Alumni brave the heat to rekindle friendships

Shattuck rules the day on Turkey Pond
Contemplating 1968 still evokes powerful memories. There were many traumatic events that year: the Tet offensive in Vietnam, the assassinations of Martin Luther King Jr. and Robert F. Kennedy, the riots at the Democratic National Convention, and the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. Change was in the air over much of the world. Some were eager for it, others were bitterly opposed, and still others were simply perplexed as they realized Bob Dylan was right when he sang, “the times they are a-changin’.”

In the enclosed world of St. Paul’s, which the Rector still referred to as Millville, the Form of 1968 was also of mixed mind. In our Sixth Form Show, we sang, “I won’t grow up, I’ll never grow up, not me!” Yet, within months, several members had drafted what would become known as the Sixth Form Letter. Many signed it; others wanted no part of it. The Letter heaped scorn on the pride and complacency it saw in the School and demanded many kinds of change, ranging from greater personal freedom to increased emphasis on the fine arts.

The School to which many of us returned for our 45th reunion in May was very different from the one we left – co-educational; more committed to the fine arts, mathematics, and the natural sciences than the School of our day; much more open to participating in the world beyond its grounds; more eclectic spiritually than it used to be; and more diverse in its ethnic and racial composition. Perhaps the Sixth Form Letter played some small part in hastening change at St. Paul’s.

And yet one of the high points of the reunion had little to do with the turmoil of the 1960s or the changes that followed. We found ourselves drawing on some of the oldest traditions of the School in its most venerable building, the Chapel of St. Paul, also known as the Old Chapel. Over the years, seven members of the Form of 1968 have died, and we gathered there to commemorate their lives. How would we do it?

Several members stood up to speak about their dead classmates. When they were done, others added their own recollections. All of this took place within a specially designed service, which used offerings from the Book of Common Prayer and the School Prayer Book, hymns from the Episcopal Church’s Hymnal, and Biblical readings from Ecclesiastes and St. Paul. These elements were familiar to us from the daily Chapel services at SPS we remember from so long ago. An hour after the service ended, some participants were still standing and talking outside the Old Chapel. For many of us, it was a powerful experience to gather in that place to honor the dead, not only by recalling our memories of them, but also by drawing on the School’s Chapel traditions.

Like the world around us, like the School itself, we have lived through tumultuous changes. Probably none of us would want the world or the School to be as it was in 1968. Nor would we want to be the boys we were then – we did grow up. And yet we also have learned the wisdom of St. Paul’s counsel to “hold fast that which is good.” We needed that Old Chapel, those hymns and prayers, and those Biblical words to make sense of the times that have been relentlessly a-changin’. We will do it again, no doubt, at future reunions – hopefully even until just one of us is left standing to remember.
Forty-five years removed from SPS, David Tait ’68 reflects on the Sixth Form Letter and other memories of a time of change.

Alumni return to St. Paul’s to renew old friendships and reconnect with the School.

Saying good-bye to retiring faculty members Patrick Cully, Ken Casazza, and Tom Bazos; celebrating 25 years with Richard Greenleaf.

Shattuck rules the day on Turkey Pond.

The Form of 1983 breaks an all-time record.

Alumni return to St. Paul's to renew old friendships and reconnect with the School. Flanked by 2003 formmates Ben Cooley and Quentin Reeve, Jordan Katz expressed in simple terms exactly how he feels when he returns to campus.

“I just miss it, mostly,” said Katz, now 28, married, and living in New York. “I really miss being here.”

For the approximately 2,000 alumni who make the pilgrimage back to the place of their formative years, Anniversary Weekend is as much about seeing old friends as it is about visiting old haunts. Stephanie Crocker ’08 expressed a desire to be inside the Chapel, while Xavier Williams ’08 and Eric Jones ’08 hoped to see their former dorm rooms. Reeve was as anxious to connect with formmates as he was to take a swim in Turkey Pond, one of the first items of business for him, Katz, and Cooley upon their June 1 return to the School.

“We were also on the cross country course this morning, reminiscing about the times there,” said Cooley, who also mentioned plans to row with his friends at the afternoon Boat Races.

Fuller Henriques ’11 returned to watch his brother, Lou ’13, graduate. Fuller said being on campus felt as comfortable as it did the day he graduated. While his form was not in a reunion year, Fuller, a student at Bates College, noted that he stays in close contact with many of his SPS friends, whether through social media or other electronic communication or face-to-face. As Lou Henriques lamented the loss of seeing his friends daily, he was buoyed both by his brother’s maintenance of close connections and by witnessing the camaraderie among other alumni as they greeted one another outside the Chapel.
“It gives me a sense of hope that we will stay together,” he said. “But it’s still scary because I am not going to wake up and have my best buddy right there.”

The Form of 1968 provided a strong example of the melting of years. The authors of the famous Sixth Form Letter of 1968 wore matching hats and as much madras clothing as possible in an attempt to mirror the style of their Third Form class photo.

“I am surprised at how close we are,” said Will Whetzel ’68, a member of the 1968 Student Council who helped then-President Rick King write the letter, which appealed to the Rector to alter the monastic existence of St. Paul’s. “I have been to the last three reunions and I find the conversations we have to still be meaningful.”

Whetzel’s formmates, career military men Chip Waters ’68 (Army) and George Marvin ’68 (Navy) spoke of how much the School had evolved since their graduation, with Marvin noting that the uniformity parodied by the form’s madras attire at Anniversary was one of the grievances that pushed members to pen the 1968 letter.

“After that there was a lot more individualism,” he said. “A little bit of that came as the result of our letter. A lot was going to happen anyway, but maybe it happened sooner because of the letter.”

Marvin, a retired U.S. Navy captain, credited the School with “helping me become who I am [today]. The older I get and the further removed from St. Paul’s, the more I realize what an important experience it was.”

Waters, an Army colonel, described himself as a “big fan of SPS,” who sent his two children, Kate ’02 and Charles ’05, to the School. He and the 33 members of the Form of 1968 who attended Anniversary gathered on June 1 in the Chapel of St. Paul, where David Tait ’68 led a service that celebrated the lives of the seven classmates who have died in the intervening years.

“We had a classmate who died, a really wonderful guy named Doug Morin, a year before our 35th, and that really affected me because I realized I would give anything to sit down and talk to him,” said Marvin. “I realized I don’t want that to happen with other classmates, so that is why I have come back every five years for our reunion.”

The sense of community gained at St. Paul’s is hard to duplicate, shared Sophie Hollingsworth ’08, in Concord for the first, five-year reunion of the Form of 2008. And standing nearby with formmate and former faculty brat Nora Tracy Phillips ’78, John Tweedy ’78, a documentary filmmaker from Colorado, spoke of the “enormous sense of place” he feels when he returns to St. Paul’s.

“I don’t think that’s the goal, to recreate what St. Paul’s was,” said Xavier Williams ’08. “We move on, we take our best lessons from here, our great friendships, and keep them going. But I think, to Sophie’s point, you do have that sense of community and you can appreciate that so you value your friendships and recognize those can carry you through life.”

Watching alumni reconnect with one another was a powerful experience for Miriam Eickhoff ’15, who was in awe after coming off Turkey Pond with the winning first Shattuck girls crew.

“While it’s great to be a part of it now,” said Eickhoff, “I feel like it will be even better when I come back later as an alum and look back at my time here.”
An Open Door All the Time

TOM BAZOS: RETIREMENT

Tom Bazos got a glimpse of life at St. Paul’s through the eyes of his three children, all of whom attended the summer Advanced Studies Program at the School. It was 2001 when Bazos learned that ASP was searching for a new director.

“I had seen its success as a parent and I appreciated what it offered to New Hampshire high school students,” he said at the time.

Bazos served as ASP director from 2001 to 2009, becoming immersed in the culture of the “winter” school through coaching and advising duties. In the spring of 2009, he was appointed dean of students by Twelfth Rector Bill Matthews ’61. The role was not an unfamiliar one to Bazos, who had spent three years, from 1998 to 2001, as assistant principal at nearby Concord High School. Prior to that, he served two years in the same position at Merrimack (N.H.) High School. His background also includes stints as a middle school and high school guidance counselor, as a mathematics teacher at Greenwich Country Day School in Connecticut, and as a teacher and administrator for various international schools during several years spent working in the Middle East.

Bazos, who came to the United States from Greece with his family at the age of two, has cherished his time in the dean’s office, particularly the opportunity to interact with students. He is known both for his outgoing nature and keen sense of humor (for years he has had an ongoing “battle” with Director of Security George Pangaklis about who is the “toughest Greek” on campus) and as a respected and fair disciplinarian.

“You have to make yourself available and interact with the students whenever you can,” he says. “That means having your door open all the time...”

During his four years as dean of students, Bazos has overseen the growth of the weekend activity program for students and has worked to improve the advising system by seeking student and parent feedback. “We also asked advisers to reflect on their own practices,” he says, “to think the process through a bit better. We have tried to make people more aware that advising is one of the most important things we do here.”

Bazos and his wife, Dotty, will remain in New Hampshire after he retires June 30. They recently purchased what he calls a “gentleman’s farm” on Stickney Hill, less than a mile from the end of the boat docks on Turkey Pond. In the fall, Bazos will travel to Greece with his two sons, Peter ASP ’96 and Nicholas ASP ’97, and spend time with family in the area. He will make regular visits to New York City, where Peter, Nicholas, and daughter Elizabeth ASP ’00 live. He and Dotty look forward to dotting on their young grandson for many years to come.

“I will miss the students and my colleagues,” he says. “But part of retiring now is opening up time, which is precious.”
Always a Friend or Resource Nearby

KEN CASAZZA: RETIREMENT

There are many things people don’t know about Ken Casazza.

“No one knows that I was in the Civil Air Patrol and was trained to skydive in to fight fires or rescue people if their plane crashed in the Maine woods,” he says. “A few people know that [in 1968] I hiked the Appalachian Trail from Georgia to Maine; that I was an EMT at Woodstock and that I was taught to ski by [Olympic gold medalist] Stein Erikson; that Rudy Giuliani was my fraternity brother [at Manhattan College]; that I played doubles with Arthur Ashe; that I nearly got thrown in jail with the Beach Boys; that Don McLean and Susan Lucci and I and our dates went out on the town in New York City. But, everyone here knows that I am married to my best friend, Marcia, and that’s been the greatest experience of my life.”

Casazza worked at five independent schools prior to arriving at St. Paul’s 11 years ago, where he has taught both math and science. After college, he returned to his New York–based alma mater, Horace Mann, as a math teacher and to work with a rigorous outdoor wilderness and survival skills program called the Searchers. He also taught at the Gunnery in Connecticut, where he and Marcia were co–founders and co–directors of the Gunnery’s Searchers program.

“Searchers were awarded a pin at the end of the program,” Casazza says. “Many Searchers have told us that the program changed their lives, that it was the defining time in their high school careers. One told me recently that when her 12–year–old son went off on his first big camping trip in Russia, she let him wear her pin so he would know that he could do anything if he tried hard enough.”

Following Gunnery, Casazza moved on to Governor Dummer Academy in Byfield, Mass., as the head of the Mathematics Department. He then joined the faculty at the Walden School in Louisville, Ky., where he served as head of the upper school while teaching mathematics and physics. Wanting to be closer to home and family, he and Marcia moved to Episcopal High School in Alexandria, Va., where he taught math and served as dean of faculty.

Casazza says it’s the sense of community, more than anything else, that has drawn him to the independent school life for so many years – “the feeling that there is always a friend or resource nearby if I need help. Another is the satisfaction in seeing students grow and mature, not just in academics, but in all aspects of their lives.”

At St. Paul’s, Casazza is known for his warmth, professionalism, and sense of camaraderie with students and faculty. In 2005, he was a nominee for the Form of 1973 Mentor Fellowship, which recognizes leadership qualities in SPS faculty and staff members. He has, for many years, volunteered to mentor new faculty members to help them acclimate to life at the School.

The Casazzas look forward to spending time with their four daughters and eight grandchildren, on the lake in New Hampshire in the summers and in Mexico in the winters.

“I’ve taught at six schools, and I feel that SPS has been the best place for me to be at this time in my life,” he says. “The high caliber of the students has made my job easier; the quality of the faculty and administration has made my job a pleasure. I love teaching, and it will be hard for that to no longer be a major part of my life.”
More than just the study of shapes, geometry is a door to perceiving the arrangement of nature. Precise yet mystical.

Patrick Cully uses geometry and the full range of higher mathematics as a form of exploration, a way to lead students, and himself, toward a profound perspective on the so-called real world. Math is a tool for everyone, he believes—not just the academically elite. It is, he says, “a gift to humanity, exposing students to what’s possible,” a statement that arose just recently, he explains, in a conversation with a student.

With an intellect of the highest order, Cully yet remains a most humane teacher and friend. After childhood in Los Alamos, N.M., he attended Reed College, graduating with a major in history. He taught mathematics during graduate school at New York University and then in grades eight through twelve at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in New York City, where he became known for his “joyous spirit,” his excellence on the classical piano, and his gift, as one student wrote, “to make mathematics amazing, the way it corresponds to so many other things in the universe.”

Cully came to St. Paul’s in 1998, where he honed his pedagogical philosophy that math is not just skill in symbol manipulation, but, more than that, an essential application in many areas of work and life. “Because of computers,” he says, “everything in all disciplines is starting to be mathematically modeled.” “The Pythagorean Theorem never goes away,” he adds.

During his 15 years in Millville, he has taught courses ranging from advanced linear algebra, complex variables, and abstract algebra to dynamical systems and introductory tensor analysis—along with geometry, with which he introduces many younger students to the beauty inherent in mathematics. He also created the department’s course in vector calculus.

Wholly dedicated to his students and advisees, Cully has been the enthusiastic adviser to the Mathematics Society, an informal liaison with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and a chaperone for 20 students on a two–week visit to China. Wherever he travels, he remains an eager student. Visiting Switzerland while posted with School Year Abroad in France, he visited a museum to view artist Paul Klee’s use of mathematics and finally managed to locate Albert Einstein’s old house in Bern—now disguised as a pizza parlor. He spent much of last summer investigating the general theory of relativity.

Retiring to a home he has maintained in Ireland, Cully expects to spend his time gardening, traveling, and playing some Chopin, Schumann, and Bach on his piano. He also wants to explore opportunities to teach math as a volunteer, possibly to students in Africa “who don’t have the opportunity of . . . ,” stretching out his arms to indicate the whole of the Lindsay Center, “. . . this.”

And he’ll read mathematics. “I’ve never been able to give it up,” he explains, “I have a pile of math books by my bed. I just can’t stop.”

Finding Math in Everyday Life
when he returned from a sabbatical in 2007-08. In his work as dean of chapel, Greenleaf built a programmatic team ministry, started the Interfaith Chapel Council, chaired the committee that established the School’s community service requirement, and oversaw the renovation and refurbishment of the chapels in 2002-03. He also helped to convene the Province I Episcopal Secondary School Chaplains Conference, which for several years provided support among independent school chaplains. He has served as president of the Graduate Society and on the board of trustees of the Berkeley Divinity School at Yale, among other leadership positions.

But for years it has been the students and the community that have kept Greenleaf invigorated in his work at St. Paul’s. He has been able to combine religion with humanities in his teaching of bioethics (1994-2012) and has taught other humanities electives in philosophy, religious studies, and the religion of science. He has taught humanities at every form level and next year will be a part of the Humanities V teaching team. Greenleaf has coached alpine skiing on and off for 25 years, counseled students in need, guided them through the confirmation process, and presided over baptisms and weddings for countless members of the School community, including his daughter, Arielle ’99.

As a child, Greenleaf lived with his family in a two-family home in Massachusetts, the other half of which was occupied by his maternal grandparents. Most of his large, extended family lived within a small radius.

“I was raised by that village,” he says. “Everywhere I have gone since I have found or recreated a similar extended community. That is one of the reasons I love being at St. Paul’s. There have been times when I have looked elsewhere, but those times have only reaffirmed my calling to be here.”
ATHLETICS

Fun on the Run

by Jana F. Brown

Current students, faculty, and staff joined alumni, family, and friends for the annual Fun Run through the woods on the School’s cross country course. An early-morning heat wave did not prevent the hardy runners from completing the morning run, which kicked off a full Saturday of events in Millville.

Alumni participants included Gerrit Nicholas ’80, Freddy Jones ’88, Mo Cheston ’88, Ben Cooley ’03, Jordan Katz ’03, Thomas Ho ’03, Quentin Reeve ’03, Erik Wagner ’03, Ben DeLoache ’03, Peter Harrison ’07, and Peter Gamber ’08.

They were joined on the trails by faculty members Toby Brewster, Alisa Barnard ’94, Grant Edwards, and Colin Callahan; staff member Becca Brewster; parents Fujie Osaka, Kazuhiro Osaka, and Tim Bryant; siblings; faculty spouses; and students Morgan Bryant ’13, Katherine Hofley ’13, Georgia Nicholas ’13, Rui Osaka ’13, Ali Walton ’13, and Charlotte Ward ’13.

Tennis: Timeless Stories and Creative Shots

by Coach Dave Taylor

On the next court, George Congdon ’15 and Colin Mackintosh ’13, took on the father/son team of Peter Bostwick ’53 and Pete Bostwick ’74. It is always great to see the Bostwicks out on the St. Paul’s courts. The heat did not faze seasoned veteran Pete, who couldn’t get enough and was the last to leave the courts. He played another set with SJ Kim ’14 against Congdon and Mackintosh. The youngsters held their own against the skilled hands of the Bostwicks and learned a thing or two about classic doubles strategy.

The girls varsity team was in on the action, with Gabby Bates ’12 teaming up with Halishia Chugani ’14 against Samantha Yates ’15 and Julie Gormley ’15. Alexandra White ’11 made an appearance as well.

In the only mixed doubles match of the day, Isabella Turchetta ’14 teamed up with Peter Ames ’63 to take on Yoshi Akabane ’63 and Grace Murray ’14.

While the Bostwick team was playing, we also had a mother/son team taking a crack at a couple of varsity players. Emily Rhinelander ’83 and her 12-year-old son Shaw, who hopefully will play for St. Paul’s in a couple of years, played against Jack Israel ’13 and Kris Eiamsakulrat ’14. Renee Aubrey ’88 was delighted to battle one of our top players, Harry Song ’14, in a singles match. This matchup was a bit like watching Roger Federer play himself, with both players slugging one-handed backhands at a very high level.

It is always great to see the courts filled with competitive players enjoying a fantastic sport. The timeless stories and the creative shots made every bit of it enjoyable for all.
Girls Lacrosse: Varsity Beats Alumnae in Thriller

by Jana F. Brown

Battling high heat and humidity at Bogle-Lechner Field on June 1, the Sixth Form members of the undefeated Big Red girls varsity lacrosse team joined alumnae Paula Paquette ’79, Daphne Clark Faldi ’93, Meeghan Ford ’03, Ashley Crutchfield ’08, and Sophie Ward (younger sister of Charlotte Ward ’13 and daughter of Seth Ward ’79) to take on the underformers of the SPS squad in a spirited alumnae game. Kara Lentz ’03 attended the game, but did not play.

The abbreviated contest featured back-and-forth action, with the returning varsity players edging the Sixth Formers and alumni, 8–7. Paquette dazzled in the net for the alumnae, according to Coach Heather Crutchfield.

“It was so much fun to see these alumnae back at St. Paul’s, picking up right where they left off,” said Coach Crutchfield. “It was a great afternoon for all involved.”

Prior to the game, the School expressed thanks to donors at a special ceremony honoring those who made the Bogle-Lechner turf field a reality. The field had been officially dedicated on September 29, 2012. The Anniversary ceremony was attended by additional donors unable to attend the previous event, including Jonathan W. Old III ’78, P’13 and Hyung-Il Kim and Hae-Kyung Kwon, parents of JK Kim ’06 and CK Kim ’13. Courtney Bogle ’08, at the School for her fifth reunion, represented her parents, Harold and Emily Bogle P’08, ’10, ’14. The Old, Kim, and Bogle names joined those of John A. Lechner IV and Mary F. Higgins P’07, ’09, ’12, ’15, Charles and Hilary Bedford Parkhurst ’80, P’07, ’12, ’16, and the Riva family on a recently unveiled plaque located on the building adjacent to the field.

Boys Lacrosse: All Tied Up

by Jana F. Brown

Nearly 20 alumni donned helmets and pads, many for the first time in years, to take on the SPS boys varsity lacrosse team for a competitive, but friendly, game over Anniversary Weekend.

Representing the alumni squad were Peter Hoversten ’73, Mark Walsh ’73, Gerrit Nicholas ’80, Rufus Clark ’82, Tod Brainard ’83, Tony Kieffer ’83, Jos Nicholas ’83, Brennan Starkey ’83, Tim Clark ’87, Banc Jones ’88, Jay Erickson ’93, Aaron Marsh ’97, Devin Clifford ’03, Charley Perkins ’05, TJ Crutchfield ’09, Harry Nicholas ’12, Trent Holmes ’12, and Harrison Zhu ’12. They were joined by Wake Smith P’10, ’12, ’13.

In a game highlighted by a fine display of sportsmanship, the teams traded goals in what ended in a 5–5 deadlock.

Baseball: Alumni Field a Team

by Jana F. Brown

Ten alumni returned to the diamond over Anniversary Weekend to take on members of the SPS varsity baseball team. Among those who came out were John Bohan ’83, Keith Pattison ’83, Chris Casey ’93, Billy Pietragallo ’93, Will McCulloch ’95, Eddie Bluemel ’98, Mike Daly ’08, Andrew Peabody ’08, Brendon Bourgea ’11, and Alex Gettens ’11.
Crew: A Quintessential Part of Anniversary Weekend

by Jana F. Brown

Alumni crews from 1953, 1963, 1978, 2003, and 2008, along with several mixed crews, graced Turkey Pond on Saturday, June 1, some returning to the sport for the first time in many years, others (cliché alert) testing the waters for the first time, and some making rowing look (again . . .) just like getting back on a bike.

Shattuck ruled the 141st Annual Boat Races, sweeping all five club races to win the Majority Cup. The winning club later raised its blue and white oars up the flagpole in the center of campus. Rowers pushed through the water in the heat of Anniversary Saturday, with temperatures reaching into the mid-90s. This year, the Shattuck second boys joined the first and third boys and the first and second Shattuck girls to achieve the sweep, much to the delight of the alumni donning the club’s signature dark blue. The Shattuck first girls crew won by open water, with a time of 5:35.5, which was only one second off the course record, set last year by Halcyon’s first girls.

The Form of 1978 was well represented, with two alumni crews taking to the water. Standing with fellow Halcyon Edith Farwell ’78 and Shattuck Kevin Foley ’78, Form of 1978 coxswain Ted Ehrard still had a smile on his face, despite the news that Shattuck had won the day.

“It’s actually the highlight for me of every Anniversary Weekend to get out on the water again – I’ve looked forward to it for five years,” said Ehrard. “I think the boat races are just the quintessential part of Anniversary Weekend. The whole pomp and circumstance around it with the rowers going back on the horse carts to the flagpole ceremony; to be a part of it as alumni is just fantastic.”
Please nominate any SPS alumni who are having a major impact on the world for the Alumni Association Award, which will be given at the annual meeting of the Alumni Association in New York City on April 2, 2014.

A committee will meet in November to review nominations. Please include the name of the nominee and any helpful information on the contributions she or he has made to improve the quality of life in a community on a local, statewide, national, or global level.

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

Please send nominations for the Alumni Association Award and for president to Bob Rettew ’69, executive director of the Alumni Association, at brettew@sps.edu.
All three living alumni from the Form of 1938 returned to St. Paul’s School for Anniversary Weekend. Present were Hal Fales, Fred Herter (along with his wife, Solange), and Dick McAdoo.

On Friday evening, Hal, Fred, and Solange joined the Forms of 1943, 1948, 1953, and 1958 at a reception and dinner in Coit (the New Upper). Dick McAdoo arrived from Maine on Saturday morning, and the three formmates gathered together for the Alumni Memorial Service in the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul, where they were recognized as being the most senior alumni present at Anniversary and for achieving 100-percent attendance.

From Chapel, the three led the Alumni Parade under glorious skies and then headed to lunch and form photographs in the Matthews Hockey Center. The weather for the weekend was sunny and warm, and the afternoon was filled with activities, including the annual Boat Races.

On Saturday evening, the form joined the Forms of 1943 and 1948 for a reception and dinner at the Rectory with Rector Michael Hirschfeld ’85 and his wife, Liesbeth. Stories were shared, tales were told, and friendships were rekindled once again.

All headed for home on Sunday, ending an enjoyable and sentimental visit.
Four members and spouses of the Form of 1943 were on hand for our 70th anniversary. Appearing for the Friday dinner at Coit (the New Upper) were Bob and Shirley Deans, Win and Connie Lou Shiras (newly married on New Year’s Eve), and Norman and Marie-Eve Walker. Joining us on Saturday were Carnes and Carmen Weeks (also newly married, in October).

We missed reliable reunioners Larry Hughes, Kit Kittredge, and Hugh MacRae, who had to cancel due to temporary complications, but we heard from Chuck McCain, who sent enthusiastic good wishes and remembrances.

A Saturday Alumni Chapel Service replaced the lengthy Alumni Association meeting of earlier years (Sunday Chapel is now exclusively for Graduation.) We heard the Choir’s rendition of the glorious “O Pray for the Peace” and joined in prayers and the traditional SPS version of the hymn “Love Divine.” The Rector welcomed us and read through the names of alumni departed during the past year, including our Don Culver, John Ford, Jack Hollister, and Bill Schoellkopf. Brief remarks from Sam Reid ’81, president of the Alumni Association, and William Bennington ’83, Alumni Fund chair, followed. The latter outlined progress in fundraising and lauded Kit for leading us to a record contribution for a 70th anniversary form.
After Chapel, we gathered on Rectory Road and paraded in 93-degree weather all the way to the cool Matthews Hockey Center, where the rink was set up for lunch. The high temperature prompted the School to dispense with coats and ties throughout the weekend, even in Chapel. It was nevertheless a beautiful day – you could say a “Halcyon” day – except that in the afternoon the Shattucks swept all of the five crew races.

The climax of our visit was a congenial dinner at the Rectory hosted by Mike Hirschfeld ’85 and his wife, Liesbeth, for the Forms of 1938, 1943, and 1948, after which an SPS van carried us back to our hotel in Concord. It should be noted that throughout the day shuttle buses and golf carts provided transportation, eliminating the need for a car. The cheerful support of the staff to the welfare and convenience of old-timers, especially the handicapped, was nothing short of remarkable.

Tours of the new Lindsay Center for Mathematics and Science were scheduled. Displayed in addition to state-of-the-art classrooms and labs were a robotics workshop, a Foucault pendulum, a solar observatory, and a room with a retractable sphere, on which images can be projected in amazing ways. The latter feature is not available in any other high school.

Another new facility not scheduled but worth a visit is the 85-acre Winant Park, located about 100 yards up Fisk Road (which in our day was the route to rowing at Long Pond) just outside the School gate. Trails from the commemorative pavilion there allow climbing to the top of Fisk Hill. This park was created in cooperation with St. Paul’s by our late friend Riv Winant, in memory of his illustrious father, John G. Winant of the Form of 1908, former SPS teacher, N.H. governor, and ambassador to the UK during WWII.
It Was a Wonderful Get-Together
by Oliver Gayley

Nineteen formmates and 15 spouses attended our reunion, including Wayne Douglas, whose husband, Archie, died recently. An excellent showing for a 65th!

On Thursday night, nine of us arrived a day early to get together for a pre-reunion dinner in the private dining room area of the Centennial Inn. Those attending included Herb Barry, Pete and Panda Coley, Burt and Susan Closson, Oliver Gayley, Dick and Lou Sawyer, and Henry Sprague.

On Friday night, we gathered for cocktails and dinner in Coit (the New Upper), together with the Forms of 1938, 1943, and 1953, during which we were welcomed back to Millville by Rector Michael Hirschfeld ’85.

On Saturday morning, many of us attended the Alumni Memorial Chapel Service, during which the Choir sang all of the verses of “O Pray for the Peace.” It was beautifully done and very moving. Afterwards, we gathered outside the Chapel and participated in the traditional Alumni Parade.
Parade down Rectory Road to the Matthews Hockey Center for lunch and the group photos of each form. During the afternoon, many of us visited the Upper to view the newest form plaques, carved by SPS Archives Assistant Lisa Laughy. Others toured the four floors of the Lindsay Center for Mathematics and Science, watched the Boat Races, or viewed the excellent student artwork on display at Hargate, before hurrying back to the Holiday Inn to change for cocktails and dinner at the Rectory, where we were joined by the Forms of 1938 and 1943. The Rector arrived to welcome us after a prolonged Flagpole Ceremony. We were all delighted to hear that Charlotte Ward ’13 received the Loomis Medal as best female athlete – she is Wayne Douglas’s niece.

All in all, it was a wonderful get-together, both at the School and at the Holiday Inn. And despite 93–degree temperatures, the weather was perfect all weekend long.

Many thanks to so many people in the Alumni Office, who made this weekend so enjoyable, especially Tina Pickering ’82 and Melissa Walters, who helped us with so many 1948 Pelican Omelets to entice formmates to attend our 65th reunion.
Thirty-two stalwart members of the Form of 1953 gathered in Millville, for the most part accompanied by spouses or partners, to celebrate our 60th anniversary. We represented just over half of the surviving members of our 100-member original form. Those who came were splendidly mobile and none required mechanical assistance for the Alumni Parade, though we were getting disturbingly close to the head of the line.

We enjoyed the traditional Anniversary activities, laid on so well by the School, under sunny but hot skies. The Service of Remembrance and Recognition on Saturday was, as expected, particularly moving. John Soutter and I migrated to the same seats beyond the Choir we occupied in our Sixth Form year (which we sought out at all prior Anniversaries we had attended) and my wife noticed an occasional tear from each of us. There were no doubt others.

Sitting there listening to “O Pray for the Peace,” I reflected, as I am sure did many, on the vast changes that have taken place at the School over the last 60 years. It is a far different place than the semi-
monastic, all-male institution we attended, but it has retained the essential qualities that commanded our affection and support then and continue to do so today.

Following Chapel and lunch at the hockey rinks, Read Charlton gave an interesting talk on the Civil War prior to the Boat Races. We dined together at the Granite Restaurant at the Centennial Inn and were joined by our honorary classmate, Bob Bryan, a former SPS trustee and the other half of Mike Dodge’s inimitable “Bert and I.” Bob regaled us with a stirring rendition of “Bert and I” and other vignettes and informed us that “Bert and I Rebooted” would be available soon. Bruce Righter reminded us that “Bert and I” had its early stirrings in the Sixth Form Upper bathroom, which had fine acoustics, with Mike using Bruce’s tape recorder and John Cochran providing many of the now-famous sound effects.

We owe much to Derick Nicholas and, above all, Wright Olney for their efforts to organize and mastermind this splendid Anniversary. Total gifts received were $97,546. This is a record gift for a 60th reunion!

Anniversary is always an occasion for nostalgia, renewing old friendships and finding shared experiences and connections with formmates, whom we knew less well in our schoolboy days. Our 60th proved no exception. The inexorable march of time will sadly leave fewer of us to return for our 65th in 2018. However, the knowledge and the values we acquired at St. Paul’s well over half a century ago have inspired us to walk on with conviction “until the busy world is hushed and the fever of life is over and our work is done.” It is a goodly heritage.
As is our tradition, we held a pre-reunion, organized by our form director, Bill Kirk, who did an outstanding job. Thirty of our formmates assembled with spouses at the Wolfeboro Inn on New Hampshire’s Lake Winnipesaukee. On Wednesday evening, we enjoyed a 90-minute boat cruise, followed by dinner at the inn. We assembled for a roundtable discussion the next morning, led by Pony Auerbach. The topic was who we are and where we will be in five years. We then traveled north for a tour of the Castle in the Clouds, an amazing home situated on 6,300 acres overlooking the lake.

Bill ’61 and Marcia Matthews joined us on Thursday evening. After dinner, Bill gave us insight as to his transition after 54 years at SPS. He told us Mike Hirschfeld ’85 was the perfect successor. We concluded our pre-reunion with another roundtable discussion at breakfast on Friday morning.

The on-campus reunion started with a reception for members of the Hargate Society. To be a member, all one needs to
do is name SPS in his estate plans. As the spring issue of Alumni Horae points out, the Form of 1958 leads all forms with 15 members, which includes both alumni and spouses. We would like this number to increase significantly before our 60th.

Friday evening dinner was held at the Upper, followed by various cultural activities. Saturday commenced with a moving dedication of a Vietnam memorial at Memorial Hall. Our formmate Hunter Shotwell was one of the three SPS alumni killed in Vietnam. Thank you to Patrick Rulon-Miller for moving this project forward.

The Alumni Chapel Service was moving as well, and some of our classmates participated in the Choir. We were given special recognition in the parade with a bunch of balloons because we set another Annual Fund record. As our form agent, Patrick does an amazing job.

After lunch and a form photo, with 26 of us in attendance, the afternoon was filled with various athletic endeavors. Our class dinner was held at Concord’s Common Man restaurant, where we enjoyed great camaraderie and, through Em Sanders’s talents, raised additional money for our memorial fund. At the end of the evening, we unanimously elected Phil Bradley to serve as our form director for the next five years. He will be calling upon you for input and help with our 60th reunion, which hopefully will have a large attendance.
The Chemistry of Good Fellowship Was at the Boil

by Henry H. Livingston

Our 50th Anniversary Weekend sustained temperatures above 90 degrees—a perfect day for a swim in Turkey Pond. “The beauty of the day,” said Tommy Thomas “reignited friendships as though we had seen each other all along.” I had given him a set of Navy wings I was wearing, having discovered after 25 years that he had served in Vietnam as a Navy pilot on an aircraft carrier alongside my own in 1971–72.

At its inception, the Form of 1963 was smaller than most. Some 100 fellows were admitted and about 90 graduated. Today, about 80 of us remain on the School’s active roster. Fifty years later, the chemistry of good fellowship was at the boil long before events became memorable.

Leading up to reunion, many of us had tried to locate all 80 members. Approximately 10 were missing, 10 dead, and 10 unable to attend. Our committee of Nelson, Thorne, Evans, Gordon, Stewart, Taylor, Hawkins, Irving, and Tilghman pulled hard to get folks to attend. Special thanks to Steve Gould for putting together packets and hats. Overall, 44 formmates and more than 20 family members, including a widow with her daughter, joined together to enjoy the School’s wonderful generosity.

Those classmates who could not attend, but wanted to, wrote letters to attending members, which circulated by e-mail. This initiative has prompted a post–reunion request for bios from all. These will be requested, collected, and distributed later in the year. Our form website will continue (www.sps.edu/1963).
For about 20 of us, Saturday morning commenced with a roundtable titled “What I Learned after Leaving SPS.” We agreed that school had been a search for independence, followed by years of learning about interdependence. Mentors were applauded in a sink-or-swim world. Giving back was a common theme. A number expressed the importance of being part of something larger than oneself.

The Alumni Memorial Service at the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul was packed. Familiar prayer and song filled our hearts, with a sad and long list of departed members perfectly read. In the center of the Chapel, a splendid mobile held steady in the midst, reminding me of Bill Abbe’s delight at the springtime opening of Calder’s mobile barn on Nantucket. As I looked around, I saw tears of memory welling.

Ohrstrom Library had a magnificent display of Pictorials, one with the famous cover shot of Form Director Ames kicking a winning goal during an undefeated soccer season. I am sure this made the rounds of more than Chapin, Foxcroft, and Dana Hall.

Eight eager 1963 Halcyons and Shat-tucks mustered on the crew docks at 2 p.m. Saturday. Looking for battle against any and all form challengers, 1963’s crew rowed under a novice but valiant coxswain in 10-year-old Julia Livingston. Rowing members of the crew – Hawkins at stroke, Reigeluth 7, McLaughlin 6, Gould 5, Thorne 4, Radcliffe 3, Livingston 2, and Gagarin at bow – were apprehensive, but compliant. After negotiating a life jacket for the cox, being assigned the oldest boat in the boathouse, and promising the head coach that none of us would have a heart attack, we got underway. We entered into a spontaneous race with a spunky 40th reunion boat. Always a keen competitor, Peter Gagarin cried out, “Let’s get going if we are going to win.” The crowds erupted. I wasn’t sure whether it was cries of surprised family or broader school astonishment at our length lead, which was rapidly diminishing at the finish line.

We negotiated a perfect landing with guidance from the coach. Some of us could only roll out of the boat, unable to stand. Then it was time to throw the coxswain over the side. She was so eager, little effort was required. Good thing – little effort was available – and many just fell in the black, surface-warm water of Turkey Pond. Steve Gould said that if he could attend another reunion like this one, he would come back every year. I thrust our fundraisers immediately upon him.

Saturday evening, amidst some directional confusion, the class convened at the Kimball-Jenkins Estate. A large cocktail party followed by a sumptuous Common Man dinner led to electric piano music by Jack Radcliffe. He brought the house down with Buddy Holly, Elvis Presley, Ray Charles, etc. Lee Scarbrough joined him on the sax, and the floor soon filled with dancers. Among our guests were Louise (Adams) Vanderlip, attending with her daughter Isabelle Adams; our guest of honor, Alan Hall; and Jerry Yang, a Third Former from Beijing, whose father had generously provided each member with a large box of organic green tea from mainland China.

About 20 members were able to spend time with Alan Hall, who likened his 60 years of teaching to conducting a symphony orchestra: “There are many musicians with many skills to be aware of and kept in time with others, all likely to be temperamentally difficult because of age, sense of self-importance, differing skills, indifference to performing. It’s a challenge for the conductor.”

Of course, he wasn’t talking about us! See everyone again soon.
More Meaningful with the Passage of Time
by Jim Robinson

A stalwart crew of 68ers convened at the farmhouse of Boone and Maggie Porter in Sandwich, N.H., on Friday night to start the festivities for our 45th reunion. A total of 34 classmates attended some or all of the weekend’s activities, accompanied by 17 spouses/significant others or family members. We were treated to the usual great Porter food fest, highlighted by a roasted pig. As is always the case at Anniversary, friendships were renewed, stories told, and memories stirred during the course of the evening. After dinner, most of us headed back to our hotels in Meredith, N.H., on the shores of Lake Winnipesaukee to get ready for the trip to Concord.

We convened in front of the Chapel on Saturday morning, ready to march in the parade. We all had the shirt and hat representing the class uniform, and many of us were also sporting madras jackets or pants in honor of the prevalent style statement we made when we actually attended SPS. After the parade, we joined the other classes of threes and eights at lunch in...
the Matthews Hockey Center, where we posed for the always entertaining class photo.

We all went to the Small Chapel to celebrate the lives of the seven class members who have died since we left the campus. David Tait led the service, hymns were sung, lessons read, and each deceased classmate was spoken of by someone who knew him well. In some cases, many classmates spoke. After the service, most of us stood outside the Chapel and talked to one another about the Form of 1968 and how this service had seemingly brought us closer together. It was truly a defining moment, and the start of a new tradition. Kudos to David Tait, Michael Morgan, and Bill Benson for putting it together.

We found our way back to Meredith after the service, and many of us relaxed in the frigid waters of the lake. The sight of 10 classmates and spouses on a raft in the lake was enjoyed by most of the locals, who generally don’t go into the water until July. Dinner Saturday night was held at the Woodshed, near Boone’s house in Sandwich.

We were joined by Bill ’61 and Marcia Matthews, who arrived at SPS as faculty around the same time we came as students in the mid-1960s. The stories of our time on campus grew larger, and there was a sense of nostalgia as we all realized it would be five years before we gathered again as a group. It seems like with the passage of time, the incredible friendships and shared experiences we had while attending SPS have become more meaningful.

Most people agreed it was our most successful reunion, with the possible exception of the 25th, and we left the restaurant vowing to make our 50th an anniversary for the ages.

40th: Form of 1973

A Wonderful, Dreamy Weekend
by Q Belk

We have a wonderful form. Forty-eight of us gathered at the Crumpacker Boathouse on Friday night and at the N.H. Audubon Society on Saturday night. If endurance is a judge of success, both were successful. We were jettisoned by security and staff at midnight, only to continue in darkened parking lots in Concord. It must be a result of some deep-seated trust in the people with whom we spent our teens. The weekend was too short.

A few vignettes: “Mobile” Walsh brought specially labeled “40th Anniversary” beer (who needs silly anniversary hats?). Gee Estes read the names and we remembered the departed, whom we’ll never see again except in dusty yearbooks. Kathy McMillan and Heidi Horner organized a panel, “Women of SPS: Forty Years Later,” for over a hundred of the Anniversary Weekend crowd. Aldie Stevens stood with the Gordon Medal recipients. Rob Tenney spoke at our dinner of early co-education. Sue Fortier had us in stitches over her
first “office and locker room” in the rifle range in the gym basement and working with Bunny Barker. Terry Wardrop spoke of the impact of our 1973 Mentor Fellowship after spending the day showing off the new Lindsay Center for Mathematics and Science. Chip Morgan revisited his decision to work at SPS over 40 years ago, remembering it as the only place where he could teach and coach kids, including a rower named Bob Lindsay, who was also there. Spero Latchis spoke. . . . Here’s an attempt to transcribe: “You know, it’s a long way from Dharamsala to Concord, a lot of $, distance, and 47 hours. But wouldn’t you travel that distance for a family reunion? And how could I miss this family reunion with people I spent such a formative period of my life with?” (Spero’s delivery left this author dabbing his eyes).

In short, it was a wonderful, dreamy weekend that was too short, full of laughter and hugging, and where absent formmates were missed. We were (and are) so very fortunate.
Reunions


35th: Form of 1978

At Home at Our 35th Reunion
by Anne Bartol Butterfield

I just ain’t got the time and I’m wasted and I can’t find my way home.
– Steve Winwood

If the form of ’78 has a theme song, this is it. Like a crazy Chapel chime, these lines act as homing beacons through our heads, soaked into us on many a Saturday night in the 1970s by the singing of KT Thayer.

And home we were at our 35th reunion, swaddled in a rare May heat that made us avoid tight, wet embraces, putting energy onto the kisses instead. And with them came confessions. Up rose themes of loss and renewal, corruption observed, and service pursued.

Nora Phillips’s dad, Mr. Tracy, died five years ago, so she chose to take on form director, to connect with us a man she deems so special. Linda Richards Bolesta told of how the Teamsters, among others, ran her film shop into a well-timed liquidation – for the crime of getting too good. To the suggestion of “going along” to keep afloat, Linda protested: “I’m not good enough at math to run two sets of books!” Now there’s a lack of math to make
Mr. Chase smile! God bless you, Linda!

Rob Rout faced a series of challenges with a new life plan to travel and embrace charitable service through Kiva.org micro-finance. Michael Haney let go of directing for more lucrative support for his kids in a self-taught practice as a private investigator. Jon Sweet saw his small high-service bank swallowed up by a major. Liz Cave shared plans to teach community garden skills to at-risk youth in North Carolina.

Ousted early by SPS security, we strolled into the dark, enveloped in a chorus of tree frogs booming the wetlands – more homing beacons for love and new life. Perfectly legal and still chased around by security, a number of us lit up the Barley House until 1:30 a.m., with talk of Colorado for a class ski trip. Stay tuned.

Great plans birthed in idyllic places. The next morning, waiting for our hike, this scribe planned a prank with Tom Luz to outfit his dog with a GoPro action-cam to record his dog-phobic, prying neighbor running afraid, his due penance. Then Nora led us into the shade by the Lower School Pond. To one side, mosaics of lily pads, and to the other, a young snake lacing an upper branch of a beaver lodge. In the distance glared a raft of yellow irises.

Who knew? Will Doolittle and Cyn Cox are first cousins. Tim Steinert came all the way from Hong Kong for this reunion. Judd Nelson has taken up writing, and his Breakfast Club sinister look lives on in a black blazer he calls his “purse.” Lisa Hughes, also in black, was eye-catching in a fitted shift appropriate for the publisher of The New Yorker.

Tradition flourished at the Boat Races in a sea of sundresses with keyhole backs and lace waistlines. The intense heat was cooled by a swim in water the color of tea.

Earle Simpson gave a reception at his impressive dental clinic. Supported by our form, it is our face of kindness to Concord, and it hums on Earle’s huge heart. Also offered by heart – Curtis Starr’s inspired T-shirt with all our faces.

Lit by late light flashing up from the pond, our Boathouse dinner was soaked in remembrance: Judd illuminated Beth Alexander in her passing as a kind person who made her private decisions. Sandy Kaynor ’77, still on intensive support after a brutal shooting – his name drew us to silent compassion.

And in came the booming velvet voice of KT (Thayer) McCammond to soothe. With her asymmetrical coif and mini dress, her style seemed to flip the prettiest of birds to our mourning, especially hers, for this day would have been her 16th wedding anniversary had her husband survived his recent test by cancer. With Paul Eddy and his band, KT rocked Fleetwood, Raitt, Clapton, and Winwood. Thor Thors spun out rich tones on his harmonica, lifting KT even higher to where it seemed that we, with KT in the lead, could recharge the sun. Down by the pond, the tree frogs must have sung all the louder for it.
Heat Wave Doesn’t Cool Strong Feelings for SPS
by Alex Gove

Despite the intense heat of Anniversary Weekend, the Form of 1983 did not wilt. By my count, some 40 classmates returned to the School.

One reason for the high spirits was our fundraising prowess. Under the leadership of Ripley Thomas and her reunion committee, our form more than tripled the previous 30th reunion record. These numbers surely put a smile on the face of our own Bill Bennington, who is not only a trustee of the School, but also Alumni Association treasurer and Alumni Fund chair. A big thank you to Ripley, Bill, and all of our formmates for raising the bar for future forms.

The weekend kicked off with drinks on Friday night at the local Chen Yang Li restaurant. As might be expected, Derek Saleeby led the charge, setting a pace that
even John Bohan could not match. The next day, our form more than acquitted itself in a series of alumni–student sporting events. Out at the baseball diamond, many expressed amazement at Keith Pattison’s ability to still bring the heat. Later, we all gathered for dinner at the Captains Room at the Matthews Hockey Center, a last–second selection due to the unexpected bankruptcy of a nearby Hopkinton eatery. Fortunately, the company (including esteemed faculty emeriti George Carlisle and Joel Potter) more than made up for the absolute and total lack of air conditioning of any kind.

Needless to say, a lot has happened in the intervening years — kids, divorces, ups and downs. But as our level of giving might suggest, our form still has strong feelings for the School. In an admittedly unscientific pre–reunion questionnaire, I asked my formmates to describe their experience at St. Paul’s in one word. Respondents used words like “awesome,” “sublime,” “fabulous,” “cosmic,” “intense,” and “bodacious.” (My personal favorite was Brennan Starkey’s response: “Dude!”)

Notably, six classmates in our assembled group have kids at the School.

One thing is clear: Our class certainly hasn’t lost its sense of humor. When asked to describe “the three most surprising things that have happened to you since you graduated from St. Paul’s,” one of our formmates said he had “stayed in New England, still listen[s] to Neil [Young] almost daily, and discovered myself to be at least 50 percent buzzard after all.” Another cited “[dating] a guy who later got in trouble in Europe and was on the run from Interpol” and “using cloth diapers for my children.” (Quite a fearsome combination!) And Charlie McKee (whom I will name!) answered that he had “learned to fend for myself, including how to rescue Hollandaise sauce from curdling!” Well done, Charlie!

In my last piece of official business as form director, I would like to introduce my successor, Michael Stubbs. Michael will surely bring a new and much–needed level of professionalism to the job. Good luck, Michael, and best wishes. I hope to see all of you again soon.
We piled onto a genuine yellow school bus (driven by the nicest bus driver in Concord) and headed to the Rectory for dinner.

As the 25th-reunion form, we got to enjoy a special dinner at the Rectory, where Mike '85 and Liesbeth Hirschfeld were on hand to greet us and spend some time getting to know our form over drinks. Several of our former teachers who are still at St. Paul’s also stopped by in their spare seconds between grading finals and...
dorm duty. Mr. Wardrop even ditched his own form’s reunion activities to visit ours. The Carlisles and the Matthewses were also there. Laura Keeton McVey’s outstanding work on our record-breaking form gift to the Alumni Fund was recognized. We had lots of time to hang around, eat, and reconnect. Our favorite bus driver brought us back to the hotel, where we gave the Courtyard’s bartender one of the busiest nights of his life. Sally Horchow performed a YouTube-inspired retailoring of her form T-shirt. Jessica Thompson Somol saved the night with a late pizza order (sadly, Pizza Wheels is no more), and I learned more than I ever wanted to know from Kit Tangen and Zander Packard about the athletic gear handed out to boys at the gym. All in all, it was a complete evening that left us very ready (or unready) for Saturday’s full day.

I’m not sure if anyone made it to the 8 a.m. Fun Run on Saturday [Editor’s note: Freddy Jones and Mo Cheston did!], but many of us attended the Chapel service and alumni meeting. I think it has been long enough now that we all miss morning Chapel and found it extraordinary to have a chance once again to sit together in that beautiful space. Afterwards, we gathered for the Alumni Parade in our form sunglasses, T-shirts, and hats, and made our way past the Rectory, Nash, and Kitt to lunch and form photos in the hockey rinks. Formmates scattered after lunch to enjoy the campus and the programs. Shattuck swept the Boat Races, of course.

The great weather continued Saturday night for our reunion bash at the (wonderfully air-conditioned) Concord Country Club. Jon Shackett’s band, The Peaked Hill Project, was a highlight of the whole weekend, made even better when John Slocum and Matt Comyns joined the performance. Thanks to all who performed that night!

Our 25th represented our first reunion for many of us. Over and over, people talked about connecting to St. Paul’s and our time there in a different way than they ever had before. I want to thank all who attended, all who donated to the Alumni Fund, and, most of all, everyone in our form who worked on making this reunion happen — Sally Horchow, Chrissy Coughlin, Jon Shackett, Freddy Jones, Alison Manolovic Cody, Scott Davidson, Blair Pillsbury Enders, and Laura Keeton McVey and her tireless fundraisers. I was lucky enough to have chances to build new relationships with these formmates well before the reunion weekend, and because of this I’m very much looking forward to being form director for our 30th. I’ll be seeing you in 2018.
FORM PHOTO (l. to r.), row 1: Solomon, son of Gamal Sakakeeny-Smith, Lilia (with red balloon), daughter of Charlotte Pharr, James and Adelaide Jernigan, children of Katie Jernigan, Gavin and Garret, sons of Megan Coles Zug, Fabienne Donnio, Heather Handley Goldstone (seated) with children Jonah, Oliver, and Sam, Steve Lemay, Kristine Kaneko, Isabel Corbin, Jennifer Atwood Lesky (seated) with daughter Caroline, Margaret Warden, Josh Crosby with daughters Fiona and Poppy, Stacy Pryce Mockenhaupt with daughter Vivienne, Charlotte Martin Smith with children Oliver, Eleanor, and Martha, Willow and Raven Strother, daughters of Ashley Bullard; row 2: Margaret Moore with daughter Madeline, Charlotte Pharr with son Nikolai, Katie Jernigan, Megan Coles Zug, J. C. Lutz, Helene Lesterlin, Emily Horwitz, Elizabeth Gerstner, Ben Saunders, Chris DeCenzo, Louise Smith, Sierra Lowell, Charlotte Milan, Elizabeth Barton, Myles McNamara; row 3: Dana Remus, Fred Winthrop, Lisa Rasic, Sarah Edmond, Ed Smith, Jay Erickson, Stuart Logan, Adrian Smith, Katie Thatcher Shields; row 4: Mike McCormack with sons, Keegan and Brayden, Elizabeth Weston, Justin Rhoades, Andrew Marshall, Andrew Otocka, Matt Miller, Albert del Pilar, Brevy Cannon, Joseph Craig, Evan Asano, Billy Pietragallo, Ashley Bullard, Jessica Purdy Axelrod, Page Sargisson, James Jarrett, Gamal Sakakeeny-Smith

20th: Form of 1993

Past Days and Future Plans
by Stuart Logan

The Form of 1993 arrived in impressive numbers. First reports from Millville came at 12:43 p.m. Friday in the form of a Facebook post from Evan Asano, pictured lounging on the boat docks with Rosy Keyser, Page Sargisson, and Jess Purdy. This foursome was soon joined by almost 200 peers and family members. Felix Ho won the “Hell or High Water” award for
traveling the farthest (Taipei), while Mike McCormack earned the less distinguished “Okay, I Guess I’ll Go” prize for his less ambitious commute (Concord).

Where Everybody Knows Your Name
The weekend officially kicked off with a dinner gathering at our old haunt – Cheers. The slow trickle of arrivals made for an intimate yet festive atmosphere in which people slowly identified the many friendly faces that have been perfected by Father Time (why doesn’t anyone else look as they did in 1993?). On balance, the group looked healthy, vigorous, and excited to be back in Concord. The crowd dispersed dutifully before or at closing time, much as though there was a check-in back at the dormitory. Unlike at past reunions, this group appeared determined to conserve its energy for a full Saturday of activities.

Crack, Thud, Splash!
Saturday arrived without a cloud in the sky, setting the stage for a perfect late-spring SPS day. After the parade and a bite to eat in the Matthews Hockey Center, many opted for a swim at the boat docks or a quiet stroll to reconnect with all the places that made the SPS experience so special.

As in past years, many of our peers represented the Form of ‘93 with honor in the Alumni Games. On the baseball diamond, Chris Casey and Bill Pietragallo each scored a run (not surprisingly, Billy played all nine innings in loafers), leading the alums to an impressive 3–3 tie with the varsity squad. Meanwhile, down at the lacrosse field, Jay Erickson, sporting his 20-year old cleats, doled out his heavy-handed defensive stylings to backstop the Has-Been squad to a very respectable draw against its youthful opponent.

Of course, all this was prelude to the main event at the boat docks, where Helene Lesterlin, Dana Remus, Josh Crosby, James Jarrett, Matt Miller, and Ed Smith led the 20th reunion boat to a stirring upset of the 10th reunion crew. This storyline quickly became the buzz across campus – nay, across all of Merrimack County – as our formmates denied rumors of a Henley comeback tour.

Fore!
With some daylight remaining, buses transported us to the Beaver Meadow Golf Club for a relaxing evening of more reconnecting with old friends. Jay Erickson’s early–90s mix – replete with the terribly awesome C+C Music Factory – inspired Beaver Meadow’s first-ever patio dance party. Adults and kids alike found themselves cutting a rug, er stone, until the last bus came calling at 11 p.m. Thanks to all who returned to Millville to make this a special weekend. As often the case at our reunions, the reminiscing about past days led to making plans for future get-togethers. I look forward to seeing all of you, as well as those who could not make it, in the coming years and then again at our 25th reunion!

15th: Form of 1998

Fun Facts: A Bullet List
by Andrew Bleiman

It was another successful five-year reunion for the history books. Since I think bullet points are more fun than short essays, here are some highlights in that format:

• Festivities both nights were at a farm about 25 minutes from Concord that looked like it was straight out of a Winslow Homer painting. Hats off to Charlie Smith for scouting out a great venue, leading the owner to believe we were having a small, intimate gathering, and wrangling a delicious pig roast.
• Kids! Lots of them. Between the Fox and Karlsson litters alone we could have reenacted the Swiss Family Robinson. Other party crashers included mini-versions of Javier Hidalgo (female and cuter, no offense, Javier), Matt Hayes, Kate (Esselen) Kurd, Hillary (Walton) Lehman, Ali (Quade) Spring, Jen O’Brien Lacovara, Rebecca Haffajee, and mul–
multiple Gina (Kim) Sumilases. I'm sure I'm missing some. We'll get you next time!

• Mosquitoes! Lots of them. We had to crop-dust the entire sector with OFF!

• Luke Weil is ripped. Justin Kitsch is going to be a choir director, which is awesome. Shamika wore knee-high socks. Most people look exactly the same.

• Rector Hirschfeld joined our class for lunch after the parade, which was much appreciated. As he sat down between Crumpacker and Eastland, he made a face suggesting an inner monologue, then thought better of sharing it.

• Amanda Walton presented the Loomis Medal and divulged her secret pet name for Dodd from Third Form, Doddiloomboombojo, which I wish I didn't know.

• Tuck Shop was open and in full effect. Looked the same. Smelled the same. Tasted the same. Simultaneously comforting and troubling.

• Cafeteria is the same but no trays (to reduce wasted food and water) and there are a lot more sugar-free drink options. Also free Red Bull. Just kidding.

• The boat docks (the real ones, not the crew ones) are no more. There is just a floating dock (i.e., nowhere to hide). The water is the same yellow/brown color you remember and still just as refreshing.

• Disturbing fun fact: Fox's oldest could be a Third Former when we come back for our 20th! Will we see him on the football field or the freaky fields? Only time will tell...
Pangs of Nostalgia for Experiences Past
by Anna Arendshorst

I feel like I should open this summary of the Form of 2003’s Anniversary Weekend with some witty humanities reference, harking back to a time when wedging lines from “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock” into essays for a Russian Lit elective seemed quite daring and accomplished.

But, that’s not really my style. What is my style is having a blast hanging out with old friends and making new ones, catching up with everyone’s wildly different and amazing lives, and celebrating St. Paul’s School as an important part of our formative years. I think our form had a remarkable showing and a fantastic time together. This place continues to be a gift.

After catching up at the Barley House on Friday night, with no need to hustle back for check, we rallied the next morning to participate in the Alumni Parade and subsequent luncheon. The weekend was warm; our form picture (taken directly after the parade) might look a little damp as a result. That said, the sun shone down
upon our necks, light breezes cooled our faces, and Shattuck swept the Boat Races that afternoon.

Our form came together one last time at Cheers for cocktails and appetizers and progressed to shakin’ it on the dance floor at Tandy’s, where we chanced upon a slew of other Paulies, including a token Hearne. Time fell away as we frolicked with our formmates into the wee hours of the night. I hope everyone made their flight the next morning; it was personally kind of a struggle.

Paying St. Paul’s a visit stirs up all kinds of feelings and memories. I think I can speak for our form when I say those who came back for our 10th encountered definite pangs of nostalgia for experiences past. The smell of Hargate, the echo of the hockey rink, the taste of fro-yo from the Upper, the chants and cheers of Halcyon and Shattuck rowers from atop their horse–drawn conveyances en route to the Boat Races, swimming at the dam, and other familiar triggers brought our past St. Paul’s experiences back to the forefront of our consciousness.

All of these memories that we keep with us, the parts of St. Paul’s that made an impression on us, are things to treasure for when we’re not able to return. I think what any alum can take away from Anniversary Weekend is that our years at St. Paul’s were a special time, in an incomparable place.

A few of us ran into a group of guys from the Form of 1983 while catching some rays out at the boat docks. They ran past us and vaulted into the water, yelling back, “You guys found the Jesus rock yet?” I can only hope that our form will emulate these gentlemen from 1983 and come back for our 30th and other anniversaries with the same gusto, to relive our St. Paul’s experiences again and again.
A Beautifully Restorative Weekend
by Diego Nuñez

The Form of 2008 entered its fifth anniversary with many questions: Would Big Guy remember all of us? Would campus security have finished making the switch over to an all-Segway fleet? Would Trent Blossom already have been elected mayor of Concord? Would any of the current students know what a frelk is? Though not all of our questions were answered in our all-too-brief jaunt back up to school, everyone had the opportunity to get a fix of New Hampshire woodlands and mend the searing wound left on our hearts and minds on the day of graduation.
After unconfirmed reports of some late-night hijinks on Friday evening, our reunion kicked off in earnest on Saturday morning, with formmates congregating on the Chapel lawn for registration, coffee, and small talk in the face of the rising heat. The skies were clear and the grounds as pristine as ever, and we soon found ourselves following a great number of bagpipers and older Paulies down Rectory Road. There followed a rising level of excitement as to how much swim time we would be able to get in that afternoon.

After lunch, the form made the mass pilgrimage first to the dock on the Lower School Pond, and then to the dam, where we discovered that the rope swings had not managed to survive these past five years and that the bridge constructed by certain unnamed members of our form as an ISP project had aged so badly that it had given our collective form a bad name. Shoddy craftsmanship notwithstanding, all parties agreed that the experience of trekking through the grounds and revisiting hallowed spots in the woods struck a chord within each person’s being that was badly needed and beautifully restorative.

After our chill session spent swimming and catching up, form members split up, with some opting to attend the alumni games and Boat Races and still others deciding to T the D on the Chapel lawn. After catching the Flagpole Ceremony, we decamped to the Days Inn, our well-appointed home away from home for the weekend. In varying stages of formality in dress, we hopped on a school bus for the short ride to our dinner venue – the highly touted Tandy’s Top Shelf on Main Street in Concord. Inside, we received a warm welcome from the School’s alumni office and were graced by the presence of Rector Mike Hirschfeld ‘85.

We then turned our attention to the great food, pool tables, and Boston Bruins playoff game and savored our first real social interaction as a form with members of the Concord community.

Our crew of 65 strong formmates made it back to the Days Inn, mostly in one piece, and found to our great delight the massive Checkmate order that had been placed by Courtney Bogle, our wonderful form director. As the night drew on, form members posted up in the parking lot and were joined by alums from other forms, both old and young, who wished to savor the dying hours of the night with us in making merry.

Sunday morning brought plans for brunch, planes to catch, and some of us intent on recreating our frelkiest experiences on School grounds. The Form of 2008 may have physically departed, but the same cannot be said mentally: in fact, a group is already deep into making plans to come back up for the six-year.
LOUIS H. FOISY
Graduates: Form of 2013
Main Agent Jacob Ruttenberg holds the Form of 2013 paver, which joins the pavers from the Forms of 2005, 2009, and 2010. These granite blocks installed on the brick walkway that leads from the Schoolhouse to the Chapel recognize and acknowledge forms with 100-percent participation to the Alumni Fund in their Sixth Form year.

After the parade

Main Agent Jacob Ruttenberg holds the Form of 2013 paver, which joins the pavers from the Forms of 2005, 2009, and 2010. These granite blocks installed on the brick walkway that leads from the Schoolhouse to the Chapel recognize and acknowledge forms with 100-percent participation to the Alumni Fund in their Sixth Form year.
The Formnotes below reflect information received through June 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.

1934
Dr. J. Bradford Millet writes: “I have had an interesting voyage through alternate medical care in the past quarter century. I have disgust for most of modern medicine with controlled physicians, drugs, and information. Cancer gifts go via great names to the pharmaceutical industry, and some 300 cancer cures are taboo for the modern physician to consider use. By gaining information via the Internet, I have added a few extra years to my life and have recently gained a beautiful, young 78-year-old wife, Mary Edith. I have controlled my two cancers over the last 25 years by diet and natural remedies. The past three months have been used for recovery from a fractured right femur, and I am ready to hit the golf course again and work in my garden.”

1941
John B. Jessup
jcjessup@sbcglobal.net

Form Director John Jessup shared these three telephone updates from formmates: Francis Storer lives alone in Florida. He still has his license and says nobody’s going to take it from him! Bill Malcolm and his wife, Elinor, are living in a retirement home in Concord, Mass., where John’s sister also lives. Fred von Stade has a house in Philadelphia. His wife, Carolyn, died of Alzheimer’s a few years ago.

1947
Charlie Dodge
207-892-6931

Bruce B. White writes: “I finally finished a book, Sunsets, Stars and Blueberry Pie, on wonderful characters around Nelson, N.H., in the 1930s and 1940s.”

1949
John A. Scully
jasfishnet@aol.com

Francis “Dick” Cunningham will be a Century Master, exhibiting large landscapes, still-lifes, and figure paintings at the Century Association, 7 West 43rd Street in New York City, from October 2 to November 30, 2013. During daytime hours, visitors may see the exhibition simply by asking at the door. Visit franciscunningham.com for videos and images.

1951
John Lorenz
cossacks4ever@fairpoint.net

Flix Kloman writes: “A granddaughter, Blair Southworth, to be a senior at Connecticut College, spent her winter and spring semester in a rigorous program in Vietnam, starting with language immersion, and she’s spending the summer working as an intern in Phnom Penh, Cambodia, with a new organization called Cambodian Thread. Her younger sister, Story Southworth, to be a junior at Conn College, will spend her fall semester in Edinburgh, at the university there. How the younger generation travels; they’ve already had a full year on the South Island of New Zealand when their father took a sabbatical from Proctor Academy.”

1955
Morris Cheston Jr.
chestonm@ballardspahr.com

Yoshiaki Shimizu is to be congratulated on his induction into the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in the visual arts – criticism and practice category. Yoshi is listed as the Frederick Marquand Professor of Art and Archaeology at Princeton University. He is in impressive company. Other inductees in the same category include Robert De Niro, Sally Field, Renée Fleming, Pete Seeger, Herbie Hancock, and Bruce Springsteen. Yoshi reports that the induction
ceremony is to be held in the Sanders Theater in Cambridge, where his last appearance took place in 1957 for his final exam in European history, which he nearly failed.

1957

William T. de Haven
bill.dehaven316@hotmail.com

Sandy Holloway is planning a mini-reunion in Jackson, Wyo., for early fall 2014. Watch for details.

1960

Dimitri Sevastopoulo
dimitrisev@nyc.rr.com

A message from Dimitri Sevastopoulo: “We’ve scheduled a Form of 1960 dinner in New York City on Wednesday, October 23, 2013, at the Harvard Club, 27 West 44th Street. If this works for you, please respond to Jack (jcmechem@aol.com), Joe (jwmechem@yahoo.com), or me.”

1964

Richard S. Sperry
overcable@aol.com

Rick Sperry sent out the first letter to SPS ’64 announcing the 50th reunion, May 30 to June 1, 2014, with a pre–reunion gathering at the Woodstock Inn (e-mail to follow) in Woodstock, Vt. Keep an eye out for updates.

Tony Parker reports that he and Bob Evans connected in Newport after the Annapolis–Newport sailboat race. Jim Cummins’s son James will marry Marina Thompson in Old Lyme, Conn., in August 2013. James works with his dad at James Cummins Bookseller.

Ted Bachr just returned with his wife, Lili, and one of his sons, Robby, from visiting his other son’s family and three wonderful grandchildren in Tasmania, all in connection with a glorious speaking tour on behalf of his online website, MovieGuide, and related TV and radio programs. Ted writes, “Blessings abound. Everything is growing in our outreach in Hollywood and throughout the world.”

Jim Chubb continues his training in the Buddhist art of dzogchen under the long–term guidance of Tsoknyi Rinpoche III (www.tsoknyirinpoche.org) and Anam Thubten of the Dharma Foundation (www.dharmata.org). He says Ketchum, Idaho, is lovely right now.

Jad Roberts’s daughter, Ellie ’08, will enter Mt. Sinai Medical School in New York City after spending a year interning in a hospital in Buenos Aires. In August, son Bardy starts his sophomore year at St. Lawrence University.

Rick Sperry and Nancy Collins’s daughter Isabel will be starting her sophomore year at Yale after a summer waitressing with an SPS/Yale friend in Lauzerte, France.

Rick Sperry, Livy Miller, Chuck Coggeshall, and Mike Howard connected at the U.S. Open Golf Championship at the Merion Golf Club in Ardmore, Pa., in June.

Alex Shoumatoff is revving up for his lectures and workshops at a writers’ conference in Borneo in July.

Ray Payson and his wife continue to enjoy retirement and life in historic Bristol, R.I.

After a 40–year HR career with Raytheon, Terry “Ted” Lichty has retired with wife Susan to Cape Cod. Ted and Susan have recently purchased a villa in St. John, USVI, replacing winter cold for warm, and squirrels and chipmunks for iguanas and geckos. Ted is reading all 16 Jack Reacher novels. He, too, is looking forward to seeing lots of formmates next May.

Charles Stevenson’s daughter, Josephine, eldest of his eight children, is getting married at home on June 28 in Southampton. He hopes to see you all at the 50th reunion.

Coby Everdell is a semi-retired architect. He and wife Betsy have been happily living in the same house in San Francisco for 40 years. Coby is a board member of the Institute of Classical Architecture and Art and served on the jury of the Arthur Ross Awards. Betsy is a principal of Elizabeth Everdell Garden Design and local director of the Garden Conservancy. Coburn Jr. ’95 is at Frog Design in San Francisco and married to Lillian Askew from Memphis. Eleanore ’98 is a composer/performer with the Hundred
in the Hands music group in Brooklyn, and Abigail ’02 will be a third-year Columbia law student. “Much to be grateful for,” Coby says.

David Irons writes that his article, “How to Paint a Legend,” will lead the Cultural Index section of the September issue of Departures magazine. The article reports on the retrospective exhibition of the work of Balinese wayang painter Ketut Madra that he’s curating at the Museum Puri Lukisan in Ubud. “If there are any classmates who’ve always wanted to visit Bali, mid-October of this year would be ideal. A half–dozen friends from NYC and the Bay Area are joining us.”

1965

David Parshall
dparshall@peifunds.com

Neil Malloy and I had a delightful lunch together in New York in June, getting caught up on the past 48 years! Neil has lived most of his life in Venezuela and has spent much of his professional career with an international steel business, initially as its chief financial officer and, in more recent years, as chairman. He visits the U.S. several times a year, often to see his daughter and grandchildren in Miami and (bravo!) has committed that he and his wife will join us at our 50th reunion. In the meantime, he has graciously offered to greet any of us who might be traveling to Caracas. After our lunch, Neil and I took a stroll along Central Park to the Simón Bolívar monument, where I took the included photograph of him. Look closely. He is holding a copy of Bill Oates’s recently published papers, Views from the Rector’s Porch.

Nat Prentice shares: “For one reason or another, I had the opportunity to talk recently with a few of our formmates, all of whom had good news to share. The main themes that developed were grandchildren, getting used to or considering retirement, and, in a few cases, making the decision to move after living many years in the same place.

Just breaking into the ranks of grandparents and very proudly so are Ed Bartlett, Chris Herter, Dick Livingston, and David Parshall. Our pacesetters in grandchildren are David Martin with seven, Bob Young with four, Jim Gibbons with four, and Rick Billings with two, including a recent addition. All are doing well, especially Gibbo, who has established residency in Maine, Mass., and Fla. In addition to his place in New York City since his retirement from JP Morgan Chase.

Tom@Iglehart.net

Bob Stevenson, president and CEO of the Eastman Machine Company, was profiled in Thomas Friedman’s book That Used to Be Us. The Eastman Machine Company, a fifth-generation family-owned business established in 1888, today boasts “a broad base of elite customers in the wind energy, marine, composites, military, aerospace, and 1969

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Hugh Taylor has been honored with the Philip D. Herrick Award by Northeast Health Systems for “outstanding achievements, commitment to community service, dedication to the mission of NHS, and the ability to inspire the general medical staff.” Hugh is an Ipswich, Mass., resident and has been a member of the medical staff at Beverly and Addison Gilbert Hospitals for more than 25 years. He was named family physician of the year in 2007 by the Massachusetts Academy of Family Physicians.

Craig McNamara was an honored visitor at SPS in April, where he was the Chapel speaker, also giving a talk at the Lindsay Center on sustainable agriculture. Surprise attendees included Boone Porter ’68 and Steve Ahlgren ’68.

Bob Rettew is approaching his 20-year mark at SPS, having fielded numerous responsibilities, which have included head librarian of Ohrstrom, classroom duties as a faculty member, coaching, serving as a dorm master, vice rector for academics, and his current position as executive director of the Alumni Association. Throughout this time, Bob has also served as adviser to dozens of students assigned to his care and has now been presented with the de Sa Family Advising Award, established in honor of Scott Heitmiller ’81 “to honor faculty who excel in their role as advisers, mentors, and/or coaches to students.”

The Reverend Charles Bradsaw and his wife, Beth, are embarking on a three-year mission to Uganda. Currently, they are raising the needed support in donations and pledges. They will work in the Anglican Diocese of Mityana, an area west of Kampala. The Anglican Church of Uganda seeks to comprehensively address the spiritual, educational, economic, and medical needs of Uganda’s growing, mostly impoverished, population in a time of radical social and cultural change. The Bishop of Mityana has invited Charlie and Beth to help provide basic theological education for lay readers, evangelists, catechists, youth workers, and ordained pastors at the Bishop Lutaya Theological College and Vocational Centre in Mityana. Charlie will become the principal of the college, teach scripture and pastoral theology, provide direction for the expansion of the curriculum, counsel students, and establish and maintain relationships with local and international partners. Beth will head the music department, help Charlie with administration, and teach English. For inquiries and support, contact beth.bradshaw4@gmail.com. Mark the date now: Our 45th reunion will be May 30 to June 1, 2014!

1972

John Henry Low
jhl@knick.com

“Broadcasting” from the Many Glacier Lodge in Glacier National Park, Mont., not far from the famous Two Medicine Chapel, where President Franklin Delano Roosevelt broadcast his August 5, 1934, Fireside Chat, John Henry Low files this form report during family vacation in the northern Rockies: Larry (L.T.) Woody was awarded the 2013 Driving Fatherhood Award by the Maternity Care Coalition of Pennsylvania (MCC). According to the MCC, “During our Celebrating Fathers Golf Classic, we recognize and honor outstanding men and organizations that are advancing the role of fatherhood locally, regionally, and nationally. Since 2009, the Driving Fatherhood Awards have honored more than a dozen men throughout Pennsylvania who have served as role models for others, been engaged in MCC’s work, and have promoted fatherhood through community initiatives or sports.” Larry continues his work as a case manager/parent educator with Focus on Families. He previously served as the male involvement coordinator at the Children’s Hospital of Pennsylvania’s Early Head Start program. He is also a contributing writer for Newsworks.org and the Philadelphia Tribune, where he writes on a variety of topics. Larry very modestly told me, “Someone’s giving me an award. Can you believe it?” Of course we can, Larry. It is you, after all. Congratulations and well done!

In our form’s ongoing “when two or more are gathered in my name” department, John Cook reports that Gary Hodder ’73 has been coming to the East Coast of South Florida to watch Panther hockey games at the Ft. Lauderdale/Sunrise arena from his home in Naples, Fla. John and Gary have been getting together from time to time, and John has met Gary’s “lovely wife and his charming teenage daughter.”

Sally Carroll Keating, who has moved to Rochester, Minn., reports, “In April, my husband and I had the good fortune to travel to Mozambique and South Africa, where our daughter and her South African husband live and work. These are fantastic countries, enhanced for us by the opportunity to see the ‘Big Five’ and numerous

1971

Mark M. Wheeler
mwheeler@investmentadvisors.com

Byam Stevens shares: “I am directing and producing the world premiere of Arms On Fire, a new play, with music by Steven Sater and Duncan Sheik, the Tony-Award–winning creators of Spring Awakening. Producing three more plays to round out our 24th summer season at Chester Theatre Company.”

The NYC girls of ’78 (plus two groupies) at their third annual night out after the SPS Alumni Association Meeting in April, (l. to r.): Sarah Chubb Sauvayre, Cynthia Colt, Nancy Welzchek, Wizzy Deans Mooney, Lita Remsen, Lisa Henquens Hughes, Nora Tracy Phillips, Linda Richards Boleta, Leslie Groves, and Sasha Iglehart Richardson.
other equally marvelous birds and animals. It was a photographer’s dream – I am still sorting through 1,400+ photos. Visiting the wine region of Stellenbosch and Franschhoek was pretty fantastic as well, and highly recommended. While visiting Phinda Game Reserve in Kwazulu-Natal, South Africa, we came upon several black rhinos, a severely endangered species. Sadly, the rhino in the picture may now be dead at the hands of poachers. Since our visit, 11 dehorned rhino carcasses may now be dead at the hands of poachers. Since our visit, 11 dehorned rhino carcasses have been found in the area. One poacher was killed, others arrested, but the poachers are winning. On a happier note, elephants are poached less in this region than in other parts of the continent, and this particular population is thriving.” Sally is an amazing photographer, and you can see her “adopted” black rhino in this section.

Finally, our form’s indefatigable agent, Mike Sweeney reports sadly yet another non-record year in the annual giving arena. But Mike was intrigued by the little “Easter egg” in our Form’s new Yahoo! group. There is a photo of some of our form’s varsity hockey greats barreling down a Red Bull Crashed Ice course. Mike’s reaction was “if [Bob] Stockman can make it down, so can I.” We look forward to Mike’s upcoming entry into the 2014 Red Bull Crashed Ice circuit for 2013–14, with world championships in Quebec City in March 2014. Mike, you can count on my family and me up there cheering you on.

Please keep your news coming, and please contribute to our form’s Yahoo and LinkedIn groups.

1973

Jose Maldonado
splitstep54@earthlink.net

Mike Prentice writes: “Recently started a geology company, Subsurface Insight, which focuses on the shallow subsurface.”

1974

Art Sistare
sasart@sbcglobal.net

Martina N. Miller sends this news: “My teaching career continues to have ups and downs. I am currently substituting while looking for a full-time position. I am still in Connecticut and survived all the storms, though it pushed our school end date to June 25. Anyone traveling through Connecticut, please feel free to give a call. Love to get together with the New York City folks. Call me at 860-869-9046 or mnmiller@usj.edu. Best to reunion forms.”

1978

Arthur Bingham
abingham@boxwoodadv.com

Nora Tracy Phillips submitted these updates: Rob Rout reports that he “won a Kiva Fellowship (www.kiva.org/fellows) and recently returned from four months in Paraguay, where I did volunteer work helping to fight poverty through microfinance. Full-time altruism feels really good, particularly after many years in the for-profit sector. Despite what you may have heard or read, not all microfinance institutions are bad, and good work truly is being done on behalf of the poor. I hope folks reading this will be moved to visit kiva.org to see what Kiva is up to and perhaps even to make a small loan!”

Anne Bartol Butterfield is pleased to say she’s still reporting and opining on the shift from fossil fuels to renewable energy for the Boulder Daily Camera, NewEnergyNews, and Huffington Post, and serving on the board of Clean Energy Action, which will launch statewide campaigns soon to empower Colorado citizens to get into monopoly energy markets with clean electrons, paid for through a fee on carbon. Interested in helping out? Be in touch!

Marian Bodine ’76 writes: “Anniversary 2013 was tons of fun! Very hot so lots of swimming! Katie Thayer McCammond rocked the house with Paul Eddy and friends!”

1983

Michael Stubbs
michaeljstubbs.ne@gmail.com

John Bohan writes: “I had the opportunity to attend a wonderful dinner party at Michael Stubbs’s house in Hollywood and got to reconnect with Ned Doubleday ’81. Also, great to see everyone at our 30th. What amazed me most was how easily we continued conversations that started 30 years ago. I was also thrilled to bring my son, Evan ’16, with me.”

1985

Donald D. Sung
donald.sung@lazard.com

Eric Williams shares this note: “Chicago SPS alumni gathered in the Windy City in April to hang out with Agatha Asemota, who was in town on business. We discussed Obama, Bush, crime, violence, proximity, healthcare, and education. We came to no conclusions, but did figure out how to divide the check four ways. Also in attendance were Monique Washington ’87, Tommy Thomas, and Nelson Williams ’87.

Nick Hutchinson sends this news: “I am living in Den-
writes from Denver, Colo., where I work as a freelance writer and editor. I continue to write about music and I still play music on the side. My reviews have appeared in Denver’s Westword, the Boulder Daily Camera, Relix magazine and on websites, including www.honesttune.com. I often see John Greene, Tim Billings, and Chris Wirth ’86. I recently wrote a children’s book, Barry’s Wild Ride (www.barryswildride.com), about a whimsical bear who learns how to surf. I also offer a custom jigsaw puzzle created by Chris Wirth’s company, Liberty Puzzles, in Boulder. It was a blast to work on Barry’s puzzle with a fellow Paulie.

1986

Priscilla J. Forney
pjforney@comcast.net

You all were wonderfully responsive the last time I solicited you for formnotes, so I’ve not bothered you this time around. I will hope to hear lots from lots of you for the fall issue of Alumni Horae.

1987

Mona Gibson
monagibson@aol.com

Peggy Chang writes: “I’m completing a master’s degree in public humanities, something I’ve pursued part-time for the past four years while working full-time as the director of an academic peer advising center at Brown. I took a class this past spring with Noah Elbot ’09. My sons are six and five. Please look me up if you’re in the Providence area.”

Minot Maser writes from Ecuador: “This morning I sum-mited Chimborazo, Ecuador’s highest peak at 20,700’. Earth science nerds note that this mountain, because it is almost on the equator, is actually the highest mountain on Earth, when calculating from the planet’s core. This means for a few minutes while on top we were rotating faster than any other objects on Earth’s surface. Luckily, there were no mosquitoes up there to splat in our faces. So I wound down my law practice, rented my house, sold the second car, and am now in the middle of a five-month trip to northern South America. Too bad I took French at SPS as I’m adrift down here in a sea of Spanish.”

Alex Paine is in the thick of parenthood: “No news from San Francisco other than that Maya (3 ½) and Eva (1 ½) Paine keep their mommy and daddy busy.”

Exciting news from Richard duPont: “I am currently working on a large-scale public sculpture to be installed on Columbus Circle in the fall in association with the Museum of Art and Design and as part of their big upcoming show “Out of Hand (Materializing the Postdigital).” The public piece will be 15-feet tall and made of cast aluminum. I will also have a large sculpture included inside the museum in the exhibition (madmuseum.org/exhibition/out-hand). I will also be show-

ing a new piece at Art Basel Switzerland (www.artbasel.com) this June in association with Carolina Nitsch. I also have concurrent exhibitions up right now in New York at two different galleries.”

Henry Watts writes: “I played in the club squash championships at the Olympic Club against George Kwon ’03. We’d never met, so I had no idea he was an alumnus until we met for the match. Great guy. We had a competitive and fun match. Somehow, wisdom and experience barely won out over much younger stamina and energy. Somewhere, Coach Ball and Coach Panarese are smiling! It was really fun meeting and talking with a grad from such a younger generation. He clearly loved his time at St. Paul’s and was about to head back to his 10th reunion. Pretty fun, small world kind of thing.”

Henry also told us about Ray Letourneau: “After the recent SPS alumni event here in San Francisco, a bunch of people from the Form of ’87 gathered to celebrate and commemorate Razor. We each took a couple minutes to talk about him. Stories had a nice mix of humor, respect, and sadness. Common themes were how nice Ray was to everyone, and how he helped many of us, even those who were not a stereotypical fit to be befriended by a jock from Concord. He was a great friend to many of us and friendly to all of us. And he’s clearly missed. The group included Albert Neil-

son, Melanie Shaw MacMillan, John Caperton, Chris Gallagher Jr., Jim Barker, Don Pillsbury, Erik Burke, and me.”

Got word from Bill Diamond that a bunch of New Yorkers gathered at his bar that same night for a similar tribute. I think it’s really cool that Ray was remembered across the country on the same date. And I find it very comforting that our class came together over many mediums (Facebook, e-mail, phone, in person) in the wake of this news. We gotta stick together! RIP, Ray.

1993

Page Sargisson
pagesargisson@gmail.com

James Hathaway writes: “Finishing a stint in Shanghai before moving to the U.S. Embassy in Beijing on a four-year political tour. Traveled recently to New York and chuckled at the fact that a Montana boy would go to New York City for clean air. With regrets, I was unable to cross the Pacific for our 20th reunion but hope to make it up by host-ing old SPS pals in China should you guys make it this way.”

Louisa Wharton Walmsley, born March 4, 2013, is the daughter of Ashley and Peter Walmsley ’93.
Owen Weihman ’96 works at Longhaul Farm, managed by Jason Angell and his wife, Jocelyn, daughter of Ashley and Peter Walmsley and little sister of Elle, was born on March 4, 2013, weighing 7 lbs., 5 oz.

1995

Nick Van Amburg
nvanamburg@gmail.com

It’s summertime in NYC, which means ice cream trucks, melting hot pavement, and, now, bike sharing! I may not appreciate all the novices salmoning against traffic, but the CitiBike program is a huge step forward in making the city more sane and livable.

Another win for NYC has been the return of Dahni-El Giles. He writes: “During the summer of 2012, I decided to turn the page in my life and leave both Kraft Foods and Chicago. My loose plan was to travel around the world, start-up apps like “Nametrix.” Most importantly, I now have a beard. And globetrotter Geoff Decker shared this dispatch: “With my M.A. in anthropology of travel and tourism completed, Matt Rudy and I celebrated by spending some time in Vietnam. From Hanoi to Halong Bay to Ho Chi Minh City, we were E’d by the experience. It is safe to say that our culinary exploits there would make Anthony Bourdain shiver.”

And that’s the news for the Form of ’95. My sincere apologies to everyone for missing our last installment, and I hope everyone is enjoying a great summer. As always, please send me news or let me know if you’re coming to town. I’d love to catch up.

1996

Emily Chang Brands
emilychangbrands@gmail.com

Emily Brands writes: “A relatively quiet spring for me. I
did manage to get away to the Caymans for a little vacation over Memorial Day weekend with Patti Lin, Chris Cheang ’97, and our significant others. It was quite a treat to spend some time with just the grown-ups!

“Alana Pietragallo Bedoya, who’s busy with her residency program in Hershey, Pa., was able to get away recently for a trip to Germany and Italy.

“Caitlin Riley’s firm, Dark Rye, recently garnered a James Beard award for best group blog.

“A big congratulations to Kev-in Yuann, who just welcomed his second child, Oliver, to his family in April. Big sister Eva is very happy with this addition. I’d love to hear more great news, so please feel free to shoot me an e-mail with any updates or just to reconnect.”

Ayesha Brantley-Gosine submits this update: “I am pleased to announce that I prevailed in my March 19 judicial election in Hempstead, N.Y., and was sworn in on April 1. I’m settling in after two months on the bench and wish to extend heartfelt thanks of whom were in attendance at our wedding, including Cindy Huang, Wendy Huang, Charlotte MacAusland, Irene Ma ’03, Andrew Kim ’03, Velina Luhur ’03, Yuko Ishii ’03, and Ally Ouh ’04. Jay is currently a tax lawyer in New York. I just graduated from the Wharton School and the Lauder Institute in May and will work as a management consultant after a few months of vacation. Jay and I are excited to be settling into our new Chelsea apartment together in New York City.”

1997

Amy Singer
sykes@post.harvard.com

Lindsey (Bishop) Anderson provides this update: “In April, my husband, Nathan, and I welcomed Noa Elizabeth into the family. Noa joins her big sisters, Reese (3½) and Colby (1½), here in Larchmont, N.Y., where we’ve lived for almost a year. Once life calms down a bit, I’m looking forward to making it into the city for an alumni event to reconnect with formmates.”

1998

Sarah Bernstein Jones
sarahbjones13@gmail.com

Alex Butler writes: “I spent a brief but incredibly fun weekend in Millville this past Anniversary, catching up with good friends and reliving old times. It was so good to see everyone and meet all the new additions to our classmates’ families. Last December brought my wife Dory and me a new daughter as well, Adelaide Louise Butler, or Addie to her (hopefully) future SPS buddies. Full-time work at GRADE Architects in New York City is going very well, but looking to ramp up my side business, Alexander Butler | Design Services (AB|DS), so if anyone’s thinking about a project, please look me up. All the best to everyone, and hope to see more of you more often.”

Liz and Mark Bozek write: “We just wanted to pass along some news for the Alumni Horae. Our son, Michael Brandt Bozek, was born on December 15, 2012, weighing 6 lbs., 5 oz., and measuring 19 inches. As you can see from the photo, he’s already an SPS hockey fan, having attended his first game at three weeks old! He looks forward to watching many more games.”

2002

Toby McDougal
tymcdougal@gmail.com

Jane Fung sent in her wedding news: “Jay Buchman and I got married on May 26, 2013, in Grace Church, followed by a reception at the Central Park Boathouse in New York. True to the nature of St. Paul’s, our ceremony was filled with beautiful organ music, and we enjoyed a gondola ride at Central Park before dancing the night away. Jay and I met in choir and started dating when we were both students at Amherst College almost nine years ago. We endured a four-year long-distance relationship when I was working in Hong Kong and Jay was at NYU Law School before finally getting married. Over the years, I have introduced Jay to my Paulie friends, many of whom were in attendance at the ceremony.”

2011

Meredith Bird
birdie4949@gmail.com

Susan Neul P’11, P’15 writes: “Williams College women’s crew won the NCAA Championship with Stephanie Neul rowing on V1 and Sophia Janetty ’12 rowing on V2. Go Ephs! Go SPS.”

Lady Paulies gather at the May wedding of Jane Fung ’02 and Jay Buchman in New York City. They included (l. to r.): Velina Luhur ’03, Cindy Huang ’02, Irene Ma ’03, the bride, Wendy Huang ’02, and Yuko Ishii ’03.

Ayesha Brantley-Gosine is a village justice in Hempstead, N.Y.
DECEASED

The section was updated July 2, 2013. Please note that deaths are reported as we receive notice of them. Therefore, alumni dates of death are not always reported chronologically.

1934—Henry Hope Reed Jr.
May 1, 2013

Henry Hope Reed Jr. was a noted and outspoken architecture critic credited with pioneering the historic walking tour in New York City. He was born on Sept. 25, 1915, in New York, and came to St. Paul’s School as a Second Former in 1929. There is little information available about his early life or years at St. Paul’s. Mr. Reed did, however, remain in touch with the School as he made a name for himself as a proponent of the classical tradition and author of several books largely devoted to bemoaning modernism. In his book American Skyline, he gave a nod to the St. Paul’s School Chapel as the first Gothic effort in the American Renaissance.

Mr. Reed attended Harvard, where he studied history, and later described himself to a New York Times reporter as a drifter during his post-college years. He spent a few years writing for newspapers in the Midwest and studied decorative arts at the École du Louvre in Paris. According to a 2005 profile in the Times, Mr. Reed began gaining notoriety in the 1950s for his screeds against the new, streamlined style of architecture proliferating in Manhattan. While respected for his informed and insightful views, he was also roundly criticized early on by the modern-leaning establishment. In the 1980s, however, as the postmodern movement saw a return to classical sensibilities, his opinions were often quoted in newspaper and magazine articles.

In the late 1950s, Mr. Reed essentially invented the New York City architectural or historical walking tour for the Municipal Art Society, through which he helped build a following for the preservation movement. The tours became hugely popular, expanding into Central Park, where Mr. Reed pointed out elements of natural beauty and enduring architecture. In 1967, he published the definitive Central Park: A History and Guide, with co-author Sophia Duckworth. His other books include The Golden City and three scholarly studies of American public buildings, including the New York Public Library, the Library of Congress, and the United States Capitol.

In 1968, Mr. Reed helped found Classical America, an organization designed to promote the classical tradition of the arts in America. He wrote to St. Paul’s School about his new role, throwing a barb in his letter to School faculty: “A pity that SPS is so given over to what is called modern art.”

Mr. Reed’s wife, Constance Culbertson Feeley, a former reporter for The Washington Post and staff writer for The New Yorker, died in 2007. According to his obituary, a full, bylined story in the New York Times, he leaves no immediate survivors.

1935—F. Cecil Grace
May 1, 2013

Mr. Grace attended Harvard, where he studied history, and later described himself to a New York Times reporter as a drifter during his post-college years. He spent a few years writing for newspapers in the Midwest and studied decorative arts at the École du Louvre in Paris. According to a 2005 profile in the Times, Mr. Reed began gaining notoriety in the 1950s for his screeds against the new, streamlined style of architecture proliferating in Manhattan. While respected for his informed and insightful views, he was also roundly criticized early on by the modern-leaning establishment. In the 1980s, however, as the postmodern movement saw a return to classical sensibilities, his opinions were often quoted in newspaper and magazine articles.

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Peter Marne Shonk

1936

a Funk B and a Commonwealth Skyranger, which he flew for both pleasure and personal travel. He worked with DuMont Television and received a government patent on a device for FM radio he hoped would be useful in television broadcast stations.

Mr. Grace was acutely aware of social issues. Realizing a dream of rewarding schoolchildren for kindness and good character, he and his wife Boo established in 2000 the F. Cecil Grace Foundation, which sponsors Operation: Positive Role Model, an initiative through which student peers nominate role models to receive $1,000 grants. His legacy continues through this rapidly growing program.

The Graces were also dedicated to the issue of reducing obesity, developing a “fullness” program that included the invention of a diet shake and bar, both of which received U.S. patents in 2002. Mr. and Mrs. Grace detailed the program in their 2008 book Slim Satisfied and Sexy at 56: I’ll Never Be Hungry Again. In 2011, Mr. Grace shared his final book, The Last Flight of Cecil Grace, hoping to inspire future aviators.

Mr. Grace is survived by his beloved wife, Margery “Boo” Grace.

He was 94.

Mr. Shonk was born in Scarsdale, N.Y., on September 7, 1918. He arrived at St. Paul’s School in 1931, where he excelled in math and played on the squash team.

Mr. Shonk went to Williams College, where he majored in chemistry and was captain of the tennis team. He also continued to improve his squash game, winning the squash championship for three consecutive years.

He became interested in flying through his sister, Sally, one of the first female pilots in the United States. As a child he also met Charles Lindbergh, who was a client of his father’s firm, and later he shared the stage with Amelia Earhart in a summer play in Dublin. When World War II began, Mr. Shonk promptly enlisted in the Navy. He counted his service as a carrier-based fighter pilot among the most momentous occasions in his life. Stationed on the aircraft carrier USS Enterprise in the South Pacific, he fought in the battles of Guadalcanal, Santa Cruz, and Coral Sea.

Mr. Shonk married Lucy Lay Clarke in 1944. After his discharge from the Navy, he was employed by the Interchemical Company, working at locations in Rhode Island, South Carolina, and New Jersey before being hired by Klopmans Mills. He and his wife lived for many years in Glen Rock, N.J., and spent their summers in Dublin, N.H., in the home his family had owned since 1933. He retired in 1980 and moved there full time.

Mr. Shonk was active in his community, serving on the town’s conservation committee and in several leadership positions at the Dublin Lake Club. At a town meeting earlier this year, he was awarded the Boston Post Cane, recognizing him as the oldest resident of Dublin. He was also a member of Saint James Episcopal Church in Keene.

Mr. Shonk enjoyed traveling, skiing, golf, and paddle tennis. According to his obituary in The Monadnock Ledger, he was known for his outstanding sportsmanship and genial attitude.

Mr. Shonk was predeceased by his wife, Lucy, in 2011. He is survived by seven children, Sally Carey, Cynthia Caddell, Lucy Shonk, Diana Shonk, Peter M. Shonk Jr., Edith Perkins, and David Knight Shonk; six grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

1937

Steuart Lansing Pittman

who was appointed assistant secretary of defense by President John F. Kennedy in 1961 and was assigned to lead a program creating fallout shelters for 180 million Americans at the height of the Berlin crisis that same year, died on February 10, 2013, at his family farm in Davidsonville, Md. He was 93.

The second of Ernest and Estelle Pittman’s three children, Mr. Pittman was born June 8, 1919, in Albany, N.Y. He spent his formative years growing up on the East Side of Manhattan and attended the Buckley School until his arrival at St. Paul’s as a Second Former in the fall of 1932. Mr. Pittman enjoyed Old Hundred football and hockey and served as captain of the SPS squash team. In addition to his studies, he was a member of the Scientific Association and the Cadmean Literary Society.

Mr. Pittman entered Yale and graduated cum laude with the Class of 1941. He spent two years working in Africa and Asia for a subsidiary of Pan American World Airways before joining the U.S. Marine Corps in 1943. During his tour of duty, he was sent to China, where he operated with guerilla groups behind Japanese lines. He later received a Silver Star for his valiant service in the East China Sea on August 21, 1945, of a Chinese junk that came under fire by a Japanese ship, whose commanding officer did not know the war had ended. It was the last recorded WWII battle under sail fought by the U.S. Marines.

Upon his return from the war, Mr. Pittman earned his law degree from Yale in 1948. In 1954 he became a founding partner of the Washington law firm of Shaw, Pittman, Potts & Trowbridge (now Pillsbury, Winthrop, Shaw & Pittman), where he spent the majority of his career representing clients in the full spectrum of investment lending and international banking matters.

In 1961 he took a three-year hiatus from his law practice to serve as the nation’s first civil defense chief under President John F. Kennedy. Mr. Pittman’s mission was to create fallout shelters supplied with enough food, water, and medical supplies for every American to survive one to two weeks after a nuclear attack. The program generated fierce debate and ultimately failed to gain funding support from Congress. In a 1987 letter to St. Paul’s, Mr. Pittman wrote, “I’m hawkish on preparedness and dovish on foreign policy.”

Mr. Pittman retired in the mid-1980s and moved to Dodon Farm, a 550-acre estate in Maryland that had been in his family for more than 300 years. The farm’s
George Sturgis Pillsbury

1939

A prominent Minnesota civic and business leader, died on October 13, 2012. He was 91. He died at his own home on Lake Minnetonka, where he was born on July 17, 1921.

The son of John S. Pillsbury and Eleanor L. Pillsbury, he was youngest of six children. His grandfather was Charles A. Pillsbury, one of the founders of the famous flour milling company and its first president. His maternal great-grandfather was Gen. Samuel Sturgis, the Civil War general for whom the city in South Dakota is named.

Mr. Pillsbury attended the Blake School before entering the Second Form at St. Paul's School in 1934. Smart and athletic, he earned Second Testimonials in three of his years at the School and received two Dickey Prizes in math. He played first football and hockey for Isthmian, rowed with Shattuck, and participated on the SPS football and hockey teams. He served as second vice president of the Scientific Society and was a member of the School Council. He graduated cum laude.

Mr. Pillsbury's family has a long association with St. Paul's School and Concord, N.H., where his great-grandfather was mayor before moving to Minnesota. Fellow SPS alumni include his three brothers, two sons, eight nephews, and several grand-nephews and grand-nieces. Mr. Pillsbury remained devoted to the School, serving twice as a form agent and as a regional representative and a trustee for five years, from 1963 to 1968. He was a member of the John Hargate Society.

After St. Paul's, Mr. Pillsbury attended Yale University, graduating in 1943. He went on to serve as a Marine Lieutenant during World War II, receiving a Presidential Unit Commendation. He returned to Minneapolis and met Sally Whitney. The couple 'dated' while campaigning door-to-door together for a Republican congressional candidate and were married in 1947. They had four children. To his last day, Mr. Pillsbury said marrying Sally was the smartest thing he ever did.

Upon his graduation from Yale, Mr. Pillsbury had offers to teach at the graduate level in the Yale Math Department and to teach at the Groton School in Massachusetts. He also considered studying law. Instead, he went to work for the Pillsbury Company and spent two decades there. By the late 1960s, however, he decided to leave Pillsbury's management in order to spend more time with his family, retiring as executive vice president. He was the last member of the family to be active in running the Pillsbury Company.

Mr. Pillsbury's lifelong passion was politics. Shortly after leaving Pillsbury, he ran for a state senate seat in Minnesota and won. He served in the Minnesota State Senate from 1970 to 1983, supporting family planning, education, and governmental reform. He leaves a legacy of active citizenship documented in the book he co-wrote with Star Tribune editorial columnist Lori Sturdevant, The Pillsburys of Minnesota, which was a 2012 Minnesota Book Award finalist.

"Affable and outgoing, George made and kept friends, from presidents and European royalty to winners of the Pillsbury Bake-Off, which he and Sally attended faithfully for more than 50 years," recalled Sturdevant.

Mr. Pillsbury was preceded in death by siblings John S. Pillsbury Jr. '31, Edmund P. Pillsbury '32, Ella P. Crosby, Charles A. Pillsbury '35, and Jane P. Resor. He is survived by his wife of 65 years, Sally; his four children, Charles '65, George '67, Katharine, and Sarah; 10 grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

William Goadby Post

1939

Born in New York City on July 4, 1921, he was the son of Edwin M. Post and Barbara Loew. Mr. Post prepared for St. Paul's at the Buckeye School and entered the School as a Second Former in the fall of 1934. Described by one faculty member as "a brilliant boy with great independence of spirit and strong will power," Mr. Post consistently earned testimonials for his excellence in academics. He served as head editor and treasurer of the SPS Pictorial, secretary of Model Railroad, a Sunday school teacher, and a member of the Scientific Association, the Library Association, and the Dramatic Club.

He attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, graduating with the Class of 1942, then served two years in the U.S. Navy's Special Devices Division, designing technical equipment for Navy ships. In 1944, Mr. Post married the love of his life, Elizabeth "Libby" Lindley. The couple raised four children, Allen, Bill Jr., Cindy, and Peter. The Posts shared a love of travel, golf, fishing, entertaining, and living life to its fullest.

In the early 1950s, Mr. Post founded Hobbs Equipment Company with his business partner, Dick Maulsby. The two ran the truck equipment company until 1974. Following the death of his grandmother Emily in 1960, Mr. Post and his wife, Libby, managed the Emily Post Institute, a center for etiquette, until 1995.

Known as a wise, considerate, kind, and thoughtful man, Mr. Post enjoyed the company of his wife, children, and grandchildren. He was an avid golfer, expert fisherman, creative woodworker, and lifelong pilot, who believed that "if something is worth doing, it's worth doing right."

Mr. Post will be missed by his four children and eight grandchildren. He was predeceased in 2010 by his wife of 66 years, Libby, and in 1987 by his grandson, Paul.
1942
Stephen Whitney “Whit” Dickey

devoted husband and father and generous supporter of the School and his community, died peacefully on February 21, 2013, at his home in Lebanon, N.H., surrounded by loved ones. He was 89.

Born November 14, 1923, he was the son of Charles D. Dickey Jr. of the Form of 1911 and Catherine Colt Dickey of New York City and grandson of Charles D. Dickey of the Form of 1878. He attended Chestnut Hill Academy in Philadelphia prior to joining the St. Paul's community as a Second Former in the fall of 1937. Mr. Dickey quickly took to athletics while living in Millville, playing SPS football and Old Hundred hockey and rowing with Shattuck. He was a member of the Choir and Der Deutsche Verein.

Mr. Dickey entered Yale University, where he was the starting center on the freshman football team before enlisting in the Army Air Corps in World War II. He was serving as 2nd Lieutenant fighter pilot of a P-47 Thunderbolt when a fire in his plane forced him to bail out over Italy. The tail of the plane shattered both of his legs, but he was saved when his parachute opened at 500 feet and he landed on a springy, barbed wire fence. He spent a year recovering in various hospitals before returning to Yale, where he graduated with the Class of 1945.

Mr. Dickey began his career with Brakeshoe Company in Mahwah, N.J., and later Philadelphia. In 1953, he married Closey Virden Faulkner of Richmond, Va. Together the couple raised six children. During Mr. Dickey’s time with Brakeshoe, the family lived in New York City, New Canaan, Conn., Wayne, Ill., and Saddle River, N.J. In 1960, Mr. Dickey became president of First National Bank of North Bennington, Vt., (later renamed Catamount National Bank) and in 1973 he was named president of National Bank of Lebanon (N.H.). That same year, the Dickey’s built a house on Hardy Hill in Lebanon and transformed the property from an empty lot to a gardener’s oasis. There they enjoyed the company of family, including many beloved dogs. The Dickey’s also enjoyed their summer home “Hard-alee” in Northeast Harbor, Maine, and later “Quarry Cove,” a seaside property on Maine’s Mt. Desert Island.

Outside of work, Mr. Dickey was dedicated to lending his expertise to small businesses in his community, including SCORE, Planned Parenthood, the Lebanon Rotary Club, AVA Gallery, Northern Stage, Vital Communities, and the New Hampshire Charitable Foundation. He was also a member of the Upper Valley Land Trust, Kilton Library, and Camarata New England. The Dickeys shared a love of the arts and also supported Alice Peck Day Hospital, the Geisel School of Medicine at Dartmouth College, and the Dartmouth Institute. In its June 24, 2013, edition, the Valley News (www.vnews.com) paid tribute to the community contributions of Mr. Dickey, calling him “the most significant example of a person leading by doing.”

Mr. Dickey remained loyal to St. Paul’s, serving as a form agent for several years, and was an invested supporter of the Advanced Studies Program, making the largest gift ever in support of the program and serving as a founding member of the ASP Advisory Committee.

He was the proud father of two alumni, John V. Dickey ‘77 and Clo D. Giffen ‘82; uncle to Robert M. Dickey ‘79 and George N. Lindsay ‘66; great-uncle to Kyle B. Dickey ’13 and Charles L. Dickey ’15; and grandfather to Samuel S. Dickey ’16. Whit and Closey Dickey perpetuated the generosity of the Dickey family at St. Paul’s, including regular communication about seven family–endowed funds that provide support for financial aid, faculty support, the arts, and School visitors.

Mr. Dickey is survived by Closey Dickey, his beloved wife of 59 years; two sisters, Mary Lindsay and Cathy Brown; five children, Whit, Lawrence, John ’77, Christopher Colt, and Clo Giffen ‘82; and 10 grandchildren, including Samuel ’16. He was predeceased by his brother, Charles D. Dickey Jr. ’36, and his son, Don Dickey.

1943
John Battice Ford III

died December 31, 2012, at his home in John’s Island, Fla. He was 88. The only child of John B. Ford Jr. and Katharine Tanner Ford, Mr. Ford was born in Detroit on July 3, 1924. He entered St. Paul’s School as a Second Former in 1938, where he was a member of Old Hundred and Shattuck. While at SPS, he participated in the Acolytes’ Guild, the Missionary Society, the Scientific Club, the Radio Club, and the Library Association. He left the School in December 1942 to join the U.S. Coast Guard — the first St. Paul’s student to leave Millville for World War II. He served until 1946.

St. Paul’s School awarded Mr. Ford an honorary diploma in absentia on June 13, 1947, after his first completed year of college at Yale. He graduated from Yale in 1950.

A faithful supporter to the School, he felt very strongly about his affiliation with SPS. “It has been a great backup to my life and my religious background,” he once wrote.

Mr. Ford lived in Grosse Pointe Farms and Harbor Springs, Mich., and Indian River Shores, Fla. His professional interests were in the import/export trade. He was active in many nonprofit organizations, including serving on the board of Riverside Theatre and as chairman of the boards of the Detroit Institute of Ophthalmology and the American Red Cross Southeastern Michigan Chapter. Mr. Ford was a member of the John’s Island Club of Vero Beach; the Little Harbor Club in Harbor Springs, Mich.; the Country Club of Detroit; the Grosse Pointe Club; and the Yondotega Club in Detroit. He was also a lifelong member and past senior warden of Christ Church in Grosse Pointe and served as senior warden of St. John’s Episcopal Church in Harbor Springs. He was a competitive sailor all his life.
Mr. Ford leaves behind his wife of 33 years, Peggy Ford; his son, John B. Ford IV; his stepsons, Lawrence Gotfredson and Christian Gotfredson; eight grandchildren; and seven great-grandchildren. He was predeceased in 1979 by his first wife, Mary Louise McDonald.

Arthur Ryerson Hyde Clarke

Arthur Ryerson Hyde Clarke was the son of George Hyde Clarke of the Form of 1907 and Emily Borie Ryerson Clarke of the historic Hyde Hall. His mother and her family, including Mr. Clarke’s uncle, John Borie Ryerson of the Form of 1911 and 1917, were survivors of the RMS Titanic, which sank off the coast of Newfoundland on April 15, 1912.

Mr. Clarke attended the Hoosac School in Hoosick, N.Y., before enrolling at SPS as a Third Former in the fall of 1940. During his four years in Millville, he excelled in the classroom, earning testimonials consistently for his academic achievements. Outside the classroom, he enjoyed Isthmian football and ice hockey and was a member of the German Club.

1944 Allan Johnson Jr.

Allan Johnson Jr. of Akron, Ohio, died March 22, 2013, at the age of 87. Born in Akron on July 14, 1925, he was the son of Allan Chalfant Johnson and Katharine Baird Johnson. Mr. Johnson joined the Second Form at SPS in the fall of 1939 and took to his studies with great gusto. During his time in Millville, he earned either first or second testimonials with honors each year and was named a Ferguson Scholar during his Fourth Form year. He was a talented debater, served as an “inspector” of Middle House, and was a member of the Missionary Society. He also stroked the first Shattuck crew and enjoyed football and ice hockey with Isthmian.

Mr. Johnson graduated summa cum laude after his Fifth Form year. From Millville, Mr. Johnson moved on to Harvard, graduating magna cum laude and Phi Beta Kappa with the Class of 1947. He continued his education at Harvard Law School, graduating in 1949. Upon his graduation, Mr. Johnson moved back to his hometown of Akron and achieved the highest score on the 1949 Ohio bar exam.

1945 Dawson C. Heron

Dawson C. Heron, a dedicated educator, died peacefully on October 12, 2011, at his son’s home in Old Greenwich, Conn. He was 85.

Born in Cooperstown, N.Y., on July 5, 1926, Mr. Clarke was the son of George Hyde Clarke of the historic Hyde Hall. His mother and her family, including Mr. Clarke’s uncle, John Borie Ryerson of the Form of 1917, were survivors of the RMS Titanic, which sank off the coast of Newfoundland on April 15, 1912.

Mr. Clarke attended the Hoosac School in Hoosick, N.Y., before enrolling at SPS as a Third Former in the fall of 1940. During his four years in Millville, he excelled in the classroom, earning testimonials consistently for his academic achievements. Outside the classroom, he enjoyed Isthmian football and ice hockey and was a member of the German Club.

Following his graduation from St. Paul’s, Mr. Clarke joined the U.S. Army and served in Germany during WWII. He was immediately put to work in intelligence in the OSS under “Wild Bill” Donovan. His fluency in French and German, said his son, Hyde ‘74 and Sophie Clarke. After earning a master’s in history from Loyola University in Chicago, Mr. Clarke began his teaching career as a professor of European history at the Albert Schweitzer College in Switzerland; he later served as a professor of French at Cooperstown Central School in New York. He also taught American history in New Rochelle, N.Y.

Mr. Clarke and his wife were involved in the management of Otsego Golf Club in Springer Center, N.Y., where he served as treasurer until his death. In addition, he served on the boards of Head of the Lake Corporation, the Cook Foundation, and the Friends of Hyde Hall.

Mr. Clarke is survived by his son and daughter-in-law, A.R. Hyde Clarke ’74 and Margaret McKinley Clarke; his daughter and son-in-law, Sophie Clarke and Jeffrey Barton Isaac; and three grandchildren.

Mr. Clarke attended the Hoosac School in Hoosick, N.Y., before enrolling at SPS as a Third Former in the fall of 1940. During his four years in Millville, he excelled in the classroom, earning testimonials consistently for his academic achievements. Outside the classroom, he enjoyed Isthmian football and ice hockey and was a member of the German Club.

Following his graduation from St. Paul’s, Mr. Clarke joined the U.S. Army and served in Germany during WWII. He was immediately put to work in intelligence in the OSS under “Wild Bill” Donovan. His fluency in French and German, said his son, Hyde ‘74 and Sophie Clarke.

After earning a master’s in history from Loyola University in Chicago, Mr. Clarke began his teaching career as a professor of European history at the Albert Schweitzer College in Switzerland; he later served as a professor of French at Cooperstown Central School in New York. He also taught American history in New Rochelle, N.Y.

Mr. Clarke and his wife were involved in the management of Otsego Golf Club in Springer Center, N.Y., where he served as treasurer until his death. In addition, he served on the boards of Head of the Lake Corporation, the Cook Foundation, and the Friends of Hyde Hall.

Mr. Clarke is survived by his son and daughter-in-law, A.R. Hyde Clarke ’74 and Margaret McKinley Clarke; his daughter and son-in-law, Sophie Clarke and Jeffrey Barton Isaac; and three grandchildren.

Dawson C. Heron


Born March 23, 1927, to Walter S. Heron of the Form of 1911 and Marcella Callery Heron, he attended Shady Side Academy in Pittsburgh, Pa., before entering the Third Form at St. Paul’s in 1941.

Mr. Heron was a “quiet, well-mannered person,” who performed particularly well in math and science. At SPS he was a member of the Rifle Club, qualifying as a junior marksman, the Scientific Association, the Missionary Society, and the Radio Club. He competed in tennis and football for Isthmian and rowed with Shattuck.

He attended Yale University, graduating in 1950, and went on to Harvard Law School, graduating in 1954. In 1980, Mr. Heron received his master’s in education from Antioch University of New England.

He is survived by his wife, Lorraine; his four children, Lelia, Katrina, Sean, and Martha; and nine grandchildren.
1946
Charles C. Demeré

an Episcopal priest and lifelong advocate for the disadvantaged, died peacefully at his home in Huntsville, Ala., on March 4, 2013, after a battle with cancer.

Born in Savannah, Ga., on October 30, 1928, he was the son of Raymond McAllister Demeré and Josephine Mobley Demeré. He arrived at St. Paul’s as a Third Former in the fall of 1942. He was a fine student-athlete, who earned testimonials in the classroom and on the field. He represented Delphian in football, basketball, and Nordic skiing. He rowed with Shattuck. Mr. Demeré was a member of the Glee Club, the Committee for Social Awareness, Hillel, La Junta, the Missionary Society, the Cadmean Literary Society, the Propylean Society, and the Scientific Association. He also served as head acolyte. Even as a teenager, he was known as “a devout boy,” who “practices his Christian beliefs in such a way that he is an inspiration to the School.”

Mr. Demeré received the Coit Medal at graduation, when he graduated magna cum laude. He continued his education at Yale, graduating in 1950. He began his master’s of divinity program at Virginia Theological Seminary in Alexandria, Va. During his final year of seminary, he married Margaret Birney Crawford of Baltimore, Md., with whom he raised four children. He was ordained to the priesthood in April 1955.

In the 1960s, Reverend Demeré served as associate rector at St. Alban’s Church in Washington, D.C., and in 1961 he founded the Debley Foundation, a family charitable foundation with a mission of empowering the disadvantaged. More than 500,000 people in more than 20 countries have benefited from the foundation, which is still flourishing today.

In the 1970s, Reverend Demeré devoted his time to work with the Model Cities program in the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development. He was also involved for 25 years as a volunteer for the Washington–based Church of the Savior outreach programs. Reverend Demeré dedicated his life to advocating for the disadvantaged through his work on Diocesan committees for justice, poverty, Central American issues, and racial equality. He served as chair of the Washington Interfaith Alliance, Pax World Service, the Georgia Council on Human Relations, and the Central America Committee of the Diocesan Peace Committee.

In addition to his passionate ministry, Reverend Demeré loved to sail with family and friends. He enjoyed his morning runs well into his later years and rejoiced in daily devotional readings. He also enjoyed tennis, stamp and coin collecting, playing bridge, and telling a good joke.

He will be deeply missed by his wife of 60 years, Margaret; his children, Bill, Jodie Demeré Clements, and Paul; 10 grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren. He was predeceased in 2010 by his son, David ’77.

1946

of Baltimore, Md., New York, N.Y., and Northeast Harbor, Maine, died on May 23, 2012. He was 84.

He was born on May 7, 1928, the son of David L. Hopkins and Katherine D. Porter Hopkins. As a boy, Mr. Hopkins enjoyed model railroading, football, hockey, and baseball. He entered the Third Form at St. Paul’s in 1942 after attending the Gilman School in Baltimore, Md. He was known as “a quiet boy with a strong character and with great powers of leadership.”

He distinguished himself in football and baseball, representing Isthmian in those sports. He served as co-captain of the football team in 1945 and as Isthmian’s secretary–treasurer. Mr. Hopkins also played basketball and hockey, served as a dorm supervisor and an editor of the Pelican, and was a member of the Acolyte’s Guild, Scientific Society, Missionary Society, and Student Council.

Mr. Hopkins once wrote that he had “a terrific experience as a boy at St. Paul’s.” He remained actively loyal to the School, serving as a form director and becoming a member of the John Hargate Society. After St. Paul’s, Mr. Hopkins attended Princeton University, earning a degree in history with honors in 1950. That same year, he married Suzanne Bunker in New York City. From 1951 to 1953 he served as a First Lieutenant, USMCR, in Quantico, Va., and Pendleton, Calif., and then went on to a career in banking and investment management.

He spent a good portion of his career with Morgan Guaranty/JP Morgan in New York City, working at the firm from 1950 to 1992 and retiring as a managing director. He returned to Maryland, where he became chairman of Brown Investment Advisory & Trust Co. in Baltimore and eventually served as a director of WESTVACO Corp. Mr. Hopkins was also a member of the Metropolitan Opera Association, the Maryland Historical Society, and the Episcopal Church Foundation.

Mr. Hopkins is survived by his wife of 62 years, Suzanne; their three surviving children, Cassandra Hopkins Watson, Suzanne Bunker Hopkins II, and Robert Dixon Hopkins; his sisters, Florence Hopkins Bordia and Katherine Hopkins Mellon; his brother, C.A. Porter Hopkins ’48; seven grandchildren; five great-grandchildren; and many relatives and friends. He was predeceased by his son, David Luke Hopkins III ’72.

1946
Howell Hoffman Howard

a passionate outdoorsman and lover of animals, died peacefully on February 3, 2013, surrounded by his family in Barring-ton, Ill. He was 85.

Born September 27, 1927, he was the son of Howell H. and Loretta Hines Howard of Dayton, Ohio. As a young boy, he moved with his family to New York City and prepared for St. Paul’s at the Malcolm Gordon School in Garrison-on-Hudson, N.Y. Mr. Howard enrolled at St. Paul’s as a Second Former in the fall of 1941 and excelled at football, hockey, squash, and tennis.

Following his five years in Millville, Mr. Howard headed to New Haven, where he joined Yale’s Class of 1950. In 1951, he married Mimi Foss in New York City and the couple moved to Winnetka, Ill. He began his career as a mill manager at Edward Hines Lumber Company in
Buffalo Grove, Ill. Mr. Howard eventually served as president and chairman of the board at Edward Hines. In addition, he served on the board of the First National Bank of Winnetka, president of the North–east Illinois Council of the Boy Scouts of America, and chairman and CEO of Southern Mineral Company, which did oil and gas exploration.

Mr. Howard had a fierce love of the natural world. From hunting and fishing at a family ranch on the Shoshone River near Cody, Wyo., to boating and birding at his home in Captiva, Fla., Mr. Howard was happiest in the outdoors.

Mr. Howard is survived by his wife of 62 years, Mimi; their six children, Howell H. III, Mark, Lynn Howard Hurley, Paul, Doug, and Deeda; 13 grandchildren; and three sisters.

1947
Einar Ostgaard

who escaped Norway with the royal family during WWII and attended St. Paul’s prior to returning to his home country, died on September 21, 2012, at the age of 83.

Born in Oslo, Norway, on June 6, 1929, he was the son of Nikolai Ramm Ostgaard, Norwegian military officer and aide–de–camp for Crown Prince Olav of Norway, and Ragni Ostgaard, lady–in–waiting to Crown Princess Martha of Norway. After escaping the war–torn country with the royal family in 1940, Mr. Ostgaard, the youngest of four siblings, attended the Slade School in Olney, Md., for three years before he began at SPS as a Fourth Former in the fall of 1944. He enjoyed singing with the Glee Club, among other activities.

Upon his graduation, he returned to Oslo, where he began university with a focus on governmental studies and later completed a magistrate degree in Paris.

Throughout his career, Mr. Ostgaard worked as a freelance writer, teacher, and author on the subject of media and press governance, writing several books on the topic. He also spent time as head of the Norwegian Institute of International Affairs. Never forgetting his time spent in Millville, and always looking to keep his connection with the School, he visited as a guest lecturer in 1975.

In more recent years, Mr. Ostgaard completed two historical books covering the escape and years in exile of King Haakon and the royal family, including insights that shed new light on that part of Norwegian history. Over the years he kept well in touch with several of his SPS classmates but was saddened to have missed his reunion in 2012 due to illness.

Mr. Ostgaard is survived by his son, Michael R. Ostgaard, and his daughter, Kaja Ostgaard.

1950
John W. Stokes II

of Southport, Conn., and Saunberstown, R.I., died December 31, 2012. He was 80 years old.

Born June 7, 1932 to Walter Stokes of the Form of 1903 and Frances Kemble Wister Stokes, he grew up in the Philadelphia suburb of St. David’s, Pa. Mr. Stokes was the grandson of writer Owen Wister of the Form of 1877, best known for his novel The Virginian. He was also a descendant of William Ellery, a signer of the Declaration of Independence from Rhode Island; Pierce Butler, a signer of the Constitution from South Carolina; the Rev. William Ellery Channing, the founder of Unitarianism in the U.S.; and Fanny Kemble, an influential abolitionist and renowned actress.

Mr. Stokes attended Haverford School in Pennsylvania before enrolling at St. Paul’s in 1946. Though he admitted to having a difficult start adjusting during his Third Form year (with a harsher New England climate, new formmates, and a demanding curriculum) he nevertheless came to view his years at St. Paul’s as “a broadening experience, which certainly prepared me well for college and the years ahead.” He loved the club sports system and was active in football, baseball, hockey, tennis, and crew. He was a member of the SPS Gym Team, served as Chapel warden and editor of the Pelican, and belonged to the Scientific Association, the Missionary Society, the Acolyte’s Guild, the Dramatic Club, and the Glee Club. He served as a form agent from 2009 to 2010 and was a member of the John Hargate Society.


He married Alice (Alloe) Hayward Enos on December 14, 1963, and the couple had three children: Walter, Ellery, and Anne.

Mr. Stokes worked for the New York advertising firm of Young & Rubicam on Madison Avenue for most of his 30–year career and rose to the rank of senior vice president. Following Y&R, he co–founded a digital switched networking company, Teleimage, Ltd., which sped the movement of advertising production materials through the creative process. When he sold his share of the company, Mr. Stokes retired briefly, but was invited to join Nordeman Grimm, a high–end executive search company. After five years with that company, he retired for good in 1999.

In his retirement, Mr. Stokes became involved with the U.S. Naval War College in Newport, R.I., and was honored with commendations for his work by three of the college’s presidents. In addition, he served as president of the Downtown Cabaret Theatre in Bridgeport, Conn, and on the board of Eagle Hill School in Southport. He was a member of the board of governors of the Dunes Club in Narragansett, R.I., where a service award was established in his honor.
Mr. Stokes became a cabaret impresario, producing and directing cabaret events for Newport’s Redwood Library and Athenaeum, the Dunes Club, and other venues in the Northeast. He was also the first U.S. president and founding director of the Pestalozzi children’s charity. Among Mr. Stokes’s personal passions were sailing, skiing, tennis, and croquet. He was a member of the Society of Colonial Wars in the state of Rhode Island and of Providence Plantations.

Mr. Stokes is survived by his wife of 49 years, Alloe; his three children; and four grandchildren. Many relatives on both sides of his family attended SPS, including his father and his Uncle Owen; his uncle William R. Wister (1923); his cousin, William R. Wister Jr. (1951); and his daughter, Anne Kemble Stokes ’90.

1951 Richard Platt

Born December 13, 1932, in Hartford, Conn., Dick Platt was the son of Richard Platt and Mary Stuart Gordon Platt, and grandson of George A. Gordon of the Form of 1889. Mr. Platt spent his childhood with his siblings Arthur ’53, Peggy, and Louis in St. James, N.Y., and Duxbury, Mass., and enjoyed summers at the Gordon Cottage on Tybee Island, Ga. He prepared for St. Paul’s at the Green Vale School in Glen Head, N.Y. Mr. Platt enrolled at SPS as a Third Former in the fall of 1947. He enjoyed spending the spring on Turkey Pond as a member of the varsity crew.

Mr. Platt attended Yale, where he was a member of St. Anthony Hall and the Torch Society. He fulfilled his military service with the U.S. Marine Corps, where he earned his officer’s commission and flew combat-ready helicopters. He extended his service with the Central Intelligence Agency Field Operations Section, primarily based in Africa.

Upon his return, Mr. Platt worked in the securities business with his father in St. Louis, while completing his law degree at Washington University. He then moved to Washington, D.C., where he began his career in banking with a focus on providing for the underserved – a commitment that defined both his career and his personal life. As a member of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board, Mr. Platt was directly responsible for providing the management necessary to allow for Neighborhood Housing Services to become a national model. He later served as director of the Office of Housing and Urban Affairs and the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation. He finished his career at First Federal of Michigan in Detroit, retiring as executive vice president after navigating the bank through the savings and loan crisis of the late 1980s and early 1990s.

Mr. Platt’s commitment to his community extended outside his profession as he served as a member of the Detroit Chamber of Commerce and the Regional Transportation Commission. Following his retirement to Savannah, Ga., he chaired the campaign to restore the Juliette Gordon Low Birthplace and was instrumental in creating the Savannah Philharmonic, serving as its first chairman. Mr. Platt was a member of the Savannah Cosmos Club, the Savannah Benevolent Society, Christ Church Episcopal of Savannah, the Ogelthorpe Club, and the Savannah Golf Club.

An avid sportsman who enjoyed hockey, squash, and fishing, Mr. Platt also enjoyed traveling extensively, particularly to France. He was proud of his military service and, in 2012, he wore Navy wings when he received the Medal of Freedom from President Obama, the nation’s highest civilian citation, which was presented in honor of his great-aunt, Juliette Gordon Low, founder of the Girl Scouts of America. Mirroring the traits of his great-aunt, Mr. Platt exuded integrity, grace, and steadfast honesty.

Mr. Platt will be greatly missed by his wife of 32 years, Audrey Dunn Platt; his three children, Lee Hodges, Richard Platt, and Nina de Burgh; 10 grandchildren; and Audrey’s children, whom he considered his own, William, Eleanor, and Jonathan Rhangos.

1951 William Coolidge Smith

Born in Philadelphia on October 25, 1933, he was the youngest son of Geoffrey Story Smith of the Form of 1918 and Catherine Coolidge Smith. The youngest Smith prepared for St. Paul’s at St. Alban’s School in Washington, D.C. He followed older brothers Geoffrey ’42 and Kaighn ’46 to Millville, entering as a First Former in the fall of 1945. Mr. Smith was a strong student and able athlete, earning his varsity letter in football. He also enjoyed singing with the Glee Club.

Mr. Smith went on to Harvard and law school at the University of Pennsylvania, where he served as editor of Penn’s Law Review. In 1959, Mr. Smith married Gretchen Abigail Jordan, with whom he had three children, Daniel ’78, Derek, and Story. The couple eventually divorced.

Mr. Smith worked for Duane, Morris, and Heckscher in Philadelphia for several years before moving to Washington, D.C., where he served as legal counsel for numerous committees in the U.S. Senate. During his eight years in that position, Mr. Smith worked for Senators Joseph Clark, Robert F. Kennedy, George McGovern, and Walter F. Mondale. After serving as Senator Mondale’s chief of staff, Mr. Smith later became Congressional liaison during Mondale’s vice presidency. In 1981, Mr. Smith returned to private practice and consulting until his retirement in the mid-90s.

Mr. Smith loved politics, sailing, antiques, and Maine. The self-proclaimed “political junkie” eventually retired to Florida, but spent the last four years of his life near his son in Providence, R.I. He is survived by his three children and five grandchildren.
1955
Grant Fairbanks Evans
of Lower Gwynedd, Pa., and Melvin Village, N.H., died on February 13, 2013, at the age of 75.

Born April 27, 1937, he was the son of William R. Evans Jr. and Pauline Fairbanks of Haverhill, Mass. He attended public school in Atkinson, N.H., before arriving at St. Paul's as a Third Former in the fall of 1951. Outside the classroom, Mr. Evans spent his time working with the Missionary Society and the Acolytes’ Guild, and enjoyed his time on the field, playing football with Isthmian.

In the fall of 1955, Mr. Evans left SPS for the University of Pennsylvania’s Wharton School of Business. Following his graduation in 1959, he spent six months in the U.S. Army before a long career as a banker in the Philadelphia area, first at Central Penn National Bank of Philadelphia and later as vice president of Suburban Bank in Norristown.

Mr. Evans is survived by his wife of 53 years, Kathie Kavanagh Evans; two sons, Grant F. Jr. and William R. (Rob) III; and six grandchildren.

1957
Steven Blanchard Buttner

He was born in Plymouth, Mass., on December 7, 1939, son of the late George and Esther Buttner, and attended Plymouth schools before coming to St. Paul’s as a Fifth Former.

At St. Paul’s, Mr. Buttner served on the Yearbook Committee, wrote for The Pelican, and joined the Missionary Society and the Math Society. He played intramural football and baseball and varsity basketball and was well liked by his peers.

After graduating from St. Paul’s, Mr. Buttner attended Wesleyan University, where he received a Samuel B. Upham Scholarship. He went on to earn a master’s in Russian studies from the University of Wisconsin. He taught at Queens College while working on his Ph.D. in Eastern European and medieval history from Columbia University; then returned to Wesleyan, where he taught in his field and was dean of the Class of 1974 for four years. "He was as proud of his association with these students as almost anything else he did in his life," said his wife, Jeri.

After leaving Wesleyan to work in other fields, Mr. Buttner remained involved in university affairs. He was an active member of his Wesleyan fraternity, EQV, throughout his life.

Later in his career, Mr. Buttner established himself as a highly respected management consultant in West Hartford, Conn., specializing in leadership assessment and coaching. He loved nature, travel, literature, classical music, dance, theater, and opera. He served as president of the board of the Gilead House Inc., a halfway house for the mentally ill, and was co-founder of TOUCH, a youth drug crisis center.

"Perhaps the greatest joy of his life, aside from family and friends," his wife said, “was hiking, which was a lifelong passion. Steve was a man who lived his ideals and touched many lives.”

Mr. Buttner is survived by his wife, Jeri; his children, Jessica and Judson, and their mother, Doreen Buttner; his brother, Richard; and nieces, nephews, numerous cousins, and close friends. He was predeceased by his parents and his sister, Nancy.

1958
C. Willing “Will” Browne III
died on June 14, 2013, in Littleton, Colo. He was 73. Mr. Browne was born in Baltimore on October 30, 1939, the son of the late C. Willing Browne Jr. and Julia Williams Browne. He attended McDonogh School in Owings Mills, Md., before entering the First Form at St. Paul’s in 1952.

While at SPS, Mr. Browne participated in baseball and boxing and was the only Fourth Former named to the SPS football team. He also was a member of the Choir and Glee Club. He withdrew from the School in 1957, graduating from the Gilman School in Baltimore in 1958.

Mr. Browne went on to the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, graduating in 1962.

On August 9, 1961, he married Mary Lee Wetzel of St. Louis. They moved from Baltimore in 1963, following his work with the Martin-Marietta Corporation to Colorado. Before leaving Baltimore, he attended the University of Maryland School of Law; he received his J.D. from the University of Denver in 1966.

Prior to his retirement, Mr. Browne was a member of the firm of Hall & Evans in Denver and had an active practice relating to the railroad industry. He was past president of the local chapter of the American Board of Trial Advocates, a member of the National Association of Railroad Trial Counsel, and a past member of the Episcopal Foundation Board and the Vestry of St. Michael and All Angels Church. He also sat on the board of directors of Columbine Country Club.

Mr. Browne is survived by his wife; a son, C. Willing Browne IV; a daughter, Louise Browne Gonzalez; a grandson, Jack Alberto Gonzalez; and his sister, Julia B. Sause. He was predeceased by his younger brother, George W. Browne.
Mr. Tieken is survived by his wife, Charlotte Goodwin Tieken; two sisters, Nancy B. Tieken and Elizabeth T. Kirkpatrick; nine nieces and nephews; companion Lee Glazer; and many loving friends. He was previously married to Virginia Bartholomay.

1962
Theodore D. Tieken Jr.
died peacefully on May 20, 2013, in Chicago. He was 68.

“Teddy” Tieken was born on December 19, 1944, to Theodore Tieken, founder and former chairman of Babson Farms, and Elizabeth Babson Tieken, who was dedicated to many of Chicago’s civic causes. Mr. Tieken attended Latin School of Chicago before entering St. Paul’s as a Third Former in 1958.

While at SPS, he was earnest and serious about his education. He enjoyed contact sports, football and hockey particularly, and played both for Delphian and the SPS JV squad. He also rowed with Shattuck. He was a member of the Glee Club and the Yearbook Committee and served as a supervisor and a Chapel warden. Mr. Tieken kept close ties with the School as a regional representative from 1973 to 1998.

He went on to earn his B.A. in 1966 from Princeton and his M.B.A. in 1978 from Northwestern University.

Before becoming president of Babson Farms, a privately owned farming operation once known for its breeding of Egyptian Arabian thoroughbred horses, Mr. Tieken founded and ran Marouffa Press, which specialized in publishing environmental and poetry books. He was a long-term board member of the Rehabilitation Institute of Chicago and was active in building the rehab movement in Chicago. He also served as vice president of the HBB Foundation in Chicago, served for more than two decades on the board of directors for the Lyric Opera of Chicago, and was on the board of Graceland Cemetery.

Mr. Tieken is survived by his wife, Charlotte Goodwin Tieken; two sisters, Nancy B. Tieken and Elizabeth T. Kirkpatrick; nine nieces and nephews; companion Lee Glazer; and many loving friends. He was previously married to Virginia Bartholomay.

1974
L. Caldwell Davis
faithful friend, father, brother, son, and uncle, died February 15, 2013, in Charleston, W. Va., at the age of 57.

Born November 7, 1955, in Charleston, he was the son of James Hornor Davis III and Ouida Caldwell Davis. He attended John Adams Jr. High School before joining the Third Form at St. Paul’s in the fall of 1970. During his four years in Millville, Mr. Davis earned testimonials, served as treasurer of his form, and participated in the Missionary Society.

He also was a member of the Propylean Society, Eco-Action, and the Acolyte’s Guild. He captained the SPS squash and JV tennis teams.

Following his SPS graduation, Mr. Davis attended the University of Virginia. He majored in English and served as president of Sigma Phi fraternity. He was also a member of Eli Banana and the Friday Club.

After college, he completed the Chemical Bank training program and served as a loan officer and member of the Chemical Bank squash team for several years. He spent his career in banking and marketing in New York City, Charleston, W. Va., and Wilmington, Del. In addition to banking and marketing, Mr. Davis founded Hat Hooray, a novelty hat company based in Manhattan, and also ventured into stand-up comedy, much to the joy of his family and friends.

He will be deeply missed by his children, Paget Tilden Davis, Warren Caldwell Davis, and Baird Brittingham Davis; their mother, Paget Brittingham; his longtime partner, Elizabeth Cromwell Secor; and her son, Jay Campbell; his brother, James Hornor Davis IV ’71 and his wife, Frederica Miller Davis; his nieces, Frederica Morgan Davis and Faith Maxwell Davis; and his goddaughter, Charlotte Welbourn ’09.

1984
Henry Clark Whittlesey
“a great debater, a brilliant mind, and a very dear friend,” as one formmate summarized many remembrances, died December 20, 2012, after many years of struggle with a debilitating mental illness.

Born December 18, 1965, Mr. Whittlesey was the son of Roger Whittlesey, who died when Henry was eight, and Faith Ryan Whittlesey, a close advisor to President Ronald Reagan and Reagan’s ambassador to Switzerland. A Philadelphia native, Mr. Whittlesey arrived at St. Paul’s in 1980 from the Haverford School. He received the Dickey Prize in German in his first year, earned Testimonials in each of his four years, and was nominated for the Ferguson Scholarship, the School’s highest academic honor. Described by teachers as “a great analytical thinker,” “enthusiastic,” and “incredibly enjoyable to teach,” Mr. Whittlesey earned respect – at times awe – and friendship from fellow students and adults as well. A strong but gracious competitor, he excelled in squash, captaining the varsity as a Sixth Former, and debate, helping lead his team as a Fourth Former to victory at the Interscholastic Championships at Phillips Andover.

With a foundation in intellectual acumen and extensive reading, it was his remarkable capacity in debate for which many remember him, especially in the arena of conservative politics, where few could counter his deeply reasoned arguments.

In the midst of spirited debate and elsewhere, “he always had a lovely sort of graciousness about him,” recalled Jack Maxey, a friend from days at the Haverford School. “Henry was an extraordinary man. . . . Even when he was suffering in later years he was most interested in others, and I shall always remember the example that he set for the rest of us [and] the grace with which he carried
his burdens. In my mind, he will always be that bright young man dazzling classmates and faculty alike with his sensitivity and genius."

At Harvard, recalls Mr. Whittlesey’s friend and distant cousin Richard Murphy, “like many other classmates, I was drawn by his warmth, creativity, and offbeat humor. . . . His room in Wigglesworth Hall was something of a freshman social center that year.”

The cousins were both invited to join the famed Porcellian Club, and Mr. Whittlesey remained deeply proud of his association with the club until the end of his life. “No matter how far from us he wandered,” recalled Murphy, “he would usually return to 1324 Massachusetts Avenue for the annual initiation dinner in early February.”

It was at these occasions that Mr. Whittlesey’s illness became increasingly evident. “He’d turn up in his tuxedo,” Murphy wrote, “standing quietly in the corner of the party for a while, and then leave before supper . . . . Henry was not always easy to be around, particularly after the onset of his illness. But even though his grip on reality grew tenuous at times, he never lost his intelligence, his wit, or his kindness. And he never forgot his old friends.”

“Mother Theresa called mental illness a ‘crown of thorns,’” Mr. Whittlesey’s sister, Amy, said in an elegy at her brother’s funeral. “Henry wore his crown with remarkable grace and dignity. He struggled valiantly for more than 24 years of his life with a debilitating brain disorder, which interfered with his ability to negotiate the world as a normal human being – something we all take for granted. Many of you here today will recall Henry’s perfect English manners from his life before the illness set in. Those manners, his natural-born intelligence, human and winning charm made Henry very popular until he got sick.”

Amy Whittlesey spoke about his love for his wife, Ellen, whom he married in 2009. “Henry loved his mother. Henry loved his brother William, and Henry loved me” she said. “He loved his cousins, nieces and nephews, and his friends. Henry was the best older brother any sister could dream of.”

Following a December memorial service in Boston, a number of SPS formmates of Mr. Whittlesey joined other friends and family at a remembrance in the Old Chapel at SPS, officiated by Alden Flanders and Kelly Clark. In addition to Ellen, his sister, and his brother, Mr. Whittlesey is survived by his son, Paul Henry Whittlesey O’Neill.

Former Trustee
Jonathan O’Herron

of Darien, Conn., who served four years on the SPS Board of Trustees in the mid–1980s and was a generous donor to the School, died peacefully on April 4, 2013, after a short illness. He was born on October 28, 1929, in Pittsfield, Mass., and attended the Cranwell School in Lenox, later graduating from Williams College in 1951. He later attended Harvard Business School, earning his M.B.A. in 1957.

After college, Mr. O’Herron served briefly in the U.S. Navy, achieving the rank of Lieutenant JG. His professional career began at General Electric Company, followed by Buckeye Pipe Line Company, where he rose to executive vice president. He later moved on to Lazard Frères & Co., where, in addition to being involved in dozens of noteworthy mergers, acquisitions, and financings, he was known for always finding the time to serve as a mentor to many future investment bankers. He constantly stressed to them the importance of balancing work with family life. His character stood out in the business community, where he was held in universal high regard for his integrity and his modest, “salt–of–the–earth” personality.

His family and his many friends were his greatest devotion. Mr. O’Herron also was deeply committed to his faith and to giving to others who were less fortunate. Although his free time was scarce, he was a trustee of many institutions, including St. Paul’s School, the American Red Cross of Greater New York, Kolbe Cathedral High School in Bridgeport, Conn., and the Inner–City Scholarship Fund of New York.

He was also an integral member of the National Leadership Roundtable on Church Management. He was made a Knight of St. Gregory by Pope John Paul II in 2004.

Mr. O’Herron spent considerable time supporting education. He established two scholarship funds at Williams College and a scholarship fund at Fordham University. He spent 15 years as a trustee of Middlebury College, where he was secretly a supporter of the athletic teams, rivals to Williams. He and his family recently launched a new internship program for Middlebury students who commit to doing service for others. Out of gratitude for his children’s and grandchildren’s time at St. Paul’s, he established a scholarship fund and served as a trustee of the School from 1981 to 1985.

Mr. O’Herron was instrumental in raising money for the SPS Parents Fund for many years. When his grandchildren arrived at St. Paul’s, recalls his daughter, Annie ’77, her father found “remarkable enjoyment in walking the grounds again, watching games, and going to the Chapel.” She also pointed out that her father received a scholarship to attend Williams College, something he always remembered, and in 2012 the O’Herrons pledged $175,000 toward a $350,000 partial scholarship to SPS.

“My father wanted everybody to be able to access the extraordinary education that St. Paul’s provides,” Annie Burleigh explained.

Mr. O’Herron is survived by his children, Jonathan O’Herron Jr. ’75, Anne Burleigh ’77, and Sarah Casey ’84; 11 grandchildren, including Sarah Burleigh ’05, Connor Burleigh ’06, and Tucker Burleigh ’12; and his brother, William J. O’Herron. Mr. O’Herron was predeceased in 2004 by his wife of 48 years, Shirley.
Family, friends, and formmates gathered in the lobby of Memorial Hall on Saturday, June 1, to remember three St. Paul’s alumni who gave their lives in the Vietnam War. The service to dedicate a memorial plaque in honor of Straughan Downing Kelsey Jr. ’61, Peter Wyeth Johnson ’62, and James Hunter Shotwell ’58 was attended by about 75 people.

The plaque was initiated by several members of the Form of 1958, including the late Lee Patterson, who had many years ago suggested the idea of memorializing those who lost their lives in Vietnam.

Among those who gathered in Memorial Hall were Straughan Kelsey’s sister, Marianne Kelsey Orestis, and Peter Johnson’s sister, Florence “Fifi” Johnson, accompanied by her daughters, Margot and Lila Steele. Ms. Orestis, who was located in Maine a day before the ceremony by Ellerbe Cole ’62, said that her brother, whom she called “Stevie,” was “never happier than when he was a student at St. Paul’s.”

“This was his home,” she said.

Cole and Johnson were SPS roommates, sharing quarters in the Upper, just above the apartment of faculty member Alan Hall, for whose children Cole and Johnson frequently babysat. Hall, who now lives in Maine, attended the dedication ceremony.

“Peter’s death was a great shock,” said Cole. “I got word two days before I was due to ship out for active duty in the Navy.”

Ms. Johnson spoke of how her brother valued his St. Paul’s friendships, describing that camaraderie as a wonderful resource no matter where graduates go after their time at the School.

“St. Paul’s is a spiritual home for most of the people who attend,” she said. “It’s nice to know that he has a place anchored here as well as in our family’s hearts.”

Patrick Rulon–Miller ’58 researched the military service of his formmate Hunter Shotwell. In communicating with formmates about the proposed Vietnam memorial, Rulon–Miller wrote, “Hunter achieved a great deal in his short life and had so much to live for. He lived by values that are sort of old-fashioned – respect, courage, sacrifice, loyalty, love of country. This selfless hero is a credit to our class.”

Rector Mike Hirschfeld ’85 addressed the attendees, thanking those who inspired the School to create the memorial and those who had come together to remember Kelsey, Johnson, and Shotwell.

“This is a thanksgiving for how faithfully they lived the mission of the School,” he said.

“For the Fallen”

They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
we will remember them.

– Laurence Binyon
Thanks to the dedication and loyalty of so many volunteers, and the generosity of alumni, parents, grandparents, and friends of the School, the Annual Fund topped $6 million for the first time in School history. A great year for the fund, yes. But, most important, your support makes a difference in the experience of every SPS student.

Together, our partnership ensures that St. Paul’s School remains a community in which the extraordinary can happen for our students every single day.

Thank you.