Lorene Cary ’74 on the updrafts of memory

Here WiGo: Catching up with Ben Kaplan ’11
Time during Anniversary Weekend feels very much as it does when I write; we swim and float and march through it; it buoys us up and threatens, now and then, to choke us.

We’ve changed. Bodies rack up the years, while spirits wheel on sudden updrafts of memory. I hadn’t heard my roommate’s deckle-edged voice in 40 years, but I knew it from across the road even before I could see her.

At the Alumni Service of Remembrance, a tall, delightful woman says, “It’s me, Maura!” and introduces her graduating son, taller than both of us. During the reading of the Lessons, her pixie Third-Form face comes back to me, and with it a teaching memories slide-show: Chris, jumping out from hiding behind the drapes in our Schoolhouse room; a round-faced boy screwing up courage to ask to borrow my blue suit for his Fiske Cup play; the father whose teacher-conference monologue about his own football days blots out – and explains – my concerns about his son.

To Holst’s regal Thaxted hymn tune students and alumni sing thanks for “the discipline of logic, the struggle to be clear,” and, in a special verse for St. Paul’s School, “the knowledge that continues in heaven as on earth.” At the Intercessions, I pray for the soul of gentle Vanessa Bowens ‘75, who died this past year – we called her Marian – and I hear her clearing her throat as if we’re back in Simpson House.

Then the Rector, a student during my teaching time, refers to a Chapel talk delivered the year I was born by theologian Paul Tillich – yes, the very Tillich whose initially unreadable essays told us all those years ago to “accept that you are accepted.” Now his “Theology of Education” explains the crazy hope I have taken from the luxury of St. Paul’s back to my old/new life. The mission of a Christian school, says Tillich, is to be “a small laboratory in which the large questions of Church and world can be studied and brought to a preliminary solution, a solution which could become an inestimable contribution…to the larger problem.”

At the Alumni of Color Reception, we fellowship over the larger problem. How could we not? I think of “The Case for Reparations,” an Atlantic Monthly cover story that lays out brilliantly how the American economy has stymied black wealth creation from slavery to redlining. It complicates the School Prayer to think, each time one prays it, that our “goodly heritage” has been built not only “through the love and labor of many,” but also the unpaid and unsung labor of many more. It complicates one’s “future hopes.”

Sitting in a wide circle in Sheldon, we meet as partial, but not impartial, heirs.

On Sunday, I stop to visit the former Rector and his wife, Cliff and Alina Gillespie, with whom I shared Corner House as faculty, and continue north for a shiny blue afternoon on a lake with my older daughter, who lives and teaches snowboarding in Vermont.

Driving home to Philadelphia, all of it splices into a lifelong wonder poem. The large questions ask me how I have used these 40 years since the gift of my education at St. Paul’s School. I look back at merciless perfectionism and relentless drive to be worthy, to earn it – and the ever-present mercy of divine love.

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Mercy

Driving to the mountains my daughter loves, like her father,
I listen to podcasts while dairy cows
whose swelling udders know no sabbath
range black and brown and white over grass so green,
that all summer and into the fall
it will give the lie to what we call Ordinary Time.

An Old Testament scholar with a wide-open Nebraska voice
says that “mercy” in Hebrew
implies care like the care of a mother for an unborn child.
It has the same letters as “womb,”
But with different vowel points.

I once named a woman Mercy.
Not my daughter, but a character in a book;
rushing, because I was pregnant again,
rushing, to get the merciless world of chattel slavery
out of my mind:
To make room for the baby in my body.

What does it mean?
My husband asks this in his sermons, and I get distracted,
remembering him studying for seminary, a man in his 50s
finally answering a long, insistent call.
The smell of coffee came up the stairs while the laptop played
Hebrew letters to the tune of “Yankee Doodle Dandy.”
If these were God’s favorite people,
he’d ask in exasperation,
Why would he give them vowel points?

My body and mind have been plowed up and planted.
Lord have mercy, look what has grown!
And even though I’ve let so much topsoil blow away,
Wanting more and more and more,
still, mercy comes fresh in the morning.
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ON THE COVER: Halcyon swept the Anniversary Boat Races.
   (photo: Wendy Cahill)
On May 31, seven members of the Form of 1959 sat together on a brick wall on the Chapel terrace, with the Lower School Pond at their backs. Some have maintained lifelong friendships, others have timed their returns with the pattern of St. Paul’s reunions, and others were at the School over Anniversary Weekend for the first time in decades. But they all communicated easily with one another in a breezy, comfortable manner.

“The camaraderie in this form is pretty outstanding,” said Bill Eldridge ’59, a 55th-reunion-goer who only five years ago received his official SPS diploma. Sitting with Speedy Mettler ’59, his SPS roommate (and weekend roommate at Concord’s Holiday Inn), Coley Burke ’59 spoke of his SPS friendships as “simple fellowship.”

“We were all in it together,” said Burke. “We went from one bell to the next, and we all did it together.”

Community is the pervasive feeling over Anniversary Weekend, as alumni reconnect with one another and with the physical setting of St. Paul’s – as much a character in the weekend as any returning graduate. But it is the ease with which alumni gather and reconnect that is most striking each year. Alex Kim ’13, a Trinity College sophomore, spoke of how much he misses the community of St. Paul’s after his one-year hiatus.

“I miss living in a community where people help each other,” said Kim, standing by the Blass Clubhouse on Anniversary Saturday, following the 8 a.m. Fun Run. “I think a few moments with your formmates make you feel like you are back at home. I feel happy here.”

Paul Spivey ’79 brought his 10-year-old son, Alejandro, to help him celebrate his 35th reunion. Spivey spoke of building friendships in Foster House and of the distinct smell of the wrestling room, where he spent four years pushing himself to mental and physical limits. He called St. Paul’s a “rigorous but nurturing” place, where he still appreciates a “great, warm feeling of family.”

“This weekend is as much a reunion with the people as the place itself,” said Will Ferraro ’09, who has spent the last year as a City Year national service volunteer. “I miss the community of St. Paul’s. I didn’t think I would miss having Chapel every morning, or everyone saying hello on the path. But you don’t get that everywhere.”

Community was also evident in the playful banter between Ferraro’s 2009 formmates, Danny Freeman and Victoria Hetz, who are both pursuing careers in journalism – she at Smithsonian Magazine and he as a newspaper scribe in Colombia.

“St. Paul’s was our home for four years,” said Freeman, “and being here feels like returning home.”

Community could also be seen in the enthusiasm of Lydia Hennessey ’14, who said the gathered alumni appeared to her like a timeline of life that “turned a sadness at leaving into an excitement about how my life will progress.” That spirit also resided in the camaraderie of 50th-reunion celebrants Tony Parker ’64, Rick Sperry ’64, and Mike Howard ’64, a trio who participated in the Boat Races on Turkey Pond.

“We all grew up here,” said Parker. “These were the formative years of our lives. It makes for a close community. Rick has worked tirelessly to bring us all together.”

Kareem Roberts ’99 described his return to the School as “coming back to see the people who made you who you are.”

“I know I will love these people for the rest of my life,” Roberts said.

St. Paul’s, explained recent graduate Isabel Bingham ’14, is “good at teaching people to be a good community member.” Bingham recalled for many years viewing the School through the eyes of her father, Arthur Bingham ’78, including walking in the Alumni Parade as a child. Bingham’s friend, Lucy Prout ’14, said she will miss “that all of us were here at the same time and on the same page.”

Standing with classmate Evie Gurney ’79, who served as Student Council VP as a Sixth Former, Laura Iglehart ’79 called time a “great equalizer.” Meanwhile, Gurney not only was pleased to be surrounded by old friends, but also was struck by her reconnection with one person in particular.

“Reunions,” she said, “are about revisiting yourself and checking in with what that person was like all those years ago, and how you related to others.”
in it together”
Providing the Highest Standard of Care

ROBERT OZIOMEK: 25 YEARS

Bob Oziomek is a man of few words. He is reliable and efficient in his work, respected and admired by colleagues, appreciated by students and their parents, and reluctant to accept praise for a job well done.

Oziomek grew up in Stow, Ohio, near Akron, where he played high school football and baseball. He attended Marietta College, attracted to the school in his home state by the chance to study athletic training. “It was an opportunity to remain involved in athletics beyond my playing days,” he explains.

Oziomek came to St. Paul’s School 25 years ago on the recommendation of a fellow master’s student at the University of Virginia. Prior to his arrival in Concord, he had never been to New England, let alone New Hampshire. He figured he’d stay a few years, never intending to put down roots. “A couple of years – that’s everyone’s plan, right?” he says.

Before long, Oziomek came to love the community of St. Paul’s School, with its simultaneous opportunities to serve as an athletic trainer while also advising students in the dorm and taking in the vibrancy and culture that boarding school life offers. “The community, the colleagues,” he says. “They are things I wouldn’t get in other athletic training settings.”

Meticulous, ethical, and hard-working, Oziomek has established himself as someone on whom his colleagues, the students of SPS, and their parents can count for the highest standard of care. A colleague recounts how Oziomek, on his morning drives between the School and Concord Orthopaedics with injured students, often makes several trips so the students won’t be late for Chapel, classes, or other commitments. He attends his advisees’ performances, volunteers to chaperone dances or give up his seat in Chapel for a visitor, and makes frequent appearances in the dorm to check on the students in his charge, injured or otherwise.

One student credits him with saving her dance career by recognizing an uncommon ankle condition and steering her toward proper treatment. Another considers Oziomek both a friend and a mentor, who helped him unpack on his first day at St. Paul’s and stayed up with him until 2 a.m. on a visit to the emergency room.

For Oziomek, dedication is nothing special – it’s simply what he expects of himself in his work. He keeps up with the latest standards of care in his profession, from wound care to managing head injuries to enhancing his knowledge of emergency medicine. And his attention and expertise are not limited to the SPS community. In recent years, he has been contacted by appreciative families of injured athletes from Governor’s Academy and Roxbury Latin, among others, for taking care of their children as well.

“The biggest thing,” says SPS Athletic Director Scott Heitmiller, “is that he is the consummate professional. Oziomek will do everything in his power to make sure every-thing possible is done to make sure our students are cared for the right way. I don’t think people realize just how much he cares for these kids and how much he does for them – in all of his roles at St. Paul’s School.”
FIDEL RODRIGUEZ: 25 YEARS

It was in early October of 1988, recalls a certain señor of our acquaintance, who had been recruited to help out after a newly hired Spanish teacher had suddenly decided that two weeks at St. Paul’s was just about enough. “At the time,” Fidel Rodriguez recalls, “I was on sabbatical from teaching college, and I was also attending Boston College for a second Ph.D.”

That fall morning was one of his first experiences of daily Chapel. Around him, he realized, odd noises had broken out, a kind of universal chirping to be heard from all among the student seats. “I could not understand the agitation and noise,” he recalls.

Señor Rodriguez had arrived, of course, at Cricket Holiday. That’s when he decided that he wanted to stay at SPS as a faculty member.

Twenty-five years have since passed, and Señor Rodriguez has taught Spanish at every level and with a legendary enthusiasm and aplomb. He obviously loves what he does, as seen most evidently during class but also when you happen by on a path and he’s in an animated discussion with a student, a colleague, or any of the staff members he has befriended over the years. Their conversation might be on any subject – the day’s class reading by Isabel Allende, an item from one of the five newspapers he has already read that morning, or, if he seems especially energized, the “beautiful sport” of soccer.

Or, given his Ph.D. in philosophy and his passion for history, the topic could be just about anything else. Then, after a friendly parting, you will see him continue on his way, in his distinctive gait, hands folded behind his back, considering some new challenge – or devilment – for his next class.

Señor Rodriguez taught seven years in his native and beloved Spain and nine years at different American colleges before joining the SPS faculty. Of his 25 years at St. Paul’s, he served 19 as head of house in North and most of his fall terms as a soccer coach and referee, finding his greatest glory when the JV girls soccer team gave him an undefeated season in his final year as their coach.

“His wisdom and knowledge was evident when I arrived 13 years ago,” says Spanish teacher Jorge Pardo, whom Señor Rodriguez mentored for his first few months at the School. Pardo continues to seek guidance from his colleague’s linguistic knowledge and passion for teaching.

Another colleague said recently that Fidel Rodriguez is possibly the most intellectually astute and most widely read person of her acquaintance. Others who know him well value just as much his wit, his friendship, and the kind of sensibility, sensitivity, and love of learning that his hundreds of students have come to appreciate so much over the last 25 years.

Celebrating Legendary Enthusiasm

FIDEL RODRIGUEZ: 25 YEARS
ATHLETICS

Running for Fun

by Jana F. Brown

Current students, faculty, and parents joined alumni, family, and friends for the annual Fun Run through the woods on the School’s cross country course. Neither the threat of early-morning showers nor the ever-persistent black flies prevented the resilient runners from completing the morning run, which kicked off a full Saturday of events in Millville.

Alumni participants included Paul Spivey ’79 (and his son, Alejandro, future ’22), Andrew Leonard ’89, David Bates ’04, Charlie Nelson ’04, Kate Williams ’04, Nicky Buxton ’09, Will Ferraro ’09, Lowell Reeve ’09, Steph Wagner ’09, and Kelsey Bogle ’10. They were joined on the trails by faculty members Toby Brewster, Kate Daniels, Grant Edwards, and Colin Callahan; staff member Becca Brewster; parents Harold Bogle, Ron Dalman and Jocelyn Dunn, June Felix, Maria Lawson, Sherab Melvin, John Snow, and Charlie Thompson; and several current students.

Girls Lacrosse: Glorious Win

by Jana F. Brown

Seven women’s lacrosse alumnae joined current Sixth and Third Formers to defeat the current SPS Fourth- and Fifth-Form lacrosse team over Anniversary Weekend, 11–8.

The game, played on the artificial turf at Bogle-Lechner Field, featured old skill returning to its former glory and new faces for the program’s future. Alumnae who braved the turf included Jill Forney ’86, Laura Clark ’89, Ashley Crutchfield ’08, and Emily Old ’13 and current college lacrosse players Julia Reiley ’13 (Dartmouth), Emily Bresnahan ’13 (UC Boulder), and Michaela O’Connor ’13 (Columbia). They were joined by Duke-bound Maddie Crutchfield ’14, Bowdoin-bound Hannah Hirschfeld ’14, Shayna Tomlinson ’14, who will play hockey at RPI, Finley Frechette ’17, and Harley Hayes ’17.

Tennis: Back on the Courts

by Coach Dave Taylor

Puddles drove the alumni tennis matches to the Stovell Indoor Tennis Courts, where current players, parents, and alumni joined forces for a series of competitive showings. Clay Yonce ’82 teamed up with George Congdon ’15, his partner in last year’s alumni games, to face Jeffrey Bai ’14 and Brian Tao ’15 in doubles action. Isabella Turchetta ’14 and her father, Todd, challenged SJ Kim ’14 and Harry Song ’14 for a quick set.

Meanwhile, the weather shifted and the sun emerged, as did a cluster of tennis alumni, who gathered at the outdoor courts. That group included Jamie Dodderidge ’74 and Jeff Randall ’74, the Bostwick clan (Pete ’53, Pete ’74, and Laura ’07), and a group from the 25th reunion of 1989 that included Vanya Desai, David Leuthold, Dennis Lynch, Tom Noe, Peter McBride, Dan Molnar, Peter Stovell, and William Stubbs.
Baseball: An Epic Battle

by Coach Parker Chase

With highlights that included a duel between a former Big Red pitcher and a current standout at the plate, the Big Red varsity baseball team edged a stalwart alumni squad, 3–1, over the weekend.

The alumni team broke through for the first run of a well-played game, when Bobby Matthews ’89 led off with a hit and form-mate Mike Ricard ’89 plated what would be his team’s only run with some textbook baseball, hitting a hard ground ball to the right side to score Matthews from third and move Dave Kolojay ’89 from second to third with one out.

Unfortunately, though the alumni hit the ball well, a series of untimely base-running errors kept the former Paulies from breaking through for more runs.

Kolojay pitched several strong innings before giving way to Andrew Peabody ’08. Both hurlers showcased excellent control and nasty secondary pitches, keeping the varsity squad off balance.

Ben Walsh ’09 made a spectacular diving catch in left field to take away a sure extra-base hit, while John Cronin ’08 caught the entire game in shorts. Cronin nearly threw out a runner at third, displaying the quick feet and strong arm that made him a standout behind the plate for four years at SPS.

The highlight of the game was an epic battle between Peabody and current varsity catcher Cam Bando ’15. After Peabody started Bando with a healthy dose of off-speed pitches to pull ahead in the count, 0–2, he then challenged the Big Red’s leading hitter with a sidearm fastball that just missed the outside corner. Bando fouled off several pitches to extend the at–bat, then hit the ball to the deepest part of the field, bouncing a double off the fence in right center.

Other alumni participants included Rob Dickey ’79, Brian Berlandi ’89, Chris Pachios ’94, Mike Getz ’99, Peter Pachios ’99, Dan Solomon ’08, Nick Kourides ’09, Alex Gettens ’11, Kyle Dickey ’13, Matt Fisher ’13, Nate Wark ’13, and Greg Zaffino ’13.

Boys Lacrosse: Alumni Win at the Wire

by Coach Davies Cabot

The boys varsity lacrosse game on Hunt field was a seesaw battle between the 2014 varsity squad and close to 30 alumni, spanning from the 1970s to 2013.

The alumni team got out to an early lead with Max Krieg ’13, fresh off his first season at Army, anchoring the midfield. Payne Hadden ’12 returned to guide the attack and Harry Nicholas ’12 (Colby) was his usual imposing presence on defense and long-stick middle.

The Crutchfield brothers, T.J. ’09 and Connor ’13, also ran hard, using their relatively young legs to make the current squad work. Tucker Albright ’13 scored early and did his best breakdance worm celebration. James Barker ’09 used his formidable size to win a number of face-offs. Lou Ott ’10 also got his name on the score sheet, and Charley Perkins ’05 was fanatical in his energy and enthusiasm for the game.

The game featured some classic father–son battles on the field. Brett Clark ’14 squared off against his father, Rufus ’82, who was sporting his Harvard wear. Jacob Witt ’16 took on his father, Stu ’84, who tried to drive and score from attack (to no avail), and Jackson Gates ’14 made a few runs at his dad, John ’84, in both halves, hoping to earn family bragging rights in front of his extended clan. The alumni jumped out to a three–goal lead before the 2014 team had a chance to warm up. But, by halftime, the young guns had taken a 6–5 advantage.

The second half was again a barn–burner as each team worked to move the ball. It was age versus experience as the alumni closed to 7–6 with less than four minutes to play. A great drive tied the game with less than two minutes remaining, and the alumni finished the final rush with a goal to steal the 8–7 victory. Lots of fun for all players and no injuries made for a wonderful end to the season. Hats off to the coaches of the alumni team, Cory McGrath ’09 and Scott Harff ’09, for a nice victory.

Crew: A Good Balance

by Jana F. Brown

Crews from 1959, 1964, 1974, 1979, 1989, 1994, 2004, and 2009, among other composite alumni crews, graced Turkey Pond on Saturday, May 31, some returning to the sport for the first time in many years, others trying it for the first time, and some just making rowing look easy.

Halcyon ruled the 142nd Annual Boat Races over Anniversary Weekend, winning three of the four club races on Turkey Pond to win the Majority Cup. The winning club later raised its red and white oars up the flagpole in the center of campus.

Rowers pushed through the water in weather that alternated between heat and rain showers on Anniversary Saturday.

“I know a lot of these guys have rowed in these same boats,” said Halcyon first boat stroke Jack Schrupp ’14, whose winning crew entered the day as the underdog to the favored Shattucks. “It was awesome to hear the roar coming from the bridge and show the alumni that we are giving back.”

The Boat Races represent a longstanding tradition of club crew at the School. All students are still assigned to one of the boat clubs upon their arrival at St. Paul’s. But unlike many of their predecessors, who competed only at the club level, the majority of today’s student rowers compete for their club only on Anniversary Weekend.

This year, the Halcyon first and second boys joined the second girls boat to earn a majority of the victories on Turkey Pond, much to the delight of the alumni donning the club’s signature red. The Shattucks first girls crew represented well in the club’s lone victory of the day, winning by open water with a time of 5:32.5. In the process, the Shattucks established a new course record, beating a mark set in 2012 by Halcyon’s first girls.

The Form of 1964 was well represented, with two alumni crews – an eight and a four – taking to the water. The eight included Peter Gerry (bow), Bill Purdy (7), Rick Sperry (six), Mike Howard (5), Chris Howard (4), Tony Parker (3), Roger Young (2), Fred Morris (stroke), and Charles Stevenson (cox), while the four included Ray Payson (stroke), Jad Roberts (3), Peter Humphrey (2), and Jason Smith (bow).

“We just motored along and it all came back to us out on the water,” said Sperry. “And, after 50 years, I’d say our balance was pretty good out there.”

Student oarsmen and oarswomen marveled at the enthusiasm of the alumni rowers. Second Halcyon Gus Hirschfeld ’17, who grew up on the SPS campus and had attended the Anniversary Boat Races many times as a spectator, was thrilled to finally participate as a competitor.

“It’s so much fun to finally be a part of it after watching it for so many years,” he said.
SPS Matters: The Campaign for St. Paul’s School

The campaign that began in 2008 came to a successful conclusion on June 30, 2014, with more than $178 million secured. The funds donated allow us to attract and retain the most effective and caring teachers, open our doors wider to the best-qualified students, and strengthen a fundamental community ethic of leadership, compassion, and service. Annual Giving is a big part of the campaign success. More than $39.5 million has been given to the School in unrestricted gifts over the course of the campaign, with participation from more than 80% of alumni.

It is only fitting that in the final year of the campaign, the SPS Annual Fund – which includes the Alumni Fund and the Parents Annual Fund – has made history. Together, the School’s alumni, parents, grandparents, parents of alumni, and other friends contributed more than $6.6 million to the 2013–14 Annual Fund.

Both alumni and parents established record giving levels, with alumni contributing more than $4.2 million, with 45% participation, and parents contributing more than $2.4 million, with 89% participation.

To honor its 50th reunion, the Form of 1964 donated $356,698, the largest gift ever to the Annual Fund. In honor of its 25th reunion, the Form of 1989 set marks for a reunion Annual Fund gift, reunion total gift, and participation. The Sixth Form of 2014 reached 100% participation in the Annual Fund.

The School would especially like to recognize the following reunion forms for breaking either an Annual Fund reunion record for dollar and/or participation, and/or for breaking the reunion total gift:

1944 – 70th reunion: Reunion Total – $960,551
1954 – 60th reunion: Annual Fund – $105,153
1959 – 55th reunion: Reunion Total – $3,186,583
1964 – 50th reunion: Annual Fund – $356,698
1969 – 45th reunion: Reunion Total – $649,216
1974 – 40th reunion: Annual Fund – $274,582
1989 – 25th reunion: All – 79% / $345,371 / $5,205,351
1994 – 20th reunion: Annual Fund – $161,497
1999 – 15th reunion: Participation – 71%

Success of the Annual Fund is the direct result of the many alumni, parents, and other friends who contribute generously to the School each year. The School extends its thanks to them and to the numerous volunteers for their hard work and dedication. Our volunteers truly are the backbone of our success, and we are grateful for all they do for SPS.

A CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

Please nominate any SPS alumni who are having a major impact on the world for the Alumni Association Award, given for 2014 at the annual meeting of the Alumni Association in New York City on April 8, 2015. Our committee will meet in November to review nominations. Please include the name of the nominee and any helpful information on the contributions he or she has made to improve the quality of life in a community on a local, statewide, national, or global level.

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

Nominations for the Alumni Association Award and for the Fund Chair should be sent to Bob Rettew ’69, executive director of the Alumni Association, at brettew@sps.edu.
75th: Form of 1939

by Melissa Walters

Charlie Hickox, Willard Hunnewell, and Goodwin Millar represented the Form of 1939 when alumni returned to St. Paul’s School for Anniversary Weekend (May 30–31).

On Friday evening, the Form was invited to a reception and dinner in Coit (the New Upper), along with the Forms of 1944, 1949, 1954, and 1959.

On Saturday morning, during the Alumni Memorial Chapel Service in the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul, Charlie, Willard, and Goodwin were recognized as the most senior alumni present at Anniversary.

From Chapel, the Form of 1939 led the Alumni Parade under glorious skies. Willard walked the whole route and Charlie only accepted a ride near the end of the trek. The weather for most of the weekend was sunny and cool, with a passing shower in the afternoon. The later part of Saturday was filled with activities, including the annual Boat Races.

On Saturday evening, the form joined the Forms of 1944 and 1949 for a reception and dinner at the Rectory, hosted by senior faculty member Jennifer Hornor. Stories were shared, tales were told, and friendships were rekindled.

Then all headed for home, ending an enjoyable and sentimental visit.
REUNIONS

70th: Form of 1944
by Charlie Kinsolving

Nine members of the Form of 1944 returned, some with family in tow, to celebrate our 70th SPS Anniversary. Those in attendance included Charlie Boswell (with his son, Buzz ’82), Barney Clarkson (with wife Ginny), Dick Hunt (with wife Priscilla), Bill Iler, Mike McLanahan (with wife Muffy), Bob Read (with wife Alden), Link Wheeler (with wife Elsie), Kent Young, and me, Charlie Kinsolving (with friend Jean Biddle).

The School provided a very busy two-day schedule, including Chapel services, sporting events, a Latin play, jazz performances, and receptions for various campus groups.

Dinner on Friday night was at Coit. This was a dining room that did not exist when we were there (“Coit” is what they now call the New Upper).

We were the oldest alumni marching in the Saturday parade, except for three guys from the Form of 1939, including Jim Hickox’s older brother, Charlie.

After lunch, many people moved to Turkey Pond for the Boat Races, the majority of which were won by the Halcyons this year. The event has changed a lot since 1944; many years ago we were thrown off Long Pond and moved to Turkey, the former not being long enough for the Olympic distance our top crews...
used to row. The event is, of course, also changed by the presence of girls crews, but the two-club Shattuck–Halcyon rivalry remains.

Our dinner Saturday night was in the dining room of the Rectory, a very pleasant occasion to conclude our visit. Sunday was devoted to events for the 2014 graduating class.

The School is to be commended for the schedules and programs and especially for the availability of bus travel between locations and back and forth from our hotel rooms in Concord.

A pre-Parade pose: Bob Read, Barney Clarkson, Rick Hunt, Mike McLanahan, Ginny Clarkson, Charlie Kinsolving, Link Wheeler, and Kent Young.

The cameras were out moments before the start of the Parade

Link Wheeler and his wife, Elsie

Charlie Boswell enjoys a snack

The Forms of 1939 through 1959 gathered in Coit for a multi-form dinner
REUNIONS

FORM PHOTO (l. to r.), row 1: Ted Terry, John Wagley, Sam Cooley, John Scully, Charlie Hoppin, Holland Low; row 2: Ken Burt, Dorie Friend, Peter Van Doren, James Terry

65th: Form of 1949
by John Scully

This was a good one. Come back next time with us if you missed it.

It was fun, interesting, and refreshing to be together and at this great school. “We” included Pete Van Doren, Charlie Hoppin, Dorie Friend, and guest Mary French, Ken and Sally Burt, Sam and Trig Cooley, Holly and Mernie Low, John and Jean Wagley, Jim and Maude Terry, Ted and Barbara Terry, and Josie and me.

With excellent van service back and forth, seeing the School at your own pace was easy. We enjoyed engaging and fun discussions at dinners organized by formmates.

We heard the full verses of “O Pray for the Peace” at the Saturday-morning Alumni Memorial Chapel Service and enjoyed more complete tours of Ohrstrom Library and the Lindsay Center for Mathematics and Science. These are fantastic facilities and major steps in putting SPS at the educational forefront.

The School is now in top order financially, administratively, and with the Rector’s leadership. School spirit seems to be at a similar high.

I salute all those at St. Paul’s who made our days there so enjoyable.
The Alumni Chapel Service

Ted Terry, John Scully, Sam Cooley, and Holly Low

Peter Van Doren and Barbara Terry

John Scully, Dorie Friend, Ted Terry, Ken Burt, John Wagley, Jim Terry

Ted Terry
As the Form of 1954 tucked into Coit on a rainy Friday, we reflected on the concept that when we were Sixth Formers in 1954, those aged alumni up to celebrate their 60th were from the Class of 1894 – two centuries ago! At any rate, we were joined at Coit by old boys from the Forms of 1939, 1944, and 1959, so, delightfully, we were just about the youngest folks in the room, a feat which is becoming ever more difficult to achieve. Ours was a small class to begin with, just 73 upon graduation, and, sadly, we have lost many. Notwithstanding, we had a wonderful turnout of 23, surpassing several previous reunions.

Immediate impressions: We have all married very well – what an extraordinary bevy of wives accompanying us; we are all a lot nicer than 60 years ago (if that is possible); while there are only a few maladies not represented by our total, there were very few “organ recitals” (defying the old saw that my ailments are pretty interesting while yours are quite boring); and there was a genuine sense of caring about one another.

As we met at Coit, one had to be struck by how well the building appeared – the woodwork had been redone, the bricks pointed up, a reflection of the care and respect this special place receives.

It was great to see Guy Pope from Portland and Anson Beard, who put in a too-short cameo appearance, and great to catch up with Chris Brookfield and Jim Darby. Ever-loyal Duncan Whiteside and his bride maintained his wonderful attendance streak.

Saturday broke sunny to welcome the
usual events. What a pleasure to absorb the familiar hymns and anthems in the Chapel. How could we ever forget Ben Eppes’s Second Form soprano rendition of “Wings of a Dove”? I was so lucky to be sitting between my roommates, Houghton and Righter, both Choir alumni, in three-part harmony – Houghton on melody, Righter in harmony, and Harding on some atonal rendition. A service of recognition was combined with Chapel, to the consternation of a few who felt it diminished the solemnity of a memorial service. After Chapel, we wandered into the Alumni Parade, which did seem rather disorganized, but served the purpose of pointing us in the direction of the Matthews Hockey Center. Tom Carper showed up just in time to be included in our form photo, before departing.

After a halcyon afternoon at Turkey Pond, most retired to the Holiday Inn to regain strength for the evening. Bill McKim slipped away to prepare for his Sunday gig as a church organist.

Dinner at the Centennial Inn got going after a bit of transportation confusion, an issue barely noticed once the cocktails arrived. What fun to see Watts and Young put on a show of hockey defense camaraderie. Harvey Sloane proposed a well-deserved toast to our president, Ted Achilles, regrettably in absentia due to his duties with SOLA, a girls school he founded in Kabul. Our amazing thumb twister, Jay Cushman, reported that our form participation in the Alumni Fund was over 80 percent. He observed that we were within shooting distance of the dollar record achieved last year by a form substantially larger than ours. At this writing, I can only hope that a few deep pockets have been mined to get us past that record.

Since the School hasn’t much time for alumni on Anniversary Sunday, because they now call it Graduation day, Peggy and I offered repast at our summer house in York Harbor, Maine, for any who could make it over there. It was great to see Lee Ault and his lovely Rachel, Brad and Ann Norman, Dick and Millie Perkins, Sam and Trish Sylvester, and Joel Reynolds all making the trek. It was a beautiful day, and we were able to get out on the water.

We can only hope that our next reunion will host the wonderful gang we enjoyed this year.
Ten formmates and five spouses arrived in Woodstock, Vt., on Wednesday, May 27, for what is becoming a traditional pre-reunion opportunity to relax in the comfort of the eponymous Inn, stroll around town, hike Mt. Tom, and get together. We had a chance to share feelings and reflections about our lives, loves, friendships, and what St. Paul’s has meant to us. One such reflection left us wondering whether life follows a plan over which we have some control, or is more random, and, in that spirit, each of us told his story, with the wives maintaining a discreet silence. At that evening’s dinner, Mal gave us a brief summary of his recent book on Richard Whitney.

Eleven other formmates – with some unexpected but welcome cameo appearances – and five additional spouses joined us in Millville for the weekend. The Form of 1959 passed a watershed occasion, with our inclusion in the Friday night dinner with the five-year reunions of those forms going back some 20 years further.

Our march down Dunbarton Road was ably led by our mascot, Spencer. In the afternoon, Dan and David represented our form in a brief row in a double scull,
making an impromptu landing in the bullrushes across from the docks, but otherwise surviving unscathed, and possibly setting the weekend’s record for oldest presence on the pond.

Saturday night’s clambake under the tent by the Blass Club House gave testimony once again to Sydney’s skills as the master of ceremonies and Sam Warriner’s knowledge of wines. We were favored by a surprise visit from Sam Reid ’81, president of the Alumni Association, who apparently enjoyed himself so much that he decided to stay for the duration.

There was a consensus among all that we will meet again soon, at a time and place to be determined. We decided we need not wait until 2019 for our next reunion.
FORM PHOTO (l. to r.), row 1: Bob Evans, Dean Henry, Jason Smith, Roger Young, Chris Howard, Charles Stevenson, Thierry Aube, Rufus Botzow, David Williams, Mike Howard, Bill Purdy, Terry Lichty; row 2: Alex Shoumatoff, Thorny Williams, Jamie Niven, Chuck Coggeshall, Jim Schutze, Tony Parker, Rick Sperry, Jim Cummins, Peter Humphrey, Andy Johnston, Mike Davies; row 3: Ted Morgan, Ray Payson, Dudley Whitney, Rob Claflin, Coby Everdell, Jim Goodwin, Eric Ebbeson, Bob Walsmey, Peter Gerry, Ted Burrell Landsmark; row 4: Dave Patterson, David Irons, Fred Dillen, John Richardson, David Bliss, Bob Grantier, Bronson Platner, Livingston Miller, Jad Roberts, Fred Morris, Jos Wiley, Rick Bastian

50th: Form of 1964

by Rick Sperry

Picture–perfect weather over five days provided a great backdrop for the Form of 1964’s 50th reunion in Woodstock, Vt., and on the SPS grounds.

Woodstock, Vt.: The 50th reunion began at the lovely Woodstock Inn two days ahead of the events at SPS. Attendees arrived for an informal barbecue buffet dinner for 30 at the Inn’s golf clubhouse. Activities during the day on Thursday included golf at Woodstock’s historic Robert Trent–Jones designed course, tours of the King Arthur Flour campus in Norwich and the Simon Pearce glass studio in Quechee, and quiet walks and browsing in beautiful Woodstock. A loose, fun afternoon discussion session helped formmates get reacquainted.

The setting for Thursday evening’s cocktail reception and buffet dinner was the Inn’s picturesque Garden Terrace Room, where more than 40 attendees and spouses enjoyed a sun–filled cocktail reception with great camaraderie. Rick Bastian was elected form director to succeed Rick Sperry, who retires after five years in the position.
Pre-Reunion Website: Attendees agreed that a key to their enjoyment of the reunion was the May 2013 creation of an SPS ’64 website, on which 70 percent of formmates, including 100 percent of reunion attendees, entered biographies, photos, and links. Terry Lichty was adding bios right up to the eve of the reunion.

St. Paul’s School: Attendees began to arrive on the grounds for a 1:30 p.m. Friday tour of the School by Ellerbe Cole ’62. Tour stops included the redone Sheldon Library (admissions building), several of the newer dorms, Ohrstrom Library, the New Chapel, and Hargate for a lecture on SPS history by former faculty member Berkley Latimer.

Friday evening activities included an SPS-sponsored reception in the Coit Common Room, followed by a sit-down dinner in the Upper, which was attended by 85 formmates and guests. Rick Sperry began the evening with a specially prepared prayer on behalf of the 16 formmates we have lost since graduation. Board president Douglas Schloss ’77 presented Rick and Form Agent Tony Parker with stones inscribed with the School Prayer.

After dinner, a convivial group retired to a hospitality suite at the Concord Holiday Inn. Saturday daytime activities included the traditional Memorial Service at the Chapel followed by the Alumni Parade to the Matthews Hockey Center for lunch and form photographs. In the afternoon, Boat Races at Turkey Pond included an SPS 1964 crew organized by Mike Howard.

The highlight of Saturday was an evening reception at the Kimball-Jenkins Estate in Concord, followed by buffet dinner for 85 at the nearby carriage house. Evening entertainment began with Alex Shoumatoff setting a casual, informal tone playing and singing “Ain’t Misbehavin’” on his ukulele in tribute to the many wives and guests present. Rick Sperry’s ensuing slideshow used many photographs received from formmates, plus a special tribute to fondly remembered football and lacrosse coach Maurice “Bud” Blake.

Many formmates made impromptu personal speeches, including Terry Lichty, Ted Morgan, Ted Landsmark, Fred Dillen, Jad Roberts, David Irons, and Jamie Niven.

The evening ended with those assembled singing “La Marseillaise” in tribute to former French teacher André Jacq and “O Pray for the Peace” with soloist Peter Humphrey and organist Andy Johnson. Once again, a well-attended hospitality suite at the Holiday Inn was the focus of late-evening activities.

Sunday Chapel, Brunch at the Claflins: On Sunday morning, numerous formmates attended an 8 a.m. Eucharist service at the beautiful Old Chapel. A final highlight of the weekend was an outdoor brunch for 75 at the nearby, still-under-construction home of Rob and Kyri Claflin. Attendees bid an affectionate adieu to each other after a wonderful five days together.

Parade fun
FORM PHOTO (l to r), row 1: Rick Lyon, John Bronson, Robin Lloyd, John Adams, Tom Whitney, Terry Hunt, John Carlos, son of Charlie Musser; row 2: George Birchard, Eliot Larson, David LeBreton, Todd Rulon-Miller, Burke Ross, Peter Flynn, Charlie Musser; row 3: Phil von Stade, Rob Deford, John Hagerty, Doug Stewart, Bill Reedy, Locke Besse, David Winslow Burling, Joe Walker; row 4: Tom Iglehart, Bill Lane, Paul Reingold, Trip Farnsworth, Charlie Hickox, Bob Rettew

45th: Form of 1969

by Tom Iglehart

Editor’s note: By now, many of you have heard the sad news of the sudden death of our friend and formmate Joe Walker on July 8. Joe had recently been elected as our new form director and was looking forward to continuing his relationships with members of the Form of 1969. We will all miss him. Please look for a detailed obituary to appear in the fall issue of Alumni Horae.


The School grounds that some 31 formmates landed upon that afternoon had no Lower School. It practically sparkled with decades of change. Maps came in quite handy, as did the occasional nametag. But something immeasurable and powerful spanned those decades.

Anglers Trip Farnsworth, Locke Besse, and Rob Deford spent Friday afternoon on the Turkey River, landing some frisky panfish and fat trout (as did Paul Reingold the following morning). Dave LeBreton, Bill Reedy, Joe Walker, Eliot Larson, and Tom Whitney rolled in that same day under rumbling skies after a competition for worst golfer.

All finally convened – some for the first time in 45 years – for cocktails and a mixed-grill dinner at the home of Bob and Annie Rettew, a mere Frisbee throw.
from the Schoolhouse. Many noted conversations immediately picked up where they had paused years ago, along with entirely new conversations involving things we never knew, including many social and geographic links among us.

We were joined by an extended family that included 15 wives, one young son (of Charlie Musser), two daughters (of John Hagerty), two grandchildren (of George Birchard), and one parent (Mr. Charles Hickox ’39). Natalie Adams, wife of J.Q. Adams and a 1970 Concord Academy graduate, updated an old cliché about the arrival of girls civilizing St. Paul’s, reporting that the arrival of boys at C.A. made the girls nicer to each other too.

Co-education is apparently the biggest win-win ever.

After lingering over wine provided by Rob Deford’s Boordy Vineyards, and with reunion polo shirts in hand, some, including Burke Ross, Todd Rulon-Miller, and Pete Flynn, continued on to the Common Man in Concord for even more.

A delightfully full Saturday started early with group breakfasts at the country inns where most stayed, a packed memorial service in the Chapel, self-guided tours of sculpture by Joseph Wheelwright ’66 at Hargate and of the new Lindsay Center for Mathematics and Science, the Alumni Parade marked by student shout-outs to Bob Rettew, and a lunch with kilted bagpipers who preceded the Form of 2014 in a march through the alumni throng. At the Flagpole Ceremony, John Hagerty was called up and joined by other past Gordon and Loomis Medal recipients to congratulate this year’s winners.

The Colby Hill Inn in Henniker was canopied by stars for our Saturday dinner (no shepherd’s pie), where Procter Smith arrived to complete our turnout and George and Joanne Carlisle attended as guests of honor. All prior form agents and form directors of SPS 1969 were recognized with specially engraved glasses, while newly elected – and now very dearly departed – Form Director Joe Walker spoke about plans he was already making for our 50th. Tom Iglehart’s new video and photo retrospective set to music slipped us easily into a late-night reverie, recovering things otherwise lost in the swirl of time.

Late Sunday afternoon, after a small but hilarious lunch at the Rettews’ and a glimpse of the Form of 2014 graduation, two of us paddled up Turkey Pond to the dam, an area largely unchanged for hundreds of years. Our kayaks coasted as the shadows lengthened. A great blue heron folded up its six-foot wing span and picked its way through the grass when, suddenly, its magnificent beak shot into the water, bringing up a small black fish, our closing reminder of life racing on and on, within us and without us. Our 50th calls.
Anniversary 2014 was a family affair – a reunion of 65 brothers and sisters. Our greatest joy over the weekend was greeting several whom we hadn’t seen in 40 years.

Not a single beat seemed to have skipped in anyone’s conversations or gestures during our special weekend. No matter the outcome of the intervening years, we are still who we were then. And realizing this fact, I became a bit teary eyed, off and on, throughout the weekend.

Steve Morton put our hopes for the weekend in a nutshell: “Looking and dreaming back to those days long past brings a giddy sense of something bold and daring that we lived and got away with, and I can’t wait to see it and try it on again, even if it’s just for a few days.”

Over the weekend, we tried on those days long past, and they fit like gloves.

And oh, how we wished to have been able to see everyone. Those who didn’t make the trip, we missed you sorely.

The weekend kicked off Friday afternoon with three fearsome foursomes tearing up the links (and the sod) of the Concord Country Club. Thank you to John Sullivan and Tom Painchaud for their efforts in organizing the event. In the evening, many of us gathered at the Gates Lounge for a
School-sponsored dinner, then on to the Common Man, where we talked for several hours. Our form waits to the very last minute to say good night, perhaps because we are so socially adequate that it becomes difficult to call it quits.

Late to bed, early to rise. After an energy boost of coffee and several of those large greasy cinnamon-sugared donut holes, we took up the middle of the parade to the sound of cheers echoing all around. Off to the afternoon alumni sporting events, where a crew of eight of us sliced through the water with the ease of a youthful stroke rate – I heard coxswain Rod Giess call out an appropriate starting rate count of ‘forty’.

Thank you, all: bow, Pam Hudson; 2, Matt Dallett; 3, Chris Rulon-Miller; 4, Mike Harlan; 5, Mike French; 6, Jim Rutherfurd; 7, Mike Wert; 8, K.C. King. On the lacrosse field, former All-American Greg Wheeler stretched a jersey over his head and proceeded to post up just outside the opposition crease. After all the afternoon sweating and hugs (several of us went to visit the legendary Cliff and Alina Gillespie), we attended the reunion dinner at the McLane Audubon Center. The event went off without a hitch, despite my concern for sufficient seating and elbow room as we stretched the limits of capacity. The only episode of unraveling was the top thread of my brand-new fancy Florsheim tassel loafer. We managed quite nicely with a cozy and fun group of 102.

By popular vote, we were graced by the presence of a group of greatest-ever SPS faculty members, including Rich and Peggy Davis, Sue Fortier, Bill ’61 and Marcia Matthews, and Roberta and Rod Tenney, who all made our evening complete.

After good eats and a few toasts (the most appreciative of which was given by Burnie Maybank – “Thank y’ all for the free bar!”) we danced, inspired by the musical genius of Ben Rice and his Alter Ego band, who were later accompanied by Tom Wiggin and Pam Hudson.

At an earlier point in the festivities, our emotion came to an understandable head when we sadly honored the eight of us who have passed on. They are a part of our family and always will be.

Just two weeks after the reunion, I still feel the emptiness of missing my family. I sit here, as well, just shy of five years and counting to the next!
“Faith is the state of believing things will all work out in the end.”

Since my memories of Mr. Hannibal’s Introduction to Religious Studies class are fuzzy, it is likely this quote cannot be attributed to Paul Tillich. Nevertheless, this thought was going though my mind as I waited late Friday afternoon in front of the Athletic and Fitness Center for arrivals from the Form of 1979. While initial responses from our form had trickled in slowly, as the final week before Anniversary approached, confirmations started arriving several times a day. My heart lifted as Matt Pierce arrived, and we chatted before proceeding indoors to a multi-form welcome-back buffet.

While on an Army deployment to Kosovo this winter, I found that trying to prepare for reunion remotely was more challenging than I had anticipated. But preparations for the weekend came together, thanks to the hard work and dedication of Sarah Newton and Liz Robbins, who did all that needed to be done. Fortunately, I returned to New Hampshire the first week of May.

A large proportion of our 35 attending formmates returned for dinner and drinks Friday evening. We were pleased to see Darrick Harris and Paul Spivey arriving with children. Bill Martin arrived...
with his wife, Laurel, and three children, having traveled from Washington, D.C. Sarah Davidson O’Leary and her family came from North Carolina. After dinner, a group reconvened at the venerable Hampton Inn in Bow. Sarah had brilliantly secured the public lounge space for the after party, which reportedly continued until 2:30 a.m.

The Chapel was packed for the Saturday morning service, during which departing Board President Douglas Schloss ’77 spoke, followed by Rector Mike Hirschfeld ’85, who read the necrology of alumni, faculty, and staff who passed away last year. Alumni had been welcomed to join the Choir, and Paula Salonen Paquette (who attended with her mother) was seen in choral robes singing among the students and other alumni.

The Alumni Parade from the Chapel to the Matthews Hockey Center proved to be the ultimate magnet for our form and their families. It was heartwarming to see familiar faces along the route. Once we found our tables in Gordon Rink, we applauded the arrival of the Form of 2014, marching to bagpipes. The afternoon provided the opportunity to tour some of the new buildings on campus, including the amazing Lindsay Center.

Bill Martin opted to give his kids a tour of the Granite State Candy Shoppe downtown; they approved!

During our lunch, Sarah Newton brought her organizing and motivating skills to the recruitment of a 1979 alumni boat. Her efforts resulted in a true synthesis of Halcyon and Shattuck, with George Brooke stroking a vintage 1970s-era eight, joined by Davitt Woodwell, Kimball Halsey, Amy Matthews Feins, Sarah in the bow, and me in the 3 seat for the first time since 1980. Sarah recruited two rowing alumni from recent forms for our adventure paddle from Little to Great Turkey Pond. It turns out that what is said about “just like riding a bike” is true for crew. Who knew?

In keeping with the crew theme, our Saturday evening dinner brought us together in the Crumpacker Boathouse under the Halcyon and Shattuck banners for a delicious meal and conversation. Will Schwalbe ’80, the guest speaker for the Sunday Baccalaureate service, also joined us. Board President Schloss spoke and shared his appreciation for the service of Trustee Sarah Newton. Chrissie Dillenbeck Wood shared her memories of Betsy Fairman Weyerhaeuser, who died this year. It was a delight to see the 1979 officers reunite, with Alan Khazei, Seth Ward, Evie Gurney, and Dave Ross posing for pictures on the porch. Alec Timpson was seen enjoying a cigar, possibly to ward off mosquitoes, and Matt Pierce was seen enjoying the cool Turkey water off the boat docks. Judy Jordan arrived from California with a case of J Brut Rosé from her vineyard in Sonoma Valley. She gave a thoughtful toast before dinner. The results of the form director election were announced, with Liz Robbins assuming responsibilities. As no one was ready for the evening to end, the party again relocated to the Hampton Inn 1979 Honorary Party Space, where the wine and spirits flowed again well past midnight.

Breakfast at the Hampton gave our form one last opportunity to mingle. As we walked out to the parking lot under bright sunshine, we agreed that our reunions only seem to be improving with the passage of time.
About 40 of us traveled from near and far and officially made camp at the Hampton Inn, home of the hospitality suite, which featured prominently in the weekend’s activities. We sorely missed those of you who couldn’t make it.

Things began on Friday night at the all-form dinner at the Athletic and Fitness Center. Upon seeing one another, we instantly regressed to our old selves and spent much of the weekend inhabiting that hazy reunion netherworld (i.e., are we 18 or 48?). We talked and talked. Many of us are in transition: kids graduating and heading off to college, striking out in new directions with work, shifting into different relationships. Some are grappling with health issues. But the bonds forged 30 years ago only seem to grow stronger with time.

After Friday’s dinner, we hit True Brew Barista in Downtown Concord. As many of you know, Concord has shed its “sleepy outpost” personality. It’s now trending toward “Boulder in the Granite State,” with health food coops, juice bars, burrito joints, and art galleries. We were mighty glad to see that Vinnie’s Pizzeria is still cranking out pies at the corner of S. Main and West.

True Brew had a few tired musicians strumming out tunes in the corner. Some of us went crazy and proceeded to order hot tea with milk. Others noted that the table was too large and the lights were too bright. We decided that only cranky

FORM PHOTO (l. to r.), row 1: Tim Busler with daughter Caroline, Maja Paumgarten-Parker, Mary Robins, Bridget Mahoney Jenkins, Chris Sklarin with children Maya and Wyatt; row 2: Reed, son of John Taws, Kipp Sylvester, Diane Dwyer, Ellie Dorr, Posey Cochrane, Nina Houghton, Theresa Ferns; row 3: John Taws, Greg Selch, Chat Reynders, Lynn Hawley, Eric Sorenson, Edith Pepper Goltra, Glen Turner; row 4: Tommy Thomas, Andrew Hultkrans, Luke Smith, Stu Witt, Karim Rashid
old people would notice or care about such things; therefore, we were officially old. John Gates decided to stir things up. He went into the back room and ordered a round of tequila shots, only to return and find the bar empty; everyone had left for the Hospitality Suite at the Hampton Inn.

Hats off to Maja Paumgarten, our rockin’ form director, who was chief architect of the 30th reunion experience. She and Diane Dwyer made sure the Hospitality Suite was stocked and looking good. Diane, in particular, took note of the sorry environment at the Hampton Inn and decided to clip some lamps and several long strands of pearls from her grandmother’s house to liven up the place.

On Saturday morning, many gathered in the Chapel for the Alumni Service of Remembrance. This year, we particularly remembered our friend Henry Whittlesey, who died in December 2012. Tim Busler writes, “At the Saturday service, Rector Mike Hirschfeld ’85 encouraged us to sit in our Third Form Chapel seats, and I did, but, this time, rather than looking over at Henry, I sat between my wife and daughter, prayed for Henry, and gave thanks for the School that brought us all together.”

Afterwards, we gathered for the Parade through campus. Lunch in the hockey rink followed. We took our form picture, which was not unlike wrangling cats. Who’s tall? Who’s short? Where do we stand? What do we do with these numbers? Much laughter.

Many flashbacks to the old days followed. Some went to check out the hidden statue in the woods near the Chapel. It is inscribed with the words “Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.” We were all moved by the sheer beauty of the campus — the abundant green, the water, the incredible architecture — the sound of the Chapel bells, and the smell of Hargate, which is utterly unchanged from when we were there. Many of us brought children, and we had a chance to show them our favorite places.

Some folks hoofed it down to the boat docks. Others went to the alumni lacrosse game, where the old guys emerged victorious, 8–7.

Dinner at the Kimball House on Saturday night was a blast. We cranked up the tunes and danced to Michael Jackson — who else? Tom Lena and his girlfriend, Shakti Rowan, played beautiful guitar and drums during dinner. Lots of people said how much they appreciated connecting with people they hadn’t known that well at SPS; it made them realize how much we all shared, even if we didn’t realize it at the time.

Back at the Hospitality Suite, the incredible 1984 music scene continued, with Tom Lena, Thorne Sparkman, and Andrew Hultkrans on guitar and Chat Reynders on vocals. This is one of the best things about our class: the astounding musical and creative talent (and it’s not even people’s day jobs). Chris Chappell, you were missed. Start planning for the 35th now.

That night, we all ended up sitting against the wall in straight-backed chairs, a cooler serving as our coffee table. The whole scene pretty much resembled a bus station waiting room. But it was a stellar time. Tim Busler shared a photo album from SPS days (in one of the pics, Nina Houghton is sporting a Bay City Rollers hairdo while throwing down some sick dance moves). Some guys from the forms of 2011 and 2012 wandered in and wanted to crash our bus station party. Evidently it was that happenin’.

Sunday was graduation day, and three of our formmates — John Gates (Jackson), Ellie Waud Dorr (Lowell), and Kipp Sylvester (Grey) — had kids graduating. It was an exciting and proud day all around.

In the end, what made the weekend truly special was what made our entire SPS experience special: the connections between us all. One person told me: “I think we’ve all become really kind, cool, interesting individuals who radiate warmth and a positive, loving vibration.”

25th: Form of 1989

by Marshall Neilson

The Form of 1989 has something distinct. Someone, rather. Tom Noe. He has a quality that very few people possess. No matter where you go with him, when you arrive, people are glad to see you. In April, bits of the 1989 Creative Eye film by Andrew Lampert and Dennis Lynch that starred Tom, “Getting Buffed With T,” began to leak out on the Internet. Next came a T-shirt commemorating the movie...
on Hugh Anderson’s online reunion gear
site (the T. Noe shirt outsold all other gear
combined by a long shot). T. would take
us through the weekend like a spirit
animal, with style, charisma and grace.
Every form should be so lucky.

Friday night at the Rectory was wonder-
ful. There were reports of some nerves
– for some it was the first time back since
graduation – but those quickly washed
away and gave way to kindness, a per-
vading sense of welcome, and genuine
interest in each other. It wasn’t just that
people picked up where they had left off,
but also that people were open to and
engaged by each other, even people they
might not have known well 25 years ago.
We had a great time catching up with
formmates, as well as famous faculty and
staff faces from the past – the Callahans,
George Carlisle, the Davises, Macy Fox,
the Matthewses, and Brian “Murph”
Murphy. At the conclusion of dessert,
we retired to the Courtyard Marriott for
some restrained merrymaking, with an
eye on Saturday. And, yes, Tom Noe
turned out the last light.

What to say about Saturday? It started
out strong, and it only got stronger. There
was a large turnout for the Alumni Serv-
ice of Remembrance – always nice to be
in Chapel – then the parade (we even had
our own bagpiper – thanks, Hugh!). Next
was the photo, then clusters scattered
here and there. A form boat did make its
way along Turkey Pond, and there was
some alumni baseball, lacrosse, and tennis,
as well as a number of naps, before we
reconvened for Saturday night at the
Courtyard Marriott. At this point, Hugh
Anderson worked some magic. He gath-
ered a band that included contributions
from form members Dennis Lynch, Pete
McBride, Marshall Neilson, Tom Noe (was
there ever a doubt?), Sarah Park, and Sarah
Richardson, and our former teacher, Terry
Wardrop ’73. It opened with Tom’s amaz-
ing romp through “With a Little Help from
My Friends,” and ended with Sarah bring-
ing down the house with “Don’t Stop
Believing.” There was dancing (even an
amazing dance off between Pete McBride
and Harlem Logan that frankly left every-
one else feeling a little inadequate), as
well as catching up and reconnecting. It
was difficult to peel away, and hours after
the music stopped and the bar closed,
people still gathered in the lobby.

Sunday was bittersweet. Some left before
dawn (before a select few had gotten to
bed, in fact), while others milled in the
hotel breakfast area. Spouses and child-
ren reported they enjoyed themselves
and felt welcome. Hugs and contact
information were exchanged before
eventually going our separate ways,
hopefully better for the experience.

But trust me on the Tom Noe part. If
someday I am so lucky – “lost in wonder,
love, and praise” – to cast my crown
before the Maker, I hope Tom is there.
It will be reassuring to know everyone
is glad to see me.
A very special thanks to Shannon and Dan Arndt for hosting our 20th reunion party. We had a very strong turnout for our vigentennial. We ate, we drank, we reminisced, and laughed. We took in the beauty of the campus, where we shared so many experiences together during such a formative time in our lives.

Highlights included the multi-form dinner in the Gates Lounge on Friday night, followed by drinks at the Barley House, the parade on Saturday morning...
followed by Bloody Marys at Becky Soderberg’s apartment in Middle, and strolling the grounds and reacquainting ourselves with the magic of Millville. The Ultimate Party Bus of New England drove us in style to a classic party in the woods of New Hampshire, where we carried on until morning.

No matter how many years pass, we all share the distinct bond of St. Paul’s. What was a wildly raw, exciting, challenging, enlightening, fun, and confusing time for many of us makes perfect sense 20 years later.

Congratulations to Chris Gates, who will be our form director for the next five years. Thanks to Stacey Wagner for making a graceful handoff to Chris.

Cate Veatch Ford, Dana Goodyear

Down by the docks: Dana Goodyear, Cate Veatch Ford, Maggie Owens Moran, Taylor Plimpton, Rupert Sandes, Chris Gates, Everett Duncan, and Chris Kelley.


Chris Gates, Amory Blake, Amber Martinson

Maggie Owens Moran, Becky Soderberg
After five years as your form director—which the brilliant and talented Alex Fallon pointed out to me was actually more time than we spent at St. Paul’s—my time has come to an end. You have elected Ben Bleiman to be my successor, and he inherits the responsibility of organizing our 20th reunion in 2019 and writing the subsequent summary for the Horae.

It was a joy to see so many friends in one beautiful, familiar place. The School remains a bucolic seat of manicured privilege, and the campus has been graced with stunning new architecture since we called it home. Perhaps if the spiffy new Lindsay Center had existed in our day, I wouldn’t have been so bad at math.

But the School, as always, is really about the people. Forgive me in advance for these completely inadequate career–related identifiers for our complex peers, but this is America, and what you do is such convenient shorthand for who you are.
We had about 37 formmates and assorted family members make the trek to Concord from as far away as Taiwan (John Chen, planning his world domination from the Risk™-tested base of East Asia); Beijing (Angus McDougal, clothing designer, probably also planning world domination, just more discreetly than John); Canada (J.F. Auffrey, master accountant); Montana (Drew Hanes Westerman, fishing enthusiast and registered nurse); geographically self-satisfied West Coasters (Brooke Lloyd, future Microsoft CEO; Mark DeVito, mustachioed nightlife/music impresario and his business partner, Ben Bleiman); New Yorkers in abundance (Amy Catlin, Luke Wolin, Jordan Webb, Mike Getz, Pete Pachios—finance gurus of various stripes; Gina Mysliwiec, ER doc; Dustin Brauneck, NYC Ballet marketing honcho; Allie Dailey, landscape architect extraordinaire; Natalie Guarnaschelli, dietitian par excellence; Greta Braddock, fashion writer; the multi-hyphenate Kareem Roberts; the eminently employable though not quite employed math Ph.D., Duncan Sinclair); and, of course, DC-ites ranging from high-powered lawyers (Cybil Gregory Roehrenbeck, Brian Gilmore) to business mavens (Sheerin Florio Vesin, Amy Brown Graham), West Virginian progressive activists-cum-politicians (Lida Shepherd), and lauded, published poets bound for Fulbright Scholarships in Kazakhstan (Michelle Chan Brown).

Some traveled shorter distances, but still get full credit (Ian Katz, computers; Meg Leonard, writer; Christine Graham, scientist; Arielle Greenleaf Driscoll, marketing; Alissa Abrams, lawyer/classics; Jake Keeler, architect/builder; Ann Carley Gavin, cooking; Tavis Tenney, WWE aficionado; JP Aubry, economist), all of whom reside in New England; and Willy Kates, a teacher in N.C.

We marched in the Alumni Parade, ate Upper food in the hockey rink, attended performances, napped in the library, saw our plaque unveiled, watched Boat Races, played lacrosse, and sat on the boat docks. Pictures and a glimpse of your past can be viewed at www.facebook.com/SPS1999.

I’ve failed at many things in my role, including figuring out whether “formmates” is capitalized, hyphenated, or two words altogether; but my biggest regret has been my inability to track down our “missing” friends. However, the weekend reminded me that life goes on for all of us and that our rarified high school experience can never be replicated over the course of a weekend.

So, to those of you who opted for your present lives over your past, I understand and admire your choice. Perhaps someday you will choose to return, but I caution you that the St. Paul’s you knew, and perhaps loved, no longer exists. My time as form director has given me the excuse to reconnect with many of you, and I hope I did not overreach too brazenly in assuming that everyone wants to be friends. I sincerely hope that, if any of you are passing through D.C., you will take the time to let me know.
Ten years out, a whopping 57 of us made the trip back to Concord to join the Form of 2004’s reunion. We could not have asked for a better weekend.

As the troops piled in from near- and far-flung destinations (props to Germany, Singapore, and Hong Kong travelers) we congregated at the Gates Lounge for the first annual young alumni kickoff reception. After an hour or two of playing catch-up, Justin Douglas and Benji Nwachukwu assumed their bear-hugging duties and it was safe to say the night was off to a splendid start.

With small talk largely out of the way, the form continued the evening with an
informal gathering at the Draft on Main Street. We mobbed the place and collectively began the “I love you, man” and “Why don’t we hang out anymore?” sentiments that only a pub like the Draft could inspire.

Feeling fresh (?), the form congregated on Saturday morning on the Schoolhouse lawn, ready to represent in the Alumni Parade. We were out in force (outnumbering the Form of 2009 by this form director’s count), we walked with pride, and we looked good. While the time we’ve spent away from the School meant fewer familiar faces in the crowd, it still is probably the closest most of us will come to celebrity. Hurrah.

Post-parade, we gathered for lunch and form photographs. Mike Wattles became our spirit animal, our emotional leader, our patronus, taking a form-wide selfie to rival Ellen Degeneres’s celebrity-filled Oscars portrait.

Later at the boathouses, there were murmurs of cheating, but our boat (led by Mae Karwowski, Liz Pearce, Erik Woelber, Charles Nelson, Chris Allen, Preston O’Connell, and David Bates) eked out a close victory against the Form of 2009.

In the afternoon, some stole naps, meandered through the woods, and caught up with old faculty and friends. Others visited the Upper to see our form plaque (recently completed by Lisa Laughy), which commemorates our form’s role in revitalizing the Boar’s Head Dinner. In our afternoon wanderings, I overheard many folks utter, “I can’t believe we went here.” I can’t either, to be honest.

Saturday evening brought us to the Barley House for one last celebration before we once again parted ways, many of us for another five years. Jon Tam nearly got kicked out – only because he’d done his best Dorian Gray impression and he didn’t bring his passport! As the evening progressed, an impromptu T-Tones reunion may or may not have materialized in the corner, the tab of Mr. Wattles grew and grew, and dancing and other shenanigans ensued. The hazy morning brought farewells, departures, and – as always – a serious case of the Sunday blues.

Despite the passage of 10 years (more than 1/3 of our lives!) most were pleasantly surprised by how little we had all changed. Sure there were baby sightings (cute kids, Eugene!), and engagement rings/wedding bands abounded, but a few hours of conversation made most of us feel like we were back at school just being happy together again, like no time had passed at all.

5th: Form of 2009

by Syrie Bianco

Five years almost to the day after we graduated, the Form of 2009 reclaimed Millville, eager to return to the place that has, to varying degrees, informed who we are today.

Though Anniversary Weekend for many did not begin until Saturday, a significant number made the trip to Concord on Friday night for a dinner in the Athletic and Fitness Center. Saturday morning began with the form assembling on the Chapel terrace, where our fearless form director for the past five years, yours truly, Syrie Bianco, handed out swag bags that included Form of 2009 sunglasses and ping pong balls (for playing ping pong, naturally). Members of the form eventually took their places among the other
alumni for a triumphant march down Rectory Road, stopping every so often to greet a familiar face. With Mr. and Mrs. Matthews in attendance as onlookers, it felt as if no time had passed at all.

Once at the Hockey Center, the Form of 2009 stood still long enough to take a picture together and assure all in attendance that we are still “so fine.” A considerable portion of the form then braved the consistently inconsistent New Hampshire weather, trekking first to the dam and then the Senior Docks, despite the intermittent rain. Others wandered around campus, soaking up the familiar sights and marveling at the changes that the past five years have brought.

After a thrilling day of races that ultimately ended in Halcyon victory, we dispersed for dinner in Concord, dining at Moritomo, Siam Orchid, Margaritas, and the like as if we were back in high school. But instead of returning to campus for some poppy seed cake and board games at the Rectory, the form met up at Tandy's Top Shelf to continue the day's revelry. A few members of the faculty even joined us, which felt oddly thrilling, despite the fact that we graduated five years ago. After a change of location, courtesy of the red school buses many of us rode to away games or performances, the Form of 2009 ended the evening at the Day's Inn, much the way we would have at St. Paul's – with Checkmate Pizza.
Graduates: Form of 2014

Laura Jacobsen, Isabella Turchetta, and Tekla Monson (behind the bullhorn)

Maddie Crutchfield, Shayna Tomlinson, and Clarissa Reichblum
The Formnotes below reflect information received through June 2014. 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.

1950

Dean Howells
hhi@ix.netcom.com
www.sps.edu/1950

George Packard will receive the Japan Society Award at the organization’s annual dinner on June 5 in New York. The award, established in 1984, traditionally has been given to Japanese and Americans for outstanding contributions to U.S.-Japan understanding. George served at our Embassy in Tokyo in the early 1960s and wrote an account of Japanese political turmoil at the time (Protest in Tokyo, 1966, reviewed by Dean Howells in the Horae). He recently wrote an excellent biography of Ambassador Edwin O. Reischauer, one of our all-time best, under whom he served. George, who has been president of the U.S.-Japan Foundation for over 15 years, is the second of our form to receive the prize in as many years. Last year’s award went to Ben Makihara.

Bill Fauraot writes: “Janet and I have successfully moved to Idyllwild, Calif. We are at the same elevation as Show Low (6,300’). The mayor is a golden retriever. There are no fast food restaurants, Walmarts, or Home Depots. There is one movie theater that seats under 100, two grocery stores, two hardware stores, a couple of dentists, and maybe one doctor. We are saved from an influx of people because the three roads up the mountain are very twisty, without a lot of guardrails, and too scary for most flatlanders. We reduced our ‘stuff’ by half and live on one floor. Guests have to walk up to the guest room. My e-mail is fourzero@twc.com, phone is 951-659-4313, and address is PO Box 767, Idyllwild, CA 92549.”

1951

John Lorenz
cossacks4ever@fairpoint.net

Flix Kloman writes: “Our eldest granddaughter, Blair Southworth, just graduated from Connecticut College and is off to Indonesia for a year to teach English under a Fulbright grant. Another granddaughter is off to Wyoming for the summer, teaching at a camp before her senior college year, and a third is probably going to New Zealand for her bridge year before starting college. These peripatetic offspring!”

1954

Ed Harding
ed@thehardings.org

Edward Bromley Jr. sends this sentiment: “Sorry that I was unable to attend our 60th reunion. Our second grandson graduated from Lawrenceville at the same time. I hope to be able to make our 65th!”

William McKim reports: “Still directing choir and playing organ for two churches. Frequent as pianist in local concerts and regularly performing with Vermont’s Windham Symphony Orchestra.”

1955

Morris Cheston
chestonm@ballardspharr.com
www.sps.edu/1955

We regret to share the news that Bayard Pope’s wife, Pam, died on May 17, 2014. She was pre-deceased by Bayard in October 2013. Services were held for both Pam and Bayard on May 26 in Hopkinton, N.H.

1958

Phil Bradley
brad0260@umn.edu

From Ellis Wisner: “Dave Barry
and his wife, Jane, visited Wash-
ington in May. The three of us
goes to Arlington Cemetery and
visited the graves of our fathers,
Colonel David Sheldon Barry
and Commander Frank Gardiner
Wisner – though my father is
not especially known for his
having been in the U.S. Navy
during World War II.”

Bill Riker submits this up-
date: “My church congregants
keep me busy when I’m with
them, and I’m a bit more focused
with the time I have left. Still
enjoying our garden, our home
on Lopez Island in Washington,
and the growth and changes in
Barbara’s and my combined
family of seven children, 16
grands, and various in-laws. I
hope life continues to inform
our lives for many years.”

Charlie McKee reports:
“Nina and I, along with other
family members, attended the
graduation of our grandson
Aidan McKee ’14. In addition to
his diploma, Aidan was awarded
the Douglas Baseball Medal
for the best overall baseball
player and the Lovejoy Sci-
ence Prize for the student who
best integrates science into
his liberal arts education. Next
year, Aidan will be attend-
ing William and Mary. Other
family members attending the
graduation were Aidan’s sister
Nina ’12, his mother, Betsy Ring,
his dad, Charlie Jr. ’83, Char-
lie’s spouse, Joseph Hamilton,
and Peggy Wescott, Aidan’s ma-
ternal grandmother. It was a
wonderful weekend with perfect
weather and many fun activ-
ities. SPS is in excellent shape
and the leadership provided by
Mike Hirschfeld ’85 and the
faculty and staff couldn’t be
stronger.”

David Parshall dparshall@peifunds.com
www.sps.edu/1965

David Parshall submits these
updates: “A small gathering of
friends from the form, plus a
couple of special guests in New
York, spent a delightful evening
together in June and covered
many topics, including a few
tales from the 1960s, some se-
rious discussion about lessons
learned over the years (e.g., the
importance of listening), sea
changes underway in publishing
and e-publishing, and the geo-
political fragility of our world
today, especially in the Middle
East. We began at 6:30 p.m.
and concluded at 11 p.m.

“Andrew Wylie visited the
School in April as a Schlesinger
Fellow at the invitation of the
Rector. Andrew spoke to the
entire School community at
Memorial Hall, met with stu-
dents separately in a smaller
group, was hosted by faculty
members at two dinners, met
privately with the Rector, and
walked through the School
grounds. This was Andrew’s
first visit to the School since
1965. Andrew told me that he
enjoyed being there and that
he was impressed by the quality
and diversity of the students. He
said, ‘Everyone was incredibly
nice and lovely.’

“The School recently com-
pleted a film (shown at spring
alumni events), which features
a number of alumni who speak
about the School Prayer or
appear in clips illustrative of
the principles embedded in
the Prayer. Our form is well
represented, including a clip of
Bill Kennedy commenting on
kindness as a simple virtue and
showing a youthful photograph
of him from 1965. There is also
a clip of Tom Lambert with
a patient at the Tibetan Delek
Hospital in Dharamsala, India,
where he and his wife, Catherine,
have volunteered over several
extensive periods overseeing the
medical needs of Tibetan refu-
gees. The film, entitled ‘Coming
Home,’ is posted on the School’s
website, at www.sps.edu/giving.

“Ann and Sandy Faison have
leapt into life on all of their four
feet in Eagle, Colo. They thrive
on new endeavors and chal-
lenges each day and, except for
their friends in the East, there
is not much they miss. They
are contributing to their new
community and keeping very
fit. They are both involved in
Habitat for Humanity and other
nonprofit activities, including
their church and local soup
kitchen. Ann is also editor of a
local newsletter. Their winter
sports include skiing and snow-
shoeing. In the summer, it’s ten-
nis, golf, mountain biking and
hiking. Sandy has completed
1,000,000 vertical feet on the
slopes during this ski season,
a challenge he set for himself
early on! They also have made
many new friends and learned
to live with elk and deer in
their backyard. Sandy and Ann
will be primed for competitive

1965 gathering: Nat Prentice, Russell Corey, Berny Gray, Kiri
Sokoloff, David Parshall, Henry Livingston ’63, Andrew Wylie, Ann
Welles, and Dick Livingston, with Lillian Corbin (cousin of Russell,
Henry, and Dick).
Tom Shortall ‘68 escorts his daughter, Amanda Young Shortall, at her wedding to Phillip McLamb in Anguilla, West Indies.

Sporting events at our pre-reunion at Mt. Washington next year.”

1967

Tom Beale
beale.tom@loreda.org

Will Dick submits this report: “I released The Tide Is Turning, an album of original songs, in May 2014. Along with a top-notch band, Alexandra Dick ’02 sings backup vocals on the recording. At the CD release concert in June at Brookline Music School (where I have been on the faculty for over 30 years), Will Dick ’98, Tom Whitney ’69, and Rick Lyon ’69 were on hand. George and Joanne Carisle were also there to celebrate the release. For information on The Tide Is Turning please visit www.willdick.com.”

1968

Tom Shortall
shortall.nevis@gmail.com

Boone Porter shared the following: “My son Charles married Caitlin A. Givens in Washington, D.C., last October. Charles works at the Department of Homeland Security, and Caitlin works at a D.C. hospital as a nurse practitioner, specializing in midwifery. My daughter, Martha ’01, is a senior print designer at Kate Spade Saturday in New York City. Visit the website and check out her designs.”

Will Whetzel announced that he just became a grandfather for the second time, saying “My older daughter, Farley, brought Colin into the world last Tuesday, May 27, to join his older (2½) brother, Taylor — and it’s still quite an exciting experience for me.”

Bill Benson writes: “My wife, Sadie, and I have just celebrated our 40th wedding anniversary — and our plan now is to sail into the sunset on the 36’ wooden sloop I have been restoring for the past six-plus years. We are planning to launch her (the boat, not Sadie) this summer, or perhaps I should say this year, and our first cruise will be taking the Erie Canal over to and then down the Hudson River. Well...that’s the plan.”

Form Director Tom concludes: “Tucker Hood attended Anniversary Weekend to cheer on the victorious Halcyons and his son, Tim Hood ‘15. Tucker and his wife, Cathy, visited with my wife, Alice Young, and me in Nevis in early March. My daughter, Amanda Young Shortall, was married to Phillip McLamb in Anguilla, West Indies, on May 17. Jim Robinson and Jim Colby attended with their wives, Christine and Kathy, for a good time by all.”

1969

Send formnotes to:
alumni@sps.edu

We are so sorry to report that Form Director, former Trustee, and friend to us all Joe Walker died in his sleep on July 8. Alumni Horae will print an obituary for Joe in the fall issue.

Tom Iglehart writes: “Unable to attend our 45th reunion, many faithfully checked in from afar with their greetings and regrets.

Charles Scribner welcomed second granddaughter Charlotte into the world in Alabama (both parents met at SPS) and posts updates on his ongoing publishing and speaking work at www.charlesscribner.com. Charlie also provided never-before-seen footage of our 1969 graduation ceremony, captured by his father that spring and shown at our Saturday night dinner.”

Greg Vail temporarily landed in Italy on a venture that will take him all over the country, starting with lecturing California State Polytechnic and Stanford University students in Florence on the topic “Seduction at the Cathedral: A Landscape Architect’s Odyssey,” which he describes as “an irreverent poke at me along with some serious stuff on sustainable development and my career.” By time of publication of these notes, Greg may have found that Italy will become his destination for six months out of each year hence.

Bryan Wilkins reported from the Eastern Mediterranean that he is managing the Cyprus American Archaeology Research Institute (CAARI), and with fond memories of “…Master MacDonald (the greatest influence on my thinking). We surveyed the world, and his worldview (WWII) was monumental.”

Having just retired from 25 years of public service, including nine consecutive terms in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, Chris Ross was in Europe as well, contemplating his next pursuits in writing and research.

Nicholas Dungan, who authored Gallatin: America’s Swiss Founding Father (reviewed in an earlier issue of Alumni Horae by faculty emeritus Rich Davis) continues to travel widely as a senior fellow of the Atlantic Council in Washington, D.C., and a senior advisor at the Institut de Relations Internationales et Stratégiques in Paris. Nick’s writings can most easily be found by searching in your browser for “dungan what europe means.”

Robert Stevenson writes: “Many thanks to formmates, especially Tom Iglehart, for the narrative of reunion. Sorry to miss it. Personally, I have been fighting a battle with stage IV melanoma for three years. I just started a clinical trial with a new drug, PD–1, and it seems to be working wonderfully. I had the pleasure of being a new grandfather on June 19. Baby boy is #8. Life surely goes on.”

Other loyal correspondents expressing their regrets for being unable to attend: David Coombs, Brian Everist, Mike Livanos, Jesse Markham, Craig McNamara, Ned Perkins, Steve Post, Andy Reath, Geoffrey Stevenson (in Edinburgh), Robert Stevenson, and Livy Sutro. You can find out how to reach any of the above at www.sps1969.org.”
Sandy Stewart reports: "Our younger daughter, Grace, started at Union College last fall. Watching their hockey team win the Frozen Four has brought lots of wonderful memories of SPS for Susan and me."

Fritz Newman reports that he is off to Cuzco and Machu Picchu in Peru to hike the Inca Trail and that his wife, Dolores, finds his training program, 200 trips up and down two flights of stairs each day with a loaded pack, nothing short of hysterical. The Newmans’ youngest daughter, who lives in London, hiked the Camino de Santiago in Spain this year. That is another project that Fritz has on his bucket list.

Scott Johnson reports from Houston: “I just couldn’t help myself. I went and tied the knot in April to a lovely Dutch-American girl, Anna Jobsis. We had been absolutely inseparable for a year, and I am just very happy with her. Besides being beautiful, she is smart as a whip, and her entertaining, live-wire personality is a nice counterpoint to my more subdued nature. Bill Craumer and John Eldridge were in attendance and we had quite a party, followed by a honeymoon in Indonesia, where Anna’s grand-father and father had lived. I am also working on starting a new oil and gas company with an experienced group.”

From Bill Craumer, on the occasion of Scott Johnson’s wedding: “It was a warm occasion and Scott’s daughters, Claire and Camille, delivered very emotional remarks at the wedding. I arrived a day early and was able to spend time at chez Scott with him and his daughters, of whom he should be exceedingly proud. I should add that both John Eldridge and Scott Johnson have weathered the ravages of time better than most. Delusionally speaking, everyone looks pretty much the same as we did in 1970 (cough, cough). And John was kind enough to drive me to the airport after a really late night (the wedding was just the first of two gigs that he attended that evening). One final note – there were more attorneys at Scott’s wedding than at any other event I have ever attended – I’d estimate >80%. While the legal gene completely bypassed me, I’m happy to report that my youngest daughter, Davia, will be graduated from Georgetown Law in May.”

From Danny Danziger: “Gosh, Tres, when I hear from my St. Paul’s lads, my memory is taken right back to all of us – but at 15 – which is when I left. And sometimes I just remember the names, with no physical picture of the person. I remember random things: Cricket Holidays, learning that Otis Redding had died, incredible New Hampshire winters, skateboarding, sunlamp (and John Warner turning a vivid shade of red), “Hang On Sloopy” (the first song I heard there), Pizza by Charles, Drake’s Ring Dings, going to St. Croix with Ande Thomas, Señor Ordoñez making us read the columnist James Reston, M. Jacques making us sing “Ma Normandie,” Rev. Warren drawing me graphs about how my grades should look, being on restrictions, then on bounds (I believe I was the Demerit King several times), the awful smell of the coaches when they arrived to take us to Logan Airport, the exotic Sixth Formers (who were cool enough to have 19 year–old girlfriends – who seemed femmes fatales), taking tetracycline for my “zits,” listening to the Doors, hearing “Norwegian Wood” for the first time, and listening to my radio at night and hearing Robert Kennedy had been assassinated. But my loyalties are really to the next school I went to, which was Harrow. It was very different from SPS, with straw hats and tail coats.”

Mark M. Wheeler
mwheeler14@nyccrr.com

Ted Bohlen gives this update: “I am enjoying life in Hawaii. My work for the Hawaii attorney general enforcing water pollution laws is very satisfying; it gives me a role in protecting critical waters and coral reefs. I also have fun and stay fit doing yoga and hiking. Life’s a beach.”

Steve Gray writes: “It has been a bit of an adventure moving out to California a little more than three years ago. My wife of 39 years, Liza, and I are enjoying the change of scenery, and now trading calls with Trip Spencer, who has a really interesting business. Hope to see you and some of our other classmates soon.”

Terry Gruber sends news: “Son Tim finished first year at Kenyon and daughter Rose is going to be a junior in high school at Calhoun. Bram Lewis, James Danziger, and Mark Wheeler came to see ‘Gruber Untapped,’ my company’s pop-up photo exhibit in Chelsea.”
“We were very Ramping concludes formmate Scott Johnson and Anna Jobsis.

Images from my last 14 years of pinhole photos taken while vacationing in Montana were on display, along with the work of eight photographers associated with Gruber Photographers.”

Peter Oliver is on the mend: “Mostly recovered from the broken jaw I suffered after a fall in December from a freak blackout unrelated to the mild stroke I experienced three years ago. My slightly misaligned bite may require braces to repair, presenting the opportunity of feeling again like a 14-year-old with a mouthful of hardware. Youth springs eternal.”

Curtis Karnow brings us up to date: “I am fortunate to be living not far from David Baldwin et ux., so I am able to show off my SPS T-shirts to him every now and then. He is not impressed. I am handling so-called complex civil cases for the SF Superior Court and doing a lot of judicial teaching, writing, and editing, mostly in the legal world…and dreaming of SPS, the fields of praise.”

Rodney Place contributes this: “Thanks to the efforts of one of our formmates, M–m (The South African Multimedia Arts Foundation) has now established an American Friends Fund at the King Baudouin Foundation United States. I set up M–m in 2009, before embarking on a three-year R&D program in Europe, working with institutions like V2_Rotterdam, pioneers of the application of new technologies in the arts. While I was working in The Hague, Lisa and Mark Wheeler and I had dinner together. It was 40 years later, but it felt like continuing a conversation we’d interrupted at SPS because we had to graduate. M–m stimulates the entry of young disadvantaged South Africans into careers in digital media and the creative and fashion industries. Its focus is on townships, which were conceived during apartheid as racially segregated dormitory ghettos, but are now the largest and most vibrant urban population centers in South Africa. The first 20 years have been a remarkable achievement on the part of the government, delivering basic services to the vast majority of South Africans. Now it’s time for the ‘born frees’ to be productive; South Africans don’t take kindly to being wards of the state. Mandela’s timing, as usual, was impeccable. He refused to be patronized and was damned if he should become a patron saint himself. Freedom was his mantra; it was available on earth, not as a gift but as a continuing obligation.”

Gil Parsons reports that he has just purchased a particularly insignificant copy of the Declaration of Independence, unsigned by any of the framers, and not printed by any of the recognized houses consigned to fame in this context. It is, however, the smallest object ever handled by him, being a complete version of the document executed at a scale of almost exactly a penny, the more remarkable for being completely legible (though not by him without optical enhancement, which pretty much sums up the current state of play as the dreaded 6–0 crashes down upon his head...).

Byam Stevens: “Ramping up for our 25th-anniversary season at Chester Theatre Company. I’ve been in and out of New York a lot lately, casting for our season and working at American Ballet Theatre, where, under the auspices of an Annenberg Foundation Grant, I mentor a rising soloist in the company each year. Over the years, I’ve developed a curriculum for teaching acting and performance skills in non-verbal forms, in this case, dance. I’ve been doing this for a number of years, and my first mentee, Misty Copeland, who’s gained a lot of national attention in the last year or so, will be performing her first Swan Lake in the next year. I’m currently working with Isabella Boylston, who will be doing her first New York Giselle at the Metropolitan Opera House this week. I also teach in workshop setting for companies and colleges. My first gig was at Adelphi University, for the late Rebecca Wright, whom you might remember from the Joffrey Ballet’s visit to SPS (she later headed the SPS Dance Program), a recent gig for ABT’s Studio Company, and an upcoming gig at the North Carolina School of the Arts. It’s tremendously rewarding to cross back and forth between dance and theatre.”

Mark Wheeler concludes with: “And lastly, while nostalgically browsing a website about rowing some months ago, I stumbled across a news item on Gregg Stone. Gregg had first won the men’s singles sculls at the Head of the Charles Regatta all the way back in 1977 (followed by Tiff Wood, who won it from 1979 to 1981). Incredibly, last fall, Gregg chalked up his second win – a full 36 years later. Ponder that...this time Gregg won in the ‘Veterans’ class, which is, I presume, a polite way of referring to aging baby boomers. Anyway, hats off to Gregg. Terrific to see.”

Memories from 1972: A photo taken by Halsted Wheeler and submitted by Jeffrey Keith (l to r.): Sandy Schwartz, Matt Mandeville, Joe Donovan, Jeffrey, Norty Knox.
Sail Like a Viking! 2014. Ink on Mylar by Jeffrey Keith ’72

1972

John Henry Low
jhl@knick.com

Dierk Groeneman writes: “The timing of your [John Henry’s] letter was perfect. I’m just about to board a plane to Las Vegas, where I will meet up with Bill Keegan for our second consecutive Punk Rock Bowling festival. This time we also have tickets to see Guns and Roses at the Hard Rock Hotel. I’m stoked about seeing Guns and Roses as well. To see them in a place that seats only around 5,000 people makes it special. To have tickets that should put us very near the stage makes it once in a lifetime. In case you are wondering, Slash is no longer in the band, but the current lineup is very formidable all the same.”

Jeffrey Keith reports that “Charlie Bronson and I shared bartender duties and other various entertainment support responsibilities at a showroom reception for designer Liza Evans at trendy NEMA in San Francisco this April. The 23rd-floor apartment overlooked the Twitter headquarters rooftop garden, a veritable mosaic of quilted plantings reminiscent of a Waldorf School playground I knew in a past life. Linda Fairchild ’73 (sister of David Holt) co-hosted the event, which featured work by a number of artists from Linda Fairchild Contemporary Art. Bronson was charming, as usual, and I surprisingly workmanlike. Linda is also my dealer. No, no, not that kind of dealer: my art dealer.” Jeffrey also sent in another wonderful ink-on-mylar “cartoon” titled “Sail Like A Viking,” another strategy for trying to win the Quissett Yacht Club/Quissett Harbor Regatta, 2014 QYC Invitational Herreshoff S Class Regatta in August, which will have happened by the time you read this column. Besides, not everyone can pull off wearing a Viking helmet quite like Jeffrey.

John Henry Low continues: “It feels like being the Times of London crossword puzzle editor to release the answer to a quiz on the ‘mystery formmate’ photo posted way back in the winter issue of Alumni Horae (the editorial and printing lead times here are very long). There was only one correct answer to the mystery photo, which was J.T. Howell holding up his trophy fish. As his prize, the winning contestant chose anonymity in our column, at least for now. Thank you and you know who you are. Jamie Byrne actually tallied the most votes, even though it was not his photo.

“While the collective memories of our form may have been dismal, it was Robin Williams who said that ‘if you can remember the 60s, you were not there.’ So this issue’s blast-from-the-past photo has all the names captioned below it. Please keep your cards and letters old (and new) photos coming in. Maybe let us know how you spent your summer vacation and what old rock ‘n’ rollers you may have seen on your ‘see them before they can’t tour anymore tour’ like Dierk and Bill did. Mine included Santana, Bob Weir of the Grateful Dead, and the Allman Brothers Band.”

Jose Maldonado
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During Chapel on May 29, Terry Wardrop recognized the recipients of the Form of 1973 Mentor Fellowship Awards. As in previous years, the Mentor Fellowships are awarded each year to faculty and staff who have demonstrated strong rapport with students and an outstanding ability to inspire and motivate them. The Form of 1973 hopes to reward and encourage the inspired, passionate community members who mentor and guide our St. Paul’s students in their journey through this School. The Mentor Fellowship Committee, with Katherine McMillan’s participation, carefully reviewed the many excellent proposals this year. The winners of the Fellowships are Candy Dale, teacher of humanities, awarded $3,000 to visit Israel and explore its culture, society and religious life; Suzanne Ellinwood, member of the Admission Department, awarded $2,500 to participate in the National Geographic Weekend Photography Workshops held in New York City; Patty Ilzarbe, teacher of Spanish, awarded $1,200 to study the art of orchestration and arranging with Richard Sebring of Boston; Holly Pratt, assistant controller in the Business Office, awarded $2,000 to further her education on creating course content in alternative methods and on flipping the classroom; and Matt Soule ’77, teacher of humanities, awarded $1,500 to visit the Gettysburg National Military Park. We are fortunate to have such dedicated and committed faculty and staff enriching the lives of the School’s students.

Randi J. Blossom
randy.blossom@blossominsurance.com
www.sps.edu/1975

Sara Weil and Nora Tracy Phillips converged upon Edie Farwell’s home in Hartland, Vt., on a sun-drenched Sunday in May for hiking, eating, and 36 years’ worth of catching up. A profound and magical time was had by all.

Jennifer White Walsh ’79 gave an impromptu drum solo.
1981

Biddle Duke
biddleduke@aol.com

Biddle writes: “There is terribly sad news from New Hampshire for our form. Diana Soule died in a June 7 car accident on I-93 north of Concord. Much admired and loved, Diana leaves many friends and family behind. A Concord native, she entered SPS in the fall of 1977, and went on to shine in the classroom, in the community, and on the sports fields. She was captain of the soccer squad and played squash and lacrosse. She served as head acolyte and vice president of the Missionary Society and, at our graduation in 1981, was awarded the Dr. Everett P. Smith Prize for being a terrific booster and servant of the SPS community.

Recollections of Diana poured in from her many friends in the class after I sent out the news. “I recall how meek Diana’s persona was and how it belied her smarts, poise, and athleticism,” wrote Brooke Southall. “I recall being lost in introductory French, a class Mr. Matthews taught, and consoling myself that I was a public school kid from Maine. But then I was unconsolated when Diana aced the class, a public school kid from New Hampshire.” Sam Reid attended the funeral in Concord and said it was a powerful reminder that St. Paul’s is truly family. “So many SPS faces,” Sam reported in a long and moving e-mail. “Liesbeth and Mike Hirschfeld ’85, Marcia and Bill Matthews ’61, and Mrs. Gillespie. I turned around at the ‘may the peace of the Lord be always with you’ and there were Rich and Peggy Davis, Diane and Scott Heitmiller, Gabriella Demenyi, Murph and many, many others. Brother Matt Soule ’77 spoke about their very happy childhood together in Concord and fun times at SPS. He described her as kind and meek – and how that was her great power. He ended with all of us reciting the SPS School Prayer. Not a dry eye in the house. I spent a few moments with her mother after the service. My only comment was that I was a classmate from SPS. Her mother lit up with a huge smile. She went on and on about how wonderful SPS had been for her and continues to be.”

1983

Michael Stubbs
michaeljstubbs@gmail.com

Michael sends this West Coast update: “Feeling extremely blessed and profoundly grateful. Fascinating trip to D.C. in April to hear oral arguments at the Supreme Court (a unanimous decision in our favor makes it even better). Interesting SPS alumni event in Hollywood upon our return from Washington – great to catch up with Diane Heitmiller, Ian McIlvaine ’81, Charlie Newton ’85, Sarah Hodges ’85, Mike Karnow ’85, and others while learning about SPS alumni philanthropic efforts around the world. Wonderful – and affirming – to be celebrated and surrounded by so many close friends and family at events in connection with our wedding (in Beverly Hills on May 10), including (from SPS) Joan LonerGAN, Tyler LonerGAN ’85, Ned Doubleday ’81, Serena Doubleday ’15, John Bohan, Michael Karnow ’85, Carol Moheban, Kathryn Wilmerding Heminway, David Stubbs ’85, and Helen Stubbs ’87. Inspiring travel to Monument Valley (Navajo Nation) then Munich (and Dachau) later in May: we say ‘never again,’ yet we turn a blind eye to injustice all around us. I was sworn in as a U.S. citizen on May 21, received my new passport on May 23 and voted for the first time on June 3. Currently wrapping up what feels like a major construction project here at home – God, grant me the serenity. The increased footprint permits greater opportunities to host friends and family and events (like a joint HRW-AJWS gathering on human rights in Africa). Heading to Aspen again for the Aspen Ideas Festival (where I hope to see Ripley Thomas and Steve Kahn) and the Socrates Seminars (Supreme Court decisions in the 21st century, coincidentally). Looking forward to seeing Tod Brainard and Carol Moheban (and others – join us!) at St. Paul’s for Coming Home Weekend (September 26–27)! Oh yeah: Doug Masterson is a stone-cold fox.”
Lorna Mack Sheridan writes: “While our oldest daughter, Nina, chose Choate (where her dad went) over SPS, she sided with her mom for college and will join Princeton’s class of 2019 after a gap year traveling and working around the world. I am still the education editor of the Sonoma Index-Tribune, and Barry is still loving the wine business. If you have children, check out my education blog with tips, research, and resources at www.educationroundupnational.com.”

1986
Jill Forney jforney@comcast.net
Laura Hildesley Bartsch submits this news: “The Form of ’86 had a mini-reunion over Anniversary Weekend and Graduation. Trustee Laurel Daniels Abbruzzese was on hand to celebrate and also to support the Ballet Company. Laurel and her husband, Greg, provided Converse sneakers to the whole troupe for a ballet piece choreographed by our formmate, Philip Neal, who came back to SPS this past spring to create it for the SPSBC. Jill Forney, Phyllis Hansen Clark, and I all had Sixth Formers graduating (Jackson Gates, Phoebe Clark, and Griffin Bartsch), and Nils Eddy made a heartily welcomed surprise appearance to hail his ‘illustrious formmates,’ while back East to help his parents move. Because it wasn’t official, we got to choose our own form picture location, and we think we did pretty well (thanks to incoming AA President Ward Atterbury ’85 for snapping the shot and to Laurel for insisting we take one)!”

1990
Megan Scott mscott380@gmail.com www.sps.edu/1990
We are officially next in line to celebrate our 25th reunion at SPS. Seems impossible, right?! We are working on some fun plans for the celebration. It would be fantastic to get a big turnout. So, please mark your calendars for the weekend of May 29–31, 2015. Millville will be the place to be! We will send details on hotels, dinner plans, etc. Also in the coming months, we will be working on plans to get people together in New York and Boston. If anyone is interested in hosting a group in another city, just give a shout. Hope to see you all at the end of May 2015!

1995
Nick Van Amburg nvanamburg@gmail.com www.sps.edu/1995
Nick sends these updates: “Hard to believe it, but we are now less than one year out from our 20th Anniversary! Hope everyone is making the most of every sunny day and starlit summer night. First off, I am so happy to share great news from Sarah Thompson. After her leukemia returned for round two, and some touch and go with finding a bone marrow donor match, she has a new donor and new transplant date of July 1! She reports that she is ‘...looking forward to a seam-
less transplant and a timely recovery, with every intention of being at the 20th!” And if you want to help the Thompsons through this ordeal, go to www.gofundme.com/7o3ymw.

“and from just around the corner here in NYC, i have more good news to share from Oakley Duryea. The last month has been crazy on our front. I was offered a job from a firm in Hartford, Conn., so LeeLee ’02 and I are moving to West Hartford this summer! in addition, we had our first child, a baby girl, Lila Hutchinson Duryea, on 5/23/14. We have a lot going on right now but would love to meet up with any formmates who may live in the Hartford area. And a complete aside, LeeLee worked wonders helping to decorate our little place in Rowayton, Conn., so if you need an interior decorator, be sure to get in touch with the Duryeas.

“Another proud dad, Matt Kulas reports: ‘I’m loving fatherhood and I’ve spent the last three months recovering from a concussion suffered skiing at Stowe on a fantastic powder day. It put a premature end to my ski season and knocked me out of work for a month and a half. Fortunately there was no bruising or swelling of the brain. It was good to catch up with a number of fellow alumni at the Boston reception in May, but our form’s attendance was lacking. I’m hoping that’s because everybody is busy preparing for our 20th next spring.’

“Courtney Evans says, ‘It’s been a memorable two months. On May 9, a healthy Frances ‘Frannie’ Reid Evans joined the Evans team. Her big sibs, Ellie (4) and Ward (almost 2), are so excited to have another playmate. Equally thrilling, on June 7, my father-in-law’s horse, Tonalist, won the Belmont Stakes. I’m looking forward to seeing everyone next May in Concord.’

“Here in New York, my wife, Cornelia ’97, and our family, with Harry Eichelberger and his family, had the good fortune to catch up with Lynn and John Connolly during a visit from Los Angeles. Great fun was had by all. Looking forward to hot days at the beach, chilled white wine (and ice cream!) and some well-deserved vacation from what has been a very busy year. We wish the same to you, and, as always, don’t be a stranger!”

1997

Amy Singer
sykes@post.harvard.edu
Cornelia Van Amburg
cvanamburg@stribling.com

Brad Aston tells us: “On June 8, we welcomed Phoebe Louise Aston into the world. She arrived at 9:57 a.m., weighed in at 6 pounds, 14 ounces, and was 19 inches long. She is happy and healthy, and Val and I and her older brother, Nick, and sister, Olivia, could not be more excited.”

Austen Earl sends this announcement: “My wife, Palmer, and I recently combined genes to create two new humans. George Badger and Edie Adams Earl, Form of 2033. The hope is to have them wearing bottoms by then.”

Hannah Gray sends this vacation report: “As a much deserved break from working in Antarctica, I recently took a two-week sojourn to Nicaragua. While there, I was hosted by the enigmatic Nick Yap, who owns an awesome surf camp called Surf Tours Nicaragua. Anyone interested in practically private, world-class breaks and a beautiful setting should look him up!”

Clementine Drackett sends her family update: “On May 25 at 4:06 a.m., my husband, Hunter Philbrick, and I welcomed Delphine Jay Philbrick. Little D is a good baby...seems to have the necessary skills for pulling all-nighters...Already getting ready for SPS!”

Melissa Brough writes: “I earned my doctorate in communication from the University of Southern California in May.”
Typically when I ask for Horae updates, I hear from one or two formmates. When I asked for photos of your kids, I heard from nearly 30! The response was so overwhelming, SPS had to move the full spread online. Visit www.sps.edu/1998 to see all the photos! Thanks for all your enthusiasm.

Toby McDougall
tymcdougal@gmail.com

Toby sends these updates: “Happy summer! I’ve just finished my third and final year teaching at Groton, and by the beginning of July I will have moved into Cambridge. There I will be tutoring kids, taking design classes at MassArt, and playing in a band with friends. Drop me a line if you’re ever in the Boston area.

“Dana Powers-Klooster writes: ‘I am switching jobs from a postdoctoral research position at the University of Toledo to a tenure-track professorship in the physics department at Reed College in Portland, Ore.’


Nick Noreña writes: ‘I’ve been living in San Francisco for 18 months, and originally moved here to start up Shoto. My co-founders and I are interested in solving the problem of unshared and disorganized photos using algorithms to suggest photos to share and people to share them with. We currently have an app in the App Store and Play Store, and are rolling out a Shoto for Weddings service to help couples easily collect the best photos.”

SPS formmates and friends celebrate the 30th birthday of Sarah Bates Johnson ’02 in NYC (l. to r.): Catharine Morgan, EC Cummings, Katie MacCallum, Sarah, Lizzy Bates ’07, Carrie Read ’07, and Jackie Zider.
Former SPS rowers represented four colleges, and all placed in the top four nationwide in their respective divisions at the NCAA Rowing Championships in Indianapolis, Ind., in May (l. to r): Gwen Schoch ’10 (Trinity), Sophia Jannetty ’12 (Williams), Lucia Petty ’12 (Brown), Stephanie Neul ’11 (Williams), Lia Keyser ’13 (Brown), and Kay Rusher ’12 (Stanford).

from their wedding. If you have feedback, feel free to e-mail me at nick@shoto.com! Before moving to SF, I attended Davidson College ’11 and afterwards, lived in Asheville, N.C. where I was working at a therapeutic boarding school. I was residential life instructor there, where I worked in small groups with the boys in conjunction with their teachers and therapists on the site to develop the boys’ therapeutic goals. It was an amazing experience and both physically and emotionally challenging. Looking forward to connecting with the SPS West Coast network!”

Deane Schofield
dschofi4@jhu.edu
www.sps.edu/2010

Michael Habermann writes: “Minnesota may seem a long way from New Hampshire, but here at Carleton I regularly see and work with SPS alums. Ben Walsh ’09 works with me at the Career Center. I see Anais Boyd ’12 regularly at our Recreation Center. Will Sheffer ASP ’09 and I run into each other all the time! Another fun connection: I first traveled to Africa in 2009, on tour in South Africa with the SPS Choir and Madrigals. This summer I will return to the continent to conduct an NGO’s field survey in Ethiopia with an international development fellowship. Thank you, SPS, for sparking my imagination!”

Charlotte Greene Scribner and big sister Elizabeth are the daughters of Elizabeth Yates ’02 and Charles Scribner ’99.

Celebrating the wedding of Matt Danzig ’05 to Allison Pennock last October are formmates (l. to r): Michael Juel-Larsen, Wookie Kim, Elizabeth Mills, Garrison Jones, Chauncey Kerr, the groom and bride, Tim Liddell, Lindsay Kryzak, and Rebecca de Sa.
**DECEASED**

The section was updated July 17, 2014. Please note that deaths are reported as we receive notice of them. Therefore, alumni dates of death are not always reported chronologically.

1939—William Gordon Lyle Jr.  
May 11, 2014  
1943—Russell Crosby Clark Jr.  
May 18, 2014  
1945—William Harold Willis Jr.  
May 11, 2014  
1948—Brian Hugh Dermot MacDermot  
September 12, 2013  
1950—Doyle White Cotton Jr.  
1950—Francis Lecompte Spalding Jr.  
June 16, 2014  
1951—Peter Torrey Winans  
May 31, 2014  
1952—Charles Huston Moffat  
July 27, 2010  
1956—Lee Scott Dewey  
February 2, 2014  
1959—David Boies III  
May 6, 2014  
1959—Christopher James Elkus  
July 16, 2014  
1962—Alexander Harvey Whitman Jr.  
June 20, 2014  
1962—Peter Caldwell Wylie  
June 26, 2014  
1969—Joseph Monroe Walker III  
July 7, 2014  
1978—Whitney McCleary  
December 31, 2013  
1981—Diana Kristen Soule  
June 7, 2014  

**Former Faculty**  
The Rev. Donald Roderick Welles Jr.  
June 16, 2014  

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**SEND A TRIBUTE**

You may send a copy of an obituary, your own written tribute, a note listing a few facts about the deceased, or an e-mail version of any of these. We also request that you send a photo for inclusion. E-mail information and photos to alumni@sps.edu.

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**1935**

**John Inniss “Jack” Howell**  
of Greenwich, Conn., and Springfield Center, N.Y., died on March 13, 2014. He was 97. Mr. Howell was born in Sewickley, Pa., on February 2, 1917, the son of the Reverend Alleyne and Rosalie Howell. He entered the First Form at St. Paul’s School in September 1929 and earned Second Testimonials from 1930 to 1934. He played second football and first hockey for Delphian and rowed in the first boat for Halcyon. He served as co-editor of Horae Scholasticae as a Sixth Former.

Mr. Howell also served on the Student Council and was a member of the Missionary Society and the Library Association. He went on to Yale, graduating in 1939. He became a newspaper reporter in New York City and Cleveland. “I wanted to learn how people were making out during the Depression,” he wrote.

On February 10, 1941, Mr. Howell married Nelda Audibert, the daughter of an American mother and French father whom he had met at a dance in New York City while he was at Yale. The Howells were a vibrant couple, guaranteed to liven any gathering. They started their family, including children John and Claire, in Cleveland, before moving to Washington, D.C., where Mr. Howell worked in the Division of World Trade Intelligence for the State Department.

In 1941 after war was declared, his effort to enlist in the Army was rejected due to poor eyesight. He overcame this setback, however, by memorizing the eye chart. Once in the service, he was assigned to the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) in Washington and later sent to Burma and China. He worked undercover for the CIA as a banker in Tangiers, Morocco, tracking funding sources of Soviet spies.

Finance ultimately became his career and, after the war, Mr. Howell joined the J. Henry Schroder Banking Corp. During the course of his training with the company, he spent time with his wife and children, working in a French bank in North Africa and the Middle East. His work took him around the world, and he traveled widely to Europe, South America, and the Far East, almost always accompanied by his wife. In 1962, Mr. Howell became president of Schroder and transitioned to chairman of the board in 1970. He went on to serve on the boards of several companies after his retirement, including Ward Howell Associates Inc. and the American International Group. He was a devoted supporter of St. Paul’s and had been inducted into the John Hargate Society.

Mr. Howell had a strong attachment to Springfield Center, N.Y., the Otsego County hamlet where his grandfather, Henry Wardwell of the Form of 1869, built a home that became the nucleus of a family compound. He was instrumental in saving one of the country’s first golf courses – at Otsego – from development, although he was never an avid golfer and much preferred tennis.

Mr. Howell was an astute listener, who helped others realize and draw upon their strengths. His advice and counsel were sought and treasured, as were his efforts to bring together members of the family.

Following the death of his wife, Nelda, in 2002, Mr. Howell’s close friend, Marge Boger, became his companion for more than a decade. A retired nurse, Mrs. Boger lovingly cared for him and provided emergency response after he fell out of bed from a nightmare and broke his neck. She was by his side when he died.

Mr. Howell is survived by his son, John I. Howell Jr., and his wife, Carol; his daughter, Claire Blatchford, and her husband, Edward; five grandchildren; eight great-grandchildren; and his companion, Marge Boger. He was preceded by his wife, Nelda, his brothers, Henry Howell ’28 and Alleyne Howell ’29, and his grandfather, Henry Lansing Wardwell of the Form of 1869.
Russian immigrant Efrem Zimbalist, 30, in New York City, the son of Emily McNair, to cancer when his wife, Emily McNair, to cancer when his first wife, Emily McNair, to cancer when his first child was born in 1948. Mr. Zimbalist was 95 and, according to his son, “died with a smile on his face.”

“He was the best father on the planet,” said his son, Efrem “Skip” Zimbalist III. “He was mother and father to us while he was pursuing his acting career. While he was out being the debonair actor, he was also giving us baths, taking us to school, and making sure we got our shots. I will never forget it. He was always there no matter how busy he was.”

Mr. Zimbalist, whom his children called “Pop,” played a round of golf in the days before his death on May 2, 2014. He was outside, watering his beloved garden just after lunch on his five-acre horse ranch in Solvang, Calif., when a handyman discovered him unresponsive in the grass. Mr. Zimbalist was 95 and, according to his son, “died with a smile on his face.”

Mr. Zimbalist was born on November 30, 1918, in New York City, the son of Russian immigrant Efrem Zimbalist, a violinist and composer, and concert soprano Alma Gluck, who, for a time, had her own railroad car to travel to her many concerts. He studied music as a boy, playing the violin like his father and displaying an innate gift as a pianist. In a March 13, 1924, letter, his father asked then-rector Samuel Drury to “enter his little son, Efrem Jr.” to the School for 1932 or 1933. Mr. Zimbalist attended the Fay School in Southborough, Mass., before enrolling at St. Paul’s School as a Second Former in the fall of 1931. He struggled academically at times, but admitted he didn’t always give his best effort in the classroom. He did earn Second Testimonials in 1934. Mr. Zimbalist left the School at the end of his Fifth Form year to travel, at the behest of his parents, to Russia for the year, where he lived with a host family. He eventually graduated from the Milford School in Milford, Conn.

In a spring 2012 interview with Alumni Horae, Mr. Zimbalist said he “loved every minute” of his time at St. Paul’s, where he admitted he “broke just about every rule there was,” including smoking and stealing down the fire escape of his dormitory room and into Concord to dance with girls. He also described his great lifelong admiration for Samuel Drury, saying the former Rector was a “huge force in my life.”

Mr. Zimbalist continued his studies at Yale, where he “was thrown out of for not studying, much to my mother’s despair.” He was readmitted, and discovered acting—studying at the Yale School of Drama and the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York City. He landed a job in the NBC page program with a talented group of men that included future actors Gordon MacRae and Gregory Peck. While at NBC, Mr. Zimbalist auditioned for a part in a serial radio program. “I got the part, which paid $40 a week,” he told Alumni Horae in 2012, “but was told I couldn’t stay in the page program. I quit on the spot, and my acting career was born.”

Mr. Zimbalist enlisted in the U.S. Army in 1941 and earned the Purple Heart when he was wounded in the battle of Hürtgen Forest on the German–Belgian border. He resumed acting upon his return, landing a role opposite Spencer Tracy in the Broadway production of “The Rugged Path.” More stage work followed, along with a role in the feature film House of Strangers with Edward G. Robinson. Mr. Zimbalist also produced a series of lyric operas, including The Consul, which won the Pulitzer Prize for music in 1950.

On the personal side, he was married to Emily McNair in 1945 and the couple had two children, Nancy and Skip. When Emily became ill and died five years later, Mr. Zimbalist put his acting career on hold to tend to his children, while working for his father at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia. He returned to New York four years later to once again resume his acting career, appearing on an NBC soap opera called Concerning Miss Marlowe. Mr. Zimbalist reconnected with a Broadway producer he had met during his time in the Army, who helped him land a test deal and, eventually, a seven–year contract with Warner Brothers in Los Angeles, where he was paid up to $500 per week. He was enamored with the contract system, through which he was given a chance to appear in a series of films with more seasoned actors, including Clark Gable (Band of Angels), Errol Flynn (Too Much, Too Soon), Angie Dickinson (A Fever in the Blood), and Audrey Hepburn (Wait Until Dark).

As he built his career and his recognition grew in the entertainment industry, Mr. Zimbalist found love again in his personal life, marrying Stephanie Spalding on February 12, 1956. The couple welcomed a daughter, Stephanie Zimbalist, later that year. Ms. Zimbalist went on to her own successful career as an actress of film and television, most notably on the TV series Remington Steele with Pierce Brosnan.

Though he resisted the pull of the smaller screen, Mr. Zimbalist eventually found his greatest success in television. “A couple years into my contract,” he told Alumni Horae in the 2012 interview, “Warner’s came to me and said they wanted me to try out for a television series called 77 Sunset Strip. Back then, film actors rarely ever wanted to do a TV series. However, they pointed to a clause in my contract and told me I had to do TV. It turned out to be a blessing that lasted [from 1958 to 1964].”
His role as Stu Bailey on *77 Sunset Strip* prepared Mr. Zimbalist for another acclaimed series, *The F.B.I.*, on which he played inspector Lewis Erskine from 1965 to 1974. The project was backed by J. Edgar Hoover, and Mr. Zimbalist developed a lifelong friendship with the FBI director. When the two first met, shortly before the series began filming, Mr. Zimbalist admitted that he didn’t know what to expect of the controversial Hoover. He was pleasantly surprised to find a man he described as a Southern gentleman with many common interests.

“We talked for hours about different subjects, including the movies, Shirley Temple, society, everything,” he said.

Even during his busiest years, Mr. Zimbalist still made time for his family. His son, Skip, recalled regular visits from his father to his boarding school in Monterey, Calif. The visits usually involved excursions, including a particularly memorable occasion on which the non-seafaring Zimbalists rented a motor boat and ended up capsizing in Monterey Bay, clinging to wreckage while waiting to be rescued by the beleaguered marina manager. Around that same time, Mr. Zimbalist took his son to see *Dr. Zhivago*, starring Omar Sharif. Having spent a year in Russia as a teenager, Mr. Zimbalist enjoyed the film immensely. Skip Zimbalist remembers his father returning home after hearing the movie’s opus, “Lara’s Theme,” only once, and reproducing the tune from memory—with embellishments.

Mr. Zimbalist maintained a steady career in Hollywood for more than six decades. In his later years, he found success in voice work, particularly in children’s material. In 2009, FBI Director Robert Mueller ’62 presented the 90-year-old Mr. Zimbalist with an Honorary Special Agent Award, the highest honor bestowed on individuals outside the Bureau.

“Over the years,” he told *Alumni Horae* in 2012, “I’ve helped by narrating recruitment videos, making appearances at FBI functions, and raising money for the families of agents who were killed in the line of duty. I was always hugely honored and grateful for being an actor and getting to have this kind of relationship with the FBI.”

Mr. Zimbalist leaves his son, Efrem “Skip” Zimbalist III; his daughter, Stephanie Zimbalist; four grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren. Despite the prominence of his father’s fame, Skip Zimbalist described him very simply as “a good man, a humble man, a modest man, and a gentleman.”

1937

Anthony Drexel Duke

*This tribute was written by Mr. Duke’s nephew, A. Biddle Duke ’81.*

Boys & Girls Harbor founder Anthony Drexel Duke, who devoted his life to bettering the lives of underprivileged children, died peacefully in Gainesville, Fla., on April 30, 2014. He was 95.

Uncle Tony called me last March, as he would every few weeks, for an update on my life and family. He suggested I come down to visit in Florida, where he’d recently moved to be closer to his daughter and son, and closer to his doctors at Duke—closer, that is, than Long Island, where he’d been living up to that point.

“If you can’t make it, don’t worry; I’ll see you this spring at Angie’s graduation,” he said, referring to my son, a high school senior at the time.

When I arrived at his Gainesville house on a Sunday morning in early April, he greeted me in a blue-and-red-striped St. Paul’s School polo shirt with his familiar salutation: “God bless you, Biddle. Great to see you.”

His house was decorated floor to ceiling with a century of photographs of his four families: St. Paul’s schoolmates from the Form of 1937, the men he served with in World War II, his own immense family, and 70 years of Boys & Girls Harbor, his life’s work.

“I want to make sure,” he said, as we sat down to catch up, “that we talk about your dad, and that I hear about your kids.”

My father, Tony’s only sibling, Angier Duke ’34, had died suddenly in an accident in 1995. Tony himself had lost his father at the age of five, so he was acutely aware of what it meant to lose a father unexpectedly.

That April Sunday was a classic Tony Duke day—eating, talking, even a short swim at the local pool, and making plans for a few more adventures. I never would have known that Tony was in acute pain, in the final stages of cancer. He died three weeks later, on April 30, surrounded by children and grandchildren.

In retrospect, the visit was all about me. That was forever Tony Duke—right to the bitter end, always about everyone else.

Anthony Drexel Duke fought all his life to give those with less of everything a fighting chance. Prompted by his experiences with the Missionary Society and service work at St. Paul’s 80 years ago, in 1937, at the age of 18, he founded what became Boys & Girls Harbor, an educational and social service agency based in Harlem that has helped more than 50,000 of New York’s disadvantaged children gain a better foothold.

Born into three American family dynasties, the Drexels, the Biddles, and the Dukes, Tony had a remarkable life, with “a Fitzwallyry loftiness,” according to an obituary in the *New York Times*.

“On July 28, 1918, Tony’s mother Cordelia Duke, on an outing with her husband to Long Beach, N.Y., went into labor at the apex of a Ferris wheel. Descending, the couple raced to a nearby hospital, where Tony...made his entrance.”

At St. Paul’s, he was a good student and athlete. He played football, rowed with the first Halcyon crew, and was president...
of the Form of 1937. But it was his experience with the Missionary Society that most informed the direction of his life. “Dr. [Sam] Drury, the School’s revered Rector, had been a missionary in China, and he tried to imbue us boys with a sense of obligation to try to improve the lives of those less fortunate,” Tony wrote in his 2007 autobiography, *Uncharted Course: The Voyage of My Life*.

At the end of the first SPS summer camp, in 1935, he drove two of the campers, a pair of brothers, home to the Lower East Side of Manhattan. Discovering their drab apartment and careworn mother hardened Tony’s resolve to start his own camp.

The summer after his SPS graduation, Tony established Boys Harbor on Long Island with kids from the St. Paul’s camp as the first campers. The counselors included Claiborne Pell, the future Rhode Island senator, and SPS friends John V. Lindsay ’40, the future New York mayor, and Paul Moore Jr. ’37, the future Episcopal bishop of New York.

World War II interrupted both Tony’s Princeton career and the growth of the camp. He enlisted in the Navy and served as an attaché in Buenos Aires before taking command of a troop landing ship, the LST 530. Captain of his own vessel and commander of several others, Tony ran dozens of missions across the English Channel on D–Day in 1944 onto the fortified Normandy beaches. He then was sent to the fighting in the Pacific, where he ferried troops and equipment for the battle of Okinawa. He earned three battle stars and a Bronze Star.

After the war, he resumed camp operations, settling the organization in 1954 into its long–term home at Three Mile Harbor, near East Hampton. That year, Tony raised the money to establish and run a base in Manhattan, which offered campers year–round counseling and tutoring. Although Tony had careers in business, starting and running several family real estate and development companies, the Harbor was his life’s work.

In time, it became clear that year–round education programs in New York – in the arts, math and sciences, languages, social studies, and sports – were more important to the advancement of young people than the summer camp, and the city site became the Harbor’s hub, with the Long Island campus a summer satellite.

Tony’s immense patriotism and his innate empathy and capacity to make others feel loved were at the heart of the Harbor. “He was like a father to me,” said Edward “Eddie” Flores, a New York lawyer, who was among a handful of former campers who spoke at Tony’s memorial service in New York City in June. Flores had never been beyond Spanish Harlem when he boarded a yellow school bus in the 1970s in the city and headed for East Hampton, a two–hour journey that would change his life and thousands of other Harbor alums who went on to successful professional lives.

Tony’s remarkable friendships straddled every conceivable division in our stratified society. He reached lovingly and earnestly across many lines for his entire life because he believed in each one of us. He remained in touch to the end with hundreds of friends and family, writing letters, making calls, always expressing interest.

Tony’s own family were part of the camp, living among the campers, teaching them to swim and sail, to tend livestock and grow vegetables, shepherding them to church on Sundays and kneeling with them for evening prayers.

Tony’s life was not without struggle and pain. He was often mistaken as a man of great wealth, or at least more than enough to run the Harbor without outside financial help, which was a lifelong battle. At home, his first three marriages to Alice Rutgers, Elizabeth Ordway, and Diane Douglas ended in divorce, due partly, he explained, to his devotion to the Harbor and its kids. He was separated from his fourth wife, the former Maria de Lourdes “Luly” Alcebo, and spent his last decade with Awilda Penney.


He also left Boys & Girls Harbor thriving in New York City, independent of its founder, achieving his lifelong dream.
1941  
Brian Farrant Groom

an entrepreneurial businessman, avid sailor, and devoted family man, died peacefully in his sleep at Salford House in Evesham, England, on April 30, 2014, at the age of 92.

Mr. Groom was born on March 1, 1922, in Erith, Kent, England, the son of local bakery owner Harry Groom. He was the oldest of four children, including his brother, Peter, and his sisters, June and Anne.

As a student at Kings School Rochester, Mr. Groom spent his Sixth Form year at St. Paul’s through the International Schoolboy Fellowship. He enjoyed his time at St. Paul’s, participating in the Choir, football, and rowing. Upon his return to the United Kingdom, he reeled his friends with tales of how “funny” American life was in comparison to life at home in England. He kept up a lively written correspondence with then—Rector Norman Nash while attending Oxford University and during his World War II service with the British Army. Mr. Groom spoke proudly of his years as a rower with the St. John’s College eight.

While at university, Mr. Groom married Phyllis Horsemann. The two welcomed four children, Christopher, David, Jonathan, and Sarah. Sadly, Jonathan Groom died at the age of three. The family lived, at various times, in Barnehurst, Kent, and Sidcup, outside London.

After the war, Mr. Groom joined the family business, Groom’s Bakery of Erith, helping his father and brother expand the bakery’s reach to outposts in London and Essex. After several years, he bought himself out of the business and acquired another small business in Canterbury, which he renamed Groom’s Tyre Services. After selling that business, he became an accountant in Cranbrook, U.K., and retired early, eventually moving to Bidford-on-Avon to be closer to family.

Mr. Groom was an avid sailor, a passion he passed on to his children and grandchildren. He also enjoyed reading, music, gardening, and participating in quiz bowls.

Mr. Groom leaves his son, Christopher, and his daughter, Sarah; four grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren. He was predeceased by his wife, Phyllis, and by his sons, Jonathan and David.

1941  
Harold Sheffield van Buren Jr.

a prodigious inventor and sailor, died on March 4, 2014, at the age of 91.

Born in Boston on June 28, 1922, he attended public school in Glendale, Ohio, before enrolling at the Lotspeich School and the Cincinnati Country Day School. He spent his summers sailing in Harwich Port on Cape Cod.

Mr. van Buren entered St. Paul’s as a Third Former in 1937, following his grandfather, Paul Matthews of the Form of 1884, and his father, Harold van Buren of the Form of 1916. Mr. van Buren played hockey for Delphian and rowed with Shattuck. He was also a member of the Cadmean Literary Society, the Choir, Glee Club, and the debate team. He loved music and singing, which gave him enjoyment throughout his life, and was an avid reader.

Mr. van Buren went on to Harvard University, where, in 1942, he helped Harvard win the intercollegiate sailing championship as high–point co–skipper. He graduated cum laude from Harvard in 1945 with a degree in ancient Greek history. Even though he did not qualify to serve in the Navy, he worked steadfastly from 1942 to 1944 in civilian service in the mold loft of the U.S. Navy Yard in Charlestown, Mass.

In 1944, Mr. van Buren married Elizabeth Peabody Prince, and the couple had two sons. The marriage ended in divorce in 1960.

Mr. van Buren joined United–Carr Fastener Corporation in 1947, where he designed thousands of fastening devices. When he retired in 1982 at age 60, he held 65 U.S. patents and 175 foreign patents. After retirement, he remained busier than ever as a consultant and an expert witness in patent infringement trials. He also took up tennis and became an enthusiastic player, while continuing his lifelong pastime of sailing. From the time he was five years old, Mr. van Buren sailed extensively, including to Nova Scotia, along the Intracoastal Waterway of the Gulf Coast, and to the Bahamas and the Caribbean.

In 1985, Mr. van Buren married Alice Hathaway Buffinton, beginning what he described as a “joyful and happy period” of his life. She survives him.

Mr. van Buren also survived by his sons, Harold Sheffield van Buren III and Clement Thorburn van Buren; his sister, Elsev van Buren; and his grandson, Jesse van Buren. He was predeceased in 1998 by his brother, Paul van Buren ‘42.

1943  
Russell Crosby Clark Jr.

will be remembered as a loving family man, an avid boater, and an adventurous traveler. He died on May 18, 2014, in Vero Beach, Fla., with his wife, Carolyn, and his two sons by his side. He was 88.

Mr. Clark was born on New York’s Staten Island on June 2, 1925, the only child of Russell C. Clark Sr. of the Form of 1919 and Doris Burn Clark.

World War II overshadowed Mr. Clark’s time at St. Paul’s, but he enjoyed rowing for Halcyon and playing football, baseball, and hockey for Isthmian. Mr. Clark participated in an SPS aeronautical science class, meant to train upperclassmen as pilots. After a short stint at Yale studying mechanical engineering, he joined the U.S. Navy as a Naval aviator.
Despite earning more than his share of demerits at SPS, Mr. Clark's Navy recommendation from the School praised his high moral character, quality of leadership, and “constructive influence on others.”

After the war, Mr. Clark joined his father in trading metals in Manhattan and then worked for the Palmer Marine Engine Company in Cos Cob, Conn. He was married for 27 years to Barbara Blankenhorn Kerst, and the couple had three children, Catherine, David ’74, and William. The marriage ended in divorce.

Mr. Clark maintained a lifelong passion for boating and later worked as a yacht broker, before settling into a career in real estate. In 1992, Mr. Clark moved to Grand Harbor at Vero Beach, Fla., where he met his new golf partner, Carolyn Jones, who became his soul-mate and, in 2001, his bride.

The Clarks split their time between Florida and Martha’s Vineyard, Mass., where they kept their 30-foot Mainship, the “CB.”

“It’s a great life,” Mr. Clark wrote to SPS in 1995, “Sailing, fishing, lots of golf.”

Mr. Clark and his wife were devoted to their family and kept track of their “combined score in the grandchild department,” which reached 21 strong. The couple shared a passion for travel, visiting 17 different countries over Mr. Clark’s final decade. Their travels took them to Africa, South America, Scandinavia and other parts of Europe, and the South Pacific.

Mr. Clark also loved St. Paul’s. Shortly before his death, he asked his son and fellow alumnus, David, to say goodbye for him to all of his friends from SPS. His funeral on May 22, 2014, included full military honors from the U.S. Navy.

Mr. Clark will be greatly missed by his wife, Carolyn Jones Clark, and her family and by his children and their families, including his daughter, Catherine Clark Obert, her husband, Serge, and their daughter, Annie; his son, David A. Clark ’74, his wife, Susan, and their sons, Tyler, Riley, and Caldwell; and his son, William B. Clark, his wife, Susan, and their children, Brendan, Jaffrey, and Chelsea.

1943

William Maxwell Evarts Jr.

an esteemed New York lawyer, died November 11, 2013, of complications resulting from a fall. He was 88 and lived in New York City, Garrison, N.Y., and Vinalhaven, Maine.

Born on June 3, 1925, in New York City, he was a son of Cornelia and William Maxwell Evarts of the Form of 1905. Mr. Evarts attended the Buckley School in Manhattan and followed a distinguished line of relatives to Millville, including his father, grandfather, former faculty member Prescott Evarts of the Form of 1876; and two great-uncles, Sherman Evarts of the Form of 1876 and Maxwell Evarts of the Form of 1879.

Mr. Evarts excelled in the classroom, consistently earning testimonials for his academic achievements, and on the playing fields, competing with Isthmian in football and hockey and rowing with Shattuck. Mr. Evarts served on the Concordian Literary Society Council, as a supervisor, and as a member of the Student Council.

Mr. Evarts served with the 94th Infantry Division of the U.S. Army until 1946, spending time in France, Germany, and Czechoslovakia. Wounded at the Battle of the Bulge, he was awarded the Croix de Guerre avec Palme for his service with the Forces Françaises de l’Intérieur, or Resistance fighters, in France. Upon his return, Mr. Evarts joined the Harvard College Class of 1949 and Harvard Law School’s Class of 1952.

A descendant of many successful lawyers and clergymen, including his great-grandfather, William M. Evarts, who successfully defended President Andrew Johnson at his impeachment trial and served as Johnson’s attorney general, Mr. Evarts began his law career in 1954 with Winthrop, Stimson, Putnam, and Roberts. There he specialized in general corporate work, served as managing partner of the firm for more than 20 years, and became council to the firm in 1997.

Mr. Evarts took great interest in his family, his church, his community, and the environment. He served on the vestry of St. Philip’s Church in Garrison, N.Y., as chairman of the board of New York Community Trust, as a trustee of Bard College, and as a board member of United Hospital Fund, the Clark Foundation, the Trust for Public Land, Scenic Hudson, the National Audubon Society, the Nature Conservancy of New York, and Hudson Highlands Land Trust.

Mr. Evarts took great pleasure in music and enjoyed playing the organ and the classical piano. In addition, he was an enthusiastic mountaineer, hockey player, rower, sailor, and backpacker in the mountains of the West. A lifelong supporter of St. Paul’s, Mr. Evarts took great care to oversee the William M. Evarts Fund for faculty sabbatical leave at St. Paul’s, established in honor of his father, a former president of the SPS Alumni Association.

Mr. Evarts will be deeply missed by his wife of 65 years, Helen Coleman Evarts; his daughters, Holly Evarts Bartow, Kate Landon Evarts, and Alice Conover Evarts; his sons-in-law, Clarence W. Bartow and William A. Allen; and his grandchildren, Iain Prescott Gordon, William Evarts Bartow, and Emily Vaux Bartow.

1943

George Torrence Overholt Jr.

died peacefully at home on April 25, 2014. He was 89.

Mr. Overholt was born in New York City on January 30, 1925, the son of George Torrence Overholt Sr. and Hazel Mallory Overholt.

At St. Paul’s, he was a quiet, but dedicated, student of mathematics and science. He competed with Old Hundred and Halcyon and belonged to the Scientific Association and the Missionary Society.

In 1938, Mr. Overholt listed his varied hobbies as “rifles, stamps, home movies, and driving,” demonstrating that he was a well-rounded young man. He went on to graduate from Yale University and Harvard Business School, where he completed the Program for Management Development.
His 63-year marriage to his wife, Ursula, began in 1951. The couple lived in New Canaan, Conn., and Quechee, Vt., before moving to Maine to be closer to family. Their four children – daughters Cuyler, Alexis, Phoebe, Kelsey, Nicole, Michael, Lauren, Elly, and Madeline. One great-grandchild; and his cousin, Garrett Jr. and his wife, Jaclyn, Terrance and his wife, Elizabeth, Belinda O’Brien and her husband, Timothy, Kay Neal and her husband, James, and Stephanie Tompkins and her husband, Charles; his sister, Belinda Giles, her husband Jack, and their son, Christopher; and his 11 grandchildren, Emily, William, Anthony, Alexis, Phoebe, Kelsey, Nicole, Michael, Lauren, Elly, and Madeline.

Garrett Allen “Garry” Hults

After St. Paul’s, Mr. Hults attended Colgate University in Hamilton, N.Y., where he was a member of the school’s nationally known Glee Club and of Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. He began his career in the aerospace industry with Boeing and took on various leadership roles before landing as vice president of Trappey’s Foods in New Iberia, La., where he found the most professional satisfaction.

Mr. Hults continued to pursue his love of singing as a member of his church choir. He was a devoted Episcopalian, who served as a vestry member, senior warden, and treasurer and on the executive council of the Diocese of Louisiana.

Mr. Hults loved to spend time with his family. He also enjoyed landscaping, cooking, skiing, camping, woodworking, and travel. He had journeyed to each of the 50 U.S. states and explored Europe. His homes were adorned with colonial-style furniture pieces that he designed and crafted himself.

Mr. Hults is survived by his wife of more than 50 years, Anne; his children, Garrett Jr. and his wife, Jaclyn, Terrance and his wife, Elizabeth, Belinda O’Brien and her husband, Timothy, Kay Neal and her husband, James, and Stephanie Tompkins and her husband, Charles; his sister, Belinda Giles, her husband Jack, and their son, Christopher; and his 11 grandchildren, Emily, William, Anthony, Alexis, Phoebe, Kelsey, Nicole, Michael, Lauren, Elly, and Madeline.

George Leonhard Caldwell

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1950 Garrett Allen “Garry” Hults

a devoted husband, father, and grandfather, of Granbury, Texas, died March 5, 2014. He was 82.

Mr. Hults was born on July 30, 1931, in Pittsburgh, Pa., to Chester, a Naval chaplain, and Esther (Allen) Hults. As a boy, Mr. Hults lived the life of a “military brat,” attending schools in several states before enrolling at St. Paul’s as a First Former in the fall of 1944.

Mr. Hults participated in many sports at SPS, including Old Hundred football, hockey, and squash. He rowed with Shattuck. He enjoyed singing in the Glee Club and with the SPS Choir. Mr. Hults was a member of the Missionary Society and the Acolyte Guild and he wrote for the Pelican.

1951 George Leonhard Caldwell

who left his mark on the city he called home in ways both physical and intangible, leading a construction firm that built several Fort Lauderdale, Fla., landmarks and serving for many years as an elected official, died on March 3, 2014.

Mr. Caldwell was born on February 3, 1933, to Hester Petersen Caldwell and William Webster Caldwell. The family lived on Long Island until 1946, when the elder Caldwell moved his business, the Caldwell–Scott Construction Company, to Fort Lauderdale. That same year, George Caldwell entered St. Paul’s School as a Second Former.

At SPS, he sang in the Choir and the Glee Club and was a member of the Scientific Association and the Missionary Society.

Mr. Caldwell went on to graduate from Princeton University and serve in the U.S. Navy, before joining the family construction business. In 1965, he took over as president – a job he held until his retirement in 1996. During his tenure, the company, renamed Caldwell–McKnight Construction Company, was responsible for a number of well-known structures in Florida, including the Broward County Government Center and the International Swimming Hall of Fame.

In August 1955, Mr. Caldwell married Jean Bridges, an interior designer and preservationist. One of Mr. Caldwell’s college roommates hosted the wedding reception, and the guest list included many friends from St. Paul’s.

Mr. Caldwell was active in civic life, winning a seat in the Florida legislature in 1966 and serving as chairman of the Broward County Delegation. He was also a member of several municipal boards in Fort Lauderdale and sat on the boards of the American National Bank and the Fort Lauderdale Chamber of Commerce, among other organizations. He worked closely with U.S. Rep. Clay Shaw, chairing two reelection campaigns in the mid-1990s and working as district director until 2002. His hobbies included golfing, reading, and boating. Mr. Caldwell was an active member of the SPS Alumni Association, mentoring younger graduates and assisting with School fundraising efforts.

Mr. Caldwell was predeceased in 2002 by his wife, Jean. Survivors include his three children, Elizabeth C. Reece, George L. Caldwell Jr., and Alexandra C. Sar; nine grandchildren; one great-grandchild; his brother, William Webster Caldwell Jr.; his sister, Hester Caldwell Brinster; and his longtime friend, Marcy Gumbel.
1951
Peter Torrey Winans

a successful businessman, died peacefully at his home in Delray Beach, Fla., on May 31, 2014. He was 81.

Born April 22, 1933, in Orange, N.J., he was the son of Elizabeth and James Winans. Mr. Winans prepared for St. Paul’s at Newark Academy, before joining the Fourth Form in the fall of 1948. He was an athlete and a conscientious leader at SPS and served as a house supervisor during his Sixth Form year.

Mr. Winans attended Harvard University and earned a degree in economics with the Class of 1955. He spent two years as an Army medic in Germany. Upon his release from active duty, Mr. Winans worked for C.G. Winans Co., a family-owned paper and janitorial distribution business based on the East Coast. He began in the mailroom and eventually worked his way up to company president.

Mr. Winans married Sally Rogers, with whom he had two sons, Christian and Scott. The marriage ended in divorce. In 1967, he married Frances Johannes Allerton and moved with her and her two daughters, Mitchell “Mimi” and Tracy Allerton, to Summit, N.J. In 1971, Mr. Winans began his own business, Peter T. Winans & Sons Inc., in the garage of his home, which ultimately grew into a flourishing paper supply wholesale company. In 1996, he sold his business, when he and Fran moved to Amelia Island, Fla., where they enjoyed many years of retirement. The two were active in their membership in the Ocean Club and Amelia Island Club on Amelia Island Plantation. With Mr. Winans in declining health, the couple moved in 2011 to Delray Beach.

Mr. Winans was known as a master storyteller, for his jolly sense of humor, and for his friendly competitiveness in sports. He enjoyed tennis, golf, and paddle tennis as a member of the Canoe Brook Club in Summit, N.J., and the Bald Peak Colony Club in Melvin Village, N.H. Together with a group of friends, Mr. Winans founded the New Jersey Men’s Platform Tennis Association.

Mr. Winans is survived by his wife of 46 years, Fran; his son, Christian; his son, Scott, and his wife, Stacey; his stepdaughters, Mimi and Tracy Allerton; and his three grandchildren, Kelly, Erin, and Connor Winans.

1952
Pendleton “Pen” Stevens

an audio engineering pioneer, passionate volunteer, and loving family man, died on April 27, 2014, after a long battle with cancer. He was 79.

Mr. Stevens was born on June 25, 1934, to Marjorie (James) and Edwin Stevens. Before entering St. Paul’s as a First Former, he attended the Harvey School in Katonah, N.Y. At SPS, he proved to be very capable in math and science, earning the First Dickey Prize in Mathematics and Second Dickey Prize in Science. Mr. Stevens enjoyed rowing for Shattuck and competing with Isthmian.

Upon graduation from Princeton University, Mr. Stevens joined the U.S. Army Signal Corps. The communication skills he learned there led him into a career in audio engineering. As part of the Radio Press and United Press International, he helped bring important events – such as the Olympics, the Gemini and Apollo space flights, and major national political conventions of the sixties – to the public.

Mr. Stevens went on to become one of the most respected audio engineers in the country. He invented the first “mobile studio” in order to record live performances by artists such as Bob Dylan, Aerosmith, Fleetwood Mac, Kiss, Stevie Wonder, Rod Stewart, and, his personal favorite, Neil Diamond, and helped to create the synchronization system for the first digitally scored movie, Annie, and for The Wrath of Khan, the second Star Trek movie.
Despite his demanding career and several personal tragedies—including the deaths of his first wife, his daughter, and his son, and his own battle with cancer—Mr. Stevens found time to give back to his community in a variety of ways. He volunteered with Habitat for Humanity in Maine and Pennsylvania and with the Jimmy Carter Work Project in California. He enjoyed the outreach work of his church and served on the board of directors of several community nonprofits.

Mr. Stevens is survived by his wife of 31 years, Dorothy Mikelonis; his sons, Mark and Edwin and their families; and three grandsons. He was predeceased by his first wife, Alix Moncheur Loree, his son, Philip Lyman, and his daughter, Alice Pendleton.

1953
Harmin Visscher Wood

who was admired for his intellect and his spirit of adventure, died on March 4, 2014, at Princess Grace Hospital in Monaco after a brief illness. He was 78 and left this world knowing he was loved and cherished by his family and friends.

Mr. Wood’s remains were committed to the Mediterranean Sea, which connects him for eternity to our shores and his beloved Europe.

Born in New York City on December 5, 1935, Mr. Wood was raised in Bronxville, N.Y., and Stonington, Conn. He entered St. Paul’s School as a Second Former in the fall of 1948. At St. Paul’s, he enjoyed reading and playing chess. He competed with Old Hundred and Halcyon and was a member of the Missionary Society.

Mr. Wood went on to Cornell University, graduating with the Class of 1957. He spent his career as a reinsurance executive. He lived for many years with his wife and children in Westfield, N.J., until his retirement to Europe.

Mr. Wood was intelligent, an enthusiastic student of the arts, and someone who thrived on adventure. He is survived by his former wife, Ann; his daughter, Phyllis; his son, Tad; his brother, Franklin Secor Wood Jr. ’51; his sister, Mary Visscher Wood; and his five grandchildren, Katie, Andrew, Alison, Ben, and Chris.

From a young age, Bobby Quevedo aspired to follow in his father’s footsteps by becoming an eye doctor in Guatemala. He went on to join Harvard University’s Class of 1959, where he earned a degree in biochemistry, and then went on to medical school at McGill University in Montreal. Dr. Quevedo completed his medical training at the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary in Boston.

He was married to Melita W. de Marroquin and the couple had a son, Arturo Roberto “Robert” Quevedo Jr. ’91. The marriage ended in divorce.

Dr. Quevedo worked alongside his father for two years, until the elder Quevedo died of a heart attack in 1970. Bobby Quevedo continued practicing alone, even as a civil war erupted in Guatemala. More than once he opened a clinic, only to have to close it because of fighting. This did not deter him from continuing his work, however. In 1969, Dr. Quevedo established a small eye clinic, which, five years later, became the Department of Ophthalmology at Roosevelt Hospital in Guatemala City.

According to the same McGill article, he also created the Guatemalan Eye Foundation, which became the financial arm of the new hospital department. In 1999, by presidential decree, it became the Unidad Nacional de Oftalmología de Guatemala, receiving a subsidy from Guatemala’s health ministry.

Thanks to Dr. Quevedo, where there was once a dire shortage of ophthalmologists in the region, there are now hundreds of eye doctors practicing across Central America—more than 200 of them trained at the eye unit under Dr. Quevedo himself. His clinic now treats more than 1,000 people each day, predominantly from the country’s underprivileged population. Dr. Quevedo has had such an effect on the poor in his country that
Roosevelt Hospital personnel suspended operations as a show of their support when he was kidnapped on October 21, 1971, by Guatemalan guerrilla fighters. The show of solidarity triggered his release, which included an apology from the kidnappers. His son, Robert, now the president of the Eye Foundation, will continue Dr. Quevedo’s legacy of providing eye care to Guatemala’s underserved population.

Although he was an extremely qualified doctor and surgeon nominated for the world’s most prestigious awards in ophthalmology, Dr. Quevedo was a humble man – dedicated, generous, kind, and caring. He leaves his son, Robert, three grandchildren, and many others whose lives he touched.

*This obituary was compiled with assistance from Dr. Quevedo’s lifelong best friend, H.J. von der Goltz ’55.*

**1978**

**Whitney McCleary**

![Whitney McCleary](image)
a successful career woman and beloved friend and family member, succumbed to complications stemming from primary biliary cirrhosis, a progressive liver disease, on December 31, 2013, in Seattle, Wash. She was 52.

Born on January 20, 1961, she was the daughter of Jane Adams and William A. McCleary ’57 of Walnut Creek, Calif., and the great granddaughter of Edwin B. Whitney of the Form of 1901.

Ms. McCleary prepared for St. Paul’s at the Bush School in Seattle, before enrolling as a Third Former in 1974. She earned the Dickey Prize in history as a Third Former and took particular interest in her studies in English, history, religion, and dance. She participated in the Theatre Program as a production manager for many performances. She served as a Student Council representative and founded “After Supper at the Upper,” a program that included impromptu drama, live music, face and body painting, and a café. She also wrote for the *Pelican* and enjoyed club sports, including tennis, figure skating, crew, and gymnastics. Ms. McCleary graduated with distinction in English and religion.

Ms. McCleary enjoyed a long and successful career that allowed her to follow her passion for design and the software products used by designers. She worked her way up from trainer to instructional designer to documentation writer to editor and manager at Aldus (of Page-Maker fame) and Asymetrix. She worked in product development at Microsoft, ran her own PR and marketing consultancy for Adobe, Visio, Getty Images, and other clients, and, for the last eight years, was a principal marketing manager at Adobe Systems, where she did marketing for many products, including InDesign and Photoshop.

Ms. McCleary was equally passionate about the people with whom she worked. She was known at Adobe for her warm wit and as a “defender of the little guy, fighter for what’s right, and a thinking soul.”

Ms. McCleary received multiple industry awards for writing and editing, design and production, and marketing excellence. She collaborated on well-received exhibitions related to Photoshop at the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Annenberg Space for Photography in Los Angeles. In 2008, she received the prestigious Founders Award at Adobe, awarded for the significance of her contributions and her embodiment of company values.

Ms. McCleary is survived by her husband of 17 years, Joe King; her mother, Jane Adams; and her sister, Jennifer Bryan. The reach and impact of her life was reflected in the hundreds of friends and colleagues who honored her at a memorial in Seattle and hundreds again at company remembrances at Adobe, both in Seattle and in San Jose, Calif.
relationships are all about connections, whether in person, via phone or text, or, in these days of instant and pervasive communication, through some form of social media. As we saw on Anniversary Weekend, alumni come back to see one another, to gather with friends.

In that spirit, it is fitting to feature the recent innovative work of Ben Kaplan ’11. The Holy Cross junior used the energy around social interaction to launch an app that brings people together. In the spring of 2013, Kaplan was named the winner of the inaugural Holy Cross Shark Tank competition, where he was recognized for his social networking app “WiGo.” The acronym – pronounced “we go” – stands for “Who Is Going Out” (and, alternately, “What Is Going On”).

“As a freshman, I quickly realized there lacked a simple, efficient way for college students to organize their rapidly evolving social plans,” explains Kaplan, who will take a gap year from Holy Cross to work on the app full–time. “I wondered why there wasn’t a platform for people to say if they are going out, and where. So, I designed it myself.”

With the help of a development team from his hometown of Burlington, Vt., Kaplan created WiGo, which launched exclusively on the Holy Cross campus in January. The app allows students at the same school to give access to their social plans for the evening – in real time. While the software defaults each morning to a “not–going–out” status, users can add and update their plans and allow only those in their network to access them. The social buzz builds throughout each day and users can decide between, say, a night at a bar, cheering at a basketball game, or a quiet evening in the library, assured by their friends’ statuses of company. They can interact directly on the app via chats, and can encourage each other be social by sending friends a “tap” – e–nudge Kaplan coined himself.

In the first three weeks after its launch, WiGo had been downloaded by nearly half of Holy Cross’s 2,800 students, even thought it was limited to iPhone users and was advertised only through word of mouth and a few flyers. Throughout the development process, Kaplan considered all the efficiencies required by college students, also taking privacy concerns into account. WiGo includes extensive privacy settings and other filters to create the desired level of security for individual users.

“I designed the app as a living, breathing college student” says Kaplan. “It’s practical in that it eliminates group texts, shows you who is going out, and connects you with them in a non–awkward way. Basically, WiGo maps out how the night is evolving, and you can accept or decline people at any time.”

For the last year, Kaplan’s efforts fit the stereotypical college start–up profile – working from his dorm room with limited resources, between classes, studying, and practices with the Holy Cross men’s hockey team. But, more recently, he has found investors to back the progress of WiGo for the foreseeable future. In May, Kaplan met with Kayak.com founder Paul English, who listened to Kaplan’s pitch and decided immediately to invest in WiGo.

Kaplan is now headquartered at the Boston office of English’s new start–up hatchery Blade, with multiple resources available to him, including a tech team of ex–Facebook, Kayak, and Zappos developers and designers. The plan is to launch WiGo nationally in mid–August, with a specific focus at about two dozen New England–based colleges. Kaplan has received seed–stage investments from others, including LIDS founder Ben Fischman, New England Patriots defensive tackle Vince Wilfork, and James van Riemsdyk of the Toronto Maple Leafs.

“There’s a real buzz surrounding WiGo right now,” Kaplan says. “Students are excited to unlock it at their school. I can’t wait to show them what’s next.”
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September 27

Watch for an invitation to return to Millville and experience SPS.