A day with force-multiplier
Tim Ferriss ‘95

Archaeologist and Spy
Rodney Young ‘25

The Irish adventure of
Rosemary Mahoney ‘79
FIELD DAY MUSICAL CHAIRS  PHOTO: MICHAEL MATROS
As The Campaign for St. Paul’s School nears a successful end, I’ve been thinking about the education this effort has given me. Nine years after my graduation, I returned to St. Paul’s as a history teacher and crew coach, young and anxious to try my hand at emulating the teachers who had guided me so well. Whether I ever neared my ambition in the classroom, I discovered how much it meant to me as an adult to learn alongside my students – to enjoy a new kind of education, from another angle at the Harkness table.

After a few more years, I was drawn into different roles at the School, and I learned more about St. Paul’s and its students from other vantages – in the college office, in admissions, and, eventually, nervously answering a call from Bill Matthews, into the what was for me the largely unknown world of development.

I wasn’t entirely naïve; I knew that a place that gave this kind of experience to its students could not offer so much without income beyond tuition, and that an endowment needed to grow more steadily than investment strategies could ensure. After all, I had been a financial-aid kid. I knew that many beyond Millville had been my benefactors in my time here as a student and as a member of the faculty.

What you gave me personally, though, has been an education about what a school can mean, and what this school truly is. Thank you.

Michael G. Hirschfeld ’85
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The roster of visiting artists who have spent time working with St. Paul’s School dancers since Jennifer Howard ’92 took over at the start of the 2012–13 academic year reads like a who’s who of the dance world: Amy Young Kleinendorst, a former principal dancer with the Paul Taylor Dance Company; Douglas Letheren ’03, who has danced with the Batsheva Dance Company and is now with Sharon Eya’s L–E–V; Twyla Tharp dancer Alex Brady; Chamber Dance Project founder Diane Coburn Bruning; Robert Royce of the Cincinnati and Dayton Ballets in Ohio and the Alabama Ballet; and Philip Neal ’86, who spent 22 years—18 of them as a principal dancer—with the New York City Ballet.

Neal spent two weeks in April working with Howard and the SPS dancers, setting a world-premiere neo-classical piece influenced by the work of George Balanchine.

Neal designed the piece to be fun and funny and based on what “Mr. Balanchine used to say: ‘Just do, dear. Don’t think.’” "It’s remarkable to work with him because he has so much information for us, so much experience,” said SPSBC member Philip Grayson ’15. "It’s like being in a professional company in that most do a variety of work from different choreographers. Exposing us to such a variety is also great purely dancing-wise because it expands our vocabulary.”

Neal’s visit is an example of the program Howard says she is trying to build, one heavily influenced by the current dance world, incorporating modern styles to complement the dancers’ classical base. "We are giving the dancers in this program as broad an understanding of what the dance world is,” said Howard, who worked with many, including Tharp, in her own dance career. "Through the visiting artist program, they are exposed to working professionals, working choreographers, which gives them a greater understanding of the diversity in the dance world.”

The repertoire displayed in the Spring Dance Performance in May showcased Howard’s efforts to expose the SPSBC to a variety of styles—Neal’s original neo-classical piece, a Paul Taylor piece first staged in 1961, and contemporary pieces choreographed in 2010 and 2013. The Taylor piece, said Howard, paved the way for what dance looks like in 2014. “I am emulating the variety that was important to me as a professional dancer,” Howard said. "Dancers can’t just do one thing anymore. We are still connected to the classical form, but, with that good foundation, they can do anything."
Another Admission Record

In its most competitive year ever, St. Paul’s School offered admission to 163 of a record 1,623 applicants, for an acceptance rate of 10%.

The selectivity rate represents a significant change from 2013, when 14.9% (239) of the 1,594 applicants were offered admission to the School.

A 71% yield in 2013–14 resulted in a total enrollment of 548 students—85 boys and 463 girls—hail from 23 states and eight countries. Nineteen percent of those admitted come from countries other than the United States, while 37% of the accepted students are non-Caucasian.

“This is the strongest and deepest pool of applicants any of us has ever seen,” said Director of Admission Scott Bohan ’94. “They are remarkable young people, who will contribute in many ways to this community.”

St. Paul’s offered admission to 113 students (60 girls, 53 boys) for the Third Form, 40 (26 boys and 14 girls) for the Fourth Form, and 10 (five girls and five boys) for the Fifth Form.

Also of note is that 26 percent of admitted students will receive some form of tuition assistance during the 2014–15 academic year.

The SPS Admission Office received a record 3,978 inquiries and conducted an all-time-high 1,755 interviews—so many that the interview season was extended from its original closing date of January 15 through the end of the month.

“The School is in a great place,” said Bohan. “People want to be where they will be challenged and supported while having fun—and they see that here in every aspect of School life.”

Founder’s Day

On April 3, 1856, a 24-year-old schoolmaster, his bride of seven days, two boys, and a dog arrived in Concord, N.H., by horse-drawn carriage. A third boy awaited them at the home of SPS founder George Cheyne Shattuck, whose summer residence would become the grounds of St. Paul’s School.

The three boys immediately received their assignments. One wrote an essay entitled “Strength of Purpose,” about the moral qualities; the second was assigned a composition called “Adventures of a Lion,” about quality of action; and the third was allowed to go fishing, indicating the quality of humane leisure and a relation to nature. The day ended with the young schoolmaster, Rector Henry Augustus Coit, reading a story to his three students and leading evening prayers.

To commemorate the historic day in SPS history, students Duncan Norton ’14, Clarissa Reichblum ’14, Priscilla Salovaara ’15, Tekla Monson ’14, and Owen Labrie ’14 staged a reenactment of the School’s founding in morning Chapel, with the help of Henry the golden retriever (who belongs to the family of the Reverend Michael Spencer, dean of chapel). Norton played the role of Reverend Henry Augustus Coit, the first SPS Rector, while Reichblum played his wife. Salovaara, Monson, and Labrie reenacted the roles of the first three SPS students—(fisherman) Fred Shattuck and (essay-writers) George Shattuck and Horatio Bigelow. Eva Wang ’15 and Chi-Chi Azoba ’14 served as narrators.

The reenactment included a red wagon, pulled by the Coits, to represent the horse-drawn carriage, a large stuffed fish hooked by a fishing pole, and a round table, where two of the boys wrote their essays.

The Chapel service included recitation of the School Prayer and singing of the School Hymn, “Love Divine.”

Return of the Jackal

As he anticipated the arrival of Irish novelist and playwright Samuel Beckett in a hotel lobby many years ago, Andrew Wylie ’65 realized he needed to use the restroom. On his return trip down a long, winding staircase, he lost his balance and tumbled down the steps, injuring his back. As Wylie writhed in pain on the floor, he looked up to see a man staring down at him, his face awash with concern.

“It was Samuel Beckett,” Wylie told a group of students and faculty gathered for lunch at SPS on April 14. Beckett extended a hand to help the injured literary agent off the ground, and he and Wylie slowly made their way to a dinner table set for three. To the surprise of Wylie, still in pain from his fall, in walked Bob Dylan to occupy the third seat. Dylan and Beckett would both become a clients.

Wylie, one of the most celebrated literary agents of all time, regaled the SPS community with stories of his many literary clients on his first official return to SPS since leaving the School four months ahead of his scheduled graduation, in February 1965. His visit as a Schlesinger Writer in Residence included an address in Memorial Hall in front of students and faculty, lunch with students, and free time for conversations with SPS community members.

In her introduction of Wylie, humanities faculty member Anny Jones touched on the extraordinary breadth of his 1,000-member client list—from Dylan to Hunter S. Thompson to Andy Warhol to Annie Leibovitz to Salman Rushdie.

Wylie spoke about how he “didn’t quite fit into anything” at St. Paul’s, where Secretary of State John Kerry ’62 was his “old boy”—now called a “big brother.”

“I developed an inordinate fascination with anybody else,” he said. “That directly led to my interest in others’ work.”
We love hearing from you about stories we have published in Alumni Horae or in response to alumni matters. As space permits, we will print your letters. Please keep writing to: The Editor, Alumni Horae, 325 Pleasant St., Concord, NH 03301 or to alumni@sps.edu.

More Than a Pretty Building

I do not share the sentiments of my classmate, Zach Allen ’56, about retaining the religious traditions and identity of St. Paul’s (“Perspective,” AH Winter 2014). When I arrived there as a Fourth Former, I had already guessed that stories about gods—creation myths, virgin birth, resurrection, bodily ascension to heaven, and the like in other cultures—are useful fictions for keeping the lid on competition within human groups and at the same time promoting subjugation and exploitation of other human groups.

My courses at St. Paul’s, especially those in religion, confirmed such suspicions, and my subsequent education, plus 40 years of thinking and teaching about human evolution at Amherst College, a place quite similar in its history to St. Paul’s, led me to conclude that religious beliefs have caused, and continue to cause, more harm and suffering than good (read the writings of Christopher Hitchens, Sam Harris, and Richard Dawkins). It may be that in thinking about the evil humans perpetrate on each other, some people find solace in believing in a personal, responsive deity. But the facts are that a lot of that evil has been encouraged and justified by such beliefs in the first place.

If fairness, inclusiveness, and honesty are among the educational goals of SPS, I think they have been and are best fostered by teaching the use of logical and evidence-based reasoning to question authority, to seek new knowledge and understanding, and to bring out the decency, fairness, and empathy that are just as much a part of our evolved nature as the opposite traits. I think a spirituality based on these values, not on religious beliefs, has and should come to be evoked by the beauty and grandeur of the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul. The Chapel can continue to be more than “a pretty building.”

William F. Zimmerman ’56
Amherst, Mass.
April 13, 2014

A Sacred Place

I read with interest “Not Just a Pretty Building” by Zachariah Allen ’56 (AH Winter 2014). As a priest of the Church whose vocation to ordained ministry was deeply influenced by my own experience of the School and Chapel in the turbulence of the late 1960s, I would like to offer a different view of Chapel and its place in the life of the School today.

I spent three days at Millville last September with the Governing Board of the National Association of Episcopal Schools. An evening compline in the Old Chapel led by the Madrigal Singers was filled to capacity with students and faculty who seemed grateful to be in such contemplative and prayerful space in the course of the busyness of school life. The School’s tradition of excellence in sacred music was evident in this ancient liturgy. The next morning in Chapel, Scripture was read, a hymn was sung, and prayers appropriate to the occasion were spoken. At lunch with the 17 Chapel prefects and the Missionary Society officers, students shared thoughts on the importance of Chapel, service in the community and the world, and their spiritual lives. Several had received the sacrament of Confirmation in the Episcopal Church. Others from different faiths said their appreciation of their own traditions had been deepened by their Chapel experience.

Are there students in 2014 for whom the Chapel of St Peter and St Paul is simply a “pretty building?” I am sure there are. There certainly were such students in 1970, just as I suspect there were in 1956 and earlier. Yet my observation is that Chapel today continues to offer, as it always has, a sacred place and time in which God will write the law of compassionate service and forgiveness and mercy given and received, on each heart that is open to it.

The Rev. Alexander N. Breckinridge IV ’70
Medina, Wash.
May 8, 2014

A Ghost Frame?

Thinking that I immediately recognized the portrait of John G. Winant pictured in the winter edition of your magazine, I read the article by Berkley Latimer with more than usual care. I was struck by finding that “there seems to be no record of the portrait’s movements” prior to its rediscovery in storage in late 2011.

Not eager to assert historical accuracy in the clarity of the memory I think I have of the portrait from my Fifth and Sixth Form years, when I ate my meals in the New Upper Dining Room, I nevertheless write to you about this recollection, thinking that it might help the School to assemble its record of the painting.

My memory is that I often looked up at the portrait from the intensity of meal-times. I regarded its subject fondly, expressing benevolence and attentiveness so simply from an almost gestural painting, yet with such integrity and strength as to belie any sense but an impression in the simplicity of its rendering.

If my memory is correct about the painting, I believe that it hung high on the wall opposite the dais, from which Mr. Montgomery ruled the room, offering vivid contrast in my teenaged perception of personality. Perhaps there may even be a ghost of the frame residing in the fumed oak of the paneling, or perhaps on the plaster above—I do not remember the background on which the painting hung.

George B. Terrien ’59
Rockland, Maine
April 9, 2014
The Spirit of Adventure

Rosemary Mahoney’s piece lines up nicely with “Trowel, Cloak, and Dagger,” a story about the late Rodney Young ’25, a professor and archaeologist whose life and work bear similarities to the fictional Indiana Jones. No lack of adventure there. Underneath his passion for leading digs in Turkey and Greece, Young was an American spy, who masterminded 57 missions inside Axis–held Greece. A colleague, George Bass, said of Young, “His sense of adventure was matched by a confidence that he would succeed in those adventures.”

Finally, former SPS humanities faculty member Mark Bell spent a day trailing entrepreneur/adventurer Tim Ferriss ’95 around the streets of San Francisco, observing The 4-Hour Workweek author’s interactions with various startups he advises in Silicon Valley. Ferriss’s life is anything but predictable, and the result is a story Bell calls “The 4-Hour Hacker.”

This summer, Ferriss’s show, The Tim Ferriss Experiment, will be made available online through iTunes, Amazon, and YouTube. His method of dropping all 13 episodes simultaneously got a Twitter shout–out from House of Cards actor Kevin Spacey, who wrote, “Great to see guys like you shaking up the status quo of how we get content to fans the way they want.”

The show follows Ferriss as he attempts to grasp in a matter of days new skills that usually take years to master, “from speaking Tagalog on live Filipino television to tactical gun fighting,” writes Bell.

See what I mean?

Jana F. Brown, Editor
The first day did get off to a dark start. My brother took me in hand to meet Rector Drury in his study. When this awesome figure had the two of us, aged sixteen and twelve, seated before him, an interminable silence spoke from the blazing eyes and the severe lines like a pair of parentheses chiseled from nose to chin. At length the great presence leaned forward and took from me the new felt hat I had been pressing on my knees.
A Contrary View

He turned it over, searched the inside, and said in a voice deep as a chasm, “I do not see your name here. Every boy is expected to have his name on each piece of clothing and other belongings he brings to the school. Henry Molseed, you will see that your brother gets his name put on this hat.” Why ever did he address my brother by his first and middle name, I wondered, but could not ask.

We retreated. Henry steered me across the road to the place where I was to live, admonished me to find a pen and write my name on the hat’s leather sweatband, and raced off to join his friends in the V Form. Facing the door of a dark red brick building that rose three stories to a steep roof, I was about to enter this strange school at the very bottom.

If I had known then what some persons have written about their boarding school lives, I would probably have turned and fled into the woods.

Inside the door to that dark brick building, two long flights of iron steps mounted around a square stairwell to the top floor and the I Form dormitory. The long chamber under the rafters was lighted by high dormer windows. Below these, down either side of the dormitory, ran a row of narrow alcoves separated by wooded partitions. Each alcove was furnished with an iron bedstead, a bureau, and a chest.

Famous writers recalling their school days, even in legendary schools to which parents over centuries have aspired to send their sons, evoke pictures of wretched experience. Could this be because good news doesn’t make news, and readers are more readily drawn to stories of youthful misery than those of contentment? Or is the true artist inevitably bruised by growing up?

To tell the truth for myself, I must grapple with the problem of making news out of good news. For my experience of boarding school was like walking out of shadows into light.

On the first Saturday afternoon of the term, the I Formers were told that the vice rector and his wife expected us for tea. Henry Kittredge was as warm and twingly as the Rector was forbidding. Mrs. Kittredge fed us lots of hot buttery muffins and, for those who had not been to an occasion of this sort before, explained that the standard answer in the school, when asked what you would have in your tea, was “Two and cream, please.”

The days of the first term grew shorter and colder. Ice formed on the pond. By this time of year the weather could be bitter; when our hands and feet got too frozen to continue skating with wild abandon over the pond’s mile of black ice, we gathered around one of the bonfires built on the shore and had hot cocoa to drink.

The end of term came on in a hurry. Through three months of being wholly wrapped up in a tight community, I had not spoken with my mother or father. They wrote to me each week, and I tried with fitful success to send them some kind of note on a similar schedule. The long-distance phone was for use only in case of great emergencies.

Returning from Christmas vacation on a stormy afternoon in January was hardly the stuff that dreams are made of. The half-forgotten stiff collar chafed at supper. After lights, the cold pouring down from the wide open dormer windows twisted the nose.

Early on, though, we were taught that the way to cope with a New England winter is to seize hold of the sport it has to offer. Chief among these for us was hockey. Once the roads had been cleared of snow, the teams of horses were guided onto the School Pond, where the ice was two or more feet thick, to plough the drifts off the hockey rinks. Learning to skate was taken as much for granted as knowing how to multiply and divide.

Eventually the days grew longer, the ice thawed, the water from melting snows washed out walks and roared over the dam and down the Sluice. Spring vacation came muddling through somewhat sooner than seemed possible back in early January, and once again a train was waiting amid clouds of steam in the Concord station to carry us home.

[Then] arrived the spring term. Studies could not be taken too seriously when the sap was running strong and the swans were again cruising the ponds. Lower Schoolers had the special privilege of being assigned their own canoes, and we could spend a holiday exploring coves or poling up the Sluice to Turkey Pond for a fast downstream run at the end of the day.

We came to Last Night in June. At the close of the final chapel service, the VI Formers lined up in the cloister to shake hands with all the other members of the school as they filed past into the dark. A lot of those big seniors—from the viewpoint of a little I Former they appeared quite awesome—were weeping. I understood when I was in the same place five years later.

Of course there were boys who were unhappy at the school. A natural leader of our beginning form, the most mature student as well as the best athlete among us, dropped out after a couple of years in a quandary of depression about his parents’ divorce. Time has, I’m sure, rubbed away the memory of days that were black, [but] looking over seventy years that have yielded a generous portion of good times and satisfactions, the six years of boarding school stand out as the sunniest.

Years later, when I was talking with a man about the school we knew—we had started together in that I Form dormitory up under the steep roof—he made a brief observation that grasped a whole experience: “I never knew of a boy there who did not have a friend.”
HOMEGROWN

Faculty child Maddie Crutchfield '14 developed her lacrosse game on the SPS campus.

By Jana F. Brown
Rising with the morning fog that blankets the ponds of St. Paul’s, Maddie Crutchfield ’14 grabs two things before heading out the door: her trusted lacrosse stick and a ball.

Her ritual is a simple one – spend between 15 and 30 minutes each morning working on the two components most essential to the repertoire of any good lacrosse player: catching and throwing.

“I try to have fun with it, to mix it up,” says Crutchfield, noting that she is hard on herself on purpose. “You can throw it wherever you want, give yourself bad passes so you have to adjust. It’s good for your coordination and reflexes.”

It is this attention to detail, this self-discipline that has elevated Crutchfield from the ranks of good to great in lacrosse terms. Throwing against the wall of the Matthes Cage on those early mornings, even after days of encountering the dimmest of light and the bitterest of temperatures en route to her destination, Crutchfield focuses on her non-dominant left hand, with the goal of helping it catch up to her right. That extra work has made all the difference and, to anyone watching, she appears ambidextrous.

“I know that Maddie’s own discipline of getting up before Chapel day in and day out, year-round, to play wall ball has made a profound difference in her development,” says longtime SPS girls lacrosse coach Heather Crutchfield, who is also Maddie’s mother.

While there are many more elements to her game – grit, speed, and game sense among them – Crutchfield’s home-grown skills have caught the attention of dozens of college coaches in her four-year career at St. Paul’s, resulting in scholarship offers from nearly a dozen Division I schools and interest from scores more, including all eight of the Ivies. In the end, Crutchfield settled on Duke University, which will afford her the opportunity to play at the highest level of college lacrosse, while taking advantage of the many offerings of a large, academically challenging university.

“Anyone who watches Maddie play sees her talent,” says Duke women’s lacrosse coach Kerstin Kimel. “But there is a recipe for what turns a good high school player into a great college player. It includes a sincere and genuine love of the game, which Maddie definitely has, plus talent and a work ethic that fuels the desire to do extra work on a player’s own time. The best kids we have coached at Duke spend their free time, away from their classroom demands, playing lacrosse. Maddie has all of those qualities, and that separates her from [some of her peers].”

Crutchfield’s free time as a child was spent on the sidelines of her mother’s field hockey and lacrosse practices at St. Paul’s and following the athletic pursuits of her siblings, Ashley ’08, T.J. ’09, and Connor ’13. Stef Sparks ’01, who went on to play lacrosse for Duke and is now a volunteer assistant at Georgetown, remembers that Crutchfield “always had a stick in her hand,” as she watched a generation of St. Paul’s athletes set a standard to which she aspired.

“It was a huge advantage and a big motivation to look up to those high school players and gain exposure to the high school competition,” says Crutchfield, 19. “Going to watch practice was the highlight of my day. And, when game days came, I thought it was the biggest sporting event there could be.”

Along with the advantage of having a coach for a mother came opportunities for Crutchfield to be a part of the game, even when she wasn’t playing.

“I remember Maddie coming out in the freezing rain, shagging balls for us while her sister played,” says Jack Taber, who has coached the Upper–New England national high school team with Heather Crutchfield for the last 15 years. “In my 25 years of being directly involved with observing players in New Hampshire, she is one of the top two players I have seen.”
Crutchfield began practicing with the SPS girls varsity lacrosse team as an eighth-grader, before joining the team officially as a Third Former in the fall of 2010. She has three times – so far – been named an All-American. She is a four-year member of the Upper–New England team that competes at the national high school tournament each Memorial Day. As a Fifth Former in 2013, she was named the Boston Globe’s Independent School League MVP for girls lacrosse. She has twice been named the recipient of the Archer Prize, recognizing her as the School’s best female student–athlete. And, last summer, she was named MVP of her team in a showcase of select high school All-Americans in Florida.

“She was a standout among standouts,” says Lisa Parsons, coach of Crutchfield’s showcase team in Florida. Heading into her final season with the Big Red, Crutchfield had amassed career statistics of 158 goals and 108 assists. Then, in the first 10 games of 2014, Crutchfield accounted for 40 goals, 36 assists, 50 caused turnovers, and 45 ground balls, despite being consistently face-guarded and double-teamed.

“She is so dominant all over the field,” says McKinley Curro, who has coached Crutchfield through Granite State Elite for the last few seasons. “She controls the draw, gets ground balls, creates assists, scores goals, plays well on defense, causes turnovers. She is multi-dimensional.”

Sparks, the Duke lacrosse alumna and a three-sport athlete in her SPS days, credits at least some of Crutchfield’s competitive level and game sense to her participation in other sports. She has twice earned all–league honors in soccer and was one of the top defensemen for the New England–semifinalist SPS girls ice hockey team this winter, a team she captained.

“You aren’t born with that game sense; it’s really natural,” says Sparks. “She has developed that through all her sports, and it’s something that’s really noticeable in her lacrosse game.”

Crutchfield, say her coaches, is the player who comes to practice early and stays late, working on her fitness or her shot placement or some other element of the game. Her mother, who is reluctant to say too much about her daughter for fear of seeming biased, offers only that she marvels at Maddie’s sheer determination. “When the going gets tough,” says Heather Crutchfield, “Maddie gets tougher.”

Maddie credits the players she watched as she grew up at St. Paul’s School. “Seeing how hard they worked made me want to hone my skills that much more,” she says, recalling how, for years, she would mirror the SPS players as she warmed up the goalies or chased errant lacrosse balls into the woods. “I wanted to be able to keep up.”

Her mother shares how the family “brought Maddie to everything. We all stuck together, no matter whose game it was. The whole family came, and she always had a stick in her hand on the sideline, always wanted to be one of the big girls.”

During her elementary–school days, Crutchfield dreamed of one day wearing St. Paul’s red. “I couldn’t wait until the day when I could actually play for my mom,” she says. “When I actually got to put on the St. Paul’s uniform, and play on the fields where I had grown up, I realized how truly special it was.”

Crutchfield (No. 12) celebrates a goal with teammates.
Winter Sports Highlights

With a 20–9–1 record, the boys varsity hockey team came within a goal of winning the New England Large Schools Tournament, falling 3–2 to Loomis Chaffee in the March 2 final at Yale. SPS went 8–1–1 in its final 10 regular-season games and beat Proctor and Choate en route to the NE final. David Storto ’14 and Connor Sodergren ’15 led the team with 45 points each on the season, while Cam McCusker ’14 added 40 points and Luke Babcock ’14 led the Big Red in goals with 18. Goalie Nathan Colannino ’15 sported a saves percentage of .898.

Meanwhile, the SPS girls hockey team posted another outstanding season, completing the regular season at 22–1–2 overall before falling 1–0 to eventual champion Westminster in the NE semifinal. Another highlight of the season was a January 8 tilt at Fenway Park as part of Frozen Fenway, where SPS dominated – but tied – Governor’s Academy, 0–0. Three SPS players – Shyana Tomlinson ’14 (30g, 22a), Brooke Avery ’14 (18g, 30a), and Caitrin Lonergan ’16 (22g, 23a) topped the New England scoring charts. Tomlinson was named co-MVP of the ISL by the Boston Globe, while Lonergan was a NE prep first-team selection for the second year in a row.

Siblings Tessa ’16 and Jack Schrupp ’14 finished first respectively, to lead the girls to the NEPSAC Nordic title and the boys to second place in New England. Jack Schrupp finished the season undefeated, as Lakes Region and New England individual champion.

Other notables include boys alpine, which placed second in the Lakes Region in both slalom and giant slalom, while the girls finished second and third, respectively. The wrestling team finished third in the ISL, while the girls squash team placed second in the league.

**Sports Summary**

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A day with force-multiplier Tim Ferriss '95 reveals simplicity, focus, and movement.

By Mark Bell
It’s been a busy week in the life of Tim Ferriss ’95. Basis Science, a clothing company he’s invested in that specializes in wearable technology, announced the day before that it has been sold to Intel. That same day, another company he’s advising, Shyp, made its product public, after months of private beta testing. And this morning, he’s using AngelList, an online portal to connect investors, startups, and talent, to potentially close a round of fundraising for yet another startup he’s embraced, a food-delivery app called SpoonRocket.

For the moment anyway, he’s Tim Ferriss—the-angel-investor, as opposed to Tim Ferriss—the-best-selling-author or Tim-Ferriss—the-television-star. These roles change many times over the course of a typical day, often suddenly.

I watch him type away on a MacBook Pro at the kitchen table in his recently renovated house. The open living area looks out onto a green space that feels like anything but the center of helter-skelter San Francisco. Above the entrance hallway hangs a sign that reads “SIMPLICITY,” which Tim says he acquired from a shopkeeper outside of Truckee, near Lake Tahoe, in exchange for a signed copy of one of his books.

As part of the recent move, Tim has curated his stuff — “unloaded a lot of dross” — and there’s plenty more still in boxes sitting in the garage, waiting for Tim to decide its fate. This observation, along with the open and uncluttered state of the house, reinforce the sign in the hallway: trend toward simplifying above all else.

This theme rests not just at the center of how Tim leads his life, but also lies at the very core of the book on which he made his name. Originally published in 2007, The 4-Hour Workweek has sold over a million copies in more than 35 languages worldwide, and spent more than four years on The New York Times best seller list.

Along with his two ensuing bestsellers, The 4-Hour Body and The 4-Hour Chef, the book’s success put Tim on the path to investing in early-stage startups because many of his adopters are tech executives and entrepreneurs who identify with Tim’s innovative approach and emphasis on simplifying process. Even today, Tim prefers to invest in companies that create products to reduce friction points in his life, products that simplify the various aspects of his existence.

“My proprietary access to deals and startups originally came from having fans and readers on the executive teams,” he says. “It was the content that opened the doors. It was totally unexpected and hugely impactful on my life path.”

Once again, Tim is simplifying the process by reducing the friction points.

We take an Uber — another company in which Tim was an early advisor (now available in 70 cities around the world, the Uber app connects pedestrians with drivers at the tap of a button) — to downtown San Francisco and Mint Plaza beside the Old United States Mint, which originally opened in 1854 to serve the Gold Rush. Today, the renovated outdoor space is a meeting point for entrepreneurs and investors to discuss business over asparagus pizza served out of a wood-fired pizza truck.

Kevin Gibbon joins us at the counter of Blue Bottle Coffee, a Bay Area—based coffee chain in which Tim is also an investor. He’s here to check in with Tim, who’s an investor in and adviser to his startup, Shyp.com, about its public launch of a day earlier.

Kevin moved to San Francisco two years ago from Vancouver, where he headed another startup.

“Tim’s been invaluable in advising companies at our stage of development,” Kevin says. “His understanding of market strategy is critical, and his knowledge of the marketplace and his personal network help us synergize with other startups in similar positions.”

Using predictive modeling, Shyp is an app that streamlines packaging and shipping both for the consumer and the shipping company. Where many will stand in slow-moving lines at the Post Office and grow frustrated with the pace of service and unoccupied windows, entrepreneurs like Tim and Kevin identify opportunity.

Tim follows up with Kevin on the company’s numbers over the past 24 hours, asking questions that will give him the details to offer a more specific sense of just how the market is responding to Shyp’s product. They’re in a very delicate phase right now, and the future of the company could break one way or another depending on how the next few months play out.

Tim sits square to Kevin, his chin supported with an
open palm, while his iPhone is on silent and face down on the counter. He listens to Kevin, entirely focused on the conversation they’re having here and now, refusing to interrupt their dialogue by checking his messages or taking a call.

Once again, Tim is simplifying the process by reducing the friction points. He has eliminated the distractions, separated the various aspects of his life in motion right now, and committed himself to being completely engaged in the present activity. He asks questions and waits to absorb the answers before moving onto the next. The reduced potential for distraction enables him to be entirely curious and present.

Kevin and Tim are assessing the marketplace that Shyp hopes to disrupt and ultimately dominate. As an indication that the tech boom has come full circle, Tim observes that we’re seeing a “return to localization” with the new products and services that startups are bringing online. More and more companies compete to dominate a local market first before expanding into other markets.

San Francisco and the rest of Silicon Valley have been the optimal laboratory in which to conduct these experiments. The tech-savvy and discerning user base is primed to test the new products and services and judge which of these will emerge in this particular marketplace.

“Profitability can be the most critical business priority,” Tim observes. “But in Silicon Valley, where many of the markets are winner-take-all, it’s critical to grow as quickly as possible to a dominant scale, where you force competitors to be reactive.”

Tim’s route to St. Paul’s School was in some ways an accident. Born and raised on Long Island, he attended East Hampton High School for a year before reconnecting one vacation break with a childhood friend, David Starr-Tambor ‘93, who had recently enrolled at St. Paul’s. A “gut feeling” after his visit told Tim that St. Paul’s was the right match. According to his Fourth Form adviser Richard Greenleaf, Tim quickly established himself at St. Paul’s as a high-achieving “front-row student” and a writer with “a literary touch of elegance,” distinguishing himself outside the classroom in Coit North, and as an athlete in both football and wrestling.

Tim began taking Spanish to fulfill his language requirement, but he soon realized he was already too far behind and switched to a Japanese class led by Masa Shimano. Mr. Shimano remembers Tim as “a talented, courteous, and self-disciplined young man, fascinated with Japanese culture.” From the Spring Term of his Fourth Form year through the Winter Term of his Fifth, Tim studied in Tokyo at the Seikei School as part of the now more than 60–year–old St. Paul’s–Seikei exchange program.

Tim’s year in Japan was transformative. “What he accomplished there was truly amazing to me, considering the fact that he went to Seikei with only one year of Japanese under his belt,” Mr. Shimano says. “When he returned to SPS, he was fluent in Japanese, and his Japanese sounded as if it came from someone thoroughly familiar with the Japanese mindset.”

Today, Tim remains in touch with his host family and classmates from his year at Seikei. He even has a copy of A Generous Idea: St. Paul’s School and Seikei Gakuen by David T. Dana ’55 on a bookshelf in his living room, as well as framed prints he won as prizes for judo tournaments in which he competed while at Seikei.

When it came time to apply to colleges, Tim specifically sought out East Asian studies programs, deciding on Princeton after an early-action acceptance. After earning his degree in 2000, Tim moved to California. “That was the time, I’d imagine a lot like these days, when startups were hot, fortunes were being minted,” he says. “And I was very eager to get away from the gray dreariness of East Coast winters, so I moved to the Bay Area.”

The 4-Hour Workweek was born from Tim’s experience running BrainQUICKEN, a sports nutrition company he founded in 2001 and later sold in 2010. The consuming nature of his role with the company pushed Tim to reexamine his relationship to his work, which led to the foundation for the book.

Tim is a natural experimenter, the evidence of which crops up in nearly every crevice of his life. With the access he gained from the success of Workweek, Tim

Tim’s advice for aspiring entrepreneurs

1. Learn before you aim to earn.
2. Work for a startup of 15-30 people and ensure you can report directly to master dealmakers and observe them in action. The industry is not as important.
3. You are the average of the five people you associate with most.
4. Learn to write very, very effectively, and be concise. Superfluous words will get your e-mails deleted.
transitioned into startup investing, an enterprise much like that of the tinkering experimenter. Not every investment is a winner, just as not every experiment yields a fruitful result, and failure is all but inevitable in many trials.

On that score, however, Tim has found remarkable success. His early investments in Twitter and Facebook, among others, suggest his acumen is not accidental. His keen power of observation affords him the insight and depth of knowledge he can then draw from when considering investment opportunities or advising start-ups such as Uber and Evernote, the note-taking and archiving service.

In order to do this, though, Tim needs to keep closely connected to his interests and monitor the company’s pulse as well as the market. Rather than a permanent office space, Tim prefers to work from coffee shops and at empty desks in the various startups he advises. Not only is this in keeping with one of the pillars of The 4-Hour Workweek – liberation – but the atmosphere of opportunity that energizes these spaces likewise invigorates Tim.

We’re sitting at a large table in the back of Shyp’s headquarters, an open warehouse in the SoMa district of San Francisco, with about a dozen or so employees milling about listening to the new Vampire Weekend album. The optimism for growth and success fills the empty space of the facility, and Tim seems to relish the chance to inhale this organic energy.

When a black Labrador retriever comes barreling over to us with a tennis ball in his mouth, Tim pulls himself away from his computer to scratch and pat his new friend and toss the saliva-soaked ball across the warehouse. A few minutes of catch is enough to elicit an admission on Tim’s part that even he cannot match the black lab’s boundless enthusiasm, and he returns his undivided attention to the task at hand on his computer screen.

After responding to e-mail and extinguishing a couple of unexpected fires on the phone, Tim takes a few minutes to reflect on the undercurrents that cut across his various interests. He has recently embarked upon yet another experiment, the Tim Ferriss Book Club, “sort of an Oprah’s Book Club for 20- to 40-year-old tech-savvy males.” One of the e-mails to which he’s been responding is a contract from a publisher about a book for the club.

“The publishing industry’s approach is so antiquated,” he says, flipping closed his laptop once he’s finished, and transitioning his undivided attention to our conversation.

By “antiquated,” I take it to mean that Tim believes the publishing industry is inefficient, bloated . . . vulnerable. In other words: ready to be hacked.

Perhaps to many, the term “hacker” conjures the dark arts of the Internet. But, in keeping with the Bay Area’s venerated tradition of turning social norms on their heads, “hacking” in the context of Silicon Valley is more operatively a means by which systems are deconstructed and reassembled into more effective models that deliver the same – if not improved – results, jettisoning dead weight and friction in the process. Put another way, hacking is simply finding non-obvious solutions to problems.

In The 4-Hour Workweek, Tim challenged the utility and efficacy of the typical 40 office hours. In other words, he “hacked” conventional notions of full-time employment by dismantling the structure of a traditional work schedule, culling it of unnecessary entanglements, and reconfiguring it within specific constraints.

It all goes back to Tim’s unifying theory of simplification: reassess the system, minimize the friction points, shed the inertia, implement creative restraints, and reconstruct accordingly. Hack it.

Tim is now eager to see if his 4-hour model can be systematized and expanded to other enterprises. With the Tim Ferriss Book Club, he’s ready to hack a publishing industry that is, by all appearances, reluctant to adapt to emerging technology. Tim has been acquiring...
the rights to older texts in addition to new books, and he’s ready to branch into the various media of publishing: eBooks, audio books, and print.

This summer, Tim will drop — “House of Cards-style,” he says gleefully — all 13 episodes of the first season of The Tim Ferriss Experiment through distribution outlets such as iTunes, Amazon, and YouTube. House of Cards star Kevin Spacey Tweeted encouragement to Tim in March, saying: “Great to see guys like you shaking up the status quo of how we get content to fans the way they want. Good luck.”

Each episode finds Tim attempting to hack a different skill in a matter of days that typically takes years of study to master, from speaking Tagalog on live Filipino television to tactical gunfighting.

However, it’s not enough for Tim just to hack advanced skills on his show: he even felt compelled to hack the very delivery method. “So much visual content is delivered through broadband now,” he explains. “Why not allow the consumer to binge or watch non-sequentially?”

Tim also suspects there’s significant inefficiency to the conventional network television model of doing out content on a weekly basis. By dumping the content at once, he says, the message gets communicated “in stereo” across different media platforms providing the consumer multiple points of contact through Twitter, Facebook, blogs, etc.

“Let’s say you’re standing on the bank of a raging river, and your target audience is standing a mile downstream,” Tim explains. “If you only have 10 tennis balls, and you want to ensure they see one of them, what’s more effective? Throwing one in every 10 minutes or throwing them all in at once? The latter. I always go for a surround-sound effect in compressed times frames, whether that’s two days or two weeks, but seldom more.”

As we’re walking through SoMa toward the Mission District, a passerby in a gray Tesla pullover stops and recognizes Tim. “Tim? You’re Tim Ferriss, right?”

Tim nods, smiles, shakes his hand, and introduces himself.

“I just watched your A Day in the Life episode,” he says, referring to an April 2012 episode of the television show in which Morgan Spurlock follows a well-known tech and business columnist for The New York Times and author of the recent bestseller Hatching Twitter. “I really appreciate what you’re doing, man. Thanks!”

Our photographer asks Tim how often such encounters happen. “In SF?” he says. “A couple times a day . . . but just in SF.”

We drop by Mission Cliffs, an indoor climbing wall and gym, so Tim can get in a compressed, high-intensity workout while wearing a replica St. Paul’s gray gear T-shirt made by a roommate. After about a hundred kettle bell swings and making a new friend whose handstand technique he found particularly impressive, Tim’s ready to continue our conversation as we walk deeper into the Mission.

I want to know more not just about the incident on the street with the fan in the Tesla sweatshirt, but about the relationship Tim shares with his loyal cadre of fans, his half a million Twitter followers, and the million-plus who’ve read his books.

Tim describes how he often uses Facebook to gather ideas from friends and followers, at times soliciting suggestions for where to find the best ideas for his podcasts. The information and respect flow both ways, as evidenced by the volume of comments left on his Facebook and blog posts and responses to his tweets.

This isn’t just good business strategy on Tim’s part. He genuinely cares about his fans, and sees himself as more of a teacher than a writer or investor. He’s also found ways to channel his influence philanthropically by teaming up with Charles Best ’94, his old wrestling partner from St. Paul’s and founder of DonorsChoose.org.

“Tim has rallied thousands of his followers to support public school classrooms through our site,” Best says. “As a result of Tim’s campaigns on DonorsChoose.org, 177,000 students — overwhelmingly from low-income communities — now have books, art supplies, technology, field trips, and other resources they need to learn. Sounds unbelievable, but it’s true. Tim is a ‘force-multiplier’ for good.”

This strand of generosity runs particularly deep with Tim Ferriss, whether it’s taking the time to discuss market strategy with the founder of a young startup or leveraging his social media presence to affect positive outcomes with philanthropic ventures. Throughout our day together, I have yet to hear Tim speak negatively of someone, denigrate something, or reject a suggestion. Instead, he’s endlessly positive, affirming and open-minded, as demonstrated repeatedly through his interactions with others — strangers and confidantes alike.

While we’re taking over a table in Central Kitchen, a foodie Mecca in the Mission District in which Tim is also an investor, a salt-and-pepper-haired man in pea-green skinny jeans interrupts us to say hi to Tim. They chat for a bit, the stranger inquiring as to what Tim’s been up to of late and suggesting they should get together soon.

When they depart after a quick hug, I ask Tim who that was. “Nick Bilton,” he says. As in Nick Bilton, the tech and business columnist for The New York Times and author of the recent bestseller Hatching Twitter? I don’t even need to follow up about how they know one another. By now I’ve learned it’s safe to assume anyone who’s anyone around here knows Tim Ferriss.

Ferriss says he is recognized “a couple times a day . . . but just in SF.”
The author reflects on the independence she gained by spending her Sixth Form year in Ireland.

By Rosemary Mahoney ’79

In a conversation about the six books of nonfiction I’ve written, an interviewer recently commented that, as a writer, I seem to have made a point of providing myself with “rich experiences.”

She went on to remind me of some of what I’ve done as part of the research for my various books, including rowing a boat across the Sea of Galilee and camping alone on the beach below the Golan Heights. Another time I slept in a goatskin tent in Kenya alongside four Samburu tribesmen and two baby goats. I walked 500 miles across Spain on the Camino de Santiago, rowed a small Egyptian skiff 120 miles down the Nile alone, and walked 125 miles from Winchester to Canterbury along the old Pilgrims’ Way, pitching a tent in small graveyards as I went. (No one had the nerve to approach the tent, and I never slept so well as I did those nights among the English dead.)

As part of the research for my latest book, For The Benefit of Those Who See: Dispatches From the World of the Blind, I allowed two blind Tibetan teenage girls to demonstrate their navigational skills by blindfolding me and leading me through the city of Lhasa for an hour. Not long after that, while teaching an outdoor class at a school for blind adults in a coconut jungle at the bottom of India, I found myself herding seven blind students out of the path of a cobra that had slithered out of the tall grass and intruded upon our class.

When I conceded to my interviewer that I enjoy being in unfamiliar surroundings faced with unexpected challenges, she asked me how I developed that draw toward adventure. I thought back to the first unusual experience I had undertaken in a foreign country and realized it was as a student at St. Paul’s School.

I spent my entire Sixth Form year in Ireland studying Irish Gaelic. At the end of the previous year, I had written a proposal for an Independent Study Project; I would audit courses for six weeks at Trinity College in Dublin, then continue my studies in the tiny village of Dunquin, at the end of the Dingle Peninsula in County Kerry, where the Irish language was still in daily use.

I wrote to a woman in Dunquin who housed students while they practiced their Irish at the local grade school. The woman, Mairead O’Donnell, agreed to take me in, and the grade school offered to let me sit in on classes. With a few more exchanges of letters, my plans seemed to be in order. I presented my proposal to the administration at St. Paul’s – Virginia Deane, Bill Oates, and Philip Burnham. They considered it, called me in for a meeting, asked some questions, and decided to authorize my plan.

Thinking about this now, I find it astonishing that the School allowed me to go. It was 1978. I was 17. It wasn’t an exchange program or a certified year-abroad group I was joining. I had concocted this loose plan myself under the aegis of no formal organization. I had essentially asked St. Paul’s to let me go off across the ocean by myself for nine months and allow me to find my way about in a completely casual fashion in order to study Irish Gaelic, a language about as useful as Aramaic. What strikes me most is the enormous trust the School placed in me. I didn’t know it then, of course, but what they had given me was the chance of a lifetime.

Travel always brings surprises. No matter how well you may plan ahead, things often don’t work out as you’d hoped. For me, this remains part of its appeal -- the adaptability and the resourcefulness it requires. In 1978, there was no Internet, no such thing as a mobile phone (or even a cordless one), and an international phone call was extremely expensive. My only practical means of communicating with my family and the School would be through handwritten letters.

As it turned out, my stay in Dublin -- during which I lived with a family in the suburbs -- was relatively uneventful. I attended my classes at Trinity College. (I confess there were a few days on which I was not dutiful and chose instead to ride the city buses from one end of...
Dublin to another, just to see what I could see.) And then, just before Christmas, I left for the wilds of Dunquin.

Thirty-five years ago, the trip from Dublin to Dunquin was a long one, and travel information wasn’t easy to come by. Before I left, I had several times tried to phone Mairead O’Donnell, my intended hostess, but got no response. On the appointed date, I took a train to Tralee and from there an evening bus to Dingle, the closest town to Dunquin. By the time the bus set off, it was dark and had begun to rain. The farther we got from Tralee, the narrower the road grew, and the headlights of the bus began to illuminate tall green walls of hedgerow as we twisted and turned up a mountain.

Eventually, the road became so narrow that we seemed to have left it completely; from where I was sitting, a few seats behind the driver, it appeared we were simply barreling across a hummocky field. The rain slashed sideways in the wind, crashing against the windows of the bus like the flood from a fire hose. From time to time, the bus would stop suddenly by a tree and an old man in a cap or woman in a shawl would step down and disappear into the sodden darkness in what looked to me like the middle of nowhere. Or the reverse would happen, and suddenly a figure would appear in the headlights, stepping out from behind a hedge with his hand held up to stop the bus, rain streaming from his face. Where were these people coming from? Where were they going? There were no lights here, no sign of a house or village.

When we arrived in Dingle, it was late, and the next bus to Dunquin wouldn’t depart until morning. I stood in the main street in the rain with my suitcase, wondering what to do. I saw a hotel called Benner’s, went in, took a room, and tried to make another phone call to Mairead O’Donnell. The telephone was an old-fashioned device that summoned an operator to the line, who then dialed the number for me. Still no answer.

I remember vividly climbing into the hotel bed that night. I had never slept in a hotel on my own before. I was nervous and worried about what the room would cost me. I had no idea what I’d find the next day or where I’d end up. And where on earth was Mairead O’Donnell, who had agreed to take me in? I lay awake all night, worrying.

The next morning, there was still no answer from her. I boarded the bus to Dunquin and, as we neared the village, I asked the driver if he knew where Mairead O’Donnell lived. “I do, of course,” he said laconically, “She is a cousin of me own.” (I soon learned that everyone in this place was related to everyone else.) He stopped the bus in front of the house and, as I stepped down, he said, “Tis Mairead’s house all right, but you won’t find her there. She’s gone to England for the month.” He then snapped the door shut and drove off.

Again I was left standing in the road with my suitcase. This time, though, the road was in the middle of a thousand cow fields. Just to be sure, I knocked
on Mairead’s door. No response. With a swiftly sinking heart, I sat on the stone wall in front of the house and stared dumbly at the landscape. It was like a place in a fairytale. The fields, no two of which were the same shade of green, sloped down to the Atlantic Ocean. Huge waves exploded into mushroom clouds of white as they bashed against the rocks below the cliffs. The Blasket Islands glowed just offshore. I fully understood that I was sitting alone at the remotest edge of Europe, with nowhere to go and absolutely no idea what to do next. I knew nobody here. I was exhausted and afraid. I felt like crying. And then I did cry.

Soon an old man came up the road on a bicycle, and, seeing the suitcase and the unfamiliar face glistening with tears, he stopped and asked me what was the matter. Without hesitation, he dropped his bike against the wall, took my suitcase, and said, “Follow me now, girl.” I followed him up a road no wider than a sidewalk, and soon we came to a cluster of houses. The man banged on the door of one of them, and presently it was opened by a stout, white-haired old woman with the face of Tip O'Neill, the former Speaker of the U.S. House.

“Liza,” the man said, “I have a girl from America for you.”

This was one of the luckiest things that ever happened to me. Almost everyone I met in the next few weeks had nothing positive to say about Mairead O’Donnell: she was reputedly volatile, humorless, and a nag. Liza Mitchell was the opposite. She loved to sing, loved a good joke, and was generous and warm and reasonable. By chance, Liza had a two-room cottage next to her house that I could rent cheaply for the rest of my stay in Dunquin. For me, it was a dream come true; my own little house with a fireplace and a vast view of the ocean.

It was the first time in my life I lived on my own. The cottage was unheated, so every morning I had to light a fire of coal and peat. I had to do my own shopping and cook for myself. (I was a terrible chef and survived mostly on boiled potatoes, eggs, soda bread, and tea biscuits.) I had to learn how to husband my money and speak for myself among complete strangers. My neighbors were all much older or much younger than I. Most of the teenagers from Dunquin lived with relatives in Dingle so they could attend the high school there. The village, which was a lot more than a small shop, a post office, and a pub, was a 20-minute walk. The bus to Dingle — the only place one could do any real shopping — traveled only twice a week. Few houses had telephones.

Eventually I bought a little Honda 90 scooter from an old man named Sean Crioithain and learned (not without mishap) how to ride it. As I came to know the elderly people on the lane, they started to rely on me to run errands. Soon I was happily the local messenger and delivery girl, carrying news from one village to the next or fetching groceries from Ballyferriter, Ballydavid, and Dingle. I went to the Irish classes at the local grade school, the biggest student in the room, and in the evening I practiced my Irish phrases with Liza or sat by my fire and wrote letters home and recorded the day’s events in my journal, which Richard Davis, my ISP adviser at SPS, had wisely urged me to do. Keeping a journal became a habit I never lost; over the years, several of my journals have turned into books.

Not long after I arrived in Dunquin, there was a national postal strike that lasted two months. The only way left to communicate with my mother was with the public telephone in the tiny post office. Every 10 days or so, I would go down and make a 60-second phone call home, just to assure my mother that I was all right. The postmistress, standing three feet from me as I talked, always pretended not to be listening to what I was saying, yet within a day or two all my news was firmly broadcast across the village. I was generally known there as “the little Yank” or “the child from Boston.”

The fact that I was keeping my own schedule, with no one telling me what to do or keeping an eye on me, was inordinately thrilling.

One day I ran out of gas and had to walk the motorbike two and a half miles to the nearest gas station. I remember struggling to push that bike up a long gradual incline, sweating, feeling desperate, and thinking, “Jesus, I’ll never get there.”

But I did get there, because I had no choice. I was on my own. If I got myself into a fix, it was up to me to get myself out of it. I was teetering on the brink of adulthood. I cannot say that the little bit of Irish Gaelic I learned was ever any use to me, and I’ve forgotten most of it now. But everything else I learned from that experience in Ireland has remained with me. Prompted by the trust the School and my family placed in me, I learned to trust myself. I learned that I was capable of exercising good judgment, of following my instincts, of knowing when to offer help and when to ask for it. I learned how to talk to and appreciate people whose lives were very different from mine. These revelations gave me a sense of independence, self-direction, and adventure that I have craved ever since.
Trowel, Cloak, and Dagger

The life of archaeology professor and spy Rodney Young ’25 mirrors that of the fictional Indiana Jones.

By Melissa Jacobs, Modified by Jana F. Brown

Photos: Penn Museum Archives
Was Rodney Young ’25 the real Indiana Jones? To those who knew the prominent scholar during the quarter-century he presided over the Archaeology Department at the University of Pennsylvania, it sounds like a stretch.

But according to a new volume by Susan Heuck Allen, a classical archaeologist and recent visiting scholar at Brown University who has also shared her theories in a Rodney S. Young Memorial Lecture at Penn, Young’s past was straight out of the pages of a Robert Ludlum thriller. In *Classical Spies: American Archaeologists with the OSS in World War II Greece*, Young cuts a figure on par with Jason Bourne – or Bourne’s boss.

Young’s postwar career is well-known and lauded. From 1948 until his death in 1974, he was chair of Penn’s Archaeology Department and the curator of the Museum’s Mediterranean section. He also earned international acclaim for directing the Penn Museum’s 24-year-long excavation at Gordion in Turkey.

In a note to Form Agent Henry Wilmerding ’25 published in the Spring 1950 issue of *Alumni Horae*, Dr. Young wrote of his archeological expedition with Penn, “I won’t be with you at our 25th Reunion as I’ll be digging up Turkey until late July or August.”

“Gordion is the largest, longest-running archaeological project in Penn’s history,” says Gareth Darbyshire, the Gordion archivist at the Penn Museum. “Dr. Young and his staff excavated more than 200 pieces of early Iron Age pottery, some of which transformed our understanding of the evolution of the alphabet. And he found the tombs of kings, including what may have been King Midas’s.”
But for all that Young revealed through his fieldwork, he kept a big secret: a career as an American spy during World War II. In her book (and in remarks delivered in the Rodney S. Young Memorial Lecture at the Museum in September 2012), Allen paints a captivating hidden history. Young was recruited – and then recruited other archaeologists – to work for Special Intelligence (SI), a predecessor of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), which, in turn, was a precursor of the Central Intelligence Agency. As the ring leader of a cohort of archaeologist spies, Young masterminded 57 missions inside Axis-held Greece. He created missions to foment armed resistance through sabotage and demolition, and by supplying Greek guerillas with arms, food, and medicine.

Then he apparently put those secrets in a vault and flung away the key.

“Sabotage? Guerillas?” says George Bass, pioneer of nautical archaeology and founder of the Institute of Nautical Archaeology. “I'd never have guessed, and he never mentioned it.”

Bass earned his Ph.D. at Penn as a student of Young's, whom he met at the American School of Classical Studies in 1956. The two spent decades digging together in Turkey and working at Penn, where Bass became an archaeology professor and associate curator of the Mediterranean section. “Never once did Dr. Young mention even being in World War II,” Bass says, “let alone being part of the OSS.”

Yet it’s not hard for Bass to imagine Young overseeing missions and leading his colleagues into dangerous situations.

“He was absolutely gregarious and an incredibly dominant person,” Bass recalls. “He was a physically large man with a deep voice that rumbled in his belly. He commanded respect, and people – including me – seemed to do what he asked, even if it seemed impossible. His sense of adventure was matched by a confidence that he would succeed in those adventures. And he was very, very private.”

If Young evolved into what his OSS evaluator called “grade A” operative, who “ranks with the best we have had,” he didn’t start life that way. He was born into wealth in 1907. Allen describes him as a “coddled child of the Golden Age,” a “Cary Grantish darling of New York debutante balls,” who was educated at St. Paul’s, Princeton, and Columbia.

In a June 10, 1929, letter to SPS Rector Samuel Drury, who was trying to recruit Young to the SPS faculty via a two-year Cochran Scholarship to study in Greece, Young declined the Rector’s offer, telling him he instead intended to spend a year working abroad.

“A year at Athens may lead to almost anything – the excavations at Athens are to start in the winter and it is possible I might get a job working on them,” Young explained, also telling Drury that he was not interested in secondary school teaching, but would consider a career in teaching at the college level.

Not yet having to earn a living, Young spent six years digging at the Agora in Greece, while World War II coalesced around him. In 1940, after war arrived in Greece with the Italian invasion, Young served the Greek resistance by driving an ambulance that he paid for himself. While in that role, Young sustained a wound sufficiently serious that it later earned him 4F status from the U.S. Army.

In the spring of 1941, Alumni Horae reported that “Rodney S. Young was the first American to take an active part in the war in Greece and has fully recovered from wounds received while driving an ambulance on the Albanian front. The War Cross was awarded to him recently at the King’s instance.”

Sidelined, Young was working at Princeton when Benjamin Merritt, consulting for the Foreign Nationalities Branch of SI, and his boss, William “Wild Bill” Donovan, the wartime head of the OSS known as the “Father of American Intelligence,” recruited him to do intelligence work on behalf of the Greeks. Two weeks after Pearl Harbor, the Foreign Nationalities Branch of SI went operational. Young volunteered for active duty.

Why would Young risk his life for the Greeks – and spend the next five years going to greater and greater extremes in that effort? Noblesse oblige, a bit of hubris, an acquired philhellenic spirit, and the desire to alleviate the Greeks’ suffering, Allen says. Alessandro Pezzati, senior archivist at the Penn Museum, agrees.

“Archaeologists speak the language, walk the country, know the people, and are literally covered in centuries of its dirt,” he says. “They develop strong attachments to the countries they work in, and that particular country at that particular time was facing a real and dangerous threat.”

The Penn Museum Archives are not where Allen found the revelatory material for her book, which details the exploits of a number of scholar-cum-spies. Records housed in the National Archives, declassified in 2004 and 2008, gave her the facts of the missions. To those records, Allen added oral histories to create what she calls a “mosaic” of Young’s wartime activities.

By 1942, Young was leading the OSS’s Greek Desk from Cairo, which Allen describes as “an exotic paradise . . . like a movie set, teeming with rich refugees, war correspondents in khaki chic, and officers from occupied France, Greece, Yugoslavia, and Poland.”

Young also orchestrated espionage from Alexandria, Cyprus, Istanbul, and Izmir. Assisting him were four male captains and a sorority of female spies, all Americans and leaders in the field of archaeology: Dorothy Cox, Virginia Grace, Margaret Crosby, Lucy Talcott, James Oliver, Jerome Sperling, John Caskey, and John Franklin Daniel III.

Daniel became Young’s link to Penn. From 1940 until he left for Cyprus, Daniel served as associate curator of
the Museum's Mediterranean section. Upon his return in 1948, he became curator of the section and hired Young to fill his old job. That same year, the two men were scouting in Turkey for potential excavation sites when Daniel died of a heart attack at the age of 38. Young succeeded Daniel as curator of the Mediterranean section—and found his way to Gordion, the excavation site that would define his scholarly career.

A formnote printed in the Fall 1957 issue of *Alumni Horae* shared that the August 5, 1957, issue of *Life* magazine had featured the archaeological excavations in Asia Minor under the direction of Young for the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania.

Young was killed in a five-vehicle accident near his home in Chester Springs, Pa., on October 25, 1974. He was 67. The obituary in the Sunday edition of the *Philadelphia Bulletin* in the days after his death credited him as the “University of Pennsylvania archaeologist who unearthed a palace in Turkey perhaps once occupied by King Midas of the Golden Touch.” According to information from the University of Pennsylvania Museum about the Gordion excavations, 17 years of digging under Young’s direction ceased after the archaeologist’s death and did not resume until 1988.

Now the small handful of colleagues who survived him are left to marvel over Young’s quite different wartime legacy.

Does knowledge of Young’s secret life change how Bass thinks of him?

“Not one bit,” his old friend says.

“Rodney Young had a profound effect on my life. I owe more to him than anyone I’ve ever worked with. He was an extraordinary human being.”

“Besides,” Bass adds, “lots of us have secrets.”

This article originally appeared in the November 2012 issue of *The Pennsylvania Gazette*, the alumni magazine of the University of Pennsylvania. It has been modified somewhat from its original version using information held in the St. Paul’s School archives.

Young directed the Penn Museum’s 24-year-long excavation at Gordion in Turkey.
Beauty: A Novel
by Frederick Dillen '64
Simon & Schuster, 256 pages, $25

Reviewed by George Carlisle, faculty emeritus

Beauty is one of the outstanding novels I have read in a long, long time. I spent an entire day fascinated by what was going on in Elizabeth, the struggling fishing town, north of Boston. (Gloucester? I think so.) Dillen knows coastal New England intimately, understanding the dire challenges the natives face.

Carol MacLean, “from away,” is tough and determined to succeed. Her new compatriot is Ezekiel (Easy) Parsons, whose family has been fishing for 200 years. What an unlikely pair to meet the grizzled men and women who crowd into the town meeting and help them decide to preserve their waterfront from condos and a hotel. The outsiders pushing for development do not anticipate The Wives of the Sea, hardened, ready, and powerful.

Carol receives a crash course in small-town affairs as she tries to save her own newly acquired, all-but-dead fish-processing plant. She is smart and savvy, ready for the fight, having worked in the jungle of corporate finance. For years she actually had been a part of it, killing off “orphans,” small struggling, companies, weak links that found themselves on the chopping block of corporate buyouts. It was Carol who fired workers, scraped off assets, and finally locked the doors.

As her tables turn, she claws her way through seemingly impenetrable stumbling blocks to save her “orphan” plant and save the town as well. She sets in motion financial and psychological forces that reach up the ladder to an all-important judge, who is aiming to be the governor of Massachusetts.

Dillen shows himself to be an astute financial writer as well as a novelist, and his understanding of the details of business and economics adds to a plot already successful. Details of corporate dishonesty, an endangered supply of fish, and economic reality that endanger Carol’s attempt to save her old factory make the story interesting and plausible. But just as significant is the dire situation of Elizabeth, with its economy in tatters, with outside pressure for the town to abandon its past.

For the 2,000 former students who have been with me in the classroom, I am giving you yet one more assignment. Buy this book and read it. You’ll be glad you did.

For the Benefit of Those Who See: Dispatches from the World of the Blind
by Rosemary Mahoney ’79
Little, Brown and Company, 304 pages, $27.00

Reviewed by Hannah MacBride

In her new book, Rosemary Mahoney ’79 invites her readers to embrace another way of experiencing the world—the eyes of the blind. The poignant stories of the blind people she meets through Braille Without Borders in Tibet and India give depth and personality to the ample historical and medical research she presents. What makes the book so powerful, however, is the honesty with which Mahoney explores her own thoughts and feelings about blindness.

Mahoney begins her story with a candid confession: she is terrified of losing her sight. She relates her utter horror as she recalls a time as a younger woman when she feared an injury may leave her blind. Living with the blind offered her a chance to understand how others could live without their sight. For the Benefit of Those Who See gives insight into the lives of blind people from all over the world, many of whom have been ridiculed, abused, and sheltered in their home countries. At Braille Without Borders, the blind are encouraged to be independent and to contribute to society.

Mahoney is at first surprised and later amazed by her students’ ability to efficiently navigate busy streets and crowded classrooms, to identify each other and her without sight, and to perform complex tasks. They, in turn, are amused by her complete dependence on her sight. An electricity outage, a nighttime walk with no flashlight, and a blindfolded tour of a busy city give Mahoney a chance to learn from her students.

In effect, the book is, as its title suggests, an invitation to her sighted readers to reevaluate our own thoughts and feelings about blindness and the blind. Descriptive prose and colorful and moving stories give life to the people to whom we are introduced, many of them content and even proud of their distinct perspective. They understand the world in a different way from the sighted, but their experience is no less rich.

The dispatches Mahoney shares will open your eyes to an entirely new perspective and leave you questioning your own relationship with sight.

Full Fathom Five: Ocean Warming and a Father’s Legacy
by Gordon W. Chaplin ’58
Arcade Publishing, 248 pages, $24.95

Reviewed by Henry T. Armistead ’58

The thrust of Full Fathom Five is Gordon Chaplin’s return, with professional ichthyologists, to the Bahamas, where his father, Charles C.G. Chaplin (CCGC), did pioneering studies of reef fishes. The work of his father serves as a baseline for the ongoing explorations of Chaplin and crew to determine changes during the ensuing half century, mostly due to climate change. Chaplin shared the initial findings of these studies in “A Return to the Reefs,” which appeared in the February 2006 issue of Smithsonian.

The diversity is still there, but many
species are less abundant, Chaplin writes. The fish collected by CCGC, an ichthyologist at the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, and colleague James E. Böhlke compose the largest collection of Bahamian fish anywhere.

Like his father, Chaplin led a rather picaresque life initially. A citizen of the world, he has lived deeply in his time. His book title, *Full Fathom Five*, is taken from Shakespeare’s *The Tempest*. As with much of Chaplin’s writing (he is the author of several other books), there is some thought-provoking self-assessment and reflections on his interesting family, but his book really starts to soar when he describes the science at work.

*Full Fathom Five* is a nicely designed book, with outlines of 40 Bahamian fish species inside the binding covers and three colorful fish on the dust cover. The text reads well, enhanced by 21 photographs – 11 in color, plus a section with six paintings of key Bahamian fish and their descriptions, excerpted from CCGC and Böhlke’s classic title *Fishes of the Bahamas and Adjacent Tropical Waters*. The excerpts are enlivened with the younger Chaplin’s extensive annotations. CCGC also wrote an identification guide to fish of the Bahamas, illustrated by Peter Scott (son of the celebrated Antarctic explorer Robert Falcon Scott) that can be taken underwater.

**On the Shelf . . .**

*The Last Museum of Laughter*  
David E. Oprava ’91
Poet John Dorsey writes, “David E. Oprava’s *The Last Museum of Laughter* is a prime example of artistic evolution. Filled with warmth and unbridled humanity, this book is the poet at the peak of his creative powers. Perhaps more emotionally accessible than prior collections, Oprava’s heart, body, and soul are on full display and this museum is filled with beautiful works of art . . . by a modern master.”

*New Hampshire Roadside Viewing Guide*  
Brent E. Scudder ’56
This new compilation of more than 125 precise panoramic diagrams depicting dozens of roadside views from across the Granite State is a great companion book to the author’s acclaimed *White Mountains Viewing Guide*.

*Sheperd Paine: The Life and Work of a Master Modeler and Military Historian*  
Jim DeRogatis
This is the first book to thoroughly examine the modeling work of Sheperd Paine ’64, cataloging his remarkable art through more than 500 beautiful color photographs. The material is presented in a conversational format inspired by another book about a great artist and storyteller, François Truffaut’s portrait in interview form of director Alfred Hitchcock. The book includes plans and drawings used in the construction of many of Paine’s models.

*Rarity fascinates us, no matter what the context. When it comes to rare birds, our best sources include Arizona, Florida, the Aleutians, the Maritime Provinces, Texas, and the seas, but they can materialize anywhere.*

**Rare Birds of North America**  
by Steve N. G. Howell, Ian Lewington, and Will Russell ’59
Princeton University Press, 428 pages, $35.00

Reviewed by Henry T. Armistead ’58

*The Electric Affinities*  
Wade Stevenson ’63
This book examines the interior lives and motives of six affluent, artistic friends as they struggle to find love and meaning in the summer of 1969. Set in the Hamptons and New York City, the novel captures the decadent, freedom-loving lifestyles of characters trapped in a “prison of opulence.” Their paths mirror the disillusionment inherent in the late ’60s, as they turn inward in a quest for self-understanding.

*For My Father*  
Amira Thoron ’88
Part memoir, part ghost story, *For My Father* examines the territory of grief and memory and its mysteries and silences. Through poems that are at times lyrical and at times spare, Thoron explores what it means to be haunted by what you cannot remember or never knew.
This splendid book, a collaboration between Will Russell ’59 and two esteemed birding colleagues, has 41 introductory pages analyzing the reasons for vagrancy and its frequency over time, with maps and definitions of disorientation, dispersal, “mirror–image migration,” and other phenomena, all supported by citations from world literature.

Russell is co-founder and director of the international birding tour company WINGS. He is one of America’s top birders, whose skill set relies on a potent combination of the SEEK virtues: Skills (acute vision and hearing), Experience, Effort, and Knowledge. It’s no exaggeration to say that Russell is a legend and, devoid of any aggrandizement, I like to think of him as the Wayne Gretzky of birding. He was the most important mentor to David Allen Sibley, before Sibley’s Field Guide series became a blockbuster.

Howell is the author of a Mexican field guide and other titles on seabirds, hummingbirds, and the molt process. Lewington, acclaimed by many as the world’s preeminent bird artist, is illustrator of A Field Guide to the Rare Birds of Britain and Europe.

Their book admirably fills a big North American ornithological void. It describes and depicts 262 species with five or fewer documented sightings since 1950. For each, there are sections explaining identification, status, distribution, taxonomy, habitat, and behavior. The text is enhanced by marvelous color paintings and extensive general commentary.

Russell provided most of the work on strays from the Old World (especially prevalent in Alaska), Howell concentrated on those from Latin America and the seas, and Lewington, not simply an artist, is knowledgeable enough to bring constructive commentary to the text as well.

The occurrence of rarities is often more than just of interest for birders. The decline of these species can often be symptomatic of a vanguard, or else temporary, adjustment, as a result of major habitat degradation, drought, fire, extreme weather, or climate change. Thus, they may convey an importance beyond their distinct qualities. Detecting such phenomena is one of the contributions of birding and citizen science.

**COMMUNITY**

**BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS**
A Piece of Home Reception, Liberty Hotel, May 7

**CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE**
Beloved Community Weekend, St. Paul’s School, April 11-13

Spring Convocation, St. Paul’s School, May 8-9

**GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT**
A Piece of Home Reception, Field Club of Greenwich, May 14

**HONG KONG**
Rector Reception, hosted by Sabrina Fung ’89, China Club, March 4

**LONDON**
SPS Choir Performance and Reception, co–hosted at the home of Michael and Suzanne Ferlic Johnson ’86 with Constanza Mardones and Toby Ali ’85, March 18

**LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA**
A Piece of Home Reception, Pictures in a Row, April 24

**NEW YORK CITY**
Alumni Association Annual Meeting and Awards Presentation, Harvard Club, April 2

A Piece of Home Reception, Millennium Broadway Hotel, May 6

**PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND**
Young Alumni Dinner, Angkor Restaurant, April 26

**SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA**
A Piece of Home Reception, Aquarium of the Bay, April 23

**SEOUL**
Seoul Family Dinner, Grand Hyatt, hosted by Hyun–Joon Cho ’87, March 6

Asia Council Meeting, Hyosung Building, hosted by Sabrina Fung ’89 and Hyun–Joon Cho ’87, March 7

**WASHINGTON, D.C.**
A Piece of Home Reception, Columbus Club at Union Station, May 13
Coming Home | September 27

Please join us in Concord for a chance to see the School in action.

This is a wonderful opportunity for you to experience SPS again. 
More information to follow in the coming weeks.
**St. Paul’s School** has received IRS approval to allow Charitable Remainder Unitrust (CRUT) assets to be invested in the School’s endowment. As of June 30, 2013, the average annual compound return on our endowment over the last 10 years has been 8.1%. While prior performance is no guarantee of future results, now you can benefit from this same rate of return with an **SPS endowment-invested CRUT**.

**THE BENEFITS TO YOU:**
- Immediate income tax deduction
- Avoid capital gains on appreciated funding assets
- Safe, secure income stream paid quarterly
- Income paid at a fixed percentage of funding assets
- Oversight by the SPS Investment Committee
- Knowledge that the School benefits from your gift
- Total gift credit for your next reunion

![Diagram](image)

**This illustration shows an SPS endowment-invested CRUT** that pays 5% of the principal as revalued annually to two individuals, each age 67. It has been funded by an asset with a 50% cost basis. The example makes certain tax assumptions; your circumstances may vary.

**For a confidential conversation**, please contact Bob Barr, director of gift planning, at 603–229–4875, bbarr@sps.edu; or visit our website at [www.sps.edu/plannedgiving](http://www.sps.edu/plannedgiving).
The Formnotes below reflect information received through April 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.

1940
Clarence Michalis reports: “I have been in touch with a number of my vintage classmates, who are all 92 or 93 years old. They say that they have nothing to report. They say they are just happy to be here, enjoying their families and not looking at the grass from the wrong side.”

1941
John B. Jessup
jcjessup@sbcglobal

Thomas Dolan IV, 90, a freshwater ecologist and pioneering environmentalist, was awarded the Henry Meigs Award for environmental leadership by the Schuylkill Center for Environmental Education in Roxborough, Pa. The Meigs Award honors “leaders whose commanding presence and guidance toward our world’s sustainable future reflects the spirit, integrity and vision of Henry Meigs.” Tom discovered his love of nature as a child, and spent summers with his family on the Allagash River in Maine and the Chesapeake Bay. He knew early on that he wanted to dedicate his life to caring for the environment.

1942
George Grove recently visited Esther and Nelson Niles at their home in Portland, Ore. George was in Portland visiting his daughter, Leslie, and her husband.

1944
Halsted W. Wheeler
hwheeler@jelliff.net

www.sps.edu/1944

Friends from the Form of ’42: George Grove and Nelson Niles catch up at Nelson’s home in Portland, Ore.

1945
Anthony M. O’Connor
sdegpoc@aol.com

Dudley Rochester and his wife, Lois, recently celebrated their 10th year living at Westminster-Canterbury of the Blue Ridge (WCBR), a continuing care retirement community in Charlottesville, Va. Dudley retired from the University of Virginia School of Medicine faculty in 1994, and, for most of the time since, has worked on clean air and fresh water issues in Virginia. Part of his environmental work was with the Committee on Stewardship of Creation for the Episcopal Diocese of Virginia. Both Dudley and Lois serve on residents’ committees at WCBR. In the past year, they have joined a subcommittee on end-of-life care issues. Dudley created a presentation for WCBR residents that focuses on what types of medical care may be offered at or near the end of life, the decisions residents need to make about what care they may want, and how to communicate their wishes effectively to their families and all echelons of health care providers.

1948
Richard DeW. Sawyer
mlsawyer@aol.com

Oliver Gayley sends news from the South: Our regular Form of ’48 winter sunbirds down in Florida – Susan and Burton Clossen, Pamela and Warwick Neville, Panda and Pete Coley – have been joined this year by Diana and George Hambleton, Patsy and Bill Timpson, and Ann and Gil Kinney.

Harry Havemeyer has just written A Special Friendship, a book celebrating his long-standing relationship with Archie Douglas, starting at the Buckley School in New York and continuing through SPS and their graduation from Yale. The book contains pictures taken at Buckley, SPS, and Yale, and Archie and Wayne’s wedding, as well as some great pictures of the 1952 Yale hockey team. Books can be purchased through www.lulu.com/shop. The Form of ’48 heartily congratulates Pete Gurney on receiving the Alumni Association Award this spring. (See more about Pete’s great work in this issue under “Spotlight.”)

1949
John A. Scully
jasfishnet@aol.com

www.sps.edu/1949
Timpson, Berton Closson, and Warwick Neville. Palm Beach, Fla., home for an early-spring reunion dinner. L. to r., formmates from 1948 and wives gathered at Warwick Neville’s have a lot of celebrations. 50th year in business, and we starting April 1. This year is our Tortola, the Scrub Island Resort, with a second branch location in sailing.com ) and are expanding Sailing School (www.offshore-wright.olney@comcast.net

Spent a month with my es-

mates with daffodils nearly in bloom. Then returned here to persist-
ent snow and frequent subzero temps – no sign of daffodils! An old-time winter here! We’re doing a Stephen Ambrose 70th anniversary D-Day tour at the beginning of June – starts in London, to Normandy for the June 6 ceremonies, then on to Paris, Arnhem, Bastogne, and back from Frankfurt. We’ll be doing a family reunion at our second home on Lake Ontario again this summer and hope to spend more time there in July and August, so if any ‘53ers spend more time there in July again this summer and hope to

Formmates from 1948 and wives gathered at Warwick Neville’s Palm Beach, Fla., home for an early-spring reunion dinner. L. to r., sitting are Pete Coley and Sandy McLanahan, standing are Bill Timpson, Berton Clossen, and Warwick Neville.

1951

John L. Lorenz
cossacks4ever@fairpoint.net

Micky Voukitchevitch writes: “I hark back to our charming 60th, which I feared, but, through the love, organization skill, and gentle suasion of dear, dear, Barbara Nay (may she rest in peace) was gratefully relieved to find at our ‘last supper’ mutu-
al reconciliation with my dear classmates. So now I am healed, as you too, of all that early hurt! Spent a month with my estranged spouse, Cynthia, in her lush digs in North Carolina – we overdosed on TV and her sorely missed delicious cooking!”

1953

Wright Olney
wright.olney@comcast.net

Steve Colgate writes: Doris and I are still running Offshore Sailing School (www.offshore-sailing.com) and are expanding with a second branch location in Tortola, the Scrub Island Resort, starting April 1. This year is our 50th year in business, and we have a lot of celebrations.

Derick Nicholas writes from San Miguel de Allende in Mexico that the weather is beautifully monotonous, that the only snow he encountered all winter long was in his margarita, and that he thinks about the rigorous winter weather the U.S. has been having, but admittedly not too much.

Paul Phillips sends this update: “After our 60th reunion in 2013, I retired from my full-time position as professor of medicine/rheumatology, seeing patients, research, and teaching, at SUNY Upstate Medical University in Syracuse, N.Y. I do still keep my hand in at our Syracuse VA medical center clinic every other Tuesday, seeing vets with arthritis and teaching residents and fellows. With more time available, Sharon and I have done more traveling: to Argentina for dove hunting in September, also enjoying Buenos Aires, a great city, and the spectacular Iguazu Falls. We went to London with a mostly upstate N.Y. theatre group for two weeks in early January – the 14 plays we saw were great for the most part – I’d particularly recommend Ghosts, Morning to Midnight, Beckett’s three one-acts, Wolf Hall, currently in Stratford, The Weir, King Lear, and Candide. Fortune’s Fool, American Psycho, Drawing the Line, and Ciphers were also good. Negative on Richard II, Wendy and Peter Pan in Stratford, and on the new Sam Wanamaker Theatre – uncomfortable and poor visibility. Also saw the Paul Klee show at Tate Modern, history of Chinese painting show at the V&A, Spencer murals (WWI) at the Courtauld, and the Bactrian treasure and other ancient Persian art at the British – a good reminder of Iran’s long and spectacular heritage! We caught up with several relatives and old colleagues as well, and were lucky to have spring–like weather (before the floods!) with daffodils nearly in bloom. Then returned here to persistent snow and frequent subzero temps – no sign of daffodils! An old-time winter here! We’re doing a Stephen Ambrose 70th anniversary D-Day tour at the beginning of June – starts in London, to Normandy for the June 6 ceremonies, then on to Paris, Arnhem, Bastogne, and back from Frankfurt. We’ll be doing a family reunion at our second home on Lake Ontario again this summer and hope to spend more time there in July and August, so if any ’53ers are passing this way, give a call (315–682–6607) and come visit! E-mail me at drpep37@windstream.net.”

Hugh Clark writes: “Hello, from out here in the Pacific Northwest. You can see Russia from here. We are in a brave and adventurous town (Seattle). The world’s largest tunneling machine is bogged down by the waterfront, where it ran into a steel pipe the DOT forgot to tell it about. We strongly urge you to read Who Stole the American Dream by Hedrick Smith and find out how the bankers and Wall Street bought the govern-

ment. Washington Mutual was a big piece of my retirement plan. The president walked away with 100 million dollars when the bank went belly–up. I have nominated him for ambassador to... Syria. When not grousing, I have been fit enough to ski Whitefish Mountain, Mont., and Mt. Bachelor, Ore. In January, I took a long plane ride to Tierra del Fuego to fish for large sea run brown trout using a 13–foot, two–handed rod and spay casts. I stayed at Estancia Maria Behety. Suzi guides in the U. Washington arboretum and the Japanese garden, and has led an inventory of every plant, shrub, and tree in that garden. Fortunately, someone is organized in this family. If you come this way, be sure to give us a call.”

Nick Platt writes that, since 2011, he has been senior advisor to the Philadelphia Orchestra’s China Initiative. The Initiative is a five–year commitment to perform in the PRC, combining formal concerts with “residency activities,” including master classes, talent scouting, and community outreach. The Chinese have known the orchestra since Eugene Ormandy’s pioneer tour in 1973 (Nick helped with that, too) and have welcomed the new Initiative. Nick will accompany the new Philadelphia Orchestra conductor, Yannick Nezet-Sequin, on his PRC debut tour in late May.

Jim Van Alen submits this update: “Both Bonnie and I are still working. I do brokerage, which I find very stimulating. Hopefully it will delay the ravages of age we are all facing. I still can play golf and tennis with my three adult boys. Bonnie heads an organization that saves open space and has a farm and a bird conservation program. We are looking forward to taking our two 10–year–old
conviviality. Thanks to Steve McPherson, who made the necessary arrangements at The Links. Please put January 26, 2015, in your calendars for next year’s mini-reunion!

1956

Zachariah Allen III
zach.allen@paneurasian.com

Zach Allen reports: “Not a lot of news from the Form of 1956, which is, I suppose, a good thing. Harald Paumgarten is still skiing, although he complains his knees aren’t what they used to be, and that keeps him off the black diamond slopes. Rennie Atterbury seems busier than ever with various charitable activities. We were delighted to hear from Hunt Barclay that his painting ‘Sailing Home’ now hangs in the entrance lobby of the Lindsay Center for Mathematics and Science at SPS. The painting was donated to the School by a group of formmates with the hope that students would be encouraged to consider the arts as a valid vocation in life. John Schley continues to amaze. We got a chance to see the new equestrian center on his farm in Whitehouse, N.J. In addition to a magnificent indoor riding venue, the viewing room and other ancillary facilities are well designed and appointed. I hope others, feeling neglected for lack of mention here, will feel free to complain. Stay in touch!”

This from Chris Cooley: “Did many, if any, of us ever see Sandy ‘Waxy’ Gordon after we left School? He lived long enough to see at least one great-grandchild, before dying two or three years ago. A year or so ago, Harald Paumgarten and I called on his wife, Lucretia, his daughter, and granddaughter, who now live in southern New Hampshire.”

Brad Terry sends this update: “I withdrew from SPS in the spring term of Fourth Form. I should have graduated in 1956, but went into jazz instead of academia. I have been playing this wonderful American music ever since my neighbor, Benny Goodman, convinced my mother to buy me a clarinet when I was 14. My greatest SPS memory is of Doc Lefebvre, who left an indelible impression on me and my pursuit of music. I have been lucky enough to have known, been challenged by, and played and recorded with some of the world’s greatest jazz players. Now, at 76, I’m being challenged again by brilliant musicians in my Unlikely Trio, comprising a guitar and two clarinets. We play a variety of standard jazz tunes and spontaneously create musical conversations that take us to surprising and unlikely places. My Unlikely Trio plays a weekly Thursday night engagement at the 91 South Restaurant and Wine Bar at the Pinecrest Inn (www.pinecrestmaine.com) in Gorham, Maine. The intimate room is ideal for acoustic music, and the restaurant offers Maine’s finest casual dining. Any SPS locals, come by and listen for a while.”

1957

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

Sandy Holloway looked up Karen Burt Walter (widow of John Burt) in Colorado Springs, who has stayed in touch with Lucky and Bob Riker through the years. Sandy reports the Jackson Wyo., mini-reunion has attracted over 40 folks for some great fall times. Next installment: September 4–8, 2014. Any latecomers may contact me about joining (sandy.holloway@yahoo.com).

David Hunt recently appeared at Maine’s Former Intelligence Officers Association to share some CIA experiences (mostly favorable), from over 32 years.
on display. Part of the good news about this area of Thailand was the obvious prosperity, and the fact that the country’s general water shortage has not yet hampered silk production. If you want to visit that or other areas of our country, let me know. I love to travel and would be happy to introduce you to rural parts of our land that have never been included in the Land of Smiles that most people think of as Thailand. Keep well. Hope to see some of you soon.”

Jay Hatch reports he survived a wonderful 20-day canoeing trip last June for 320 miles on the Noatak River in Alaska, north of the Arctic Circle. The trip was organized by his cousins as a repeat of one they took 30 years ago and carried out in three collapsible canoes. The all-male party included three geezers and three recent college graduates. Not much luck fishing but great vegetarian meals cooked on driftwood, most of the expected wildlife, including lots of musk oxen, requisite mosquitoes, decent weather, and very interesting ecology and views.

1958
Philip B. Bradley
brad0260@umn.edu

Brian McCauley reports: “I happily remain on my isolated farm in NE Thailand, far from Bangkok’s messy protesters. Fortunately, the vast majority of the many-colored-shirt-wearing political complainers of BKK (Bangkok) are now largely confined to the city’s vast Lumpini Park – appropriately chock full of giant lizards – not at all particularly different from the protesters as they talk politics and do their best to destroy the best parts of this country. The future here is at best murky, as the ‘pols’ blithely stir the political pot, and the economic dilemmas and spectacular corruption scandals facing the country remain as daunting and unsolved as they have ever been in recent memory. Fortunately, many parts of the Thai landscape remain, at least on the surface, unchanged. Within the past two weeks I spent five days on my road bike in one of those areas, visiting one of the few silk-producing villages still in the country. I was astounded by the unending variety and beauty of the many fabric samples and beautiful hand-made clothing even into my seventies.”

Mike Garfield says he had a grandchild graduate from college, which reminded him of why he missed our fifth reunion due to being otherwise occupied between taking a law school exam and checking on his wife, MC, in labor at the hospital. Mike continued work with banking and charitable trusts in Fall River. In the fall of 2013, he took a self-drive barge trip on the Canal du Midi in southwestern France, which nearly ended in their floating, in the middle of the night, out of control into the Mediterranean. He will fill us in at our reunion.”

1960
Dimitri Sevastopoulo
dimitrisev@nyr.com

Dimitri Sevastopoulo writes: “Hard to believe but our 55th is approaching: May 29–31, 2015. Friday night dinner will be at the School and on Saturday evening we shall dine at the Kimball–Jenkins Estate, where we celebrated our 50th. If members of the class are interested in organizing an off-campus event prior to the reunion, please forward your suggestions to Joe, Jack and me.”

1961
Malcolm Seymour Jr.
mike@hol.edu

Mike Seymour shares: “Lots to report this time from the Form of 1961. Harry Pillsbury retired from the practice of medicine last August and he and his wife moved to the Delaware shore near Lewes. They are still getting used to a different way of life and a new house. They can’t wait for spring to enjoy the beach life. All visitors welcome. Eric Herter, after a year of back and forth heart problems, just got a bunch of stents and is feeling so good he’s about to fly to Hawaii. Jim Hatch is finally retired and is recently engaged to be married to Kati Cafiero, a senior exec at Bell Labs, who moved from Florida to Lenox, Mass., a year ago. Way to go, Jim! Peter Pell and Bob Rounsvall played golf in early February at Gulfstream, Fla. Marshall Bartlett enjoyed a month on Gasparilla Island (Fla.) with sister Marge—ret (wife of Rick Wilmer) and is feeling better; recovering from a brain seizure. Two Bartlett sons, wives, and grandchildren will take over the vacation condo for two weeks. Tony Gilmore just
finished a busy year as a Rotary International District Governor for 60 Rotary clubs in Southern New Hampshire and Vermont. This post-governor’s year, Tony is leading a Rotary Global Grant to provide $780,000 worth of maternal and pediatric medical equipment for five rural clinics in Mongolia. Since then, he has been busy leading a small Rotary team to the Philippines and volunteering for these mission projects: five times to Honduras, three to Haiti and one to the Dominican Republic and spending the three years to prepare for the year as a district governor. He says hello to all. **Binny Clark** reports that Gampo Abbey, a monastery on the northern tip of Cape Breton, has put up a 30-year retrospective slideshow made by Canadian Film Board Director Kent Martin. Some of his music is used on the soundtrack and can be heard on YouTube (search: Celebrating 30 years of Life and Friendship at Gampo Abbey). The music is a traditional Irish fiddle tune, ‘Slane.’ Binny re-worked the words of a 7th-century Celtic ‘breastplate’ hymn to come up with the lyric. The monks and nuns sing a four-part arrangement of his

**1984 Specialized road bike.**

190,000 miles on Mr. Blue, his 1984 Specialized road bike.

The monks and nuns sing a four-part arrangement of his.

100,000 miles in 47 years, about four-part arrangement of his

The monks and nuns sing a hymn to come up with the lyric.

7th-century Celtic ‘breastplate’ Binny re-worked the words of a traditional Irish fiddle tune, ‘Slane.’

Abbey). The music is a traditional Irish fiddle tune, ‘Slane.’ Binny re-worked the words of a 7th-century Celtic ‘breastplate’ hymn to come up with the lyric. The monks and nuns sing a four-part arrangement of his.
Lawrenceville in the Lives Saving Lives Club put their all into it from planning, to cooking, to serving, to getting closer over a cause that they believe in supporting. Nancy and I just finished building a home in Lake Placid, and for my 70th birthday she secretly invited the whole family up to the house to ski, shovel, snowshoe, shovel, skate, shovel, and celebrate with a dinner at the famous Cascade Inn Restaurant and Bar, a place where conversation is dominant because the TVs are 13 inches wide and were manufactured in the 1950s! I love that place. My son, Christopher, is working at a job that I frankly do not understand in NYC (but Makepeace would), and my daughter, Jackie, who just finished three years with Elsevier, a publisher in the science field, would love to put her art history degrees to use. My daughter, Halley, is a junior at Middlebury, currently on a semester abroad in Taipei. My daughter, Banks (Princeton 1996), lives in Ventura, Calif., with her pediatrician husband and her daughter and twin sons. Son Will (Princeton 2000), who is a screenwriter in Los Angeles, is married and has a daughter and a son on the way. Son Jamie (Middlebury 2007) lives in San Francisco, where he works for OPower, an interesting energy management company. I am practicing law in Carmel, and retired some time ago as a Lieutenant Colonel from the Air Force Reserves following an active duty and reserve military career as a helicopter pilot, which spanned the Marine Corps (Vietnam 1970–71), the California Air National Guard, and the Air Force Reserves. In recent years I’ve had the pleasure of seeing Rick Sperry for cocktails in Pebble Beach and spending an afternoon on the golf course with Mike Lanahan, both of whom were roommates at SPS. Some of you may remember Ken Schley ’61, a Sixth Former when we were in the Third Form. Ken and I got to know each other shortly after I moved to the Monterey Peninsula in the early eighties, and he has been a very close friend ever since.

In memoriam

Livy Miller

Richard Johnson (Seattle).

Ted Lichty (on St. John’s) and Ted Grantier, the in memoriam committee, and Fred Dillen, our books and authors committee. Fred is one of many SPS ’64 authors including Alex Shoumatoff, Chris Tilghman, Ted Morgan, Shep Paine, Jim Schutze, Ned Downey, Roland Betts, Rick Ebbeson, and Bronson Platner. All are available on Amazon. In other news: Tony Asvaintra has been living in Hong Kong and is now retired from the investment community, actively playing golf and pursuing his hobby of car collecting. His son, Dino ’88, graduated from SPS, as have the children of numerous other formmates. Rob Claflin says that the new house he has been building in Concord off Pleasant Street for the past five years will be 90% ready for our Sunday 50th reunion brunch.

John Staples reports that "Sarah and I just celebrated our first (yes...first!) anniversary, and are settling into our new home in Carmel. She has a daughter, Halley, who is a junior at Middlebury, currently on a semester abroad in Taipei. My daughter, Banks (Princeton 1996), lives in Ventura, Calif., with her pediatrician husband and her daughter and twin sons. Son Will (Princeton 2000), who is a screenwriter in Los Angeles, is married and has a daughter and a son on the way. Son Jamie (Middlebury 2007) lives in San Francisco, where he works for OPower, an interesting energy management company. I am practicing law in Carmel, and retired some time ago as a Lieutenant Colonel from the Air Force Reserves following an active duty and reserve military career as a helicopter pilot, which spanned the Marine Corps (Vietnam 1970–71), the California Air National Guard, and the Air Force Reserves. In recent years I’ve had the pleasure of seeing Rick Sperry for cocktails in Pebble Beach and spending an afternoon on the golf course with Mike Lanahan, both of whom were roommates at SPS. Some of you may remember Ken Schley ’61, a Sixth Former when we were in the Third Form. Ken and I got to know each other shortly after I moved to the Monterey Peninsula in the early eighties, and he has been a very close friend ever since.

Fred Dillen submits this: My new novel, Beauty, launched in March. Some nice early notices, short, reads fast, no difficult vocabulary, available at bookstores or Amazon for Kindle and iPad, and so on. (See a review of Beauty in this issue of Alumni Horae.)

Rick Sperry concludes with “Many formmates we have not heard from for many years have sent in their bios to our 50th reunion web site at 50threunion.sps.edu. We’re delighted to hear from Jamie Niven at Sotheby’s, Jim Chubb in Aspen, Ned Downey in Hawaii, Bill Gordon in Alaska, Bob Grantier in Toronto, Coby Everdell in San Francisco…and many others.”

1964

Richard S. Sperry

overcable@aol.com

www.sps.edu/1964

Form Director Rick Sperry gives us this reunion update: “As of this writing, over 45 formmates (85 with spouses) have signed up for our SPS ’64 50th Reunion, which kicks off May 28 at the Woodstock Inn in Woodstock, Vt., and continues to Concord. Major planned activities are a Friday walking tour conducted by Ellerbe Cole ’62, a lecture on SPS history by former faculty member Berkeley Latimer, Friday dinner at the Upper, Saturday 50th reunion crew, form dinner at the Kimball–Jenkins Estate, and a departure Sunday brunch at the new home near SPS of Kyri and Rob Claflin. SPS Form Agent Tony Parker and the 50th planning committee have been putting the pieces together, including a first–ever SPS 50th reunion website, with bios of now over 50 formmates…all by our talented website team of Rob Claflin, SPS Form Agent. Nancy and I just support those less fortunate than ourselves, Jim oversees the work Colorado University students do in helping low income individu-
als file their taxes. He is also a volunteer naturalist, taking under-privileged kids on hikes in the mountains. The Watkins have two grown daughters, one living in Minnesota, the other in England and as a result they travel a lot. Having had a good time at our 45th, Jim hopes to bring Pat to our 50th reunion and may make a week of it seeing friends back East, where Jim grew up. We all remember that Jim Looby had an astoundingly sharp mind, especially as to matters of strategy and statistics. One of the ways in which Jim continues to demonstrate his exceptional talents is at the game of bridge. He is a platinum life master, with more than 15,000 master points, which means that he is one of the top bridge players in the world. Much better to have him as a partner than as an opponent. Jim now lives in Las Vegas and travels extensively to play in tournaments.

1969

Thomas J. Iglehart
tom@iglehart.net
www.sps.edu/1969

Form Director Tom Iglehart submits this update: “Following his ninth consecutive term in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, Chris Ross has announced that he will retire from that office to pursue his many other interests, including writing and research. Chris launched his career in public service shortly after his graduation from Harvard in 1974, beginning with work supporting the successful campaigns of the late U.S. Sen. John Heinz (1976) and former Gov. Dick Thornburgh (1978). Before his first election to the Legislature in 1996, Chris was owner of Rox Industries Inc. In his first term, Chris sponsored legislation that established the Self-Employment Assistance Act. Since then he has led the way on numerous legislative initiatives, such as the Alternative Energy Act (which mandates that 18 percent of energy sold by electric energy suppliers in Pennsylvania be from alternative energy sources such as wind power, solar power, and cogeneration), and many bills in support of the preservation of open spaces and creation of land trusts, more effective medical diagnostics, statewide electronics recycling, streamlining of government regulations and operations, and farmland preservation and conservation easements. During this time he has also served as chairman and member of numerous committees, ranging from the House Commerce Committee to the Council of State Governments Eastern Regional Conference Executive Committee. In 2002, the political website PoliticsPA named Chris to the list of ‘Smartest Legislators.’ He and his wife, Cecilia, also welcomed their first grandchild into the world two years ago. In contemplating his retirement from office, Chris had this message to formmates: ‘I didn’t really appreciate at the time how lucky we were to have Richard Nixon, Eugene McCarthy, and George Romney all speak to us in person in 1968. It was also an eye-opener as a former member of the John Winant Society to read Citizens of London and learn about Winant’s incredible service. The last 25 years in local and state elective office have been interesting and fun (mostly), but after having my name on the ballot 26 times in the last 25 years (counting primaries and general elections), I am ready to move on to the next chapter.’

1972

John Henry Low
jhl@knick.com

John Henry Low files this form report: “Our on-going theme of small get-togethers by two formmates (or more) continues. This quarter’s Form of 1972 highly coveted Most Gracious Hospitality Award goes once again to…Henry Laughlin and his charming wife, Linda.” Henry reports, “It has been a good but different winter for me, given that I broke my ankle January 15, but on March 21 I have been given clearance to go spring skiing. Do look us up if your travels bring you to Steamboat; there’s always a warm bed, good food, and plenty to do.”

Emilio (Lin) Giralt tells us, “I am teaching part time at Rice University’s MBA program and put on an academic gown again after 30+ years in civvies! The hood hides the gray hairs! Otherwise still consulting. Have not seen any formmates around Houston lately, so have to keep up vicariously. Best to all and I look forward to the next reunion! Would love to connect were any formmates to arrive in the Republic of Texas.”

Larry (LT) Woody had a busy winter and shared two great items: First, a photo and YouTube link (youtu.be/HYg0W6fuZu0) of a performance of his original songs at The Meetinghouse in Philadelphia on February 20, 2014. Since you can’t click on this page, an electronic link will also be posted to our form’s Yahoo Group. Second was a photo at the March 21, 2014, Philadelphia screening of the acclaimed documentary by Maria Agui Carter ‘81, Rebel: Loretta Velazquez, American...
Civil War Soldier and Spy. According to our renowned film critic Larry, this is “a sharp, honest, beautifully shot piece of film making.”

Jeffrey Keith reports “I did get a studio visit – too brief – from Charlie Marburg ’73 a month or so ago. He is painting diligently, as we artists must, and was very kind with his words about my work. (This is why I say his visit was too brief.)” Jeffrey also sent in a photo of his recent work “More Sail!” a whimsical “cartoon” (on mylar) that shows how he plans to win the Quissett Yacht Club Regatta this August.

David Holt, editor of OptiMYz, Canada’s leading health and fitness magazine, enlisted yours truly and my wife, Constanza, to submit a column about this year’s Red Bull Crashed Ice Finals in Old Quebec in March. Hopefully you can look for our piece in a future issue of OptiMYz. As this sport is getting increasingly popular, and in the interest of keeping SPS on the cutting edge, I have nominated SPS hockey players Eric Carlson and Form Agent Mike Sweeney as competitors for Crashed Ice 2015. Your SPS hockey skills (and hockey pads) will come in handy navigating the breathtaking (OK, treacherous) downhill ice-skating course that is 400 meters long with 40 meters of vertical drop. Tryouts and qualifiers begin in November 2014. Good luck. Please continue to send in news of your reaching the milestone, particularly when you include a formmate or two in the celebration. And check out some of the links and photos in our form’s Yahoo and LinkedIn Groups.”

1976

Donald A. Keyser
dakeyser@fiduciary-trust.com

Victoria Wilson-Charles sends news from the Pacific Northwest: “We have a new winemaker this year and are anticipating his first vintage with us, including a late-harvest Chardonnay, which could be a once-in-a-lifetime experience from our Oregon hillside. Tanaya, our oldest, loves Car-
leton. **Makai ’12** is immersing herself in Reed and an architectural project. **Glyn ’17** is surviving Third Form at SPS.”

### 1978

**Arthur W. Bingham IV**

abingham@boxwoodadv.com

Nora Tracy Phillips took advantage of Lita Remsen’s willingness to drive almost anywhere for anything when Lita came to Boston from her home in Ithaca, N.Y., to attend a weekend yoga workshop with Joan Mackay-Smith Dalton. Neither able nor willing to bend herself like a pretzel as Lita and Joan can, Nora opted instead to join them for dinner and talk well into the night, for a good time by all.

### 1979

**David A. Stevenson**

dastevenson@hotmail.com

www.sps.edu/1979

Dave Stevenson, on Army National Guard duty, sent this January news from Kosovo: “I arrived a week ago; it’s a pretty sprawling base – no trees, windswept. This base provides helicopter support for all of NATO forces in Kosovo, which turns out to be a pretty small country. I am going on my first flight tomorrow. The plan is to stop at NATO HQ in Pristina and take a VIP on an aerial tour of the country, which will get me a good overview, too. I understand you can fly from one end of the country to the other in about 20 minutes. This is truly a multinational base – the largest non-American contingent is Polish, but there are a lot of Ukrainians, too. I met the Swiss helicopter contingent yesterday, and I have also met a Polish doctor and a public affairs detachment from Germany. The clinical pace is not intensive by any stretch, but there have been accidents out in the country-side among NATO forces that have required MEDEVAC and coordination. In the ‘clinic’ I do sick call for the aviators and perform their normal periodic physicals. I also take care of the air traffic controllers and any ‘drone’ pilots. This is obviously a huge departure from my civilian practice, but it is phenomenally interesting. It is special to feel part of a bigger peacekeeping process. The base is staffed with local nationals, and the appreciation they express for our presence is clear. I have spoken with several in-depth about their country, recent war history, and families, and while they have a ways to go towards economic success, it is remarkable how far they have come. It will be neat to experience their Independence Day later this month!”

**Rick Hayes** sends this family news: “My daughter, Sabrina, was diagnosed with epilepsy in 2009. The cause is unknown; there is no family medical history, so the origin is classified as ‘idiopathic.’ She is determined to lead a normal life and advocate for herself and others who suffer from epilepsy. She was chosen as the Epilepsy Foundation’s teen representative for Northern California and traveled with a delegation to Washington, D.C., for the Teens Speak Up! event hosted annually by the EF. The event is a very big deal in the epilepsy community and the most important national event for the Epilepsy Foundation, where teens, parents, and EF staff met with Senate and House representatives to talk about epilepsy and to ask for federal government support of research and awareness programs funding (NIH, CDC) and policy initiatives recommended by the Foundation as well as completed the three-mile National Walk for Epilepsy. The teen representatives will spend the next year performing important advocacy work in their communities. Very proud of her! The Epilepsy Foundation of Northern California will publish a story about her in its next newsletter. An EF New England delegation attended...”
1980

Jane Hunnewell Kaplan
Jennie_hunnewell@yahoo.com

Patrick Dober brings us up to date: “Time for an update after 35 years! I live in Newton, Mass., with my wife, Mary Ann Hill, and three children. Hannah is a sophomore at NYU’s Tisch School for the Performing Arts. She played Dorothy last summer in the Nantucket Theater Workshop’s production of The Wizard of Oz. Kevin is a senior in high school, captain of the hockey and football teams, and currently deciding on his college destination. Michael is a freshman in high school. Mary Ann is a communications consultant, mostly for women’s colleges, following a 10-year stint directing public affairs at Wellesley College. I continue my career in affordable housing. After working as a congressional aide for Rep. Barney Frank and in public finance, I am currently director of the Brookline (Mass.) Housing Authority. My father, Richard Dober, passed away in January 2014. He was internationally known as the ‘dean’ of college campus planning. He helped design campuses at many leading schools and authored 10 books in the field.”

1982

Patricia L. Patterson
trisha.patterson@foxnews.com

Chuck Doucette announces family news: “After almost two years of waiting in the adoption pool, we are very happy to welcome a new addition to our family, Lucas Scott Doucette! He was born on January 19.”

Katherine King Baccile sends this news: “Time is flying by. Our oldest son, Nicholas, graduates from Cornell University in May 2014 and then goes to work in NYC. Our other children, Zander (20), Cornell ’16, Caroline (17), and James (15) are all busy in school and with upcoming summer jobs and sports. We still live in Connecticut and are keeping busy.”

1984

Maja Paumgarten-Parker
majapaumgarten@gmail.com

Sarah Bernstein Jones
sarahbjones13@gmail.com

Henry Lien submits this news: “My first piece of published fiction, Pearl Rehabilitative Colony for Ungrateful Daughters (Asimov’s, Dec. 2013 cover), has just been nominated for the Nebula Award. The novelette is an Asian martial arts fantasy about a vicious rivalry between two dueling teenage divas at an academy devoted to an art form that merges figure skating with kung fu. It was inspired by my experiences at St. Paul’s. A link to the story is available at www.henrylien.com.”

1986

Priscilla J. Forney
pjforney@comcast.net

Chuck Fedolfi sends this: “I finally have some news. After two years at Bowdoin, I became the director of annual giving at my alma mater, Wesleyan University. It was tough leaving Maine, with its easy access to lobster and canvas bags. Christina, Giancarlo (8), Greta (6), and I have settled in West Hartford, Conn., and are enjoying our easy access to insurance products and nutmeg.”

1987

Mona Mennen Gibson
monagibson5@gmail.com

Bill Morrison writes: “Being back in the Northeast is awesome. In particular, seeing the Big Dig result(s) is amazing!”

1988

Sarah Bernstein Jones
sarahbjones13@gmail.com

Henry Lien submits this news: “My first piece of published fiction, Pearl Rehabilitative Colony for Ungrateful Daughters (Asimov’s, Dec. 2013 cover), has just been nominated for the Nebula Award. The novelette is an Asian martial arts fantasy about a vicious rivalry between two dueling teenage divas at an academy devoted to an art form that merges figure skating with kung fu. It was inspired by my experiences at St. Paul’s. A link to the story is available at www.henrylien.com.”

1989

Marshall Neilson
marshall.neilson@gmail.com

Josh Crosby sends this news: “I am back in New England! I made a big move back to my hometown of Manchester, Mass., from L.A. Reconnecting with Fred Winthrop and John Harden, who both live nearby. Loving the seasons and the excitement weather brings. It reminds me of SPS days.”

1993

Page Sarginson
pagesarginson@gmail.com

Josh Crosby sends this news: “I am back in New England! I made a big move back to my hometown of Manchester, Mass., from L.A. Reconnecting with Fred Winthrop and John Harden, who both live nearby. Loving the seasons and the excitement weather brings. It reminds me of SPS days.”

1994

Tyler G. Grant
tggrant33@gmail.com

www.sps.edu/1994
Nick Van Amburg writes: “It grieves me to report that, at the time of writing, our dear friend Sarah Thompson is undergoing chemo for leukemia, which has returned, unwanted and unbidden, for a second time. She was scheduled for a bone marrow transplant in April, but there will be an ongoing fundraiser to offset some of the costs of battling this disease: www.gofundme.com/7o3ymw. You can follow her personal travails on her blog: www.nourishingpath.blogspot.com. We have joyous news from our friend Alessia Carega in Millville: ‘On February 20, we welcomed Teodora Ladd Smither into the world. We are all doing great, busy with newborn demands, but very happy. She is a joy, and a trooper about braving walks around Millville this freezing spring!’ Matt Kulas also celebrated a new arrival: ‘My wife, Kylie, and I were thrilled to welcome our son, Nathan David Richard Kulas, into the world at 8:43 a.m. on Valentine’s Day. His Apgar score was 8/9. Fatherhood is the best!’ And they were wise enough to make the most of their last moments of solitude with an epic trip: ‘In October, on our last trip as childless parents, we road-tripped from Nashville to New Orleans. Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana were my 47th, 48th, and 49th states visited. Only Alaska remains. The highlight was visiting a number of the scenes of the Civil Rights Movement in Alabama, including the 16th Street Baptist Church and the Birmingham Civil Rights Museum in Birmingham, Dr. King’s church (Dexter Street Baptist) and parsonage in Montgomery, and the Edmund Pettus Bridge in Selma.’ Globetrotter Geoff DeVito had this to say: ‘Spent the winter lecturing on a cruise ship in Antarctica and Patagonia and ran into a few wonderful SPS folks along the way. While in Chile and Argentina I confirmed my Spanish is still as sharp and capable as it was in Fifth Form. Matt Rudey and I are now more determined than ever to finish our cookbook in time for our 20–year.’ He also had the good fortune to encounter Walter Lippincott ’56 during his travels to Patagonia and Antarctica in January. Closer to home, Jenn Long has embraced a new career as an educator and writes: ‘After finishing my Ph.D. and then five years of research at Harvard, I have finally figured out what I want to be when I grow up! In September, I’m headed back to the classroom and the ISL, teaching biology and chemistry at Buckingham, Browne and Nichols in Cambridge, Mass.’ And down in NOLA, Keith Meade has been plenty busy in all departments. ‘We are loving living in New Orleans with our two children, Arthur (5) and Louise (3). The yoga studio is great and I’ve recently reworked my SPS sweatshirt (purchased in 1991) into my professional teaching attire. Seeing Alex Leigh ’96, and her family who live nearby has been a highlight. Looking forward to our 20th reunion!’”

Nick Van Amburg concludes with these thoughts: “Well, friends, It has been a hard winter here in New York, but one can’t help but feel that the end is near and the renewal of spring is just about here. As Paul Westerberg sang it, can’t hardly wait.”

Justin Handley sends this news from Puerto Rico: “After a hectic summer of touring on the festival circuit in the UK, my family moved this last October to Culebra, Puerto Rico, and are just establishing our roots here. We are trying to grow most of our own food and are still working on our music and Silvermouse. I shut down my online marketing agency of the last 14 years and have struck out on my own again as an independent consultant doing business automation consulting under the banner of The Freedom Model.”
### 1998

**Andrew Bleiman**  
ableiman@gmail.com

Form Director Andrew Bleiman would like to remind his form to send him notes for the *Horae*. If they don't, he'll just start spamming this section with ZooBorns photos.

**Jim Carlson** was accepted to Stanford Law School and Graduate School of Business and plans to pursue a J.D./M.B.A. beginning in the fall.

### 1999

**Lucy Stringer Rojansky**  
lucy.rojansky@gmail.com  
www.sps.edu/1999

Suzette deMarigny Kratovil, daughter of Werner ’00 and Suzette Kratovil ’00, was born November 19, 2013.

### 2001

**Story Parker Schildge** reports that she and her family are moving to Paris this summer. She and her husband will teach at the American School of Paris. Their two sons, Douglas and Andrew (ages 4 and 2), are very excited to climb the Eiffel Tower and find Madeline.

### 2002

**James S. C. Baehr**  
jammybaeh@gmail.com

**Jonathan ("JC") Pollard** recently opened his own law firm, the Pollard Law Group, P.C. His midtown Manhattan firm is a full-service firm, but its areas of expertise are commercial and residential real estate transactions, civil litigation (with an emphasis on divorce and contract disputes), and estate planning. In the near future, JC foresees merging his firm with that of his colleague, with whom he currently works very closely. JC can be reached by phone at 347-414-4832 or by e-mail at pollardlawgroup@yahoo.com.

### 2004

**James T. Isbell**  
jtisbell@gmail.com  
www.sps.edu/2004

**Madeleine Kramer** writes: “I am presently residing in London, getting a master’s of science in art, law, and business from the University of Glasgow and Christie’s.”

### 2009

**Syrie Bianco**  
syriebianco@gmail.com  
www.sps.edu/2009

Clare Sully Rose ’02 is now the proud mother of two boys, James (2 ½) and Christopher (9 months).
Katie Fleishman '02 married Jeff Blevins on August 10, 2013, in Leland, Mich. The pair met in 2010 at UC Berkeley, where they are both pursuing doctorates in English. In attendance were co-maids of honor Ashley Dunn '02 (née Miller) and Kendall Moore '02 (née Spradley), as well as Will Dunn '02, Charlotte MacAusland '02, and Luke Chappell '02.

Collins wedding photo, pictured (l. to r.): Geoff Devito '95, Nick Oates '03, Oakley Duryea '95, Lizzie Owens '02, Ethan Leidinger '98, Tathiana Monacella '03, Luke Borders '03, LeeLee Duryea '02, Toby McDougald '02, Livia Carega '02, Isa Widdowson '02, Lucy Chapin '02, David Foxley '02, Miller Resor '02, Seth Chapin '02, and Luke Chappell '02.

Russell Corey '02 married Brett Samaha on August 31, 2013, in Charlotte, N.C. Pictured (from l. to r.): Kimberly Shreve, Mike Shreve '02, Liz Groeger '02, Win Smith '02, Ashley Dunn '02, Chuck Culp '02, Will Dunn '02, Doug Weissinger '02, the bride and groom, Willie Evarts '02, W. Russell Corey '65, Alan Corey III '60, and James Ajello '01.

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Drew Collins '02 and bride Mary Forestier-Walker at their wedding in Paul Smiths, N.Y., last summer.

Camilio Velasquez '08 submitted this photo showing pelican pride!
DECEASED

The section was updated May 2, 2014. Please note that deaths are reported as we receive notice of them. Therefore, alumni dates of death are not always reported chronologically.

1933—John Inniss Howell
March 13, 2014

1936—John Osgood Morris
March 28, 2014

1936—Efrem Zimbalist Jr.
May 2, 2014

1937—Anthony Drexel Duke
April 30, 2014

1941—Harmin Visscher Wood
March 4, 2014

1941—Brian Farrant Groom
April 30, 2014

1943—George Torrence Overholt Jr.
April 25, 2014

1943—Stephen Markham Stackpole
January 31, 2014

1945—William Prisley French
March 2, 2011

1946—George Ortiz
October 8, 2013

1946—Philip Van Rensselaer
2013

1949—Nicholas Sellers
February 8, 2014

1950—Garrett Allen Hults
March 5, 2014

1950—James Craven Manny
February 26, 2014

1951—George Leonhard Caldwell
March 3, 2014

1952—John Crocker Howe
August 9, 2012

1952—Pendleton Stevens
April 27, 2014

1953—Harmin Visscher Wood
March 4, 2014

1955—Arturo Roberto Quevado
March 8, 2014

Former Faculty
Josiah Hayden Drummond Jr.
March 20, 2014

Cornelius Anderson Silber
August 19, 2013

Lucinda P. Ewing
April 9, 2014

William S. Warren Jr.
April 14, 2014

Former Staff
Gladys Grace Phelps
February 10, 2014

Rita M. Brouillard
April 17, 2014

Ruth E. (Graham) Pahl
April 18, 2014

1933
Corning Chisholm

1936
John Osgood Morris

 instructor emeritus of German and English at Deerfield Academy, died December 12, 2013. He was 99 and a resident of Oberlin, Ohio. Born July 18, 1914, in Cleveland, he was the youngest son of Adele Corning and Alvah Stone Chisholm. He followed his brother, William Chisholm, and his first cousin, Warren H. Corning, both of the Form of 1920, to Millville.

Mr. Chisholm went on to Yale University, graduating with the Class of 1937. He served with the U.S. Navy during WWII before embarking on a long teaching career. Mr. Chisholm first worked at Trinity College in Connecticut and, after earning his Ph.D. from Yale, moved on to Williams College in Massachusetts, then to nearby Deerfield Academy, where he taught French, German, and English.

Upon his retirement, Mr. Chisholm returned to Cleveland, where he was involved in many volunteer activities, including service on the vestry at Trinity Cathedral and the Overseers Board at Case Western Reserve University. He was a member of the board of the Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival and a member of the Tavern Club. He later moved to Oberlin, where he served as president of the Kendal Retirement Community. Mr. Chisholm was a lifelong supporter of SPS and a member of the John Hargate Society.

Mr. Chisholm is survived by his nieces, Adele Eells Pierce and Kate Halle Briggs; nieces—in–law Jane Williams Chisholm and Cynthia White Halle; and 24 great–nephews and nieces, for whom he served as a beloved uncle, including Homer D. Chisholm ’73, Alvah S. Chisholm II ’76, and Reid H. Chisholm ’09. Mr. Chisholm was predeceased by his uncles, Leslie S. Corning of the Form of 1886 and Henry W. Corning of the Form of 1887.

Mr. Morris was born in New York City to the late Katherine (Grinnell) and Ray Morris. He attended the Arizona Desert School before coming to St. Paul’s as a Second Former in 1931. He enjoyed a post–graduate year at Phillips Andover Academy before earning his B.A. from Yale.

Mr. Morris served as a Lieutenant Com– mander in the U.S. Navy in the South Pacific during World War II and later earned his law degree from the University of Virginia. He was admitted to the Bar in Connecticut and New York. He married Bernadine (Day) Morris in 1947 and they had three children.

Mr. Morris worked as an attorney with Aetna in Hartford. But, frustrated with legalese, he transitioned to a career as a plain language consultant with the federal government and wrote a book, Make Yourself Clear (McGraw Hill, 1972), on clear communication in business.

An original founder and director of Stratton Mountain in Vermont, Mr. Morris shared his love of skiing with his family. He married his second wife, Mary “Mollie” (Newton) Morris, in 1978 and in 1990 the couple moved to the Duncaster Retirement Community in Bloomfield, Conn.

An idealist, Mr. Morris was constantly pushing for social change. He was a firm and active Democrat, who remained engaged in current political issues until his death. He truly believed in his country and in the democratic process, but he knew we could do better. In the words of his dear friend, Peter Libassi, “John so enjoyed making a difference.”
Mr. Morris was pleased to learn that in 1939, public service had been integrated into the curriculum at St. Paul’s, believing young people should have a healthy interest in the world around them. In a letter to Rector Norman Nash, he suggested improvements in other areas of the School, but fondly remembered “rowing, Sunday evening Chapel, and afternoon tea with masters (a wonderful custom).”

Mr. Morris is survived by his son, Bob Morris; his daughters Deene (Bernardine) Morris and Kate Fennell; his stepson, Craig Pratt; and two grandchildren, Devin Pratt and Liana Pratt.

1939
Henry Raymond Hilliard Jr.

of Cumberland Foreside, Maine, died peacefully, surrounded by his family, on February 1, 2014. He was 92.

Born May 24, 1921, he was the son of Henry Raymond Hilliard of the Form of 1910 and Elizabeth Levering of Pittsburgh, Pa. Mr. Hilliard attended Shady Side Academy in Pittsburgh before leaving home at age 12 for the Third Form at St. Paul’s School. He was the oldest of three brothers to attend the School, following his father and his uncle, Thomas J. Hilliard of the Form of 1913, to St. Paul’s.

When he was 13, Mr. Hilliard lost his father to a sudden illness. Many years later, he remarked that his six years at SPS gave him the guidance and mentorship he sought to fill his father’s shoes. In honor of the elder Hilliard, the family bequeathed to St. Paul’s the Hilliard Cup in 1938, which is still presented to the captain of the winning crew at the Flaggpole Ceremony over Anniversary Weekend.

Mr. Hilliard played football and hockey for Delphian and rowed for Halcyon. He was a member of the Concordian Literary Society, der Deutsche Verein, and the Missionary Society. He was also a member of the Acolyte Guild and a supervisor in his house. He fostered a lifelong relationship with the School and with many of his teachers and formmates. In a 2013 note to St. Paul’s, Mr. Hilliard wrote, “As time marches on, I am ever more grateful for the educational, social, and environmental experiences that I still remember from my years at SPS.” The St. Paul’s School Hymn and School Prayer were included in his memorial service.

Mr. Hilliard attended Princeton University, enrolling in an accelerated program to graduate early (1943) in order to join the war effort. He served in the 649th Company of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers from 1943 to 1945, where he was responsible for analysis of aerial photographs and the production of maps to guide troops in Europe. After the war, Mr. Hilliard returned to the United States and traveled to New York City. There, he landed a job at Time magazine, where he met his future wife, Anne Fitzhugh Rose, of New Haven, Conn., a researcher in the editorial department. They were married in December 1946 and moved shortly thereafter to his hometown of Pittsburgh.

In 1953, after several years as a trust officer at the Mellon Bank in Pittsburgh, Mr. Hilliard struck out with his young wife and growing family for the coast of Maine, following his love of the ocean. There, he entered into a partnership with Harry Parker at the South Freeport Yacht Basin and worked for the First National Bank of Commerce in Portland. Later, Mr. Hilliard bought the Tucker Printing Company in Portland and served as the president of the Portland Museum of Art.

The couple winterized a summer home on Prince’s Point in Yarmouth. There they moored their first boat, Windward, the name Mr. Hilliard gave all his boats. He began to take his family on frequent ski trips to Sugarloaf, back in the days when the only lift was a rope tow.

In 1962, the family moved to Concord, Mass., and Mr. Hilliard became assistant to President Asa Knowles of Northeastern University and, later, director of personnel. Upon President Knowles’s retirement, Mr. Hilliard took the position of director of human resources with Dynamics Research Corporation in Wilmington, Mass. He joined the Cambridge Boat Club to take up rowing again, a sport he had learned at St. Paul’s and continued at Princeton. He raced for many years in the masters division at the Head of the Charles Regatta.

In 1986, Mr. Hilliard retired from Dynamics. He and Anne returned to Maine and settled again on Casco Bay near old friends, where they built a modern home on Cumberland Foreside, within rowing distance of their former home. Mr. Hilliard volunteered as a driver for the Independent Transportation Network and for the Ocean View retirement community, where he made many new friendships with residents while transporting them to appointments.

He also mentored middle school children in personal finance, taught ESL to immigrants in Portland, and served on the vestry at St. Mary’s Church in Falmouth, Maine.

Mr. Hilliard rejoined the Portland Yacht Club and was honored to be invited to join the Fraternity Club, a small men’s group. He also enjoyed lunching with the ROMEOs (Retired Old Men Eating Out). He took great pleasure in sailing, completing a long-sought goal to cruise from the St. Lawrence Seaway down the Eastern Seaboard and through the Intercoastal Waterway, across the Chesapeake Bay, and on to the Carolinas with family and friends aboard.

Mr. Hilliard leaves his wife of 67 years, Anne; his children, Melissa, Larkin, Henry III ’71, and Christina Lamkin and her husband, Mark; his grandson, Willem; and many nieces and nephews. He was predeceased by his brothers, George Webb Hilliard ’41 in 2011 and Richard Levering Hilliard ’47 in 2012.
1939
Samuel Clarendon Myer

a kind and gentle soul, died December 22, 2013, in Madison, Wis., surrounded by his family. He was 91.

Born December 28, 1921, in Oxnard, Calif., he was the son of Florence M. and Albert J. Myer of the Form of 1906. Mr. Myer spent his formative years in Santa Barbara, Calif., and Wiscasset, Maine. In the fall of 1936, he joined his older brother, Albert J. Myer Jr. of the Form of 1937, at St. Paul’s, where he excelled in the classroom. In addition, Mr. Myer enjoyed serving as manager to his club and the SPS ice hockey teams, an esteemed position among his peers. He was an Old Hundred and a Halcyon. Mr. Myer also participated in the Library Association, the Acolyte Guild, the Missionary Society, and the Dramatic Club.

He graduated with Princeton’s Class of 1943 before serving as a First Lieutenant paratrooper in the 101st Division of the U.S. Army during WWII. Shortly after his return, Mr. Myer married the love of his life, Josefa Whitman, whom he had met years earlier in Maine. He went on to earn his M.B.A. from New York University, and spent his career as a certified financial analyst and investment banker in New York City, San Francisco, Philadelphia, and Hamilton, Bermuda.

A California boy at heart, Mr. Myer returned with Josefa upon his retirement to his family farm in Ventura. In 2004, the two moved to Madison, Wis., to be closer to their family.

Mr. Myer is survived by his loving wife of 67 years, Josefa; his daughters and sons–in–law, Georgia Myer and Patrick Farmer, Ginny and Greg Kester, and Jody Myer and Tom Lynch; his four grandchildren, John Kester, Lane Kester, Sam Lynch, and Lydia Lynch; and his nephews, Albert Myer ’62 and Carl Myer.

1941
William Sheldon Malcom

former member of the SPS Alumni Association Executive Committee and great-nephew to Bessie Augusta Benham Sheldon and William C. Sheldon of the Form of 1878, for whom Sheldon Library was named in 1900, died January 19, 2014. He was 91.

Born in New York City on May 2, 1922, he was the son of Dorothy Dudley Kouses Malcom and George Ide Malcom of the Form of 1915. He spent his early years in Saranac Lake, N.Y. In 1935, Mr. Malcolm entered St. Paul’s as a Second Former. He was a member of the Library Association and captain Halcyon’s first boat.

During his third year at Harvard, Mr. Malcolm received his commission from the Naval ROTC and served in WWII on an attack transport carrier in the Mediterranean and Pacific. While on leave, he met Elinor Bliss of Chestnut Hill, Mass., and the two married in 1946. Upon his return from the war, he finished his studies at Harvard and settled with Elinor in Concord, Mass., spending summers on Cape Cod.

Mr. Malcom went on to a successful career in sales at Massachusetts Mohair Plush Company, Polaroid, and PM Industries and served as president of Fallu Paper Company. He later founded Bacher and Malcom Company as a manufacturer’s representative specializing in consumer packaging.

Mr. Malcom served his community in many capacities, including as treasurer of Trinity Episcopal Church in Concord, Mass. He was the director of Judge Baker Children’s Center, a Harvard Medical School affiliate committed to children’s mental health research, and a board member of the Manomet Center for Conservation Services. He also served as commodore of the Buzzards Yacht Club and president of the Concord (Mass.) Art Association. He was a devoted member of the SPS Alumni Association, serving on the Executive Committee and as a form director on several different occasions. He shepherded the Sheldon Scholarship Fund in support of financial aid at SPS.

Mr. Malcom loved sailing, bird watching, golfing, and woodcarving. In his later years, he discovered a passion and talent for painting. Most of all, he loved his family.

Mr. Malcolm is survived by his wife, Elinor; four sons, William, David, Stephen, and Richard; eight grandchildren; and four great–grandchildren. He was pre-deceased by his brothers, John W. Malcom ’48 and Charles H. Malcom ’40.

1942
Henry Hoffman Dolan Jr.

an ardent hunter, golfer, and ocean fisherman; a knowledgeable and skilled craftsman; a collector of antiques and early–American lighting; a practical joker; and an entertainer who loved to play the guitar, died of congestive heart failure on September 16, 2013. He was 90 years old and a resident of Bryn Mawr, Pa., and Vero Beach, Fla.

“Hoff,” the son of Henry Hoffman Dolan and Pauline Thayer Dolan, was raised in Haverford, Pa. He attended both the Haverford School in Pennsylvania and the Beasley School in Cooperstown, N.Y., before entering the Second Form at St. Paul’s School in 1937. He remained at the School until 1940. Mr. Dolan attended both the University of Virginia and the Wharton School of Finance.

Mr. Dolan served in the U.S. Marine Corps from 1942 to 1946 in Guam, China, and Guadalcanal, and at the Battle of Okinawa. After the war, he founded North American Brass and Aluminum Inc. in West Philadelphia, serving as its president and CEO for 34 years. From 1965 to 1999, Mr. Dolan served as a director of the South Chester Tube Company, playing a key role in the company’s governance during its growth into a global supplier to multiple industries.

Mr. Dolan married Kingsley Houghton in 1966 and the couple had four children.

He was a member of the Merion Cricket Club, Gulph Mills Golf Club and the Courts in Pennsylvania; and Riomar Country Club and Quail Valley River Club in Florida.

Mr. Dolan was preceded in death by his parents; his son, Henry Hoffman Dolan III; his sister, Peggy Miller; and his brother, Thayer Dolan. He is survived by his wife of 47 years; his four children, Andrew, Henry, Pauline, and Christine; his step–children, Andrew Dolan, Christine Dolan, Pauline Dolan, Marjorie Williamson, Kingsley Bryant, and Tracey Dolan; and seven grandchildren.
1945
Edwin Richards “Dick” Bigelow

a successful venture capitalist and adventurer, died peacefully on January 15, 2014, at his home in Denver, Colo. He was 86.

Born on April 6, 1927, he was the son of Alice Blum and Edwin Hicks Bigelow of New York City. Mr. Bigelow prepared for St. Paul’s at St. Bernard’s School on Manhattan’s Upper East Side. He entered SPS as a Second Former in the fall of 1940 and quickly became a dedicated student. He was a member of the Acolyte Guild, the Cadmean/Concordian Literary Society, the Missionary Society, and the Scientific Society. Mr. Bigelow enjoyed boxing, football, ice hockey, tennis, and track.

Mr. Bigelow attended Yale University, graduating with the Class of 1949 after serving as a radioman with the Navy Air Corps toward the end of WWII. In 1950, he married Melissa Weston and moved to Midland, Texas, to learn about the oil business. He served as a roughneck for a drilling company and as a landman for an independent exploration company. In 1952, Mr. Bigelow moved to Denver with a small independent oil company and soon after founded the exploration company Whittaker, Bigelow and Company. He later became a founding partner of Mountain States Securities and Bigelow Investment Company, which raised money in the East for ventures in the West.

Mr. Bigelow enjoyed being outdoors and living an active life through polo, golf, tennis, squash, skiing, upland game and waterfowl shooting, and freshwater and deep-sea fishing. He was a member of the Denver Country Club, University Club, Denver Athletic Club, Garden of the Gods Club, Vallejo Gun Club, Roundup Riders of the Rockies, Arapahoe Hunt Club, and Plum Creek Polo Club. He served as president of Club Limited, a nationwide hunting and fishing organization. In New York he was a member of Knickerbocker Greys, the Brook, the Racquet and Tennis Club, Piping Rock, and New York Yacht Club.

Mr. Bigelow was a proud SPS alumnus and served the School as a form agent, form director, and regional representative. He generously supported St. Paul’s as a member of the John Hargete Society.

His infectious laugh and gregarious spirit will be missed by all who knew him, particularly his daughter, Bettina Alice Bigelow, who was the light of his life. He was predeceased by Bettina’s mother, Joan Turnburke Bigelow.

1946
Torr Wagner Harmer Jr.

Mr. Harmer was born on May 14, 1928, in Boston, Mass., the son of Torr W. Harmer and Thirza (Hallett) Harmer. His father, an inventor and a prominent and pioneering hand surgeon at Massachusetts General Hospital, died when Mr. Harmer was just 12 years old. He attended Winchester High School in Massachusetts, but, a few years after his father’s death, Mr. Harmer’s mother thought her son was not getting enough out of his education, and was eager to have him apply to St. Paul’s for more structure and male camaraderie. He entered the Fourth Form at St. Paul’s School in 1943.

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Mr. Harmer was a decorated military veteran, of West Newbury, Mass., died of cancer on January 13, 2014, at the V.A. Medical Center in Manchester, N.H. He was 85.

Mr. Harmer served his country as a Lieutenant Colonel in the U.S. Air Force. During his 30-year military career, he saw combat in two wars and was decorated with the Legion of Merit, two Distinguished Flying Crosses, and numerous air medals.

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Mr. Harmer had many friends at the School, including Sidney Fox, his formmate and lifelong best friend. Small and wiry, he was an ardent athlete. He played football and hockey for Old Hundred. A left winger on the SPS hockey team, he often recalled the thrill of playing at Madison Square Garden for SPS and beating Deerfield, 6–1, on December 20, 1945. Mr. Harmer scored a goal and added two assists in the game. He also participated in track and rowed for Shattuck. Mr. Harmer was a member of the Missionary Society and the Library Association and served as an acolyte.

Having helped with the testing of some of his father’s medical inventions early on, Mr. Harmer developed a keen interest in medicine from a young age, and so it was with a “burning desire to be a doctor,” that he headed to Princeton after graduating St. Paul’s. There he majored in biology and belonged to Key and Seal, graduating with the Class of 1950.

After Princeton, Mr. Harmer planned to attend medical school in the fall of 1950, but the renewal of the draft prompted his consideration of becoming a pilot and, after being recruited and “catching the flying bug,” he enlisted in the Air Force as an aviation cadet. In January 1953, he went to Korea, where he flew F–80 Shooting Stars and F–86 Sabres with the 36th Fighter Bomber Squadron of the 8th Fighter Bomber Wing. Following Korea, he was an instructor pilot at Air Force Bases in Texas, Alabama, Cape Cod, and South Carolina.

In 1959, he married Elizabeth (Betty) Morrow of Chestnut Hill, Pa., and the couple had a daughter. He earned his M.B.A. from George Washington University in 1966. Mr. Harmer returned to action in 1967 as an F–4 Phantom fighter–bomber pilot in Da Nang, Vietnam. Next came Italy as a NATO staff officer and then service at Westover AFB in Massachusetts and at Loring AFB in Maine, where he served as chief of security, and, finally, deputy base commander at Loring.

After retirement as a Lieutenant Colonel in 1980, Mr. Harmer took up residence on a farm in northeastern Maine, where he was active in town government, the Episcopal Church and Rotary, and served as a district governor of Kiwanis. He was predeceased in 2008 by his wife, Betty. Mr. Harmer was diagnosed with leukemia in 2011, at which time he went to live with his daughter, Libby Millar, of West Newbury, Mass. She survives him.
Richard Derby Tucker Jr.

of Portland, Maine, died on November 6, 2013, at the age of 85.

He was born on June 10, 1928, to Richard D. Tucker and Mimi Brokaw Tucker. He was the grandson of Samuel Auchmuty Tucker, a chemical adviser to the War Industries Board in World War I and a prominent figure in education at Columbia University.

Mr. Tucker attended Green Vale School in New York before entering the Second Form at St. Paul’s School in 1941. He competed for Old Hundred and Shattuck, but he was most engaged in music, playing the organ and singing in the Choir. Mr. Tucker served as treasurer of Le Cercle Français and belonged to the Cadmean Literary Society.

Mr. Tucker went on to Harvard, graduating with the Class of 1950. His first job out of college was at the Paris branch of J.P. Morgan (Morgan et Cie). Deeply troubled by the situation in Korea, he returned to the U.S. and became a trainee in the CIA. He spent two years in Korea, then later served at stations in Laos, the Philippines, Uruguay, and Argentina.

He married R. Tiffany Bingham on November 8, 1955, and they had five sons. Mr. Tucker resigned from the CIA in 1966 after a bout with tuberculosis and moved with his family to the Florida Keys. There they built the Rainbow Bend Fishing Club, a popular resort located on Grassy Key. Its emphasis was on simplicity in its natural surroundings, fine wines, true Argentine food, dancing to a small in-house orchestra (which Mr. Tucker presided over at the piano), sailing, diving, and fishing.

In 1978, Mr. Tucker became a partner in the popular Key West restaurant The Affair. He sold his interest in 1979 and in his later years became, in his words, “a perpetual traveler.” From 1980 on, he lived and traveled to many foreign countries, including Morocco, Brazil, Portugal, Spain, France, and Italy. Beginning in 1990, he made regular treks in Nepal, with the remainder of his time divided between Europe and Central America.

In late 2006, Mr. Tucker moved to Maine to be near family, where he spent quality time with his intimate circle of friends, discussing favorite books, wines, and events of the day.

Mr. Tucker was known for his ability to remember details. He could describe exotic tastes from a dinner in Thailand or poems read several decades earlier on a stormy train to Paris. Perhaps one key to his sharpness was his utter curiosity. The local librarian had a separate shelf where she held books for him in specialty non-fiction genres – tales of female spies, biographies of geniuses, and slim volumes of Robert Parker’s annual wine recommendations. Mr. Tucker was also known as a good listener, who always had time for others.

Mr. Tucker is survived by his sister, Minnie Kent Biggs; his five sons, Richard III, Jeremy, Robin, Jonathan, and Alexander; and his four grandchildren, Elias, Westley, Caitlyn, and Ethan.

Henry Sulger “Harry” Jeanes III

a true naturalist, who followed his dream of becoming a farmer, died January 9, 2014, at his second home in Kittery, Maine, with his family by his side. He was 83 and a resident of Mercersburg, Pa.

The son of Grace Price Morgan and Henry S. Jeanes, Jr. Form of 1923, Mr. Jeanes was born January 21, 1931, in Philadelphia. He grew up in Devon, Pa., and prepared for St. Paul’s at the Haverford School in Pennsylvania and the Malcolm Gordon School in New York. At SPS, he was a member of the Debate Club, the Scientific Association, the Forestry Club, and the Missionary Society. He served as president of the Library Association. Though admittedly not an athlete, Mr. Jeanes rowed for Halcyon and played football and hockey with gusto for Isthmian.

Mr. Jeanes majored in geology at Princeton University and later attended the University of California at Davis to study agronomy. Prior to his studies at Davis, he served as an officer in the U.S. Navy, patrolling the Eastern seaboard during the Korean War.

He always had a passion for nature and followed his dream of becoming a farmer when he purchased a farm outside of Mercersburg, where he raised sheep in the valley called “Little Cove.”

Mr. Jeanes was a man of keen intellect and character, who loved words, books, rocks, stars, plants, and animals. He enjoyed his summers in Maine and chose to return there for his final months.

Mr. Jeanes is survived by his wife, Shirley A. Jeanes; their three children, Grace P. Jeanes and her wife, Leah Basbanes, Amity Jeanes, and Henry S. Jeanes IV and his wife, Ana; his granddaughters, Giulia and Sophia; his sister, Carol J. Hollingsworth (wife of Mark Hollingsworth ’38, mother of Mark Hollingsworth ’72 and Jane Hollingsworth Jacobson ’87, and grandmother of Sophie Hollingsworth ’08 and Isaac Hollingsworth ’12); his brother, Marshall Jeanes ’53; and many devoted nieces and nephews.

H. Warren Knight III

a retired Orange County, Calif., Superior Court judge, who in 1979 founded a private mediation and arbitration service in Santa Ana, died on November 15, 2012. He was 83 years old.

Judge Knight was born in Charleston, W. Va., on October 16, 1929. He entered St. Paul’s School in 1943 and spent two years at the School before transferring to Milton Academy in Milton, Mass. He went on to earn his undergraduate degree from the University of Virginia in 1952 and his law degree from UVA’s School of Law in 1955. That same year he enlisted in the Marine Corps and was stationed in California until his discharge in 1959. He worked in private practice with Portigal & Knight in Orange County for 12 years until his appointment to the Orange County Municipal Court.

Judge Knight’s distinguished judicial career also included six years of service with the Orange County Superior Court.
Judge Knight’s experience in the courtroom, where civil cases could take as long as five years to reach trial, inspired him to leave the security of a judgeship in 1979 and open a one-man mediation practice in Santa Ana, Calif. Judicial Arbitration and Mediation Services Inc. (JAMS) offered what was then an emerging concept called alternative dispute resolution (ADR). At that time, arbitration and mediation were rarely chosen voluntarily by attorneys, but Judge Knight believed he could convince his peers and their clients to embrace the pace of private resolution. From its small start, JAMS has grown to 26 offices in the U.S., London, and Toronto, with affiliates in Italy, the Netherlands, and Ireland, and is the world’s largest private ADR provider.

After his retirement in 1999, Judge Knight remained active on the ADR board. He was most proud of creating the JAMS Foundation, the largest provider of grants to nonprofits in the dispute resolution field, and the JAMS Society, through which JAMS associates have performed thousands of hours of pro bono work. In 2009, the JAMS Foundation established the Warren Knight Award.

Judge Knight lectured extensively on ADR in the United States and Europe, traveled to China with the “People to People” delegation, published numerous articles and books on the subject, and wrote arbitration rules and clauses for use by businesses, insurance companies, and private attorneys. He was the recipient of many awards, including the Lifetime Achievement Award from the American College of Civil Trial Mediators.

Judge Knight will be remembered by his friends and colleagues as a down-to-earth mentor who was incredibly generous with his time and a teacher who never missed an opportunity to learn something new himself. He possessed the ideal disposition for a mediator; a comfortable presence, superior listening skills, a sharply honed sense of justice, and an infectious sense of humor. His lifelong commitment to conflict resolution has inspired new generations of lawyers to view ADR as both essential and commonplace.

Judge Knight spent 10 years of his retirement in Sun Valley, Idaho, where he enjoyed fly fishing, hiking, and making new friends. He was passionate about travel and loved planning new adventures. More recently, he lived in California, where he worked on his family genealogy and completed a book for his children. He also became a mentor in the Newport/Mesa ProLiteracy Program at the Newport Beach Public Library, where he mentored two students.

Judge Knight is survived by his wife, Carolyn; five children; and eight grandchildren.

1948
Robert Milligan McLane

devoted husband, father, and friend, died January 18, 2014, in Locust Valley, N.Y., at the age of 83.

The youngest child of Edith Gibb Maxwell and Allan McLane of the Form of 1912, he was born on February 2, 1930, in New York City. He prepared for St. Paul’s at St. Bernard’s School on the Upper East Side of Manhattan. In addition to his father, Mr. McLane followed his grandfather, Allan McLane (Form of 1881), and his uncle, John L. McLane (Form of 1918), to Millville.

At SPS, he was a member of the Scientific Association, the Missionary Society, and the Glee Club. He wrote for the Pelican. He enjoyed football, hockey, and baseball, and was known around campus as “enthusiastic and friendly.”

Mr. McLane moved on to Yale University in the fall of 1948 and later served in the U.S. Navy for two years, before beginning his professional career with Marsh and McLennan Companies in New York City. Mr. McLane spent his entire career with Marsh and McLennan, an insurance brokerage firm, retiring as senior vice president in 1994.

Mr. McLane served on the boards of Charles Pratt & Co., the Good Hope Corporation, Greenpoint Savings Bank, Greenwood Cemetery, and the Piping Rock Club. He also served on the vestry of St. John’s of Lattingham, N.Y. He was an avid fisherman and enjoyed golf, racquet sports, and upland game hunting. He was a true family man and devoted friend.

Mr. McLane was predeceased by his wife of 54 years, Camilla Merritt McLane, and his brother, Allan McLane. He is survived by his children, Nina Burchfield and Robert M. McLane Jr.; his grandchildren, William, Camilla, and Jennifer Burchfield and Robert III, Allison, and Nicholas McLane; and his sister, Edith Gibb Edson.

1949
Nicholas Sellers

who built his life around public service, mixing a long career as a lawyer and judge with work in the military, in the classroom, and in national politics, died on February 8, 2014, at a retirement community outside of Philadelphia.

Mr. Sellers was born on May 23, 1932, to Lester Hoadley Sellers and Therese Tyler Sellers of Philadelphia. Although he enjoyed his time at St. Paul’s, he spent most of his life in his home city, attending the Haverford School and, later, the University of Pennsylvania, where he earned his undergraduate degree and two law degrees.

As a student at St. Paul’s, Mr. Sellers was “a good citizen...and boy who could be trusted at all times,” according to a letter written by one of his teachers. His citizenship soon grew to encompass a larger community and, in occasional letters to St. Paul’s administrators, he invited current students to become “involved in public duty.”

His own sense of duty manifested itself in many ways throughout his life. After graduating from law school, Mr. Sellers worked in the District Attorney’s office in Philadelphia, a post he left to enlist in the U.S. Army during the Vietnam War. Mr. Sellers served in the Army Special Forces for two years, leading a battalion near the Cambodian border. He was wounded twice in battle and earned the Bronze Star. He continued his military service in the Army reserves and retired as a general in the Pennsylvania National Guard.

Mr. Sellers was twice elected as a district judge in Delaware County and was a member of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court’s
James Craven Manny

1950

who pursued a long career in manufacturing and technology and enjoyed a happy retirement in Maine, died on February 25, 2014, at the age of 80 at his home in Harpswell, Maine.

Mr. Manny was born and raised in New York City. He followed his father, Walter Roy Manny (1908), and brother, Walter Roy Manny Jr. '39, to St. Paul's. He played soccer and hockey for Delphian and was a member of the squash team and the Glee Club. His fondest memories were of playing hockey on natural ice and soaking up music in the Chapel. Mr. Manny's involvement with the School continued for many decades as a parent and alumnus. Four of the six Manny children attended St. Paul's, and Mr. Manny and his wife, Abigail, greatly enjoyed their visits to Concord. One of Mr. Manny's favorite traditions, he once wrote in a letter to the School, was the singing of “Love Divine” on Parents' Day. He was also able to visit his old dorm room in Manville when it was assigned to his son, Tim '89, in his first year at St. Paul's.

After leaving St. Paul's, Mr. Manny attended Yale University, graduating in 1954. He served two years in the U.S. Army, and was married to Abigail in 1955. He then earned his M.B.A. from Harvard Business School. His first job was with Rolled Plate Metal Company in Brooklyn, N.Y., and he went on to become president of Composition Systems in White Plains, N.Y. The Manny family lived in New York and in New Canaan, Conn., and spent many happy times in Woodstock, Vt.

After retiring to Maine, Mr. Manny relished cruising the coast on his beloved B-40 yawl, Whiff. He was a member of the New York Yacht Club, Mystic Seaport, and the Huguenot Society. He also served proudly as a board member of the Cundy's Harbor Volunteer Fire Department.

Survivors include his wife of 59 years, Abigail; their six children, Alison Doucette '74; Walter R. Manny II '75; Alix Manny; Tim Manny '89, Abigail Newport '92, and Ailsa Fox. He also leaves his two sisters, MayField Drorbaugh and Virginia Lancaster.

Elliston Perot Bissell III

1953

died peacefully on November 19, 2013, in Chatham, N.J. He was 78 years old.

Well known and loved by many, “Pete” Bissell lived a rich and rewarding life. He was born the son of Elliston Perot Bissell Jr. and Ann Packard Bissell on May 26, 1935, in Jamaica Queens, N.Y., and spent his early years in Morristown, N.J., and Haverford, Pa. He attended the Episcopal School in Philadelphia before entering the Third Form at St. Paul’s School in 1949.

On the occasion of his 50th SPS anniversary in 2003, Mr. Bissell remarked that entering the School was “in a way a wondrous event,” but he was surprised to find himself assigned to Isthmian and Shattuck, since so many older cousins had gone to SPS for generations and had competed for Old Hundred and Halcyon.

“The values I absorbed at SPS have been a marvelous foundation as I have gone through life,” he wrote in 2003. “The education and opportunities that I was given have been an integral aspect of my life experience.”

Mr. Bissell was known as a shy boy, but a hard worker who earned Second Testimonials as a Sixth Former. His extracurricular activities included participation in the Yearbook Committee, the Glee Club, the Missionary Society, the Library Association, and the Scientific Association. He worked on the stage crew of many performances through his membership in the Dramatic Club. He also played football and hockey and enjoyed rowing. He maintained lifelong friendships with formmates John Powell and Tatsuo Arima.

Mr. Bissell went on to Harvard University, where he majored in biochemical sciences. While at Harvard, he was a member of the Hasty Pudding Club, the Lampoon, and president of the Phoenix—S.K. Club. Mr. Bissell graduated from Harvard in 1957 and entered the U.S. Navy's Officer Candidate School in Newport, R.I., where he was commissioned as an ensign in 1958. He married Edith (Edie) Mabelle Roach of Newtown Square, Pa., in March 1958 and the couple traveled by ship to his assigned naval base in Yokosuka, Japan. There Mr. Bissell served in a naval intelligence unit. After his discharge from active duty in 1961, the family, which now included two sons, returned to the United States. Mr. Bissell continued to serve in the Naval Reserves for 30 years and retired as a Commander.

Following his return to Philadelphia in 1961, Mr. Bissell began a career with the Bell System, initially in Pennsylvania and later in Delaware. In 1980 he was transferred to AT&T International, where he had a long and distinguished career that took him to many interesting places, including a stint in Egypt from 1982 to 1984. He also gained recognition for obtaining two patents for proprietary telecommunication devices.

In addition to his work, Mr. Bissell was active in several community organizations, including the Kiwanis Club in Norristown, Pa., the Rotary Club of Wilmington, Del. (serving as president in 1981), the Opportunity Center Inc. (a nonprofit group dedicated to improving the lives of adults.
with mental and physical challenges), and the Urban League of Wilmington. Mr. Bissell retired from AT&T in 1997. A year later, after 40 years of marriage, his wife, Edie, died of complications from Alzheimer’s.

Mr. Bissell was fortunate to find love again with a longtime friend, Elizabeth (Betty) Lee Cutler, and they married in 1999. The couple enjoyed spending time with their 13 grandchildren and for many years spent their winters in Albufeira, Portugal, and summers at Fossil Hill Farm in Morristown, N.J. During those years, the Bissells continued to explore the four corners of the earth and hone their prodigious bridge skills. Mr. Bissell enjoyed many hobbies, including gardening, model railroads, model building, furniture making, military history, fine wine collecting, and painting lead soldiers. He maintained memberships at several golf clubs.

Mr. Bissell was known as a bon vivant and a humorous raconteur, and will be remembered fondly by the many lives he touched. He was always willing to lend a helping hand or provide sage advice.

Mr. Bissell is survived by his wife, Betty; his three children, Elliston Perot Bissell IV ’77, Rolin Plumb Bissell, and Ann Packard Bissell; and five grandchildren, including Elliston Perot Bissell V ’07 and Helen Packard Bissell ’14.

1954
Peter Franck

a successful infectious-disease physician and avid outdoorsman, died on June 28, 2013. He was 76.

Born in Pasadena, Calif., on September 22, 1936, he was the son of Anita Chadbourne and Thomas George Franck and beloved younger brother to twin sisters Mary and Susan. Dr. Franck grew up in the Bay Area and prepared for St. Paul’s at the Town School for Boys in San Francisco. He enrolled at St. Paul’s as a Second Former in the fall of 1949. Dr. Franck enjoyed team sports, particularly cross country, and was a member of the Propylean Literary Society, the Scientific Association, La Junta Spanish Club, and the Missionary Society. Dr. Franck developed into a strong student at SPS, eventually graduating cum laude with the Form of 1954.

Following SPS, Dr. Franck earned his undergraduate degree in anthropology from Harvard University and later his medical degree from Harvard Medical School, with a specialization in infectious diseases. While working at Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, he met his wife, Fay, a zoologist. The two later traveled in Panama for four years, where he worked for the Middle American Research Unit and the National Institutes of Health studying tropical medicine and working with the Kuna Indians. In 1974, the Francks moved to Reading, Calif., where Dr. Franck worked in private practice and served as an infectious disease physician at Mercy Medical Center.

Known from an early age for his love of adventure and the outdoors, Dr. Franck was an experienced sailor, whose expeditions included a voyage across the North Sea and sailing the waters around Greece, Panama, and the East Coast of the United States. He enjoyed both powder and helicopter skiing in Canada and Utah and loved backpacking the Trinities and Cascades of Northern California. He also spent several summers, beginning at age 16, whitewater canoeing in the Northwest Territories of Canada. One of his excursions was featured on the 1950s television program Bold Journeys.

Despite his battle with both Parkinson’s disease and dementia later in life, Dr. Franck never lost his dry wit or his diagnostic skills. He will be greatly missed by his wife of 51 years, Fay; his sister, Mary; his daughters, Cindy, Elizabeth, and Valerie; his grandson, Martin Volz; and his caregiver, Karen Duckett.

1975
Marian Vanessa Bowens

a dedicated special education teacher and church leader, of Elmont, N.Y., died December 15, 2013, after a battle with colon cancer. She was 56.

Born in Savannah, Ga., on May 2, 1957, she was the daughter of Lillie and Marion Bowens. Ms. Bowens grew up in Harlem, N.Y., and was a city girl at heart, but she loved to return to her Georgia roots each summer. She came to St. Paul’s School in the fall of 1971 from Wadleigh Junior High School.

Ms. Bowens participated in many extracurricular activities in Millville, including the African–American Student Union, Choir, the Third World Coalition, Maroon Key, Damascus Jazz Band, and the Intercultural Festival Committee. She was also a dedicated athlete, who played varsity basketball and lacrosse and served as a manager of the SPS track team.

Ms. Bowens distinguished herself in dramas and modern dance. Her poise, grace, and talent were evident in her performances. Ms. Bowens also took an interest in helping those with disabilities, volunteering throughout her time at SPS and eventually devoting her life to that work.

Ms. Bowens attended Smith College in Northampton, Mass., and earned a B.A. in education and psychology. She worked for several years as a financial advisor with Dreyfus before pursuing her passion for special education. She received her M.Ed. in special education and early childhood education from Touro College in New York City. She thoroughly enjoyed her students and her colleagues, referring to them as her “work family.”

Ms. Bowens possessed a strong belief in God, a foundation she discovered as a child attending Mt. Olivet Baptist Church in Harlem. She later attended Valley Stream Baptist Church and served as deaconess on the leadership board. Her faith was a comfort to her through—out her fight with cancer.

Ms. Bowens will be missed dearly by all who knew her, including her son, Matthew C. Watters–Bowens; her mother, Lillie Bowens; her sister, Nadine; her brothers, Eric and Derrick; and many nieces, nephews, and cousins.
In 2009, Matthew Baird ’83 was selected as one of four architects to participate in the Museum of Modern Art’s Rising Currents design workshop and exhibition. Each designer was designated to lead a team of specialists to conduct research into the effects of rising sea levels in New York and, specifically, to conceptualize and draw plans for the mitigation of increased storm surge. Baird’s three-month research project included work with other architects, landscape architects, a marine ecologist, a shipping consultant, contemporary artists, and environmental consultants. The product of that research was a master plan for the southwestern portion of New York Harbor, including Staten Island, the Kill van Kull waterway, and Bayonne, New Jersey. The exhibition was shown at the Museum of Modern Art in 2010.

In our research and design work, we challenged ourselves with the following questions: How could we adapt and remake the water’s edge by methods that would not further exacerbate climate change and sea level rise, and what readily available materials might we use to do so? How could we change the public opinion of a tarnished brownfield landscape so as to draw people to the beauty of a post–industrial seascape? How could we reuse the latent energy stored in existing, soon-to-be–obsolete infrastructure? Given polar ice cap melt, and the new routes to Asia over the Northeast Passage, what would be the future of shipping in New York Harbor? How could we make a vibrant and working waterline?

Many of our ideas relate to looking through the waste-stream of New York City at materials for making a new edge to the waterfront. For example, we found that 93,000 tons of waste glass is produced in New York City each year, so we designed ways of converting this material into reef building units, which we called “jacks,” which could be made into artificial reefs. Glass is an ideal material for reef building since it is inert and 99 percent sand. Artificial reefs provide a new habitat for marine plants and animals and also provide a necessary storm-surge absorptive mass, mitigating the effects of swells driven by hurricanes and nor’easters.

The storm surge associated with Hurricane Sandy was 9.23 feet at the Battery. When we overlay the mean projected sea level rise of two feet by mid-century, the effect is catastrophic. The storm surge for a Category 3 hurricane increases to over 20 feet. Much preparation is necessary to protect New York from such a devastating flood.
Another idea of ours was to use the dredge material currently being excavated to deepen the Ambrose Channel. Instead of shipping it offshore and dumping it as currently happens, we proposed to bring that clean dredge material to the shore to create protective berms. In this way, a constructed wetland just offshore could be created to protect the existing edge of the city from storm surge.

A third proposal was to introduce renewable energy generation onsite through a combination of solar arrays, wind turbines, and biogas reactors. The idea behind biogas in particular is that it could be fueled using the combined sewer overflow that is currently dumped directly into the harbor at a rate of 27 billion gallons per year.

All of this was prior to Superstorm Sandy. When Sandy hit New York in the fall of 2012, it brought home the grave realities of the condition we are in, and it was both a confirming event and a moment when we truly realized how vulnerable large portions of New York City are to effects of storm surge.

The good news is, this research is in place, and many of our ideas, and those of the other collaborative teams, have effected changes in long-range planning for New York. But large infrastructural projects like this necessarily involve years of planning and construction.

Deepening our understanding of the effects of climate change was both a horrifying and very essential task we undertook to be able to pose realistic solutions to this global challenge. The sad state of affairs is that even if many environmentally focused states are successful in reducing carbon emissions by 20 percent by 2020, we will only revert to 1990 levels of pollution. If we are unable to reduce carbon emissions by 50 percent by mid-century, many scientists agree that global warming will be irreversible. With over 30 percent of the world’s population living in low-lying waterfront areas, this potentially poses huge demographic challenges and massive changes in geopolitical events if unchecked.
Alumni Association Award Recipients

The Alumni Award is the highest honor the Association can bestow on an alumnus/a to recognize the excellence of his or her lifeworks and commitment to the spirit of community. This year’s honorees included Albert R. “Pete” Gurney Jr. ’48, Randa Wilkinson ’75, and Katharine M. Esselen ’98, who were recognized at an April 2 ceremony held at the Harvard Club of New York City. The event combined the award presentations with the Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association.

Gurney ’48
Prolific Playwright

At 83, Pete Gurney ’48 takes 30 minutes away from his desk to share tales of a career that spans more than half a century. He has been hard at work on another play today, though he already has written more than 50 of them.

“I don’t believe in retirement for me,” he says, with a hearty laugh. “Writing is what I do. Even if I don’t write a pretty good play, it’s a world I still want to be in. Like any professional, I want to keep these skills alive. I am 83 years old and am still connecting with audiences through my work.”

Gurney has always been a writer. His favorite English teacher at St. Paul’s was Frederick Arthur Philbrick, who was “an astute critic and appreciative when you wrote a good phrase.” He went on to Williams College before enlisting in the U.S. Navy. As an officer on the USS Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Gurney filled long, tedious hours writing musicals using the ship’s band that substituted original lyrics in popular songs of the 1950s.

“I learned how to entertain a bunch of disgruntled sailors,” he says. “I was a member of the military community and was the artistic spokesman. But my shows on the FDR were fairly successful and that persuaded me to go to Yale School of Drama.”

While at Yale, Gurney wrote Love in Buffalo, which became the first musical ever produced at the School of Drama. He also sold to a visiting television producer a short play written in one of his classes. The play – Who Is Sally? – aired on network TV. A musical version of Tom Sawyer followed on its heels, but then Gurney hit what he calls a “dry spell,” chalking it up to a need to refill his well of life experience – marriage, family, career – before focusing once again on his writing. He returned more seriously to his creative work while teaching humanities at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (1960–96).

Though reluctant to view himself as such, Gurney is known in the theatre world as one of its most prolific playwrights. He doesn’t like to pick favorites, but among the dozens of plays he has authored, those that have enjoyed the most financial success are The Dining Room, Love Letters, Sylvia, and The Cocktail Hour. (“That’s a play about family dynamics and booze,” he says.) Other works include The Old Boy, Black Tie, Scenes from American Life, Children, Richard Cor, The Middle Ages, Far East, The Golden Age, What I Did Last Summer, The Perfect Party, The Snow Ball, Overtime, A Cheever Evening, Later Life, and Another Antigone.

Called the “John Cheever of the American stage,” Gurney has also written three novels and several television shows. He has received a Drama Desk Award and has earned recognition from the National Endowment of the Arts, the Rockefeller Foundation, and the Theatre Hall of Fame. A two–time Lucille Lortel Award recipient, his works have appeared on Broadway, off–Broadway, and around the world. In 2006, he was inducted into the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

“I’ve had some successes and failure, as most writers have had at times,” he says. “My plays are like my children – I am proud of them all. Sometimes a child will surprise you by showing a whole new dimension; so will a play. It’s exciting to know that somehow I’ve created a community in the audience. That’s what I have always tried to do, and what I will continue to try to do.”
Wilkinson ’75
Helping Communities, Saving Children

Fresh out of college, Randa Wilkinson ’75 joined the Peace Corps, inspired by a close family friend and physician who had moved his family to Kabul, Afghanistan, to care for patients in an underserved region.

From 1979 to 1981, Wilkinson was assigned as a health care volunteer to Maghama, Mauritania, in West Africa. There, among other duties, she helped establish a feeding center for malnourished children and developed nutrition and health education lessons for the center’s caregivers.

“I knew that giving aspirin to babies wasn’t the most effective way to combat malnutrition,” says Wilkinson. “We started a different way of treating these children and working with caregivers, and we realized they didn’t know much about health and nutrition.”

Wilkinson returned to the States and pursued her M.S. in international nutrition from Tufts University’s Friedman School of Nutrition Science and Policy. She has continued to use her understanding of nutrition as a basis for much of the work she’s done since that time. Perhaps most notably, Wilkinson spent four years, from 2003 to 2007, working in the Jakarta, Indonesia, office of Save the Children. Using the “Positive Deviance” approach pioneered by her Peace Corps director, Jerry Sternin, Wilkinson has based her work on helping communities identify successful behaviors that already exist, instead of depending on unsustainable outside experts and resources.

“Positive Deviance is based on the fact that, in any community with complex and difficult problems, there are a few outliers who have found different ways of coping,” she explains. “Those behaviors can be broken down and practiced by anyone. In the context of nutrition, instead of feeding a child twice a day, those who were poor but had thriving children were feeding them four times a day. And instead of just rice, they were adding protein that was cheap and available.”

Wilkinson employed a similar strategy in response to the 2004 tsunami that overwhelmed Indonesia. In designing nutrition programs for the emergency response, Wilkinson looked at those groups of displaced people who were using their relief aid in a more effective manner. Some groups had self-organized their communities into preparing meals collectively and had better outcomes than other groups. Learning from these groups, Wilkinson designed and implemented community kitchens to target vulnerable children and pregnant women.

In more recent years, Wilkinson has served as a nutrition advisor for a USAID-funded maternal and newborn health program in Indonesia and as a nutrition consultant for the World Bank in Haiti. In 2009, she joined the Positive Deviance Initiative at the Friedman School as director of training. She was honored in 2012 with the school’s Leah Horowitz Humanitarian Award, recognizing her “substantial commitment to forging relationships based on service in humanitarian field work.” In her role at the Friedman School, Wilkinson has written and helped implement Positive Deviance initiatives in the U.S. and abroad for prevention of anemia in adolescent girls, high dropout rates among middle school girls, truancy and poor school performance, social isolation among people with mental health diagnoses, and the health outcomes of older adults.

“The difference in many of these groups is behavior,” she says. “And it’s all about people listening to each other. My experience of coming to St. Paul’s represented a new world in terms of interacting with one another. That way of interacting with everyone and giving everyone a voice was the beginning of who I strive to be.”
Esselen ’98
A Passion for Science

Nobody in her family had ever been affiliated with the medical profession. But as a Sixth Former at St. Paul's, Kate Esselen ’98 discovered a passion for science that has led her to a career as a physician. Esselen was a student in Dr. Theresa Gerardo-Gettens’s advanced biology class during the 1997–98 academic year, when she became fascinated by what she was learning.

“I had always been interested in health and the way human beings work physiologically,” says Esselen. “We studied anatomy and dissection and I began to become interested in science at the molecular level.”

Esselen went on to major in biology at Brown University, before earning her M.D. and M.B.A from Tufts University in 2008. She completed her residency in obstetrics and gynecology at Boston’s Brigham & Women’s Hospital and Massachusetts General Hospital and is currently a clinical fellow in gynecologic oncology at Brigham & Women’s and the Dana Farber Cancer Institute. Esselen was drawn to her specialty, she said, by the opportunity to take care of women.

“Women are often the caregivers for their families and they tend to take care of themselves last,” she says. “Being a provider who helps women is important to me. Patients can break your heart and also make you laugh and give you perspective. I feel really privileged to take care of these women.”

Now a second-year fellow in gynecologic oncology, Esselen spends most of her days in the operating room. But her role is a dual one: She performs surgeries on patients with cervical, ovarian, and uterine cancers, while teaching residents and medical students about the procedures.

Esselen has also expanded her expertise beyond the borders of the Boston-based hospitals.

In 2008, as a fourth-year medical student, she traveled to Nicaragua, where she worked with Siana District Health Centers to set up local primary care clinics. She has twice volunteered in Rwanda. First, in 2010, she worked with Partners in Health to care for women and contributed the section on obstetrics and gynecology for Kirehe Hospital’s clinical handbook. Esselen returned to Rwanda in February 2013 to instruct Rwandan physicians on certain gynecologic surgical procedures that identify and treat early cervical cancers. On that visit, Esselen and a team of doctors worked with the Rwandan ministry of health and Partners in Health as part of the first national campaign for cervical cancer prevention, care, and control. Cervical cancer is a largely preventable disease that is currently the most deadly cancer among women in Rwanda.

“It was a wonderful experience,” she says, “to feel that I was a part of something that will dramatically reduce mortality from cervical cancer in Rwanda, and serve as a model for other low-income countries.”

Outside of her clinical work, Esselen tries to carve out time for research. She is most interested in outcomes-based research, such as gathering data on varying protocols for the cancers she treats to identify best practices. Her hope is to advance the quality and efficiency of treatment for cancers specific to women.

She describes herself as humbled, even surprised, to have been selected as a recipient of the SPS Alumni Association Award.

“I am impressed by what so many of my fellow alumni have accomplished,” she says. “The fact that the School recognizes what I do as important is an incredible honor. It makes me think I have a lot to do to live up to this award going forward.”
Give SPS to Someone Else

“I think of my gift to the Annual Fund not as giving to SPS, but as giving SPS to someone else.”

– Sarah Bernstein Jones ’88, P’16

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Architect Matthew Baird ’83 is helping solve New York’s rising sea-level crisis.