrols, including one that arrived in Tokyo Harbor for the surrender of Japan. He received a Letter of Commendation and a medal for “extraordinary performance of duties under extremely stressful conditions.” Mr. Page continued active duty in the U.S. Naval Reserves in Philadelphia, retiring as a lieutenant in 1955.

Upon his return from the war, Mr. Page returned to Princeton, where he earned his master’s in chemical engineering. During his graduate studies he received both the Calco Fellowship and the Philips Petroleum Fellowship. He began his career as a research engineer and project manager at E.I. DuPont in Wilmington, Del., and continued with a full career in chemical engineering, retiring as director of chemical control at Polaroid Corporation in Cambridge, Mass., in 1987.

After suffering a devastating mid-career hearing loss, Mr. Page became an ardent advocate for the hearing impaired, serving as president for 15 years and board member for several more on the Boston Guild for the Hard of Hearing at Northeastern University. He also served on the board of various educational programs and institutions, including A Better Chance (ABC) in Boston, as well as professional chemical associations, including the Electroplating Society of Boston.

Active in the Episcopal Church, he enjoyed choral singing. At the age of 50, he began running, participating in two Boston Marathons despite open-heart surgery. He also joined the U.S. Rowing Association and enjoyed sculling. In a correspondence with the School in the early 1990s, Mr. Page wrote, “I keep learning new fields and am always being challenged to concentrate on difficult problems – physical as well as intellectual and spiritual. Thanks to the good fortune I had to become an educated person in the great schools of St. Paul’s and Princeton, I’m still inquisitive enough and, I think, flexible enough to look forward to every day as a new venture.” It was around this time that he began studying the Chinese language.

Mr. Page will be deeply missed by those he has left behind. He is survived by his wife, Barbara; his daughters, Barbara Page and Carol Pierce; his son, Edward Crozer Page III; his three grandchildren, including Paul W. Cooke ’85; five great-grandchildren; and numerous nieces and nephews. He was predeceased by his brother, Dr. Robert G. Page ’39, and his sister, Mary Page Sears.

1940
Douglas Dunn Donald

a securities analyst and investment manager devoted to his hometown of Staten Island, N.Y., died on October 1, 2012, at the age of 90. Born on Staten Island on June 12, 1922, he was the son of Norman H. Donald (Form of 1889) and Emilie M. Donald. Prior to his arrival at St. Paul’s School, he attended the Pingry School in New Jersey. He enrolled at St. Paul’s in 1935, where he was active in the Concordian Literary Society, the Scientific Association, and the Dramatic Club. He competed with Old Hundred and Shattuck. In his letter of recommendation to Princeton University, he was described as “quite industrious and personally thoroughly reliable.”
Mr. Donald earned his engineering degree from Princeton in 1943 and his master’s in mining engineering from Columbia in 1946. He served for two years as a Naval officer in the South Pacific during World War II.

He worked for Scudder Stevens and Clark in New York City from 1962 to 1996, serving as president and manager of Scudder’s Gold Fund, from its inception in 1988 until his retirement. He became a private consultant for precious metals stock in his retirement and served on the boards of Piedmont Mining, Repadre Capital, Stillwater Mining, and Dayton Mining. He was also active with the Society of Mining Engineers, the Association for Investment Management and Research, the Mining and Metallurgical Society of America, and the New York Society of Security Analysts.

Mr. Donald served his community in various capacities, including as a trustee of Staten Island Richmond Town Restoration and director of the board of the Staten Island Historical Society. He was also a member of the Squadron A. Sons of the Revolution and the Saint Nicholas Society and Church Club.

Mr. Donald leaves behind his wife of 66 years, Grace R. Donald; his daughter, Wendy D. Schaumberg; his son, Peter Gordon Donald; two grandchildren; and one great-grandchild. He was predeceased by his brother, Norman H. Donald ’32.

1940
Andrew Bartlett Jones

a journalist who loved animals and adventures with his family, died peacefully on May 9, 2012, surrounded by loved ones at his home on the banks of the Connecticut River in Haddam, Conn. He was 91.

Born June 20, 1921, to Mr. and Mrs. H. Seaver Jones, he grew up in South Orange, N.J., enrolling at St. Paul’s as a Second Former in 1935. He followed his uncles, Thomas ’21 and Charles Gillespie ’25, and his brother, Gillespie ’32, to the School.

At St. Paul’s, he competed in football with Isthmian and rowed with Halcyon, capturing the first boat as a Sixth Former. Mr. Jones went on to Princeton, where he studied philosophy and was a member of the Ivy Club. He joined the Marine Corps in 1942 and served in the central Pacific. He graduated from Princeton in 1947, married Janet “Janny” Wallace in 1949, and they settled in Bedford, N.Y., to raise three children amid a menagerie of animals in a converted barn. Mr. Jones earned his M.F.A. from Yale in 1953.

After a short period with Field and Stream magazine, Mr. Jones joined Reader’s Digest in 1954 as a senior editor. He spent 32 years at the magazine and continued to write articles for the publication in retirement.

In 1981, Mr. Jones and his wife moved their winter lives to Santa Fe, N.M., where they enjoyed the Southwestern climate and pursued their interests in bird watching and skiing. For 21 years, the couple continued their annual cross-country pilgrimage with an assortment of parrots and dogs.

Mr. Jones led many adventures with family and friends, including ever-growing parties to ski the headwall of Mount Washington and fishing off his beautiful lobster boat Halcyon, a name tied to his SPS years. He wrote constantly, infusing his work with observations of his limitless interest in the natural world.

He published three books, including The Corsair Years (1995), which focused on how he and two other members of the Form of 1940 flew a Marine fighter plane – the Chance Vought F4U Corsair – in the Pacific during World War II. Mr. Jones also wrote the short story “Land of the Owl” for Reader’s Digest in 1981, detailing his experience of finding a baby owl, who had fallen out of its nest in the woods around St. Paul’s. Mr. Jones rescued the bird and nurtured it in his SPS dormitory until it was healthy enough to go back into the wild. Several years after the story was published, at the urging of his agent to do a contemporary fictional treatment of it, Mr. Jones spent time on the SPS campus in the mid-1980s to familiarize himself with the day-to-day life of the School.

Mr. Jones is survived by his wife, Janny; his daughters, Brooke and Audrey; his son, Seaver; and a granddaughter, Lauren.

1940
Eliot Brown Payson

of Falmouth, Maine, died peacefully in his sleep on September 2, 2012, at the age of 90.

Born April 16, 1922, in Portland, Maine, he was the son of Phillips M. Payson of the Form of 1911 and Marion (Brown) Payson.

Mr. Payson entered St. Paul’s School in the Fourth Form and quickly engaged himself in athletics. He played second football and first hockey for Delphian. He also served as a member of the Library Association.

Mr. Payson set his sights on Williams College early in his high school career. Described by a faculty member in a college recommendation as “likeable and, despite some shyness, friendly” young man, Mr. Payson entered Williams with the Class of 1944; however, after two years, he enlisted in the U.S. Air Force, serving as a first lieutenant P51 Mustang pilot during World War II. Despite his early departure from Williams, Mr. Payson always attended his reunions and considered himself a part of his class.

Following his time overseas, Mr. Payson settled on the North Shore of Massachusetts and, in 1947, married his first wife, Harriett Neff, with whom he had two daughters, Wendy and Susan. He thoroughly enjoyed his career in advertising for SD Warren Paper Company in Boston and also served on the board of Consumers Water Company. A lifelong lover of the ocean and an exceptionally kind-spirited gentleman, Mr. Payson spent time volunteering for the New England Aquarium and Habitat for Humanity. In 1991, he married Janet Pingree, also a lover of nature, known for her vibrant watercolors and her work as a volunteer in her community.
Remembered fondly as “hilarious with his great dry wit,” Mr. Payson enjoyed traveling, exploring, and the outdoors, with a particular passion for boating. He was predeceased in 2009 by his beloved second wife, Janet. He is survived by his daughters, Wendy Kerr and Susan Wright; sister, Lorna Dorsey; stepsons, Charles F. Pingree and Sumner Pingree III; and many nieces and nephews.

1941  
Donald Davidson “Dave” Dodge Jr.

an avid skier and outdoorsman with a passion for all of life’s natural and unexpected beauty, died at his home in Bozeman, Mont., on October 17, 2012, just 10 days after his 89th birthday and four months after the death of his beloved wife, Ruth.

Born in Hollyport, England, on October 7, 1923, to Donald Davidson Dodge and Gertrude Henry Dodge, he attended Chestnut Hill Academy in Philadelphia, Pa., before joining the Third Form at St. Paul’s in the fall of 1937. He took to his Pa., before joining the Third Form at St. Paul’s in the fall of 1937. He took to his studies quickly and successfully at St. Paul’s, with one of his teachers describing him as “an industrious, somewhat imaginative student whose good grades are won by steady effort.” Mr. Dodge was also a member of the Student Council, Le Cercle Français, and Der Deutsche Verein.

He went on to Princeton University, graduating with a degree in geology. He served his country as a ski trooper of the Tenth Mountain Division and was wounded in Italy on Mt. Belvedere in February 1945. On July 6, 1946, Mr. Dodge married Ruth Drayton, daughter of Frederick R. “Fritz” Drayton of the Form of 1913 and sister of Frederick R. Drayton Jr. ’42, in Wichita, Kan., where he was working as a geologist for Texaco.

Mr. Dodge led a successful career in the oil industry. In 1956 he and Douglas Carver of Woodside, Calif., established Carver–Dodge Oil Company in Denver. Ten years later, the two joined forces with Donald Todd and Independent Indonesian American Petroleum Company to explore the potential for offshore drilling in the Java Sea, later signing an unprecedented product–sharing agreement. Five years later, in 1970, Carver–Dodge was acquired by Reading & Bates Offshore Drilling Company, and Mr. Dodge continued his work on the board of directors. From 1976 to 2009, Mr. Dodge and Mr. Carver teamed up again with two partners to pursue natural gas production in Colorado.

In later years, Mr. and Mrs. Dodge moved to Bozeman, Mont., where they could enjoy the outdoors to the fullest. He was a generous supporter of St. Paul’s, the Wild Trout Research Lab, and Montana State University, among other interests.

In addition to the death of Ruth, his wife of 65 years, Mr. Dodge was predeceased by his two sisters, Cornelia Fraley and Esther Vetterleine. He is survived by his children, Diana, Sallie, and Donald; six grandchildren; one great-grandchild; his brother, Charles H.W. Dodge ’47; and many nieces and nephews.

1942  
Cary Forney Baker Jr.

loved the opera, books, and his church, once telling his SPS formmates how proud he was of his work dishing out “the best free meal in New York” at the congregation’s soup kitchen in Manhattan.

Mr. Baker, 87, died March 8, 2012, at the N.H. Veterans Home in Tilton, where he’d proudly displayed a St. Paul’s banner on his bedroom wall. He left no survivors, but that banner was just one way he maintained close ties with his alma mater.

He was a regular at alumni phonathons, wrote frequent letters to School administrators praising their work, and offered ways to pass an evening, and he made frequent trips into the city for performances.

It’s unclear when Mr. Baker moved to the Veterans Home, but he spoke so fondly of his time at St. Paul’s that the staff there contacted the School because they wanted to bring him to Concord for a visit.

A few months before his death, Mr. Baker moved into a shared room with too little wall space for the banner. Someone handling his estate returned it to St. Paul’s, where it has been preserved with other School artifacts.

1943  
Donald Murray Culver  
A former Marine, businessman, and cattle rancher, passed away away after a battle with cancer on June 29, 2012, at his home in Lafayette, Colo. He was born on March 28, 1925, in Baltimore, Md., and attended the Gilman School in Baltimore before entering St. Paul’s School as a Second Former in 1938. He became an active member of the Scientific Association, played football for...
Old Hundred, and rowed with Shattuck’s first crew. He was known affectionately as “The Squire” by fellow form members.

Immediately after graduating in 1943, he was called to active duty by the U.S. Marine Corps, earning the rank of second lieutenant before being honorably discharged in 1947. During his time with the Marines, he corresponded with some members of the SPS faculty, expressing gratitude for what St. Paul’s had taught him and admitting to a bit of culture shock.

Mr. Culver graduated from Princeton University and then went to work for Chase Bank in New York City. He returned to Baltimore and next moved to Boulder with his wife, Rosalie, in 1961. He founded Culver Management LLC and became a successful investor in real estate and the beef cattle business as well as a director of the National Bank of Boulder. Together he and his wife created Boulder Valley Farm in Lafayette, just outside Boulder. They also owned a vacation home in Antigua, West Indies.

In 1998, Mr. Culver and a business partner developed a housing community on a working cattle ranch in Boulder, an innovative project that afforded residents the pastoral setting and experience of ranching without the responsibilities of management. As the Culver cattle business expanded, Mr. Culver purchased Owl Creek Ranch, a large tract of land near Walden in the north central part of Colorado, where he could graze his herd. Friends describe Mr. Culver as a man for all occasions. He loved his cattle and relished the expansive West with its fields, mountains, and fresh air; but he was equally at home in Manhattan with a very dry martini in his hand (“make it a Grey Goose please.”) Always immaculately dressed with a perfect shine on his shoes, he enjoyed himself wherever he went. He particularly loved St. Paul’s School and the lifelong friends he made there. He attended his form’s 50th anniversary in 1993 and was looking forward to his 70th reunion in 2013.

Mr. Culver was preceded in death by his older brother, Robert, who was killed in World War II while serving with the Marines. He was also predeceased by his son, Robert F.M. Culver. He is survived by his wife of 51 years, Rosalie; his son and granddaughter, Daniel Brewster Culver and Daillen Culver; his son, John Kenneth Culver; and his stepsons, Charles C. Fenwick Jr., H. Bruce Fenwick, Edwin A. Fenwick, and John G. Fenwick.

1945

Wilmott Harsant “Bin” Lewis Jr.

Born March 5, 1927, Mr. Lewis, lovingly known since childhood as “Bin,” was destined to join the ranks of his family as one of the newspaper elite. He was the only child of Sir Wilmott Lewis, the Washington correspondent for the Times of London, and Ethel Noyes, daughter of Associated Press co-founder and president Frank B. Noyes, who also served as president of the Washington Star. Growing up in Washington, D.C., Mr. Lewis attended St. Albans, the National Cathedral School for Boys, and was recommended by his teachers wholeheartedly as “instinctively a gentleman,” treating “everyone with courtesy and kindness.”

Mr. Lewis arrived at St. Paul’s as a Third Former in the fall of 1941 and became active in the Acolyte’s Guild, later acting as head. He competed in football, baseball, track, and basketball for Delphian. He was a member of the Missionary Society and the Glee Club and served as counselor and supervisor in his dormitories. One faculty member referred to Mr. Lewis in a recommendation to Yale University as “a boy of high principle and practice, devout, responsible and conscientious, admirable in Lower School, fine citizen.”

Mr. Lewis spent most of his summers through high school interning at newspapers, learning whatever he could about the business. In the summer of 1944, he wrote to SPS Rector Norman Nash, “I am working at the Evening Star newspaper in Washington as a counter clerk. That consists of selling advertisements, subscriptions, and many other small jobs. It is an interesting job, as I meet all types of people.”

Mr. Lewis’s hard work at the Washington Evening Star paid off. After leaving Yale to pursue his career in newspaper production, Mr. Lewis held several positions during his 25 years at the paper, including production manager and business manager. He also served as director and vice president of Washington Star Communications. During his time in Washington, he married Suzanne Alexander and they had three children, Alexandra, Wilmott III, and Brett ’77.

After leaving the newspaper industry for a short time, Mr. Lewis found he could not avoid the inevitable and, in 1980, returned to the field to become the publisher of the Valley News in the Upper Connecticut River Valley of New Hampshire. A paper desperately seeking a renewal of sorts, the Valley News was taken to a new level by Mr. Lewis, who was known for his forward-thinking and pioneering spirit. In 13 years, Mr. Lewis transitioned the Valley News from an evening paper to a morning paper and introduced a Sunday edition, while also bringing the publication to the forefront of technology. He retired from the Valley News in 1993.

Outside of his work life, Mr. Lewis found pleasure in giving back to his communities. A longtime supporter of St. Paul’s, Mr. Lewis served as form agent for the Form of 1945 from 2000 to 2005 and was a member of the John Hargette Society.

“He really believed in St. Paul’s and felt that the most important and lifelong aspects of his education came from St. Paul’s,” wrote Barbara Jones, his longtime companion. While in Washington, Mr. Lewis served on several boards, including Suburban Hospital and the American Newspaper Publishers Association. In the Upper Valley, he was active in Rotary International, served on the steering committee that started the Institute for Lifelong Education at Dartmouth, and served as president of the United Way and Eastman Community Board, among others.
Mr. Lewis is survived by Ms. Jones; his daughter and son—in–law, Alexandra and George Deutsch; his son and daughter—in–law, Wilmott “Bill” Lewis III and Meg; his son and daughter—in–law, Brett Noyes Lewis ’77 and Cappy ’76; nine grandchildren; and 10 great-grandchild-ren. Mr. Lewis was predeceased by his former wife, Suzanne Alexander.

1945
Donald P. Welles Jr.

Donald P. Welles Jr., of Lake Bluff, Ill., passed away on April 5, 2012, just three days shy of his 85th birthday.

Mr. Welles was a member of the Radio Club. His father, Donald P. Welles, was a member of the Form of 1917.

After enlisting in the Army and serving in the European Theater from 1945 to 1947, Mr. Welles entered Yale University, graduating with the Class of 1951. After college, he was associated with Besly–Welles Corporation in South Beloit, Ill., and later founded Welles Products, Inc. in Roscoe, Ill. After moving from Rockford to Lake Forest, he founded Hydrocyclon–ics Corporation (HYCOR), a liquid–solid separation water purification company located in Lake Bluff.

He was predeceased by his first wife, Gerry Snow Welles, and is survived by his second wife, Anne Bolling Welles, as well as his four daughters and seven grandchildren.

1946
Frank “Monty” Fremont Reed II

Frank “Monty” Fremont Reed II, of Santa Barbara, Calif., a lawyer with passions for genealogy, music, and travel, died peacefully at his home with his beloved wife by his side on September 26, 2012.

He was 84 years old and passed away with renal failure after a valiant battle to recover from injuries sustained in a car crash.

Born in Chicago, Ill., on June 15, 1928, he was the son of Allen Martin Reed and Frances de Ferriere Faurot Reed. Mr. Reed attended the Latin School of Chicago prior to entering St. Paul’s as a Fourth Former in 1943. During his three years at the School, he participated in the Missionary Society, played football and ran track as a Delphian, and rowed with Shattuck.

Mr. Reed went on to earn his A.B. in French from the University of Michigan in February 1952, where he served for two years, moving to the Office of the Post Judge Advocate, and to enter the 101st Airborne Division at Camp Breckinridge, Ky., he was rejected for Officer Candidate School due to his eyesight and reassigned to the Adjutant General’s School at Fort Benjamin Harrison in Indianapolis, Ind. He later transferred to the Office of the Post Judge Advocate, where he served for two years, moving up from private to corporal as an assistant chief legal clerk until the fall of 1954. Upon completion of his military service, Mr. Reed returned to Ann Arbor, earning his J.D. in 1957. In law school, he served on the Council of the Latin School of Chicago. Additionally, he served as a Republican precinct captain and director of the North State, Astor; Lake Shore Drive Association.

In 1978, Mr. and Mrs. Reed retired to Santa Barbara, Calif., where he pursued his passions for genealogy, music, and travel. He published several volumes of family history. He was also a member of the Wausaukee Club and the Birnam Wood Club and served as treasurer of the Community Arts Music Association.

Known for his honor, optimism, and generosity, Mr. Reed will be missed by friends and family, most especially his true love, Jaquelin, who survives him. He also leaves his children, Libby Mason, Laura Stern, Mark Matthiessen ’73, Jeffrey Reed, Nancy Reed Watson ’82, and Sarah Reed Farmer; and three grandchildren.

1947
Richard Levering Hilliard

Richard Levering Hilliard, a screenwriter known for penning the “first horror–monster musical,” died on August 7, 2012, in Henderson, Nev., at the age of 83.

A native of Pittsburgh, Pa., he was the youngest of three sons born to Henry (Form of 1910) and Elizabeth W. Hilliard. He was the youngest Hilliard in a long succession of family members to attend
SPS, including his father, his uncle, Thomas J. Hilliard (Form of 1913), and brothers Henry R. Hilliard Jr. ‘39 and George W. Hilliard ‘41.

He arrived as a Second Former in the fall of 1942. Mr. Hilliard rowed for Halcyon, earning a spot in the first crew in his later years at the School. Described as big and powerful by one former faculty member, Mr. Hilliard also played second hockey and football with Delphian. He found his true passion in the arts, particularly photography, drawing, and painting.

Initially intending to study architecture in college, Mr. Hilliard abandoned that plan and instead earned an A.B. in English literature from Princeton in 1952.

Shortly after his graduation, he served in Germany until 1954 as a corporal in the U.S. Army Counterintelligence Corps. Following his return, Mr. Hilliard began to pursue a career in film production, direction, and screenwriting. Focusing on the production of horror films, he served as a producer, editor, writer, and cinematographer on a handful of films for a decade, beginning in the late 1950s. 

The Horror of Party Beach, released in June 1964 and written by Mr. Hilliard, was billed as the “first horror–monster musical.” Other titles on which Mr. Hilliard was billed as the “first horror-monster musical” included Wild Is My Love (1963), Violent Midnight (1963), and The Secret Files of Detective ‘X’ (1968).

In a correspondence with St. Paul’s just prior to his 50th anniversary in 1997, Mr. Hilliard wrote, “When producing feature films became a loss, I yelled, ‘Cut!’ I fled to Hawaii, built a house, but got marooned. I started writing and have published a novel and a few stories.” The house about which he wrote was, in fact, built almost exclusively by Mr. Hilliard. He also continued to write screenplays. When he sought an escape from his writing, he enjoyed flying model gliders.

Mr. Hilliard leaves behind his brother, Henry R. Hilliard Jr. ‘39; two sons, Thomas Potter Hilliard and Paul Hilliard; and several grandchildren. He was predeceased in 2011 by his brother George ‘41.

1947
Edward “Ned” Clinton Stebbins

of New Canaan, Conn., died peacefully at Meadow Ridge Retirement Community in Redding, Conn., on August 29, 2012, at the age of 82 after a battle with Parkinson’s disease.

The younger of two sons born to Dr. Edward C. Stebbins and Hope (Blodgett) Stebbins of Niagara Falls, N.Y., he was born February 26, 1930. Mr. Stebbins attended the Deveaux School prior to entering St. Paul’s in the Fourth Form. His academic ability was apparent at an early age, as he consistently made the honor roll. He only continued to excel once joining his brother John ‘46 at SPS in the fall of 1944.

By his Fifth Form year, Mr. Stebbins was notified of his class standing of “tertius” for the fall and “secondus” for the spring, with then–Director of Studies Francis Lloyd Jr. noting in a letter home to Dr. and Mrs. Stebbins, “The competition is very stiff in this form, and it is much to Edward’s credit to gain this honor.” Throughout his time at St. Paul’s, Mr. Stebbins received prizes in mathematics, Latin, French, and public affairs.

In addition to his exceptional academic record, Mr. Stebbins also played football for Isthmian and rowed with Shattuck. He also was an active member of the Record Committee, the Concordian Literary Society, the Scientific Association, and the Missionary Society.

After graduating with distinction from St. Paul’s, Mr. Stebbins entered the Class of 1951 at Williams College, graduating cum laude and Phi Beta Kappa. He graduated magna cum laude from Harvard Law School in 1954, where he served as editor of the Harvard Law Review.

Shortly after his graduation from Harvard, Mr. Stebbins married Bernadine Schildeg in July 1954, and the two moved to Charlottesville, Va., where he served in the U.S. Army, teaching at the Judge Advocate General (JAG) School at the University of Virginia. After three years of service, Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins moved to Connecticut and he shifted into corporate litigation, joining Sullivan and Cromwell in New York City, where he worked for seven years. In 1964, he joined Freeport Sulphur, serving in various roles over his 25–year tenure, including secretary, vice president, associate general counsel, and president. He retired from Freeport in 1989.

In an update to the School prior to his 50th anniversary in 1997, he wrote, “Now occupied with volunteer work and leisure, especially rowing with three other geriatrics who don’t know better.”

After his retirement, Mr. Stebbins became an active volunteer at Norwalk Hospital, Waveny Care Center, and the New Canaan Library. He also joined the Norwalk Yacht Club’s “The Ancient and The Honorable” rowing team, winning competitions both nationally and internationally.

Mr. Stebbins is survived by his beloved wife of 58 years, Bernadine; his brother, John Stebbins ‘46; his children, Victoria Frelow, Charles Stebbins, and Robert Stebbins; and six grandchildren.

1949
Samuel McClay Yonce

passed away September 18, 2012, in Greenwich, Conn., due to complications from surgery. He was 81. Born January 30, 1931, in Chicago, he was the son of the late Stanley Logan Yonce and Cora McClay Yonce.

Mr. Yonce attended Lake Forest Country Day School in Lake Forest, Ill., and Buckley School in New York City before entering the Third Form of St. Paul’s School in 1945. At the time of his admission, he wrote to the School that “the most significant experiences which I can remember affecting me were the death of my father [who died in 1944] and sister [who died at a young age]. This left me only
my mother to guide me through life."

At St. Paul’s, he excelled athletically in football, hockey, basketball, baseball, and track. A member of Halcyon and Old Hundred, he played SPS varsity hockey in 1948 and 1949 and competed in varsity track from 1947 to 1949, serving as captain as a Sixth Former and establishing a School record in the high hurdles.

He was a member of the Athletic Association, the Missionary Society, the Scientific Society, Glee Club, and the Yearbook. He wrote for the Pelican and served as a supervisor, helping to run one of the Lower School dormitories. Known at SPS as a cheerful boy, he was also admired for his honesty and integrity. Mr. Yonce told the story of auditioning for the Glee Club and not making the cut. He appealed to Channing Lefebvre for reconsideration on his candidacy and was ultimately granted membership under the condition that he, in Master Lefebvre’s words, “did not sing out loud.”

Before matriculating at Yale, Mr. Yonce spent a year working as a guidance counselor for underprivileged and troubled boys in the Chicago area. At Yale he played on the varsity hockey team along with five other SPS alumni, was a member of Fence Club, and graduated with the Class of 1954. He then served for several years as a first lieutenant in the U.S. Air Force before beginning a 35-year career in the investment securities business, working for First Boston, A.G. Becker, Rotan Mosle, and L.P. Cook & Co.

In October 1962, he married Lizora Schoolfield Miller and the couple had three sons: Samuel McClay Yonce Jr. ’82, Logan Hanes Yonce, and Clifford Miller Yonce ’87.

Mr. Yonce was devoted to St. Paul’s School and served as a form director from 1979 to 1983 and a form agent from 1984 to 2004. For his 50th SPS anniversary he wrote, “Like all formmates of 1984, I endured the years of WWII. Luckily I attended Buckley School before entering St. Paul’s, where many alumni were attending. These associations, together with new ones at SPS, formed the most important ingredients of my life—friendships. These friendships formed a strong sense of security to face the future as the only child of a financially strained widowed mother... St. Paul’s was a cornerstone in my life. The SPS friendships and associations produced a confidence and sense of security that continues to serve me well.”

A resident of Boca Grande, Fla., and formerly Greenwich, Conn., Mr. Yonce was an active member of the Round Hill Club, Fishers Island Club, Gasparilla Golf Club, Lemon Bay Golf Club, U.S. Seniors’ Golf Association, the Father and Son Golf Association, and the Yale Club of New York. He especially enjoyed the camaraderie and competition of playing many sports with friends and family. He took pride in supporting the endeavors of his children and grandchildren and was a valued “coach” and “teammate” for them. Mr. Yonce was fiercely loyal to his family and many friends. He leaves behind his beloved wife of 50 years; his sons, Clay ’82, Logan, and Clifford ’87; daughters-in-law Ginny and Susan; and grandchildren Samuel McClay Yonce III ’15, Isabelle Vogel Yonce, Caroline Schoolfield Yonce, and Clifford Miller Yonce Jr.

1952

Norman Alexander “Alex” MacColl Jr.

1952

Norman Alexander “Alex” MacColl Jr. rose to the top ranks of the banking industry, but his free time was devoted to enjoying the outdoors with his family. After living for many years in Avon, Conn., Mr. MacColl died August 25, 2011, while receiving medical care in Springfield, Mass. He was 77.

Alex MacColl was born in Providence, R.I., on April 27, 1934, to Norman and Mary Kimbark MacColl and was one of many family members to attend St. Paul’s. He came to the School in 1946 as a member of the First Form. Two years later, he transferred to Proctor Academy in Andover, N.H., where, among other activities, he learned to fly, piloting an airplane alone when he was just 15.

His father, the senior Norman MacColl of the Form of 1915, and four uncles attended St. Paul’s in the early 1900s. Several of Mr. MacColl’s cousins also attended the School.

After graduating from Proctor, Mr. MacColl studied at the Rhode Island School of Design, where he planned to learn the skills necessary to work in the family’s textile business. When the Lorraine Manufacturing Company closed its mills in 1953, he transferred to Babson College, graduating in 1957.

Mr. MacColl launched his banking career in Detroit, working in the field until he retired as a senior vice president from the Union Trust Bank of Hartford, Conn., in 1997. He also served for six years in the Michigan National Guard, retiring with the rank of lieutenant.

For more than 70 years, Mr. MacColl and his family spent summers in Wianno, Mass. It was there that he began his efforts as a volunteer preservationist, working to save the Wianno Club from destruction. He served as club president for seven years. The iconic seaside club had been a popular destination since its 1887 opening; it was added to the National Register of Historic Places in 1979.

Mr. MacColl also routinely gathered with four generations of his family in New Hampshire for what they fondly called the annual “MacColl Camporama.” He enjoyed golf, tennis, quail hunting, sailing, and boating. He was an active member of many clubs, including the Agawam Hunt Club in Providence, R.I., the Country Club of Detroit, the University Club of Detroit, the Tennis Club of Grosse Pointe, Mich., the Hartford Club, the Hartford Golf Club, the Farmington Field Club, the Craigville Beach Club in Craigville, Mass., and the Wianno Club. He was a member of the General Society of Mayflower Descendants.

Mr. MacColl is survived by his wife, Nancy Herron MacColl, whom he married on June 28, 1957; a daughter, Susan MacColl Walker; a son, Norman “Scott” Alexander MacColl III; a niece, a nephew, five grandchildren; and siblings Nancy Beckwith, Joan Brennan, and Hugh MacColl.
1955

George Rice Munson

beloved husband of Victoria Kilbourn Munson and father of Mimi Munson '92, died on April 14, 2012. He was 75.

Mr. Munson entered the Second Form from Bryn Mawr, Pa., in 1950. He competed with Shattuck and Old Hundred. A talented student, he was named a Ferguson Scholar in the Fourth Form and was a member of the Aurelian Honor Society. He participated in intramural sports and rowed with the varsity crew. His other activities included the Glee Club, Choir, and Acolyte Guild. Mr. Munson served as president of Le Cercle Français, vice president of the Library Association, and secretary of the Propylean Literary Society.

After St. Paul's, he attended Yale University and then the University of Hartford, majoring in French at both schools and earning his B.A. in 1965. “My significant class at SPS was conversational French with André Jacq, my favorite teacher,” Mr. Munson wrote to the School in 1996.

“The training I got in French from him was indispensable to my college career and gave me a great deal of pleasure both in college and in a number of trips to France.”

Though at times Mr. Munson distanced himself from the School, in 1989 he wrote that he had been drawn much closer to St. Paul’s as a result of his daughter’s enrollment.

Mr. Munson married Victoria Tucker Kilbourn on Valentine’s Day, 1970, and they settled in Simsbury, Conn. Mimi was born two years later.

Mr. Munson was devoted to the nearby community of Hartford, where he gained many friends through his volunteer work at McClean Home and his work and studies at the University of Hartford.

He is survived by his wife and daughter; his granddaughter, Charlotte; and his two sisters, Kate and Elizabeth ’74. His father, Townsend Munson ’29, and brother, Townsend “Tony” Munson ’56, both deceased, also attended St. Paul’s, as did several uncles and cousins.

1957

Alexander Alexandrov

“Sandy Z” Zvegintzov

a pioneering spirit, whose mid-life career shift from lawyer to ski instructor and river guide allowed him to follow his love for the outdoors, died October 14, 2012, after experiencing a “medical episode” while hiking Mt. Glory near his home in Jackson, Wyo. He was 73.

Born May 3, 1939, to Alexander and Hannah Woolston Zvegintzov of Philadelphia, Pa., Mr. Zvegintzov attended Chestnut Hill Academy before joining the Second Form at St. Paul’s in the fall of 1952. Described as “pleasantly carefree” and a student with “a good disposition, sincerity, and a fine sense of humor,” Mr. Zvegintzov, better known as “Sandy Z,” participated in the Dramatic Club, the Glee Club, and the Rifle Club at SPS. In addition, he played football and ran track for Old Hundred, serving as track captain as a Sixth Former.

He went on to study at the University of Colorado and, despite an inclination toward the arts, Mr. Zvegintzov pursued his law degree at the University of North Carolina. He moved to Wilson, Wyo., in 1972, serving as the prosecuting attorney for Teton County and practicing general law for more than 20 years. In the mid-1980s, he left his law career behind to pursue his passion for the outdoors, becoming a ski instructor and river guide. In addition, he returned to school at the University of Wyoming to study painting. He became an accomplished artist, painting on a daily basis until his death.

Mr. Zvegintzov led tours in Yellowstone and Teton National Parks, and his passion for the outdoors intersected with his paintings as he transferred the natural beauty of what he saw every day onto his canvases. Mr. Zvegintzov also spent two years alone at sea, sailing a 40-foot sloop around the Caribbean.

Mr. Zvegintzov is survived by his two sons, Nicholas '83 and Mischa, and two grandchildren.

1958

Lee Willing Patterson

a distinguished Yale professor, passed away at his home in New Haven, Conn., on June 29, 2012, at the age of 72.

Born on May 14, 1940, Mr. Patterson entered SPS in the Second Form in 1953, following in the footsteps of his father, uncle, and two brothers, Stuart '53 and Robert ’55. Prior to his arrival at St. Paul’s, he attended school in his hometown of Morristown, N.J.

Mr. Patterson was very active in numerous pursuits at the School, showing an early talent for writing and English. He served as president of the Cadmean Literary Society, editor of the student literary magazine Horae Scholasticae, and was a member of the debating team. He also excelled in athletics, playing football for Delphian and rowing with the Halcyon and SPS crews. He graduated near the top of his form and his intellect was respected by faculty and peers.

In school records, Mr. Patterson was described as “a boy of very high potential. He is blessed with excellent aptitudes and has a vigorous and dynamic personality.” Longtime friend Patrick Rulon-Miller ’58 remembers him “holding court” at the Tuck Shop on a daily basis. “Lee clearly was one of the larger personalities in our form, characterized by insightful intelligence and a wiry sense of humor,” said Mr. Rulon-Miller, who went on to room with Mr. Patterson at Yale.
Mr. Patterson received both his B.A. (1962) and his Ph.D. (1968) from Yale. During his time there, he was awarded two prestigious fellowships: the Woodrow Wilson and the Carnegie. He went on to study at the University of Toronto, Johns Hopkins University, and Duke University before returning to Yale to teach medieval literature. From 1996 to 2000, he chaired the University’s Program in Medieval Studies. His first book, *Negotiating the Past*, was responsible for bringing renewed interest to medieval studies, according to his obituary in *Yale News*.

Mr. Patterson was a popular professor, known for infusing seemingly dry subject matter with excitement and bringing relevance to antiquated texts. “Being in the presence of a teacher and scholar such as Lee Patterson reminded me of the value of passionate and gifted teaching,” one student said in a course evaluation provided by Mr. Rulon-Miller.

Mr. Patterson served on the board of the American Civil Liberties Union for many years. Dedicated to his career, he also lived a rich and adventurous life. One of his favorite memories, according to friends, was cross-country biking through Europe with his children.

He is survived by five children: Thomas Patterson, Anne Patterson, Felicity Laudisa, Jason Endicott, and Charles Patterson; eight grandchildren; his brothers; and half-sister Patricia Patterson ’82.

1960
Leighton Chapman Atteberry

West Point graduate, Vietnam veteran, and career project management specialist for ExxonMobil, died at his home in Houston, Texas, on June 18, 2012, following a six-month battle with lymphoma. He was 69.

Mr. Atteberry was born on August 18, 1942, in Portland, Ore., to Roy Leighton Atteberry and Priscilla Ropes Atteberry. He attended public schools in Arlington, Va., before enrolling at St. Paul’s School in 1956. He was known at St. Paul’s as a congenial student and an excellent athlete, participating in cross country, track, and hockey. He was also a member of the Scientific Association and Dramatic Club. After graduating from St. Paul’s in 1960, Mr. Atteberry went on to West Point, graduating with honors from the U.S. Military Academy in 1965, a distinction that did not go unnoticed by the St. Paul’s family. “To have distinguished yourself in so distinguished a place is a real tribute to your own good gifts, and it certainly is heartening to us at St. Paul’s School,” Rector Matthew Warren wrote in a letter to Mr. Atteberry in 1965.

Mr. Atteberry served in the Army for five years upon graduating from West Point, completing tours in Germany, Vietnam, and the U.S. before accepting a job with Esso Research and Engineering Company (now Exxon). In a 30-year career with the oil giant, he held positions in locations all over the world, including London, Colomba, Singapore, San Francisco, and Canada. He retired from Exxon in 2000 and began another satisfying experience as an independent consultant in project management technology for the energy industry, primarily with Exxon.

Mr. Atteberry was married for 47 years to Janet Krank Atteberry. He was an avid reader, a lover of classical music and opera, and an enthusiastic outdoorsman who enjoyed fishing, backpacking, cycling, and bird watching.

In addition to his wife, Mr. Atteberry leaves a son, Christopher Atteberry; a daughter, Tamera Fahed; sisters Gail Fusco, Trois Moore, and Carol Atteberry; and three grandchildren. He was buried with full military honors in the U.S. Military Academy Cemetery at West Point, N.Y.

1970
Robert Luther “Rhino” Edens III

who earned his nickname on the gridiron of St. Paul’s, died on July 10, 2012, in Palm Beach, Fla., at the age of 60.

Born December 27, 1951, he was the son of Robert L. Edens Jr. and Frances Talbert Knight. Mr. Edens and his family spent his first 10 years in Ardsley-on-Hudson, N.Y., before moving to the North Shore of Chicago, a change that was difficult for this lifelong New York Giants fan, though he later wrote in his application to St. Paul’s, “I settled down and found that I liked living in the middle west very much.” Prior to arriving at St. Paul’s, he attended Greeley and Skokie Schools in Winnetka, Ill., where he was highly regarded by his teachers.

Mr. Edens entered St. Paul’s as a Third Former. His large stature and gregarious personality earned him the nickname of “Rhino” on and off the football field. He was a member of La Junta and the Forum. During his Sixth Form year, he joined a group of 52 SPS boys in a nine-week exchange program with the all-girls Dana Hall School in Wellesley, Mass. The exchange was described in an SPS press release as “the longest co-educational exchange ever attempted by two independent schools.”

Mr. Edens served as a dorm supervisor as a Sixth Former. A former faculty member wrote, “Edens has been a wonderful, wholesome, outgoing boy who adds a lot of warmth to the community.”

Following his graduation, Mr. Edens entered the University of Virginia and joined the St. Elmo fraternity, where he became a legendary member, described in a 2003 *New York Times* article as someone who “wore sunglasses indoors and played Monopoly with cash.” Mr. Edens was described by friends as an iconoclast and skeptic. He was also known to be extremely generous with family and friends.

After an early career in the securities industry, he became a collector and dealer in English and American antiques. He leaves behind many devoted friends as well as his sister and brother-in-law, Stephanie and Jay Wilson; and five nieces and nephews, including a godson, Luke Wilson. Friend “Tres” Davidson III wrote on behalf of the Form of 1970, “We will always remember Rhino for his indomitable spirit. Just as with our patron saint [St. Paul], Rhino didn’t suffer fools gladly. . . .”
Sarah Burns ’00: The Central Park Five

Early on in the process, I decided the story had to be a film. Film and books have very different ways of telling a story. The book has much more space to get into the details, but there is something much more visceral about the film that allows us to interview the five so the audience gets to hear from them in their own words. It shows not only them, but New York in the eighties, so you can understand something of the time and place. Having all those senses engaged is a different way of experiencing the story.

This was the right way to get into the family business. I have been learning from my dad my whole life about story-telling, but had carefully stayed away from film until now because I didn’t want to do it just because it was there. But this felt very natural. I had a story I felt passionate about. I could have ended up working in film or with my dad in other ways, but it worked better because I had a story I really wanted to tell.

Even though this was international news at the time, it felt like a story that hadn’t been told properly. So many people knew about this case, but when the convictions were vacated, it was not such a big story. A lot of people assume it was a technicality. This was an opportunity to set the record straight.

This story contributed to people’s fears of New York and of black and Latino youth in 1980s New York. It’s important to know it wasn’t true. The film is in part about the media’s failure to apply journalistic skepticism, and what underlying suspicions and assumptions contribute to something like this. It was too easy to believe these boys had committed this crime because of what they looked like.

It’s a problem that the media needs and relies on public officials as sources and they don’t always apply that journalistic skepticism. I hope that people in the media are a little bit more aware of the fact that false convictions happen.

When I first met the five, I expected they’d be hardened by this experience, but they’re not. It’s obviously been difficult for them, but the way they handle it is without anger. People are surprised by their grace and dignity.

At film festivals and in theaters, we bring some of the five and they answer questions. The best part of the process is witnessing what happens between them and the audience – they get standing ovations, people want to hug them. There’s something very healing in it.

People tell the five, ‘I remember this story and I believed it and I just want to say I’m really sorry.’ That’s a pretty amazing thing. It’s clear that it means a lot to them, having been treated like they were the worst animals, to be in these settings where people are applauding them.

A goal of the film is to spread the word. We want people to have conversations about it, about why these convictions happened, and what we can do to create change.

The City of New York, in defending the civil lawsuit, subpoenaed everything we collected – it was outrageously broad. We pushed back and it was narrowed to interviews with people involved in the case. They accused us of not being journalists and said we were not protected by the reporter’s privilege, claiming we are advocates for the five. That’s outrageous. This film is a work of nonfiction, about reporting the facts. But even if it were advocacy, the idea that journalists can’t be advocates is a hugely problematic claim.

[Editor’s note: On February 19, a federal judge blocked New York City from getting footage gathered for the film.]

Yes, I would now identify myself as a filmmaker. This film is keeping us very busy, but we are working together on another film about [the first black man to play in Major League Baseball] Jackie Robinson. I like the collaborative aspect of film much more than the solitary nature of writing a book.

I wasn’t aware of the story of the Central Park five at all until 2003. I was an American studies major at Yale working in New York for a civil rights lawyer involved in the case. I became really interested and wrote my senior essay about it, focusing on racism in media coverage. I continued to be fascinated by the case and, after deciding not to go to law school, I instead spent five years writing a book, figuring out how to be a journalist, and how to create a narrative.
As a 16-year-old student at St. Paul’s, Austin Meyer ‘88 could often be found on weekends flying airplanes at Concord Airport.

Meyer, a South Carolina native who has always loved science, earned his pilot’s license prior to his arrival at the School as a Fourth Former. Two-and-a-half decades later, Meyer not only has 3,000 flying hours to his credit, but he also has built a thriving career by combining two of his lifelong passions: aviation and computer programming.

As he nears the 25th anniversary of his SPS graduation, Meyer is flying high – literally. His flight simulator program – X-Plane – has vaulted into position as the industry standard for pilots flying everything from single-engine Cessnas to Boeing 737s.

“The real benefits are not measurable,” he says of the product. “We can’t really know how much benefit pilots have from more flight time in a simulator.”

In the process of converting more than half a million users, Meyer and the multi-platform X-Plane software have, he says, “nudged software giant Microsoft out of the flight-simulation business.”

“I have four subcontractors, we don’t have an office, we work when we want, how we want, nobody has to leave the house,” says Meyer from his home base in Columbia, S.C. “We are a zero-carbon, zero-commute, zero-office-overhead company.”

Meyer “absolutely loved” his time at St. Paul’s, where the people, campus, crew program, and astronomy program were among the highlights. He earned an aerospace engineering degree from Iowa State University in 1994, founded X-Plane in 1995, and wrote all the code.
herself until 2000, when sales began to mandate programming assistance. In 2012, his financial success combined with his love for the School motivated him to establish with his wife the Austin and Lane Meyer South Carolina Regional Scholarship, which will award full tuition and fees to as many as four scholars at a time.

Meanwhile, Meyer is not resting on the wings of X-Plane. Just recently he wrote and released Xavion, an iPad app that can guide pilots into safe landings on runways in the case of engine failure.

“It’s breaking the rules of what a computer can tell you in an airplane,” he explains.

“Technology has changed everything. X-Plane for iPhone and iPad sometimes outsells the desktop product. It allows people to very easily practice flying airplanes anytime, anywhere. An iPad is easy to have around a cockpit. If the engine fails, the pilot can follow Xavion’s guidance for a safe landing.”

A third project, still in development, assures that the scope of Meyer’s ideas spans from conservative to wild and, in his words, “from profitable to almost certainly not.”

“So far, this country has failed to develop an affordable, reusable space transportation system,” he says. “If an airliner was blown away every single time you flew it, how cheap would airline travel be?”

Meyer is in the testing phase of a concept he believes could be a model for a reusable space transportation system, building and flying model rockets to demonstrate his hypotheses on a “small but hair-raising scale.”

“We are talking about rockets that are seven feet tall and can fly up to 400 MPH,” he explains. “There is no limit to the obsession to detail that is going to be required to do an excellent job, and you need to abandon respect for convention in developing an idea.”
“Let’s make a movie,” said Broadway actor Rich Thieriot ’98 in response to a motivational e-mail by 1998 Form Agent Andrew Bleiman.

The idea was simple – a video campaign to mobilize our formates to return to SPS for our 15th reunion and reengage with the School. Rich, Dodd Loomis ’98 (an award-winning theater director), Charlie Smith ’98 (a financial wizard), and I (an educator) teamed up in January as a weekend-warrior film crew to revisit our halcyon days in Millville.

Our agenda included a boys hockey game, Open House at the Rectory, senior hour at Tuck, Sunday brunch in the Upper, intervis in the dorms, Monday morning Chapel, Mr. Chase’s creative writing class, a tour of the new Lindsay Center for Mathematics and Science with Dr. G, and face time with Rector Michael Hirschfeld ’85. On the surface, our itinerary replicated a routine from the late-1990s, but we were intent on picking out threads of continuity and change.

After college, I spent some time backpacking through Southeast Asia. One of the famous sayings by island people in that region is, “Same, same, but different.” Although this phrase originated to compensate for language barriers, I actually find it quite poignant.

Hockey is still an important winter pastime and central to the School community, although our very own Mark Bozek ’98 is now ensconced as head coach instead of patrolling the right wing. Open House at the Rectory remains a hot event and the lemon poppy seed cake lives on. Even though Big Guy has retired, the Tuck Shop is still a popular destination, blasting good tunes and churning out our favorite fried foods. Today’s students recognize Cotton Eye Joe and anything by the Grateful Dead, but they would rather listen to Sammy Adams and Mumford & Sons. We over-heard some of the familiar St. Paul’s lexicon, like “newb,” but new slang, such as “wheeling” and “chief,” has emerged. Students remain confident public speakers, advocating for social justice, but they reference blogs instead of books. Mr. Wardrop now has an amazing robotics lab in the shiny new Lindsay Center, but ecology classes still do labs outdoors à la Mr. Potter. Our teachers don’t look like they’ve aged a day, but the passage of time is marked by their seats in Chapel – close enough to high five the Rector. Mr. Hirschfeld occupies a different chair now, but he remains a grounded educator who believes that maintaining community is the most important part of his new role. Based on our conversations with students, faculty, and staff, he’s doing a stellar job.

As someone who has worked at a boarding school for the past nine years (currently at Berkshire School), I had a fairly relevant perspective heading into our filming project. In the face of heightened college pressures to specialize and be the best, it’s refreshing to see that St. Paul’s ultimately places a premium on building relationships. The students I met were curious, considerate, and profoundly inspired by their community. Resoundingly, they love St. Paul’s and, far beyond the college placements and beautiful facilities, that love is what matters.

When my husband asked me about my weekend in Millville, I waxed poetic but in summary answered, “Same, same, but different.” Such is the beauty of St. Paul’s – the School ebbs and flows appropriately with the times, but somehow manages to maintain the most important values we graduates cherish. St. Paul’s taught us how to harness freedom with responsibility, and whether we are now professional dancers, human rights activists, lawyers, waitresses, Secretary of State, doctors, engineers, bankers, parents, or civil servants, it taught us to follow our paths with grounded awareness, vigor, and faith.

Dana Chapin Anselmi ’98
The force of community is deep and strong within the heart of St. Paul’s School. It is the sense that together makes the best things happen. Together is the mystery behind the magic of this school. It is the spirit that lingers and so often grows stronger in the years beyond Millville.

Together we ensure that St. Paul’s School remains a community in which the extraordinary can happen for our students, can happen every single day — here, and for the rest of their lives.

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The brown pelican: “In normal flight a few wing-beats are followed by a glide. . . .”

– Ornithologist James Bond (1918)