Four seasons on the SPS trails

The literary standards of Andrew Wylie ’65

NPR’s Michel Martin ’76 moderates in Ferguson
At the end of the summer, I returned with my older brother, Rob, to our childhood home in Cheshire, Conn., on the sad occasion of our father’s rapidly declining health. Between two of our visits to see him in the hospital, we took the time to walk around our old neighborhood, a collection of suburban homes built in the late 1960s.

As we walked, we named every family who lived in the 30 or so homes we passed. We noted the individual gifts those families brought to our lives as we grew up. We also recalled specific, powerful memories of how we interacted with one another. What Rob and I were really talking about was living in community those years ago.

It was a wonderful place to grow up, but it couldn’t be described as an intentional community. St. Paul’s School, of course, is an intentional community. One overt intention is to make sure we are providing our students with the very best classroom experience, grounded in the philosophy that learning should be student-centered. I suspect the phrase “student-centered learning” sounds like redundant educational jargon; in some ways it also does to me. But the phrase describes our effort to better understand our students as learners.

While understanding our students as classroom learners is important, it is more important to extend this effort to understanding them as social beings in this particular age so we can continue to advance the noblest intentions of this community. The allegation of a sexual assault here last spring and the subsequent media coverage of it reminded me of the School’s fundamental calling – to do good.

I spent my summer searching for answers to questions about our community and the raising of adolescents. One of the places to which I turned was the writing of Fourth Rector Samuel S. Drury. He was a person of certainty and I was looking for certainty this summer. It was within this context that I read his Fathers and Sons, an instruction manual of sorts for family life “as it was supposed to be” in the early 20th century. Drury’s book did not provide all of the guidance I was seeking, but it gave me one timeless bit of wisdom:

“Our day seems the wildest page in human history. Was there ever such an unfortunate time to bring up children! Oh for the good old days, the quiet simple protected days of long ago. Do you think they really existed? Do you suppose that the social fabric of the eighteenth century, for example, was less menacing than that of the twentieth? The fact is that the moral arena of human character has always wild beasts in it. At any stage of history the adversary takes varied forms, but the forces of evil are no cleverer today than they were in Galilee two thousand years ago, or in any century since. Youth has ever been beset, and has always been empowered to win.

St. Paul’s School has never been impermeable to the wild beasts of the real world. It would be a mistake to believe it is now or ever was. Recognizing this reality and using it to teach our students is one of our most sacred responsibilities.

More interesting and certainly more inspiring in my view is Drury’s faith in adolescents. I love the last line of his words above. You can hear the confidence in Drury’s voice.

I’ll confess that I do not share Drury’s faith in youth’s ability to overcome the challenges the world presents. I am not less confident that youth can improve the world, only less confident that they can do it alone. This is the work we are called to do; to give our students not only the skills to win against whatever the “wild beast” of the day may be, but to ground those skills in moral confidence, one that will empower our students to actively do good.

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Michel Martin ’76
Seven years ago, in July 2007, St. Paul’s School recorded the first gift in what was to become SPS Matters: The Campaign for St. Paul’s School. With a goal of $175,000,000 by June 30, 2015, the campaign officially kicked off in New York City in October 2010, with a public launch attended by more than 500 alumni, parents, and friends of the School. In its “quiet” phase, SPS Matters had by that point raised $98 million.

After the Board of Trustees voted in 2013 for a more ambitious fundraising timeline, the campaign came to a close a full year ahead of schedule, in June 2014, and the figures are in: $178,748,436 raised since 2007, with participation from more than 80 percent of alumni and parents.

“The campaign has produced a number of great benefits to the School,” said Bob Lindsay ’73, who chaired the Campaign for St. Paul’s School and was the lead donor in the $44 million Lindsay Center for Mathematics and Science. “The obvious ones are growth in the endowment to support faculty and geographically broad student financial support, completion of a critical physical need in the math and science building, and restoration of an endowment size to the student body.”

As the physical centerpiece of the campaign, the 78,000 square-foot Lindsay Center opened just after Thanksgiving 2011 and was officially dedicated at an April 2012 ceremony. At the time, campaign progress had reached $123 million. Other physical additions to the campus include the Bogle-Lechner Field, dedicated in September 2012 when the campaign had reached $128 million, and the McLane Squash Courts, which were rededicated in January 2014, when progress was up to $165 million.

“The campaign’s success has reconnected many people to the School and reaffirmed its importance,” added Lindsay. “One senses a lot of new energy in the various constituencies – alumni, parents, faculty, and the students themselves, all of whom are proud to be connected to a place with great aspirations underpinned by great support.”

In addition to the bricks and mortar of the campaign, the generosity of donors also led to the establishment of new regional scholarships in Alabama, El Paso, Texas/Juarez, Mexico, South Carolina, and California/Wyoming. A fifth new scholarship is pending for prospective students from Colorado. Overall, the campaign has resulted in more than 40 endowed scholarships, five endowed chairs, four endowed teaching fellows, more than 20 endowed faculty support funds, and more than 200 new members of the John Hargate Society, who have included St. Paul’s in their estate planning. Planned gifts make up approximately 15 percent of the more than $178 million of SPS Matters.

Recently retired Board President Douglas Schloss ’77 spoke of how the resources provided by the generosity of so many donors already have given St. Paul’s facilities and programs that better align the educational priorities of the School with those of our nation.

“The success of this campaign demonstrates a unified school community firmly behind ensuring that SPS is a leader in secondary school education into the future,” said Schloss, who helped fund the establishment of an engineering honors program at SPS. “The majority of the campaign’s funds will ensure that we have not only the finest teaching faculty, but also the very best students at St. Paul’s. That is the true gift of this successful campaign.”

Trustee Hilary Parkhurst ’80 credited the initial leadership of former Rector Bill Matthews ’61 and other members of the Board, who led by example in terms of giving, which inspired volunteers and other members of the School community. She also spoke of the vision of current Rector Mike Hirschfeld ’85, and called giving under his tenure a vote of faith in his leadership.

“Thanks to this leadership, there has been a huge resurgence in terms of the School’s popularity, and this helps ensure our future,” said Parkhurst. “I am hoping this campaign has helped instill the idea of giving to St. Paul’s as a habit.”

Hirschfeld was quick to credit others for the extraordinary results of the campaign.

“Thanks to Bill Kissick, his team, and the remarkable leadership of Bob and Douglas, the success of the campaign will provide an enduring platform for the School’s continued success,” said Hirschfeld. “I was inspired not only by the campaign’s fiscal success, but also by the coming together of this community in the effort. I feel very fortunate to be leading the School at this moment in its history.”

Campaign success was spurred by better-than-healthy levels of annual giving – more than $39.5 million over the life of the campaign, including $6,696,131 for fiscal year 2014, with participation from 45 percent of alumni and 89 percent of parents. The 2013–14 Annual Fund numbers represent a nine percent increase from the previous year. Overall, annual giving rose 96.5 percent since the campaign began in 2007.

“At the beginning of this campaign,” Bob Lindsay wrote, ‘Every student comes away with a full heart and a fine mind, and understands that the world will ask something important of him or her. Again and again, our students deliver. Again and again, they astound us,’” said Director of Alumni and Development Bill Kissick. “Bob was right. And, the same thing can be said about our volunteers and donors. We asked something important of them, and they delivered. Again and again, our volunteers and our donors astounded us.”
Online Classes Underway

Last spring, St. Paul’s announced a collaboration with the Eight Schools Association, to offer two online courses to Sixth Form students, beginning this fall. With permission from the dean of studies and the head of the Languages Department, select Sixth Formers may enroll in the online study of Arabic language. Also with permission, Sixth Form students may register for an interdisciplinary course called Water and Humanity.

The pilot programs are team-taught by educators from the Eight Schools, including teachers from St. Paul’s, Choate, Deerfield, Hotchkiss, Lawrenceville, Northfield Mount Hermon, Phillips Andover, and Phillips Exeter.

So far, three SPS Sixth Formers have enrolled in the study of Arabic language, taught by teachers from Choate and Deerfield. This spring, three more students will take the interdisciplinary Water and Humanity class, which will be offered as a full-year course in the fall of 2016. That course will be taught by teachers in various disciplines at each of the Eight Schools.

Beethoven

Think about this: 800 pages of music, 32 pieces, nine concerts, three years. These are numbers that dominate the daily life of SPS music teacher Gregg Pauley, who, in 2013, endeavored to learn and perform Beethoven’s 32 piano sonatas.

“It is something I have thought about doing since my early twenties,” says Pauley, who has been teaching piano at St. Paul’s since 1999. “But life gets in the way and I got sidetracked. Now I know that life doesn’t get any less busy, so I’d better do it now.”

Pauley played his first concert in the Beethoven series in September of last year and will perform at least a few dozen by the time he is finished. To accomplish the “Beethoven Project,” Pauley has broken up the composer’s 32 sonatas into nine different concert programs, which he will perform multiple times each. The plan is to complete all of them by the end of spring 2016.

There are many pianists who have endeavored to accomplish the challenge Pauley has set out to complete, but the completion is not common, he says. Learning and playing the pieces is a milestone in the career of any concert pianist.

“More often than not,” Pauley says, “pianists do not perform all of these sonatas. There are 800 pages of music to commit to memory and Beethoven was a superlative pianist, so the technical challenge is very high. Compound that with the intellectual and philosophical challenges of trying to communicate Beethoven through the instrument, and it’s very difficult to achieve.”

Pauley has always been intrigued by the artistry of Beethoven and the composer’s ability to speak to the human condition through his music. While hard-pressed to pick favorites, Pauley points to the “Hammerklavier,” for its length and technical challenge, and to “Opus 2,” for its technical difficulty. He also favors, at the moment, Beethoven’s final three sonatas, which he compares, in terms of special quality, to the Mona Lisa.

“The last sonatas are the summing up of his entire life and what he learned through his life as an artist,” says Pauley. “The beauty is very deep and his thought process is truly remarkable.”

Gregg Pauley’s concert schedule can be found at www.greggpauley.com.

Healthy Cultures

As part of the School’s leadership and community building efforts, St. Paul’s hosted its second annual Challenge Day prior to the beginning of classes. The September event engaged the entire Sixth Form, plus student leaders from the Fifth Form and about 40 faculty members in a day of sessions designed to build connection and empathy.

Challenge Day (www.challengeday.org) was founded more than two decades ago to “provide youth and their communities with experiential programs that demonstrate the possibility of love and connection through the celebration of diversity, truth, and full expression.” The one-day program is facilitated by professionals from the organization, who use social activities, music, and games to bring students out of their comfort zones with the goal of creating a more inclusive environment.

“At its foundation, Challenge Day provides participating schools with a powerful daylong experience that ignites and inspires students to become agents of change,” says Dean of Students Chad Green. “It engages participants in a series of activities designed to help us recognize the power that comes both from revealing our authentic selves to others and from genuinely accepting others as they are.”

Later in September, St. Paul’s welcomed Seattle-based educator and diversity trainer Rosetta Eun Ryong Lee, who spoke to the entire student body about issues of identity and inclusion. Her program was the first of four scheduled school-wide LINC (Living in Community) days. Third Formers are enrolled in LINC classes once a week for the entire school year, while Fourth Formers take LINC classes three times a week for one term.

LINC, explains Green, represents the formal social/emotional and wellness curriculum of the School. The curriculum covers key topic areas over the course of a student’s career at SPS, with the overall objective of creating the healthiest possible student culture.

“I firmly believe that student culture should be leveraged as a critical teaching tool,” says Green, “LINC is one place in our collective school life to delve deeply into the question of how exactly we want to live with one another.”
**Think on These Things**

In May, St. Paul's hosted a gathering of chaplains, heads of school, and teachers of religion, who visited for a spring convocation, *Think on These Things: The Twenty-first Century Episcopal School*. Celebrating the 125th anniversary of the Chapel, participants revisited Paul Tillich’s 1956 essay, “Theology of Education.”

Convocation participants also viewed a Chapel art exhibition entitled “…which continues in heaven.” Artwork submitted by the Artists Registry of the Episcopal Church & Visual Arts reflected on the SPS motto, “Let us learn those things on earth, the knowledge of which continues in heaven.”

The event began with an evensong by the Rt. Rev. Mary Glasspool, suffragan bishop of the Diocese of Los Angeles. Bishop Glasspool spoke about “unlocking the treasures of the heart” and the existential and spiritual opportunities of “dealing with death” and “living life.”

Other presenters included Dr. Paul Knitter (Union Theological Seminary), the Rev. F. Washington “Tony” Jarvis (Yale Divinity School), Dr. Lisa Kimball (Virginia Theological Seminary), the Most Rev. Frank Griswold ‘55 (former presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church), Dr. Serena Beeks (Commission on Schools in the Diocese of Los Angeles), and former SPS faculty member the Rev. Preston Hannibal (Bishop Walker School in Washington, D.C.).

At a Friday Eucharist, the Rt. Rev. A. Robert Hirschfeld, bishop of New Hampshire, spoke of the role Episcopal schools play in raising up responsible, faithful leaders committed to the work of discipleship, informed civil discourse, and genuine understanding.

Organized by the Rev. Michael Spencer, SPS dean of chapel, the convocation drew an audience that included School faculty members, staff, and students. “The discussion was robust and spirited,” Spencer said, adding the hope that the event “contributed to an ongoing and fruitful discussion of the character, purpose, and mission of Episcopal schools.”

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**Form Plaques**


**1994**

The boys crew won the Princess Elizabeth Challenge Cup at Henley, an accomplishment represented in the vertical design element of the plaque. In the background is Kehaya House, dedicated in January 1994. A compass in the upper left represents the Thompson Island Outward Bound trip, made in the fall of 1993. The upper right features the South African flag, adopted in April 1994. This symbol, combined with the ribbon in the lower sections, marks the end of Apartheid. Carved into the ribbon is an excerpt from Nelson Mandela: “Education is the most powerful weapon we can use to change the world.”

**1999**

This plaque represents changes in St. Paul’s leadership. The book spines identify them: “X” for Tenth Rector David V. Hicks, “I” for Interim Rector Clifford J. Gillespie, and “XI” for Eleventh Rector Craig B. Anderson. The bookends, with inkwells and quills, honor the establishment of the Schlesinger Writer-in-Residence program. The upper left celebrates NE championships for girls volleyball and cross country. The “G” on the computer key in the upper right refers to the incorporation of Google in 1998, while the bottom left signifies the March 1999 Drury dorm fire. A rainbow flag with “GSA” marks the founding of the Gay–Straight Alliance, inspired by the Chapel speech of Dustin Brauneck ’99.

**2004**

A wild boar is central to the 2004 plaque, representing the 2002 revitalization of the Boar’s Head dinner tradition by members of the Form of 2004. In the upper left is the State of Massachusetts, divided into rainbow-colored stripes, to signify the state’s pioneering passage of marriage equality on May 17, 2004. The right side features the Princess Elizabeth Challenge Cup displayed with the Henley–on–Thames coat of arms, representing the boys crew win at Henley. The Democratic donkey occupies the bottom left, honoring the presidential run of John Kerry ’62.

**2013**

The central design element of the plaque celebrates four consecutive years of members of the Form of 2013 earning the Hugh Camp Cup. The upper left carries the symbol for Old Hundred, winners of the 2013 Club Cup competition. In the upper center, a granite paving stone carved with “100%” represents the form’s full participation in the Alumni Fund. A blue and yellow “Boston Strong” ribbon in the upper right honors the victims of the April 15, 2013, Boston Marathon bombing. The center background depicts the Bogle–Lechner field, dedicated on September 29, 2012.
Remembering the Berlin Wall, 25 Years Later
by Richard Schade ‘62

By the day I made it to Berlin in November 1989, the clink of steel on concrete reverberated off the Berlin Wall, bounced off the abandoned buildings lining no-man’s-land. On its western flank, Berliners and others hammered away, collecting chunks of world-historical import. I joined them, having rented a hammer and cold chisel from a vendor – 10 marks for half an hour.

I walked from Checkpoint Charlie, where U.S. and Soviet tanks faced one another down muzzle to muzzle in 1961, on by the Brandenburg Gate (originally named the Gate of Peace), all the way to Bernauer Strasse, made famous by frantic East Berliners jumping from apartment house windows to freedom in the West, thinking back on my previous encounters with the Wall.

In central Berlin, the Wall traced the border of the Soviet sector. It was put in place during the summer before my Sixth Form year (August 1961) and I was among those who learned from J. Carroll McDonald that autumn term – he parsed the Cold War crisis with incisive precision. Later, in college, I encountered the realities of East Berlin firsthand, having crossed through Checkpoint Charlie into the proverbial cold – one had to surrender one’s passport through a small window, becoming stateless until your name was called. Some years later, I served as a counterintelligence operative in Berlin and along the East/West German divide, observing the comings and goings of East European agents, debriefing them, listening to their putative life stories before they were handed off to West German intelligence. Then, during subsequent decades, I guided American college students into East Berlin, waiting on pins and needles for their return at Checkpoint Charlie, and I have tales to tell.

So it was that my career came to be marked by visits to and through the Berlin Wall. And so it was that I wept for the joy of it all, standing at the Brandenburg Gate in November 1989, observing jubilant Germans atop the Wall. The photos I shot on that walk document the Wall’s western flank as text, as canvas, expressing the aspirations of visitors like me (or those punsters from Walla–Walla), and I couldn’t resist putting my arm through the Wall eastward surprising a border guard, for the souvenir hunters had breached the barrier long before East German construction crews disassembled the structure, segment by segment.

In 2009, I procured one such segment for installation at Cincinnati’s Freedom Center. There it commemorates those who overcame totalitarianism in non–violent demonstrations against the regime – not a single shot was fired, all the while chanting “Wir sind das Volk,” a mantra echoing the American phrase “We the People.” It was the disenfranchised East German citizenry in Berlin and elsewhere that achieved the first progressive revolution in all of German history, among them the current president of united Germany and Germany’s current chancellor.

This is what I remember 25 years after the fall of the Berlin Wall.

Richard Schade is a professor of German at the University of Cincinnati and an honorary consul to the Federal Republic of Germany.

This segment of the Berlin Wall was a gift to Cincinnati from the City of Berlin.
Over the summer, Sally Carroll Keating ’72, one of the first 19 girls to arrive at St. Paul’s in the winter of 1971, was in New London, N.H., sorting through boxes of old family papers.

Among her findings was a letter, penned by Keating’s great–great–uncle, a then–16–year–old Waldo Newcomer of the Form of 1885. The letter, dated April 5, 1884, was addressed to Mr. Newcomer’s sister (and Ms. Keating’s great–grandmother), Nannie Newcomer, who lived in Baltimore, Maryland.

“The letter is perfectly penned and,” says Keating, “the large part of it describes life at St. Paul’s, including mention of the [28th] anniversary of the founding of the School, a reference to dinner protocol, races in the gymnasium, his ‘perfect grade’ in Greek, dancing lessons, Sacred Studies, his roommate, [Aaron Vanderpoel of the Form of 1885], and a mention of ‘the war.’ It is a fascinating historical reference to the day–to–day happenings at St. Paul’s from a student’s perspective in 1884.”

In 1910, Waldo Newcomer established at SPS the Aaron Melgert Vanderpoel Prize in the sciences in honor of his old friend and roommate, who died in May of 1894. The prize is still awarded today.

According to information from a family genealogy report provided by Ms. Keating, Mr. Newcomer went on from St. Paul’s to study at Johns Hopkins University, where he founded the Faculty Club and later became a trustee. “He was a leading financier of Baltimore and director of a number of railroads” before his death in 1934, at the age of 66.
all short. I don't think it will be as hard as it looks.

Vanderpoel and I are still living together and have had no fights as yet, and I do not think that there are even any rumors of war afloat. I will stop for a while now to take my weekly trip to the B.T. (bath tub).

Tomorrow, this term will be first half over. There are ten more weeks and as they will probably go even more rapidly than these first ten have (if such a thing is possible), it will not be very long before I shall be hunting up the scattered remnants of the Newcomer family. We have had a little more snow this week but it is about gone from the roads. There is still some lying in the fields.

With much love, I remain
Your loving brother
Waldo
Bruce “Boomer” Miller was learning to walk again, working out on a treadmill, when he noticed a fellow amputee entering the room from a hallway at the Rehabilitation Institute of Chicago.

“I asked about the crazy guy with no legs who had a smile on his face,” said Miller, who lost a leg to vascular disease on November 12, 2012.

Miller was told that the gentleman was simply known as “EQ” and that he loved golf, a passion Miller shared. The two men soon discovered a common goal – to return to the golf course, somehow.

It turns out that Edmund “EQ” Sylvester ’57 had a grander plan than learning to adjust his personal golf game to his life after an infection caused by a kidney stone resulted in sepsis and, consequently, two weeks in a coma at New York’s Roosevelt Hospital. When he emerged from sedation, Sylvester learned that, to save his life, doctors had been forced to amputate both of his legs and his left hand. It took two more months in the hospital and five months of intensive rehab near his Chicago home for Sylvester to regain his strength.

One of his first orders of business was to return to the golf course, where he’d played 18 of the top 20 courses in the U.S. and boasted a 6 handicap before his illness. He currently serves as a director of the Western Golf Association. Sylvester’s own struggle to hit a golf ball with his new limbs prompted him to conduct research on adaptive golf. He discovered that, according to numbers from the PGA, 18 million of America’s 57 million disabled aspire to play golf. Upon absorbing those figures and discovering that most golf facilities do not possess the means to help those with special needs learn to play golf, Sylvester says he knew he had found a new mission in life.

“I just couldn’t see myself sitting at home,” he says. “I saw an opportunity to put together a foundation that would help others. It was a great challenge to see if I could do it, and to help bring the joy of being on a golf course to others.”

The Freedom Golf Association (FGA) was born in 2012 out of Sylvester’s desire to use the game to create community, confidence, and a sense of joy to others.

“When the disabled hit a golf ball for the first time,” he says, “you just cannot believe the smiles on their faces.”

Since its inception, the FGA has provided nearly 1,200 hours of adaptive golf instruction to roughly 700 participants. FGA-sponsored adaptive golf workshops have trained nearly 30 adaptive golf coaches. A recent clinic at the BMW Tour Championship drew 110 participants, from the disabled to fully able-bodied; though it is geared toward people with disabilities, the FGA does not discriminate. Sylvester has also expanded the FGA’s reach by partnering with organizations boasting similar missions, including the First Tee, Special Olympics, Easter Seals, and the Wounded Warrior Project.

Phil Bell enlisted in the U.S. Army out of high school and was deployed to Iraq in 2005. In March of 2006, the vehicle in which he was riding was hit by an improvised explosive device. Bell survived but sustained multiple injuries, including muscle damage, spine fractures, and shrapnel lodged in his back. He also suffers from memory loss related to traumatic brain injury and from post-traumatic stress disorder.

“When I knew I was going to be medically discharged from the Army, I felt...
lost,” says Bell, who spent 15 years in the military prior to sustaining his injuries. “I didn’t know what to do with my life.”

Despondent and traveling down a wayward path, Bell discovered the Wounded Warrior Project and, through that organization, was connected to a clinic operated by Sylvester and the FGA.

“It helped me get back into the game and start enjoying myself,” says Bell, who has since completed the adaptive golf instructor training and now serves as the FGA’s Wounded Warrior coordinator.

“The biggest thing about EQ is he didn’t let his struggles and dramatic changes in his life get him down. When I see someone like that, who continues to walk around with a big smile on his face, it’s inspiration. Just being around EQ makes you feel better about yourself.”

Golf, explains Sylvester, is therapeutic, both for its physical and mental benefits.

Among those the FGA has helped are Bell and Miller, plus a 10-year-old boy with multiple sclerosis named Abraham, whose parents described the day he first hit a golf ball as one of the happiest of his life, according to Sylvester. A nine-year-old girl named Ashanti, whom Sylvester had met in physical rehabilitation, came bounding toward him at an FGA “caring for kids” program and soon learned to putt with two prosthetic hands. John Marrone, who became a paraplegic after a car accident more than two decades ago, rediscovered golf through the FGA, when his wife, Penny, brought him to a clinic.

“Penny wrote us a thank-you note, telling us about how John had been on the sideline for 20 years and he can now play golf with his son and his best friend,” says Sylvester.

There are dozens of similar stories, and they are what drive Sylvester to push for
The girls track team placed third in the ISLs.

A lone blemish on its record prevented the SPS girls varsity lacrosse team from back-to-back undefeated seasons. The Big Red went 15-0 before falling in the May 21 season finale to St. Mark’s, 9-7. Big Red went 15-0 before falling in the May 21 season finale to St. Mark’s, 9-7. Still, the ISL co-champs put up big numbers as a team, outscoring its opponents by a 223-109 margin. Duke-bound Maddie Crutchfield ’14 led the way with 60 goals and 57 assists. Rosemary Sca- lise ’15 (43g, 27a), Caroline Zaffino ’15 (40g, 16a), Lindsey Reynolds ’16 (28g, 8a), and Bowdoin-bound Hannah Hirschfeld ’14 (17g, 9a) were other top contributors. Shayna Tomlinson ’14

 snapped 62 draw controls.

The girls crew struggled in the reg- ular season, but peaked at the right time. At the inaugural National Schools’ Championship Regatta in Saratoga Springs, N.Y., the girls first eight and four took gold medals. The first and second eights also placed third at Worcester. Both the eight and the four won at the UK’s Reading Regatta and rowed to the semifinals at the Henley Women’s Regatta.

On the softball diamond, SPS posted an 11-4 record. Brooke Avery ’14 fin- ished second in league batting (.636). Other Big Red sluggers who ranked among the ISL elite included Isabel Stod- dard ’17 (.583, 5th), Amanda Paine ’14 (.561, 9th), and Taryn Collins ’17 (.486, 14th). Collins also struck out 75 batters as the team’s leading hurler.

The girls track team placed third at the ISLs. Kerry Swartz ’15 established SPS records in the 100m, 200m, and 400m. The boys tennis team finished at .500 (9-9) after completing another competitive ISL schedule.

 expansion of his mission. With his dining room table serving as FGA world head- quarters, Sylvester already has hired one full-time employee and three part-timers to help the FGA broaden its base. One of the primary missions of the FGA is to build its adaptive golf enhancement program, which includes training instructors and providing adaptive equipment to as many golf courses in the country. The Freedom Golf map, available on the FGA’s website (www.fgagolf.org), allows aspiring disabled golfers to locate accessible courses. It is also Sylvester’s mission to turn the golf industry on to millions of potential new players.

“The golf industry is focused on its community – fully able-bodied golfers – but they understand they have to do something to make the sport grow,” he says, citing statistics that show a 4.7-percent decline in the sport every year. “Word is starting to spread that there are five million disabled golfers who are playing, and 18 million who want to play. Why can’t we get more on the golf course? If people can realize that, then the golf industry will give visibility to sponsors and promote golf as an inclusive game.”

Over the summer, Bruce Miller, now an official ambassador for FGA, taught adaptive golf at a series of 20 FGA–spon- sored clinics. In the fall, Oak Brook (Ill.) Golf Club, through the FGA, hosted free twice weekly golf clinics for six consecutive weeks, offering tips for “all special needs individuals interested in learning golf or improving their golf game.” That came on the heels of the First Annual Freedom Golf Association Golf Outing at Cog Hill Golf & Country Club in Le- mont, Ill., which drew 120 participants comprised of 25 foursomes, each with a special needs player.

“This is an incredible way for people with special needs to find out they can do things,” Miller says. “The main objective

is not to teach them to play golf, but to get them outside, open their minds, and let them know people care. I lost my leg and my whole world opened up – and it’s all thanks to EQ.”

## Spring Sports Highlights

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**Michael Gorlewski (with EQ) is among those inspired by the FGA’s mission.**
An Uncompromising Commitment to Quality
COMMITMENT TO QUALITY

Literary agent Andrew Wylie ‘65 talks about the publishing industry and the economics of good books.

by Tom Owen ’11
of his sentences give his voice the anachronistic timbre of a tweedy Ivy League professor. This image of gentility is quickly dispelled by his tendency to punctuate emotional sentences by swearing, which more closely evokes his post-collegiate years downtown, socializing with avant-garde artists and intellectuals such as Andy Warhol and Allen Ginsberg. Literature, Wylie says, was a means to experience the lives and perspectives of other people, and his work as an agent is an extension of this impulse.

"My wife points out that when I'm trying to buy an apartment, I will pay whatever the seller wants," Wylie says. "And when I'm trying to sell an apartment, I will sell the apartment for whatever I'm offered. I can't negotiate at all for myself. But I can negotiate very well about someone else. And the reason is that someone else interests me a lot more than myself."

By the time most people come into the office, Wylie has already been working for a few hours. He has the same routine every day (its repetitiveness, he says, drives his wife crazy). He rises every morning before 5:30 a.m., checks his e-mail while brushing his teeth, goes to the gym for an hour, and is at work by 7:30. On more uneventful days, he is primarily occupied with e-mail from clients, sorting through nonfiction proposals, or communicating with his London office about international rights. Other times, his work is more face to face. Recently, for example, he met a client for breakfast at 8:30 a.m., "zoomed" around the city meeting with various publishing houses, and by five o'clock he had successfully brokered a book deal. He returns home around 8 p.m. and eats a quick dinner at home before going to bed. His weekends are often filled with even more e-mail.

These relentless working hours don't quite fit the popular image of the New York literary world, which many imagine as an endless stream of cocktail parties and café meetings. Wylie is friends with his clients, he says, but their relationships are more business-like than friend-ship-like.

"I don't socialize much," he says. "There isn't enough time, frankly."

This intense attitude toward work is perhaps most...
clearly illustrated by Wylie’s refusal to sign official contracts with his clients, a virtually unheard-of practice among his peers. A contract, Wylie argues, instills a sense of complacency in an agent, and can lead to the agent’s coasting instead of putting in the work necessary to guarantee a writer’s success.

“You have to be free to get rid of us if we’re not doing a good job,” Wylie tells potential clients. “Because if we don’t have a contract, then we’ve really got to protect your interests, and pay attention to what you’re saying, because we can be dismissed like that.”

Wylie has also gained respect in the publishing world for his uncompromising commitment to quality. Most high-powered literary agencies effectively have two client lists: one composed of “literary” authors, who have great acclaim but middling sales, and another made up of writers who top bestseller lists but are unlikely to win many awards. By diversifying their portfolio like this, the profits from the “lowbrow” writers allow agents the leverage to continue representing more renowned clients despite these authors’ lesser returns. Wylie’s agency, on the other hand, refuses to accept this conventional wisdom.

“We absolutely do not have the commercial piece,” he says. “Our business model is not dependent on that. It is dependent on books that are good.”

This joke has slim basis in fact – many of Wylie’s authors have sold huge numbers of books – but it underlines Wylie’s insistence on maintaining literary standards rather than profit projections, an idealistic perspective that is rare in the industry.

“What I say to kids as they join the agency is, look, we are interested in one thing and one thing only: the quality of the work,” Wylie says. “Is the work interesting and good? If it is, we want to represent it. If it’s not, and you think it’s gonna make money, we do not want to represent it. Not. Of. Interest. And so we are some 50 people dedicated to the business of discovering and nurturing quality.”

This raises an important question: How can one differentiate between what’s good and what isn’t? If there is little–to–no correlation between literary value and monetary worth, what other metric can an agency assign to a writer’s output? Wylie says, in his typical straightforward fashion, that “it’s very hard for a reader to know. But we’re in the business, and it’s our job to know.”

Wylie’s perspective on quality was not always so self-assured. In his early days as an agent, determining quality work was an uncertain and time–consuming process. However, a phone call from one of his first clients, legendary New Yorker fiction editor William Maxwell, helped shape his critical acumen. Wylie, frustrated by his inability to quickly identify books that weren’t worth pursuing, related his problems to Maxwell from his small apartment...
(which doubled as his office). In response, Maxwell asked him some basic questions – the title of the book, what it was about, and what the first sentence said.

“What he was basically telling me was that I could have told, within the first paragraph of that book, that the book was not for me,” Wylie says. “You can tell in a cover letter whether the book is likely to be any good. You can tell from the first sentence. You have to develop the confidence of judgment, which is not something you’re born with, or something that you inherit from studying literature in college; I had to really develop it. It’s like working out your stomach muscles.”

Wylie’s subsequent training regimen consisted of studying the decision–making processes of the best institutions in the industry – the best literary agency (at the time, ICM), the best publishing house (Knopf), and the best magazine (The New Yorker). Wylie grew increasingly confident in his judgment, and discerning quality work became a quick process. Although he rarely sifts through the slush pile today, he recently showed a new arrival to the office how to sort through the offerings.

“There were about 40 submissions,” he says, “and it took about two and a half minutes. It was a matter of reading the cover letter or the first page, and it was just, ‘Nope, nope, nope, nope, nope...’”

But Wylie’s judgments are only worth something if they’re legitimized by others. An agent is successful only if both authors and editors trust his opinions. This is why, he explains, it was difficult for him to land deals when he was just starting out. If Wylie wanted to represent a young writer, for example, his lack of a proven track record would require a significant leap of faith on the writer’s part. On the other end of the process, his lack of clients meant there was no context in which to place the untested writer, so there was little ground for editors to go on.

“I’m going to a publisher, the publisher doesn’t know who I am, I can’t get anyone to return my phone calls, and I say the writer is good?” Wylie exclaims. “What are the chances I know what I’m talking about? I have one client!”

The situation changed quickly once Wylie began to build his client list. Writers wanted to associate themselves with other writers they respected, and when publishers saw young scribes among a list of clients like Roth and Rushdie, they were more willing to take a chance on these fledgling writers despite their lack of a proven track record.

“If you have this rigorous standard, and you are bringing young writers into that standard, and representing them from that perspective, then you’re actually doing them a service,” Wylie notes. “You’re putting them in a very strong context.”

Although Wylie is clearly driven by a love for literature, he feels just as comfortable working out complicated business arrangements. This versatility has familial roots. While his father, Craig Wylie, had been editor-in-chief at Houghton Mifflin, his uncle, Harry Fowler, was a prominent banker who served as the president and board chairman of what was then known as the Fiduciary Trust Company of New York.

“One of the things I saw when I was starting out was that the good writers have bad agents and the bad writers have good agents,” Wylie says. “But what would happen if money wasn’t the goal, if the quality of the work was the goal, and you brought a strong financial discipline to good work? They don’t make money like Danielle Steele, but they make money, for a change. Our job is to try to help writers to get paid enough so they can concentrate
on the work instead of concentrating on trying to get the next egg salad sandwich.”

When Wylie started representing Philip Roth, for example, Roth was initially doubtful that he could sell any more books. “He said to me, ‘Let me tell you how the Roth business works,’” Wylie remembers. “I don’t know a lot, but I know about Roth. I have 40,000 readers. Some of them get old and die, younger ones come up. Sometimes it goes to 41,000; sometimes it will dip to 39. Basically the number is 40,000. Those are my readers.”

After a short while under Wylie’s representation, Roth was approaching 800,000 readers and continues to sell. The credit cannot all go to Wylie; after all, Roth has written some amazing books. But as Wylie explains, “it was about the structure of the presentation of what he was doing.”

In other words, Wylie was able to present Roth in such a way that got publishers and readers more interested in the quality that had been present from the beginning. He uses Roth’s terminology to give an overview of the events: “The business hadn’t been constructed properly,” Wylie says. “Once the business was constructed properly, the value was released.”

In a similar reconstruction of a writer’s “business,” Wylie was able to rescue William Burroughs from a tough financial spot by selling the rights to unpublished archival work. At a dinner party, Burroughs lamented to Wylie that he couldn’t pay his American Express bill, so Wylie went to his house in Kansas to see if there was anything they could publish. “He brings me into the bedroom and there’s this big trunk,” Wylie recalls. “And I say, ‘What’s in the trunk?’ He opens it and there are guns and bludgeons to hit people with and various things. So I take them all out, and then there are letters and manuscripts. In that trunk was enough material for a five-book contract.”

He has also performed similar operations with authors published in translation. Writers such as Roberto Bolaño and W.G. Sebald, producing complex books in Spanish and German, respectively, had remained relatively obscure in the American market until Wylie began to represent them, after which they became widely acclaimed and seemingly overnight financial successes, continuing to sell after their deaths. More recently, Wylie took on Norwegian author Karl Ove Knausgård, author of the six-volume autobiographical novel My Struggle, which Wylie calls “an immortal masterpiece.”

Knausgård had found limited success in the United States because his books were being published by a virtually unknown press. Random House, which published his work in the United Kingdom, feared he wouldn’t sell in the States. Wylie called an editor at Random House and argued that if he actually read the book instead of making profit-based calculations about it, it would be obvious that My Struggle’s literary merit justified its acquisition.

“Try to remember why you got into publishing,” Wylie said to him. “Don’t talk to me about business. Read the [expletive] book!” Random House didn’t bite, and Wylie remains convinced that they never actually managed to read it. He next called Jonathan Galassi, president and publisher of Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, who accepted Wylie’s offer “within literally 15 seconds” and led the writer to his current status as one of the most talked about authors of the year.

Despite its artistic inclinations, publishing, like any industry, is ruled by the bottom line. Commercially oriented books are a sure source of money for publishing houses, while difficult texts rarely turn a profit. This means best-selling authors typically receive much larger contracts regardless of the quality of their work. But for Wylie, the current gap between literary and monetary value is not necessarily a fixed constant.

“It’s important for the publishing world to recognize that Shakespeare is more interesting than Danielle Steele, and that the economics of publishing should be adjusted accordingly to recognize the value of work that will last over time and give it greater value than work that is going to sell for 10 days then disappear,” Wylie says. “I think that this agency has played a part in trying to bring the publishing world toward a better assessment of value, which is tied to what’s good for the culture.”
By Rachel S. Cox

A child of Gilded Age New York, John Gilbert Winant of the Form of 1908 learned to love New Hampshire through his years at St. Paul’s. It would prove a fateful attachment.

Four years after his graduation, Winant, then a senior at Princeton, accepted the offer of Rector Samuel Drury to return to St. Paul’s as a master in history. The School became the launching pad for a political career that would alter the Granite State, the nation, and the world during the 20th century’s gravest ordeals: the Great Depression and World War II.

The St. Paul’s School cemetery became Winant’s final resting place in 1968, 21 years after his suicide at his Concord home began a long eclipse of his historical legacy.

Over the last 15 years, the historical Winant has slowly emerged from the shadows. Now a bipartisan group empowered by the New Hampshire state government and including current SPS Rector Mike Hirschfeld ’85 stands on the brink of completing its mission to honor Winant with a permanent memorial near the State House. It will be, if all goes well, a bronze statue quite different from those of the distinguished men on pedestals now—President Franklin Pierce and U.S. Senators Daniel Webster and John P. Hale.

In a 1912 letter to Dr. Drury from Princeton about the prospect of returning to St. Paul’s, a young Winant elucidated the principle that would guide his adult life: “I believe a life with an aim, and some definite work to be done in the attaining of it, is necessary in order to hold the respect of others as well as self.” Revealing the sympathy for adolescent males that would make him a revered master during his years at St. Paul’s, he added, “Boys through intuition feel this even more quickly than men comprehend it.”

“He was an incredibly inspiring teacher,” wrote former Time editor T.S. Matthews of the Form of 1918 in his 1960 memoir, Time and Again. Matthews recalls the eccentricities of bearing and speech that marked Winant throughout his life, yet somehow never prevented his powerful connection with others: “He was gaunt, intense, awkward and shy, with a lock of hair that fell over his right eye; his clothes were baggy and needed brushing.” His master’s room at “the Farm” was untidy, with books piled everywhere.

In the classroom, Winant seemed more shy and more embarrassed than elsewhere and spoke so softly that he could hardly be heard. “How did he manage to convey to us the burning conviction that the United States of America was a wonderful country, the most gloriously hopeful experiment man had ever made?” Matthews asks. “I don’t know, but he did; and from his slow smoldering we took fire.”

In 1917, faced with America’s imminent entry into World War I and the loss of several masters to military service (himself included), Winant took the lead at St. Paul’s in crafting a new system of student self-government and self-discipline. In addition to establishing an elected and appointed Student Council, the system relied on superintendents, inspectors, and student councilors to inspire self-control, mutual assistance, and strong bonds between boys and masters. The change was controversial and politically...
and at all times will follow the dictates of my own conscience...I can honestly say that I have no greater ambition in life than to be of use to my fellow men."

Dr. Drury did all he could to help Winant, whom he considered to be one of his best friends, despite their 11-year age difference. Winant embodied the Rector’s aspirations not only to improve the academic and intellectual standards of St. Paul’s, but also to expand his privileged charges’ awareness of the wider world and the necessity of working to improve it. When Winant began his first run for governor in 1923, Dr. Drury wrote a letter to the Concord Monitor-Patriot that also was circulated as a campaign flyer.

"Mr. Winant’s candidacy for the governorship," Dr. Drury began, "is a matter of such personal satisfaction to me that I venture to share with your wide circle of readers some reflections on his character."

Conjuring an image of Winant as vice rector (1919–21), Dr. Drury described "a man standing quietly at my office door, asking his characteristic question: 'What can I do for you?'" Lest Winant be thought meek, Drury referenced his post-war success in the Texas oil business and his courage as a pilot in World War I. Drury’s conclusion condenses hauntingly the strengths and weaknesses of Winant’s character: "There may be, doubtless somewhere there is, a more unselfish man than John Gilbert Winant – but I have yet to meet him. His disregard of self...is complete, and strangely convincing....With Winant in the State House, we should have there an absolutely fearless man, an absolutely friendly man, a man who would devote all of his powers to public betterment...In him we have what President Coolidge has described as the country’s need: the practical idealist."
With Robert Bass’s support, Winant gained the governorship for one term in 1924, then, in an unprecedented achievement, served two more terms, from 1931 to 1935. Collaborating with Democratic legislators, he promoted reforms that improved the lives of working men, women, and children throughout the Granite State and made New Hampshire a leader in innovative programs to ease the suffering caused by the Great Depression. In a state where textile mills and shoemaking were dominant industries, he enacted a minimum wage law and a 48-hour work week for women and children. “The only help the [industrial] employees got through most of the century was through the work of John Winant,” says John Milne. By 1936, Winant would be mentioned as a possible presidential contender.

A devoted ally of President Franklin Roosevelt and a protégé of Labor Secretary Frances Perkins, Winant was called to Washington to chair the new Social Security Board. There, despite an initial lack of funding, he organized the New Deal’s most enduring social welfare program. When Republican presidential candidate Alf Landon attacked social security in 1936, conscience compelled Winant to resign from the board and devote his energies to campaigning for Roosevelt – a move that effectively ended his political prospects as a Republican.

As world war again engulfed Europe, Winant’s 1941 appointment as ambassador to Great Britain, replacing the distrusted and defeatist Joseph Kennedy, brought hope to a people who were, in the enduring words of Britain’s wartime military leader General Sir Alan Brooke, “hanging on by our eyelids.” Eschewing the official ambassador’s residence in favor of living quarters near the embassy and subsisting on the same rations as British citizens, Winant walked the blazing streets of London as bombs rained down, asking his characteristic question, “How can I help?”

In spite of his shy nature, Winant’s extraordinary ability to connect with ordinary working people not only endeared him to the British populace, but, in June 1942, it also saved the nation from a coalminer’s strike that would have crippled production just when the nation needed it most. At the request of Labour Party leader and deputy prime minister Clement Attlee, he addressed striking miners in Durham. His speech evoked so persuasively a vision of a post-war world in which social justice had replaced war as government’s wholehearted purpose that the strikers returned to their jobs. A little more than five years later, Winant’s inspiring words would become part of his epitaph: “We must always remember,” he said, “that it is the things of the spirit that in the end prevail. That caring counts. That where there is no vision, people perish. That hope and faith count, and that without charity there can be nothing good.”

As the war dragged on, Ambassador Winant dedicated himself to easing the way for the hordes of American GIs encamped in Britain before D-Day and, perhaps more importantly, alleviated misunderstandings between the well-fed, well-paid GIs and the more long-suffering Tommies. His dedication and vision sustained the alliance that broke the fascist menace as he pursued the goal of enduring peace.

Yet for the balance of the 20th century, the man Winston Churchill called “an inspiration,” who was with the British prime minister when he learned that Pearl Harbor had been bombed and his empire would be saved (in some descriptions of that evening, they did a little dance together), was all but erased from the pages of history.

This came to be through a final, self-inflicted, act of violence in an extraordinarily violent time. Two years after the war’s end, settled back in Concord and awaiting delivery of his recently published memoir, Winant ended his own life with a pistol shot.

After his suicide, Winant’s legacy went into decline. In the 1940s and ’50s, a suicide was judged to be not only grievous, but also shameful, perhaps especially so after countless brave American GIs had faced down death in defense of freedom, or died trying. Many religious considered suicide a sin akin to murder. The St. Paul’s choir sang “The Strife Is O’er” at Winant’s funeral service, but he was buried near the back of Concord’s public Blossom Hill Cemetery. Winston and Clementine Churchill sent five dozen roses; Eleanor Roosevelt, a large bouquet.

Friends and associates suggested possible causes for Winant’s self-destruction: money and family troubles,
political marginalization, exhaustion, drinking, discouragement over the prospects for peace in a Cold War world. Even Winant's biographer, Bernard Bellush, seems befuddled by Winant's tragic end. *He Walked Alone*, published in the Netherlands in 1968, presents a confusing and ambivalent portrait.

"It was such a shocking end for this good man," says historian Lynne Olson, author of *Citizens of London*. "Many people, including a lot of people at St. Paul's, simply didn't know how to cope with it."

Today suicide is generally judged with more compassion than censure, and Winant's legacy has emerged from the shadows. In June 2009, Winant Park opened on 85 acres of Concord conservation land—a less than 100 yards from the entrance to St. Paul's School. Originally part of Winant's Pleasant Street home, the land was donated by his younger son, Rivington, in memory of his parents. There, hikers and bikers can learn about Winant from an informational kiosk. St. Paul's provided a parking lot and park access on School property.

In February 2010, Lynne Olson's book broke the story nationally of the American ambassador to World War II Britain and his key role in forging history's greatest wartime alliance. The media reacted with curiosity and astonishment. NPR host Robert Siegel told Olson before their interview that he had asked various prominent people, including David Brooks of The New York Times and E.J. Dionne of The Washington Post, if they had ever heard of Winant. None of them had. "He thought that was unbelievable," Olson recalls, "as did I."

Olson's book became a huge word-of-mouth success. "People have repeatedly told me how much they loved my portrayal of Winant and how much they wish that public figures now were more like him," she said. "He has truly been an inspiration for a lot of people, including me."

In this spirit, five-term Democratic New Hampshire state representative Steve Shurtleff introduced legislation in 2013 to ensure that Winant's accomplishments and character never again would be forgotten. "I looked at what was happening in Washington and even Concord, the breakdown in bipartisanship," Rep. Shurtleff explains. "How appropriate to have some permanent memorial and reminder of how much can be accomplished if people put aside petty politics and focus on the public good."

Shurtleff recalls childhood stories of Governor Winant's kindness during the desperate years of the Great Depression, and such stories still abound. Winant would hand 50-cent pieces to homeless men who approached him en route to the State House. He instructed Concord police to let the men sleep in unused jail cells, feed them a good breakfast, and send Winant the bill. One snowy, wet day he arrived at his office without an overcoat. When questioned, he explained, "I met a man who needed it more than I did."

"Winant was the most beloved [politician] of the century," says Milne, also a member of the Winant Memorial Committee. "He represents a bipartisan style of politics in which personal interaction and personal persuasion are important, not the ability to raise money and hire consultants to put on flashy advertisements. We're sending the message that the Winants of the world retain values that are important in public life."

In July 2014, thanks in part to a gift of $50,000 from the current U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain, Matthew Barzun '88, the committee hired Missouri-based sculptor J. Brett Grill to create a bronze figure of Winant for installation in front of the State Library, just beside the gold-domed New Hampshire State House and in view of the Governor's second-floor office. The statue is expected to cost $94,000, and the committee hopes to raise about $60,000 more for continuing maintenance and to create scholarships to the Advanced Studies Program, which brings rising seniors from New Hampshire public high schools for summer study at St. Paul's.

The current heads of the John Winant Society, a student nonpartisan political club founded in the early 1960s by Secretary of State John Kerry '62, are involved in fund-raising and have created a Facebook page for their effort. Rector Mike Hirshfeld, an honorary co-chair of the Winant Committee, has donated $10,000 to the project on behalf of the School and has agreed to match funds raised by the Winant Society.

The committee envisions a memorial statue that will emulate Winant—accessible by a bench on which visitors can sit beside him. "He doesn't belong on a pedestal. He never put himself on one," says Van McLeod, commissioner of the N.H. Department of Cultural Resources. The committee expects to unveil the completed memorial in fall 2015.

In September, Representative Shurtleff learned a new story about Winant's generosity. At a New Hampshire Historical Society reception, conversation turned to the cost of the meeting space, which the Memorial Committee had rented for the evening. Rep. Shurtleff had paid, but Bill Dunlap, the executive director of the Historical Society, told him that the rental check would be returned. There would be no fee.

One morning during the Great Depression, Dunlap explained, his grandfather was walking down Main Street and happened to meet Governor Winant, whom he knew slightly. The governor asked him how he was doing and Mr. Dunlap said, "Not too good, Governor, I lost my job this morning." Winant told him to be at the governor's office that afternoon and he'd have a state job for him, and so he did. Bill Dunlap told Shurtleff that when he learned the reception had been planned by the Winant Memorial Committee, he couldn't charge, considering what Winant had done for his family.
Whose woods these are...
With only a few structures built since 1856, the School grounds are mostly water and trees – and these paths, seen through the seasons.

Photographs by Karen Bobotas
Text by Michael Matros
winter

spring

summer

and fall ... on the trails of St. Paul's School
and fall . . . on the trails of St. Paul's School
An old canoe rests on the shore of Lower School Pond.

It's a very good year for acorns, and so squirrels and chipmunks are rustling around everywhere in the leaves. Sometimes you hear about bears in these woods, but you usually won't be lucky enough to spot such large wildlife. Instead, you have the sound of local birds, a chickadee scolding you just for walking underneath her pine tree, and the rush of the various streams, louder after a rain, with the roots wet and slippery as they snake across the path.

Seen from across Lower School Pond, the Chapel rises above autumn foliage.
You come upon oddities that you might have passed by a dozen times and never noticed, such great stone-block formations stacked from years ago for some purpose now unknown, or a reading bench, old and gnarled, like something out of Grimm. Another bench is a memorial to Carl Kiger '71. A plaque affixed to a fallen tree says that he “heard the whispered secrets of these woods and waters.”

You can wander the School paths using a map, created in 2012 by Sixth Formers Morgan Holland and Eric Nieminen. You can find it at www.sps.edu/trailmap.

The Turkey River spreads here and there for the families of SPS ducks, landing together with a splash on the water but then floating soundlessly along, bright green heads on the father ducks. On the “white” path, the rush of the water can drown out the sounds from Pleasant Street but not the distant Westminster Chimes of the Chapel bells.

There’s a smell – it might take a moment to recognize wild grapes, not quite out of reach from the path, sour after you slip off their skins and taste them.

The paths can almost disappear under the leaves, and even more when it snows.
Harry Groome’s novel, Thirt y Below, tells the tale of Carrie Ritter, a twenty-something whose quest for love has left her vulnerable and lost. We meet Carrie in her La Jolla apartment as she admires her own body in the mirror and ponders her future with a yet-unseen Internet admirer, Bart McFee, who plans to whisk her away to Alaska for the winter.

Carrie’s thoughts are quickly interrupted by her violent ex-boyfriend, Jake Hornbeck, who assaults her as revenge for their breakup and proclaims, “I’ll get even if it’s the last thing I do.”

Despite warnings from her friend and roommate, Carrie decides to join Bart to winter at his cabin in the foothills of the Wrangell Mountains in Alaska, fleeting her stagnant life in La Jolla.

In a parallel chapter, Groome artfully introduces us to Daredevil, an Alaskan wolf whose leg is caught in a hunter’s trap. Freed by a young Indian hunter’s trap. Freed by a young Indian woman named Feather, but a strong Indian woman named Feather, but not without tragedy and miracles along the way.

In the end, Carrie Ritter, who continues to be haunted by her past even thousands of miles away from La Jolla, gains the tools of survival through the help of McFee and a strong Indian woman named Feather, but not without tragedy and miracles along the way.

Reviewed by Richard Schade ’62

The dust jacket for The Ideal Man bears a photograph of James H. W. “Jim” Thompson ’24. From the pleasantly intense face and the casual elegance of his shirt down to khaki trousers, Thompson exhibits mannered elegance. The patterned silk cloth draped across one knee defines him as the Silk King he had become.

With his privileged Delaware lineage, it was natural that Thompson came to be schooled at St. Paul’s and Princeton. Later, employment at a New York architectural firm assured him respectable credentials, yet, as war loomed, he felt duty-bound to serve — initially in the National Guard, defending “Delaware from German battleships.” He was eventually recruited by the OSS (predecessor of the CIA), where he felt at home since “the men around him had prepped at St. Paul’s and Andover.” Active duty in Europe and beyond in the clandestine service garnered him five Bronze Stars.

Kurlantzick tells the story well, focusing on the post–war years when Thompson — now a CIA operative — was posted to Bangkok. The readable, academically documented narrative contextualizes Thompson’s exploits and intellect vis-à-vis the tumultuous intricacies of Thai politics and social history caught up in the American way of war in Southeast Asia. Thailand became increasingly key in the post-colonial era, one defined by the notion of the Domino Theory. Thompson was always in the mix, but more as an intellectually honest dissenter who viewed the U.S. buildup as blatantly imperialist, with his preference for allowing fledgling nations such as Vietnam to seek self-determination. As Thailand became progressively more Americanized, Thompson’s views were out of step with both overlords and Thais.

Thompson’s sympathies were with the preservation of Thailand’s culture. He collected Buddhist art and displayed the treasures in his residence, one constructed of teak stilt houses. The abode became the center of Bangkok’s exclusive social set, almost as if the museum–like rooms were an implicit bulwark against the ravages of Americanization. But as great a Romantic as he was, Thompson was also a canny entrepreneur, singlehandedly reviving Thai silk production in a manner sensitive to traditional practices. He became, thus, the fabled Silk King, an “ideal man” rather than an “ugly American.”

Some have theorized that Thompson’s silk trading was a front for CIA operations. Be that as it may, by the 1960s he became ever more the misunderstood outsider and even an irritant to Thais — as if this American dare comprehend their culture! As a result, he became ill, overworked, and despondent, but he kept up appearances until his mysterious disappearance in 1967.

Over Easter of that year, he repaired to the cool highlands of Malaysia with friends. The last photograph of him shows him on a picnic. One day he took a walk into the highlands and was never seen again. The swirl of conspiracy theories is well detailed in the book, but ultimately it is the unsolved mystery of his death that has assured the life of this SPS graduate a legendary status to this very day.
Here is a jewel of a book. George Carlisle, who taught creative writing at St. Paul’s for 45 years, has written of exploring a village he’d known and loved as a boy, more than 50 years ago. Carlisle, as his students might expect, writes with simplicity, clarity, and particularity – and with the love that brings a place to life.

Fortesque is a place insignificant enough to be all but beneath notice. Yet its history is a microcosm of mid-Atlantic shore cultures, populated with the aspirations, joys, and mosquito bites of generations of individuals as they harvest a wealth of fish, as they ride on a boom of summer tourists, as their harvest dwindles to hobby, and as the subsidizing boom leaves hazardous hotels at the mercy of fire and storm.

This is an 80-page book that begs to be read slowly, at leisure, and, if possible, at the shore in summer. Carlisle palpably evokes the passage out across miles of salt marsh to Fortesque and the trials of early visitors who came and camped for the privilege of abundant weak–fish – “croakers” they were called – and oysters and clams and brackish drinking water, when drinking water could be found. Framing these evocations are the dividing up of properties and the establishment of enduring families.

Fortesque was a destination for blue-collar merchants and craftsmen, who came in ones and twos and then greater numbers with families and church picnics, as logs were latticed across the marshes to bear the traffic of horse-drawn wagons. Small houses were built a yard apart, and, as word of the splendid beach spread, hotels were cobbled out of houses and re-cobbled after fires. A fleet of oyster boats, party boats, and small commercial fishing boats, supported unsteady wharfs, and pavilion dances delivered parochial summer rapture until winter closed the season.

Carlisle has uncovered accounts of the oyster war and prohibition smuggling. Found within his interviews of 56 years ago, locals tell in singular voice of a tiny community in the best of times. The same voices remember the decay of those times. And they report the stasis of a still–cherished place and the seasonal souls who come for what fish remain.

Here is a book of feeling and loss, as all good summer books must be. It is also the briefest snapshot of an unfurling American moment that radiates through time and geography and the passage of one’s own life. Read Whiskey, Sun & Fish, and, when you’re done, think gratefully of George Carlisle for what he’s given us.

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**On the Shelf . . .**

**The End of Copycat China: The Rise of Creativity, Innovation, and Individualism in Asia**
*Shaun Rein ’96*

Rein helps business executives and investors understand how China’s economy is shifting from heavy investment to services and consumption through insights that help shape effective strategy. Drawing from 50,000 interviews with entrepreneurs, venture capitalists, private equity investors, private Chinese companies, and multinationals, this book describes how Chinese firms are increasingly focused on innovation and how consumers are evolving with their hopes, dreams and aspirations.

**Operation Paperclip: The Secret Intelligence Program that Brought Nazi Scientists to America**
*Annie Jacobsen ’85*

In the chaos following World War II, the U.S. government faced difficult decisions, including what to do with the Third Reich’s scientific minds.

So began Operation Paperclip, a covert project to bring Hitler’s scientists and their families to the U.S. Many of these men were accused of war crimes, and others had stood trial at Nuremberg. They were also directly responsible for major advances in rocketry, medical treatments, and the U.S. space program. Was Operation Paperclip a moral outrage, or did it help America win the Cold War?

**The Annapolis Book of Seamanship: Fourth Edition**
*John Rousmaniere ’62*

In its extensive update, this edition stresses the skills and attitudes that compose what the author calls “The Seamanship Ethos.” The first four chapters cover the boat, basic sailing skills, sail trim, and weather, with the first of many “Hands On” sections. The topics of health (including seasickness) and on-board safety follow, with lessons learned from on-water tests and studies of boating accidents. The author also looks closely at the elements of piloting, navigation, and electronics. Appendices include best practices for protecting the marine environment and bringing up children under sail.
COMMUNITY

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
Boston Pelicans at Head of the Charles Regatta, Charles River, Oct. 18-19

CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE
Alumni Coming Home, SPS, Sept. 26-27
Family Weekend, SPS, Oct. 24-25

GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT
Current parents reception, home of Ann and Peter Getz, Aug. 28

HANOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE
Alumni Dinner with Dartmouth Students, Canoe Club, Oct. 8

HONG KONG
Seated Meal Event, The Pawn, May 24

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA
College Age Alumni Dinner, El Vez, Sept. 11

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND
College Age Alumni Dinner, Bee's Thai Cuisine, Oct. 3

NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS
Reception, home of Sarah Bankson Newton '79, Aug. 8

NEW YORK CITY
College Age Alumni Dinner, Carmine's, Sept. 10
SPS Parents Luncheon, Colony Club, Oct. 2
Former Trustee and Campaign Leadership Dinner, Union Club, Oct. 16

PORTLAND, OREGON
SPS Alumni Reception, Bridgeport Brewpub, Aug. 6

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
Current parents reception, home of Tully and Elise Friedman, Aug. 21
Alumni Luncheon with Admissions, Wayfare Tavern, Oct. 8

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON
SPS Alumni Reception, Lookout Bar & Grill, Aug. 7

SOUTHAMPTON, NEW YORK
Reception, home of Julie '89 and Tom Frist, Aug. 2

SUN VALLEY, IDAHO
Reception, home of Susan and Bill Hoehn '68, Aug. 15

WASHINGTON, D.C.
College Age Alumni Reception, home of Sam Reid '81, Sept. 17
MARK YOUR CALENDAR FOR SPS ALUMNI EVENTS!

**BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS**
Lessons & Carols
Church of the Advent
Dec. 14

**CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE**
Lessons & Carols with Rectory Reception
St. Paul’s School
Dec. 14

**NEW YORK CITY**
Parents dinner at the home of Emily Bogle
Dec. 4

For details or to register for these events, go to [www.sps.edu/alumni/events](http://www.sps.edu/alumni/events). Be sure you receive invitations to upcoming alumni events by sending updated contact information to [updates@sps.edu](mailto:updates@sps.edu).
To further explore how a planned gift for St. Paul’s School might be right for you, please contact Bob Barr, director of gift planning, at 603-229-4875 or rbarr@sps.edu; or visit our website at www.sps.edu/plannedgiving.

Team Hargate: Form of 1964

The form of 1964 set these records at its 50th Anniversary:

- A new Alumni Fund record of $356,698
- A record for most new John Hargate Society members in a single year

The '64s have included the School in their estate plans, with commitments that will help keep St. Paul's at the height of excellence. Their irrevocable gifts count toward their form's Reunion Total Gift.

The majority of those who include the School in their plans make SPS a beneficiary by will, with a trust, or of a retirement account. For those who continue to need the income their assets provide, life income gifts are a good choice.
The Formnotes below reflect information received through September 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.

1940
Clarence Michalis
csm273@gmail.com

Talbot Adamson
talbotmaisie@mindspring.com
www.sps.edu/1940

Clarence Michalis writes: “Please join us at our 75th reunion at St. Paul’s from May 29 to 31. I visited with Fred Rockefeller in the Adirondacks recently and with Irv Sheldon when I was in Newport. They both hope to come. Late May is a beautiful time in Concord, and it will be great to see each other. Our form will be invited to a small dinner at the Rectory on Saturday night. More information about arrangements will follow shortly. Stay tuned!”

1945
Tony O’Connor
amocs@aol.com
www.sps.edu/1945

Sue and I have just returned from a memorial service for Sandy Baldwin in Bedford, N.Y. Kay Waterbury was also there. We’re still looking forward to a record turnout for our 70th reunion.

1948
Harry Havemeyer sent this news of two plays by Pete Gurney, playing on and off Broadway this fall. One is The Wayside Motor Inn and the other is the wonderful old play Love Letters, which is being revived, rotating notable actors in the two lead roles. We are proud of Pete for receiving the SPS Alumni Association Award last spring. There’s a possibility of putting together a 1948 form gathering to see one of these performances later in the year.

1949
John Scully
jasfishnet@aol.com

If you somehow missed the winter edition of Alumni Horae, it contained a photo of Olive Tilton Bigelow Pell and Sandy Holmsen, her grandson. Sandy donated to SPS a portrait of John Winant painted by Olive, which resurfaced after some time and now hangs in Ohrstrom Library.

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

Hard to believe but true, our 65th reunion is on the horizon this year (May 29–31). Put it on the calendar because we may need to reschedule other lesser events – like grandchildren’s graduations, weddings, medical procedures, etc., and we can begin to think of things we might like to do. George Walcott, Dick Paine, and I will be in touch from time to time on this subject.

1951
John Lorenz
cossacks4ever@fairpoint.net

David Morrish, Flix Kloman, Mark Cluett, Steve Gurney, and I were graciously entertained by Ann Ashton and Charlie Van Doren at their summer home in Castine, Maine. This was the 15th consecutive year members of the form have had a mini-reunion in Maine.

1952
Peter Stearns
pstearns@blissnet.com

Henry Silliman, with Marion’s help, submits this: “I am in agreement with Ted Taws – good news from the Class of ’52 is increasingly welcome!” Marion continues: “Henry celebrates his 80th birthday tomorrow and all doctors agree that considering the challenges on his plate, this is a miracle. We had a party Sunday night – only caretakers invited! Afterwards, he was wheeled around the drive~
way and, upon encountering a nephew, he said, "I'm having a birthday!" With best wishes to all of SPS '52, and may there be only positive disclosures in the coming months. Ted told us that his two kids, Helen Taws '79 and John Taws '84, were both at Anniversary in June.

Fred Hoppin writes: “We’re still kickin,” traveling, gardening, going to Symphony, and American Repertory Theater. We’re both retired since 2000, me from academic medicine (patient care, research, training, admin) and Caroline from admissions director at Park School Brookline. I kept busy at first, writing up some papers, peer reviewing, etc., while she chaired the Brookline Community Foundation. We sold the house we built in Brookline in '71. Home is now a very comfortable cottage in Brookhaven, a CCRC in Lexington, Mass., where it seems as if admission requires that one be an academic and Democrat, which is all right with us. One fellow inmate, Dick McAdoo ’38, went to his 75th reunion last year. We’re very glad we’re here. Lots going on — art, music, and courses in conjunction with Tufts. Critically, it truly preserves our independence as far as that is possible, no matter what, including getting old — which tends to happen. Don’t know anyone who thought they came too early. Give us a call or drop by."

Morris Cheston
 CSTEXTONM@BALLARDSPAHR.COM
WWW.SPS.EDU/1955

It is time to think about our 60th Anniversary (May 29–31, 2015). We are anticipating a big turnout, so put this date on your calendars and be sure to come. You can make reservations at the Holiday Inn in Concord, N.H. Late May is a beautiful time in Concord, and it will be great to see each other. Our form will be invited to a dinner at the School on Friday night, and we’re planning a special form dinner at the Centennial Inn for Saturday night. More information about arrangements will follow. In anticipation of Anniversary, a number of formmates will be gathering in Prouts Neck, Maine, from May 27 to 29, for a variety of activities and reminiscing. It should be a relaxing and fun time.

Steve McPherson has been generously helping to organize this gathering.

Bill de Haven
BILL_DEHAVEN316@HOTMAIL.COM

George de Man sends this report: "The Form of ’57 gathered 18 strong in Jackson, Wyo., from September 4 to 8 for its third mini-reunion. All event and venue planning was masterfully carried out by Sandy Holloway — with his usual expertise. Attendees included Margo and Ian Baldwin, Tom Bartlett, Rose and Pete Bartol, Luke Breckinridge, Rena and Bukk Carleton, Shannon and Lee Carter, Lorena and Caspar.

Hugh and Sue took an 11-year-old grandson on a Road Scholars Intergenerational trip to San Diego, the main focus of which was surfing! He was standing up on a board by day three, and Hugh got terrific rides on the board, but could never get up higher than his knees. Seattle has a nascent SPS alumni group forming, but there are no members in our decade or even the next three!
Diners scat by Kip Attaway of song parody, all-out, far-out, one-man show That afternoon featured an Rockefeller Nature Preserve. rushing streams to crystalline through the dense forests and Rena and Bukk Carleton. The and Krista Mixter, hosted by son and daughter-in-law, Jed reception at the home of Terry's began splendidly, with a cocktail with Susan Cobleigh. Events The next morning (early!), an were defectors!) at the Bar-J was spent (for some – there positions. All came away wet, volunteering eagerly for bow that followed, and some even even prepared, virtually unassisted, and unblessed by the gods. Even the ballooners were grateful to to level ground to lunch around the colorful and the gods. Even the ballooners were grateful to walk out on level ground to lunch around the colorful downtown. The evening closed mini–reunion with a grand preparation for the dunkings spectacular drive across Penn-sylvania to Ligonier to attend a memorial gathering in honor of our formmate, Chris Elkus, who passed away in mid-July. Chris’s wife, Gen, hosted an outdoor dinner on Friday evening for family and friends at their house, a wondrous property that I am told had been in the family for generations. We spent Friday night with Lucy and John Douglas, and what a wonderful surprise it was when Malcolm MacKay appeared the next day at the memorial gathering, which was held outdoors at the Rolling Rock Club in Ligonier. In a series of touching and moving reminiscences by family and friends, Chris was Remembered as a man of great humor, a devoted husband, father, and grandfather, an active participant in family and community affairs, a lifelong athlete, and a staunch, endur ing supporter of SPS and many

Chris Elkus writes: “I don’t have any particularly noteworthy news. I continue to work full-time, which I really enjoy, while spending a fair amount of time on SPS Matters as a trustee, which has been both interesting and rewarding. I serve as chair of the Audit and Risk and on the Trustees & Governance and Investment Committees. I believe the School is in a very good place right now, with excellent leadership at all levels. I would like to hear from anyone in our class and can be reached at 765–631–2000 or at acoxjr@gmail.com.”

David Atkinson sent this news: “On the weekend of September 6, Jill and I made the spectacular drive across Pennsylvania to Ligonier to attend a memorial gathering in honor of our formmate, Chris Elkus, who passed away in mid-July. Chris’s wife, Gen, hosted an outdoor dinner on Friday evening for family and friends at their house, a wondrous property that I am told had been in the family for generations. We spent Friday night with Lucy and John Douglas, and what a wonderful surprise it was when Malcolm MacKay appeared the next day at the memorial gathering, which was held outdoors at the Rolling Rock Club in Ligonier. In a series of touching and moving reminiscences by family and friends, Chris was Remembered as a man of great humor, a devoted husband, father, and grandfather, an active participant in family and community affairs, a lifelong athlete, and a staunch, enduring supporter of SPS and many.

David Atkinson ‘59 walked the French route of the Camino de Santiago de Compostela this summer.

Sydney Waud swaud@stribling.com

David Atkinson wrote: “During July, into early August, I walked the French route of the Camino de Santiago de Compostela, this time in recognition of Bolivian friends and colleagues who did so much for their country – and for the Atkinson family – in the 1990s. Anyone interested can check out my blog (mostly in Spanish) at www.EICaminoparaBolivia.blogspot.com. During my trek, I was reminded of the summer of 1959, weeks after our graduation, when John Eaton and I attended the bullfights at the Fiesta de San Fermín in Pamplona, and Eliot Scull and I explored Paris and the British Isles, mostly on foot, at times getting lost but always finding our way again. We never lost a sense of wonder at the discovery of the unexpected at the turn of a corner or the crest of a hill.”

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Our 55th reunion will take place from May 29 to 31. Our form will dine at the School on Friday, May 29, and on Saturday we shall get together for dinner at the Kimball-Jenkins Estate, where we enjoyed our 50th. I retired from Yale University after 23 years as dean of Timo-

Maxwell King reports that, somewhat to his own surprise, he is going back to work. As of the middle of September, he assumed the position of president and CEO of the Pittsburgh Foundation. At approximately $1.2 billion and 1,900 funds, it is one of the larger charitable foundations in the country. Max had formerly served as president of the Heinz Endowments in Pittsburgh, as chairman of the board of the national Council on Foundations, and as the editor of The Philadelphia Inquirer. Since 2010, Max has been retired and has been writing the first biography of Fred Rogers of “Mister Rogers” fame. He and his wife, Peggy, have been living in northern Vermont and on Nantucket, but will move back to the Squirrel Hill neighbor-

Richard Schade submits this news: “Will Taft is the invited keynote speaker in the Freedom Center, Cincinnati, on November 9. I will share the podium with him. Both of us are speaking at the event in commemoration of 25 years since the fall of the Berlin Wall. In 2009, I initiated the acquisition of a Wall segment from Berlin for the Freedom Center, a Smithsonian affiliate.”

John Loge writes: “On July 1, I retired from Yale University after 23 years as dean of Timo-

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Chris Chapin shares: “The funeral (burial service and Holy Eucharist) for Pete Wylie was held July 3 at Pohick Episcopal Church in Lorton, Va. More than 100 came to the service, including 18 Navy flag officers. Judge Tony Schall was our form representative for the occasion. Pete was a Navy captain, and his wife, Clair, is retired as a Navy commander. The Navy tradition runs deep in the family, as Pete’s father was an admiral. At the service, Pete and Clair’s son, Peter Jr., was the reader, and their daughter, Jamie, spoke words of remembrance. She spoke extensively of Peter’s love of music (he was in the Glee Club at SPS). She began by saying that, while Peter was “a logical, sensible Navy type, underneath all of that was the soul of a rock and roller.” She then told the congregation that Pete had been the lead singer, replete with tambourine, for his band, The Shades (and yes, they wore them) at the 1964 World’s Fair in New York. This was only two years after graduation. Jamie closed with mention of Peter Jr. being successful beyond my wildest dreams. The university where all this has happened is la Universidad Autonoma de Chihuahua, the State University of Chihuahua, the biggest state in Mexico, just south of El Paso. Two years ago, the state art museum of Chihuahua gave me a solo exhibition, the first of an American in the history of the museum. The exhibition was the highlight of my career. A year later, I was named Texas Master by the Houston Center for the Contemporary Crafts, the fourth craftsman ever to receive the award, and the first ceramist. Along with the award, I was given a solo exhibition at the center, which is in the arts district of Houston, right down the street from the Museum of Fine Arts. This honor meant the world to me and I feel so fortunate. I’ve decided the key to success is to outlive the competition – no kidding.”

1964
Rick Bastian
rbastian@blackhawkbank.com
Ray Payson writes: “As of February, I have been senior warden at St. Michael’s Episcopal Church in Bristol, R.I. Come visit!”

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

Our 50th reunion plans continue to advance. As of mid-September, 66 people, including 30 spouses, have reservations for our pre-reunion gathering at the Mount Washington Hotel. Some will be making their first appearance among us in 50 years. Plans for golf, tennis, bridge, and other activities are underway. Specifics will be forthcoming. I have had the opportunity to see a number of formmates over the past few years, including Charlie Bohlen and Neil Malloy, whom I hadn’t seen since 1965. Not surprisingly, we easily and readily picked up where we left off nearly 50 years ago. We remain an extraordinarily brilliant, handsome, energetic, and generous group, bound together intimately and profoundly by our life together in the 1960s. You and your spouses will find yourselves in good company at our reunion, and I look forward to seeing everyone there.

Master emcee Nat Prentice will regale us then with memorable tales from the past. If you haven’t reserved a room at the Mount Washington, I encourage you to do so. Rick Billings (rdbusmc@aol.com) can provide reservation details. He and Randy Morgan are jointly heading up overall reunion planning. More comprehensive information about the reunion will be forthcoming. I have had the great pleasure of seeing a number of formmates over the past few years, including Charlie Bohlen and Neil Malloy, whom I hadn’t seen since 1965. Not surprisingly, we easily and readily picked up where we left off nearly 50 years ago. We remain an extraordinarily brilliant, handsome, energetic, and generous group, bound together intimately and profoundly by our life together in the 1960s. You and your spouses will find yourselves in good company at our reunion, and I look forward to seeing everyone there.
Hugh Clark writes: “My wife, Barbara, and I celebrated our 40th anniversary in Quebec in June. Now we are nearing retirement (our shared aim is spring 2016, just in time for our 50th) and enjoying our granddaughter, Eleanor. We look forward to spending more time in our cottage on Mt. Desert Island, where we see many fellow alums. We’d love to see more. Meanwhile, though my career as professor of East Asian history at Ursinus College outside Philadelphia is nearing an end, my scholarship continues to produce results. The University of Hawaii Press will soon publish my new book, Civilizing the Lands Beyond: Accommodation and Transformation on the South China Frontier through the 1st Millennium, and a translation of the travel diary of a seventh-century monk recording his journey to India and back is next. Sales, no doubt, will be brisk!”

Perry King has been hard at work on his upcoming independent Western, The Divide. The script was written by Alumni Horae editor Jana Brown, in collaboration with Perry. The two met when Jana wrote an article about Perry for Alumni Horae back in 2011, and they decided to work together. The Divide is the story of an aging rancher (King) with a failing memory, his estranged and independent-minded daughter, and a young ranch hand who finds himself in the midst of a long-ago tragedy. The movie will be filmed almost exclusively on Perry’s cattle ranch in El Dorado County, California. Perry calls it a story about “the drama of ordinary life.” Check out the website at www.thedividemotionpicture.com.

Tucker Hood writes: “On July 26, Jim Colby, Ewing Walker, and I sadly found ourselves at Harvard Memorial Church for a service celebrating the life of Joe Walker ’69. Many spoke, but the remembrance by John Hagerty ’69 was especially poignant, humorous, and straight from the heart. We all can hope to have that kind of friend stand up for us when we are gone. Joe has a really nice and interesting family, most of whom I got to talk with at a party at the home of Rick Lyon ’69 after the service and reception at the Harvard Faculty Club. Much good humor and “Joe stories” swayed until late in the evening. A good man with many circles of friends who cared about him and colleagues who respected him.”

Terry Lyon sends this news: “Our friend and former director, the Hon. Joseph M. Walker III, died on July 8. Many of us had enjoyed his company at our 45th one month earlier. His passing came as a shock to everyone who knew him, as he seemed to be in good health and had been quite active. All of Joe’s immediate family live in the Carolinas, Georgia, or California, and they all came for the memorial service, which was held at the Harvard Chapel on July 26, with an evening reception at my house hosted by Renmi and me, Dave LeBreton, and John Hagerty. Joe had a significant impact on many young people and many spouses. He and my wife were very close friends. The three of us had traveled together and were planning a trip to Vietnam next April. My son and daughter grew up with Joe over for dinner at least twice a month and always on call for birthdays and special occasions. They looked up to him more than I ever knew. He had that kind of impact on people. Joe was to retire from the Massachusetts Superior Court this fall after a distinguished career as a jurist. Many of his coworkers came to celebrate Joe’s life and to relate their interactions with the judge. It was obvious that Joe’s sense of humor provided a courtroom environment that made his fellow workers comfortable and highly respectful. Joe was a great friend to many people, from all walks of life. He was tremendously self-deprecating, especially when it came to describing his golf game! One personal highlight was Joe’s 60th birthday. He refused to have a party, so he asked me if I would accompany him to Lime Rock, to attend the Skip Barber Racing School in open-wheel mini Formula One cars. I don’t think I had ever seen him quite as happy. The smile on his face, in his racing suit, helmet in hand, will forever be a wonderful reminder of my friend.”

Dave Burling reports: “I am playing lots of tennis and enjoying yoga, skiing, and hiking. We just moved our daughter into Susquehanna University and are still moving our son from Berklee College of Music to UCLA Extension for a certificate in film music composition. We just moved back to Santa Fe from two family sabbatical years in the East in and around Baltimore, frequently commuting to D.C. to visit my mother, who just turned 99, and otherwise supporting my daughter through some early adulthood transitions. As we unpacked back here, we found we needed to make more space and started reviewing and editing most of our accumulated belongings, making piles for consignment shops, Goodwill, nonprofit rummage sales, our kids, recycling, and trash. In one of the boxes I found an old SPS magazine produced for advertising while we were there and am sending it to Tom Iglehart to scan and post many of the photos in which many from our class are featured, including one of Hap Hale and me.”
The John V. Lindsay plaque, announcing designation of the Lindsay home in Manhattan, once owned by John Lindsay ’40, former mayor of New York City, as a historic landmark.

with Señor Ordoñez in his Nash apartment. There was also an old Pelican with an article on the new coffeehouse and on the efforts of our varsity soccer team, in which many of us are mentioned.*

Bob Bennett also reports: “Technology has certainly affected me – photography just isn’t the same thing it was 20 years ago. Sting said it just fine decades ago: "...too much information, washing over me..." Yep, for sure. I added more images in the sps1969.org website/gallery. My life ain’t exciting, it’s just Photoshop; Photoshop, and more Photoshop at a Marin County studio. I still shoot a bit of film now and then, but thanks to ailing finances and a bad back (sciatica), I don’t get out much anymore. My only daughter is now happily married, and practicing law in the Atlanta area. I just published a book: www.blurb.com/b/5470637—a-walk-on—the-California-coast.”

Charlie Scribner submits this historical news: “We had a magnificent ceremony on September 10, when NYC Historic Landmarks unveiled the John Lindsay ’40 plaque on our building at 155 E 72, where he lived with his family before he became mayor of New York (during our Third Form year) and moved to Gracie Mansion. Afterwards, I gave his daugh-

ter, Margi Lindsay Picotte, a déjà-vu tour of her childhood apartment, which she left half a century ago, and which we now inhabit, keeping it in the SPS family! Cheers!”

Terry Hunt writes: “My wife and I are loving this empty nest thing. I was also inspired several years ago by a book, Younger Next Year by Chris Crowley, to eat better and exercise a whole lot more: yoga, running, walking, tennis, biking, and skiing – some intense activity every day. Anyone interested in a pedometer club for mutual affirmation?”

Dave LeBreton reported that there is a passionate little item he wrote for Alumni Horae several years ago – gone missing! It was about Procter Smith’s highly constructive relationship with his son at Salisbury. Kudos, Proct!”

1970

Tres Davidson
swdiii@gmail.com
www.sps.edu/1970

Save the date – May 28–31 – as plans are underway for our 45th reunion. We are making plans to begin our celebration on Thursday, May 28. Please be sure the alumni office has your contact information and current e-mail address. Send any changes to updates@sp.s.edu. More information to come soon!

Dennis Dixon
dennis.c.dixon@gmail.com

After last seeing Steve Bedford on Monhegan Island, Maine, several years ago, he updates with: "Lots went on in those few years. I’m now in charge of the architectural historians for the Louis Berger Group, one of those big engineering and architecture conglomerates. Due to that commitment and a few other things, I’ve cut back my teaching as an adjunct at UMass and my rowing has suffered too. My daughter was married last year and my son is a junior at BU. Although I see a lot of Bill Jackson ’64 and John Evans ’66, Peter Van Brunt ’57, and occasionally, Bobby Lindsay ’73, I hear about SPS from my sister, Hilary Parkhurst ’80, and her latest child at SPS, Henry Parkhurst ’16.”

Peter Seymour says that, in July, he, Bram Lewis, and Howland (“Murph”) Murphy, met at The Pulse Restaurant inside the Equinox Gym in Rockefeller Center for a mini-reunion with Guy Antonioli, who was passing through the city from Austin, Texas. Luckily, the restaurant was practically empty at lunch as the noise level reached what could have been from a reunion of the entire form. Luckily, the few diners and a wonderfully patient waiter were amused, and more than one asked where the four of us knew each other from as, by virtue of the decibel level, stories of our school hijinks (largely and thickly embellished) were shared with everyone in a two-block radius. Murph generously hosted the meal, and we all left to be greeted by a flooding downpour, which some of us didn’t notice.

Formmates from ’71 (l. to r.): Bram Lewis, Guy Antonioli, Howland “Murph” Murphy, and Peter Seymour at lunch in New York’s Rockefeller Center.
James Danziger writes: “My son Julian is graduating from Dartmouth this year and my daughter Josie just started her first year at St. Andrews, where her roommate is from Concord Academy (I still remember the exchange fondly!). I’m still in the photo world and moved my gallery to 521 West 23rd. All are welcome to visit. I did bump into Terry Gruber, my fellow photo enthusiast, who hasn’t changed his enthusiasm or his haircut.”

Dennis Dixon shares: “Just trying to stay healthy (and hydrated) during these semi-retirement years. I’ve started doing the (N.H.) 4,000 footers – did #17 last Thursday. Check out my blog at: dixonheading-north.blogspot.com. Maybe to contradict Gregg, it often is only about the hike.”

George Litterst writes: “On July 31, after a 2.5-year struggle, my business partner and I regained our former software inventions and are once more totally online in a “hope springs eternal” business model. I was recently on the local Cablevision news channel, discussing Marilyn Monroe for a two-minute feature they call “Hidden Long Island.” Apparently the producer had read my piece about MM on LI last year and then convinced me to meet her in August at the beach where the budding young actress co-vorted in 1949 when she came to NYC to promote her role in the last Marx Brothers movie. I admit I was never a fan, no posters of Marilyn ever hung on my walls at St. Paul’s, but I have come to appreciate her more over the years. One of my weekly tennis adversaries said he was in his doctor’s office and saw me on TV five times in the waiting room. I think he’s exaggerating, but he did seem to play against my doubles partner and me with more ferocity than usual.”

And, finally, back to the East and Tony Sherer: “I am teaching modern world history and a seminar on the Cold War at the Woodhall School in Bethlehem, Conn., and, of course, I direct the plays! Woodhall is an all-boys boarding school in the middle of nowhere, and the annual tuition is equal to the GNP of Uruguay. Sound familiar? I’ve been teaching now for 25 years and, even with two master’s degrees and countless licenses and certificates on the wall, the most important sources for good practice come from my years at St. Paul’s. Every day, I recognize all of us in the faces of these young men struggling with the same issues we did but in different times, and I thank Lederer, Tracy, Burnam, Faulkner, Smith, and MacDonald, et al., for modeling what it is to be a true educator. It is an enormous blessing to be in this profession.”

John Henry Low
jhl@knick.com

No more rock ‘n’ roll this summer, but the “when two or more are gathered in my name department” was busy. Julia Jordan Alexander wrote: “It was a chance encounter over fresh produce at Spring Ledge Farm Market. Sally Carroll Keating and I were both in New London, N.H., the first week of July. It turns out her daughter was an exchange student from Concord Academy Girls’ varsity soccer team in the fall of 1971 (l. to r.), back: Jon Whitney, Frazer Pennebaker, Bayard Clarkson, Willie McDonald, Jamie Byrne, Ian Laird, George Williams, Graeme Boone (notice the hand painted shoes), Noryt Knox; front: Dave Parker, John Christensen, and Jonathan Cronin.
London, N.H., during the glorious month of July." To celebrate their serendipitous meeting, Julia and Sally decided to jog the northwest slope of Mt. Kearsarge, swim out to Loon Island Lighthouse on Lake Sunapee, zip-line the wooded slopes of Mt. Sunapee, bicycle to Quechee Gorge, Vt., for a Simon Pearce glass-blowing demonstration, and brunch at Graze Sustainable Table. The ladies seamlessly wove life tales of their respective journeys since the memorable 40th reunion. With history in play, it wasn’t hard to include family, moves, travel, developing practices, intentions, and possibilities into the conversational mix. SPS again proved to be an anchor in a sea of change.

Our indefatigable Colorado and Cape Cod correspondent Jeffrey Keith reported on his family’s recent Rocky Mountain High with Linda and Henry Laughlin at 12,800 feet on the Devil’s Causeway above Steamboat Springs over the July 4 weekend. Linda and Henry are fabulous hosts and playmates. Between the 4th of July parade, Linda’s gallery, the Steamboat Springs Rodeo, the amazing Lighthouse on Lake Sunapee, berry Park Hot Springs. Got cooling their jets in the Straw- and then spend most of Sunday top hike, it was all the Keiths could do to go back to their digs, watch a little World Cup, and then spend most of Sunday cooling their jets in the Strawberry Park Hot Springs. Got this great Xmas–card–quality picture to boot. As evident in the photo, the whole hair thing, now abandoned by necessity by the old man, continues through the next generation. In other news, Jeffrey did race in the Quissett Yacht Club S Boat Invitational Regatta, but sadly his own fast S Boat, the Coyote, did not “splash” this season and he was asked to race a friend’s S Boat instead.

Nick Parker writes: “Happily married to Carolyn Foster for 30 years with two perfect children, Olivia and North. We are living in Hailey, Idaho. I got a hall pass and am working for a year in Niassa Province in Mozambique, flying a Cessna 182 for the Wildlife Conservation Society, supporting elephant anti-poaching patrols. I live in a tent, but I have maid service. It is spectacular country, especially seen at 300 feet and 100 mph. Unfortunately, the elephants are being killed for ivory at a horrible rate. Elephants could be extinct in our lifetimes unless governments ramp up the pressure on the consumer countries. Enough preaching. I saw Jamie Byrne way too briefly in August. He is well preserved. And I did not mistake him for JT Howell.”

Meanwhile, Halsted Wheeler sent in an archival photo of the Form of 1972 Lunchmeats, once a feared force of non-sanctioned soccer, fitting in with the era’s anti-establishmentarianism by eschewing traditional practices, training, and rules. According to Halstead, the photo was the “only away game of our 1971–72 season at Concord Academy, where we triumphed 1–0 (at that time Concord Academy was still an all-girls school, and had been the partner in SPS’s first coeducational exchange in 1969). The Lunchmeats from the Form of ’72 were in fact formidable athletes. They may have beaten SPS varsity. We were just a bunch of, well, Lunchmeats!”

So please keep your cards and letters and old (and new) photos coming in.

1973

Jose Maldonado
jmaldon54@gmail.com

This summer, I kept busy with the NYC mayoral transition and have accepted a change in role to that of counsel and policy advisor to the NYC fire commissioner, where our biggest challenge is diversifying a department that is more than 90 percent white male. My son is in his Fourth Form year at SPS.

From abroad, Jim Brooke sends this news: “Greetings from Cambodia! After eight years in Moscow, I finally jumped ship, moving to Phnom Penh on July 7. I have taken over as editor-in-chief of a new English-language weekly, The Khmer Times. In September, we go twice a week. In January, daily. I have a nice set-up here – a sixth-floor apartment with views north, south, and east. Cambodians are friendly, food is great, and history is fascinating. A big plus to trade my couch for views. I hope to see you soon!”

Chris Rulon-Miller
chrisrulon@mac.com

From Burnet Maybank: “I finished my second stint as director of revenue under former South Carolina Governor Mark Sanford and have returned to private practice. I certainly enjoyed seeing everyone at the 40th Anniversary!”

Bruce Chan writes: “What an amazing reunion, thanks to Artie Sistare and the rest of the organizers. My daughter, Hanna Chan, is in her Sixth Form year at SPS, and Gabriel is anchor in Phnom Penh, and then end up near Angkor Wat.”

Katherine McMillan writes:
“I hosted Jim Brooke at the Cape Ann Forum in September, where he gave an excellent analysis of the current situation in Russia to a crowd of more than 200. Jim spent eight years in Moscow, first as bureau chief for Bloomberg News and then Voice of America. James Caviston ’74 was in attendance and we all gathered afterwards on my dock overlooking the Annisquam River to reminisce about our St. Paul’s days.”
FORMNOTES

Alexis Johnson '76 recently visited with former Rector Bill Oates at his home in Westwood, Mass. in his sophomore year at UCLA. Still nominally supervising the criminal division of our court and would welcome any Form of 1974 visitors to San Francisco."

1975

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

Warm greetings to the Form of 1975 from my home at the edge of Turkey Pond! The trees are turning and Turkey Pond is alive with foliage color. Our 40th reunion is fast approaching; I hope you can all attend. I am in the early stages of planning our gatherings for Friday and Saturday evenings, around the normal events at school (parade, lunch, etc.). Please let me know if anyone has thoughts or suggestions on the reunion. Anniversary Weekend is May 29 to 31. Save the date!

Twig Mowatt sends this news: “I was inspired to check in after receiving Alumni Horae and seeing the 40th reunion photo of the class ahead of us. I think there’s really no getting around the fact that we are all getting pretty old, yet even so, when I see these people’s photos, I can’t help but still think of them as teenage hooligans. The big SPS gal group of friends that I am lucky enough to be apart of just had another mini-reunion at the home of Julie Green in Maine. There were 14 of us! I’m hoping to make it to our 40th. Meanwhile, in 2008, I co-founded a nonprofit called All Sato Rescue (the word “sato” is Puerto Rican slang for “mutt”). We rescue dogs that have been abandoned on the streets and beaches of Puerto Rico, nurse them to health, and fly them up to the Northeast, where we partner with a bunch of shelters that take them in and find them great homes. It’s a real win/win – we save so many dogs’ lives and we also help these shelters meet the high demand for adoptable pets. Because New Yorkers are so good about spaying/neutering our pets, there aren’t a lot of unwanted dogs being born and then surrendered locally – it’s a really good situation because the local shelters can help other parts of the country that still have dog problems. We send an average of 100 dogs a month to the Boston area, where I live, and they are the most loyal, adorable, and soulful pups you could imagine. Just ask Anne Latchis about her Eva. I invite any SPS alum looking for a dog to get in touch with me at twig@allsatorescue.org, and I urge everyone to adopt and spay/neuter their pets. I am also the international humane editor for Bark magazine, which has been called The New Yorker of dog magazines by Newsweek! I write about animal welfare programs around the world – Bali, Mexico, Costa Rica – and will be meeting with animal activists next spring in Nepal and Bhutan for a story. Oh, and I have a real job too – at MITRE, a government R&D firm, where I write articles about their work in cybersecurity.”

Owen Andrews comments: “Dismayed by the recent skimpy offerings in our formnotes, I am writing with the hope that others will be moved to share news as well. I just visited formmates Kevin McCaffrey in South Hadley, Mass., and Anne Latchis in Brattleboro, Vt. Kevin has just published a highly entertaining and sneakily profound book of poems, Laughing Cult. Buy it. Anne made me very welcome in Brattleboro, as she does so well. These visits put me in the mood for our next reunion. Back home in Cambridge, I continue to help administer programs at the Center for Public Leadership at Harvard’s Kennedy School of Government. But my main focus here is my children. Eric is 15 and will be a sophomore at Boston University Academy. Isabel is 18 and just graduated from Cambridge Rindge and Latin, and, after a gap year, plans to attend Brown University. My apologies for the long note – but we are not taking up much real estate at the back of Alumni Horae these days. Send your news, too.”

1980

Jennie Hunnewell Kaplan
jennie_hunnewell@yahoo.com
www.sps.edu/1980

Greetings! I am working on putting together our 35th reunion this coming May 29–31. Send any address updates to either me (e-mail address above) or to updates@sp.edu. Look for more information to come throughout the year.

1981

Biddle Duke
biddle.duke@aol.com

Sono Aibe has been traveling the world, managing reproductive health projects with Pathfinder International, based out of the San Francisco Bay area. Chase Robinson is a professor of history and the newly appointed president of the Graduate Center of the City University of New York.

Alex Krongard submits this from abroad: “I am in Djibouti for the year (2014) as the deputy commander of Combined Joint Task Force Horn of Africa. The family is leaving D.C. on its way to San Diego. If anyone is in Djibouti, please look me up.”

1982

Trisha Patterson
trisha.patterson@foxnews.com

I celebrated my belated 50th (50 is the new 35) birthday at my home in Larchmont, N.Y. Justin Solomon, Bill Bates, Noah Solomon ’09 (now a crew coach at The Gunnery School), Dana ’83 and Susan Emery ’83 (daughter Katherine is a new Fourth Former), and Stacy Jamar ’81 gathered together for some refreshing beverages. Lou Adreani and Gabriella Demenyi ’81 were
sorely missed! In June, Stacy and I went to Craftsbury Sculling Center, where we coincidentally rowed with Webster Thompson ’16 and Andrew Thomson ’14, thus forming an SPS cabal (three Halcyons and a Shattuck) that was quite formidable. Also, I met up with Nat Prentice ’65 recently in Westchester County for a very fun lunch. My husband is in the same office as Nat. Small world! Nat, of course, has all the scoop on the entire building!

**1984**

Jane Kalinski
jkalins@comcast.net

For the serendipity file, Beth Nolan reports: “While waiting for luggage at Keflavik airport in Iceland, I had the good fortune to rendezvous with Fanny Opdycke. Although I hadn’t seen her in 30 years, Fanny was instantly recognizable by her elegant posture and beautiful legs (some ballet muscles never wither). We met for dinner in Reykjavik the following evening, accompanied by Fanny’s husband, Tom Feigelson, and their two adorable children, Zoë and Max. Zoë studies at the School of American Ballet (SAB), where her teacher is Darci Kistler, a legendary ballerina who frequently danced with Webster Thompson ’16 and Andrew Thomson ’14, thus forming an SPS cabal (three Halcyons and a Shattuck) that was quite formidable. Also, I met up with Nat Prentice ’65 recently in Westchester County for a very fun lunch. My husband is in the same office as Nat. Small world! Nat, of course, has all the scoop on the entire building!

**1985**

Don Sung
donald.sung@lazard.com
www.sps.edu/1985

Plans are currently underway for our 30th reunion. Please be sure the alumni office has your contact information and current e-mail address. Send any changes to me or to updates@sps.edu. More information to come soon!

**Sarah Jones**
sarahbjoness13@gmail.com

Summer has flown by and a new year has started. Here in the San Francisco Bay Area, Lyman Howard organized a Form of ’88 get-together, attended by Caroline Gilman La Voie, Sam Parker, Lizzie Callard, Scott Faber, and me. For the second time in a row, Scott ditched his very-pregnant wife to come hang out with his formmates... now that is dedication. Thanks to Lyman for organizing!

Our own Hollywood actor, Grinnell Morris, writes: “I’m shooting and starring in a film called 96 Souls. So much fun! I’ll let you know if/when there is a release date. As always, it depends on how good the movie is (which for independent features is always a big question). I play a research scientist. Hell, I went to school to become one, and now I’m playing one. I could tell you more, but I’d be in breach of my non-disclosure agreement. You’ll just have to see the film when it comes out, unless it’s bad, in which case I’m changing my name.” If the movie is no good, don’t sweat it, Grinnell – we’ll all just blame the director/producer/screenwriter.

Chrissy Coughlin welcomed a baby girl, Caroline Crosby Coughlin, in August. Sally Horchow came for a visit and Caroline did a beautiful job posing for her photo with her mom and “Aunt Sally.” Welcome, Caroline, and congratulations, Chrissy!

Meg MacRae got in touch with a great synopsis of her life in the music world: “Try as I might to break away from the tour life, it always seems to find me again. I spent the summer in Europe working for Neil Young and Crazy Horse and am now doing a few festival shows this month with John Mayer. On the other hand, I have been continuing to expand my film career in between tours, having produced an independent film in 2012 called Heart of the Country with country gal Jana Kramer and TV veteran Gerald McRaney and recently a TV pilot called Beachwood Charter. I also managed to get back to school and got my master’s in spiritual psychology. During that two-year period with only minimal concert touring, I had enough downtime to finally pursue my long-neglected creative inklings. I wrote and recorded three of my own songs (the EP is called The Lovely Ghost). I really surprised myself and I got to see what I was really capable of creatively when
I took all the time, energy (and stress!) that I had been pouring into furthering other people's artistic visions and careers and focused all that energy on myself for the first time – probably ever. And a funny coincidence – right about the time I was really working a lot on my vocals and singing, I took a quick run out on tour working for Bon Jovi and ended up singing onstage with them in Sydney, Australia, along with several of the other women on that tour. I don’t know what’s next as we approach the last quarter of 2014, but I have really been feeling the pull to branch away from L.A. to spend more time in my home in Franklin, Tenn.

I love all the updates from our formmates. Keep checking our form reunion page on the SPS website (www.sps.edu/1989) and find the hotel link as well other important information. It is going to be a great weekend! E-mail me if you have any questions.

Betsy Barbato La Padula sends this news: “Beginning my 14th year teaching English at Newark Academy in Livingston, N.J., after taking a few years off to be at home with my identical twin sons. Would love to connect with any formmates or other alumni in the N.Y.C./N.J. area, who have been in the military or who are in veterans’ services. I run a Support the Troops club at my school and am always looking for resources. Going to try and make reunion and hoping to see members of the Orphanage there.”

Jenny Petersen sends news from abroad: “My husband, Mike, and I are still living in France, not far from the Swiss border, and working in Basel (eight years and counting). I am back and forth to San Francisco frequently for my job and was lucky enough to catch up with José Leos and David Brownstein for a lovely dinner at José’s place last year. I have a lanky, witty, and math-obsessed 13-year-old stepson, who lives in Derbyshire, U.K. We’ve had some good adventures these last few years, including three weeks hiking in the back country of Mongolia, a tour around the Baltic Sea hitting some key cities, and a beautiful camping trip in the Dolomites. We just invested in a rickety ’80s Westfalia and hope to put some serious miles on it in the coming years. That about sums it up! I hope to make it for our 25th.”

Seth Schelin writes: “Here’s my overdue update for Alumni Horae. I am living in London and working in Germany for a German internet company called Scout24. My wife and I met up in London with alums John Meeks ’91 and Adam Hermann ’91 and their spouses for dinner at Crazy Homies. The last person I saw from our form was Art Richardson, who joined me in Munich for Oktoberfest last year (or was it the year before?)?”

Megan Scott
mescott380@gmail.com
www.sps.edu/1990

Our 25th reunion is fast approaching! Please mark your calendars for May 29–31. Visit our form reunion page on the SPS website (www.sps.edu/1990) and find the hotel link as well other important information. It is going to be a great weekend! E-mail me if you have any questions.

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mescott380@gmail.com
www.sps.edu/1990

Our 25th reunion is fast approaching! Please mark your calendars for May 29–31. Visit our form reunion page on the SPS website (www.sps.edu/1990) and find the hotel link as well other important information. It is going to be a great weekend! E-mail me if you have any questions.

Betsy Barbato La Padula sends this news: “Beginning my 14th year teaching English at Newark Academy in Livingston, N.J., after taking a few years off to be at home with my identical twin sons. Would love to connect with any formmates or other alumni in the N.Y.C./N.J. area, who have been in the military or who are in veterans’ services. I run a Support the Troops club at my school and am always looking for resources. Going to try and make reunion and hoping to see members of the Orphanage there.”

Jenny Petersen sends news from abroad: “My husband, Mike, and I are still living in France, not far from the Swiss border, and working in Basel (eight years and counting). I am back and forth to San Francisco frequently for my job and was lucky enough to catch up with José Leos and David Brownstein for a lovely dinner at José’s place last year. I have a lanky, witty, and math-obsessed 13-year-old stepson, who lives in Derbyshire, U.K. We’ve had some good adventures these last few years, including three weeks hiking in the back country of Mongolia, a tour around the Baltic Sea hitting some key cities, and a beautiful camping trip in the Dolomites. We just invested in a rickety ’80s Westfalia and hope to put some serious miles on it in the coming years. That about sums it up! I hope to make it for our 25th.”

Seth Schelin writes: “Here’s my overdue update for Alumni Horae. I am living in London and working in Germany for a German Internet company called Scout24. My wife and I met up in London with alums John Meeks ’91 and Adam Hermann ’91 and their spouses for dinner at Crazy Homies. The last person I saw from our form was Art Richardson, who joined me in Munich for Oktoberfest last year (or was it the year before?)?”
so no complaints. Although I’ll be at the School many times before then, I look forward to seeing everyone at our 20th!”

1996

Emily Brands
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Shaun Rein writes: “My book, The End of Copycat China, was released in October, and I will be giving speeches in New York, Boston, Singapore, Hong Kong, and other cities in the next few months for the book launch. I’m speaking at the Hong Kong Design Centre’s 13th annual Business of Design Week conference in December.”

1999

Ben Bleiman
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Brooke Lloyd, Mark DeVito, and I traveled from the West Coast to meet Peope Pachios, Mike Getz, and Neill “Sanford” Livingston in Brooklyn on August 22. The occasion was Neill’s marriage to Sara Legenhausen. The black-tie wedding, held at the Liberty Warehouse, was exactly the type of elegant affair we’ve come to associate with Sanford – a fitting celebration of their love surrounded by a veritable who’s who of New York’s ruling class, executed with an understated, blue-blooded exuberance.

Miles Chen, born on May 14, 2014, to Jen and Brian Chen ’99

Sheerin (Florio) Vesin writes: “We took advantage of an unseasonably cool August day in D.C. to celebrate our son Philippe’s first birthday in low-key, non-Pinterest-worthy fashion. Adele Shartzer and Cybil Rohrenbeck brought their little ones to join in the cupcake and watermelon frenzy. Living a few blocks from Mish Brown over the past couple years has been fabulous, but she’s off to a Fulbright in Kazakhstan shortly, so our farmer’s-market trips and walks around the neighborhood will be interrupted for a while. I’m still at Rosetta Stone, doing B2B marketing, and am enjoying biking to work through Georgetown, where I have the good fortune of occasionally running into Meghan Sullivan ’98 or other D.C.–dwelling Paulies.”

Kate (Noteboom) Kneipper sends this: “After 12 great years in New York City, my husband, daughter, and I moved to Dallas in June. Would love to catch up with anyone in or passing through the DFW area!”

Paul Gelinas writes: ‘Dodd Loomis ’98, Miguel Payano ’98, our wives, and I caught up in Brooklyn in September. We are all recently married (me to Deborrah Kaplan, Dodd to Alix Paige, Miguel to Jun Payano). Miguel lives in Beijing, Dodd in N.Y.C., and I am living in Hong Kong.”

Ann (Carley) Gavin writes: “James Michael Gavin was born on July 17. He and big brother Colin are making our lives busy and fun! Great to see everyone who made it up for Anniversary.”


Kate (Potts) Figler and Lauren Seaton were in attendance as well as my stepmom, Ripley (Greppin) Thomas ’83.”

And more baby news from Brian Chen: “My wife, Jen, and I can’t wait to bring our new son, Miles, up to the Shire to meet everyone at SPS.”

2000

Kathryn Duryea
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www.sps.edu/2000

Save the date for our 15th reunion, May 29–31. Hope to see many formmates then! The latest from me is that I moved back to San Francisco from New York City in May. I’m working for a jewelry subscription startup, RocksBox, and enjoying re-acquainting myself with SF, which has changed a lot since I left in 1996 for SPS. Would love to connect with Paulies in the Bay Area!

Shields Callahan writes: “Margot Sommers Callahan was born on May 3 in New York City. She joins big brother Colin (2). Chris and I are so delighted to welcome the newest addition to our family! Since moving back to N.Y.C. last year for dermatology residency at NYU, we have had the pleasure of catching up with lots of old friends and formmates. Hope this message finds Paulies near and far doing well.”

Julia Moore sends this family news: “My husband, Taylor, and I welcomed our son, William Ashton Moore, on August 11. William is our first and an amazingly mellow baby so far. Continuing to love San Francisco after seven years. It’s great to have so many Paulies out here!”

Katie (Thomas) Marsh ’99 and Hugh Marsh at their June wedding in Aspen, Colo.

William Ashton Moore, son of Taylor and Julia Moore ’00, was born August 11, 2014.

Margot Sommers Callahan was born on May 3, 2014, to Chris and Shields Callahan ’00.
2002

Toby McDougal
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From Kate Waters: "I've graduated from George Washington University with an M.A. in art therapy to now work and pursue licensure in art therapy and counseling. I'm living in Virginia and frequently get together with good friend Georgia Richter '00 to explore the sights and sounds of Washington, D.C."

Annemarie von der Goltz writes: "I was in Scotland, grouse shooting over Labor Day weekend with my father Johan '55, Lytle Nichol '55, Clay Nichol '00, and Jon Landry '02. This was the fifth year I have gone shooting with my father and Lytle, and every year we manage a strong showing of Paulies. It was great to catch up with Clay and his wife, Ellen, and to spend some time with my father and Lytle. It was Jon and Clay's first time shooting grouse and they had a lot of luck and it was tough to keep up! Looking forward to next year!"

2003

Thomas Ho
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Congrats to Kelley Wittbold, who graduated this past June from UMass Med School. She will start her emergency medicine residency next July. In the meantime, she is researching non-invasive biosensor wrist-bands and signal processing technology at the UMass Toxicology Department.

Congratulations also to Justin Baker '02 and DK Kim, who graduated with Wookie Kim '05 from Harvard Law School in May. Julia Ruedig is a candidate for her M.B.A. and M.S. at the University of Michigan.

From Andrew Kim: "Irene Ma and I are happy to report that we tied the knot at the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul this past May! Many alumni and faculty were in attendance, as gathered in the massive SPS photo! Also in attendance, but not pictured are Jennifer Hornor and the Reverend John Thompson-Quartey, who officiated the ceremony. We are happily settling into our suburban life in Suffield, Conn., where Irene now works as a college counselor for Suffield Academy and Andrew is a dermatology resident at UConn Health Center."

Greg Heidt and Emily (Baines) Heidt send this family news: "We welcomed our son, George Ashcroft Heidt, to the family on June 8. Born at 8 lbs., 6 oz., he'll be catching up to older sister Isabel in no time. We had a great visit with Quentin Reeve, who flew in from Australia to become George's godfather at his August baptism in Los Angeles. We spent some quality time with Kate Michonski, Will Seidel, and Dayo Olopade this summer as well."

Marc Aronson '00 and Matthew Soca celebrated their wedding this summer in Boston. Paulies in attendance included (l. to r.): Alan “Scooter” Zackheim '01, Kurt Crowley '02, Quin Kennedy '03, Marlena Hubley '02, Marc and Matt, Hal Miller '03, Lucas Cook '02 and best man Eads Johnson '02.

The June wedding of Julia Sortwell '01 and Vittorio Cottafavi '95 in Camden, Maine, was officiated by Jason Angell '95 and attended by (l. to r.): William Dean Howells '50, Daniel Sortwell '66, Edward Sortwell '68, Eleonora Monacella '03, Taylor Robinson '01, Gabriella Campagna '03, Valaer van Roijen '01, Megan Ferguson '01, Lloyd Walmsley '96, Nick Cohen '96, Oakley Duryea '95, Andy Bay '95, Owen Weihman '96, the bride and groom, Nicholas Pike '00, Samantha Walsh '01, Etta Meyer '02, Chris Pachios '94, Lizzie Widdicombe '01, McKay McFadden '00, Tathiana Monacella '03, Avery Coleman Keller '95, Allyson Ross Pachios '95, and Jason Angell.

On Easter morning, Lizzie and Benito Moyer '92 welcomed Elizabeth Sykes, in London.

George Ashcroft Heidt was born June 8 to Greg '03 and Emily Baines Heidt '03.

Molly McCarthy '04 and Tito Carvalho were married on August 1 in La Jolla, Calif.
Greetings! We are getting busy making plans for our 10th reunion, so please be sure the alumni office has your contact information and e-mail address!

Hillary Carroll writes: “I married Will Jeffries in Providence, R.I., on July 5, 2014. The dance floor was dominated by Paulies from the Form of 2005 as well as a few former SPS faculty, including Dr. Patrick Carroll and Robert and Kathryn Hill. We moved back to Denver, Colo., in September.”

Peter Darrow shares: “I am very excited to announce that I will be opening a healthy, farm-to-takeout restaurant in New York City’s Union Square this fall. More than two years in the making, it is largely in honor of my father, who died last year of myeloma. Keep an eye out for Darrow’s.”

Wookie Kim issues this all-points bulletin: “As I was boarding the AirTrain from JFK Terminal 2, I noticed a 50-some-year-old man wearing an SPS cross country jacket with “Grayson ’11” embroidered on one sleeve. Confused, I asked the man if he knew Parker.”

Lindsay Deane ’04 and Zachary Mayer were married August 9, in Cohasset, Mass. Attendees included (l. to r.): Macy Radloff ’02, Trish Lamberti ’04, Alex Hoffmann ’04, Lindsay, Ellie Bowen ’04, Kristen Deane Campbell ’02, and Kim Lofgren ’05.

Lizzie Mills
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www.sps.edu/2005

2005
Grayson ‘11. The man quiz-zically looked back at me and shook his head. I sent a quick Facebook message to Parker, who confirmed that he had lost his jacket “years ago.” At that point, I was determined to re-cover Parker’s converted prop-erty. But the man had already disappeared. In short, please look out for Parker’s jacket!”

2007

Quincy Darbyshire
j.quincy.darbyshire@gmail.com

Peter Harrison has returned to serious competitive running in Seattle, where he recently placed fourth out of more than 25,000 runners in the San Fran-cisco Marathon. Way to go, Pete!

Nellie Ruedig earned her master of economics degree from the University of Michigan in 2014 and is a graduate as-sistant women’s rowing coach. Her boat, the novice 8, earned first place at the Big Tens!

Kaye Verville sends her news: “I recently moved back to New York from Sydney, Aus-tralia, where I’ve been living for the past 2.5 years. On the way back, I met up with Charlotte Hickey in Israel to celebrate our birthdays. Jessica McKenzie, Beth McDaniel, and Charlotte all attended my housewarming in August. I work as a senior consultant in the Capital Mar-kets team of FTI Consulting.”

Charlotte Hickey writes: “I moved to Munich after graduating in 2011 on a Fulbright Research Grant and am now working at PIMCO (Pacific In vestment Management Company) on their Swiss Institutional team. I love living abroad and meet up weekly with Louis Costa de Beauregard (2005 Weicker Scholar), who is also living in Munich and working at Airbus. Kaye and I celebrated our shared birthday on April 20 this year in Tel Aviv and I visited her in Brooklyn, along with Jesse McKenzie and Beth McDaniel. As a housewarming present, I gave Kaye an original SPS tray, which she keeps in her dining room. We are already planning a New Year’s celebration in New York with fellow Paulies.”

Kat Greenbaum writes: “For the last three years, I have been working at Rockstar Games in N.Y.C. as an in-game photographer, working on titles like Max Payne 3 and Grand Theft Auto V. I’ve recently decided after nearly seven years in the city to make the coastal jump to Los Angeles at the end of this year to continue pursuing my career in commercial photo production. I’m looking forward to seeing some West Coast Paulies, and would love to see any formmates who are living in L.A.”

Tommy Gerrity shares: “Grant Gendron, Lars Oster-
berg, and Quincy Darbyshire risked it for the biscuit and joined me for a week in Montana’s Beartooth Mountains, where we rode horses, motored around on ATVs, and did a lot of hiking in a wilderness that’s been pretty untouched, except for a recent fire.”

2010

Deane Schofield
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www.sps.edu/2010

Congratulations to all those who graduated last year! Our fifth reunion is coming up soon, so please mark your calendars and plan accordingly – I hope to see everyone there. I will send out more details in the coming months. Gwen Schoch graduated from Trinity College in May and was named to the Collegiate Rowing Coaches Association 2014 Division III Pocock All-America Second Team as a coxswain. Trinity won the 2014 NCAA Division III V1 Women’s Eight National Championship and Women’s Team National Championship. It is the first national title for Trinity, which also won the 2014 New England Rowing Championsh ip Women’s V8, Women’s Point Trophy, and Combined Team Point Trophy in Worces-ter, Mass. She is living in New York and works for Prestige Brands Holding Company, Inc. She loves being near so many SPS friends.

2011

Meredith Bird
birdie4949@gmail.com

Entrepreneur Ben Kaplan continues to build on his success with WiGo, an app that allows college students at the same school to give friends access to their social plans for the evening – in real time. Ben writes, “In our first two and a half months, we’ve been downloaded on more than 1,100 campuses nation-wide. Our strong initial growth got the attention of both Tinder founders, who recently joined WiGo as investors and active advisors. We’re currently work-ing on a new feature we believe will change the game.”

2012

Taylor Casey
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Carter Nelson sends his sum-mer news: “This past summer, I had an exciting internship with Ferguson and Shamamian Architects LLP. I also received the Ferguson Jacobs Prize in Architecture at Carnegie Mellon University. I used the prize to study Stave Churches in Nor-way and am excited to present an exhibit during the second half of the fall semester.”
The section was updated October 27, 2014. Please note that deaths are reported as we receive notice of them. Therefore, alumni dates of death are not always reported chronologically.

1934—John Bradford “Brad” Millet
          August 30, 2014

1935—Charles Maitland Fair Jr.
          July 28, 2014

1940—William Oliver Boswell Jr.
          October 23, 2013

1940—J. Woodward “Woody” Redmond
          October 7, 2014

1942—William Evarts Benjamin II
          September 21, 2014

1943—Robert Barr Deans Jr.
          August 13, 2014

1949—George Crouse Houser Jr.
          October 22, 2014

1954—Howard Cocks “Crow” Dickinson IV
          October 8, 2014

1955—David Hurst Knott
          September 5, 2014

1955—David Story Jenks Smith
          September 30, 2014

1956—Yale Kneeland III
          August 25, 2014

1966—James Francis Cavanagh II
          October 2, 2014

1969—Paul Joseph Vignos III
          July 11, 2014

1976—Justin Raymond Zak
          May 21, 2014

1978—Henry Resor Laughlin
          August 6, 2014

1984—Charles Andrew Villee
          December 11, 2013

Former Faculty
Stephen John Becroft
          August 17, 2014

1934
John Bradford “Brad” Millet

a renowned surgeon, whose family called him “Fireball” because of his vast energy, diverse hobbies, and deep curiosity, died in Utica, N.Y., on August 30, 2014, at the age of 98.

Dr. Millet was born on August 8, 1916, in Buffalo, N.Y. to John A.P. and Alice Murrell Millet. He spent his childhood on both sides of the Atlantic, living in Stockbridge, Mass., and Broadway, England. He enrolled at St. Paul’s as a Second Former in the fall of 1929. During his time at the School, he rowed with Shattuck, played football, hockey, and squash for Isthmian, served on the Acolyte Guild, and was elected to the Cum Laude Society.

He went on to Harvard, earning his B.S. in 1938, and continued on to Harvard Medical School. He completed his medical training at Massachusetts General Hospital and served in the Army Medical Corps during World War II. He and his family later moved to Utica, N.Y., where he spent his entire career as a leading surgeon, specializing in general surgery, vascular surgery, and pulmonary surgery at a number of area hospitals.

Dr. Millet was an innovative physician, who held patents on several medical devices and worked to bring new surgical techniques – including open-heart surgery – to Upstate New York during the 1950s. He was a fellow of the American College of Chest Physicians and the American College of Surgeons and a member of numerous regional and national medical societies.

On June 26, 1938, Dr. Millet married Elizabeth Burgess Watson. The couple had three children, but the marriage ended in divorce. Dr. Millet married Constance Hopkins in 1974. The Millets were married for 38 years, before Constance died on January 12, 2012, following a massive stroke.

Outside of work, Dr. Millet was an avid hunter and fisherman, a private pilot, and a formidable backgammon opponent for his grandchildren and great-grandchildren. He belonged to the Adirondack League Club, the Sadaquada Golf Club, the Harvard Club, and the Fort Schuyler Club, among others. He also served as poten-
tate of the Ziyara Temple.

Dr. Millet remained active well into his late 90s. He and his wife, Constance, were the lone representatives at the Form of 1934’s 75th Anniversary at SPS in 2009. Dr. Millet was recognized as the most senior alumnus in attendance. He kept in touch with the School, writing in 2013 that he was recovering from a broken femur and was “ready to hit the golf course again and work in my garden.” Not long before his death, Dr. Millet published his memoir, My Life as I Remember It.

Dr. Millet is survived by his third wife, Mary Edith Millet; his sons, John B. Millet and David F. Millet; his daughter, Polly W. Millet; his stepchildren, Andrew D. Kurtz, Leslie B. Wharton, Bruce D. Culp, and Douglas Culp, and their families; nine grandchildren; two step-grandchildren; and thirteen great-grandchildren.

1935
Charles Maitland Fair Jr.

a Renaissance man, who excelled as a scientist, editor, poet, banana importer, and computer company executive, among other pursuits, died of lymphoma in Wakefield, R.I., on July 28, 2014. He was 97.

Born on September 18, 1916, in New York City, he was the only child of Gertrude (Bryan) and Charles Maitland Fair. He was raised in Manhattan and Oyster Bay, N.Y., preparing for St. Paul’s at the Buckley School and the Fay School in Southborough, Mass. In the fall of 1930, Mr. Fair entered the School as a Second
Former and quickly took to the sciences, earning two Dickey Prizes in physics during his five years at SPS. He was a member of the Scientific Association and the Cadmean Literary Society.

Mr. Fair attended Yale University before beginning his multifaceted and expansive career. In 1963, he was appointed a Guggenheim Fellow at the UCLA Brain Research Institute. The following year, he became a resident scientist at the MIT Neurosciences Research Program. Mr. Fair was one of the few to have held that position without the appropriate academic degree.

In addition to publishing a number of papers on brain function, Mr. Fair authored three books on neuroscience: The Physical Foundations of the Psyche (1963); Memory and the Central Nervous Organization (1988); and Cortical Memory Functions (1992). His nontechnical books were more popular and widely read, including From the Jaws of Victory, a best seller in Italy and a Literary Book Club selection in the U.S., and The Dying Self, which was translated into German and Danish and sold well as a paperback.

In addition to his keen scientific intellect, Mr. Fair found satisfaction in his passion for poetry and prose. He published light verse in Punch and The New Yorker, book reviews in The Washington Post and The Providence Journal, and a regular column in American Poetry Review. He also wrote and narrated the soundtrack for the original Salem Witch Museum in Salem, Mass.

Mr. Fair loved sailing, the Red Sox, good conversation, and jazz. He enjoyed playing the piano and the vibraphone.

He will be greatly missed by his wife of 34 years, Louise (Sadler) Kiessling; his daughter, Ellen Bryan Fair, and Raphael Colb. He was predeceased by his son, Charles M. (Chip) Fair, and his former wife, Kay (Ruddy) Fair.

1939
William Gordon “Gordy” Lyle Jr.

a resident of Bishop Gadsden Retirement Community in Charleston, S.C., died on May 11, 2014. He was 93.

The son of Dr. W.G. Lyle and Leontine de Sabla Lyle, Mr. Lyle was born at home on East 80th St. in New York City on December 10, 1920.

He attended Allen–Stevenson School in New York City before entering the Third Form at St. Paul’s School in 1935. He competed in baseball, and track for Delphian and served as captain of the club’s football and hockey teams. He also rowed for Shattuck. He earned a First Dickey Prize in Science in 1936, First Testimonials in 1937, and Second Testimonials twice. He served as an acolyte, treasurer of the Scientific Association, secretary of the Library Association, vice president of the Cadmean Literary Society, vice president of the Athletic Association, and a dorm supervisor.

Mr. Lyle went on to Harvard, where he lettered three years in track and football and was remembered for the touchdown that won the 1942 Harvard–Princeton game. He graduated in 1943, then entered the U.S. Navy as a seaman, attending midshipman school in Chicago. He spent a year as an instructor and subsequently served as a deck officer in charge of anti-aircraft on the cruiser U.S.S. Little Rock.

Entering civilian life, he worked for 10 years as an investment counselor with Clark Dodge Investment Company in New York and then joined Wood Walker Investments Inc. on Wall St. He also ran his own investment advisory business.

Mr. Lyle’s first marriage, to Helen Niblack in 1944, ended in divorce. In 1967, he married Constance Brewer Kilgore. A year later, the family moved to Westport, Conn., where Mr. Lyle became a director of Richardson–Vicks Corp. He also served as an investment and pension fund manager for various Richardson interests for the next two decades. Mr. Lyle was an active member of St. Paul’s Church.

To escape the ice and snow, the Lyles moved to Chalmers St. in Charleston, S.C., in 1987. Mr. Lyle continued his religious dedication at St. Philip’s Church in Charleston, just a block away from the family’s new home.

Mr. Lyle was predeceased in 2010 by his wife, Connie. He is survived by his daughter, Lucy Lyle Tower; two grandchildren, Aurora and Alfred; his sister, Leontine Lyle Harrower; and four step-children, John Kilgore, Constance Kilgore Utter, Ralph Kilgore, and Robert Kilgore.

1940
William Oliver Boswell Jr.

an Air Force veteran and dedicated community servant, of Rochester, N.Y., died on October 23, 2013, at the age of 92.

Born in Rochester on July 8, 1921, he was the son of Alda and William Boswell (Form of 1892), and the nephew of Charles O. Boswell (Form of 1889). He prepared for SPS at Allendale School in Rochester, entering the School as a Third Former in the fall of 1936. At SPS, Mr. Boswell was a member of the Acolyte Guild, Missionary Society, Dramatics Club, and Outing Club and served as treasurer of the Rifle Club. He also enjoyed club sports, representing Shattuck in crew and Isthmian in football, ice hockey, and squash.
Mr. Boswell attended Hobart College in Geneva, N.Y., graduating in 1943. He served two tours of duty with the U.S. Air Force, first from 1944 to 1946 and later from 1951 to 1953.

Mr. Boswell spent his career in investments and eventually retired from Getty Oil Company. Upon his retirement, he wrote to the School, “Am trying to become a great cook and/or photographer.” He thoroughly enjoyed sports car racing as well.

Mr. Boswell was a board member and volunteer worker for North East Area Development (NEAD) of Rochester. He also served on a committee commissioned by the United Way and the City of Rochester that reported on the effectiveness of human services.

Mr. Boswell was predeceased by his wife, Una, and son, James T. Boswell ’71. He is survived by his son, Bill; his grandchildren, Patrick, Martha, and Nathan; and his brother, Charles P. Boswell ’44.

1945
William H. Willis Jr.

William H. Willis Jr. was a longtime resident of Greenwich, Conn., died at his home on May 11, 2014. He was 86. Born in Harrisburg, Pa., on December 19, 1927, he was the son of William H. and Elizabeth Keferstein Willis. Mr. Willis attended The Landon School for Boys in Washington, D.C., before entering St. Paul’s School as a Fifth Former in 1943. He played baseball, hockey, squash, and tennis with Delphian, rowed for Shattuck, and was a member of the drama club.

Music and Choir played an especially important role throughout Mr. Willis’s life, starting at St. Paul’s School. He enjoyed playing the piano and the organ. Channing Lefebvre, the legendary Choir and Glee Club director at SPS, became a lifelong friend to Mr. Willis and encouraged his participation with the Yale Choir and Yale’s Alumni Choir. Mr. Willis also sang in other prestigious locales throughout the world. The William H. Willis Jr. ’45 Family Fund (“Ambassadors of Song”) was established at SPS in 2011 by Mr. Willis’s son, Christopher H. Willis ’77. The fund is used to support international trips made by the St. Paul’s Choir.

Mr. Willis earned his B.A. in anthropology from Yale in 1949. From 1950 to 1952, he served in the 301st Radio Broadcasting and Leaflet (RB&L) Group of the U.S. Army, a New York City reserve unit called into active duty and sent to Fort Riley, Kan., for training. Mr. Willis was then sent to Europe to serve with the 6th Army Group’s Psychological Warfare Unit in Heidelberg, Germany, under the U.S. high commissioner, during the partitioning of war countries between the Allied and Soviet forces. In 1953, Mr. Willis and Mr. Gates Davison, a friend whom he met in the Army, were invited by Gates’s father, F. Trubee Davison (a former president of the American Museum of Natural History), to lead a scientific expedition to Madagascar for the museum after the elder Mr. Davison was too ill to travel. Mr. Willis never forgot about this trip and would retell this great adventure often throughout his life.

Two years after the trip, in 1955, Mr. Willis married Pauline Sabin Smith in Washington, D.C. The couple raised three children.

In his professional life, Mr. Willis became an international leader in the executive search industry. He was a founding partner with Ian Baldwin ’29 of Devine, Baldwin & Willis in New York City in 1965 and in 1970 went on to establish William Willis Worldwide, an executive search company with offices in New York and Greenwich, where he worked until his retirement in 2004. Mr. Willis was also the founding chairman of the World Search Group, a strategic alliance of 30 independent search firms in the Americas, the Middle East, Africa, and Asia Pacific. Prior to entering the executive search field, Mr. Willis had worked for the industrial textile division of Owens-Corning Fiberglas and for Heidelberg Eastern, Inc., American distributors of Heidelberger Druckmaschinen AG, the world’s largest manufacturers of offset and book printing machinery.

In 1987, Mr. Willis traveled as a citizen ambassador to the People’s Republic of China for the People to People International Delegation on Grain Processing. Four years later, Connecticut Governor Lowell P. Weicker appointed him to the Commission on Compensation of Elected Officials. He was national treasurer and a director of Girls, Inc. (formerly Girls Clubs of America) for 18 years, and also served on the human resources committee of the YMCA of Greater New York. He was also devoted to the Capital Campaign for Yale, the Greenwich Health Association, and the Greenwich Hospital Association. From 1982 to 1987, he served as the form agent for the Form of 1945. He was a communicant of St. Barnabas Church of Greenwich for 50 years and had been a member of its vestry and choir.

A former governor of the Field Club of Greenwich, in 1979 Mr. Willis founded the club’s Willis Lecture Series, which endures today. In 2010, he was granted a rare honorary membership to the club for his many contributions over the years. An active sportsman, he enjoyed tennis, squash, golf, and sailing with his family off the coast of Mt. Desert Island in Maine. Mr. Willis was a former governor of both the Harbor Club and the Seal Harbor Yacht Club of Seal Harbor, Maine. He was also a longtime member of the Racquet and Tennis Club in New York.

Mr. Willis was especially admired for his integrity, loyalty, dry wit, and wonderful sense of humor. He loved to tell stories of his global travels and, particularly, tales of amusing mishaps in foreign situations. He had a passion and enthusiasm for life, which he shared with everyone.

Mr. Willis is survived by his wife, Pauline; his daughter, Wendell Willis Livingston, and her husband, Tom; his son, Christopher H. Willis ’77 and his wife, Cindy; his son, Gregory T. Willis and his wife, Lois; seven grandchildren, including Caroline K. Willis ’14 and George H. Willis ’17. He was predeceased by his sister, Elizabeth Willis Reid, and his brother, L. Clayton Willis ’51.
1951
Lauriston Hazard McCagg

Reverend McCagg took advantage of Washington's Death with Dignity Act, seeking assistance to end his own life with a prescription drug "cocktail." He announced his own death in an auto-obituary timed for distribution after he successfully executed his plan to die on his own terms.

Born in New York City on January 23, 1934, to Edward King McCagg and Rosalind Barnum McCagg, Reverend McCagg was educated at Rippowam School in Bedford, N.Y., before entering St. Paul's as a Second Former in the fall of 1946. He came from a family of St. Paul's graduates, including his father, Edward McCagg of the Form of 1920, and his grandfather, William H. Barnum of the Form of 1901. At SPS, Reverend McCagg participated in the Library Association, Glee Club, Missionary Society, Propylean Literary Society, Acolyte Guild, and Choir. He also enjoyed rowing with Halcyon, and playing football and ice hockey with Delphian. He participated in theater and played the piano. At graduation, he was awarded the Howe Music Prize.

He went on to Yale, graduating with the Class of 1955. He was a member of the Society of Orpheus and Bacchus, a branch of the Yale Glee Club. He sang with the group in 1952 and managed the Yale Glee Club from 1953 to 1955. His career included work in a variety of fields, including advertising, architectural monitoring, sales, and heavy construction management.

Reverend McCagg married Edlyn (Cantwell) McCagg in February 1963 and the couple adopted a son, Edward Cantwell (Cantwell) McCagg. The arrival of his son helped "Mr." McCagg make the decision to become "Reverend" McCagg, saying that he felt he should do something to make the world a better place for his son.

In 1969, feeling that deeper calling, he graduated from Episcopal Seminary in Lexington, Ky. He was ordained as a deacon that year and became a priest in 1970. He served in parishes in Arkansas, Texas, Oregon, and Washington, frequently for little or no pay to assist congregations in need.

In his auto-obituary, Reverend McCagg listed events that were "personally significant in this old man's life," including his embarrassment that he "goofed" the Stanford–Binet IQ test in first grade by missing a word problem involving apples. In 1943, Reverend McCagg was enrolled in a special Saturday music program at Juilliard, which he hated because it limited his time to play with friends. His first car, purchased in 1949, was a 1924 American LaFrance fire engine, bought at a junk yard for $175. The vehicle was featured in an article in Parade magazine. His car collection eventually included a 1956 Rolls Royce and a 1938 Jaguar. He lived in Hawaii for a while in the late 1950s, quit a "career-type job" with Hawaiian Dredging & Construction Co., and sailed for a time aboard a 72-foot schooner.

Reverend and Mrs. McCagg, who predeceased her husband in 1993, opened their home to several "adoptive" sons. The boys came from hard family situations or had fallen in with bad crowds. All told, the couple helped 11 young men get back on their feet. Reverend McCagg wrote lovingly in his obituary of his 12 "sons" and of the 15 children who call him Grandpa.

In his free time, Reverend McCagg enjoyed acting with a semi-professional troupe, most especially in his 1972 role as Dylan Thomas in Sydney Michael's "Dylan." He wrote about the Arkansas Gazette's review of the play, which cautioned audience members not to be concerned that the title role was being acted by an Episcopal priest because "the obscenities flow from his tongue as if they are psalms."

It was during a routine chest X-ray in September of 2011 that doctors discovered two spots on Reverend McCagg's lungs that turned out to be malignant. He was given six months to live and, though he declined chemotherapy as a treatment option, he was proud to have beaten the odds and determined to end life on his own terms. He described in his obituary his struggle to breathe, even with two liters of oxygen pumping into his lungs every minute, and his relief that he could make a choice to end his suffering. "I have reached the last significant turning point of my life," he wrote. "It's called death."

As a resident of Battle Ground, Wash., Reverend McCagg decided to take advantage of the state's Death with Dignity Act, choosing to swallow 100 Seconal tablets to accelerate a quick and painless death. "The process is easy," he wrote. "So please don't feel sad for me; I'm glad for me. It beats the fool out of death by asphyxiation. And with those words, goodbye! To one degree or another, each of you has touched my life, has made it worth living, and I thank you. And what I may have done for some of you? The influence of the pelican in the St Paul's School emblem has made it a cheerful endeavor. If I'm to be remembered for anything significant, it's for John 15:13. That's laying down a life, not a death. And, damn, I've enjoyed it!"

DECEASED
55

1956
Yale Kneeland III

of Hadlyme, Conn., died suddenly on August 25, 2014. He was 76.

Mr. Kneeland was born on December 30, 1937, to Dr. Yale Kneeland Jr. and Mrs. Deborah Dyer Kneeland of New York, and attended St. Bernard’s School in New York City before entering St. Paul’s School as a First Former.

Mr. Kneeland was athletic and adventurous, a strong boy who rose to a position of respect and leadership at the School. He played SPS and Old Hundred football, captaining the club team in 1955. He rowed for the first Halcyon crew and captained the SPS boxing team, earning the Hart Boxing Belt title in 1955 and 1956.

Mr. Kneeland served as vice president of the Athletic Association, treasurer of the Scientific Association, and a member of the Missionary Society and the Library Association.

Mr. Kneeland went on to Yale, where he rowed with the varsity lightweight crew and played polo. After graduating in 1963 with a B.A. in history, he served in the U.S. Army and was stationed in Hawaii. He became an accomplished surfer during his tour of duty. Mr. Kneeland was also a member of the Millbrook fox hunt and, after his discharge from the Army, worked as a cowboy on a cattle ranch in Arizona. He later earned his M.B.A. from Columbia University and worked for several years as a banker before changing course to become a professional race car driver, which deepened his lifelong love for cars and driving.

In the mid-1970s, Mr. Kneeland discovered a way to combine two of his passions – art and tools, when he became an art conservator. He studied conservation at New York University’s Institute of Fine Arts and went to work in the Objects Conservation Department at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where he served from 1976 to 2008. One of his early important assignments at the museum was to curate the famous collection from the tomb of King Tutankhamun while it toured the United States. Mr. Kneeland was highly regarded within the Metropolitan Museum and by conservation departments around the world. Toward the end of his life, he served as a trustee at the Florence Griswold Museum in Old Lyme, Conn.

The diversity of his experiences and his wide-ranging friendships bear testament to the fact that Mr. Kneeland – more than most of us – lived life as he wanted. He was smart, direct, affable, warm, and funny. He could adapt to any situation and embraced people for who they were. He made friends with everyone he met, in every sphere of his life, and his happiness was infectious.

Mr. Kneeland was loved deeply by his family, which extended from the U.S. to Australia. He is survived by his wife, Judy Cotton, their son, Timothy Cotton ’81, and his granddaughter, Juliette, whom he was able to welcome into the world last summer. A memorial service to celebrate Yale Kneeland’s life is planned for Thursday, January 15, 2015, at 5:30 p.m. at the Yale Club, 50 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N.Y.

1962
Peter Caldwell Wylie

a retired JAG Corps captain, who devoted his career to the service of his country and his family, died on June 26, 2014, in Alexandria, Virginia, after a period of declining health. He was 69.

Born March 15, 1945, in Summit, N.J., to the late Rear Admiral Joseph Caldwell Wylie and Harriette Bahney “Bonnie” Wylie, Captain Wylie spent his childhood moving frequently for his father’s career.

In retirement, Rear Admiral Wylie served as one of the founders of the USS Constitution Museum at Charlestown, Mass.

Captain Wylie found academic stability and lifelong friends in his St. Paul’s years, entering the School as a Third Former in the fall of 1958. While at St. Paul’s, he participated in numerous activities, including the Concordian Literary Society, the Cum Laude Society, Glee Club, and the Mathematics Team. He played soccer for Isthmian and enjoyed rowing and squash as well.

He served as president of the Rifle Club. As a member of the Spanish club, La Junta, he won first prize in the 1961 Spoken Spanish Contest.

Captain Wylie, who graduated from Princeton in 1966 and earned his law degree from the University of Virginia in 1969. He was honored with the Bronze Star with combat “V” for his service in Vietnam. His love for the sea and his devotion to the sailors he counseled made Captain Wylie a natural for the Navy JAG Corps. Captain Wylie married Lieutenant Commander Carolina Clair in December of 1975, while she was a student at the Naval War College in Rhode Island. The couple raised two children, Peter Jr. and Jamie Elizabeth.
His service assignments included duty aboard the USS Independence and posts as a legislative liaison to the United States Congress, assistant staff judge advocate in London, and fleet judge advocate to the commander, Sixth Fleet, in Italy. Captain Wylie served as general counsel to the Military Officers Association of America for 14 years, following his retirement from active duty.

He also served the St. Paul’s community as the Form of 1962's main agent for nine years and as its form director for four years.

Above all, Captain Wylie was a family man. He was extremely proud of his two children, who both went on to careers in the theatre arts. When asked how two military officers raised two thespians, the family joke was, “Actors/lawyers, lawyers/actors – what’s the difference?” He maintained lifelong friendships with many. His wife called Captain Wylie a “Renaissance jock” for his many hobbies and interests. His 1953 MG TD is still in the family’s garage, along with his squash and tennis racquets. He also maintained a large stamp collection.

At an Episcopal service celebrating his life in July, Captain Wylie’s daughter, Jamie, delivered a loving remembrance of her father. Among other memories, she mentioned that “underneath that sensible Navy facade was the soul of a Beatles and ABBA fan.” She also noted that her father often told people that the TV series JAG was based on his career – and they believed him.

“At the end of Sunday services,” added Jamie Wylie, “after the celebrant says, ‘Go in peace to love and serve the Lord,’ and the congregation responds, ‘thanks be to God,’ Dad would add ‘Beat Army!’”

Captain Wylie’s burial, with full military honors, was scheduled for November 4, 2014, at Arlington National Cemetery.

He is survived by his wife, Carolina “Clair” Wylie; his son, Peter, and his daughter, Jamie; and his sister, Captain Elizabeth G. “Betsy” Wylie, USN (ret.). At Captain Wylie’s service, he was remembered with a reading from St. Paul’s second letter to Timothy: “I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith....”

1969
Joseph Monroe Walker III

In 2000, Massachusetts Governor Paul Cellucci appointed Judge Walker to his seat on the Superior Court, which has original jurisdiction in serious civil cases, first-degree murder cases, and all other felony matters. Whether presiding over a civil or criminal case, Judge Walker explained in a 2010 interview with St. Paul’s, “It is necessary to facilitate jurors’ access to accurate and reliable evidence and, therefore, their abilities to use common sense in evaluating it. In addition to helping juries work through the facts of a case, Judge Walker strived to educate the public about the legal system.

“It’s not like what’s on CSI and Law and Order,” he said. “We want to ensure that people aren’t disappointed and that they understand the limits of actual government.”

At the same time, Judge Walker worked hard to foster a better understanding of the justice system for every juror who came through his courtroom. “If my jurors leave a case feeling that we treated them well, respected them, and tried not to waste their time” he said, “then they have as equal an interest in the outcome as the involved parties do. I think that helps bolster confidence in the justice system.”

After his 1969 graduation from St. Paul’s, Judge Walker’s relationship with the School never wavered, as he returned during graduate school to be an intern with the Advanced Studies Program. He later served on the ASP Advisory Board and spent a year (1974–75) on the SPS faculty. From 1985 to 2003, he volunteered as a regional representative for the School, and, in 1998, he was appointed to the SPS Board of Trustees, serving until 2007, including a term as clerk. Just prior to his 45th SPS reunion last spring, his formmates elected him their next form director. He died just a month after reuniting with old friends and formmates at Anniversary Weekend.

Joe Walker’s intelligence, warmth, and judicial temperament were much noted in tributes from his many St. Paul’s friends following his death. His professional colleagues were likewise saddened. “With his calm demeanor and affable manner, Judge Walker was well liked and well regarded by court employees, judges, and the bar,”
said Superior Court Chief Justice Barbara J. Rouse. “We will remember his steadfast, dignified presence on the bench, his commitment to justice, and his wonderful, wry sense of humor.”

In a note in The Boston Globe addressed to Judge Walker’s family and friends, the employees of Middlesex Superior Court wrote, “We at the Middlesex Superior Court had a special place in our hearts for the Judge. He was a great joy to work with and just fun at times to shoot the breeze with. We are all better off for having known him.”

Surviving Joe Walker are his sister, Melanie Walker Harewood, her husband, Dr. Ivor Harewood, and the judge’s beloved niece, Dr. Meredith Eileen Harewood, all of Los Angeles.

1981
Diana Kristen Soule

a devoted nurse practitioner and beloved family member, known for her kindness, genuine sense of humor, and gentle manner, died in a car accident in Canterbury, N.H., on June 7, 2014. Her funeral was attended by dozens of members of the St. Paul’s School community – past and present.

Born in Concord, N.H., on Christmas Day, December 25, 1962, Ms. Soule was the youngest child of Genevieve (Herlihy) Soule and the late Dr. Webster Soule. Diana developed an instant and lifelong bond with her father on the day of her birth. Concord Hospital was quiet because of the holiday, and the doctor on call did not make it in time to deliver Diana, so Dr. Soule delivered his own baby girl.

Ms. Soule spent her youth in Concord, attending public schools in the city and walking with her older brother, Matthew Soule ’77, to school each day from the family’s house on Merrimack Street before the Soules moved to a home on Mountain Road in East Concord. She was an accomplished equestrian, who loved riding and caring for horses, and was a joyous member of 4-H and the Pony Club.

She followed her older brother, Matt, to St. Paul’s as a Third Former in the fall of 1977. Ms. Soule excelled in and out of the classroom at SPS, captaining the girls varsity soccer team and playing varsity squash and lacrosse. She served as head acolyte and vice president of the Missionary Society. At graduation, she received her diploma magna cum laude and was awarded the Dr. Everett P. Smith Prize for contributing “conspicuously to the morale and well-being of the School, its students, or the community.”

Ms. Soule went on to Princeton University, where she played squash and majored in history. She graduated in 1985, before eventually continuing on to Vanderbilt University’s Graduate School of Nursing, from which she graduated with high honors. She possessed a genuine curiosity and love of learning that matched an impressive work ethic.

Following her education, she served for 10 years as a nurse practitioner with hospice in Los Angeles, before returning to Concord, where she was a volunteer at Concord Hospital’s Therapeutic Arts Department for more than a decade. Highly respected in her field, Ms. Soule was a member of the National Honor Society for Nurses.

Dedicated to helping others, Ms. Soule was an advocate in college for Oxfam America. She continued to demonstrate her commitment to helping others through her work with Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center in New York City and through her professional work, which touched both the East and West U.S. coasts.

At a service in Concord to celebrate the life of Ms. Soule, her brother, Matt, spoke about their happy childhood together. He described her as kind and compassionate, and how that was her great power. Though she had no children of her own, she was proud of the accomplishments of her many nieces and nephews, who, in many ways, reflect her patience, kindness, and modesty.

Ms. Soule is survived by her mother, Genevieve; her sisters, Genevieve House, Virginia Norton, and Andrea Soule, and their families; her brother, Matthew Soule ’77, and his family; six nieces; and three nephews. She was predeceased in 1992 by her father, Dr. Webster Soule.
Shep Paine ’64 admits that sometimes, when his job comes up at cocktail parties, people glaze over as he’s discussing his passion for military miniatures. But there’s one question that is particularly pressing to those who are interested in hearing about his uncommon career.

“The usual question is, ‘How do you get those little eyes in there?’” says Paine, who is known as one of the world’s best military miniaturists.

The secret to the eyes, explains Paine, is a sharp-pointed brush, but not simply to dot a painted eye into place. “Eyes are important because they are the windows to the soul,” he says. “When people look at my work, they may not know about the history of costuming, or about the lives of those portrayed, but they look at the faces first. They have to have character.”

Paine developed a passion for history during his years at St. Paul’s and, while he found the events of the past interesting in their own right, he was more drawn to the people who made the events happen.

“You meet more interesting people and make more interesting friends if you don’t limit yourself to the ones who are alive,” he says. “History is really the history of people.”

Although he had not previously considered himself an artist, Paine had always been consumed by artistic pursuits. He was a Fifth Former at St. Paul’s when he began to experiment with combining his love of art with his affinity for history. He spent his spare time in his final two years at SPS painting 20mm-high plastic figures (about the length of one knuckle), forming them up into regiments along the wainscoted molding of his dorm room in Wing.

By the time he had completed his military service with the U.S. Army and was studying humanities, history, art, and literature at the University of Chicago, Paine had more than doubled the scale of his figures to 54mm, crafting them out of two-part epoxy putty, with a particular focus on figures from the Napoleonic period, an era in history that attracted him because of the fascinating characters it produced.

“People began wanting to buy them and I started putting myself through college by selling these figures,” he says.
“It was the ideal college job because I could make them when I wanted to make them.”

In his career in this niche field, Paine has used his broad knowledge of military history to create pieces for private collections, museums, and other large institutions, including the Franklin Mint. His models and figures reflect his interest in the Napoleonic era, the Civil War, World War I, and World War II (not to mention fantasy, including a scene from *The Hobbit*, and from famous works of art).

Jim DeRogatis, a fellow modeler who recently released a biography of Paine, calls him “arguably the best-known military miniaturist in the world….He has done more than anyone else to elevate modeling to the level of an art form, one that includes elements of painting, sculpting, historical research, and vivid storytelling.” An online biography of Paine describes him as a “champion of the diorama” who has written numerous how-to manuals – and a handful of books – for modelers and fellow diorama enthusiasts.

“Shép’s biggest talents as a miniaturist are imagination and storytelling,” says DeRogatis. “For sheer technique, others have been better painters or sculptors. But Shép has been able to draw the viewer into his work in a way that no one else ever has matched, via the power of the stories he told, much like a great director in the theater or cinema, and the unique and distinctive touches – whimsical, poignant, humorous, or pure imagination that could keep you endlessly glued to his pieces.”

Two artists, according to DeRogatis, who have come close to but never exceeded the acclaim Paine garnered in the field are California miniaturist Bill Horan and Swedish artist Mike Blank, who has been at the top of the field for the last decade, since Paine declared semi-retirement from the pursuit.

“But Shép really has occupied a singular position in the hobby,” DeRogatis says. “Think Beatles, Rolling Stones, and Elvis, all combined.”

Paine describes his own work as detail-oriented, both because of the care with which he studies the figures and his close examination of the periods in which they lived. His passion for research has allowed him to be an archaeologist of sorts, digging through history to reproduce everything from expression to stance to “trying to figure out what these people would have in their pockets.” For his model of Rembrandt’s *Night Watch*, he incorporated missing figures, which had been cut from the painting when framed. But even though his topics are serious, he is careful not to take his work too seriously.

“It has been fun,” he says. “But I don’t take it too seriously. Like anything, when you start getting involved in the detail work, you can start losing sight of the forest through the trees. I hope I have never lost sight of the forest.”
Michel Martin ’76

In the aftermath of the shooting of teenager Michael Brown by a police officer in Ferguson, Missouri, National Public Radio’s Michel Martin ’76 was invited by St. Louis Public Radio to moderate a community conversation (“Ferguson and Beyond”) in the shaken city. The two-hour public event drew more than 200 people to Ferguson’s Wellspring Church.

My role was to be a moderator, and it was not a small thing. St. Louis Public Radio asked me to facilitate a community conversation, and they made some critical decisions. The first was to have the conversation at a church in the community as opposed to at the radio station. The critical decision [NPR] helped them make was to be sure responsible people in government were part of the conversation.

It was not just young African-American people who spoke up, but some of the white constituents – parents spoke up and said we don’t like the way the whole situation has transpired; we are equally concerned. They said they don’t like that this community is not safe for everyone. The young [African-American] students were not expecting to hear that. They didn’t realize they had allies. That made for some powerful moments.

I am not sure the mayor of Ferguson understood that this was not just about Michael Brown being shot and unarmed, but his body lay in the street for hours, in full view of many, including his mother. I don’t know that he understood the full impact of that. I asked him if he was inclined to apologize to Michael Brown’s parents, and he said they had not approached him, but he would consider it if they did. It was an interesting experience in that people had a chance to hear from neighbors in a way they had not previously, and it was the same for officials and constituents.

I thought it would be emotional, and it was. We came early to do reporting and we saw cars pulling people over aggressively. There was one gentleman who said he had $300 in jaywalking fines in a community where there are no sidewalks. A lot of black people felt they had been targets of very aggressive policing.

People were upset and they exercised their right to protest. But there were also people in the community who did not appreciate the days of disorder, the impact on local businesses, outsiders instigating behavior that was not acceptable.

My role in this was to help us have a good conversation, though we may not agree on what that means. I felt that if people left feeling some truth had been spoken, that everybody had been heard, then it would feel worthwhile. I feel we accomplished that and let people express themselves in a way that was uncomfortable – but necessary – for some people to experience. The room was full and everybody stayed.

One of the points a lot of people made was that it wasn’t just about Ferguson. I’m not sure people understand that there are a lot of small towns where the boundaries are not always clear. We heard from people who feel there is a really hostile and antagonistic attitude between authorities and people in the community. The lack of diversity in the Ferguson Police Department was visible, and there are no legislators of color. The recently retired city councilor said turnout in local elections is low and asked people why they are not participating. Where is their accountability in terms of participation in selecting the people who will govern their city?

The conversation was called Ferguson and Beyond and that had dual meaning. The question is: What are people in this particular community going to do to get beyond this, now that the questions are on the table? If people are not satisfied with the answers from elected officials, what are they going to do to hold themselves and their community leaders accountable?

The conversation was broadcast in 26 cities, and the questions were relevant to other parts of the country, too. There is a disconnect in how the people are served by their leaders and what role they should take in the governance of their own community. People need to participate in government so they have a standing to lodge complaints.

One thing we have learned from this event is that structures matter. The way people do their jobs matters. The police chief in Ferguson apologized to the family for the way Michael Brown’s remains were handled. He had clearly absorbed some of the hurt that had been expressed and understood and heard it.

If you look at the issues in which black and white people have very strong differences of opinion, a lot of it centers on law enforcement. Black people feel abused and that they are treated with a lack of respect from people who are there to protect them. Relationships matter. How many white, middle class people did not understand how the black young people were routinely treated in Ferguson? It was important to understand there were other people in the community who cared about that. People do care about this, whether or not they are directly affected by it. How law enforcement conducts itself does matter.

I don’t yet have plans to return to Ferguson, but I do have a desire to go back. A number of people from the community have reached out to me and asked me to come back. I am looking for an opportunity to figure out what makes sense.
John Lorenz ’51 shows his SPS loyalty every time he takes to the road in his Mustang convertible.

How do you show yours?

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Meanwhile, you can show your loyalty today with a gift to the 2014-15 Annual Fund.
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The Union Forever by miniaturist Shep Paine ’64