Navigating Independent School Admissions

Larisa Dannis ’05: Ultramarathoner
Legacy and Vision

Earlier this winter, the School enjoyed a Chapel talk from Reverend Tom Johnson, founding head of Neighborhood Academy, a high school for at-risk kids in Pittsburgh.

Reverend Johnson shared a wonderful metaphor of gratitude and humility: “We all drink from a well we did not dig.” I ruminated frequently on this metaphor in the context of the sad occasion of Bill Oates’s passing. Many of us have thought much about Bill’s life and contributions to the School since his death in January. Not only was he a well digger, he was also a well designer. The School owes much of what it is today to Bill’s educational vision, which was nothing short of courageous when it became reality at St. Paul’s in the 1970s. He was a pioneer in putting students first, in fashioning an educational philosophy grounded in authentic respect for young people. It was a radical idea as the nation was healing from the Vietnam War, one of the greatest intergenerational wounds in its history. While many other schools did not survive this epoch, St. Paul’s defined itself and thrived under Bill’s leadership.

Bill’s legacy is too vast to recount here, but we have him to thank for implementing co-education, for the success of the first capital campaign in School history, for the integration of the arts into the academic curriculum, and for the creation of the Independent Study Program. Generations of students, including those of today, have Bill Oates to thank for intervisitation, no lights–out policy, vertical housing, and the elimination of school–wide study hall.

Taking our cue from Bill, the School has been hard at work on a series of initiatives born from a strategic planning process and influenced by the dynamic enterprise of educating adolescents in a changing world. Much of our energy has been expended in clarifying standards for teaching in all realms of independent school life, but with particular focus on classroom teaching. We have implemented a system of Ongoing Professional Learning (OPL), designed to identify teachers’ strengths and areas for improvement. OPL has been successful in fostering dialogues about teaching and learning, and teaching is less a private act than it once was at St. Paul’s.

At the end of January, I asked the trustees to approve plans to create a center for the advancement of teaching and learning in Ohrstrom Library. The plan calls for housing the OPL process, the Penn Residency Master’s in Teaching Program, a Penn mid–career master’s in teaching program, our summer teaching institute, two video–equipped laboratory classrooms, and a space for supervised study hall. Most exciting for me is the possibility that the center will be home to more rigorous institutional research, a place to undertake assessment of the effectiveness of programs, pedagogies, and the student experience.

We have many other plans in motion, including one to create a community center at Hargate – arguably our most important capital project. Our vision for this community center is that it be a place where all members of the community will feel welcome, one that will foster organic student/adult relationship–building.

I also asked the trustees to approve plans to move our fine arts program into what has become an academic quad with the construction of the Lindsay Center. The move of the fine arts into a renovated Moore building will provide this signature academic program the space it deserves, while maximizing connections between disciplines. Accompanying the move of the fine arts will be the relocation of the art gallery to the Freeman Center. Together these moves will create an “arts neighborhood” with the Oates Performing Arts Center. We are excited about this prospect. I confidently and shamelessly note here that Mr. Oates would really, really like this idea too.

PETER FINGER
RECTOR
In High Demand
by Jana F. Brown

Despite daunting acceptance rates and increased competition for spots every year, independent schools such as St. Paul’s continue to thrive.

The Etiquette of Home
by Suzanne Williamson Pollak ’74

The child of a CIA agent, the author learned to make a home for herself no matter where she went.

Darwin’s Ultimate “Road Trip”
by Coleman P. Burke ’59

The author retraces a segment of the voyage of the *HMS Beagle*, discovering fossilized relics that eluded Charles Darwin more than 150 years earlier.
Sixth Form President Charlie Lee is accustomed to waking up early on occasion to get a jumpstart on an assignment or to complete the last sources of an electronic bibliography before heading to Chapel and classes.

But because of a School policy that restricted Internet access between the hours of midnight and 6 a.m., Lee has often had to wait patiently for the Internet to “turn back on” before completing his work.

Thanks to a proposal by Lee and his fellow Student Council officers, that will no longer be an issue for members of the Sixth Form. In January, Rector Mike Hirschfeld ’85 approved a request by the Form of 2015’s representatives to grant 24-hour Internet access to members of the Sixth Form.

“I’m excited that I won’t have to plan nights around which homework to do first and I won’t be stuck at 1 a.m. doing homework on my phone,” says Lee. “It differentiated those who could pay and those who couldn’t. This change just levels the field for all Sixth Formers.”

Official access to the School’s network 24 hours a day is merely a formality, according to the STUDCO officers, who say that one of their primary arguments was that many students already had 24-hour access via smart phones and tablets with 4G capabilities unrelated to the SPS Internet policy.

“Anybody could get access, but they paid for it,” says Lee. “It differentiated those who could pay and those who couldn’t. This change just levels the field for all Sixth Formers.”

In January, noted educational author and thinker Jay McTighe worked with the faculty for a day-long session on assessment. Mr. McTighe is the author of several books on the principle of “understanding by design,” a method of teaching through which assessments for the end of a unit or term are created first, followed by curriculum planning to help students meet those end goals. By creating a syllabus in this way, teachers develop more complete and systematic coverage of the material and assessments become formative – part of the educational process – rather than summative – asking students to recite memorized facts in order to create a grade.

After Mr. McTighe asserted that “…the primary purpose of classroom assessment is to inform teaching and improve learning, not to sort and select students or justify a grade,” the faculty spent the day considering how to implement these

Alumni Horae Digital

This fall featured the launch of a new online resource, the Alumni Horae Digital Archive at site.ebrary.com/lib/spsdash/home.action. This completely updated website is built using the ebrary DASH platform, the same web interface used by students and faculty to access the more than 100,000 ebooks available through Ohrstrom Library’s ebrary Academic Edition ebook collection. The new platform offers a highly professional and searchable online interface, making accessible every published issue of Alumni Horae, from January 1921 to the present, for reading on computers, laptops, smart phones, and tablets – either through browser access or the Bluefire Reader application. A detailed help guide (available at sps.libguides.com/ahda) has been created to introduce new users to the site.

In addition to this update, every published issue of Alumni Horae has been made available in full-issue PDF files – downloadable from the Alumni Horae full-issue archive at www.ohrstromblog.com/spsarchives/alumni-horae-full-issue-archive. Issue-length PDFs can be downloaded to your computer or device and saved to read offline. Happy reading and researching.
ideas in SPS classrooms. He made a clear distinction between a student’s knowledge (memorized facts) of a topic versus understanding; the ability to take knowledge and apply it to relevant situations. Teachers sat by department and discussed developing assessments based on these principles – how to provide assessments that are part of the learning process. The workshop sparked many ideas for faculty to apply to their classrooms.

Stand Up to Violence

When Byron Hurt asked each male in Memorial Hall to stand up if he had a woman in his life about whom he cared, every male student and faculty member rose in acknowledgment.

“Most people tend to believe that violence and aggression against women is a women’s issue,” said Hurt, a documentary filmmaker, published writer, anti-sexist activist, and lecturer.

Hurt, the keynote speaker on a day devoted to celebrating the life of Martin Luther King Jr., admitted that he had not considered violence against women to be an issue that would impact his life until news of a serial rapist near his Long Island home put his mother and sister on high alert. He became a voice against violence and sexism when asked by a mentor if he considered himself a leader and began to question his own beliefs.

Hurt was brought to St. Paul’s after Dean of Students Chad Green and other faculty members heard him speak at a conference last year. “The topic of sexual violence and violence against women is not an easy one to address,” said Green. “It was wonderful to have him here to engage our community in such an open and honest way.”

“It was wonderful to have him here to engage our community in such an open and honest way.”

– Chad Green, Dean of Students

Implicit in Hurt’s message was the idea of sexism in society, particularly as it impacts the growth of boys. Hurt stood in front of an easel on the Memorial Hall stage, writing down all the words shared by male students and faculty that boys associated with being a “man’s man.” Words ranged from “tough” to “honorable” to “strong” to “powerful” to “fearless” to “womanizer.”

Hurt continued by talking about the “different realities” faced by men and women. When he polled the men in the room about what they do in their daily lives to protect themselves from sexual assault, the only response was “nothing.” But asked the same question, the women in the room responded with a series of actions, including carrying pepper spray, traveling in groups, keeping tabs on their beverages in public, avoiding eye contact, and dressing modestly.

Squash Tech

One visit to the McLane Squash Courts reveals the impact new head coach Chris Smith is having on the St. Paul’s School squash program.

Smith was brought in to help take the Big Red’s squash program to the next level. And he’s already doing that, in part through technological advancements to the School’s facilities.

TV scoreboard and venue displays, iPads, and a building–wide sound system were added to the halls of McLane this fall. The changes allow Smith to make practices more efficient and offer student–athletes the ability to make on–the–spot technique adjustments. The technology is also designed to enhance game–day experiences for spectators, which, Smith says, is unique to St. Paul’s.

“We now have one of the most technologically advanced venues in the country,” explains Smith, a former top–15 Professional Squash Association tour player.

“How you’ve got a live update on every court – at two venue displays – and no one else is doing that yet.”

Smith’s coaching and playing backgrounds have prepared him for success as an independent school coach. He is a product of Tabor Academy, who played his college squash at Hobart, captaining the team as a senior. He built his coaching resume at the college level, where he was instrumental in establishing the Northeastern University squash program in 2004 before moving on to roles as assistant coach and head of recruiting at Harvard (2007–11). While at Harvard, he helped lead the 2010 women’s team to a national title. From 2004 to 2006, Smith coached the U.S. Junior Men’s National Squash Team.

Coach Chris Smith uses innovations in technology to analyze his players’ techniques in real time.
It turns out that a functioning telescoping mast is an asset. That’s not quite so surprising in the context of a robotics competition, in which success relies on such a capability.

Though the 50-member St. Paul’s School FIRST Robotics team missed the cut individually after its five qualification rounds at the Granite State FIRST Regional on February 27, the student-built SPS robot was selected to compete in the finals as part of a three-team alliance with second-place Phoenix Robotics, a club team from the greater Nashua, N.H., area, and third-ranked Team TJ2, out of Bridgewater-Raynham Regional High School in Massachusetts.

The SPS team’s selection to join the alliance marked the first time in 12 years of participating in the national robotics competition that St. Paul’s was chosen for that duty.

Engineering is all about working through challenges to find solutions. That’s what the members of the SPS FIRST team (“the Metal Vidsters”) did as they prepared their robot for the Granite State Regional at Nashua South High School.

Tasked with programming a robot that could score points by stacking recycling totes on scoring platforms, capping those stacks with recycling containers, and properly disposing of pool noodles that represented litter, the SPS team encountered technical issues during its Friday-morning practice round. But the beauty of the FIRST competition is the opportunity to support other robot alliances. It’s the way creator Dean Kamen envisioned the friendly competition more than a dozen years ago.

“It’s certainly exciting to meet the challenges this competition offers,” said SPS FIRST team member Jonah Jacobsen ’15, who worked extensively on the slider and pulley system that allowed the robot’s mast to function properly. “It forces us to use our problem-solving skills and apply our knowledge.”

Early engineering dilemmas placed the SPS team 37th in the field of 40 competing high schools and clubs. But other teams took notice of the SPS robot’s telescoping mast and its ability to pick up objects and place them on bin piles, leading to St. Paul’s being selected for the final round of Kamen’s recycling-themed game, “Recycle Rush.” The three-team alliance of St. Paul’s, TJ2, and Phoenix placed third out of the eight alliances in the quarterfinals, qualifying the trio for the semifinals, which culminated in a third-place overall finish.

“It was amazing to work with two such great teams,” said Karlee Koswick ’16, one of the SPS FIRST Robotics captains. “The three teams in our alliance worked so smoothly together. The other teams stacked totes and we put the bins on top. Our robot worked amazingly in both the quarterfinals and semifinals. We made it further than expected and it was an amazing experience.”
I've been interested in Alan Turing's life and work since my supervising professor at Queen's University asked me to write a Turing Machine simulator in 1978. Most computer science students still learn in their symbolic logic course about Turing's theoretical construct and how it serves as the basis of all programmable general-use computers.

As a computer science teacher at SPS, I didn't have much cause to think about Turing, even though his definitive biography, The Enigma by Andrew Hodges, was published in 1983 – the year I started teaching. Eventually I read Turing's tragic story. Around 1996, the School began to offer a course in Artificial Intelligence. I remember the class running a Turing Test presentation in the Payson lecture hall. I was so intrigued that I decided to study AI during a 1998-99 sabbatical and came back to St. Paul's ready to teach it.

Turing's seminal 1950 paper, Computing Machinery and Intelligence, had as the title of its first section “The Imitation Game” – based on a popular parlor game that tests human versus artificial intelligence. If a certain percentage of the questioners were fooled into thinking the computer program was human, Turing suggested we could categorize that program as "intelligent." In that 1950 paper, he predicted that a learning system armed with the knowledge level of a baby might pass his test in 50 years. Reading Turing's paper is how all my AI students begin the course, and it informs our central theme.

My fascination with Turing has grown into an admitted obsession. Turing designed and built the first programmable computer and coined the term "computer," created the test for gauging computer intelligence still in use today, and, it can be argued, won World War II for the Allies due to his code-breaking work at England's Bletchley Park. My 2012 invitation to create a proposal for a Form of 1973 Mentor Fellowship aligned with the 100th anniversary celebration of Turing's birth. I proposed that I travel to England on a "Turing tour" of sorts, primarily visiting Bletchley to research the code-breaking techniques and devices developed during the war.

I then turned to the international committee planning a yearlong Turing celebration. Their response solidified my plans for a March 2013 visit to England. I arranged to meet Dr. Bernard Richards – Turing's final graduate student – in Manchester. I took advantage of the expertise of Patricia McGuire at the Kings College Archives. I visited with Brian Mulholland at the Museum of Science & Industry in Manchester, which recreated the first programmable computer, using Turing's design specifications. I got a personal tour of Codebreaker: Turing's Life and Legacy from curator David Rooney at the Science Museum, London.

That trip to England was life-changing. Seeing the Turing exhibit profoundly affected what and how I teach. Reading Turing's original papers in the Cambridge University archives revealed his broad interests. Talking to the Bletchley Park docsents (many of whom worked there during the war) supported Hodges's view that Turing's particular genius lay in noticing solutions to problems that seemed obvious once he explained them, but which always eluded others until he pointed them out. Finally, talking to Dr. Richards in Manchester gave me a sense of the direction in which Turing was headed – away from computer design and toward applying computers to interesting problems. The two had met days before Turing’s 1954 death and had an appointment scheduled for the day after his death. Turing, Dr. Richards says, was in great spirits and fascinated with their shared work.

This fall, I gave a science lecture at SPS on Turing in which I proposed that he was the most important person of the 20th century. When I learned Concord's Red River Theatres was due to show the Imitation Game, I offered to deliver my lecture as an accompaniment to the film. For those who have seen the movie but don't know much about Turing, it is important to note that the Bletchley people didn't dislike him; they revered him, though recognizing his eccentricities. I feel the same way.
MEMORIES

Remembering Bill Oates (1916–2015)

Former faculty member Richard Lederer wrote about Bill Oates upon the Rector’s retirement in 1982, paying homage to 40 years of dutiful service on the SPS faculty and leading vision in his 12 years as Rector. Mr. Lederer’s words remain true today, as we remember Bill Oates, who died on January 10, 2015, at the age of 98.

[Excerpted from Alumni Horae, Summer 1982.]

Bill Oates has always been lavish in praising others and a bit shy and embarrassed when others praise him. Therefore, in expressing the appreciation of a grateful School for Bill’s 40 years of service and 12 years as Rector, I shall begin by talking about another educator and, perhaps, through indirection find direction out.

Once there was a fellow who decided that he wanted to become a headmaster by starting his own school. He published an impressively appointed catalogue that proclaimed how deeply he loved children and how much individual attention each student in his school would receive. Then he set about supervising the building of the school.

Every day he would go to the campus to watch the construction of the buildings and the landscaping of the grounds. Finally, all was completed except for the laying of a long cement path that ran through the center of the plant.

The masons applied the cement, and the path lay glistening in the sunshine. Just as it was beginning to dry, a car pulled up to the curb, and out jumped an excited little boy, apparently a prospective student, who squealed with delight and scampered down the path, splattering cement all over the lawn.

The headmaster started to quiver, grabbed hold of the boy, and began beating him over the head. At this point, the boy’s mother stormed out of the car, huffed up to the headmaster, and complained, “My dear sir, your catalogue boasts about how much you love children, yet here you are beating up my son! How do you explain that?”

Replied the headmaster: “My dear madam, I may love children in the abstract, but not in the concrete.”

Bill Oates loved children not only in the abstract, but also in the concrete, even if that love meant that they would often splatter cement or music or paint or dance on the lawns. Bill Oates knew that during his rectorship St. Paul’s School would educate the first generation of students in history who would live the majority of their lives in the 21st century. He knew that such a prospect required the richest of curricula, at the center of which was man, the creator of religious myths and symbols; mathematical, scientific, and linguistic concepts; historical, social, and psychological systems; and visual and aural beauty and order from the swirl of life.

Bill also knew that an education from the neck up was but half an education. He realized that if you close down your heart, your mind cannot stay open for very long. From the center of his rectorship shone the light of Paul’s statement in his First Letter to the Corinthians, which Bill quoted in Chapel on several occasions:

In his January 8, 1978, Chapel talk, Bill clarified Paul’s message by saying, “Paul is stating that love must be present...”
in our every act or our acts are without value. We remember that the word love embraces intellectual, moral, and spiritual qualities such as good will, brotherliness, and friendship.”

Bill Oates followed Paul’s advice and sought to create, in his rectorship, a ministry of love. As carefully as he attended to every aspect of the School’s operations, he was never too busy to see to the needs of each individual student. Whenever he announced the outstanding achievement of a student or the results of a student’s transgressions, his eyes would brim with tears because he truly shared that student’s joy or that student’s pain. When The Pelican’s roving reporter asked the community, “What will you remember most about Mr. Oates?” one student said, “I will always remember how understanding he has been to me and to all of us students. His encouragement has profited so many students during the years.”

Here is one clue as to why Bill Oates loved students as easily as he breathed. He was and is so quintessentially a family man that all students at St. Paul’s School were his sons and daughters. As a devoted husband and father, so loving of Margaret and Jean and his three sons – Bill, Jim, and Thomas, empathy for students was a natural and beautiful extension of his own life. No wonder that one of his favorite prayers was [the School Prayer].

Bill Oates loved St. Paul’s School in the abstract and in the concrete. For 40 years his life was fired by a Platonic idea of perfect schoolness, and he rose every morning at 4 a.m., to labor on and make that vision live in this little corner of New England. That Bill and Jean virtually never missed a Saturday night open house at the Rectory in 12 years is an outward and visible sign of a seven-day-a-week labor of love.

As one respondent to the Pelican poll commented, “I will remember his dreams and the energy he had to make them come true.”

Even a brief listing of some of the items that Bill has written about in his Annual Reports, 1971–81, indicates the scope of achievements during his rectorship: the Development Office, the Sixth Form year, the move of the Alumni Association to Concord, the arrival of girls, academic requirements, the disciplinary process, Form Agents, Human Relations, the demolition of the Lower School, School Year Abroad, Independent Study, the dress code, female trustees, the faculty internship program, the admissions process, the Faculty Leadership Committee, intervistation, record giving by the Parents and Alumni Funds, the Fund for SPS, the arts and the Performing Arts Buildings, creative ambiguity and personal growth, victories at the Henley Regatta, a celebration of the School’s 125th anniversary.

Even as Bill and Jean departed the grounds for their home in Kennebunk, Maine, the School workers were busily digging trenches for an updated telephone system and “pointing” the Schoolhouse – drilling out the old mortar and replacing it with new material in order to buttress the building.

Now there’s as vivid an emblem, a metaphor, and a symbol as one could ask for. The goody heritage of Bill Oates’s rectorship is a school crosshatched by diverse and complex lines of communication, knitting together a vibrant community, and a school whose structures are solid and strong – in the abstract and in the concrete.
Go out for a run with Larisa Dannis ’05 and be sure to bring along a bag of trail mix that will last.

Make sure it’s packed with enough sodium to keep your salt levels balanced. Strap on an electrolyte-filled backpack to ensure your legs don’t turn to mush. Don’t be fooled by the smile that spreads across Dannis’s face. It’s not there to mock; it’s there to welcome you. What you might consider a long commute – 50, even 100 miles – is now your day’s run. Welcome to the world of ultramarathons, and meet Dannis, a late bloomer who may be St. Paul’s most accomplished runner.

In just over four years of competing, Dannis has made a name for herself in this world of endorphin-seeking and whole-pizza-eating athletes. A five-hour-59-minute performance at the U.S. road 50-miler championships in the fall of 2014 established the 27-year-old native of Manchester, N.H., as not only the first woman to break six hours for such a distance in 20 years, but also earned her a course record and a fifth place overall finish in a field that included dozens of seasoned male marathoners.

But if you think rewriting history and torching the boys is what motivates Dannis to heed the early-morning cry of her alarm clock for her track workouts, steep mountain runs, and grueling intervals, first consider what running means to her.

“I run for happiness,” Dannis explains, “not competitively. I challenge myself and run, first and foremost, for the love of the sport.”

Dannis’s journey began in her home state of New Hampshire, where, as a young adult who found herself suddenly sedentary in her first desk job, she decided to take back a passion for hiking she once enjoyed as a child. Her first ambitious goal came in the form of tackling all 48 of the state’s 4,000-foot peaks. Ultimately, that goal proved malleable. Simply hiking, it turned out, kept her from summiting all 48 as quickly as she would have liked.

“So I decided to hike the ups, and run the downs,” Dannis explains.

Quickly thereafter, Dannis, whose athletic pursuits at St. Paul’s covered only a season and a half of crew and half a season of cross country, had found an appetite for running that had lain dormant for the first 20-plus years of her life.

“I found my path through running – and there is nothing better in life than when you find that one thing you absolutely love,” she says.
The Dannis Effect
by Peter Harrison '07

JOE MCCLADDIE
GLOBAL CLICK PHOTOGRAPHY NORTHEAST RACE PHOTOGRAPHY
In a sport dominated by American West-Coasters, Dannis exploded onto the scene in 2010, surprising everyone and shocking herself. As the fifth female finisher at the 2010 Angel Island 50k (that’s well over 30 miles) in California, and as the only East Coast runner in the top 40—man or woman—the “ultra” world began to take note.

Another surprise came after the start of 2014’s Boston Marathon. Such historic races are often overwhelming and disorienting experiences—the sheer mass of runners, the constant cheers from thousands of spectators, and the accompanying adrenaline rush of taking part in it all can make pacing—and running—one’s best race deeply challenging. Guided by her own happiness and absorbing the energy of the crowd, Dannis approached the half-marathon point with a steady stride, but surrounded by surprise: only male runners were on the course. At the halfway mark, Dannis was startled to hear emerging from the crowd excited shouts of “There’s the first woman!”

Dannis’s younger sister, Jenna ‘08, has pitched in, running the final miles of the 50-mile road race, where she broke six hours back in October of 2014, came with these stats: 1,200 calories consumed, 4,246 calories burned, 150 heartbeats per minute averaged. As for breaking six hours, Dannis explains that seeing the 5:59 on the clock as she approached the finish line was “completely overwhelming.”

The number’s tend to have a dizzying effect, and Dannis has fun with them in her race reports. The 50-mile road race, where she broke six hours back in October of 2014, came with these stats: 1,200 calories consumed, 4,246 calories burned, 150 heartbeats per minute averaged.

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Koop understands the stress and impact that running ultramarathons can have on an athlete, and he breaks down the science of Dannis’ resilience in a way that makes her accomplishments explainable.

“Larisa’s natural talent, dedication to training, and plain old stubbornness are what enable her to succeed at ultrarunning,” says her coach, Jason Koop, director of coaching at Carmichael Training Systems.

Koop explains that running ultramarathons is a 25–time marathon finisher and founder of Pursuit Athletic Experience, Al Lyman noted how “we can all learn from [Dannis] and be inspired by her, not only as it pertains to training, running, and racing, but perhaps most importantly, life in general.”

Eric Schranz of Ultra Runner Podcast wrote of Dannis’s potential, “If Larisa were an IPO, I’d buy big.”

Dannis’s rise from willing outdoor-woman to professional athlete is in part due to her unconventional training style, something called the Maffetone Method. Often seen on the training logs of cyclists and triathletes, the Maffetone Method is dictated by heart rate. Dannis wears a heart rate monitor as she trains, setting the goal window of beats per minute during a training run or race. During the 50k, for example, her goal was to keep it between 140–155 beats per minute. Disregarding pacing and time during the majority of her competitions might be the reason why Dannis earned a No. 7 ranking from UltraRunning Magazine at the end of 2014. But Dannis credits much of her success to her dedicated support crew—her family. For the major races, her mother, Sandy, ensures that all of her daughter’s nutritional needs are met. Even Dannis’s younger sister, Jenna ‘08, has pitched in, running the final miles of some races alongside Larisa.

Beyond Maffetone and family, hidden behind the wildly high weekly mileage totals that often push 100, and unseen in the sweat Dannis sheds or the calories she burns, is something basic that rests squarely at the heart of her journey—that pure love for a sport that gives her unfettered joy and happiness.

No matter the distance, Dannis vows to maintain that joy by smiling back at the cheering crowd or to herself on her solitary runs. The future looks bright for Dannis, as she aims to improve upon her second-place finish at the Western States 100–miler in June. She also has established personal goals of setting a world record in the 50–mile and qualifying for the Olympic Trials in the marathon—by no means easy goals. Don’t be fooled by the smile.
Fall Sports Highlights

SPS runners carried on a long tradition of excellence on the fall trails, with the girls (11–4) winning the ISL championship and placing second in New England and the boys (14–3) earning second in the ISL and fourth in the NE title race. Boston Globe MVP Samantha Yates ’15 helped power the girls, finishing first in the ISL and second in New England. Yates established a new SPS cross country record for girls (18:43). Yates, Reid Noch ’16, and Marc Roy ’16 earned All–NE honors.

Elsewhere, the field hockey team sported a 10–5–1 mark in a season that included nine games decided by one goal and a two–to–one season goal differential in favor of the Big Red. All–ISL Finley Frechette ’17 (9g, 8a) led the team in scoring, while HM selections Charlotte Clark ’18 (8g, 3a), Meg Fearley ’17 (8g, 3a), and goalie Miller Torrance ’15 (six shutouts) helped to pace a well–balanced squad. The varsity volleyball team ended the regular season at 12–9, failing to qualify for the New England Tournament for the first time in seven years. But 12 players return for Coach Scott Reynolds, including NEPSAC all–stars Elisabeth Fawcett ’16 and Becca Thomson ’16. With a 4–4 record, the football team remained competitive in the always–tough ISL. Eighteen Sixth Formers led the way for SPS in a season that ended on a high note – a dominant 33–7 win against Rivers.

If Larisa were an IPO, I’d buy big.
–Eric Schranz, Ultra Runner Podcast

Runner Samantha Yates ’15 was named the Boston Globe MVP.

Sports Summary

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Despite daunting acceptance rates and increased competition for spots every year, independent schools such as St. Paul’s continue to thrive.
Despite daunting acceptance rates and increased competition every year, independent schools such as St. Paul's continue to thrive.
It is the height of admission season at St. Paul’s and the Sheldon rotunda is packed with hopeful prospective students and their parents. The nervous whispered murmurs of clustered families rise and vanish into the rounded high ceilings. Each student has come to Concord – from near or far – seeking a coveted spot for the next enrollment cycle. Some – but not all – are acutely aware that, for a variety of reasons, it is a goal that has become less attainable each year.

“I deliver a lot of really bad news,” says Director of Admission Scott Bohan ’94. “At least 85 percent of the people I meet get bad news. Most of them will never be here again.”

St. Paul’s has witnessed a steady change in acceptance rates over the last several years, including an all-time low of 12 percent in 2013–14. The highest rate of admission to SPS since 2009–10 was 17 percent in 2011–12. St. Paul’s is not alone in these historic admission rates, following a trend of its most competitive peer schools. Phillips Andover Dean of Admission Jim Ventre reports an average overall admit rate of 14 percent for the Massachusetts–based independent school over the last five years (3,100 applicants for 420 spots). Deerfield’s acceptance rate in 2014 stood at 15 percent, according to Dean of Admission and Financial Aid Pam Safford. Jane Reynolds, the dean at Hotchkiss, says her school admitted 20 percent of last year’s hopefuls. Choate’s student newspaper reported a 2014 acceptance rate of 21 percent in a pool of nearly 2,000 applicants. Other comparable boarding schools with acceptance rates below 25 percent, according to Boarding School Review, include Governor’s Academy, Lawrenceville School, Milton Academy, Peddie School, Taft School, and Phillips Exeter Academy.

In spite of these daunting numbers, applicants appear undaunted. Like its peer schools, St. Paul’s has seen a steady rise in applicants over the last several years, peaking at 1,600 in 2014. Bohan says the applicant pool has nearly doubled in his 15 years at St. Paul’s, a statistic he attributes to many factors, including hyper–connectivity that allows access to more international and domestic applicants, a boost in the financial aid budget that opens the door to independent school to more families from diverse economic backgrounds, and a fundamental change in the way many parents view the world.

“The raising of children has changed in the sense that everyone we talk to has gone to some sort of specialized summer camp or an enrichment program at MIT,” Bohan says. “Parents are trained to look for opportunities for their children and I don’t think it’s necessarily as scary to send your child to New Hampshire these days. They are only a text or a Facetime call away.”

St. Paul’s has worked hard to establish itself in the international markets in recent years, particularly in Hong Kong, South Korea, and the exploding pool from China. This is coupled with more attention to non–traditional domestic markets. Following the model of a well–established program that brings applicants from Montana to St. Paul’s, the generosity of alumni has led to the recent launching of regional scholarships for qualified applicants from Alabama, South Carolina, Northern New Jersey, Texas, Pennsylvania, California, Wyoming, and the Paso del Norte region of Texas, New Mexico, and Mexico.

“As a result of all this, we are finding really talented kids from all over the place,” says Bohan. “This is great, but we are a medium–sized school. There are only so many spots, only so many seats in Chapel. When you have 1,600 applicants, you can fill 150 spots pretty quickly.”

As an example of the increase in domestic applicants, eight minority students from a Southern California–based program are currently enrolled at St. Paul’s. Maria Colmenares, who runs the “A Better Chance” program, is pleased with the number of students she places annually at St. Paul’s and other competitive independent schools, but she has
recognized in recent years a need for heightened preparation, including an entire year devoted to SSAT preparation to meet the demand for higher board scores.

So what are independent schools looking for in today's applicants? The answers bear strong similarities to those college admission officers might offer. Pam Safford at Deerfield, where application numbers have risen from 1,000 to about 2,000 over the last decade (for less than 200 spaces each year), explains that her admissions team begins with the assumption that every accepted student will demonstrate a potential for excellence in core areas, including an innate love of learning, intellectual curiosity, and the desire to contribute to a thriving community. Once those ideals are met, admission staff begin to consider campus needs: What specialty will complete the orchestra? Who will lead the service clubs? Which students will anchor Deerfield's athletic teams?

“We are also trying to populate programs,” Safford says. “We have a great privilege to take on this challenge, but it's also an incredible burden. It never feels like we are big enough to fill our programs with all the kids we need. This means there are incredibly interesting, bright humane kids who love to learn and will appreciate this community who may not end up getting in. It’s a killer because you meet these kids and this is a very personal business. Most of these families are in it for the right reasons, and it can be an enormous sacrifice emotionally and financially. But their children are being compared with other kids with the same hopes and dreams and ambitions. At least 80 percent of the students applying are eminently qualified.”

Independent school admission directors are the first to acknowledge that not every school is for every applicant. As a result, they help families focus on finding the right fit – whether at their school or a competing institution. This is particularly notable for alumni with aspirations of the next generation carrying on the family tradition at a particular school. Bohan personally reviews the application of each student with a legacy connection to St. Paul’s. He also admits that sometimes a student’s prior connection to the School provides a greater knowledge of the applicant and his or her family, allowing for a more detailed picture of what the right fit means.

“We are a medium-sized school. There are only so many spots, only so many seats in Chapel. When you have 1,600 applicants, you can fill 150 spots pretty quickly.”

– Scott Bohan ’94

While we certainly still value alumni and family connections to St. Paul’s,” Bohan says, “the competitive nature of the process has changed everything, including the alumni admit rate, which is now about 45 percent. I reach out in most cases when it doesn’t look like it will work out. I hope that with each passing year the new reality of the admission process becomes more widely known.”

Andover’s Jim Ventre, a 28-year admissions veteran, also reads the application of every alumni child. “If there is a challenge to their admission, I personally reach out to those families. But it’s my least favorite thing to do, deliver bad news to them.”

Andover, which has about a 52-percent admit rate for legacies, according to Ventre, goes as far as to identify through the process alumni children who are not the right match for Andover, transitioning those applicants from, says Ventre, “Andover admission to Andover educational consulting. I am regularly counseling alumni families about their school choice, so part of what you will see is a higher admit rate for alumni, but some have already been filtered and we help them find the right place.”

Deerfield, says Safford, could fill its entire incoming class with applicants who have a sibling or legacy connection. Since 2010, Deerfield’s acceptance rate has averaged 14.8 percent overall, with an average admission rate of 42 percent for legacies in that same span. While the admit rate for these students is certainly higher than that of applicants with no prior connection to the school, it is “far from a slam dunk,” Safford adds. The Deerfield admissions staff makes itself available
to alumni for questions in an attempt to demystify the process.

When she returned to tour the School with her daughter, Ayesha Brantley-Gosine ’96 brought with her fond memories of her time at St. Paul’s, but she had almost no recollection of the competitiveness of the admissions process. Brantley-Gosine was surprised to discover the requirement of parent essays as part of the application for her child. She also shares that, while her friends considered her daughter’s acceptance a formality, Brantley-Gosine understood that the odds were not in her favor.

“I would tell other alumni parents that it is not guaranteed,” says Brantley-Gosine, whose daughter, Kammy Gosine ’18, is now a Third Former at SPS. “Alumni need to prepare themselves and their children for the difficulty of coming into a place where there is a legacy and establishing an independent identity. Many people think it is comforting for your child to be in a place where everyone knows you, but it might be a source of stress. Don’t assume your school is the best fit for your child.”

When John Greene ’85 first came with his son through the admission process at St. Paul’s, the family was told that the eighth-grader, who was young for his grade, could benefit from another year at home. While others expected the younger Greene to be admitted that year, the family heeded the advice of Bohan and the SPS admission team and the boy waited a year, applying successfully as a repeat freshman.

“I wasn’t expecting that, but that extra year for him to grow and mature proved to be good advice,” says Greene. “I appreciated that honesty.”

Another alumni parent, who preferred to remain anonymous, had a similar experience with his daughter, who was wait-listed as an eighth-grader and admitted a year later as a repeat Third Former. Despite the odds of acceptance to St. Paul’s, the alumnus and his wife, also an SPS graduate, hoped their daughter would consider the broad experience of boarding school. They understood the realities of admissions and were impressed with the thorough evaluation of their daughter’s candidacy.

“The most important thing to know as a parent is whether it’s the right place for your child, the right fit,” the alumnus says. “I am definitely very surprised by the current demand for independent schools. The numbers related to acceptance are mind-boggling.”

Ventre at Andover refers to the rise in the number of families interested in independent schools for their children as a “flight to quality.” Access to superior resources, diverse student bodies, and growing pools of financial aid money have only increased since the recession of 2008 – along with parental anxiety. Parents, he says, are looking for any opportunity to give their children a head start. Because of that phenomenon, Ventre says his admissions team is seeing more specialists, which can both help and hinder an applicant’s chances of admission.

“We may have a pool of kids who have been to three physics summer camps – they are focused on this one thing,” he says. “We need some of them, but we can’t have a school of kids all focused on the same thing. We need joiners and bridge-builders. That’s common in all of our schools.”

The search for students who will bring fresh perspective to a campus is the mission of every independent school admissions director. Jane Reynolds, dean of admission and financial aid at Hotchkiss School, talks about the change in the makeup of a traditional boarding school student body. Four or five decades ago, says Reynolds, the typical boarding school student was being educated alongside a more homogenous group of peers. That less diverse peer group provided a similarity to the experience that doesn’t exist in most independent schools today. Reynolds also understands the commitment that goes into the application process these days, both from the student and his or her parents, creating the perfect environment for disappointment with anything other than good news.

“With the sophisticated levels of diversity we bring to these schools – domestic, international, religious, socio-
economic – you have to look for a student who has a sense of self earlier than his or her peers,” Reynolds says. “You shouldn’t go to Hotchkiss because two generations have gone to Hotchkiss. You have to want to be in this environment. The curriculum and expectations here are challenging. The intent to be a part of our boarding community has to be in the heart of the student.”

Rob Dickey ’79 comes from a long line of St. Paul’s graduates, dating back to his great-grandfather, Charles Dickey of the Form of 1878. Dickey is also the parent of four kids, two of whom decided against boarding or private school, one who graduated from St. Paul’s, and one who is currently completing his Sixth Form year. He describes the differences in his kids and why two decided they were interested in going away to school, while the other two opted for their local public high school.

“No matter what your family’s connection, the idea of a one-size-fits-all elite prep school is not realistic,” says Dickey. “Admissions [at SPS] is fairly open about that, but I don’t know that parents always listen. It’s hard to disconnect from a place when you have that legacy.”

Audrey Schaus ’85 agrees, noting that if her daughter, Caroline ’17, had not been accepted to St. Paul’s it “would have been because it wasn’t the right fit. As much as it feels personal, they are building a class and you can’t assume anything.”

Ironically, despite the ultra-competitive nature of the independent school admission process, one common trait that keeps institutions such as St. Paul’s at the top of the game is the constant awareness that there are many quality options for students. Deerfield’s Pam Safford talks about the charter schools and online programs and homeschooling and exclusive day schools that make her staff work that much harder to convince families of the benefits of a boarding school education. She says admissions folks are “always on the edge of our seats” because of the competition.

“It has become a little more of a consumer process in that people are really shopping around and, when they visit, families want to know what we will do for their children,” adds Bohan of SPS. “It’s a fair question at $55,000 per year. Our coaches, our directors need to be selling their programs to families. As a result, we are also learning more about the applicants than ever before. For many families, they hope applying here is a step that ultimately helps their children find the right school, which may or may not be St. Paul’s. Still, it’s important for everyone to know that, while you may be very qualified, there may just not be room for all of the wonderful young people who we know could make St. Paul’s an even better place.”
The Etiquette

The child of a CIA agent, the author learned to make a home for herself no matter where she went.
The Etiquette of Home
by Suzanne Williamson Pollak ’74

The child of a CIA agent, the author learned to make a home for herself no matter where she went.
I arrived at St. Paul’s School from Monrovia, Liberia, at age 15 with absolutely no academic skills, even though this was my 12th school and I was in the Fifth Form.

Poor Mr. Archer (French) and Mr. Clark (math) did not know what to do. I was one of the first girls in their classes but had never conjugated a verb or calculated a fraction. Let me just say calculus was completely confusing and French, well… But I was nice and I know they didn’t want to flunk me. I don’t want to give the impression that I was stupid, far from it. I came with expertise, which I didn’t know I possessed, but skill I would have considered silly and stupid as a high school junior.

I was born in Beirut and grew up in Africa because of my father’s job in the CIA. Like nomads, we moved in and out of houses and various countries all over the continent until I was 18. Sometimes we stayed two years, other times a few months, depending on the political situation in the country and what my father was up to. Living like a nomad gives one skills necessary to survive, like making a house become a home in a day, using that house to connect in a meaningful way with another person, entertaining hundreds of people, and unpacking and packing within hours. At various times, our African houses turned into temporary hospitals or schools, elevated into salons, concert halls, or movie theaters, or degenerated into a war zone.

Inadvertently, I became an expert on how to use a house; I can make a kitchen the engine of a house or the dining room a community outreach center, all because of my upbringing in Africa.

In 1961, when typhoid and its raging fevers infected me, my sister, Cynthia Carter ’75, and my brother, Todd Williamson ’77, instead of flying from Somalia to a hospital in Germany, our house overlooking Mogadishu became our hospital. My mother filled bathtubs with gin and took turns floating us in the tub to tame our temperatures.

In every county, our gardens were tropical paradises, overgrown with flame trees and bougainvillea vines, inhabited with turtles, goats, pythons, and scarlet-breasted parrots. Neighbors kept cheetahs, lions, and monkeys, so our biology lessons were not what you would call “textbook.” In 1967, we moved to Nigeria. One neighbor owned monkeys who continually stole guests’ cocktails. Getting to their house was actually a walk in the jungle, a vital lesson in avoiding 25-foot-long rock pythons stretched across the dirt road. By carrying a long stick and tapping the ground in front as you walked, you knew the moment to step over a boa constrictor.

Our garden in Nigeria grew into a food bank with the vegetables I planted, saving my father’s life as the food on which he survived for six months in 1967. He lived in Enugu during the Biafran War, but the rest of us— all foreign women and children—evacuated the morning the civil war started. Soldiers destroyed our house, family photos, and possessions, but the devastation that remains in my psyche is my Nigerian classmates staying behind and perishing.

Accra, Ghana, did not have a good school in 1968 when we arrived, so in addition to his spying duties, my father founded the Lincoln School. Until the school opened, a diplomat’s wife taught me in her house using correspondence courses.

Cultural lessons in all our houses were varied: My father always turned one room into his music library, lined with the 10,000 records and recording equipment that traveled the world with us. He presented concerts and lessons with his constantly expanding classical, opera, and jazz recordings. Piazzas converted into movie theaters, where we gathered friends to watch the last year’s American movies. Once in a while, visiting dignitaries such as Jessé Owens, Black Caucus members from Congress, Chubby Checker, Pelé, Ike and Tina Turner came and expanded our horizons.

The nightly entertaining that is a part of every agent and diplomat’s life was a fascinating education, far more encompassing than the proper way to make a martini. These were parties with purpose—contacts made, information exchanged, plans forged. As a child, I watched the pre-party mayhem of guests arriving, drinking, flirting, behaving badly, getting louder until the stragglers left as the sun rose. As a teenager, I became a participant. Every moment intrigued me, from observing behavior of the African government officials to the European wives of diplomats, from the costumes to the cocktails to the conversations. I learned that a house and the parties held within its confines is the ideal setting for communication, community, and connections.

“I learned that a house and the parties held within its confines is the ideal setting for communication, community, and connections.”
A young Suzanne Pollak pets a neighbor's cheetah in Africa.
Even my observations on happenings in the street outside my African houses became invaluable and sprung into use as soon as my twins were born. Nursing twins and taking care of their 18-month-old brother when I was in my early twenties was not a problem, because inside and outside I saw mothers nursing in the open, not hidden behind closed doors. Who knew that visual lessons seep into a child’s unconscious? I thanked my African mentors.

When I finally owned my own house, I put down roots that ran deep. My favorite home was in Beaufort, S.C., where we restored a “tabby” manse built during the Revolutionary War, which turned into a hospital for the Mass. 54th regiment during the Civil War. Hundreds of soldiers recovered or died in the house, and, in the next century, the house became a school, a rectory, and five apartments. My instinct with this historic house was to make it look like one family, my family, had occupied it for 200 years,
and then maybe nobody could yank me away.

It was in this house that my innate knowledge of large parties in Africa came to life. The Beaufort house had a Halloween look and vibe – an exorcist removed remaining Civil War spirits haunting the interior – twice. The exterior walls, constructed of broken oyster shells, made for the ideal Halloween setting. A decade before such parties became popular, 100 people attended our first Halloween party. Consulting the Farmer’s Almanac and the full moon schedule to set the date, the weather always cooperated. Guests filled the house, ballroom, and gardens in perfect outdoor temperatures and by the light of full moons. But, in the sixth year, my party luck failed. After a long sunny day predicted by the Farmer’s Almanac, the skies opened up 30 minutes before the party start time so that 300 drenched, costumed guests squeezed inside the house along with bartenders, servers, and the band. That night, the house came alive like our African parties always did. The overcrowded Halloween party was a sensation. In Africa, I saw party guests of every nationality, profession, and age get to know each other quickly when squished together, creating lifelong connections masterminded by the host. This knowledge was my African heritage.

The Beaufort house became a kind of hospital once again during our occupation. When our eldest son, Pete ’97, had spinal cancer twice, the house was my refuge. No matter how odd the comparison sounds, I believed that if the house could survive centuries of adversity thrown in its path, Pete would survive his cancer. A few years later, my two younger sons became U.S. Marine officers and were both deployed to Afghanistan in 2010. During this personal siege, we had left Beaufort and moved into a 1780 house in Charleston. Again, a house was my hideout. With two sons in the war, I stayed home to avoid people, questions, hearing news I didn’t want to hear, answering questions I didn’t want to confront. Pete survived cancer and my Marine sons returned safely out. The exterior walls, constructed of broken oyster shells, made for the ideal Halloween setting. A decade before such parties became popular, 100 people attended our first Halloween party. Consulting the Farmer’s Almanac and the full moon schedule to set the date, the weather always cooperated. Guests filled the house, ballroom, and gardens in perfect outdoor temperatures and by the light of full moons. But, in the sixth year, my party luck failed. After a long sunny day predicted by the Farmer’s Almanac, the skies opened up 30 minutes before the party start time so that 300 drenched, costumed guests squeezed inside the house along with bartenders, servers, and the band. That night, the house came alive like our African parties always did. The overcrowded Halloween party was a sensation. In Africa, I saw party guests of every nationality, profession, and age get to know each other quickly when squished together, creating lifelong connections masterminded by the host. This knowledge was my African heritage.

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My family’s financial situation became precarious twice in my life, and both times my first thought was not how to get a job outside my house, but how to make my house work for me and start generating dollars. I looked at my home as the solution. Since my expertise was managing a household and feeding a family, I turned one of my home kitchens into a bakery. While illegal in South Carolina, it was necessary for me as I had four young children at home. In 1994, the author Pat Conroy came to dinner (by now I was in a different house) and because he arrived early, I taught him how to make pasta from scratch, something I learned when I was seven and watching Hassan, our cook in Mogadishu, while he rolled out handmade pasta dough each morning, something he learned from an Italian ambassador’s wife. The evening after the dinner, Pat asked me to write a cookbook with him, and we ultimately used my home – my kitchen and dining room – as our test kitchen and writing center. The Pat Conroy Cookbook was published a few years later.

More recently, my Rainbow Row townhouse in Charleston, S.C., has become the home base for Charleston Academy of Domestic Pursuits, a delightful tiny academy that teaches the most important lesson in the world: How to live at home. Students may go to St. Paul’s for academics, but when they need to know how to build a beautiful life, they send their application to the Charleston Academy, c/o the Deans (Lee Manigault and me). We are both authorities in managing a household because we have both spent our lives doing just that. The good news for our followers is that we have put forth the most important information in our book, The Charleston Academy of Domestic Pursuits, A Handbook of Etiquette with Recipes. Even if you live in Ouagadougou, Upper Volta, and cannot attend the Academy classes in person, our book will show you how to build a beautiful life no matter what type of house you live in, and utilize the power of your home.

Your own house may pay you back in terms of getting to know your friends or children’s friends better, or by being the place where you host community gatherings, or build a start-up from your dining room table.”
Darwin’s Ultimate “Road Trip”
The author retraces a segment of the voyage of the *HMS Beagle*, discovering fossilized relics that eluded Charles Darwin more than 150 years earlier.
Captain FitzRoy took Darwin on the Beagle crew as a gentleman with whom he could talk about science while sharing meals in his cabin. The ensuing voyage around the globe and the resulting theory of evolution changed the world. The rest is history. But an important discovery that eluded Darwin due to limitations in resources and manpower in the mid-1830s was one that fascinated me. Darwin’s initial path eventually led – more than 150 years later – to the unearthing of the most comprehensive giant titanosaur fossils on record.

Dinosaurs have excited scientists – all mankind, really – for centuries. Imagine a carnivore with 62 serrated teeth, six inches long in a head seven feet long, pursuing mammalian flesh. Picture an enormous plant-eating, lizard-like sauropod, 80-plus feet long, weighing 20 tons and devouring every bit of vegetation in sight. These were the fellows who roamed the world for more than 150 million years. Our Homo sapiens existence, as we know it, has lasted approximately three million years, and the only real knowledge we have on the subject of human existence, but for pictographs, is 5,000 years old. We should be very thankful for the extinctions of certain animal forms, which, in all likelihood, would have by now gobbled us up or slapped us to death with one swish of a mammoth tail.

I confess an abiding interest in finding dinosaur bones as a hobby. I learned early on that one risks life and limb by seeking – and finding – old bones. Nations contest for such fossilized relics, just as bone hunters of the Wild West in the late 1800s clashed during the Bone Wars. In 2012, an auction of an 80-percent-complete articulated tarbosaur, a T-Rex-type, brought Mongolia and the United States into play, involving the Customs Department, the Justice Department, and the Bureau of Homeland Security. I know; I was the winning bidder at the auction, trying to get the bones to the Peabody Museum at Yale University. I almost got thrown out of the Society of Vertebrate Paleontology for it, as the Society didn’t know I was bidding for the Peabody Museum, but I happily remain a member in good standing. The prior largest auction ever brought more than $8 million for a T-Rex, proving that bones invoke more than scientific interest alone.
Imagine SPS graduates given an all-expenses-paid trip around the world during their budding university experience. This was the introduction to science Germany, England, France, and other countries gave their students and professors during the Age of Discovery. Instead of a one-term experience in Africa or Timbuktu, such trips took years of hardship akin to the trips of Captain James Cook with Mr. Joseph Banks as a botanist. These trips were surrounded with the attendant wrenching of hands by the travelers' families, wondering how their loved ones would manage the hardship or whether they would return to a career or marriage after such an experience. Darwin proved not only to manage the hardship; he became the most popular man on the ship – the strongest and the friendliest. The other men nicknamed him “Philos” for philosopher.

It turned out that the BBC declined to fund the commemorative documentary of Darwin's journeys in South America, forcing the cancellation of Mr. Edwards's trip. By that time, I was knee-deep in Darwin and had read most of his writings. There was one story in his narrative that caught my eye, of the era when explorers were seeking the headwaters of rivers. Against Captain FitzRoy's better judgment, Darwin persuaded him to take 21 crew members and pull three ship's boats by rope along the shore against a six-knot current up the Rio Santa Cruz. Darwin had learned by reading Lyell's *Principles of Geology* that the Andes were the youngest mountain range on the planet. He wanted to explore them and learn more about their physical characteristics.

As Darwin recollects, the *Beagle* crew ran out of food on the so-called “Plains of Disappointment” – well shy of the Andes. The sorry group and depressed Darwin turned around and went flying down the Rio Santa Cruz, pushed by the melting flow of glaciers they had seen on the snowcapped mountains. They returned in three days to the careened *Beagle* at the Atlantic Ocean, with no remaining provisions. Compelled by the desire to complete the *Beagle*'s journey through Patagonia, I believed we could do the same in much less time if we only went downstream. I rang up five pals, with whom I had done many whitewater float trips in the American West, including SPS formmates and annual fishing companions Sydney Waud ’59 and John “Speedy” Mettler ’59.

All of the invited team members but Speedy Mettler accepted the invitation to join the adventure. It was billed as a float trip from the Andes to the Atlantic Ocean. I investigated activities to keep the men occupied. I noted in a foray to the Yale Geology Library that the “Plains of Disappointment” (aptly named by Captain FitzRoy) were within 10 kilometers of another river, La Leona, which cut a deep valley and ultimately joined the Santa Cruz. Yale maps indicated the geologic formations on either side of the valley contained dinosaur-bearing soils. I welcomed the chance to scour the Earth for fragments of these wondrous beasts. But, alas, the other team members indicated they would travel with me from the Andes to the Atlantic, but declined the chance to accompany me on my quest for dinosaur bones.

On that trip in 1995, they afforded me three hours to have a look, while they assembled the boats and gear. My roommate from Yale, John Wilbur, a Navy Seal, actually felt sorry for me because my crew revolted at looking for dinosaur bones. At the last minute, he decided to accompany me. We drove a short distance up a dirt road and ascended an escarpment halfway up the La Leona. From our elevated vantage point, we could see 50 square miles of badlands, barren of any vegetation. It spread out before us like a moonscape, inviting us to search for bones, but our allotted time was exhausted and we returned to the boats to go downstream.

My curiosity piqued by that initial observation, I've been back to both sides of the La Leona Valley, looking for bones with souls who are eager to go camping 200 miles north of the Straights of Magellan. In our weeks in the boneyard, we have concentrated on the east side of the La Leona Valley. When I say “we,” I’ve taken business partner Chris Flagg, Syd Waud (multiple times), my son, Erik ’87, my wife, an assortment of friends, and *actual* paleontologists. But for the paleontologists, we are all amateurs, but that hasn’t stopped us from finding hundreds of bones. As a famous paleontologist once said “one
just looks down” and there they are on the eroded surface. Most dinosaurs are found by amateurs and, later, when professionals hear about the discoveries, they dig them up and report the finds as science.

Despite January’s summer prominence in the southern hemisphere, we have run into snowstorms during our excursions. We’ve encountered the famous 70–mile–per–hour winds of Patagonia, another natural obstacle we have managed to overcome, inspired by the promise of discovery. All day, the condors soar and follow us, some only 100 feet above our heads, craning their necks to better spy our movements. When they turn in the wind, their beautiful white wings and elongated dark finger feathers reflect the sun. We have seen imposing puma tracks in the mud of draws. We have remained vigilant for black widow spiders as we have scoured the surface for bones, undeterred, but we only ever saw one of the arachnids.

Remember that Charles Darwin’s progress was halted on the Plains of Disappointment. Had Captain FitzRoy taken more food, Darwin might have been able to enter the badlands we entered a century and a half later. I have little doubt Darwin would have had no trouble locating the bones we have found. He would have recognized them for what they were — incredible remnants of animals no longer in existence. Paleontologist Richard Owen had not named these giant animals “dinosaurs” until 1842. Charles Darwin might have given them a different name and we might never have known these beasts by their common designation. He could have sent bones back to England that would have astonished the establishment. Darwin could have been the father of all dinosauria — by another name. Think of it.

From 1995 to 2004, I took three trips to the boneyard on the east bank of the Rio La Leona, which creates the valley between Lago Viedma and Lago Argentina. The coursing glacial melt transforms the river into a meandering chalky white that flows through Lago Argentina and into the Santa Cruz, where Darwin stopped. The moonscape it creates consists of a predominantly gray clay–like soil that crumbles and erodes very easily. The many outwashes contain bones and fragments. Sometimes we observe bones through binoculars on adjacent tongues of the badlands, stretching for a mile or more and eroded on both sides by runoff from dry streambeds.

Our first find was a sole femur bone. Chris Flagg and I looked at each other, spellbound, knowing we had found a relic more than 65 million years old, lying peacefully on a rise overlooking the La Leona Valley. It was probably closer to 80 million years old, judging from the formation in which it lay. We wondered aloud how the bone got

Coley Burke at the site of a dinosaur boneyard in Patagonia, where he has made several successful fossil finds.
there – by the dinosaur’s natural death, the result of a fatal fight, or by catastrophe. We examined every aspect of the fossil and speculated on which end fit in the hip joint and which end fit in the knee. We were giddy with excitement. And then we saw more bone fragments nearby.

Over the next three hours, as we wandered in search of a head or vertebrae, we lost sight of each other and sometimes were separated by a mile of barren soil. We communicated by walkie-talkie. As the sun dipped toward the Andes to the West, we descended to our camp, weary but exultant at finding bones that would have exhilarated Darwin.

More trips with Syd Waud and friend John Wilbur produced endless finds of bones. We found scapulaps, ribs, vertebrae, femurs, tibias, and fibulas. Every day’s march produced fossils in all directions in this plentiful boneyard. We marked the bones by GPS and noted them in a log. Both John and Syd, who was initially apprehensive about these forays, became converts and relished going solo to forage for bones. We photographed all the capital bones and even named one location “Bonanza” for its plethora of bone material. We also found deposits of shark teeth and oyster shells the size of footballs, as Lyell had, indicating that the land had risen out of the ocean to great heights.

Part – if not all – of bone hunting is logistics. Most explorers drive into the bivouac, set up camp, and carry backpacks from there. But the Rio La Leona separates the boneyard from the road. I have always preferred backpacking in all the gear by boat. The vessel I stored at the estancia of a friend, Jorge Gamarci, is a 14-foot Avon adventurer, capable of transporting 600 pounds of gear and two rowers for the five-kilometer downstream journey from the badlands.

In 2004, Chris Flagg and I took a team of paleontologists to the Rio La Leona Valley to explore our sites. The group included Drexel University Professor Ken Lacovara. I funded all the participants’ airfare and provisions in addition to supplying boats, tents, stoves, and kitchen equipment collected over the years for working the site.

Pictures of our previous finds had been shown to the scientists at the Museum of Natural History. They were interested, but committed years in advance to China. Based on information we provided to the paleontologists, we brought them to our campsite on the east bank of the Rio La Leona site. Certain members of the group were assigned locations to dig, while the rest fanned out throughout the 50 square miles of the boneyard, looking for new sites. Our efforts resulted in the discovery of a number of bones, which were marked by GPS and encased in caste for shipment to a museum.

We also devoted that 2004 trip to prospecting and packing the bones we found at Bonanza. One day, a 16-year-old son of one of the prospectors began exposing a tiny show of a bone specimen I had walked by many times on the flats surrounding the camp. His father began digging at the son’s bone site. By the third day, the bone appeared to be a seven-foot femur that measured 36 inches in circumference in places. The paleontologists around the evening fire speculated that the leg of this sauropod was 19 feet long. They believed it might be the largest femur ever found. Chris and I were speechless when we saw it. The paleontologists were over the top with excitement. They smelled bones in the area, and the camp was alive with speculation – theoretical conversations in which Darwin and FitzRoy might have engaged had they traveled a few miles farther. All this excitement transpired within visual range of a mighty single peak the Beagle captain had named Mt. FitzRoy when he first saw it in 1834.

Our speculation led the expedition to fan out all over the badlands. While diggers worked at the locations of Bonanza and at the large femur site, others wandered about all day, logging locations for a revisit. Provisions were low and there came a time to fold up the operation. The following year, 2005, Ken Lacovara arrived at the badlands alone, armed with GPS coordinates the group had collected the year before. On the first day of his renewed digging, he called Jorge Gamarci to ask for sponsorship and money to uncover a large articulated sauropod dinosaur.

**Scientific Reports** published on September 4, 2014, 10 years after introducing him to the boneyard, that author and paleontologist Ken Lacovara indicated he had found “Dreadnoughtus schrani, the most complete giant titanosaur yet discovered. Despite its estimated mass of about 59.3 metric tons, the bone history of the Dreadnoughton—type specimen reveals that this individual was still growing at the time of death.” The report went on to indicate that the location of the 2005 find was on the east bank of the Rio La Leona, Santa Cruz Province – just north of our 2004 camp.

The bones were there when Darwin arrived in Argentina in 1834, though probably not on the surface, but other bones would have been visible. The bones were there 170 years later, in 2004, when they were visible and marked by GPS as possible digs for future years. The fossils have been uncovered and placed in cases over the past decade for safe preservation and future study. Pursuant to Argentine law, they were returned to Argentina in December and will reside in the Father Jesús Moliná Regional Museum, in Rio Gallegos, near where they were found.

The search for fossil bones that pulls us amateurs goes on and on. I shall soon be back in the boneyard, knowing that, if not for Darwin, I would never have found it.
The Charleston Academy of Domestic Pursuits: A Handbook of Etiquette with Recipes
by Suzanne Pollak ’74 and Lee Manigault
Stewart, Tabori & Chang: New York, 216 pages, $24.95

Reviewed by Michael Matros

Just as you might visit Downton Abbey on a Sunday evening, consider setting aside some time in another citadel of culture, with a stopover in the Low Country of South Carolina and The Charleston Academy of Domestic Pursuits: A Handbook of Etiquette with Recipes.

Don’t buy the e-book version of this guide to the good life; you’ll want to experience the pleasures of the volume’s heavy and elegant paper, its inviting typography, and the simple and amusing illustrations by Tania Lee. You may want to hold and read through all the advice of the two self-styled “Deans of the Academy” before opening the book within the inevitable spatters of the kitchen, where you may later want to attempt its “dove with jalapeño and bacon” and “hash browns in duck fat & cream.”

Please do not let indulgent recipe titles such as these prevent your requesting the Academy Handbook for your birthday. Throughout their book, the deans maintain an extended pretense of cultural and gastronomic superiority, but their hearts extend to anyone wanting to extend her (their audience is fairly gender specific) comfort in creating good food, serving it in a congenial, civilized setting, and understanding how possible it is to host a brunch, cocktail, or dinner party for a few or a few dozen guests. Elegance, they emphasize, is best accomplished in a state of happiness.

Through its dozens of printings, the classic regional cookbook Charleston Receipts has introduced Low Country cuisine to thousands of kitchens over the years and remains a primary introduction to the region’s culinary heritage. The Academy Handbook does not attempt to replace it — no recipes require you to decapitate a live “cooter” in order to make turtle soup, as you’ll find in Charleston Receipts, and okra does not appear in the Academy index — but the authors do take pride in their region: “Here in the Low Country we know that the four seasons are actually deer, dove, duck, and turkey. At the Academy [yes, they give workshops] we will teach you how to roast a pig in your backyard, as well as how to preserve excess bounty from the garden.”

Roasting a pig, by the way, requires an all-night vigil and the instruction to “hydrate the pig with an apple-cider vinegar-based mop sauce every time you crack open a new beer.” Each recipe is introduced by a short, whimsical essay, but the instructions themselves are straightforward, with very few esoteric ingredients required (do they tell you where to find pomegranate molasses for your Cleopatra’s lamb salad) and a minimum of nonsense.

As the title tells us, this book is about how to behave as much as about preparing candied bacon or a proper champagne cocktail. The authors extend their advice beyond mealtime into proper behavior for hosts and guests. “Nobody really wants pets or children as houseguests,” they inform us, “although no host is actually going to tell you that.” They also happily recognize that the finer points of etiquette evolve in a modern era. But while the placement of dessert forks can now be a matter of opinion, the placement of elbows at the table is not.

The Academy Handbook never has to enter your kitchen for you to enjoy and learn from it, but you will eventually want to put it to use. Before you start working your way into its offerings, however, take note of the deans’ most important advice: “You only need to know how to cook one or two things — you just need to cook them better than anyone else does.”

Operation Paperclip: The Secret Intelligence Program that Brought Nazi Scientists to America
by Annie Jacobsen ’85
Back Bay Books, 624 pages, $18

Reviewed by Hannah MacBride

If we study history to learn from it, then Annie Jacobsen has given us a lot to learn. The author of the New York Times best-seller Area 51 now offers her readers the exceptional and painful story of Operation Paperclip: The Secret Intelligence Program that Brought Nazi Scientists to America.

The title, combined with a concise and damning prologue, summarize the story: How a large group of former Nazi scientists were courted by the United States in an effort to capitalize on the technical advances they had made in Germany. These scientists and their families were given jobs, housing, and, eventually, American citizenship. Some made great contributions to American science.

Through meticulously researched details, Jacobsen weaves information culled from once-classified documents, oral histories, exclusive interviews, and personal correspondence into a chilling tale of science gone mad. Each of the 21 “Paperclip” scientists on whom she focuses was an ardent Nazi implicated in — and some convicted of — heinous war crimes, including the use of concentration camp prisoners as test subjects and slaves. Seven doctors hired were involved in “mercy killings” or medical murder crimes.

How did this happen? Jacobsen does an excellent job bringing to life the fearful and harried post-WWII climate that made Operation Paperclip possible. These scientists may have been Nazis, but they weren’t communists. They may have committed awful crimes, but their research helped give the United States a technical edge in the arms and space races. Many of the scientists — and the government agents who worked with them — denied their affiliations with the Nazi party. Those who admitted their crimes believed that they were guiltless because “extreme times call for extreme measures.” The U.S. government, at least in the case of Operation Paperclip, seemed to agree with them.

Like any skilled writer, Jacobsen leaves her readers with more questions than answers: Is all fair in love and war? Is science — or the scientists who practice it — amoral? Do the ends justify the means? Prepare to open up Pandora’s box when you open this book.
Laughing Cult
by Kevin McCaffrey ’75
Four Winds Press, 79 pages, $13.95
Reviewed by Hannah MacBride

This collection of poetry alternately features dirges and odes. A world-weariness permeates Kevin McCaffrey’s poems, but the undercurrent – of rebirth, seeking, and moments of true joy – restores balance. Words soar in these philosophical works, which address fate and human agency, then touch down in Houston or New Hampshire in a scrap of conversation or an art show. McCaffrey weaves the high-minded with the mundane in a way that is distinctly human.

There is tension in many of the poems between the life lived and the life imagined. The struggle is present in the protests against bureaucracy, technology, and the systemization of life – at home, at work, and even in the universe itself – and in the angst of excision in the title poem: “Laughing Cult.” In this haunting piece, the speaker can hear his neighbors’ “general carnival of unbridled glee” through the walls of his apartment, but does not know how to share in their joy.

But joy does exist. We find it in “Mud Season” – the recollection of playing a game of football in the mud while stoned, replete with the elation of unencumbered play – and, more philosophically, in “Song,” in which fate itself is murdered and a human life set free. McCaffrey’s poetry, some of which echoes with the music of drums, saxophones, lutes, and oboes, hints at the sunlight behind the clouds (or the football lost in the mud).

Mostly, the reader is left with a desire to seek what McCaffrey calls “quasi-nonexistence through psychic fusion with an experience.” Through all the bland indifference, we can hope for those bright moments of true joy. “Hey,” is his final challenge to his readers, “seek purity in the drifts.”

On the Shelf . . .

My Brother Stevie: A Marine’s Untold Story: Vietnam 1967
Marianne Kelsey Orestis
Lieutenant Straughan Downing Kelsey Jr. ’61 was the author’s only brother. When he was killed in action on June 2, 1967, in Quang Tin Province, Vietnam, the family died with him. Orestis writes that she and her younger sister are all that remain of a once glorious family. Steve Kelsey was a gifted athlete, artist, and musician, with a bright intellect. He graduated from Princeton in 1965 and immediately fulfilled a lifelong dream of joining the Marine Corps. This book is his legacy.

The Essentials of Persuasive Public Speaking
Sims Wyeth ’69
In this portable, brief, and lucid guide to presenting, Wyeth counsels how to calm a thumping heart and reveals techniques on preparation, delivery, and visual aids as he provides vivid stories and rubber-meets-the-road advice. He does more than simply ease a public speaker’s dread, with historical accounts and incisive observations on the power and purpose of speaking well.

The Brandywine: An Intimate Portrait
W. Barksdale Maynard ’84
The Brandywine River winds from southeastern Pennsylvania into Delaware. Barksdale Maynard crafts a sweeping narrative about the men and women who shaped the region’s history and culture. They include the du Ponts, who made their fortunes from gunpowder, and artist Howard Pyle, a native of the region, whose Brandywine School of American illustration took inspiration from the pastoral environment. Most famously, the Brandywine Valley is where N.C. and Andrew Wyeth painted amid evocative landscapes for more than a century. Richly illustrated, The Brandywine vividly captures the spirit of a storied region that has inspired generations.

Living the Ancient Southwest
David Grant Noble ’57
How did Southwestern peoples make a living in the vast arid reaches of the Great Basin? When and why did violence erupt in the Mesa Verde region? Who were the Fremont people? How do some Hopis view Chaco Canyon? These are just a few of the topics addressed in this illustrated anthology. Readers will discover chapters written by anthropologists over the past several decades. They speak about the beauty and originality of Mimbres pottery, the rock paintings in Canyon de Chelly, the history of the Wupatki Navajos, and other subjects relating to the deep indigenous history and culture of the American Southwest.

Correction
The fall issue of Alumni Horae included an incorrect spelling of the fishing village in the subtitle of George Carlisle’s book. The correct title is: Whiskey, Sun & Fish: The Early Years of Fortescue, A Fishing Village on the Delaware Bay. We apologize for this error.
COMMUNITY

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
Festival of Lessons and Carols, Church of the Advent, December 17
Youth Alumni Event, Carrie Nation, March 10
Alumni Volunteer Luncheon, The Harvard Club (Downtown), March 26

CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE
Festival of Lessons and Carols, St. Paul’s School, December 14
Inside SPS Weekend, St. Paul’s School, January 30-31

HONG KONG
Asia Alumni/Hong Kong Parents Dinner, The Apex, March 5
Asia Council Meeting, Hong Kong Spinners Industrial Building, March 6

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
Inaugural L.A. Pelicans Reception at the home of Michael Stubbs ’83, February 22

NEW YORK CITY
Forms of ’93–’97 Pre-Anniversary Reception, Geary Gallery, January 20
Millville Dinner, The Millennium Broadway Hotel, January 21
SPS Board of Trustees Meeting, The Millennium Broadway Hotel, January 21-22
Young Alumni Reception, PS450, January 22
Alumni Volunteer Luncheon, The Harvard Club of New York City, February 3

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
SPS Alumni and Parents Reception, 425 Bryant St., January 28

SEOUL, SOUTH KOREA
Seoul Family Dinner, Seoul Grand Hyatt Hotel, March 4

TOKYO, JAPAN
SPS/Seikei Alumni Dinner, Tokyo Hilton, March 2
MARK YOUR CALENDAR FOR MORE SPS ALUMNI EVENTS

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
May 5: SPS Alumni and Parents Reception, Artists for Humanity EpiCenter
June 15: Boston Pelicans Outing: Boston Red Sox vs. Atlanta Braves, Fenway Park

CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE
May 29–31: Anniversary Weekend and Graduation, St. Paul’s School
May 29: SPS Sparks: Neighborhood Day of Service

NEW YORK CITY
April 8: Alumni Association Meeting/Award Reception, The Millennium Broadway Hotel
April 23: Pelican Network Broadway Show Event: “The Heidi Chronicles,” hosted by Sally Horchow ’88

For details or to register for these events, go to www.sps.edu/alumni. Be sure you receive invitations to upcoming alumni events by sending updated contact information to updates@sps.edu.
As Chuck Coggeshall ’64 entered his 50th reunion year, he knew he wanted to be part of his form’s fundraising efforts. In the final analysis, he discovered that by donating an unneeded whole life insurance policy to the School he could contribute significantly using an asset often overlooked.

“Thank you for introducing the idea of using the insurance policy this way. St Paul’s was a great place for me, and this allows me to do something more substantial for the School. It makes me feel very good to be able to give more this year. I am very pleased with the end result.”

If you have a life insurance policy with cash value, consider donating it to the School. Please contact Bob Barr, director of gift planning, at 603-229-4875, rbarr@sps.edu; or visit our website at www.sps.edu/plannedgiving.
The Formnotes below reflect information received through February 1, 2015. 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.

1943
Norman Walker
walkerns@verizon.net

Hugh MacRae sends this news: “I just celebrated my 90th birthday. It is certainly hard to believe, but time does fly by. I was given a surprise reception at the Bellamy Mansion, attended by about 112 family and friends in Wilmington, N.C., including my good Marine friends, Lt. Gen. Robert Milstead and Maj. Gen. Robert Dickerson, which was gratifying. I know that you have a lot of snow up there and I wish we could have a little bit of it down here, but it’s very rare. I plan to keep in touch.”

1946
Michael Coe submits his latest news: “The ninth edition of my book, The Maya, will be out in May. For this edition, I’ve got a co-author, Stephen Houston, my former student and a professor at Brown. I’m currently working with colleagues on a definitive edition of the fourth known Maya codex (folding-screen book). My travels this past year included the archaeological and cultural sites of Iran, and the unforgettable Bhutan.

Bhutan, the last remaining independent Buddhist kingdom in the Himalayas, really is a Shangri La. Long may it remain that way.”

1948
Henry Sprague
pm.club@yahoo.com

Clarence “Clacky” King reports: It looks as though St. Paul’s is more famous than we ever imagined. Porter Hopkins is “Turlock Chief” of the Turlock Society. An article about this made the front page of The Star Democrat, the local Easton, Maryland newspaper. Wasn’t it nice that Porter was instrumental in Mr. Cheney becoming a member of this society?”

1950
William Howells
hhh@ix.netcom.com
www.sps.edu/1950

us came down to celebrate his 80th birthday. Among those in attendance were Bill Emery, Peter Mather, David Sinkler and I. Phil looks terrific and his toast to his family and friends stirred us all.

Bob MacLean writes: “I retired in 1994 after serving as deputy commissioner and commissioner of the Texas Department of Health. Prior to that, various positions including director of the Houston Health Department. Homes are in Houston and, in summer, at our lake house in Canaan, N.H. Sergey Ourusoff has a family summer place on Lake Sunapee just 40 minutes from us, so we try to get together each year. Our family consists of four children and six grandchildren.

Former Vice President Dick Cheney and Porter Hopkins ’48 at the Turlock Society of the Grand National Waterfowl Association in Maryland.

1952 formmates (l. to r.) Peter Stearns, Bill Emery, Phil Price, and Peter Mather celebrate Phil’s surprise 80th birthday party at the Philadelphia Club.
None live close to Houston, so we get together each summer in Canaan. After the pressures of being commissioner, retirement has been great. We bought a small RV when I retired, since replaced with a slightly larger one. Audrey and I have visited most states between Arizona and Maine, stopping to visit family and friends along the way. I’ll bet none of you has had your picture taken next to Wyatt Earp in front of the O.K. Corral in Tombstone, Arizona!”

Debby and Asa Davis passed through New York City, where we had lunch at the Met Museum and had our photo taken on the roof, looking south over lower Manhattan.

Stanley Rinehart has been in touch. He writes that he and Carolyn have moved to Hanover, N.H., where they bought a condo and will enjoy the change from the Westchester life. They will keep her N.Y.C. apartment as a getaway from N.H. winters! Stanley keeps in touch with Jap Evarts and recently visited with Tim Cooley. He was also in touch with Bob MacLean, who has a house in Canaan, N.H., Peter Wells, who also lives in N.H., and John Crider, who is in Nashua.


Dimitri Sevastopoulo
dimitrisev@nyc.rr.com
www.sps.edu/1960

On November 6, 16 members of the Form of 1960, accompanied by 11 elegant wives, gathered for dinner in the Greek Red Hawthorne Room of the St. Botolph Club in Boston. Classmates traveled from as far west as Jackson Hole, as far south as Philadelphia, and from Portland, Maine. Surrounded by 19th- and 20th-century paintings, we enjoyed a candlelit dinner and excellent conversation. Win Rutherford, known for his rendition of “Ol’ Man River” as a student at SPS and at scores of musical evenings, abandoned this old chestnut for “C’est Moi,” a song from Camelot. Kristine Stott, wife of Barry Stott, belted out a parody of Andrew Lloyd Webber’s “Memory,” laced with humor and many a high note. Thanks to Bill Schwind, a longtime member of St. Botolph, for allowing us to spend such a pleasant evening together.

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

Charles Cochran shares: “I am mostly retired from singing, although I did participate in the Mabel Mercer Cabaret Convention at Lincoln Center and played a concert at Midday Jazz at St. Peter’s Church. I am well, living in West Palm, Fla. I travel a lot.”

This report from Dyer S. Wadsworth: “In an effort to step back in time, I have accepted an appointment as a director and the corporate secretary of the Yale Record Corporation, publisher of a humor magazine founded in 1872, and also in that group reverted to my youthful nom de guerre, Waddy.”

Yoshi Shimizu sends this news: “I will be in Japan until mid-March, teaching at Kyoto University of Technology, which, in some respects, may be comparable to Rhode Island School of Design. I am running a seminar and will be giving a couple of public lectures. In early March, I will be attending the Seikei School reception for Rector Mike Hirschfeld ’85 and his party from Millville visiting Japan.”

1957
Bill de Haven
bill.dehaven316@hotmail.com

Anthony Horan: “I bought back the right for my book and republished it as How to Avoid The Over-Diagnosis and Over-Treatment of Prostate Cancer. Print on demand @ dranthonyhoranmd.com and also find on Amazon. I also gave three podium talks and five posters at the November meeting of the Western Section of the American Urological Association, then four days in the volcano in Maui.”

1958
Philip Bradley
brad0260@umn.edu

This report from Allan Ayers: “Retirement is just giving what I used to get paid for — working with veteran programs and also giving tours of our great city — Chicago. Life is good!”

Jay Hatch submits Brian McCauley’s Christmas news from Thailand: “The present I am looking for this year is a whopping crop of flowers on our avocado trees. Last year we had the first crop and got 20 beautiful, sweet avocados. This year should bring 50, the third around 100 and after that up to 250 each spring. That is about as close as I can get to Christmas, but it is fun to see the trees as they mature and begin to produce.”

1961
Mike Seymour
mike@hol.edu

Right now, I’m peering out my office window at a bank of fog spreading over the golf course on Cat Island, minutes from downtown Beaufort, S.C., where Maggie and I moved two years ago. Sometime soon, Dee and Chris Jennings will be coming south to Florida and will stop along the way for a visit with us. Any of you Florida snow-
birds are most welcome to stay with us.

Jim Hatch spent Christmas with family in Marin, Calif. “My big event this year (aside from retiring from active work) was getting married, and I am enjoying my new life and wife Kathi. She has a home in Jupiter, Fla., where we will spend most of January and February.”

Ed Tiffany shares: “Our daughter, Kathrene, bore a son, Wyatt Knowles Bell, in October. We spend time with their two-year-old daughter, Alden, as they live down the street.

Peter Pell spent Christmas in Locust Valley, N.Y. His daughter, Allison, and two granddaughters live nearby. Son Peter and his wife, Tice, are expecting their second child. “Since Christine’s death I have once again taken up hockey and play with the lowest level men’s group at nearby Beaver Dam. Skating fairly okay thanks to cycling, however upper body and stick work equal to Isthmian eighth and ninth. A formmate who was an early houseguest at my new digs described the conditions as Spartan, bordering on monastic.”

Peter Britton says that “life on the farm continues to involve commercial composting, diverting organic, including meat from over 60 supermarkets, schools, colleges, and curbside. Another path has me constructing a mobile climbing wall modified for experiential education – includes a cargo net for climbing, two zipper and a jump for life. It is completed and tested and soon to be shipped in a 40-foot container to Rwanda. Who would have thought either path?”

Eric Herter writes: “I’m gear up for my first return to Vietnam in four years, partly to visit the in-laws, and partly to try to cobble together a film on what the “American War” was like from a Vietnamese perspective.”

Ned Toland shares: “Life in Southern California is good, but it’s hard to believe that we approached 90 degrees today – very unusual for December, and more like October temperatures. Harbingers come to mind, but let’s not go there. Being retired from teaching for 11 years has allowed me to devote a good deal of time to tennis (the BNP Paribas Tennis Tournament is held each March in Indian Wells). It’s a privilege to be a tennis club member there and witness the likes of Roger Federer and Novak Djokovic waging serious battle against one another. The Episcopal church beckoned me back about a year ago, and while many good changes seem to have occurred in the liturgy, the church in Palm Desert still employs its old fashioned Rite I service, reminding me after all these years of the hellfire and brimstone sermons we endured at SPS so long ago.”

Marshall Bartlett spent Christmas in New York City with his son, Stephen, his daughter-in-law, and two wonderful grandchildren. You may be interested to know that Tony de Bekessy has surfaced on the radar of the 50th Reunion Committee at Princeton.

Stu Douglas still loves skiing and traveling with his sweetheart, Martha. Tad de Borde-nave says: “Connie and I are enjoying retired life just off the Potomac. Her high reputation as an artist of the watermen of the Potomac. Her high reputation as an artist of the watermen around here has me known as the artist’s husband.”

David Niven writes: “I am currently between wives, have four really terrific grown-up kids, ages 23–33. I spend my time inventing fun, educational board games for middle-school-age and less fortunate inner-city children, which are donated to schools and youth organizations by foundations around the country. The most successful is ‘Souvenirs’ – a family trivia game with 3,000 printed questions/answers about the most famous historical/cultural manmade and natural sites in the U.S.”

John Shattuck was in Landgrove, Vt., for the holidays with his wife, children, and five grandchildren before returning to Budapest, where he’s running the Central European University and “contending with autocrats and oligarchs springing up everywhere east (and also in some places west) of Berlin in the post–Cold War world.”

Todd Rodger writes: “I’m enjoying lots of good walking and physical therapy after a tough year – broken pelvis in bike accident, back surgery to relieve pinched nerves, jaw surgery, and relatively trivial cataract surgery. It’s a challenging major adjustment to give up riding, hiking, kayaking – maybe temporary or maybe longer. This fall I got back into coaching crew between surgeries. Great Bay Rowing is one of many non-profit clubs that have sprung up to promote rowing. We had about eight adults and 40 high school kids learning to row and competing. When I helped Cambridge Boat Club plan and run the first Head of the Charles 50 years ago, no one imagined how popular fall racing in this format would become. I’m hoping to continue when we return to N.H., and maybe do some rowing myself.”

Bobby Clark writes: “I am very lucky because I still get to see the School a lot. I have a granddaughter at SPS (Third Former). She plays on the field hockey, ice hockey, and lacrosse teams. I go to most of the games. Nothing special but fun with family (11 grand-children). I am still working but less time and less pressure. I am in the office by 7 a.m. and out by noon. I still enjoy the camaraderie.”

1962

Seymour Preston
Seymour576@gmail.com

Suzanne and I sold our house in Katonah, N.Y., in December and moved to our place in Keene Valley, N.Y. Most of our belongings are stuffed into a 8’ x 8½’ x 20’ pod. I will continue working part-time in N.Y.C., with Goldin Associates, a couple of weeks a month in the city and home as matters require. A nice transition to Jim Barney’s state of retirement. I will be interested to see which state has the greater pull. During the fall of 2014, Wick Rowland served as a Fulbright specialist in Ethiopia, working with the U.S. Embassy and the Ethiopian government on broadcast policy matters. He advised government agencies on their plans for digital television conversion, consulted with broadcasters, and lectured at several universities on communications history and policy and the implications of social and other new media for developing nations. The winter 2014 edition of the Catlin Gabel School Caller (Portland, Ore.)
We then climbed the side of a mountain behind the Hobbs’s cabin. When a hauntingly dark storm cloud appeared above, we tucked into a cave that Peter Twining spotted, just in time to shelter ourselves from a torrential downpour. Eventually, we made it to our destination, a spectacular gorge. A delicious barbecue dinner awaited us that evening and Bob Lievens presented a preview of photographs that he has assembled from Pictorials from the 1960s and other sources, including a most impressive shot of Bob Hall leaping over a high hurdle. Looking forward to seeing these and other photographs at the Mt. Washington and at our 50th reunion dinner. Liz and Dick Livingston joined the group on Friday evening, adding (as they always do) to the joviality of the occasion. Rick Billings arrived on Saturday, exhibiting his characteristic fortitude on the climb up the mountain and reporting that as of mid-October, 68 of us, including spouses, have booked rooms at the Mt. Washington. By the time this is published, we expect there will be a number of additions. Overall, the weekend encompassed all of my aging injuries, which pretty much put all of us in the mood for our 50th reunion in May. Looking forward to seeing each of you!

1966

Richard Woodville rwoodville@verizon.net

Ray Hornblower and I met for a cup of coffee in N.Y.C. on New Year’s Eve day. We ruminated about the past and current events and wished each other a happy New Year. Ray is working with a scientist at Johns Hopkins University, whose technology has been effective in eliminating certain cancers. Ray is balancing his efforts to get funding for this technology with devoting an hour a day to his concert singing career. Interested SPS alumni should e-mail him at ray@hornblower1881.com.

1967

Thomas Beale beale.tom@loreda.org

John Landes writes: “Still in Sag Harbor, N.Y., with Bay Burger restaurant and Joe & Liza’s Ice Cream, new granddaughter Tucker Hood and his wife, Cathleen, came to visit us in Nevis in early January. I was able to get Tucker’s help harvesting limes and sour oranges and a number of other tasks. As of this writing, Tucker was seen in the kitchen creating what will be a superb sour orange marmalade.”

1968

Tom Shortall shortall.nevis@gmail.com

I’ve had the opportunity to see or speak to a number of formmates. On a recent trip to California, my wife, Alice, and I dropped in on Craig McNamara ’69 at his walnut farm in Winters, Calif. Craig was a terrific host and sends his best to the form. I have recently reached out to Randy Johnson. He and his wife, Letty, are living in Andes, N.Y. Randy also sends his best to everyone. In early December, I had lunch with Barclay McFadden in N.Y.C., followed by a dinner with Dick Furlaud, Jim Colby, Jim Robison and Tim Megear. Tucker Hood and his wife, Cathleen, came to visit us in Nevis in early January. I was able to get Tucker’s help harvesting limes and sour oranges and a number of other tasks. As of this writing, Tucker was seen in the kitchen creating what will be a superb sour orange marmalade.

1970

Tres Davidson swdiii@gmail.com

www.sps.edu/1970

Tiff Wood reports from Portland, Ore.: “Healthy, but suffering from my share of overuse injuries, which pretty much encompasses all of my aging ailments. Susan and I recently returned from our third trip to Italy in the last four years, this time visiting Tuscan hill towns and spending three days in Rome, where I rowed on the Tiber with a friend who is on...
sabbatical. For the rowing enthusiast, on May 30–31 we have the 15th running of the Corvallis to Portland Row, a 115-mile rowing stage race; and June 26–28, the Northwest Regional Rowing Championships. Come visit and I’ll find a seat for you!”

From Curtis Karnow: “I finally bought the Martin guitar I’d wanted since Corner House in 1969. Got Amazon to publish my collection of very, very short stories, Just A Bite, and was just appointed to a State Supreme Court committee on judicial ethics (no ironic comments please). Still having play dates with David Baldwin.”

Hornor Davis shares: “I like semi-retirement but seem to work harder than ever. Mostly in Aiken, S.C., with lots of SPS history. Of six houses on my street, four have SPS connections. I live in the former Seymour Knox house, just down street from Mrs. Ohrstrom. In summer still in Watch Hill, R.I., off and on in West Virginia. Delighted to see anyone passing this way. I missed reunions this year while nearby at Proctor for my niece’s graduation. I had lots of nice reports from her dad’s Form of 1974 about my brother, Caldwell Davis ’74, who died in 2013. His youngest daughter joined her middle sister at Se-wanee, from which their oldest sister graduated Phi Beta Kappa in June. Really appreciated all the support and news. My wife and I had an amazing visit this fall with my SPS roomie, Reed Peters. Shockingly, our first get-together in a decade! Both he and my wife grew up in Pittsburgh. He will never toot his horn, but he has been a proprietor of Cave Creek Ranch in Portal, Ariz., for more than a decade. Google it! It has some of the greatest biodiversity in the U.S. or North America. Sadly, it was severely struck by the floods you heard about last year. He is essentially mayor of the community and it’s all thriving. Best birding in the U.S. Check it out.”

December news from Peter Seymour: “I am doing well, as are my two teenage boys. I spent Christmas up in the Portland, Maine, area as several family members live there. I had the great pleasure of stopping in on Wendy and Chris Denison on the way back, and Chris prepared me the finest lobster roll I have ever had. As if that weren’t enough, Wendy made sure I took home an order of homemade duck soup. It was great to catch up. I fear that the Denisons may have to change their address as I will be stop-ping there on my way through the great state of Maine.”

Here’s what Byam Stevens is up to: “Going into my 19th season as artistic director of the Chester Theatre Company. Just got back from teaching a workshop at University of North Carolina School of the Arts. Am writing, directing, and producing American Ballet Theatre’s 75th Anniversary Gala at the Metropolitan Opera House in May.”

Bill Wood writes: “I’m still at GlaxoSmithKline (31 years and counting), heading up computer authentication services, although re-orgs later this month could possibly change that situation. My big news is that our daughter, Mia, is expecting twins in May — a boy and a girl! She married Jeb Broomell, a sweetheart from high school, in June 2013. Terry Gruber was at the wedding and his company did the photography.”

From New York City, Jon De-land writes that he is still an “orthopaedic surgeon, specializing in ankles and feet. Two children (both married). We are all in N.Y.C., and my greatest treasures are Emme, my wife, and family. But I am lucky to love my work too. All the best to classmates!” Jon continues his practice at the Hospital for Special Surgery.

Ernesto Cruz (The Artist Formerly Known As Ernie) writes: “Best wishes to all the classmates. I continue at Credit Suisse as an IPO and equity capital markets expert. I did some business with Jamie Urry over at CVC. Good times also with Eric Ruttenberg ’74, whose children are attending or did attend SPS. My own children chose to stay in New York and one chose Hotchkiss. I remarried this year to a wonderful girl from Washington State, Carrie. I recently had a nice conversa-tion with Charlie Bronson, who is pushing the entrepreneuriel envelope in Asia. His report is “splitting my time between N.Y.C., Miami, Nicaragua, and Colorado. Everyone welcome.”

Dierk Groeneman reports: “My spouse, Sanae, and I just returned from a long weekend in New Mexico to celebrate our 20th wedding anniversary. While in Taos, we had dinner with Sandy Schwartz and his wife, Suzie. We also toured their magnificent home, which looks straight out of The Hobbit, and
the custom RV that must be seen to be believed, and could have been in Mad Max if it had the scorch marks. Thank you, Sandy and Suzie, for a great visit. We hope to see you again soon.”

Sandy Schwartz added: “We are in the slow process of mobilizing our lifestyle, so we openly invite awesome U.S./Canadian travel destination suggestions that do not include the notion of work! But it really doesn’t look like it came out of Mad Max.”

The San Francisco Bay Area Form of 1972 Club social secretary reports: “Susan and Prescott Stone will be celebrating the 61st birthday of Mark Wainwright together on January 16. We had our annual Christmas luncheon with Halsted Wheeler.”

And our former Bay Area musicologist formmate, who has become Buckeye musicologist extraordinaire, Graeme Boone writes: “Yeah, a storm is threatening . . . my very life today. Hearing the poignant sounds of this old recording inundate the auditorium, I feel the growing chasm of years dissipate as 300 students absorb, recall, and meditate on this music in view of writing a set of answers on their rock ‘n’ roll final exam. While it is strange and, in some ways, profoundly sad to see the overwhelming lightstorm of our past experiences flatten into the glib patterns of future history, I have to believe that some flicker remains of what we ourselves felt back then at the end of 1969, listening to this brand–new music on the frontiers of our own young lives. The students today seem especially excited about that very thing.” Graeme continues to be a distinguished professor of music and director of the Center for Medieval and Renaissance Studies at The Ohio State University.

John Christensen reports: “My wife, Andrea, set choreography at a festival in Angers (France) in July. I met her there and helped some with the production. We toured, by car, the Loire Valley and Massif Central and stayed with friends in Villefranche-sur-Mer, east of Nice. Then we walked Paris, fortunately missing a heat wave, riots, and the end of the Tour de France. The Côte d’Azur was lovely. France is of course crowded with tourists in July. The food is delicious and everyone seems to drink wine, aperitifs, and digestifs constantly without apparent consequence. France is genuinely charming in places and – like many tourist destinations – more and more resembles a theme park. Our best meal was perhaps at a tiny regional restaurant in Le Puy en Volay, where the ancient cathedral and fortress were built atop volcanic spikes.”

Jim Moorhead shares: “I have enjoyed reading The Boys in the Boat, the story of the U.S. eight in the 1936 Olympics. The book highlights the sport’s physical demands, heightens my admiration for my Shat-tuck and Halcyon friends, and makes me happy I played baseball! I recently joined Burson-Marsteller, the global public relations firm, as a managing director in its Washington, D.C., public affairs and crisis group.”

Finally, as a public service, our form’s official photographic archivist, Halsted Wheeler, sent in a photo of the oft mistaken Jamie Byrne. After so many of you mistook JT Howell for Jamie in a recent photo recognition contest, we thought it necessary to jog your memories. Hey, it was the sixties.”

1974

Chris Rulon-Miller chrisrulon@mac.com

David Clark writes: “The news of Bill Oates passing saddened all of us. Despite people using the worn–out cliché of, “Well, he lived a long life...” it still hurts to know he has gone to be with the Lord. His presence will be missed. He was a remarkable man, and as the Rector of SPS, was what I’d call a true servant leader. Bill was humble to a fault and probably the best listener I’ve ever known. How many times did he welcome all of us into the Rectory for Saturday night feeds and make his home feel like our own? One night during a one–on–one conversation, I shared the nickname we had given him (“Wild Bill” – after the cowboy) and he absolutely delighted in my confiding this to him. He was anything but wild, but loved being considered as such. His warm smile and constancy will always stay with every one of us his life deeply touched.”

1975

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

1977

Anne Burleigh annie.oh.burleigh@gmail.com

In November, I was privileged to attend the funeral service of our formmate, Gordon Stanton, in N.Y.C., along with 12 of our friends. Some of you may not realize I took over recently as our form director from Gordon. He told everyone it was due to a personal situation, not because he was sick. He would only reveal his challenge to his friends one at a time and only when necessary. He did not want his illness to define him or his relationships. I was honored to help him out and take over this responsibility. Ledlie Laughlin gave a very moving and witty remembrance. I have included just a slice of his words here, to remind us of our connection to SPS and our love for each other and for our School: “I’ve known Gordon since our days together at St. Paul’s School. For 40 years, Gordon has been my dearest friend. We spent a year before college traveling around the world. For him, obstacles were alluring challenges to be taken head on, because he was always up for adventure and mischief. And it was fun getting into trouble with Gordon because he always had your back. Always.”

On October 5, George Gurney, Dick Soule, and I all took part in the 75-mile Watershed Bike Ride to support environmental initiatives surrounding Buzzards Bay (Mass.). The ride started in Westport, Mass.,
1977 SPS sailing team on Biscayne Bay (l. to r.): Chris Smiles, Matt Moore, Warren Cramer.

where Dick has a house, and ended up in Quissett Harbor, where my family has had a house for years. It was an awesome day and fun to meet up with some SPS friends. Anyone want to join us next year?

Kira Higgs has wedding news: “It’s high time I shared official word about Terry’s and my wedding on Bastille Day. So delighted that Suzanne Crawford ’76 and her husband, Joe, could make the trip. Her reading helped launch the small ceremony here in Portland. We got additional lift from pelican sisters the world over, who did a virtual toast the morning of July 14. Another chapter begins.”

Michael Stubbs
michaeljstubbs.ne@gmail.com

Charles Jakosa writes: “I had lunch with Doc Marshall on December 31 in Barcelona. It was great to see him. I have parked my wife and one-year-old here while I go back and forth to Sierra Leone and places like Tajikistan. Doc was intent on teaching my son the nuances of the Ancient Greek Middle Voice, and I was confronted with the fact that I can barely remember how to conjugate a Latin verb in the present tense. I was, though, able to teach Doc how to say some rather salty things in Spanish if a cab driver tries to rip him off.”

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

Jonathan Reckford sends this news: “Hard to believe I’m approaching 10 years at Habitat for Humanity. But other than too many miles flown, I love the work and we’ve been very happy in Atlanta. I’ve recently been elected to the board of the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta and the Stanford Business School Management Board. Hoping to make our 35th reunion.”

1983
Michael Stubbs
michaeljstubbs.ne@gmail.com

1984
Jane Kalinski
jkalins@comcast.net

An update from Barksdale Maynard: “I have a new book that has been published, Brandywine. I have also written a book on the architecture of Princeton University that includes mention of the importance of the SPS Chapel in the history of American architecture. Also a biography of Woodrow Wilson that discusses his infamous SPS speech, where he blasted the American educational system. Find me on Amazon.”

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

On November 2, Samantha Britell Levine finished the TCS New York City Marathon.

1988
Sarah Jones
sarahbjones13@gmail.com

I’m writing this in January, while many people are tramping through snow, scraping ice, dealing with wintry mix, and generally enduring the coldest months of the year. Luckily, I am not one of them – that’s the beauty of living in California. I was very pleased to get an update from Christine Ball Fearey: “Where does the time go? My husband, Peter, and I just celebrated our 20th wedding anniversary. We have been living happily in Sudbury, Mass., for over 15 years with our two daughters and two dogs. Our eldest, Meg, just started SPS as a Fourth Former this fall. I continue to teach first grade and love going to work every day. Life is great!” Keep your formmates up to date by sending me your news any time. A very happy winter to all, whether you are snowed in or not.

1990
Megan Scott
mscott380@gmail.com
www.sps.edu/1990

Jeffrey Townsend shares some clinical research done by his team at Yale: “Just published in the journal Clinical Infectious Diseases, is getting press, and was first page in The New York Times. The interesting part is that at the end of my conversation with the reporter, Donald McNeil, I told him conversationally an anecdote about my time at St. Paul’s, about a lesson we learned there in my time at St. Paul’s, about a lesson we learned there in which a teacher was “arrested” by surprise during an X-block presentation. The arrest wasn’t real, but students then filled out surveys on what they perceived. Anyway, the anecdote turned out as the closing riff of the article (though he unfortunately left out the school name). Just thought this might be of interest.”

Claire Fiddian-Green writes: “I am planning to attend our 25th reunion. My husband, Troy, and I have been living in Indianapolis, Ind., for the past 11 years. Our children, Xavier (11) and Olivia (9), are doing well and keeping us busy. I have spent the past (close to) four years working in state government, most recently as special...”
assistant for education innovation to Indiana Governor Mike Pence. It has been an incredibly rewarding experience working in the public sector. I am excited to be returning to the nonprofit sector in February 2015 as president & CEO of the Richard M. Fairbanks Foundation, a private foundation awarding grants to nonprofits in Indiana. I look forward to catching up with everyone at our 25th reunion.”

An update by Emily Lloyd Shaw: “My husband and I live in the Berkshires in Great Barrington, Mass., where we’ve been for about 10 years with our two daughters (8 and 6). I have a private psychotherapy practice and my husband has his own theatrical booking, management, and consulting company. We spend as much time as we can playing outdoors. Maybe we could get a ski weekend together for New Englanders/Tri-State? Looking forward to our 25th reunion.”

Tom Douglas sends an update: “All is swell in Alaska. Lots of outdoor pursuits at work and with the family – skiing, rivers, trails, camping, working on the homestead. While in San Francisco in December, Hutch Huddleston and I got together for a raucous night of dinner and sampling California wines. Lots of reminiscing and, of course, excitement for the big 25.”

Charlotte Pharr Vishnyakov and her husband, Aleksey, welcomed their third child on July 18. Charlotte writes, “It won’t be long before Victoria will be scooting the streets of Williamsburg, Brooklyn, with her sister, Lilia (6), and her brother, Nikolai (4).” Charlotte has been a music therapist at the Children’s Hospital at Montefiore for the past 11 years, but will now be focusing her energy and love on her family and creative ventures closer to home.

This from Charlotte Martin Smith: “After two years, I’m finding my rhythm in Connecticut. Eleanor (5.5) just started kindergarten (gulp), Oliver (4) is as big as his sister, Martha (2.5) does her best to keep up with the big kids and Louisa (1) is fat and happy and smiley. I continue to write and design and create for my website/blog www.ciburbanity.com. Born when we left N.Y.C., Ciburbanity stands for city+suburb+sanity and it’s been the perfect outlet while I’m home with four young children. I’d love to hear from everyone, so stop by and leave me a comment!”

Andrew Cole’s band, The Bravo Hops, released an album this fall, Out of the Sunshine (on iTunes, CD Baby, Spotify and Rhapsody). It was recorded at the Loft Recording Studios in N.Y.

Charlotte Vishnyakov ‘93 and husband Aleksey, with Lilia (6), Nikolai (4), and new addition Victoria.

Thanks to the generosity of Dolly and Jack Geary “now an honorary SPS ‘95 class member, like it or not” Geary, a fantastic mini-reunion/awesome SPS gathering was held at the Geary Gallery on January 20. With Liesbeth and Rector Jack Geary ‘95 and Harry and Mae Lea-Simons ‘95 welcomed Ruthie Mae Lea-Simons on July 5.


Emma Bernbach Carter is “still loving life on the Mediterranean island of Mallorca, Spain. Still running the large property as a private villa rental. Anyone fancy a vacation? Otherwise have started a bilingual theatre company to entertain residents and tourists alike. Worried I won’t make anniversary as my eldest is playing the Artful Dodger in his school production of Oliver – obviously it’s in the genes!”

Sarah Thompson has excellent news on her recovery update – “six months out from bone marrow transplant, I am feeling fully recovered and just

The cover of Andrew Cole ‘93’s new album.

1993

Page Sargisson
pagesargisson@gmail.com

Charlotte Pharr Vishnyakov and husband Christopher Spill.

1994

Chris Gates
iamchrisgates@hotmail.com

1995

Nicholas Van Amburg
nvanamburg@gmail.com

www.sps.edu/1995

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Philip Warner ‘94, Ned Rauch ‘94, and Tim Wallack ‘94 at the Geary Gallery alumni event in NYC.

Dolly Geary ‘95 and Chris Simons ‘95 welcomed Ruthie Mae Lea-Simons on July 5.


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Page Sargisson
pagesargisson@gmail.com

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Charlotte Vishnyakov ‘93 and husband Aleksey, with Lilia (6), Nikolai (4), and new addition Victoria.

1994

Chris Gates
iamchrisgates@hotmail.com

1995

Nicholas Van Amburg
nvanamburg@gmail.com

www.sps.edu/1995

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going through the rest of the motions to keep the doctors happy. I want to thank you all for the generous support during this latest of trials. Let’s hope this is the last I’ll see of hospitals and I can move on with my life!”

And Joe Zorumski has this to say: "We had boy No. 3 in early November. Baby Hayes is doing great. His brothers, Graham and Reed, are handling the transition pretty well. Looking forward to seeing everyone at our 20th.”

More good news from Erika Lea and “Coach” Chris Simons: “Chris and I welcomed a baby girl, Ruthie Mae Lea–Simons, on July 5. Andy Bay and Will McCulloch were at our place for a holiday BBQ when I went into labor – an early and happy surprise. Ruthie is perfect and joins big siblings Creston and Ivy, who are almost five years old. We are looking forward to seeing everyone in May!”

And Graham Day reports from the West Coast: “Lisa and I are just beginning to enjoy the rewards of potty and sleep training the second time around. Harper, Marion, and Luella are displaying mastery of all preschool subjects but show blatant disregard for their domestic responsibilities. We were very happy to receive a visit from Sarah Casey. It was great to see her. She’s expecting a baby girl very soon. We always enjoy hanging out with Lillian, Avery, and Andrew Bleiman ’98 when we have a chance. Otherwise, we miss being in a city populated with the Form of ’95. There really isn’t a substitute or antidote out there.”

It is with both joy and a certain melancholy I pen this (nearly) last official dispatch as form director. I cannot wait to see you all at our big 20th this May and look forward to many more adventures together thereafter. See you all soon in Millville!


Formmates from ’97 catching up on a trip to N.H. included (l. to r.): Catherine Ruedig Hunter, Molly Perencevich Smith, and Christina and Jamie Funk.

1997
Amy Singer
ameliasinger1@gmail.com
James Funk shares: “I had the chance to catch up with Molly Perencevich and Catherine Hunter during an October trip back home and also to explore SPS during the fall foliage. It is still as stunning as ever. Back on the West Coast, the ranks of the Form of 1997 double with the arrival of Betsy Madden in San Francisco. We had the chance to reconnect at an SPS holiday party hosted by Ben Bleiman ’99.”

Chris Cheang writes: “I got married in June in Grand Cayman to Olivia Tong. Patti Lin Gordon ’96 attended and Emily Chang Brands ’96, who introduced me to my wife, were the officiants. Emily and Olivia went to the University of Chicago together.”

1999
Ben Bleiman
benny.bleiman@gmail.com

2000
Kathryn Duryea
kathryn.duryea@gmail.com
www.sps.edu/2000

In December, Christie Taylor received her Ph.D. in biochemistry from the University of Miami.

2002
Tobias McDougal
tymcdougal@gmail.com

Lucy Chapin and Andrew Schroth welcomed Sadie Deacon Schroth on December 12, 2014. They live in the Mad River Valley of Vermont, where Lucy

At a Super Bowl after-party on February 1, SPS alumni (l. to r.): Austen Earl ’97, David Walton ’97, and Nick Pell ’95 caught up with New England Patriots Super Bowl hero Malcolm Butler (second from left).
works as a midwife and Andrew works as a research professor in the Geology Department at the University of Vermont. Anyone passing through or headed to ski is welcome to stay with us. **Livia Carega** sends greetings from the West Village in N.Y.C., where she currently works in business development at Apollo Global Management and sees many Paulies on a regular basis.

**2005**

Elizabeth Mills elizabethalabamamills@gmail.com

www.sps.edu/2005

Reunion planning is well under way and I’m looking forward to celebrating our 10th reunion with everyone in May. Hope y'all have been enjoying our #TBT photos on the Form of 2005 Facebook page this fall and winter.

**2006**

Clayton Sachs clayton.sachs@gmail.com

Eli Mitchell writes: “Last June, I met up with **Heather Coburn Cooper ’90** in her hometown of Johannesburg, South Africa, while I was traveling through en route to Turkey from Mozambique. I had briefly conversed with Heather as a fellow SPS alumna in Africa when I was living in Rwanda in 2010. She and her husband were nice enough to treat me to a dinner out in the city – it’s wonderful to see just how far the SPS community extends.”

**2007**

Quincy Darbyshire j.quincy.darbyshire@gmail.com

Plenty of good news coming from the Form of 2007. **Peter Harrison** writes: “This season – and year – has been about making a new home in the Pacific Northwest and finding happiness on long runs and hikes. I find that the marathons (Seattle, Austin, San Francisco, Seattle again) keep me happy and thoroughly challenged and allow me to pursue something that we all seek with our SPS background – constant improvement. I often think about **Donny Dickson** during the long runs, focusing on good memories, and I hope you all have found a way to handle his passing in a healthy way.”

Says **Grant Gendron**, “In the past year, I graduated from Boston University School of Law, passed the Massachusetts and New Hampshire bar exams, joined both bars, began working at a firm called Sheehan Phinney Bass & Green, moved to Manchester, and became an assistant coach to the SPS debate team.”

And a wedding – **Peter Child** married Sarah Talbot on October 10, 2014, in Bolton, Vt. The wedding was a total blast and the couple now lives together with their two dogs (Gordie and Walter) in South Burlington, where Pete works in orthopaedic sales and Sarah is an orthopaedic surgery PA.

**Anne-Louise Meyer** sends news from Germany: “In early 2015, **Sophie Flemmer ’09** and **Jenny Deventer ’08** joined both bars, began working at a firm called Sheehan Phinney Bass & Green, moved to Manchester, and became an assistant coach to the SPS debate team.”

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**Anne-Louise Meyer** sends news from Germany: “In early 2015, **Sophie Flemmer ’09**, **Jenny Deventer ’08**, and I met up in Regensburg, Germany. As we all attended SPS as exchange students for one year, we were happy to meet up for this mini SPS reunion and remember our time at the School. We agreed that it has shaped our lives and that sometimes it all seems like a dream, because our SPS experience was so outstandingly different from our lives in Germany. Well, what are our lives like today? Sophie and I both attend medical school in Regensburg. While Sophie still has some years to go, I finished all my classes and am planning to graduate in 2016. Jenny is graduating from University of Kiel this year with a diploma in psychology. If you feel like being in touch, please e-mail. And if you happen to be in Germany, we’d love to meet up. Wintery greetings from Regensburg.”

**2009**

Victoria Hetz victoria.hetz@gmail.com

This coming April, **Joseph O’Donnell** will embark on a thru-hike along the Appalachian Trail, with the intent of fundraising at least $1 per mile to raise awareness for mental health and suicide prevention. Hopefully, the hike will be a bit easier knowing the Form of 2009 is behind him. **Jody Gowen** reports that he currently lives and works in N.Y.C., and was recently promoted to associate copywriter at Vayner Media, a
brand consulting company specializing in social media. **John O’Leary** is a graduate student in Chinese studies at University of Colorado. He graduated from Columbia University last year.

2010

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

2011

Meredith Bird
birdie4949@gmail.com

**James O’Leary** represented Yosemite National Park at a UNESCO Conference in Huangshan, China, in July, 2014. He gave a talk on the parks’ sister relationship. He is currently a student at the Georgetown School of Foreign Service.

**Christian Kader** has enjoyed a successful career at the University of California, Berkeley, both inside and outside of the classroom. Among his achievements on Cal’s crew program are two IRA silver medals (2012, 2013), a PAC 12 championship (2013), an IRA championship (2014), and first place at the 2013 C.R.A.S.H. B Indoor Rowing Championships in the open, U23, and collegiate divisions.

2013

Charles O’Neill
ceo269@nyu.edu

**Julia Davis-Porada** (Columbia) and **Alexandra Zen Ruffinen** ’14 (Barnard) are dancing together in a new work by former SPS visiting artist Diane Coburn Bruning. The piece premieres May 1 at Barnard/Columbia Dances at Miller Theater.

**SPS exchange students from Germany** (l. to r.): Anne-Louise Meyer ’07, Sophie Flemmer ’09, and Jenny Deventer ’08 recently met up in Regensburg.

The McLane and Hearne families hosted a New Year’s party at Mill Reef in Antigua on December 30. Attendees were (l. to r.) back: Bill Laverack ’75, Alex Hearne ’02, Chris Hearne ’05, Tom Hearne ’08, Pete Hearne ’04, Andy McLane honorary ’12; middle: Alex McLane ’06, Ellie (Ferguson) McLane ’06, Winslow Laverack ’14, Courtney Bogle ’08, Monte Hackett ’05, Monte Hackett ’50, Jamie Streator ’76; front: Matt McLane ’02, Rob Hearne ’01. Not pictured: Fred Stelle ’65, Lily Bogle ’14, Kelsey Bogle ’10.

Kate Aviza ’09, Roxanne Makoff ’08, and Tim Coogan ’09 at the Head of the Charles in Boston.

Several Boston-area pelicans from the Form of 2009 celebrated Kate Aviza’s birthday in style this past January, (l. to r.): Stephanie Ludy, Victoria Hetz, TJ Crutchfield, Erin Carroll, and Kate.

Alumni in N.Y.C. (l. to r.): Ben Karp ’08, Stephanie Quaye ’07, Jessica Yoon ’09, Rebeka Avendano ’08, and Forrest Van Dyke ’07.

Celebrating the September wedding of Philippe Morissette ’06 to Julie Desrosiers are (l. to r.): Quincy Darbyshire ’07, Charles Alexandre Vennat ’07, Philippe (groom), and Andrew Baerg-Dostie’06.

Julia Davis-Porada ’13, Alexandra Zen Ruffinen ’14, and dance teacher Diane Coburn Bruning.

Peter Child ’07 and Sarah Talbot were married on October 10, 2014, in Bolton, Vt.
Alumni dates of death are not always reported chronologically. Therefore, alumni dates of death are reported as we receive notice of them.

2015. Please note that deaths are re-

The section was updated February 10, 2015.


1944—Peter Stokes Godfrey June 12, 2014

1946—Charles Purcell Cecil Jr. June 16, 2014

1944—William Lloyd Standish IV January 1, 2015

1949—David Walker Plumer August 30, 2014


1958—Charles Dunn McKee Sr. December 8, 2014

1962—Clinton Sheppard Hirst November 13, 2014

1968—Michael Morgan February 6, 2015


1977—Gordon Rentschler Stanton October 29, 2014

1984—Peter Joseph Ambrose October 16, 2014

1984—Bridget Marley (Mahoney) Jenkins December 30, 2014

Former Faculty

Reverend John Dyson Cannon November 5, 2014

William Armstrong Oates January 10, 2015

Peter Stokes Godfrey January 8, 2015

1940


Born on August 7, 1921, in New York City, he was the second son of Johnston Livingston Redmond and Katharine Sergeant Haven, and also had two sisters. Mr. Redmond prepared for SPS at the Buckley School and entered the School as a Second Former in 1945. He played SPS hockey and squash and served as captain of the baseball team. He also competed in football and track for Isthmian. Mr. Redmond served on the Yearbook Committee and the Squash Committee and was a dorm supervisor. He was a member of the Forestry Club and the Athletic Association.

In 1944, Mr. Redmond left Harvard after two years to join the Air Force as a B–17 Pilot in World War II. He flew 50 combat missions and served until the end of the war in Europe as a pilot for Major General Nathan Twining. Mr. Redmond was awarded a Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Medal with Four Oak Leaf Clusters and was discharged as a captain in 1946. That same year, he married Elizabeth “Liberty” Aldrich. Following his tour of duty and a brief venture in magazine publishing, Mr. Redmond completed the Westinghouse Electric Corp training program and became budget administrator to the Atomic Power Division in Pittsburgh, Pa., which was building the reactor for the first nuclear–powered submarine, the USS Nautilus. He later worked at Goodwin & Olds Investment Bankers in Washington, D.C., and served as general partner upon its merge with Mackall & Coe in 1956. In 1958, he managed a Washington Office for de Vegh & Company.

Mr. Redmond founded J.W. Redmond & Company in 1960, where he served as partner and investment banker, and by 1987 was managing $150 million in roughly 30 accounts, mostly held by individuals, as reported by the Washington Post. In 1990 the business was acquired by Fiduciary Trust Co. International of New York, where he continued to work as a consultant and senior portfolio manager until 2004.

During his five years in Pittsburgh, Mr. Redmond played semiprofessional ice hockey and found his passion for golf, which he played into his nineties. He served as president of the Blood Research Foundation, as a trustee at the Brookings Institute, the American Red Cross, and Columbia Hospital, and was a member of the Metropolitan Club, the Chevy Chase Club, the Burning Tree Club, the United States Seniors’ Golf Association, the River Club of NYC, and the Tarratine Club of Islesboro, Maine.

Mr. Redmond is survived by his wife, Liberty; his sons, Roland ’68, Winthrop ’69, and John ’71; six grandchildren; and two great–grandchildren. He was pre–deceased in 1981 by his brother, Thomas Redmond ’39.

1941

Francis Innes Gowen “Fig” Coleman died as he wished, in his own bed and in his sleep, on December 8, 2014, in Scarborough, Maine. He was 92.

The son of George and Marianna (Gowen) Coleman, Mr. Coleman was born in Bryn Mawr, Pa., on November 22, 1922. The Coleman family set down American roots in the 18th Century in Elizabeth Township of Lancaster County, Pa., and still retains an ancestral Elizabeth Farms property today. After attending Episcopal Academy in Merion, Mr. Coleman entered St. Paul’s as a First Former in the fall of 1935, where his older brother, Bertram ’38, was already enrolled.

Mr. Coleman entered St. Paul’s as a First Former in the fall of 1935, where his older brother, Bertram ’38, was already enrolled.
Mr. Coleman was elected captain of the Old Hundred football and hockey teams and played varsity football and hockey. As goalie for the 1941 SPS hockey team, he was a member of one of the few undefeated hockey teams in the School’s history. He also sang in the Choir for two years, before his voice changed, and was a member of the Concordian Society and the Missionary Society, served on the Student Council, and chaired the Yearbook Committee.

In the fall of 1941, Mr. Coleman enrolled as a freshman at Princeton University. In the aftermath of Pearl Harbor, he resigned his place at the school and, after Basic Training, joined the recently founded Office of Strategic Services (OSS), where he qualified for the Operational Groups, the forerunner of today’s Special Forces. He saw action in Italy and, in 1944, after extensive training as a parachutist in the Atlas Mountains of North Africa, parachuted into the south of France with an OSS team, joining the local French Resistance and harassing the retreating German Army in a series of attacks over a two-week period. Mr. Coleman was awarded the Silver Star for valor, though he would later tell people that he was decorated because his commanding officer left him behind after a raid and felt guilty about it.

At the end of the war, Mr. Coleman returned to the U.S. and completed his studies at Princeton on an accelerated timetable. He joined the CIA in 1947 (for the next two decades, his SPS alumni record would list the innocuous “foreign service officer” as his occupation) and his first posting was under the cover of vice consul in Marseilles, France, where he was tasked with building a network of intelligence sources extending along the southern coast of Italy and France.

Mr. Coleman joined a local rugby league, composed mainly of police officers, who became valuable sources of information. He also served in Norway, where he posed as a writer, dutifully receiving chapters of his “novel” on a monthly basis from Langley, which he would spread around his apartment to appease overly curious Soviet agents. His mission during this assignment was to cultivate Soviet nuclear scientists who wished to defect, probing the state of the Soviet atomic capability. His job was made more difficult because the French and the British, as well as the Americans, considered him a “joint” asset, and the Allies’ interests were not always in sync.

After Norway, during a stint back in Washington, D.C., he met Julia Montgometry Seymour, a widow, who had worked for the OSS in Italy during the war, and had taken a job in Washington to support her young sons. The couple married in October 1957 and moved to Italy when Mr. Coleman took a post in the Rome embassy as deputy chief and, later, chief of station. The family lived in Rome for six years, during which time Mr. Coleman’s first two biological children, a son and a daughter, were born. Another son was born on their return to the U.S. in 1963, while Mr. Coleman spent the year at the National War College and continued working at Langley for the next two years.

In 1966, Mr. Coleman was appointed chief of station to the Embassy in Madrid, where he and his family were to remain for the next four years. An ardent aficionado of bullfighting and a passionate wing shot, Mr. Coleman was able to indulge both interests in Spain.

The Coleman’s returned to the U.S. in the summer of 1970, when Mr. Coleman served as a liaison between the FBI and the CIA. He retired from the CIA in 1975. In retirement, he and Julia split their time between Washington, D.C., and a summer home in Northeast Harbor, Maine. They spent a great deal of time traveling, shooting and fishing. For more than 30 years, Mr. Coleman ran a rancid for partridge shooting in Spain, which allowed him to spend time there every year, introducing other Americans to the sport. In 2007, just as they were preparing to move to Piper Shores in Scarborough, Maine, Julia died suddenly and Mr. Coleman moved into their new home alone. He embraced his new community, and led an active social life with friends and family. As his health declined, he endured it with characteristic grace, courtesy, and unfailing humor.

Mr. Coleman loved SPS, giving generously to the Alumni Fund. He was a member of the John Hargate Society and believed strongly in athletics and their role in the SPS education. He supported construction of the hockey center and the Athletic and Fitness Center and donated a hockey stick that belonged to Hobey Baker (1909) for display at the School. He served his class as form agent from 1946 to 1949 and 1981 to 1986 and form director from 1986 to 1991.

Mr. Coleman is survived by his stepsons, Peter ’71 and Christopher Seymour; his daughter, Anne Coleman; his sons, Craig ’82 and Bruce Coleman; and ten grandchildren. He will be buried alongside Julia in Northeast Harbor, Maine.

This obituary was prepared by Mr. Coleman’s stepson, Peter Seymour ’71.

1942
William E. Benjamin II

William E. Benjamin II, a charismatic, charming man, who was proud of restoring harmony to the small community of Manalapan, Fla., in his tenure as mayor, died at his home in Pretty Marsh, Maine, on September 21, 2014, surrounded by the same family members who had helped him celebrate his 90th birthday just a few days earlier.

Born on September 18, 1924, Mr. Benjamin was the son of Henry and Germaine de Baume Benjamin. He grew up in New York and attended the Buckley School before following his brothers, Henry ’39 and John ’39, to St. Paul’s School in the fall of 1937. He competed with Old Hundred and Shattuck.

After leaving St. Paul’s, he attended Columbia University and served in the Pacific as a Navy ensign in World War II. He later worked in publishing and as director of the American Sugar Company in Haiti. In the 1950s, he moved his family from Greenwich, Conn., to Palm Beach, Fla., where he worked in banking and property development. In 1957, he purchased Casa Alva, a 35-acre estate on the south end of Hypoluxo Island, which included a mansion owned by Consuelo Vanderbilt. The property, in the small Palm Beach County town Manalapan, was
initially operated as a private club before Mr. Benjamin eventually took up residence in the mansion.

Mr. Benjamin had already led a full life when he was elected mayor of Manalapan in 2002, at the age of 78. He served the people of the small Florida town for six years, smoothing tensions between two neighborhoods and earning a reputation for his leadership. His late-blooming political career did not stop Mr. Benjamin from enjoying boating and other favorite hobbies, including gardening, although he did miss his 60th St. Paul's reunion in 2002 because, as he wrote to the School, he was “making progress and beginning to restore a little civility, courtesy, and common sense” as mayor.

In an interview with the Palm Beach Daily News when he resigned as mayor in August 2008, Mr. Benjamin said of his time as Manalapan's leader, "I think that was my major accomplishment, bringing harmony back to the town."

In retirement, Mr. Benjamin remained active, splitting his time between Florida and Maine. He owned various boats named Lyon and volunteered with a number of organizations. He was president of the board of the Palm Beach Academy, president of the Palm Beach Community Foundation, and a member of the Council on Community Foundations and the Maine Community Foundation. He was a founding trustee of JFK Hospital in Atlantis, president of the Norton Art Museum, a board member of the Society of the Four Arts, and a member of several clubs, including the Pot & Kettle Club in Maine and the Silverbacks of Palm Beach. In addition, he was a member of many social clubs, including the Everglades Club and the La Coquille Club.

Mr. Benjamin will be remembered as a thoughtful gentleman, who always tried to do the right thing.

Survivors include his third wife, Maura; five children, William E. Benjamin III, Beatrice Benjamin, Alexandra Benjamin, Christopher Benjamin, and Anne Green; two stepchildren, Marjorie Moore and James Riordan; 13 grandchildren; and many friends. He was predeceased by a stepdaughter, Elizabeth Atterbury, and by his brothers, Henry Benjamin '39 and John Benjamin '39.

1942
William Barton Eddison Jr.

a naturalist, adventurer, and World War II veteran, died on December 13, 2014, at Broadmead Retirement Community in Cockeysville, Md., at the age of 90.

The son of W. Barton and Mary C. Eddison, Mr. Eddison was born on May 15, 1924, and spent his childhood in Ardsley-on-Hudson, N.Y., and Northeast Harbor, Maine, with his family, which included two sisters and two brothers.

He arrived at St. Paul's as a Second Former in the fall of 1937. Mr. Eddison sang in the Choir and the Glee Club and was a member of the Cadmean Literary Society, the Scientific Association, and the Missionary Society. “Sparky,” as his formmates knew him, rowed with Halcyon and played football and hockey for Isthmian. He earned Second Testimonials three times and was awarded a Dickey Prize.

Mr. Eddison's education at Harvard was interrupted by World War II. He served in Italy as an aerial gunner with the 15th Army Air Corps. He was shot down over Austria and spent a year as a prisoner of war, until he was liberated in 1945.

After the war, Mr. Eddison returned to the United States and to Harvard, where he graduated with an A.B. in 1948. He went on to earn advanced degrees from both Columbia University (M.A.) and the University of Pennsylvania (M.C.P.).

In 1967, Mr. Eddison married Maria Elizabeth “Marice” Wehmeijer of the Netherlands and the couple settled first in Baltimore, Md., and then in Lyme, Conn., later moving to Broadmead Retirement Community. Bill and Marice were married for 34 years before her death from cancer in 2001.

For many years, Mr. Eddison worked with the Bucks County Planning Commission and as chief planner for the City of Lancaster. Later, he joined the City Planning Commission of Philadelphia, where he worked until his retirement.

After retirement, he served as vice president and trustee of his local Land Conservation Trust and had a fondness for preserving natural areas.

Mr. Eddison was an avid birdwatcher, traveler, and competitive sailor. He supported St. Paul's through membership in the John Hargate Society and recalled his time at the School fondly.

Mr. Eddison is survived by his sisters, Mary Eddison Welch and Anne Eddison Brainerd; and 11 nieces and nephews, including Martha Eddison Sieniewicz '80. He was predeceased by his wife, Marice, and his brothers, John Corbin Eddison '38 and Lee Corbin Eddison '45.

1943
Robert Barr Deans Jr.

an energetic adventurer, who readily shared his experiences with his family and friends, died peacefully at Glen Cove Hospital in Glen Cove, N.Y., on August 13, 2014.

He was 89.

Born on April 9, 1925, in Buffalo, N.Y., to Robert B. “Sheriff” Deans and Lucy Bemis Pomeroy Deans, Bob Deans attended the Buckley School in New York and Aiken Preparatory School in South Carolina, before entering St. Paul's as a Third Former in the fall of 1939. St. Paul's had a substantial and enduring impact on his life and Mr. Deans returned the favor by serving the St. Paul's community as form agent from 1965 to 1975 and through his continued support.

At SPS, Mr. Deans was known as a competent athlete, who played squash and football, ran track, boxed for Delphian, and rowed for Halcyon. He was a member of the Missionary Society and the Acolyte Guild and served as editor of the Pictorial. He was particularly proud of his iconic photograph of the winter rinks, taken from the Chapel tower, which is still on exhibit in the Captains Room of the Matthews Hockey Center.
Mr. Deans enlisted in the US Navy V-12 officer training program at the University of Rochester shortly after his SPS graduation and served on the West Coast until the end of WWII. He earned his B.A. in economics from Yale in 1947 and later earned his M.B.A. from New York University.

In his early career, Mr. Deans worked for the New York Trust Company, the Fiduciary Counsel, Lehman Brothers, and Van Strum & Towne. In 1968, Mr. Deans founded Inverness Counsel with several close friends. He worked as chairman/CEO and then as chairman emeritus of the company.

Mr. Deans married Elisabeth “Elise” DeBoeck in 1952. While working for Chase National Bank and its affiliates, he and Elise lived in Vienna, Zurich, and Beirut. Together the couple raised five children, Mary, Rob, Gil, Nick, and Elisabeth.

Upon returning to the U.S., the family moved to “Turbillon” on Long Island, where Mr. Deans lived for the remainder of his life. In 1963, he co-founded the North Shore Wildlife Sanctuary in Mill Neck, N.Y. He served on the executive committee until his death. Mr. Deans was also a member of the Racquet and Tennis Club, the Creek, Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, Beaver Dam Winter Sports Club, the Boone and Crockett Club, the Travellers, and the Colony Club.

Mr. Deans was predeceased in 2001 by his wife, Elise. In 2008, he married Shirley Blakeley of Livingston, Mont.

An adventurer throughout his life, Mr. Deans enjoyed traveling, skiing, mountaineering, sailing, and fishing, among many other activities.

He is survived by his five children, Mary L.C. Flood, Robert Barr Deans III ’73, William Prickett Deans ’75, Nicholas Wyeth Deans ’76, and Elisabeth Suzanne DeBoeck Mooney ’78; his grandchildren, Caroline Deans, Robert Deans ’08, Katharine Mooney, and Jeremy Frazier; and a large extended family of friends and relatives. He was predeceased in 1977 by his younger sister, Lucy Pomeroy Deans Hanes.

1944
Milton Eugene Hatfield Jr.
a securities analyst and devoted husband and father, died peacefully with his wife by his side on June 12, 2014, in River Vale, N.J. He was 88.

The son of Mabel Larsen and Milton E. Hatfield, Mr. Hatfield prepared for SPS at Montclair Academy in New Jersey before entering the School as a Second Former in the fall of 1939.

Mr. Hatfield was a fine student, who earned testimonials consistently. He was awarded a Dickey Prize in Spanish and was honored as a distinguished SPS Scholar during his first year at the School. He was also a member of Cadmean Concordian Society and the SPS Choir. He graduated cum laude.

After serving with the U.S. Army during World War II, Mr. Hatfield graduated from Columbia University in 1950, with a B.S. in economics. He later served as a securities analyst for Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, specializing in oil securities.

Mr. Hatfield leaves his wife of 31 years, Doris (Rosenbach); his daughter, Nancy; his sons, Richard and Scott; his step-daughter, Jennifer Rosalia; and his grandchildren, Lindsay, Michael, Steven, Paul, Elizabeth, and Frank. He was predeceased by his son, Kenneth.

1945
Alexander Taylor Baldwin Jr.
was kind, witty, generous, and grateful, according to his wife, for the many lifelong friends he made during his time at St. Paul’s School.

Mr. Baldwin nurtured those friendships for decades, interacting with his former schoolmates as often as possible until he died in Stamford, Conn., on September 13, 2014, at the age of 87.

Known as “Sandy,” Mr. Baldwin was born on July 12, 1927, in New York City, the son of Alexander T. Baldwin of the Form of 1921 and Loise Bisbee. He grew up in Bedford, N.Y., where he attended the Rippowam School before entering St. Paul’s as a Second Former in the fall of 1940. At SPS, he competed in football and hockey for Delphian and rowed with Halcyon. He served as a dorm supervisor, sang in the Choir, and was a member of the Dance Committee and the Scientific Association. He earned First Testimonials three times and Second Testimonials twice.

Mr. Baldwin earned praise for his even temperament and knack for mentoring younger boys. He was the third generation to attend St. Paul’s, following his father and his grandfather, Joseph Clark Baldwin Jr. of the Form of 1889, to the School. A number of other relatives, including uncles and cousins, also attended SPS, so many that Mr. Baldwin once jokingly wrote “too many!” on an alumni survey asking for the names of family members who graduated from St. Paul’s.

After leaving St. Paul’s, Mr. Baldwin served in the Navy and attended Harvard University, graduating with the Class of 1950. He worked for many years in the business world, working as a stockbroker for Dominick & Dominick, serving as vice president of the New York investment firm Auerbach Pollak & Richardson, and eventually serving as executive vice president of the Stewart Capital Corporation.

Mr. Baldwin remembered his time at St. Paul’s fondly, and remained in close contact with many of his friends. He served as a regional representative for St. Paul’s for five years between 1975 and 1980.

“He carried those friendships along with him for his entire life,” said his widow, Joan Morgan Baldwin.

In addition to his wife, Joan, Mr. Baldwin is survived by his daughters, Brooke Baldwin DeGrazia and Nina Coles; their spouses; and three grandchildren. He was predeceased by his son, Alexander “Taylor” Baldwin III. Memorial donations may be made to Polar Bears International at polarbearsinternational.org.
1946
Charles Purcell Cecil Jr.
Air Force colonel, beloved husband, father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, died on June 16, 2014, at Bon Secours St. Francis Hospital in Greenville, S.C. He was 87.

Colonel Cecil was born on September 6, 1926, in Charleston, S.C., the son of Mary Cecil and U.S. Navy Rear Admiral Charles P. Cecil, who served proudly during WWI and WWII.

Colonel Cecil transferred to St. Paul’s School in 1942 from Fresnal School in Arizona, a 10,000-acre cattle ranch, where each student was responsible for his own horse and required to work one day a week learning all phases of ranch life. Fresnal was forced to close due to the hardships of World War II.

Colonel Cecil arrived at SPS as a Third Former in the fall of 1942, following his uncle, Francis Rue of the Form of 1914, and his cousin, Francis Rue Jr. of the Form of 1939 to the School. He arrived with the goal of attending the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md. Colonel Cecil achieved this goal through an accelerated graduation program that included intensive summer–school course work. He competed with Delphian and Shattuck.

Colonel Cecil’s parents – and, in particular, his father – engaged in dozens of correspondences with SPS officials to reinforce the importance of a “solid secondary education” and to encourage their son’s hard work and success, in anticipation that he would be drafted into service upon completion of the Naval Academy.

Although Colonel Cecil’s father survived the sinking of the USS Helena in 1943, of which he was in command, he was killed the following year, on July 31, 1944, along with 18 others, when his Navy transport plane crashed while traveling between assignments in the South Pacific.

Despite this family hardship and great personal loss to Colonel Cecil, he graduated from SPS as a Fifth Former in 1945 and entered the Naval Academy, graduating in 1947. The USS Charles P. Cecil was named in honor of Colonel Cecil’s father and commissioned on June 29, 1945, just two weeks after Colonel Cecil’s graduation from SPS. The younger Cecil went on to a successful career in the U.S. Air Force, before retiring from military service.

Colonel Cecil settled in Greenville, S.C., where he raised his family and pursued a second career in commercial banking, which became a lifelong passion.

He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth Cecil; their four children, Cynthia, Charlene, Pamela, and Chuck; eight grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

A graveside service was held on June 20, 2014, at the historic St. John in the Wilderness Episcopal Churchyard near his birthplace in Flat Rock, N.C., where there is also a memorial stone honoring Colonel Cecil’s father.

1946
George Ortiz

died at home in Geneva, Switzerland, on October 8, 2013, after a long illness. He was 86.

Mr. Ortiz was born in Paris on May 10, 1927, and grew up in a grand house on Avenue Foch. His Bolivian parents were collectors of silver, who imparted their love of art and craftsmanship to their children. His father, Jorge Ortiz Linares, was the Bolivian ambassador in Paris, while his mother, Graziella, was the daughter of “Tin King” Simon Patino, a Spanish–Indian peasant who converted a tiny stake in a tin mine into one of the world’s great 20th-century fortunes.

Mr. Ortiz attended Harvey School in Hawthorne, N.Y., before entering St. Paul’s School in 1941.

Small in stature but high in energy, he established himself as a genuine character at the School. Mr. Ortiz played football and hockey for Old Hundred and rowed with Halcyon. He was a member of Le Cercle Français and the Cadmean Literary Society. He went on to Harvard, where he studied philosophy and dabbled in Marxism. It was on a trip to Greece in 1949 that Mr. Ortiz said he found himself looking for “God, for the truth, and for the absolute.” He abandoned Marxism and discovered his life’s quest of collecting great works of art. Mr. Ortiz became known for recognizing picking the best pieces and amassed a fabulous collection, dominated by Greek antiquities.

“I hoped that by acquiring ancient Greek objects I would acquire the spirit behind them,” he once recalled.

With no formal arts education, Mr. Ortiz relied on his instinct and intuition. He often explained that the vision of certain objects struck him viscerally, and that “I let them speak to me, I let their content nourish me. I learnt by looking, by feeling, and then reading the labels and comparing.”

His passion and energy were renowned in the art world, and the range and quality of his objects were admired by many. Along with Hellenistic art, Mr. Ortiz’s collection included African and Oceanic art objects. He bought his pieces from leading dealers and auctioneers worldwide, but often faced debates and controversy about their source. He dismissed his critics, declaring his conscience clean. “I would not collect if I thought what I was doing was either immoral or amoral,” he said. “The more restrictive laws, the more people will hide the provenance. Some of these remains are the roots of humanity and therefore should belong to humanity.”

In 1964, Mr. Ortiz married Catherine Haus. The couple moved to Switzerland in 1968 and acquired an 18th-century chateau near Lake Geneva four years later. They spent the next two decades restoring the manor.
Mr. Ortiz’s collection was exhibited at the Hermitage in 1993, at the Royal Academy in London in 1994, and the Altes Museum in Berlin in 1996. With so many exquisite pieces from across so many civilizations, the public displays showed the enormous impact of his life’s work. In 2004, he wrote in an article, “I believe that it is very important that younger generations be encouraged to become involved in the past and not just look at it, if they do, from a remote (digital) distance which will inevitably lead to neglect and destruction. The young need to relate to their roots, they need role models to help answer Gauguin’s questions, ‘Who are we? Where have we come from? And where are we going?’”

Mr. Ortiz leaves his wife of 50 years, Catherine; his children, Georges, Oliver, Nicolas, and Graziella; and seven grandchildren.

1948
Peter Hoadley Sellers

a pioneering mathematician and DNA researcher at Rockefeller University, died at his home in Philadelphia on November 15, 2014, after a battle with cancer. He was 84.

Dr. Sellers was born on September 12, 1930, in Philadelphia to Therese T. and Lester H. Sellers. He hailed from a family replete with generations of accomplished scientists, engineers, and inventors. Dr. Sellers prepared for SPS at the Haverford School in Haverford, Pa., entering the School as a Third Former in the fall of 1944. Dr. Sellers enjoyed great success in the classroom and also participated in the Art Association, the Outing Club, the Yearbook, Le Cercle Français, and the Forestry Club. He served as treasurer of the French Club and was a dorm supervisor. He played club hockey with Old Hundred and enjoyed alpine skiing on the trails he and his friends constructed on Prospect Hill. He was a member of the 1948 SPS ski team. At graduation, he was awarded the Joseph Howland Coit Medal for the best solution of original exercises in plane geometry and the John Hargate Medal for attaining the highest rank in mathematics.

Dr. Sellers attended the University of Pennsylvania, earning a B.A. in mathematics in 1953 and a Ph.D. in mathematics in 1965. He and his wife, Lucy Bell, spent two years teaching in East Africa, while he worked on his doctoral dissertation, during which time the third of their four children was born in Nairobi. He served as head of the Mathematics Department at the Kangaru School in Embu, Kenya.

Dr. Sellers spent a postdoctoral year at the Johnson Foundation for Medical Research, after which he began a 48-year tenure as a senior research scientist at Rockefeller University. In the 1970s and 80s, Dr. Sellers developed techniques for recognizing patterns in DNA sequencing, and his work led to the development of BLAST, a widely used computerized DNA and protein database search program.

In a notice to the New York Times, Rockefeller University remembered Dr. Sellers as “a true Renaissance man, with a broad range of scientific and cultural interests and the rare ability to draw cogent connections across disciplines.”

An accomplished sailor, Dr. Sellers had a passion for the sea and built the Lucy Bell, a 38-foot wooden sloop named for his wife, which he launched on their 25th wedding anniversary. The two spent their summers in Mt. Desert Island, Maine, and sailed the vessel on Penobscot Bay for more than 30 years.

Dr. Sellers served as curator of the Merrill W. Chase Historic Scientific Instrument Collection at Rockefeller University and as a longtime trustee at the College of the Atlantic in Bar Harbor, Maine. He was also active with the Nicholas Newlin Foundation that works to preserve the Newlin Grist Mill and surrounding land in Glen Mills, Pa.

Dr. Sellers is survived by his wife, Lucy; his son, Mortimer; his daughters, Therese, Wanja, and Lucy Bell; and two sisters, Therese Parrish and Anne Henderson. He was predeceased in February 2014 by his brother, Nicholas Sellers ’49.

1948
William Lloyd Standish IV

a federal judge in Pennsylvania, one of the founders of the National Hockey League’s Pittsburgh Penguins, and a loving family man, who served his community actively and faithfully throughout his life, died on January 1, 2015, at his home in Sewickley, Pa. He was 84.

Born on February 16, 1930, he was the first son of Eleanor McCargo and William L. Standish. Judge Standish grew up in Pittsburgh with his younger brother, Peter ’50. Together the boys enjoyed bird hunting, especially pheasants. The family had strong roots in Sewickley and both boys attended the Sewickley Academy before Judge Standish enrolled at St. Paul’s as a Second Former in the Fall of 1943.

At SPS, he competed in boxing, football, hockey, and track, captaining the Delphian football team in 1947 and 1948. He won the Hart Boxing Belt and served as team captain. Although he was offered a chance to compete in Golden Gloves bouts, his mother did not want him to get hurt. He was a member of the Missionary Society, the Acolyte Guild, and the Dramatic Club, served as a supervisor in Simpson, and was a Sixth Form councilor.

Judge Standish earned his B.A. in philosophy from Yale in 1953 and his LL.B. from the University of Virginia School of Law in 1956. He was hired by Reed Smith Shaw and McClay, working his way up from law clerk in 1956 to general partner in 1964. He was nominated in 1979 to fill a vacancy on the
began in Allegheny County Common Pleas Court. He was then elected to the Court of Common Pleas in 1980 as a Republican endorsed by local unions. In 1987, President Ronald Reagan appointed him to the federal bench. He became a senior judge in 2002 and retired in 2012, though he would have continued on forever had that been possible.

Over his 60+ year career, Judge Standish was known for his fairness and compassion, especially during his 32 years as a judge. Retired U.S. magistrate Francis Caiazza said of him, “He had a balanced temperament and he respected everyone. He was a very humble guy. You don’t find that too often in judges.”

Judge Standish married Marguerite “Peggy” Oliver in 1963 and the couple raised four children, Baird, N. Graham, James, and Constance. Having a judge for a father might have been intimidating, but the Standish family encouraged open and friendly debate at the dinner table. Favorite topics included hockey, the Pittsburgh Steelers, and theology. He instilled in his children a love of learning, stressing the deductive reasoning of Sherlock Holmes and the subtle reasoning of C.S. Lewis. The family vacationed together at Ahmic Lake in Ontario for many summers, boating and fishing in the day and playing Trivial Pursuit in the evenings. Eager to demonstrate his prowess, Judge Standish would frequently call out answers for the other team.

He was proud of his involvement with many civic and community organizations, including the Sewickley Valley YMCA, Association of Yale Alumni, Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf, Sewickley Cemetery, Laughlin Children’s Center, and the Leukemia and Lymphoma Society of America. He served as elder and clerk of session of the Sewickley Presbyterian Church for many years and on the board of trustees of the Pittsburgh Seminary.

The black ice of St. Paul’s awakened in Judge Standish a love of hockey, which continued throughout his life. With his brother, Peter M. Standish ’50, he was among the original investors who, in 1967, helped the Pittsburgh Penguins become one of the initial six National Hockey League expansion teams. He loved to take his family and friends to see the Penguins play and enjoyed getting to know the players over the years. Although he wasn’t a big hockey player himself, he was an avid tennis player and boater. He remained a loyal supporter of St. Paul’s and was a member of the John Hargate Society.

Judge Standish is survived by his wife of 52 years, Peggy; his children, Baird M. Standish, N. Graham Standish, James H. Standish, and Constance S. Standish; his sister-in-law, Mary-Gaines Standish; his brother-in-law, Mary-Gaines Standish; and his grandchildren, Will, Audrey, Wren, Linden, North, Shea, Ervin, Daisy, and Lydia. He was predeceased in 2007 by his brother, Peter M. Standish ’50.

1949
George Crouse Houser Jr.

As a child, Mr. Houser spent summers at his family homestead “Brotherhood Farms” in Easton. After marrying Earline Merrill in 1962, he became permanently associated with and later co-owner of the farm. Brotherhood Farms has long been the supplier of milk to make cheese at the nearby Cabot Creamery.

Mr. Houser devoted much of his life to land use planning and conservation of agricultural land and was instrumental in the formation of the Easton Agricultural Stewardship Association. In 2004, he was presented with the first Farm Legacy Award by the Agricultural Stewardship Association and American Farmland Trust. Mr. Houser was also an original member of the Easton Planning Board, on which he served for 20 years, 10 as chairman.

Mr. Houser was a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, Society of Mayflower Descendants, and Ashlar Lodge of Greenwich, N.Y.

He leaves his wife of 52 years, Earline; his son and daughter-in-law, George and Ruth Loree Houser, and their daughters, Victoria and Julia; his daughter, Charlene, and her sons, Addison and Austin; and his devoted cat, Hannah.

1955
David Story Jenks Smith

The son of Mary Ruby Hillman and George Houser of the Form of 1916, Mr. Houser was born on May 25, 1931, in Cambridge, Mass. He grew up in Chestnut Hill, Mass., preparing for St. Paul’s at the Dexter School in Brookline, before entering the School as a Third Former in 1945. A member of the Dramatics Club, Mr. Houser developed a great interest in the theatre while at St. Paul’s and also found a love of organ music while at the School. After graduating cum laude from Harvard College in 1953, he returned to St. Paul’s as recording engineer for a short time.
At SPS, Mr. Smith was a member of the Acolyte Guild and the Missionary Society. He also sang with the Glee Club, served on the board of the Pelican, played football and baseball for Old Hundred, and was a dorm supervisor in the Lower School.

Following his graduation from SPS, Mr. Smith enlisted in the First Troop Philadelphia City Calvary, a division of the U.S. Army National Guard. In March of 1957, he began active duty with the U.S. Marine Corps.

After more than three years with the Marines, Mr. Smith attended the University of Pennsylvania, where he served as the undergraduate president of both the St. Elmo Club of Philadelphia and the Mask and Wig Club. He graduated from Penn in 1963. For many years afterwards, he continued to serve on both boards.

Mr. Smith soon embarked on his 51-year career in the brokerage business, working first with de Haven and Towns-end, Crouter and Bodine and devoting his final 30 years as a financial advisor and branch manager with Janney Montgomery Scott. For many years, he served as a member of the board of governors for the Investment Traders Association of Philadelphia.

Mr. Smith is survived by his beloved wife of 50 years, Mary I. “Siddy” Smith; his son, Brint, and his daughter-in-law, Staci; his granddaughter, Griffin, Mia, and Henry Smith and Zachary Scheck; and his sister, Lynn Sohm; his brother, Richard Mck. Ingersoll ’47, and his brothers-in-law, Thomas Claytor ’55 and Norris V. Claytor ’57.

1956
Lee Scott Dewey
an attorney, who lived in Arlington, Va., died on February 2, 2014. He was 76 years old.

Mr. Dewey was born on August 26, 1937, and grew up in Memphis, Tenn., the second child of Richard H. and LeClaire (Grant) Dewey.

He entered the School out of East High School in Memphis as a Fourth Former in the fall of 1953. At SPS, he served as president of the Spanish club, La Junta, and was a member of the Missionary Society. He was a lineman for the Isthmian and SPS football teams and also competed for the club in lacrosse and basketball. He rowed with Shattuck.

Mr. Dewey went on to earn both his B.A. (1960) and his J.D. (1965) from Vanderbilt University. He was married on October 17, 1971, to Patricia Joan Harkins. The marriage ended in divorce.

Mr. Dewey married his second wife, Judith, in 1981 and together the couple raised two sons, John Scott, born in 1982, and James “Patrick,” born in 1988. That marriage also ended in divorce.

After serving as a Captain in the Judge Advocate General’s Corp., in 1962 Mr. Dewey joined the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission as chief counsel for the Atomic Safety and Licensing Board. He provided 39 years of government service to that organization and continued working part-time as an administrative judge with the NRC after his retirement. He also served as a mediator for the electric utility industry in cases involving nuclear-related controversies.

Outside of work, Mr. Dewey was a volunteer for Christmas in April and for St. John’s Episcopal Church in Arlington, Va. He was a consistent supporter of St. Paul’s School.

Mr. Dewey is survived by his son, John, his daughter-in-law, Michelle, and his grandson, Brennan; his son, Patrick; his sister, Lynn Sohm; his brother, Richard Dewey; his lasting friends, Judy Dewey and Carol Smith; his niece and nephew-in-law, Jaci and Sean; and many other friends and family.

1958
Charles Dunn McKee Sr.
a respected money manager, avid sportsman, and great supporter of St. Paul’s School, died of cancer at his home in Spring Island, S.C., on December 8, 2014.

Mr. McKee was born on June 26, 1940, in Mount Kisco, N.Y., the youngest son of Elliot Bates McKee of the Form of 1922 and Katharine Pillsbury McKee. He grew up in New York and in Europe, where, from 1952 to 1954, he attended Le Rosey in Gstaad, Switzerland. He entered the Third Form in 1954, rooming with Brian McCauley. He was proud of his impeccable Chapel attendance and finding the library after four years. He was a member of the Missionary Society, the French Club, the varsity cross country and track teams, and served as a dorm supervisor in his Sixth Form year. Playing club hockey on the Lower School Pond black ice was one of many fond memories of his SPS years.

Mr. McKee entered Yale University, majoring in French. He would latter admit his major competed unsuccessfully with the Yale golf course for attention. While at Yale, he met Nina Carter Truslow, and the couple was married in Taftville, Conn., on June 9, 1962. Sharing her husband’s love of Millville, Nina eventually chaired the grandparents’ appeal for the Alumni Fund during her grandchildren’s tenure at the School.

Mr. McKee worked at Citibank in New York City from 1962 to 1971, before joining the urban exodus to Maine. Settling in Brunswick and later Portland and Prouts Neck, he was an officer at Casco Northern Bank and joined Tucker Anthony & RL Day, now RBC Wealth Management, in the early 1980s as a
financial advisor. At the time of his death, he remained active at RBC as senior vice president.

The pleasure he took in helping his individual and institutional clients extended into the community. He was past president of the Brunswick Chamber of Commerce, past president of the Brunswick Topsham Military Council, former director of the Brunswick United Way, and former director of the Prouts Neck Country Club. He served as a trustee of the Portland Museum of Art and was a member of the Rotary Club for more than 40 years. He served on a variety of corporate boards, including Wright-Pearce Engineers and Guy Gannett Communications, former publisher of the Portland Press-Herald and other Maine newspapers and TV stations throughout the eastern U.S.

Mr. McKee was particularly passionate about building educational opportunities for future generations. He was a former trustee of Hyde School in Bath, Maine, a member of the St. Paul’s School alumni Executive Committee, a trustee and board member of the School for Field Studies, and an active member of the Yale Alumni Association. The McKees endowed a scholarship at Bowdoin College and sponsored the McKee Scholarship at the School for Field Studies.

His love of St. Paul’s was matched only by his boundless love of his extended family and wide circle of friends. The lifelong friends, campus, and dedicated faculty were the draw that kept him coming back. In his many years of affiliation with St. Paul’s, he served variously as regional representative, form agent, form director, and Executive Committee member. He was a longtime member of the John Hargate Society.

In addition to his commitments to financial advising and community service, Mr. McKee will be remembered for his love of any sport that brought people together for friendly competition (and the occasional bet). His camaraderie on the golf course was legendary, with one memorable round at Pine Valley with the editor of Golf Digest chronicled in his editor’s note for Charlie’s innovative range of side bets. Mr. McKee was an avid skier, whose passion for Sugarloaf USA resulted in him taking an ownership stake in the Maine resort in the 1980s.

But Mr. McKee will be most remembered for his deep loyalty and love for family and friends. He was a loving husband and a devoted father and grandfather, who delighted in celebrating all of life’s occasions. Even in his last weeks, when cancer was taking its toll, his thoughts were for his family, friends, and the organizations he loved. He had a wonderful smile, laugh, and a joie de vivre that he carried into business, community, and everywhere else he ventured.

Mr. McKee is survived by his wife, Nina; his children, Nina Carter McKee ’81, Charles Dunn McKee Jr. ’83, and Heidi Auchincloss McKee; their partners; his four grandchildren, Nina McKee ‘12, Aidan McKee ‘14, Lily McKee, and Sean McKee Porter; and many nieces and nephews, including David McKee ‘87 and John McKee ‘88. He was predeceased by his brothers, Phillip Winston McKee and Elliot Bates McKee Jr. ’51.

1959 Christopher James Elkus

Christopher James Elkus died peacefully at his home in Ligonier, Pa., on July 16, 2014, at age 73, following a long and progressive illness.

Mr. Elkus was born in New York City on February 7, 1941, and was raised in Pittsburgh, the son of James H. Elkus of the Form of 1929 and Lenore R. Elkus. His mother was a founder of WQED-TV in Pittsburgh and a Distinguished Daughter of Pennsylvania. His father was an industrial engineer. His paternal grandfather, the Honorable Abram I. Elkus, served as a U.S. ambassador to Turkey under President Wilson and as a judge on the New York State Court of Appeals. His maternal grandmother, Hulda Lashanska, was a celebrated American concert soprano.

Mr. Elkus entered St. Paul’s as a Second Former in 1954 from Falk Elementary School in Pittsburgh. He excelled at football, rowing, and wrestling. He served as captain of the Old Hundred football team in 1957 and 1958 and played for the SPS football team in his final two years at the School. He was a member of the SPS wrestling team for four years, capturing the 1959 squad. He also ran track for Old Hundred in 1958 and 1959 and varsity track in 1958. Mr. Elkus also served as treasurer of the Sixth Form and as secretary/treasurer of Old Hundred. He was elected to be a house inspector and supervisor and also participated in the Athletic Association, La Junta, the Pictorial Board, the Propylean Literary Society, the Scientific Association, and the Yearbook Committee.

His involvement with St. Paul’s continued as an alumnus as Mr. Elkus served as a form director and form agent for nearly 20 years, from 1970 to 1986, and in 1977 established an endowment in his family’s name.

Mr. Elkus earned his undergraduate degree from Yale in 1963, where he also rowed with the varsity heavyweight crew. He received his M.B.A. from New York University Business School in 1969. He resided in New York City throughout most of his adult life, working as an investment manager for large corporations and organizations, including the United Nations.

He was a dedicated member of his community and served as president of the Lenox Hill Neighborhood House, a multi-service organization that has served people in need on the East Side of Manhattan and on Roosevelt Island for more than 120 years. Mr. Elkus later founded Waterford Capital Management upon his retirement to Ligonier.

He was an avid sportsman, traveler, and lover of the outdoors. He enjoyed photography, skiing, fishing, hunting, golf, squash, and tennis and was a member of several sports clubs, both in New York and in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Elkus is survived by his wife of 42 years, Gretchen M. Elkus; his son, James M. Elkus; his granddaughter, Sonya R. Elkus; his sister, Peggy H. Elkus; two stepchildren, William M. Duryea ’81 and Melissa Duryea Lewis; and five step-grandchildren. He was predeceased in 2003 by his brother, Jonathan H. Elkus ’65.
Clinton Sheppard Hirst

an English professor, sports fan, devoted family man, and devotee of the band the Eagles, died on November 13, 2014. He was 70.

Mr. Hirst was born in Cheyenne, Wyoming, on January 5, 1944, the third child and only son of Edward and Mary Ann Hirst. The family, which included older sisters Helen and Carol, spent summers at Cheley Camp in the Rocky Mountains.

At St. Paul’s, Mr. Hirst was a member of the Attendance Committee, the Spanish Club, La Junta, and he wrote for the Pelican. He played baseball for Old Hundred and was a two-year member of the JV basketball team before making varsity as a Sixth Former. He also participated in club soccer. He formed friendships easily and enjoyed his classmates. St. Paul’s became a home away from home for him since his family lived so far away. He was always grateful to the School because he said his teachers would not allow him to fail.

Mr. Hirst attended the University of Notre Dame, earning a B.A., and, eventually, his Ph.D. in English from the school. Prior to returning to Notre Dame for his doctorate, Mr. Hirst earned a master’s from the University of Michigan. He spent 40 years as an English professor at the University of Detroit Mercy, where he specialized in 19th century English literature and started an honors program, which continues to this day. Mr. Hirst loved the classics and counted Dickens, Eliot, Hardy, Keats, and Austen among his favorite authors – to read and teach.


His wife remembers fondly their family dinners out on Friday nights when the kids were young and her husband’s wry sense of humor. Mr. Hirst liked to tell people that, in response to the gasoline crisis of the 1970s, he did his part to conserve fuel by trading in his El Camino and buying a two-seater sports car.

Mr. Hirst pursued many passions outside of his work. He enjoyed golf, reading, and outdoor activities, including canoeing and fishing. He was an active member in the Alcoholics Anonymous brotherhood. He followed sports passionately, with special interest in the fates of teams representing Detroit and Notre Dame. He was a big fan of the Eagles and these Don Henley lyrics describe Mr. Hirst’s philosophy: “To want what I have. . . . To take what I’m given, with grace. . . . For this I pray.”

On retirement, the Hirsts traveled extensively, including taking a river tour through Russia, a Mayan Riviera Cruise, and exploring the Panama Canal. They visited New England and also spent a lot of time enjoying the many national parks created in the Western United States.

Mr. Hirst is survived by his wife, Joan; his daughter, Amanda Lang Hirst Davids, her husband, Timothy, and their daughter, Emily; his son, Adam Lang Hirst; his sisters, Helen Christie and Carol Smith, and their families; his dog, Yoda; and his cat, Shea.

1962

Alexander “Zander” Harvey Whitman Jr.

was a self-described curmudgeon. But, to those who knew him, he was regarded as a warm and funny gentleman, who held many interests and was a great lover of cats and dogs.

Mr. Whitman died on June 20, 2014, at his home in Bremerton, Wash., two and a half years after being diagnosed with pancreatic cancer. He was 70.

Born on May 23, 1944, in Boston, Mass., “Zander” was the eldest of five children of Alexander H. Whitman ’37 and Sylvia Choate Whitman. He attended the Lawrence School in Hewlett, N.Y., before entering St. Paul’s as a Third Former. He liked contact sports, particularly hockey, and belonged to the School’s literary organizations. After graduating from St. Paul’s with honors in physics, he ignored his father’s wish that he attend Harvard and instead went to work as a laborer in a Navy shipyard.

Mr. Whitman eventually ended up at Lehigh University. He was most interested in math and physics, but loathed foreign languages. Since a degree in math required German, he avoided this scenario by taking up engineering. He dropped out several times, but finished his undergraduate degree in civil engineering and graduated magna cum laude from Lehigh in 1972. He earned his M.B.A. from Rutgers University in 1984. During one of his dropout periods, Mr. Whitman joined the Navy, serving in Vietnam. He remembered the Navy fondly, crediting the military with teaching him the practical skill of “working with all sorts of people.”

In 1969, Mr. Whitman married Laura Grinnell “Hoppy” Koehne. Their first daughter, Nell, was born in 1971 and their second, Alexandra, in 1973. While he and Hoppy shared many core values, the marriage was challenging and the Whitmans separated after 23 years.

In his professional life, Mr. Whitman spent 14 years as a project manager for Ganett Fleming in Pennsylvania and led regional engineer Ecology & Environment Inc. in the greater Seattle area for 25 years. He was a talented engineer whom younger colleagues described as a mentor, widely known for his technical expertise. He was also known for his puns, his intelligence, and his vocabulary. Mr. Whitman kept a dictionary on his desk at work so that less–enlightened colleagues could figure out what he just said. These were words for precision, not appearance; he was proud of his clear writing and expected it from others.
As his children grew up, Mr. Whitman was known by his family as more reticent than the warm, funny man his coworkers knew. He reserved his open enthusiasm for furry, four-legged friends. He raised a long succession of much-loved cats and dogs, bearing names such as Maggie Mugwump and Curmudgeon, who served as devoted companions. The focus of this enthusiasm was redirected when he met his granddaughter, and he was a doting grandfather for the last four and a half years of his life.

Mr. Whitman became a craftsman and was a talented carpenter, plumber, and electrician, first repairing the houses in which his family lived, then moving on to fine woodworking when he retired. He also bought a 54-foot wooden boat, the Orcas Belle, and spent happy weekends tending to the vessel’s detailed woodworking. He was also a voracious reader, focusing on military history (a passion he shared with his father), boats, and technical math.

Mr. Whitman is survived by four siblings, Stephen Whitman ’65, Schuyler, Jennifer, and Sylvia Whitman ’79; his children, Nell and Alexandra; his two grandchildren, Macgregor and Whit; his former spouse, Laura; and his orange cat, Trunnion.

1966
James Francis Cavanagh II

who spent many happy years working in the hospitality business, died on October 2, 2014, in Savannah, Ga., surrounded by family and friends. He was 66 and had been battling medical complications over the last three months of his life.

Born on April 3, 1948, in Wilmington, Del., Jim Cavanagh was the son Caroline Pratt and James Burns Cavanagh of the Form of 1938. Mr. Cavanagh prepared for SPS at the Tower Hill School in Wilmington.

During his time in Millville, Mr. Cavanagh was popular with his classmates and teachers, who knew him by the nickname “Moose.” Mr. Cavanagh was a strong athlete, known particularly for his prowess in lacrosse and football. He also served as a member of the Missionary Society, the Rifle Club, the Scientific Society, and the Maroon Key, the Fifth Form hospitality organization.

Mr. Cavanagh attended Ohio Wesleyan University, where he earned a degree in economics. He began his hospitality career with the opening of the Holiday Inn on South Carolina’s Hilton Head Island. He spent several years at the Woodstock Inn in Woodstock, Vt., and later served as the original innkeeper then general manager of 1790 Inn and Restaurant in Savannah, Ga. In addition, Mr. Cavanagh and his first wife, Jean Gulliver, owned and operated the Londonderry Inn in South Londonderry, Vt., for 20 years.

Mr. Cavanagh was predeceased in 2005 by his wife, Jean. In 2007, he married Sara Zimmerman.

Outside of his passions for his career and his family, Mr. Cavanagh was an enthusiastic sailor, with homes in Hilton Head and Kidney Island, S.C. He enjoyed cruising from Maine to the Abacos Islands in the Northern Bahamas. He shared his knowledge of sailing as a teacher for Hilton Head Power Squadron, instructing novice sailors in water and boating safety.

Mr. Cavanagh is survived by his wife, Sara; his sons, Charlie and Tom; his grandchildren, Connor and McKenna; his siblings, Katie Maslow, Sheila Marshall, and Gary Santora; and many nieces, cousins, and friends.
Born on November 9, 1958, he was the son of Phoebe R. and Louis L. Stanton ’45 of New York City. Mr. Stanton prepared for St. Paul’s at the Buckle School and followed his father, his uncle, Dixon Stanton ’47, and his brother, Louis Stanton ’70, to Millville. A successful student, Mr. Stanton earned first and second testimonials consistently while at SPS. He was a member of the Debate Team, served as layout editor of The Pelican, worked as a licensed DJ for WSPS, and was a member of the John Winant Political Society. He also worked with the Theatre Program, with a particular interest in stage lighting. He was passionate about his work with the Missionary Society, through which he volunteered at Concord Hospital.

Mr. Stanton attended Yale University, earning a B.A. in Architecture in 1982. He received his M.B.A. from New York University’s Stern School of Business in 1992. Mr. Stanton spent much of his career as a real estate broker at Brown Harris Stevens in Manhattan.

Mr. Stanton maintained his passion for theatre as a member of the Blue Hill Troupe, an organization that raises money for New York City charities through the proceeds of artistic works. He was also a member of the Amateur Comedy Club, Holland Lodge No. 8, and served on the board of the Interfaith Center of New York, an organization focused on bridging religious differences.

Mr. Stanton’s greatest joy was spending time with family and friends, including those from SPS. He served as form director for the Form of 1977 from 2012 to 2013. He leaves his wife, Catherine (Kitty); his sons, Niles and Henry; his brother, Lee ’70, and his wife, Beth; his sister, Susan, and her husband, Rod Benedict; his half-brother, Fredrik Stanton ’92; and his niece, Penelope R. Stanton ’01.

1978
Henry Resor Laughlin

was a creative, adventurous, and giving person, whose life ended too early. Mr. Laughlin died unexpectedly at his home in San Francisco on August 6, 2014.

Mr. Laughlin was born on February 13, 1960. His father, James Laughlin, was a noted publisher, editor, and poet. His mother, Ann Resor Laughlin, was an active volunteer and rancher.

Mr. Laughlin attended Eaglebrook School in Deerfield, Mass., before arriving at St. Paul’s as a Fourth Former in the fall of 1975. He immediately struck the masters as a “willing and capable leader.” In his application essay, he expressed concern about global hunger and poverty. He spent his summers in Wyoming, ranching and volunteering with special needs children. This generosity of spirit would continue to distinguish him throughout his life.

At SPS, he joined the Student Council and the Spanish Club, studying abroad in Barcelona for his Fifth Form year. He served as editor of the Yearbook, wrote for the Pelican, was involved in stage lighting for the Theatre Program, and was passionate about photography, ceramics, stained glass, and woodworking. He rowed for Shattuck and played club sports for Delphian. He loved Nordic and downhill skiing. He graduated cum laude and went on to Harvard, graduating with the Class of 1983.

Mr. Laughlin was married to his wife, Carlene; his children, Walker and Amelia; his brother and sister-in-law, Paul and Marian Gram Laughlin, and their two sons, James and Hugh; his sister, Leila Laughlin Javitch, her husband, Daniel Javitch, and their two daughters, Arielle Javitch and Daphne Javitch; and his beloved dog, Bay.

1984
Peter Joseph Ambrose

died unexpectedly, but peacefully, in his sleep at home in Brunswick, Maine, on October 16, 2014.

Peter grew up in Brunswick, the third son of John W. Ambrose Jr., a classics professor at Bowdoin College, and Frances (“Petey”) McKillop. There he experienced an idyllic New England youth as part of a neighborhood “rat pack” that included SPS friends John Bohan ’83 and Charlie McKee ’83.

Peter arrived at St. Paul’s from Brunswick High School as a Fifth Former in the fall of 1982, bringing with him a reputation as an accomplished scholar, as a track and field athlete competitive at the state level, as a three-year varsity soccer player for Brunswick High, and as a talented hockey player.

His broad smile, good humor, and easy demeanor ensured that Peter made friends easily at St. Paul’s. Though he came to SPS as a soccer player, he tried out for football and became a member of the varsity football team. He also wrote for the Pelican, served as a Chapel warden, and was a member of the Eco-Action Society and the Committee for Social Awareness.
Peter was a major part of the success of the SPS boys varsity hockey teams of that era. In his second and final year at the School, Peter was a member of the undefeated, untied 1983–84 squad—to date, the only Independent School League boys hockey team to accomplish that feat. Many believed the SPS varsity was among the best schoolboy hockey teams in the country that year. It was a special time for Peter and his teammates, around whom the School community rallied in that magical season. His teammates recall Peter as a fearless hockey player with a fantastic shot, who possessed a good-natured irreverence that boosted the spirits of those around him.

Teammate Dave McCusker ’84 recalled that when the 1984 team reunited at St. Paul’s in January of 2014, an event Peter was unable to attend, that Peter mailed his SPS hockey jersey to Dave, asking him to return it to former coach Bill Matthews ’61 as a token of thanks.

Peter went on to Dartmouth College, where he played junior varsity hockey and majored in government. He was also a member of Bones Gate, a fraternity named after a tavern and boarding house in Chessington, England. Through his studies, Peter became interested in parliamentary policy and the legislative process in the U.K. He was awarded a Hansard Scholarship, a program that brings undergraduates and professionals from around the world to the U.K. to experience British politics from the inside. That opportunity culminated in an internship with a member of the British Parliament.

An avid outdoorsman, Peter pursued a path that allowed him to be frequently outdoors, exploring the natural world. He ran an adventure outfitting and whitewater rafting business for many years, organizing and supplying camping and river trips and serving as a guide. He was based primarily in New England, although he also led extended trips in the Western U.S. Eventually, he retired from his sportsman’s guide lifestyle and returned permanently to his hometown of Brunswick, where he worked as a business manager for a retailer of outdoor supplies and as an accountant for various local businesses.

Peter is survived by his mother, Petey; his brothers, John W. (Jay) Ambrose III and Matthew R. Ambrose; three nephews; and many aunts, uncles, cousins, and friends. His father, John W. Ambrose Jr, died on November 7, 2014, after a long illness.

This obituary was prepared by Peter Ambrose’s friend, David Foulke ’85.

1984 Bridget Marley (Mahoney) Jenkins

in North Hampton, N.H., surrounded by her loving family after a 15-month battle with ovarian cancer.

Ms. Jenkins was born on January 20, 1966, in Cambridge, N.Y. She grew up in Hooksett, N.H., and attended Hooksett public schools. She entered St. Paul’s School as a Third Former in the fall of 1980. She excelled as an athlete, captaining the field hockey, basketball, and lacrosse teams. She began her athletic career as a varsity track standout as a Third Former, before switching to lacrosse the following year. As a Sixth Former, she was awarded the Loomis Medal as the best female athlete at St. Paul’s. She also was a member of Eco-Action, the Missionary Society, the French Club, the Disciplinary Committee, and the Acolyte Guild, wrote for the Pelican, and served as a tour guide for the Admissions Office. As a Sixth Former, Ms. Jenkins served as treasurer of the Student Council. She earned Second Testimonials for her work in the classroom.

Ms. Jenkins went on to Dartmouth College, where she captained the women’s lacrosse team, earning MVP honors as a senior. She also played field hockey and held a work–study job as manager of the campus pub. She earned her B.A. in economics and sociology from Dartmouth in 1988. It was at Dartmouth that she met John Jenkins. Bridget and John were introduced by mutual friends and began dating in the spring of their senior year. After a few years of long-distance dating, they married on August 1, 1992. They honeymooned in Australia, scuba diving on the Great Barrier Reef. Ms. Jenkins remained an avid scuba diver throughout her life.

Together, Bridget and John, a pilot for American Airlines, raised two children, Marley Jacqueline Jenkins, born in October of 1996, and John “Jack” Herbert Jenkins, born in February of 1999. The Jenkins family lived for a short while at the Mills in Exeter, N.H., before constructing the home where the family continues to reside in North Hampton. Friends marveled at the way John still lit up, more than two decades later, at the mention of his wife’s name.

Bridget and John traveled extensively, thanks to his profession, taking trips throughout Europe and the United States, exploring Costa Rica and Buenos Aires, relaxing in the Cayman Islands, and skiing in Colorado. These journeys fit Bridget’s adventurous spirit as she was always enthusiastic about trying new things and seeing new places.

Ms. Jenkins was the cornerstone and bedrock of her family. In addition to raising two children and running a household, she tirelessly volunteered and coordinated fundraisers and functions for her community and her children’s activities, including managing her children’s NH East youth ice hockey teams each winter, organizing the North Hampton Old Home Day 5K and kids fun run, and giving her time to the North Hampton School and the People Active in Learning (PAL) program, Heronfield Academy, Phillips Exeter Academy, the Pony Club, and the Acorn School, where she served as treasurer from 2003 to 2005. For many years, while her children were students at Heronfield, she helped organize an auction to benefit the school. Her husband recalls that Ms. Jenkins would have auction items filling the family’s home as she researched and wrote descriptions of
each one, for posting at the auction. When she “retired” from that duty, it took three people to replace her. She also served as head of Heronfield’s parents’ association, recruiting volunteers for school events, always with a smile on her face.

Ms. Jenkins was also active with the Hampton Attack lacrosse program for many years, coaching her daughter, Marley, and sharing her passion for the game with countless other girls. She also conducted alumni interviews for Dartmouth and volunteered as a class agent at St. Paul’s.

Some of her favorite times were spent in summers at her in–laws’ home on New Hampshire’s Lake Winnipesaukee, where she enjoyed exploring the harbor on a paddleboard, hanging out with a large contingent of family and friends, spending quality time with her children, and showing off her cooking skills on the grill. Ms. Jenkins was an inventive chef, who enjoyed making everything from grilled salmon to notably delicious Caesar salads.

“You only needed to stand in the Jenkins’s living room, where everyone was always welcome,” said her friend, Jenny Brook, who spoke at the memorial service. “It was here, under Bridget’s love and direction, that all plans, plots, schemes, and parties were hatched.”

Her husband laughs when he recalls the incredible organizational skills of Ms. Jenkins. She had a spreadsheet or a list for everything, he said. After her death, multiple friends — old and new — shared with her family how much they appreciated the annual birthday cards she sent to them for years, some long after they had otherwise lost touch. One college friend recalled how Ms. Jenkins helped him through a bout of homesickness while he was playing professional hockey in Germany by tracking down his address and sending him a birthday greeting.

“Bridgey was always thinking about other people, picking out cards through–out the year or shopping for them when something reminded her of them,” said John Jenkins. “She was very thoughtful and she loved and cared for everyone.”

Ms. Jenkins was enthusiastic about every holiday and decorated the family’s house to celebrate each season. The Jenkins home was alight with twinkling white lights every Christmas and brightened by seasonally appropriate décor for Easter. She spent her final Christmas with her family and, even in her last week, displayed a determination for life, taking laps around the living room, with an oxygen tank in tow.

Ms. Jenkins had formerly worked in investment banking real estate for several firms in New York City and Boston, including LaSalle Partners and Aldrich Eastman & Waltch. She worked from home as a financial consultant for many years after her return to New Hampshire. She was an accomplished woman, said her husband, who chose to be a full–time mother, telling others that it was the most important job she had ever done and relishing in watching her children grow.

She is survived by her loving husband, John; her daughter, Marley; her son, Jack; her mother and stepfather, M. Jacqueline Eastwood and Michael McClurken; her in–laws, John H. and Cynthia J. Jenkins; and many aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends.

### 1984

**Charles Andrew Villee**

Mr. Villee was dedicated to helping people with disabilities. He was for many years a volunteer with Community Enterprises, an organization that provides services for the disabled. He served as an ambassador for the Brain Injury Association of Massachusetts and he shared his coping strategies for bipolar illness with “In Our Own Voice” at a series of National Alliance on Mental Illness events. His ardor for community service led him to run for several offices and to serve on the board of trustees of the Grafton Public Library in addition to his work as a community sportswriter.

Mr. Villee married Alison Adams in 1992 and the couple had one daughter, Abigail, who was the apple of her father’s eye.

Mr. Villee will be greatly missed by his fiancée, Dolores Dulude; his daughter, Abigail E. Villee; his brothers, Claude A. Villee III ’75 and Stephen E. F. Villee ’77; and his sister, Suzanne C. Villee.
FORMER RECTOR
William Armstrong Oates

William Armstrong Oates of Westwood, Mass., died peacefully at home on January 10, 2015. He was 98 years old.

For 40 years, from 1942 to 1982, Mr. Oates served on the faculty of St. Paul's School, first as a teacher of history and mathematics, progressing to posts as registrar, director of admissions, and vice rector. In 1970, Mr. Oates was appointed the School's Eighth Rector, serving in that role as head of school until his retirement.

As Rector, Mr. Oates oversaw an aggressive fundraising campaign to increase the School's endowment and construct buildings dedicated to the arts. The performing arts center, built in 1980 and including buildings for music and dance, was named in his honor. During his time at St. Paul's, Mr. Oates also presided over the School's 1971 transition to coeducation, worked to modernize the curriculum, and promoted the use of computer technology in the classroom. Longtime friend and fellow St. Paul’s trustee Amory Houghton Jr. ’45 called him “simply the best headmaster in the business.” On his retirement, he was named a George Cheyne Shattuck Fellow for exemplary service to St. Paul's.

Mr. Oates was born on September 22, 1916, in Aberdeen, South Dakota, the son of William M. Oates and Idah Armstrong Oates. He graduated from Central High School in Aberdeen and from Harvard College in 1938. He also earned a master’s, a certificate of advanced study, and a doctorate in education from Harvard.

Mr. Oates was also appointed by the governor as chairman of the state’s Citizens’ Task Force Subcommittee on Primary and Secondary Education. He served many regional and national educational associations, including the New England Association of Schools and Colleges, the Educational Testing Service, and the National Association of Secondary School Principals.

After retirement from St. Paul’s School in 1982, Mr. Oates moved to Kennebunkport, Maine, and continued his involvement in public service. He was a member of Harvard’s Board of Overseers, chaired his class committee for the Harvard College Fund, and served on the Dean’s Leadership Council at Harvard School of Public Health. In 1995, Harvard President Neil Rudenstine presented Mr. Oates with the Harvard Medal, awarded by the Harvard Alumni Association for “faithful and distinguished service” to the university. He also was a member of the boards of the Dartmouth-Hitchcock Clinic, Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital, Chubb Life America, Steuben Partners, the Lauholm Trust, Partners for Democratic Change, the Wolf Trap Foundation for the Performing Arts, and Maryland’s Windsor School, among others.

Throughout his life, Mr. Oates maintained a deep interest in international travel, beginning with study at Germany’s University of Freiburg immediately prior to World War II. He subsequently served as an analyst and translator for the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey in 1945. He was an avid gardener, skier, and an Eagle Scout. He wrote several articles about the intersection of politics and education. In 2013, Mr. Oates published a collection of selected talks, essays, and other writings, entitled Views from the Rector’s Porch: Lessons of a Headmaster.

Mr. Oates was married to Margaret Eavey Nichols of Fort Wayne, Ind., from 1940 until her death in 1965, and to Jean Matson of Concord, N.H., from 1976 until her death in 2004. He is survived by his brother, James F. Oates of Chicago, Ill.; his sons, William A. Oates Jr., of Dedham, Mass., James M. Oates, of Elkins, N.H., and Thomas N. Oates of Greenwich, Conn.; nine grandchildren; and 13 great-grandchildren.

A private burial held in January will be followed by a memorial service on May 30, at St. Paul’s School.
“Food is very personal,” acknowledges Peter Darrow ’05. “It’s like religion and politics in that way. There’s nothing that can upset someone faster than telling them what they should or should not be eating.”

But that doesn’t mean you can’t provide people with options when it comes to their diet, Darrow adds. For the last two years, the 28-year-old budding restauranteur has been busy creating a new option for health-conscious New Yorkers. On January 9, he opened Darrow’s, a dine-in and carryout spot, which offers “farm fresh takeout.” With fresh ingredients sourced from New York’s Union Square Farmers Market, and menu items that take into consideration exactly what is being put into one’s body, Darrow hopes to make a difference in his patrons’ lives by offering them healthy choices.

Darrow’s (www.darewwsncy.com) offers an organic market, featuring the produce of local farmers, options for vegans and vegetarians, and fresh chicken or fish for the carnivores. Meals can be washed down with sulfite-free wines or fresh juices and smoothies made from organic fruits. Darrow admits that his concept began as one to accommodate vegans and vegetarians (he is a vegan himself), but that he soon realized he would instead like to “create a bridge between meat-eaters and non-meat-eaters.” While Darrow’s offers salads and wraps, its menu also features “functional plates.” These dishes are healthy, says Darrow, without sacrificing flavor, debunking one of the myths of healthy eating.

“Each plate serves a specific health benefit that we have vetted with a nutritionist,” he says. “We have a protein plate, an energy plate, an antioxidant plate, an immunity plate, a detox plate, and a stress-relief plate. These are all 100-percent plant-based. But there are options to add chicken or fish to them. And they taste great.”

Darrow considers himself an entrepreneur who is interested in healthy eating but, until the idea for the restaurant began to form, he had no experience in the food industry. When both of his parents were diagnosed with cancer, three months apart, Darrow began to consider the impact of what he puts in his own body and how he might minimize genetic links to the disease. It wasn’t until his father, Peter, died of multiple myeloma in May of 2013 that Darrow, then a first-year business school student at Bentley College, decided to take action.

“This venture is in many ways in honor of my father,” he says. “It’s about taking control of your own body. I realized there was a way to help make positive change in people’s lives.”

In January of last year, Darrow hired restaurant consultant Andre Neyrey. The two came up with an innovative plan to combine healthy foods with a fast-food concept they call “premium fast casual.” For those who wish to dine in, iPads adorn each table at Darrow’s. A concierge roams the floor, ready to answer questions, but “servers” are limited to table runners who respond to the orders sent by iPad.

“We hope this adds intellectually to the customer experience,” says Darrow. “They place an order, it goes directly to the kitchen, and there is no lag time. It increases efficiency.”

Darrow doesn’t plan to stop at offering healthy food alone at his spacious shop on E. 18th St. His premise includes blending nutrition with fitness and wellness. There is a nutritionist on site to continually monitor menu item choices. Plus, Darrow envisions a multi-functional space that will eventually include yoga classes. Plans are underway for adding Sunday brunch and soon the owner hopes to offer thriving catering and delivery services.

“We hope this will be a holistic health environment,” he says. “A one-stop shop. My father used to tell me I’d be successful at the things I am passionate about. I really do believe in this. I believe in the social mission of trying to provide people with better alternatives and changing the preconceptions of healthy food.”

Most of the ingredients from Darrow’s Farm Fresh Takeout are sourced from the Union Square Farmers Market.
Lewis Lukens ’82: Former Ambassador to Senegal and Guinea-Bissau

Appointed in 2011 by President Barack Obama, Lewis Lukens ’82 served as ambassador to Senegal and Guinea-Bissau from the summer of 2011 until the summer of 2014. There, he was responsible for bilateral relations with the two West African nations and worked to promote democracy and economic development in the region. Though the most recent Ebola outbreak intensified after Lukens’s departure, the spread of the deadly virus was a growing concern for the SPS alum and his colleagues during his tenure.

That region is very large and very diverse. West Africa itself is huge and filled with many diverse cultures, descending through different colonial paths. Each of the colonial powers — French, British, Portuguese — brought its own governing style.

For hundreds of years, the cultures were focused on the village level and remained very local. It wasn’t until 1960 that most of the countries became independent. Development of individual nations in the last 50 years has depended a lot on whether a country has natural resources or not, and on the nature of its colonial history.

When I left Senegal in June, there had been a rise in cases of Ebola and people were starting to focus on it. We didn’t know the crisis was going to get as big as it became. We eventually saw one case in Senegal, and it was very much a regional issue. By the spring, our embassy in Guinea was very focused on Ebola and we were starting to work with our international partners on a response.

Part of the reason Ebola spread in West Africa is that, once you get out of the capital cities, much of the region includes remote areas, where there isn’t a functioning healthcare infrastructure. Particularly in Guinea, there are many mountainous regions, where there are no healthcare facilities. And, at first, people didn’t know it was Ebola they were dealing with.

The international community response expanded significantly in the months after I departed. I know that once the scope of the Ebola outbreak became wider known, and how extensive and dangerous it potentially was, the international community immediately offered assistance. A lot of aid went through Senegal, and our embassy in Dakar has been involved in coordinating and facilitating the movement of assistance to Sierra Leone, Liberia, and Guinea. USAID has been involved in Senegal for over 50 years in support of the Senegalese healthcare system. We sent U.S. troops to Liberia to set up field hospitals.

There is a misconception in the U.S about West Africa. People are surprised when they come to Dakar and see how developed and sophisticated it is. But just outside of the city, you find poverty and very little access to healthcare.

Many people also don’t understand just how big Africa is. During the most recent Ebola crisis, a U.S. head of a school had been in Zambia [in Southern Africa] and the parents wanted to boycott the school. They don’t understand that the distance between Zambia and Liberia is greater than the distance from where Ebola is in West Africa to the U.S. I hope the outbreak has helped educate Americans a bit as to the diversity and size of the African continent.
LOYALTY
Your loyalty to the Annual Fund matters now more than ever.

A generous alumnus has pledged $1 million to St. Paul’s School if we reach 50% participation by the end of the fiscal year – June 30, 2015. Make your gift today.
Remembering Eighth Rector
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