

Alumni Horae

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL FALL 2008

Independent Study Project: A year with Lucy Soderberg '08



During the Sixth Form year, students are able to apply for an Independent Study Project (ISP), a term- to year-long project that explores one or more of the students' interests in intensive study beyond the classroom. Independent study projects are student-driven and emphasize the experience and understanding of one's self gained from working in an independent setting.



Lucy Soderberg '08, a first-year student at Princeton, spent her Sixth Form year documenting each season at St. Paul's through black-and-white photography. The culmination of Soderberg's project came in the spring, when she displayed her work in an art show at the Gallery in Hargate.



Alumni Horae

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by Whitney Stewart '77

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ON THE COVER: Using natural materials such as sticks, reeds, rocks, sand, acorns, flowers, and leaves, fine arts students worked together to construct installations of environmental art throughout the grounds this fall.

Photo by Colin J. Callahan, fine arts faculty (Oct. 2008)

“It hasn’t changed a bit” . . . well, maybe a bit



Recently I’ve been thinking about Millville past and present. One reason is my visit with John Archer, retired head of the (then) Modern Languages Department, master 1931–74. He shared

memories of the Thirties at SPS, then still a Victorian school dominated by Samuel Drury, who became Fourth Rector in 1910, not quite a century ago. Dr. Drury discouraged masters from having automobiles or smoking in public.

The other reason is the arrival of the SPS “Academic Calendar 2008–09,” a 100–page book to guide Millville’s inhabitants through the year. In contrast I have an item “younger” readers may recall: a copy of the one page “1967–68 School Calendar” topped by a Bill Abbé linoleum cut of an eight–oar shell in action.

Both reasons indicate that SPS is changing more rapidly in its second century than it did in its first. To quote the title of a book once required for faculty reading, *Future Shock* continues.

Graduates at Anniversary looking around sometimes remark, “It hasn’t changed a bit.” Senior faculty members have heard similar comments as former students approach with hands out–stretched in recognition, intent in the search for that lost time.

Millville has of course changed physically, mentally, even spiritually. Dr. Shattuck’s famous words – “green fields and trees . . . are educators” – indicate his romantic dream world for educating youth in the mid–19th century security provided by his summer home in isolated, rural Millville. Here, under the guidance of Henry Coit and later his brother Samuel, youngsters could live a simple life communing with a pure Nature that was disappearing in the jungle of urban industrial blight feared by affluent parents in the Northeast that most boys called home. A safe, supervised life (including regular worship) appealed to parents, who rewarded the school that provided it.

Although the prize for Best Collection of Wild

Flowers was last awarded in 1900, the patterns of daily academic life for adults and students once established were relatively unchanged for almost 100 years.

Wholesome isolation was an important component of “going away” to school. Vacations were purposely limited. Even “going home” for Thanksgiving, for example, was limited into the 1960s to boys living in the Boston area, who took a morning train to town and returned in the evening – everyone else had turkey in a School dining room. And classes resumed the next day.

After World War II isolation from “the real world” became harder to maintain. Most changes came in barely sixty years and were brought about by forces far from Millville—for examples, the Thanksgiving holiday with the disappearance of passenger railroad connections to and from Concord and the cancellation of the SPS Christmas “special” train to Grand Central Station in New York City before “the Game” at Madison Square Garden. The development of the interstate highway system brought those “evil urban centers” and their suburbs (and the parents) within easy driving distance of Millville. The increase of air travel permitted a greater student diversity that began in 1949 with the arrival most notably of Minoru “Ben” Makihara ’50 from Japan.

With the arrival of New Hampshire’s bright high school juniors for the summer Advanced Studies Program in 1958 and the arrival of girls to the “winter school” in 1971, Millville would never be the same again!

I’m for change in Millville. But, I must say in conclusion: Dr. Drury’s stand against autos and cigarettes seems pretty modern today; the new multi–page calendar has a year’s list of activities (artist/organization/team/time/place) not very different from my old Bill Abbé calendar.

Hmm, I believe the French have a term for Millville’s changing situation: *plus ça . . . ?*

Alan N. Hall

Alan N. Hall, Master 1950–92
Former editor of *Alumni Horae*

We love hearing from you in response to stories we have published in *Alumni Horae* or in response to alumni matters. As space permits, we will print your letters. Please keep writing to: The Editor, *Alumni Horae*, 325 Pleasant St. Concord, NH 03301 or to alumni@sps.edu. Editorial guidelines are available from the editor at the above addresses.

Bravo Alumni Horae

The Spring '08 *Horae* is staggering! On par with *Vanity Fair*. Clearly further expanded.

Glad you covered Jim Thompson. I've been to his house in Bangkok and met the clairvoyant who came to sniff the jungle to find what happened. Can we file a Freedom of Information claim to see what the CIA knows?



Morris Cheston '55

On Page 34 you identified our noble class agent, Halstad W. "Link" Wheeler '44 as Morris Cheston '55 in the picture with Pete Coley '48. Cheston is a good fellow, but not pictured.

Charles M. Kinsolving, Jr. '44
New York, N.Y.
June 2008

A Dissection of Sorts

I was surprised and saddened to read of former master José Ordóñez' passing, back in February. This was the first I heard of it. Unless I missed it, there was no news in *Alumni Horae*. Perhaps you don't cover faculty obituaries; I don't remember seeing any. [See p. 53 for Mr. Ordóñez' obituary.]

On p. 7 [of the Spring 2008 issue], I wonder who bought the rare books or documents the School auctioned. It would be nice if they found a home at a place like Houghton or Beineke, Harvard's or Yale's rare-book libraries, or possibly even New York Public Library. José worked on the School's archives, which were saved from the flood waters in the nick of time.

"Praying for Good Grades . . .", p. 13: the School of the 50s, under the strict but fair leadership of Matthew Warren, wasn't all that different from school in the 30s under Samuel Drury (the late SS Drury; his son, I think, was in my form). It might have loosened up a bit and I don't remember blue suits on Sunday; but it was still a monastic existence (no coeds yet) run under School Rules everybody obeyed, or else. Eight chapel services a week; I enjoyed these in the beautiful New Chapel, and Dr. Lefebvre's organ recitals after Evensong. Business attire, not suits necessarily, for most everything except sports, afternoon study hall or Saturday evening buffet dinner and a film. No smoking or drinking of course. V formers were allowed record players or "hi-fis" (no stereos yet), and VI formers radios. Lower Schoolers, in vanished first and second forms, lived in alcoves in the Lower School, about where Ohrstrom Library now stands. We had three dining halls; the Lower is gone and Hargate has become an arts center. Life centered around the Big Study, which burned from unknown causes in 1961. Still, I have mostly good memories of my five years in "Millville."

While I always looked forward to the candlelit Pageant and Last Night Services in the Chapel at the end of the fall term, we didn't have an Advent Festival Service of Lessons and Carols yet. I gather the School does now, and presented it this season in the Church of the Advent (how appropriate) at the foot of Beacon Hill in Boston instead of the New Chapel at the School.

Roger Williams '59
Boulder, Colo.
June 27, 2008

Endearing Tribute



I loved that tribute to Jim Robbins '60. He led us through the worst of times.

George Rice
Munson '55
Hartford, Conn.
June 16, 2008

A Fair Assessment

I read with much pleasure, and excitement, the last issue of the *Alumni Horae*, the first of the newly designed version. I meant, at the time, to write you a note of warm congratulations and support on the success of an effort that was, in fact, probably long overdue.

The arrival today of the latest issue has impelled me to make up for my lapse. This is not your father's *Alumni Horae*, and what a joy that is. It's a real magazine, set up like a magazine, thought-out like one, with real stories about fascinating subjects. I thought I knew a fair amount about SPS history, having participated in Doug Marshall's first class on the subject when Augie Heckscher was writing his book, but I had no idea that Jim Thompson was a member of the Form of 1924.

Thirty years after I left Millville, and after St. Paul's permanently changed my life for the better, I feel oddly disconnected from the School. During the unfortunate Anderson era, I had some candid letters of exchange with Benjie Neilson, in which I sought to encourage greater candor and clarity and accountability. It would seem that Jim Robbins, and now my old school-mate Doug Schloss, have done much to improve matters, and I can hardly imagine a finer steward than Bill Matthews.

Todd Purdum '78
National Editor, *Vanity Fair*
Washington, D.C.
June 23, 2008

To reach outside ourselves. To connect with others.

At Fall Convocation on the morning of September 8, Rector Bill Matthews reflected on the connection between responsibility and community. These are excerpts from his message to students that day.

“I was a hall monitor. It was my job to look after my classmates.”

I did not watch the opening ceremony of the Olympics, but Dean Spencer told me about this quote and story, and I have since read about it. Yao Ming, the NBA basketball star, carried his nation’s flag in the opening ceremony. Along with him walked a nine-year-old boy by the name of Lin Hao. Lin was a survivor of the earthquake, his elementary school ravaged and torn apart. Of his 32 classmates only 10 survived.

Lin was able to dig himself out of the rubble, but instead of just escaping to safety he went back. Despite further injury to himself, he was able to dig out and rescue two classmates. All the while he encouraged everyone who was still buried under the rubble to sing, because he felt that singing would help keep their spirits up. When asked why he did this, he simply said, “I was a hall monitor. It was my job to look after my classmates.” Out of the mouth of a nine-year-old.

Some of you have heard me talk about Ernest Kurtz, who wrote a book called *The Spirituality of Imperfection*. In this book Kurtz speaks about our imperfections as humans. He speaks to the overwhelming need we all have to feel connected. The key to community, Kurtz claims, is the discovery that we are all looking for something – and what we are looking for is to be looked for.

What is more fundamental in community and in life than an understanding of the need to be looked for? Lin Hao understood this and was willing to risk his life to look after his classmates.

Dag Hammarskjöld, the author of our first reading [from his book of meditations, *Markings*], was the second Secretary General of the United

Nations, serving from 1953 until his death in 1961. His words are very relevant to us now: “I can realize my individuality by becoming a bridge for others. To become free and responsible, for this alone was man created.”

Freedom and responsibility are words that we hear and talk about a lot. Many of you new students were perhaps attracted to St. Paul’s School because of the degree of freedom that you sensed you would be given here, the opportunity to order your own day, the chance to live a life where you would be given some autonomy in that life. You heard, I am sure, that there was no ‘lights out,’ that there was no mandatory study hall for incoming students, and that we did not classify everyone at the same level of maturity simply because of their age. We believe that how you perform, how you ultimately live your life, determines how you will be able to enjoy your freedom here.

But with that freedom comes responsibility. Freedom without responsibility is empty and self-indulgent. For “freedom with responsibility” to work, the *responsibility* part has to be every bit as compelling as the *freedom* part. This concept is at the heart of this School’s current strategic plan as well as its 153-year history. This is a community that is built around our understanding of responsibility. From my perspective, the responsibility we all have in this community is to reach outside of ourselves and connect with others – to build bridges to others. The success of a year, the success of *this* year depends on those connections – those bridges we build. Yes, we do have considerable freedom at SPS, but it is the responsibility we share that makes us a commu-

nity. Lin Hao understood that responsibility.

I remember in my early days in this School sometimes feeling completely overwhelmed. I was a scholarship student from a very small town in the state of Maine, and I found much of what I experienced here very new. I wanted really just one thing – I wanted to make some friends. I wanted to feel connected. As it turned out, my group adviser reached out to me that year and became a friend, as did a number of other faculty members, one by the name of Percy Preston. The flowers on the altar this morning are in his honor. Both of them, in their way, were “hall monitors” for me, and I know that the faculty and returning students here will look after you in the same way that David and Percy looked after me.

Some Sixth Formers and faculty members may remember three years ago my talking about my Third Form seat in this Chapel. Noah Elbot may remember because at the time Noah was sitting in that seat. My Third Form seat was the third seat in from the end of the front pew – right

across from the pulpit here. Elle Heitmiller is sitting in that seat now. Perhaps one day she will be the Sixth Form President.

I return often to that seat, and sit for a minute or two. It helps me to remember what it feels like to be new, and to remind myself of my responsibility as a member of this community. And my responsibility is really no different than the responsibility that you bear: to be a hall monitor and to look after classmates.

To me, the words of Lin Hao, so simple and yet so profound, reflect the essence of our School Prayer: that in all the joys of life we may never forget to be kind, that we should be unselfish in friendship, thoughtful of those less happy than ourselves, and eager to bear the burdens of others. May we all serve this year as hall monitors and may we build bridges for one another. God bless you. I hope this year meets all your expectations, and more.

Bill Matthews



JANA F. BROWN

To help introduce new students to the School community, Rector Matthews prepares to guide them through the grounds on the annual Cricket Holiday walk.

FALL/WINTER 2004-05

“John Walker: a Man for the 21st Century,” pg. 190



Robert Harrison’s 2004 biography of the Right Reverend John Thomas Walker was one way of honoring the legacy of the visionary Episcopal bishop. Bishop Walker was a trail-blazer who broke boundaries more than once in his life, perhaps most notably as the first African-American faculty member of St. Paul’s School (1957 to 1966) and as the first black Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Washington, D.C. (1977 to 1989).

On September 2, 2008, John Walker’s legacy was further immortalized with the opening of the Bishop John T. Walker School for Boys. Supported by the Episcopal Diocese of Washington, D.C., the tuition-free school welcomed 11 four-year-olds to its pre-kindergarten, the inaugural class for a school whose size is eventually expected to swell to 160 boys in grades pre-K through eight.

“I am thrilled,” said Bishop Walker’s widow, Maria. “Anything that had to do with education was something my husband lived for. Having this school in this city where he lived is a fitting tribute to his legacy.”

It was another former faculty member, Preston Hannibal (1974 to 1986), who formed

the exploratory committee for the Bishop Walker School in 2004. Hannibal considered the Bishop his mentor and friend. In conversations with John Walker before his 1989 death, Hannibal said the Bishop expressed the need for a quality Episcopal elementary school to serve Southeast Washington.

“His mission and ministry throughout his life were to serve the least fortunate among us,” explained Hannibal, the Canon for Academic Ministries in the Diocese.

SUMMER 2006

“St. Paul’s School: The Flood of 2006,” pg. 69

A pneumatically operated Obermeyer spillway gate is now in place to automatically control the level of the water flowing over Hargate Dam.

“It moves up and down like a truck tailgate,” explains Ben Jorgensen, the School’s director of facilities operations and engineering. “It senses the water level and adjusts the air level in the air bladder below.”

The Obermeyer gate is one piece of the new system installed to prevent a flood like the one that overwhelmed the center of the St. Paul’s campus in May 2006. A second, radial, gate with an oversized crank is what Jorgensen calls the “manual piece of the puzzle. If water goes over the road, we can manually open the gate to



allow more water downstream,” he says.

Water should, in theory, travel under the road thanks to the completion last winter and spring of a culvert that runs under Library Road near Sheldon.

Another flood control measure under construction is a flood protection wall that forms a 32-inch-high half-moon around the back of Hargate. The granite-faced wall is higher – five feet – from river level at a point where it bumps out and includes a water-tight gate at the back corner of the building nearest to the Post Office to prevent water from seeping into the arts building. A few flood-induced changes are also visible at the side of Hargate across from the Post Office. The entrance to the basement has been relocated up the hill a bit, and two more water-tight gates have been installed – one at Hargate’s side basement entrance, and another to the basement entrance of the Post Office.



Another sign of the impact of the flood of 2006 is the long measuring stick that rises out of Library Pond. During heavy rainfall, SPS security officers are assigned to check the pond level at that location and report elevated levels.

The next phase of the project is the possible expansion of the rectangular hole under the Kittredge Bridge on Rectory Road.

FALL/WINTER 2006-07

“Sloop *Spirit* Brings Hope to Bermuda’s Youth,” pg. 180

Since the article on the vessel *Spirit of Bermuda* by **Malcolm Kirkland ’69**, hundreds of young Bermudians have thrived aboard the 110-footer.



Beginning with the vessel’s maiden voyage on September 30, 2006, more than 425 middle school students have experienced the five-day foundational expedition, with 500 more scheduled for the 2008–09 season. The sloop was designed to inspire Bermuda’s youth toward confidence, peace, and prosperity.

Students who express an interest in further exploring life at sea undertake extracurricular “skiller” voyages, where crew members assess each student’s technical skill and personal development on a coastal voyage. So far, 125 student crew members have gone on to participate in skiller voyages.

“Powerful stuff for a 14-year-old to be deemed ready to go to sea,” says Kirkland, executive director and program director of the Bermuda Sloop Foundation.

During the 2008–09 season, the *Spirit of Bermuda* will join the tall ships for their 7,000-nautical-mile Atlantic Challenge from April 30 to August 16, 2009, celebrating Bermuda’s 400th year of settlement.

Author McBride Visits SPS

James McBride is nothing if not authentic.

With candor and ease, the author and musician stood in front of students, faculty, and staff in Memorial Hall on October 7 and told it like it is. And he made them laugh a lot in the process.

"*The Color of Water* is one of my only successes," McBride said of the memoir that's sold two million copies in 16 languages. "Most of what I do fails."

While others might tip the scales of success a bit more in McBride's favor – a Spike Lee adaptation of his first novel, *Miracle at St. Anna*, opened in theatres September 22, and his second novel, 2008's *Song Yet Sung*, has received early praise – McBride is reluctant to rest on his laurels.

"It was turned down by several publishers," he continued, describing his experience with *The Color of Water*. "One finally liked it, but told me I needed to put myself in there."

The resulting memoir links McBride's own story – told from his perspective at different ages – with his mother's compelling story as a Jewish girl growing up in a dysfunctional family. The story deals with race, identity, religion, and family – McBride's mother is white and his father is black – ongoing themes being explored by the St. Paul's community in 2008–09. That's why the Summer Reading Committee, co-chaired by Humanities Division Head Chris Carter and Dean of Chapel Michael Spencer, selected McBride's non-fiction work as the first common community reading experience.

"We hope reading *The Color of Water* will develop a curiosity to delve into its many themes and spark an excitement for reading that will lead to the enjoyment of many other great books," said Dean Spencer.

Goals of the annual selection process include choosing a book that will appeal to a variety of age levels, engage the interest of the entire School community, and invite provocative and productive



JANA F. BROWN

“*The Color of Water* is one of my only successes,” said McBride. “Most of what I do fails.”

discussion throughout the School regarding selected themes raised by the book. Whenever possible, the plan is to allow for a visit each year by the author to discuss the work, its themes, and the writing process. With support from Rector Bill Matthews, all community members were supplied with copies of *The Color of Water* at the end of last spring (faculty and staff received their copies as gifts).

McBride's October appearance as a Conroy Visitor included his hour-long talk in Memorial Hall and another hour presiding over a writing workshop for students, faculty, and staff in the Shoolhouse Reading Room. The author encouraged students to make the most of their time at St. Paul's, to forgive themselves for their failures, and to learn how to think. His hour in Memorial Hall was dominated by his relaxed manner and ability to elicit laughter with jokes that often straddled the line of uncomfortable.

McBride focused his discussion primarily on the issues of race, identity, and religion. He described New England as “a hard place for a black person to be,” but tempered that with encouragement for all students to take advantage of the opportunities at St. Paul's. He shunned the notion of “mixed race,” explaining that “in the real world, I consider myself a black man.” He said he prays every day, but no longer takes religion as seriously as he described in his book. He mocked Alaskan Governor Sarah Palin, the Republican vice presidential hopeful, but softened it with, “Let me change topics so I don't offend everyone in the room.” The audience laughed at that tension-breaker.

Most important, McBride encouraged students to discover who they are and to live in a way that makes them happy. “Every time I do one of these things at a school, it always makes me feel a little bit better about myself,” he said, “knowing that one of you could be the one who makes a big difference in this world.”



ASP Turns 50

Sharing conversation in the Rectory, Bernie Folta suddenly pointed to the man standing beside him and, tapping his palm to his forehead, said, “You were in my Greek class!”

Folta and Will Hinkley – both members of the first graduating class of the Advanced Studies Program back in 1958 – began to recite the first seven lines of Homer’s *Odyssey* in unison, an assignment mandated during their time studying Homeric Greek at ASP. Although 50 years had elapsed since the men became two of the first 100 students to attend the St. Paul’s School summer academic program, at least part of their ASP education had remained burned into their memories.

Rector Matthew Warren was concerned that the School’s campus lay dormant during the summer months.

Folta, of Claremont, N.H., and Hinkley, of Colorado Springs, Colo., were two of nine members of the ASP’s inaugural class – the class of 1958 – to attend a dinner at the Rectory to celebrate a half century of the program for New Hampshire high school juniors.

Alan Hall (SPS faculty, 1952 to 1992), the ASP’s first director, spoke to the group, providing an overview of the program’s history, which dates back to the summer of 1956. ASP began after a conversation between Hall and then-SPS Rector Matt Warren, who pulled together an exploratory committee to discuss

offering a summer academic program at St. Paul’s.

The group decided to call the summer school the Advanced Studies Program and recruited its goal of 100 boys to study on the SPS grounds in the summer of 1957. Although that first group studied at the program for two summers, the format of the ASP, which has now enriched the academic lives of nearly 10,000 Granite State students – 270 boys and girls attended in 2008 – remains largely unchanged to this day.



JANA F. BROWN

Segway Joins SPS Vehicle Fleet

St. Paul’s has joined a growing number of academic institutions that have put Segways into their vehicle rotations.

SPS Security Services tested two Segway models over Anniversary Weekend and Graduation, 2008.

The electric-powered Segway causes 14 times less greenhouse gas emissions than a car.

“We received positive comments from our students and guests and it was clearly making the officers more approachable,” said George Pangakis, director of security. “As a result of those reactions, our ability to move about campus quickly in a

crowd, and with so little use of energy, we received approval to move forward with the purchase of one.”

Security opted for the rugged x2 police model, a wider, heavier unit whose off-road tires make it ideal for rough terrain, including the dirt, brick, and cobblestone walkways that snake through the SPS grounds. Like other Segway models, the x2 provides riders a perch that’s eight inches off the ground, allowing officers to see over a crowd.

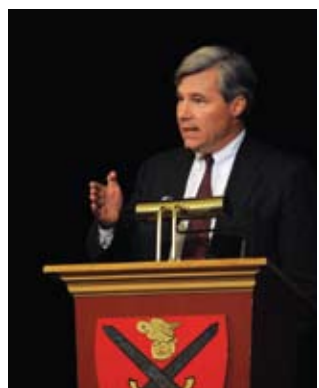
Security Officers Bud Gray and Gary Wooten are the Segway’s primary riders with other officers expected to complete the required training soon. Gray and Wooten try to spend four to five hours of their shifts on the human transporter, before switching over to a security car.

“It’s community policing at its best,” said Gray.

Another bonus of the Segway is its green value. It runs on lithium batteries and produces zero emissions. Battery life is good for 12 miles of travel (that translates to roughly eight to 10 hours), and the Segway can be charged overnight.

Senator Asks Students to Get Involved

When Sheldon Whitehouse ’73 enrolled at St. Paul’s School as a First Former, he was barely as tall as the lectern that stands on the stage of Memorial Hall.



PETER FINGER

He’s certainly grown since then. These days the SPS alumnus is at the height of his career as a junior Senator from Rhode Island, a job he calls “ideal.”

Senator Whitehouse visited the School on Tuesday, October 7, to speak to students at the humanities common block in Memorial Hall. In his 35 minutes on the stage, the Senator focused primarily on environmental issues and their possible impact on the next generation. With that topic to frame his comments, Senator Whitehouse stressed the his-

Students supporting their candidate of choice on November 4 were excused from classes to volunteer.

toric importance of November’s presidential election, which he compared to the 1968 election that was shaping up during his First Form year at St. Paul’s.

“Bill Matthews was my house master,” the Senator recalled. “And I remember that year for something else. It was the year Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy were assassinated. It was a time of extraordinary turbulence, and also a time where there was enormous new hope among young people; this was a turning point that needed to be seized. We are at a very important turning point in defining ourselves as a country. What is going to happen [in your lifetime] is going to be largely determined by what happens this November. It’s that kind of turning point.”

Uniforms to Ghana

When five SPS students and their two faculty chaperones traveled to Ghana this summer, they carried extra luggage with them.

Inside a pair of large red duffel bags were 100 St. Paul’s athletic

uniforms – 60 previously worn by members of the cross country team and 40 used by Big Red field hockey players. The uniforms were divided up and distributed to children at three different schools in Ghana – Dedenya School, Aklamador Village School, and SOS Village, Tema.

“Any time we have old uniforms, we try to find a good home for them,” said Todd Torrance, the School’s equipment manager.

With Torrance’s help, the School has arranged previous uniform donations to children in Haiti and South Africa.

Chaperones Mark Bell and Danielle Llewelyn and students Jorge Silva ’08, Liz Lechner ’09, Emily Laackman ’10, Jennifer Estrada ’10, and Ellie Garza ’10 divided the uniforms into groups of red (home) and white



DANIELLE LLEWELYN

(away) for each school so the Ghanaian students could play intra-squad scrimmages. Each school also received a soccer ball and a hand pump.

During the 13-day trip to Ghana, the SPS contingent was hosted by the SOS-Hermann Gmeiner International College, a school with which St. Paul’s has a previous exchange affiliation. The trip included teaching stints at the three schools, cultural exchange, general travel, and service elements.



Silk Farm Road Closes

Silk Farm Road closed to traffic on August 20, signaling the official completion of the Langley Parkway.

The Langley Parkway, a project whose initial blueprint spans more than five decades, opened to vehicle traffic on July 24. The Parkway is a bypass road that provides a direct route for vehicle traffic between Interstate 89 and Concord Hospital. St. Paul’s School shared the \$8 million construction cost with the City of Concord and Concord Hospital.

The closure of Silk Farm Road means that direct motorist access to St. Paul’s from the I-89 off-ramp at Clinton Street via that route has been eliminated. A gate just beyond the I-89 bridge on Silk Farm will be opened for emergency access only.

In a letter published August 13 in the *Concord Monitor*, SPS Rector Bill Matthews addressed the road closure.

“We hope this change will prove to be of little or no inconvenience to our fellow residents of Concord,” Matthews wrote. “For us, the decrease in traffic through the School will significantly lessen the chance of pedestrian accidents at the various crossings where our students walk between classes and athletics. What will not change is the welcome we extend to local residents who enjoy our campus – our woods, ponds and pathways. We very much hope to continue seeing our Concord friends and neighbors walking, jogging, and cycling on the St. Paul’s School grounds.”

100-Mile Seated Meal

The October 19–25 issue of *Bon Appétit*, the weekly menu and newsletter produced by Food Services at St. Paul’s School, reports statistics gathered by World Watch, which has determined that ingredients for the typical American meal travel between 1,500 and 2,500 miles.

“An average meal uses up to 17 times more petroleum products and increases carbon dioxide emissions by the same amount,” the newsletter states, “compared to an entirely local meal.”



To combat extra fuel costs and to support the local economy, Food Services Director Kurt Ellison teamed up with Maura Adams, environmental stewardship manager, to coordinate a “100-mile Seated Meal.”

The meal featured ingredients produced within 100 miles of Concord.

“A strong local food system would make us more resilient to major disruptions in food production,” said Adams.

“When we buy local food we help sustain the rural landscape that many people love most about northern New England, and we minimize the amount of energy it takes to process and transport food from places far away,” said Adams.

Menu items for the 100-mile Seated Meal included milk, cheeses, fruits, vegetables, and meat from at least 10 farms between New Hampshire and Maine, and breads baked fresh in the St. Paul’s School kitchen.



Nominations Please!

Please nominate any SPS alumni who are having a major impact on their communities or the world for the Alumni Association Award, given each year at Anniversary. The President’s Council, made up of former Presidents and Executive Directors of the Alumni Association, as well as designated members of the Executive Committee, will meet in January to review nominations. Please e-mail your nominations for the Alumni Association Award to Tina Abramson at tabramson@sps.edu.

In April, the Alumni Association Board of Directors (Form Directors) will elect a new Treasurer and Fund Chair of the Alumni Association. The nominating committee is requesting nominations for this position from the Alumni Association members. All nominations should be submitted to Tina Abramson at tabramson@sps.edu to be forwarded to the nominating committee.

The nominating committee will vet the nominees in accordance with guidelines established by the Alumni Association Executive Committee and will present a slate of candidates to the Board of Directors for a vote. The slate of nominees will also be communicated to the entire Association membership so that members are able to discuss the candidates with their Form Directors in advance of the April election.

Road Closure a Mirror of Earlier Times

By David Levesque, SPS archivist
with Jana F. Brown, SPS writer

Often in life, things come full circle. The recent closure of Silk Farm Road to vehicle traffic closely resembles attempts by Rector Samuel Drury to reduce traffic through the idyllic St. Paul’s campus of the early 1920s.

In his history of St. Paul’s School, August Heckscher described early traffic through the SPS grounds, past the Chapel. “The road into the valley and through the center of Millville had once been a dusty and little-used thoroughfare. The infrequent passage of buggies and carts provided in the nineteenth century a pleasant diversion. Cattle, coming from the farm at the top of the hill, could consume as much as an hour in making their way, past boys and other impediments, to fields beyond the School.”

“By the 1920s, however,” continued Heckscher, “automobiles were becoming a menace. Local ‘hot rods’ roared down the incline. Sightseers and Sunday drivers came to peer at the Chapel and other

School buildings, while the workaday traffic passing from Concord toward Dunbarton and Hopkinton had greatly increased.”

In the interest of preserving the quiet enclave George Shattuck envisioned when he founded the School six decades earlier, Dr. Drury took matters into his own hands. In 1916, he petitioned the City of Concord to make the main “public” road through the middle of the grounds private, and arranged to construct what was known as New Dunbarton Road – now known simply as Dunbarton Road – around the edge of campus.

Financing and construction of the road were put on hold until the end of World War I, but New Dunbarton opened to cars and buggies on June 2, 1920. Dr. Drury’s Rector’s Report for 1920 reflects the relief he felt at having re-injected a safe, serene feel to the grounds.

“The territory of the old road is now as much the property of the School as the Chapel lawn,” he wrote. “Instead of a broad, much-traveled, and fast-traveled motor highway, we now have an additional private area of three and one-half acres in the heart of our grounds. Hitherto all building and landscape plans have had to reckon on the public road. Now, in a

“By the 1920s automobiles were becoming a menace. Local ‘hot rods’ roared down the incline . . . while the workaday traffic passing from Concord toward Dunbarton and Hopkinton had greatly increased.”

long-range way, we can treat the school grounds as a purely private area. The ultimate benefits are obvious. Just what form they will take probably none of us can forecast.”

The New Dunbarton Road diverted traffic around the perimeter of the grounds, while a shaded drive replaced the Old Dunbarton Road, which went through the center of the School. Brick walkways were constructed on either side of the new road (now known as Rectory Road), and the street was narrowed to discourage vehicles from traveling it.

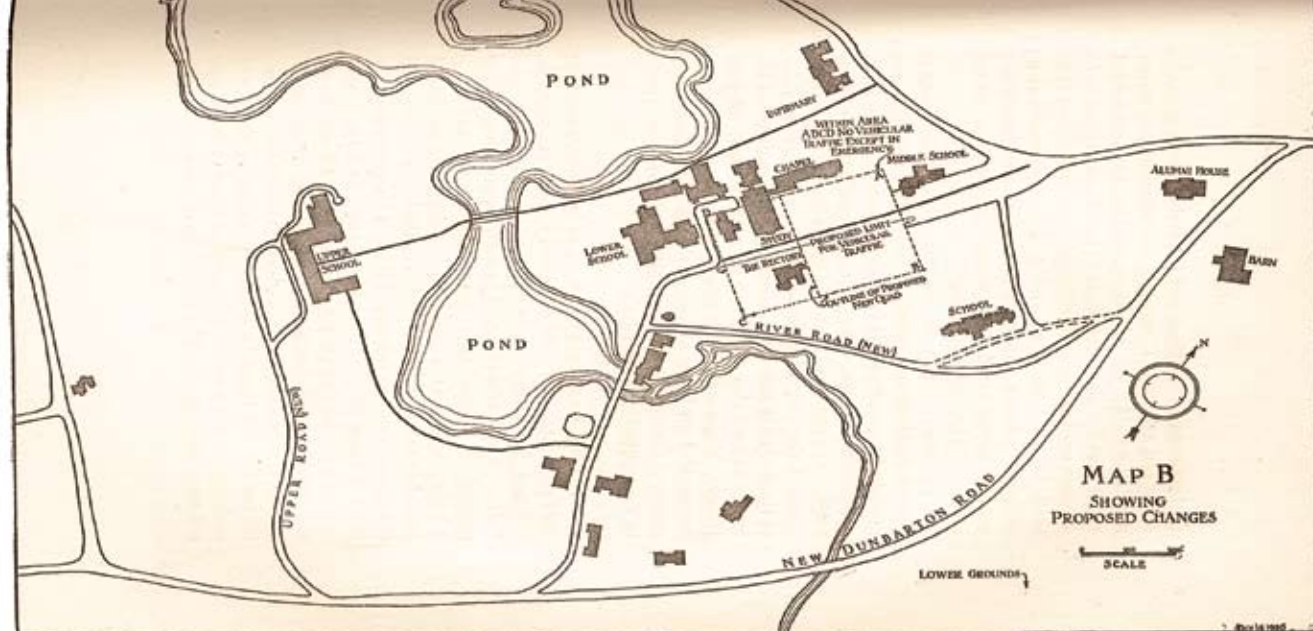
Pedestrian traffic was re-routed by the construction of the Long Path, running at the edge of Lower School Pond from the Infirmary to the New Upper School (Coit). The center of the School once again became a place where green fields and trees flourished, and where the School community could enjoy the great natural beauty that has always been at the heart of Millville.

But, eventually, most things do come full circle. With close to 250 million passenger vehicles on modern American



OPHSTROM LIBRARY ARCHIVES

The School took back Old Dunbarton Road in the early 1920s, returning it to the quiet thoroughfare it was at the School’s founding.



This map from the 1920 Rector's Report reflects the proposed changes to the roadways around St. Paul's.

roads, including nearly 1.2 million in New Hampshire (according to data from the National Automobile Dealers Association), it's no wonder New Dunbarton has been unable to keep up with increased traffic in the post-War era. In recent years, the old problem reared its head once again – speedy “hot rods” threatened safety on Dunbarton Road, and vehicle traffic clogged the quiet roadway, making it into a busy rush hour thoroughfare like the one Dr. Drury described in 1916.

That's one of the primary reasons the School agreed to be a one-third partner – along with the City of Concord and Concord Hospital – in the Langley Parkway project, which diverts traffic away from

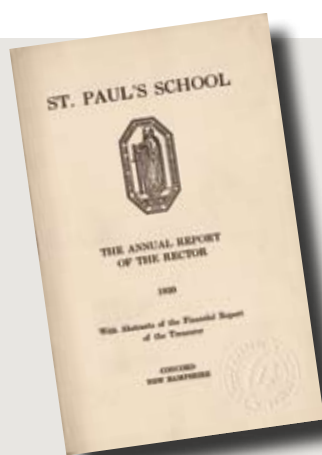
Dunbarton Road via a direct-access route to Pleasant Street from Clinton Street. The project, completed this summer, included the closure of Silk Farm Road, which linked Dunbarton Road to I-89 access off Clinton Street.

In a deal similar to Dr. Drury's 1916 agreement, St. Paul's has once again taken back its roadway – this time, ironically, the very Dunbarton Road that Dr. Drury built to take on the traffic and solve the initial problem in the 1920s.

“This is critical for the safety of this school,” said Bill Matthews '61, the School's Twelfth Rector, echoing his predecessor's 1920 Rector's Report. “The traffic through the School [on Dunbarton Road] increases

every year. I have been nervous about the speed of the vehicles traveling through the campus. This will allow us to provide a more secure environment for our students. It is not intended to keep the world out. We will be cutting the School off from fast-moving traffic, but will still welcome . . . visitors as we always have. It is the traffic that has become an issue.”

Just as in Dr. Drury's day, as in First Rector Henry Coit's day, and so on up to the present day, Dr. Shattuck's vision of that quiet enclave endures. As we walk about the grounds of St. Paul's School on a fine autumn day, we are reminded of the efforts, past and present, to preserve these green fields and trees, streams and ponds.



On June 9, 1919, Rector Samuel Drury wrote to Philip duPont of the Form of 1897, asking for a donation to help build New Dunbarton Road, which came with a \$50,000 price tag. An excerpt appears below.

My dear Mr. duPont, “We plan to divert the main road from the center of the group of buildings to one side, thereby doing away with a public thoroughfare,

“I want to ask you for some money for your old School”

which now cuts in two our principal group. What was once a narrow rustic lane is now a broad motor thoroughfare and is a menace not only to safety but prevents any concordant development of the School. For three or four years I have been dealing with City authorities and before the war, I am glad to say, we were able to arrange for a transfer of roads. If the School builds and pays for a road . . . the City and County forever give to St. Paul's School the present road which runs through the group of buildings. I think that you will readily see the importance of such a move and the great advantage it will be from every point of view to the development of St. Paul's.

The road to be built is nearly 5,000 feet long...I want a few more subscriptions of \$5,000 apiece or \$2,500. Is it expecting too much for you seriously to consider your making such a gift?”

*Always faithfully yours,
Samuel S. Drury*



GOING ALL OUT FOR SIX CHUKKERS

ADAM SNOW '82 PROVES THERE'S MORE TO POLO THAN THE ROYAL FAMILY

By Jana Brown, SPS Writer

When you're a 10-goal polo player, the most important thing is being mounted on a healthy string, one with the stamina for a full six chukkers, and the confidence to go for it in ride offs, especially when you're playing only the 20-goal tournaments or above.

For the polo-illiterate, a conversation with professional mallet-wielder Adam Snow '82 yields this translation: Successful polo players need a solid lineup of horses to split playing time through a half-dozen periods in which they bravely push other horses off the ball, particularly in the tournaments that require the greatest degree of skill.

Furthermore, a 10-goal rating, explains Snow, is the highest handicap a polo pro can achieve; it is related to a player's success in the win/loss column. Players are evaluated individually twice a year by a handicap committee. Team ratings are determined by adding the handicaps of the three pros and one amateur that make up a polo team, so a 20-goal tournament is for teams whose players rate a 20 handicap or above.

Snow has been rated a 10-goaler for three of his 21 years as a pro – from 2002 to 2005. To put that achievement into perspective, there are currently fewer than a dozen 10-goal players in the world, and only a handful more who rate eight or nine goals.

Adam Snow is not just any polo player; he's one of the best.

The most prominent tournament in the country is the U.S. Open, a polo Grand Slam (think Wimbledon, tennis fans) of which Snow is a two-time champion. He was named MVP in his first U.S. Open win in 2002 and his horse, Pumba, was named best playing pony the same year. Another of Snow's horses, Amy, earned top pony honors when Snow won his second Open in 2006. At least four of his



DAVID LOMINSKA PHOTOGRAPHY

other steed have been honored for their play as well.

Pop culture portrayals aside (when talking to Snow, please don't refer to Julia Roberts' character yucking it up at a polo match in *Pretty Woman*), there's more to

polo than luxury-brand sponsors, divot stomping (it's a tradition for spectators to fill the holes in the field during halftime), and the royal family – although Snow has played against Britain's Prince Charles on several occasions. In his prime, the Prince

of Wales was a well-respected four-goal player, who insisted on no special treatment.

Here's a polo primer – or at least some random facts: Most of the world's best polo players are from Argentina, where the top polo ponies are bred; a chukker is a seven-minute period and there are six of them in a match; most players are responsible for breeding, maintaining, and training their own strings of horses; preparing horses for match play is a complicated process that can take up to eight years per pony; polo ponies rule the field at top speeds of 30 miles an hour; travel for the sport often means the horses ride in pallets of three in the bellies of jets to reach their international destinations.

Snow and his wife, a veterinarian with an expertise in equine nutrition, live on a 135-acre farm in Aiken, S.C., with their three boys and their 30 horses, including six expectant mares due to foal in the spring. In a typical polo match, a player mounts between six and eight horses for the 42-minute marathon. The ponies begin competitive play at about eight years of age, and a good career is considered retirement to the farm at 15. For Snow, who went pro shortly after his 1987 graduation from Yale, horses have become increasingly important to his success in the sport.

"When I was a young player, just starting out, my Argentine mentor joked that when players are young and talented, they have no money to buy horses, and the opposite is true when you're older, but the two never really come together," says Snow, who still rates eight goals as a 44-year-old veteran. "It's funny because when I started out I loved the sport and was hesitant about the horses. Now the most compelling aspect of it for me is the horses."

As a 10-year-old, Snow found horses anything but compelling. Although polo courses like blood through the Snow family's veins – Adam is a third-generation polo player and his half-brother Nick '04, a Harvard senior, is making a run at the pro game as well – he almost bucked the trend when he was thrown from his horse three times during a polo match as a youth.

"I said I didn't want to see a horse again," he recalls.

It took only a couple of years for Snow to get back in the proverbial saddle, playing with family and friends on a spacious yard at home in Ipswich, Mass., and seeing



DAVID LOHINSKA PHOTOGRAPHY

“I got disciplined and thoughtful about how I could get better. I accepted and embraced the fact that I was a professional polo player; and I liked it.”

his first true competition at nearby Myopia Hunt Club in Hamilton. Relegated to the summer months, polo took a back seat during Snow's high school and college years, as he starred in football, hockey, and lacrosse at St. Paul's (his nickname "Snowman" came from longtime SPS lacrosse coach Cliff Gillespie) and went on to play lacrosse and captain Yale's hockey team as a college senior. Finding himself at a career crossroads upon graduation, Snow turned back to polo, using the seasoning from his other sports as a springboard.

"The game flows like ice hockey. A lot of people call it hockey on horseback," explains Snow, who freely uses the word equitation when explaining how he trains his horses from the saddle. "There are a lot of similarities between the two. You have the other medium of getting around the ice or the field. That's one of the most demanding aspects of the sport, the symbiotic relationship with the horse you're riding."

It takes time to develop those relationships, so horse and rider can focus together on chasing a 3¼-inch, 4½-ounce ball around a 300-yard field – and Snow has put in his time. When he first decided to make a run at a professional polo career, he had no horses of his own, and could play only when invited and, therefore, mounted – given a horse – by a sponsor. His skills quickly helped his rating to rise and assured that he was well-mounted whenever he wanted to play. In his first 10 years as a pro, his rating rose to as high as eight goals, he had acquired some of his own horses ("but not great ones") and at 33 he wondered if he should pack it in and just head to law school.

"I decided to go for it," he says. "I got disciplined and thoughtful about how I could get better. I went to a sports psychologist. I accepted and embraced the fact that I was a professional polo player; and I liked it."

It's 11 years later and Snow has not looked back. His polo prowess has taken him all over the world, from Argentina to New Zealand, from Australia to France. More than once, his teams have beaten those of the world's best player, Argentine Adolfo Cambiasso, the man polo watchers consider the Wayne Gretzky of their sport for his instincts, finesse, and innate competitiveness.

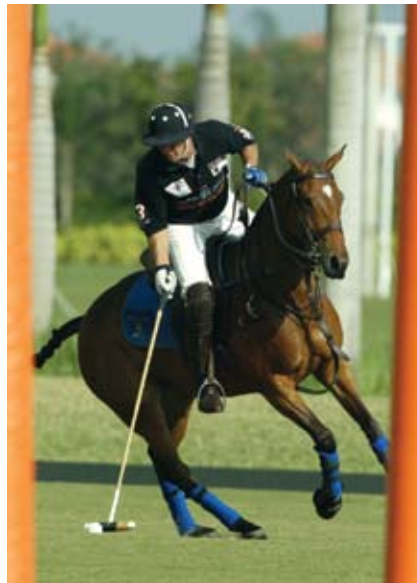
Snow's horses have joined him at international tournaments in Argentina and England and on longer domestic trips to New York and California. His children, now 13, 10, and 3, have traveled extensively as well. The whole family spent three months in Argentina in 2004. In his earlier pro days, Snow played at every opportunity, but with his kids growing and his passion for the horse breeding side of polo really taking off, he's become more discriminating about when and where he plays, committing only to 20-goal tournaments or above.

These days, Snow focuses his playing schedule on a trio of 26-goal tournaments in Florida that run from February through April. He brings 12 horses and plays at least one match per week during that span. Four summer tournaments are also on his annual agenda, with other events added for equine training purposes. His own varied training regimen includes swimming, yoga, running, and pick-up hockey.

Back home, Snow and his wife, Shelley, are awaiting the birth of their biggest-ever influx of foals from the half-dozen pregnant mares. Like Snow, polo will be in their blood, and the young ponies will train with one of the sport's masters. Polo can be addictive, says Snow, for the players and their strings.

"I think the best horses love it and get excited like the players," he shares. "Some of my older horses look happier when they're playing than when they're turned out in the field to rest."

As for players such as Snow, the butterflies still flutter as he prepares for a match, and the adrenaline still flows when he rides onto the field. But polo's not for



DAVID LOMINSKA PHOTOGRAPHY

Snow is poised to score yet another goal.

everyone, so the faint of heart need not apply. The fact that luxury-brand sponsors front players and teams breeds a misconception of polo as nothing more than a Sunday afternoon social hour. But to truly succeed as a polo pro, a player must travel constantly – often without family in tow – play in a never-ending lineup

of tournaments, attract sponsors, learn about the breeding side of the horse business and pour money into it, and come to terms with the dangerous nature of the profession.

In April 2007, Snow witnessed the fatal accident of polo player Skeeter Johnson during a practice game in Florida – a tragic memory that has stayed close to him since. But the fearless Snow reads through his own list of injuries without flinching: broken collarbone, loss of consciousness, broken fingers, hard plastic balls striking his face.

"Even though Cartier and Rolex are some of the sponsors, if you went and watched it, you'd realize polo is a sport with a greater degree of danger than most because the horses are running around at 30 miles an hour," he says. "It's a real sport, as demanding if not more than other sports I've played because of the horse element. You never stop learning about the horses. You can add things to your regimen – even at 44 – that can help you on the polo field. I feel confident on my horses so I'm always going to play all out."

Spring Sports Highlights



GEOFF FONESTER

Ashley Crutchfield '08 earned honorable mention All-American honors.

With a 14-3 overall record, an Independent School League championship, and an appearance in the New England Class B Tournament, the boys tennis team continued to compete at the highest level in New England. Grant Wilson '08 and Will Rives '09 earned All-ISL honors while four others – Jamie Raffini '10, Jamie Wilson '08, Will Ahmed '08, and Fred Struse '08 – got honorable mention. Four members of the SPS boys and

girls track teams earned All-New England honors. ISL 100m champion Kieran Lewis '09 finished second in the event at New England. Esteban Torres '08 (third) earned All-NE honors in the 800m. Nick Gates '09 garnered regional honors in two events – the 1,500m (sixth) and the 3,000m (fifth). Caroline Tory '08 earned All-NE status in the 800m and 1,500m.

SPS crew tradition continued to thrive this spring as the girls placed second by four seconds at Worcester and fourth at the Nationals in Cincinnati by less than five seconds.

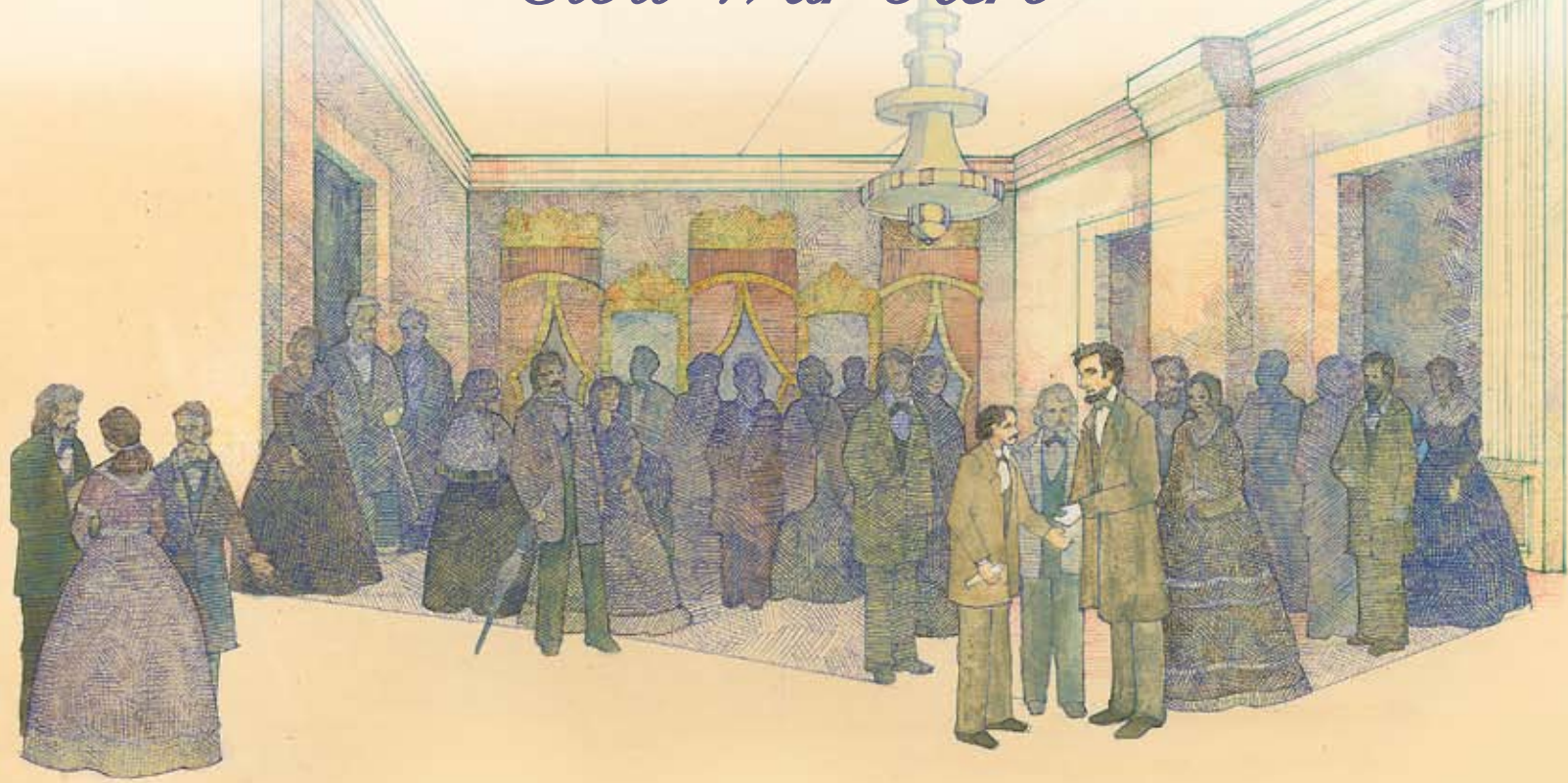
On the baseball diamond, Andrew Peabody '08 was among the brightest stars, hitting .471 for the season with 24 hits and only two strikeouts. Peabody also starred on the mound, where he struck out 48 batters in 41 innings while walking only seven.

Finally, girls lacrosse attacker Ashley Crutchfield '08 was named to the honorable mention All-America team.

Sports Summary

VARSITY BOYS	WON	LOST	TIED
Baseball	7	8	0
Crew-1st boat	2	6	0
Crew-2nd boat	3	5	0
Lacrosse	6	10	0
Tennis	14	3	0
Track	2	8	0
	34	40	0
VARSITY GIRLS			
Crew-1st boat	3	2	0
Crew-2nd boat	2	4	0
Lacrosse	4	10	0
Softball	0	13	0
Tennis	8	7	0
Track	2	8	0
	19	44	0
VARSITY TOTAL	53	81	0
JV BOYS			
Baseball	5	4	0
Crew-3rd boat	2	8	0
Crew-4th boat	2	5	0
Lacrosse	1	11	0
Tennis	9	0	1
	19	28	1
JV GIRLS			
Crew-3rd boat	2	4	0
Crew-4th boat	2	2	0
Lacrosse	0	10	0
Tennis	2	5	1
	6	21	1
JV TOTAL	25	49	2
GRAND TOTALS	78	130	2

Portrait of an Unsung Civil War Hero



by Whitney Stewart '77

On the evening of Saturday, March 26, 1864, painter Francis Bicknell Carpenter found himself alone with President Abraham Lincoln on a private staircase at the White House. The two men had a brief conversation that had nothing to do with the portrait Frank Carpenter was painting of Lincoln and his cabinet members, but everything to do with the subject of my book nearly 150 years later.

My connection to Carpenter is a simple one: He's the great, great grandfather of my stepfather, George Scherer, a 1952 graduate of St. Paul's School. If it weren't for my stepfather's tendency to value family documents, I may never have learned of this connection to Frank Carpenter and how his work as an artist helped President Lincoln save the life of a displaced Civil War soldier named William Mount.



COURTESY WHITNEY STEWART

Carpenter's preliminary sketch for his famous painting.

I'm an author of biographies and history texts whose biggest challenge is always finding that next viable book topic. An idea comes while I read the newspaper or watch the news. It comes from a conversation with a friend. When it hits, I feel a sudden spark that propels me to the library.

One of my most memorable moments of inspiration came at my parents' house in Vermont. I was reading one night when my stepfather marched into my room with a dusty box and dumped it on the bed. "Here," he said. "See what you think of this." And then he left.

I peered inside and found photo albums, scrapbooks, and old magazines – gems maintained by a lifelong saver. Expecting to thumb through pictures of people I didn't know, I was surprised instead to find old letters cloaked in recognizable names.

That old familiar spark hit hard this time. It came as I withdrew a vintage invitation embossed in bold letters with *Mr. Charles Dickens*. The invitation, kept unsoiled and intact by Frank Carpenter, invited my stepfather's ancestor to a dinner given by President Andrew Johnson in honor of the novelist. Also in the album was a scribbled seating chart for that 1868 dinner at Delmonico's restaurant in New York City. The guest list read like a celebrity encyclopedia.

The albums had my full attention now.

I gently removed pages of fragile stationery from behind the clear polypropylene protectors, where faded ink revealed famous signatures. The authors of these letters were men and women I'd read about in history books – Presidents Millard Fillmore and Franklin Pierce, Secretary of State William Seward, Secretary of War Edwin Stanton, poet Oliver Wendell Holmes, astronomer Maria Mitchell, actor Edwin Booth, and showman P.T. Barnum – they all wrote to George's great, great grandfather, Frank Carpenter. My writer's mind shifted into fifth gear: *Why did they write to him? How did Carpenter know them? And who the heck was Francis Bicknell Carpenter anyway?*

"Please don't show these letters to anyone," I begged

my stepfather the next morning. "Not to ANYONE. Not until I learn more," I said firmly. George laughed, but I didn't. I knew I had the subject for my next book and didn't want anyone stealing the idea. I had to go through each letter to find a literary thread, one that would eventually lead me to Frank Carpenter's role in President Lincoln's compassionate gesture.

The hardest part of the research was deciphering the handwriting. I couldn't make out every word, and I struggled to understand the message of each letter. But before long I had something of a thread and a list of research questions. I traveled to New York City; Homer, N.Y.; Gettysburg, Pa.; and London, England to visit art collections, libraries, and historical sites. I called dozens of research libraries and ordered photocopies of documents. After three years of research, I had the shell of a story, but I still needed more details.

Then I got a break. The head of the Cortland County Historical Society gave me the names and addresses of other Carpenter descendants whom my stepfather had never met. I decided to call these relatives to find out what they knew about their well-connected ancestor. One cousin had the key to my research – Frank Carpenter's tiny leather diaries and a transcription her grandfather had spent months typing. She sent me a copy, and I couldn't believe my good fortune. The diary answered many of the remaining questions I had about Carpenter and about the story I found in his letters. I could finally start writing.

Francis Bicknell Carpenter was born in Homer, N.Y. He was a farm boy who cared nothing for milking cows and, against his father's wishes, took up painting. Carpenter set up a studio in New York City and soon made a name for himself painting portraits of some of America's most illustrious men and women. His reputation won him an invitation to Lincoln's White House in 1864. There he spent six months painting Lincoln and his cabinet members for "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation Before the Cabinet," which now hangs in the senate wing of the U.S. Capitol.



"The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet" (1864), oil on canvas, 108 x 180 inches.



COURTESY WHITNEY STEWART

Carpenter's diaries were key to uncovering the artist's role in presidential politics.

All this I learned from newspaper and magazine articles about Carpenter and from his own published memoir (*Six Months at the White House*). But the best part of the story – how a portrait artist influenced presidential politics – took some real digging. I found emotional letters to Carpenter from fellow American painter Shepard Alonzo Mount. I'd never heard of the man when I started my research, but found his letters compelling.

Shepard Mount wrote to Carpenter explaining that his son, William, had moved from the North to the South before the Civil War because of ill health. The young man was later forced into the Confederate Army, and he marched against his will until he escaped his regiment and gave himself up to Union officers. The officers believed him to be an enemy spy and threw him into prison in Alton, Ill. There, as he wasted away from a chest infection, he wrote to his father for help. Shepard Mount, who knew Carpenter from an intimate circle of New York City artists, begged him to speak to President Lincoln on William's behalf.

Although he'd spent hours on end in the president's company, Carpenter had a job to do at the White House and wasn't sure he could help William Mount. On Tuesday February 9, 1864, Carpenter perched himself in Lincoln's office and sketched the president as he engaged in Civil War affairs. The two men left each other alone to work, and Carpenter hesitated to interrupt Lincoln with Mount's story. He knew President Lincoln heard similar sagas every week and had to decide the fate of many soldiers.

Day after day, Carpenter sat in President Lincoln's office, attended cabinet meetings, arranged White House photography sessions with Matthew Brady, and painted his giant canvas. Every so often, when Carpenter and Lincoln were together, the president would pause in his work to tell Frank jokes, to recite poetry – *"The Last*

Leaf" by Oliver Wendell Holmes or *"Mortality"* or *"Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?"* by William Knox – or read Shakespeare. Although the president took casual breaks, Carpenter was reluctant to discuss William Mount's predicament.

Finally, on that Saturday evening in March of 1864, Carpenter encountered the president on a back staircase of the White House. He swallowed his reluctance to pester Lincoln and asked for a moment of his time. The two met in Lincoln's office and Carpenter recounted young Mount's tale. Lincoln asked Carpenter to vouch for the loyalty of the Mount family and then signed an order to have William released from the Illinois prison. One final heartfelt letter to Carpenter from Shepard Mount confirms the release and expresses the Mount family's gratitude for Lincoln's compassionate gesture.

I feel a degree of satisfaction knowing that William Mount did not die in prison. He was able to go back to his wife and child, and to his widower father who died four years later. I have discovered no archived image and no further details of this troubled Civil War soldier. I like to imagine that he lived happily after the war ended. But my latest book – *Mr. Lincoln's Gift* – ends with Mount's dramatic release, Carpenter's return to his painting, and with me still in possession of a treasure chest of research documents for future inspiration.



COURTESY WHITNEY STEWART

Francis Bicknell Carpenter (1830 - 1900)



Discovering Tea at the Heart of Modern China

by Matthew de la Peña '04

When a professor presented Iowa journalism undergraduate Matt de la Peña with the opportunity to spend the summer in China as an Olympic volunteer, he saw it as a chance to see his favorite athletes up close. Instead, he discovered an old man, a tea shop, and a contagious spirit in Chinese nationals he never imagined existed.

I sat in a cloud of smoke sipping tea and listening to the old man tell us stories of his younger days. “There were no foreigners,” he said. “I didn’t see a foreigner in Beijing ‘til the 60s.”

He had a severe case of arthritis and his hair, muddled and haphazard, was predominantly silver with shades of black. His teeth were cracked and stained from years of tea drinking. He was in his mid-70s, I guessed. We walked in, not knowing what to expect. At first, I thought he was trying to entice us to buy something. It turned out he wasn’t interested in selling us tea; it was more of a friendly gesture, a conversation starter and genuine curiosity about foreign visitors.

The shop was large enough to fit a bed and a small kitchen; a TV stood at the edge of the bed playing Chinese soap operas and, occasionally, some cartoons. A make-shift shelf made from a do-it-yourself kit showcased his products from around China, and a round table allowed customers a venue to sample his teas. He offered us some cigarettes. I declined, but he insisted we smoke during our tea break.

The old man reached for a condensed package of tea leaves on his shelf, known as a tea wheel, and began to boil some water. He had a device that looked to me like a miniature pitch-fork that he used to pierce the wheel and break apart chunks of the leaves.

“This one is my favorite,” he said. “Red tea – very good for immune system.”

“What are you here for?” he asked.

“Olympic volunteers,” one of us replied. “We’re journalism students from the University of Iowa,”

“Volunteers!” he shouted. “I’m a volunteer, too!”

“A volunteer?” I thought, hoping my face didn’t betray my skepticism. This man could barely lift a tea mug.

“I help with traffic. I go to road around corner and point people in right direction. The Olympics are great; very good for China!”

For the Chinese, the Olympics were seven years and \$40 billion in the making, a tremendous source of national pride that extended from toddlers to elders alike. This man was no different. He wanted to be part of a history that would remember the Olympics as China’s debut on the world’s international stage. That’s why he – and millions of others – became volunteers.

“Chinese need to make good impression on foreigners,” he proclaimed. “That is why I am volunteer. I want to help foreign visitors and show them China is good.” “My English is poor,” he continued, “but I have studied hard to speak with foreigners.”

As he poured us cups of tea, he told us about the transformation of Beijing and the excitement that had

been building up prior to the Games. He described how millions of Chinese studied voraciously to learn English, and how Beijing had renovated buildings and sidewalks to accommodate foreigners.

We casually talked about Olympic athletes and American culture. We told him how we became Olympic volunteers, how a professor of ours had connections within the Chinese media and how we had to submit résumés and fill out countless forms and exams in preparation for our trip. We told him about the high-profile athletes we had seen up close – golden swimmer Michael Phelps, the U.S.A. men’s basketball team, tennis star Rafael Nadal, decorated gymnast Shawn Johnson, the list could go on forever – and about our tours of Tiananmen Square and the Great Wall.

The old man laughed a lot, marveling at our American clothes and commenting on our lack of skills in Chinese. He asked us about our impressions of Beijing.

“Beijing is enormous,” I observed. “There’s a lot of history and culture in Beijing.”

“Of course there is,” he mused. “Beijing is old, like me. But what do you THINK?”

I confessed that I hadn’t known much before I arrived.

I told him I studied Chinese culture at school and that I knew basic facts about the Chinese infrastructure and government, but it was hardly anything substantial. I was embarrassed, but he didn’t seem surprised by my answers.

I also told him how my impressions had changed since I had arrived, how I had met and seen so many interesting people, heard so many stories, and seen firsthand the generosity and openness of the Chinese people. It was like confessing to an awful misunderstanding. While the fundamental social construct is vastly different from that of the U.S., the cultural similarities between China and America are far more apparent than the differences.

China was not the place of censorship and government authority I imagined it to be when the prospect of living in Beijing was first proposed to me.

In the fall of 2007, I was in my adviser’s office finalizing my class schedule for the next semester. Halfway out the door, she stopped me. “Want to go to China for the Olympics?” she asked.

Math is not one of my strong points, but I can manage simple equations like China + Olympics = Opportunity of a lifetime.

I said yes almost instinctively. I wasn’t sure of the details, or what exactly she meant, but I knew I wanted to go and I couldn’t pass up this opportunity.

It was the beginning of a progressively long process in

“Math is not one of my strong points, but I can manage simple equations like China + Olympics = Opportunity of a lifetime.”





Matt de la Peña (r.) was based at the Main Press Center in Beijing from June 21 to August 30.

preparation for the University of Iowa Olympic Ambassadors Project, a select group of 23 students volunteering for the 2008 Olympic Games in Beijing.

We were divided into four groups, each working in a different Olympic venue. My assignment: the Main Press Center, the surrogate workplace for thousands of foreign journalists and media, all coming to report on the Games in Beijing.

It was an exciting prospect, which allowed for endless possibilities. I would be in charge of monitoring press conferences featuring prominent athletes, dignitaries, and journalists from around the world.

Initially, my interest in China stemmed from my love of sports. The fact that the Olympics were being held in Beijing was like an added bonus, a sort of tourist attraction that I would be able to explore in my spare time. I wasn't as enthusiastic about *being* in China so much as I was about being able to see my favorite athletes and sporting events. It wasn't until weeks after we arrived that my feelings began to change.

My preconceived notions of China were primitive – Communist values, downtrodden billions trudging their way through life under the thumb of government regulations. I was not prepared for the metropolis of Beijing, the content locals with the bustling lifestyle. Upon our arrival, it was the modern aspects of such a rich and traditional culture that struck me. Tall buildings punctuate the sky and public transit systems are scattered throughout the city, transporting the millions of local and foreign residents.

Taxis patrol the streets as they do in New York or any

other major city. Traffic yields for no one. I can think of a handful of occasions when I was almost run down by a taxi, bus, or bike. It speaks to the culture: Beijing is like a train in perpetual motion.

"No one can really know until they come here," I said.

"Many foreigners are like you; they don't know about China," the old man said.

"We are very big, but very misunderstood. The Olympics are good for us – show the world who we really are." Constant media-driven controversy surrounded the Olympics in China, including censorship and human rights issues. But the gracious nature and hospitality of the Chinese were largely overshadowed by such controversial subject matter. Many locals in Beijing went out of their way to help foreign strangers like me, and they displayed the patience and understanding of the world's best teachers when faced with our lack of knowledge of their language and culture.

My time in China was phenomenal, emphasized by the generous nature and spirit of its people. Instead of my previous history textbook version of China as a suffocating empire, my images of the country now include the personal moment of sitting on the Great Wall, marveling at the engineering genius and the sweat of average Chinese citizens that went into its creation. Immersed in their culture, I sensed the ghosts of Tiananmen Square protestors – student just like me – who spoke out against authoritarian rule and helped make China the place I fell in love with nearly 20 years later.

And I think of that tea shop.

Actually, I think back to that experience in the old man's teahouse as the definitive moment of my time in China. It put many things into perspective, including the Olympics, nationalism, pride, and what it meant for a country that had been veiled from the rest of the world. For China, the Olympics were a way to showcase its achievements. It was the so-called "coming-out party to the world," and its citizens went out of their way to make the confetti fall.

There was something mystical about that man and his shop, hidden in the corner of an alleyway, waiting to be discovered. The few of us who found it hesitated to tell everyone else about the old man and the tea. In my head, I imagined myself telling people about the old man and then going back and discovering his tea shop had mysteriously vanished into thin air.

This was just one of the secrets I came to discover during my journey to China. Many of the historical landmarks and cultural traditions carry a mystic origin with them, similar to the teashop, but Beijing is also industrious and modern, a welcoming city with a confident air that continues to grow.

Before I left, I met a Chinese student who I think described post-Olympic China the best.

"China was a sleeping tiger before the Olympics," she said. "Now, the tiger is awake."





Organ Restoration Preserves School Music Tradition

by Jana F. Brown, SPS writer

The latest restoration of the School's organ is a reminder that the instrument is a touchstone for the spiritual life of St. Paul's.



JANA F. BROWN

Colin Lynch, the School's 12th organist, shows off the restored organ console.

Deep within the archives of Ohrstrom Library lives a manila folder, about two inches thick. Yellowed edges betray the age of its contents, although painstaking care has been taken to preserve each time-worn sheet.

Inside is more than 18 months' worth of correspondence – beginning in June of 1927 – between then-Rector Samuel S. Drury and an endless stream of alumni and other friends of the School with one common goal: finding a suitable replacement for James C. Knox, the School's first organist.

To say that Knox had become an institution at the School during his 60-year tenure (1868–1928) would indeed be an understatement. His original compositions still reverberate through the Chapel, from the beloved Anniversary anthem “O Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem” to “Love Divine,” the School Hymn. If the Chapel has always been at the heart of the School, music is its soul, and the organ is its vessel.

In reading through the stack of letters, it becomes increasingly clear that music has always occupied a central role in the life of St. Paul's. In the spirit of that knowledge, the School embarked this summer on a long-term project of restoring the organ. This is not the first time such an endeavor has been undertaken. Previous restorations of the 1888 instrument have occurred in 1930, 1953, and 1996. The most recent return to glory for the School organ is endowed by the anonymous gift of an alumnus, who, like many other graduates of St. Paul's, demonstrates an understanding for the importance of music in Millville's daily life. The gift was given in memory of the legendary Channing Lefebvre, the School's fourth organist (1941–61).

Guided by the expertise of Dick Houghten, an organ builder with an impressive résumé of instrumental renovation, the organ console installed 12 years ago has been replaced by one that's more familiar than you might think. The 1953 console spent more than a decade in storage before making its grand reappearance this summer. The 1950s model is simpler in design; it allows the organist to see the congregation, and the choir to watch the organist for cues.

The organ is a historically important instrument at St. Paul's. The original Hutchings pipes were enhanced and expanded in 1930 by E.M. Skinner, a man current

St. Paul's organist and choirmaster Colin Lynch refers to as “the God of American organ building.” The pipes and console were further enriched in 1953 by Æolian Skinner of Boston. G. Donald Harrison, the company's president and tonal director, made a personal journey to St. Paul's at that time to add pipes and re-voice the existing organ. The School's first four organists – Knox, John Harms, Christopher Thomas, and Lefebvre – played from an ethereal balcony above the congregation, with access limited to a narrow spiral staircase from the choir room. Since the organ moved to pew-level in the 1950s, the vaulted space has been occupied by large speakers that bellow out the low, rumbly notes at the organist's command. Re-wiring by Houghten and his helpers, plus the addition of an improved sound system in the Chapel, has left the space vacant once again, allowing the possibility of brass players or readers to share their talents from balcony-level in the future.

Lynch is the School's 12th in the line, marking as many organists as Rectors in the 152-year history of St. Paul's. His enthusiasm for his craft is unbridled, and he looks forward to Houghten's new electronics system, which will allow for improved organ tones. Restoring an organ is not easy work. There is one wire for approximately every second one of the 3,800 individual pipes, which range in height from 16' to barely ¼”.

“Some of the stops were missing,” explains Lynch, referring to the printed ivory knobs used by master organists to imitate hundreds of distinct sounds. “The keyboard was in need of replacement as well. Dick was able to find an original Skinner keyboard in mint condition.”

A daily problem with the old keyboard manifested itself every time Lynch tried to repeat a note for dramatic effect. “I will have more control over the articulation now,” says Lynch. “And I can conduct the choir from here.”

Houghten was charged with the daunting task of restoring the console to its original glory while simultaneously



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Channing Lefebvre spent 20 years at the helm of the School organ.

updating its electronics. That meant evaluating and replacing all 2,000 of the wires connected to the electronically controlled pipe organ.

"This is particularly complex because changing the console and the electrical system has to accommodate both what the organ is right now and its fully restored specifications," explains Houghten. "It's all about the sound the organ will play. If the organ acts more responsively, the organist can make better music. It's evolving to what it used to be."

What the organ used to be is what it has always been – a touchstone for the spiritual life of St. Paul's School. That may be why in 1927, when alumni and friends of the School learned that the health of 80-year-old James Knox would finally force his retirement, they responded. Letters from the archives indicate the elevated status the organist and choirmaster held in the eyes of Rector Drury and the School's alumni base.

In a February 21, 1928, letter from Dr. Drury to a Mr. Thomas Surette, the Rector wrote, "I should want a man to be far more than an organist and choirmaster. He should have charge of music in general in the School, and it is that kind of a position of importance that we are trying to fill."

In a letter to former Trustee Rev. Anson Stokes three months later, Dr. Drury continued, "Next to good character and professional skill, it seems to me we want a man who is keen to make a great thing of music at St. Paul's."

Letters and a Western Union telegram indicate Dr. Drury did not limit the search to replace Knox to the United States, meeting with at least two candidates during a School trip to London, and with others during shorter visits to New York and California. As is usually the case with faculty members, Knox set the bar high, guiding the boys of St. Paul's in activities from Glee Club to cricket. A former choirboy under Knox recalled the musician's distaste for green neckties and the generous supply of throat lozenges he doled out to the boys in the choir.


"The most important thing about Dr. Knox was the man himself," wrote Knox's friend Frank Hunter Potter of the Form of 1870. "His single-minded devotion to the School for more than 60 years of his life was very fine, and his hold on the boys was really extraordinary. It was this, combined with his love for what was the purest church music, that made him able to keep up a chapel service of such high standard."

Although his immediate successors did not make quite the impact of Knox (John Harms lasted four years, from 1828 to 1932, and Christopher Thomas nine, from 1932 to 1941), letters indicate the perpetuation of the organ's status. Thomas left in what can only be described as a bitter departure over dissatisfaction with the operation of the Glee Club.

That opened the door for Lefebvre, a legend in his own right. In his 20 years as St. Paul's organist and choirmaster,

"Love Divine"

James C. Knox



1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come
Fix in us thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All thy faith-ful mer-cies
Je-sus, thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love thou art;
Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-ery trembling heart. A - men

2. Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

3. Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Lefebvre also held a second post – as director of New York's University Glee Club. His love of music drove Lefebvre to take the sleeper train from Concord or Boston weekly to conduct the New York choir in time for him to return to campus for Friday faculty meetings. Lefebvre chronicled his own career – every concert program, every news clipping – in five oversized leather scrapbooks now held in the School archives. Lefebvre was remembered by Rector Matthew Warren as an expert of Episcopal liturgy. "Even his jokes had an ecclesiastical flavor," Warren wrote.

During Anniversary Weekend 2008, Lynch presided over an open house in the Chapel and was flooded with requests to play the St. Paul's hymns and anthems so familiar to alumni throughout the years.

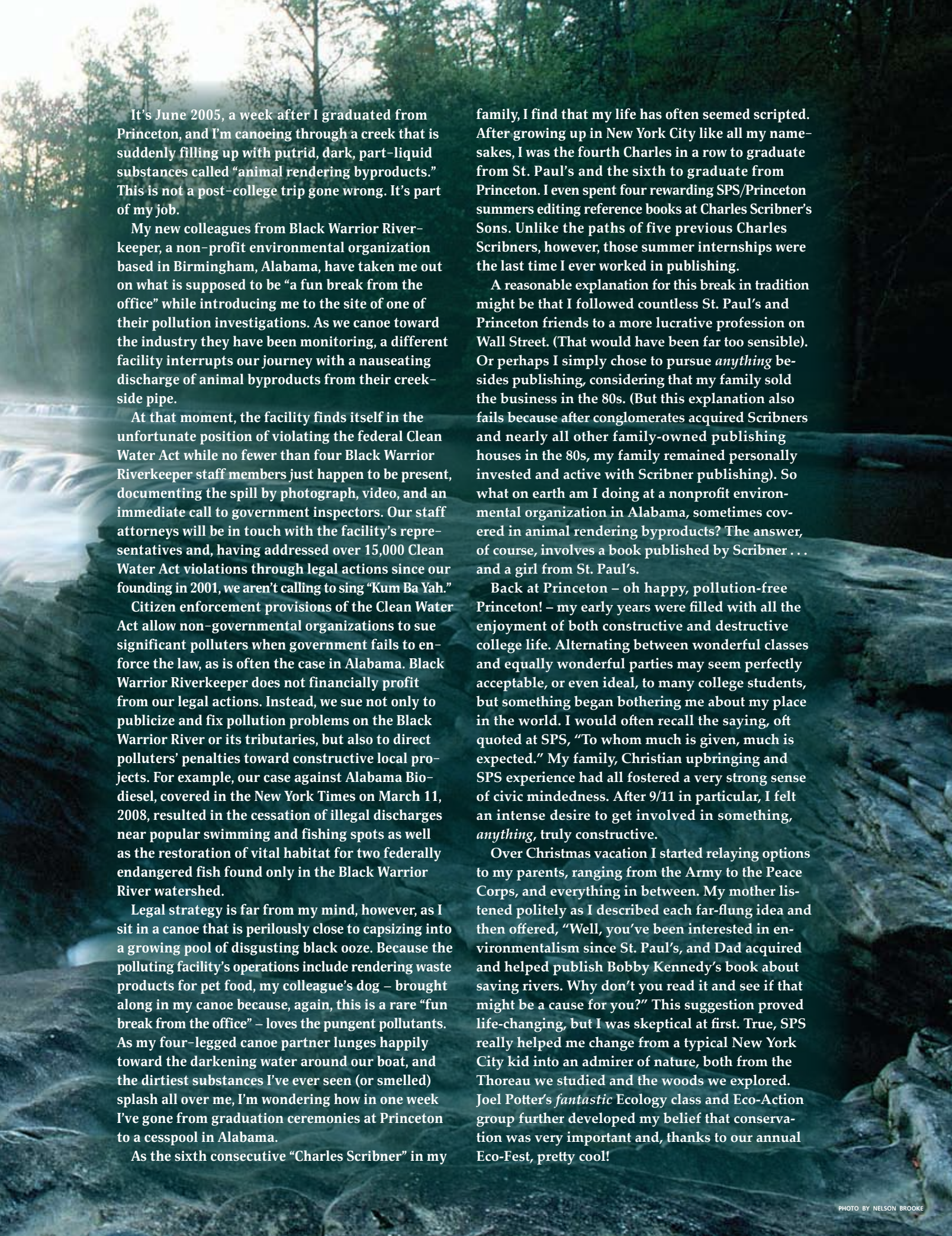
"I'm very grateful for this gift," says Lynch, who officially debuted the restored organ in an October 19 Keiser Concert. "The organ is a dying art and St. Paul's is one of the few places where kids can hear eight different pieces a week. The organ has always been important to the School. It makes the Chapel come alive."



Defending the Black Warrior

A New Yorker's Quest in Alabama

by Charles Scribner IV '00



It's June 2005, a week after I graduated from Princeton, and I'm canoeing through a creek that is suddenly filling up with putrid, dark, part-liquid substances called "animal rendering byproducts." This is not a post-college trip gone wrong. It's part of my job.

My new colleagues from Black Warrior Riverkeeper, a non-profit environmental organization based in Birmingham, Alabama, have taken me out on what is supposed to be "a fun break from the office" while introducing me to the site of one of their pollution investigations. As we canoe toward the industry they have been monitoring, a different facility interrupts our journey with a nauseating discharge of animal byproducts from their creek-side pipe.

At that moment, the facility finds itself in the unfortunate position of violating the federal Clean Water Act while no fewer than four Black Warrior Riverkeeper staff members just happen to be present, documenting the spill by photograph, video, and an immediate call to government inspectors. Our staff attorneys will be in touch with the facility's representatives and, having addressed over 15,000 Clean Water Act violations through legal actions since our founding in 2001, we aren't calling to sing "Kum Ba Yah."

Citizen enforcement provisions of the Clean Water Act allow non-governmental organizations to sue significant polluters when government fails to enforce the law, as is often the case in Alabama. Black Warrior Riverkeeper does not financially profit from our legal actions. Instead, we sue not only to publicize and fix pollution problems on the Black Warrior River or its tributaries, but also to direct polluters' penalties toward constructive local projects. For example, our case against Alabama Biodiesel, covered in the New York Times on March 11, 2008, resulted in the cessation of illegal discharges near popular swimming and fishing spots as well as the restoration of vital habitat for two federally endangered fish found only in the Black Warrior River watershed.

Legal strategy is far from my mind, however, as I sit in a canoe that is perilously close to capsizing into a growing pool of disgusting black ooze. Because the polluting facility's operations include rendering waste products for pet food, my colleague's dog – brought along in my canoe because, again, this is a rare "fun break from the office" – loves the pungent pollutants. As my four-legged canoe partner lunges happily toward the darkening water around our boat, and the dirtiest substances I've ever seen (or smelled) splash all over me, I'm wondering how in one week I've gone from graduation ceremonies at Princeton to a cesspool in Alabama.

As the sixth consecutive "Charles Scribner" in my

family, I find that my life has often seemed scripted. After growing up in New York City like all my namesakes, I was the fourth Charles in a row to graduate from St. Paul's and the sixth to graduate from Princeton. I even spent four rewarding SPS/Princeton summers editing reference books at Charles Scribner's Sons. Unlike the paths of five previous Charles Scribners, however, those summer internships were the last time I ever worked in publishing.

A reasonable explanation for this break in tradition might be that I followed countless St. Paul's and Princeton friends to a more lucrative profession on Wall Street. (That would have been far too sensible). Or perhaps I simply chose to pursue *anything* besides publishing, considering that my family sold the business in the 80s. (But this explanation also fails because after conglomerates acquired Scribners and nearly all other family-owned publishing houses in the 80s, my family remained personally invested and active with Scribner publishing). So what on earth am I doing at a nonprofit environmental organization in Alabama, sometimes covered in animal rendering byproducts? The answer, of course, involves a book published by Scribner . . . and a girl from St. Paul's.

Back at Princeton – oh happy, pollution-free Princeton! – my early years were filled with all the enjoyment of both constructive and destructive college life. Alternating between wonderful classes and equally wonderful parties may seem perfectly acceptable, or even ideal, to many college students, but something began bothering me about my place in the world. I would often recall the saying, oft quoted at SPS, "To whom much is given, much is expected." My family, Christian upbringing and SPS experience had all fostered a very strong sense of civic mindedness. After 9/11 in particular, I felt an intense desire to get involved in something, *anything*, truly constructive.

Over Christmas vacation I started relaying options to my parents, ranging from the Army to the Peace Corps, and everything in between. My mother listened politely as I described each far-flung idea and then offered, "Well, you've been interested in environmentalism since St. Paul's, and Dad acquired and helped publish Bobby Kennedy's book about saving rivers. Why don't you read it and see if that might be a cause for you?" This suggestion proved life-changing, but I was skeptical at first. True, SPS really helped me change from a typical New York City kid into an admirer of nature, both from the Thoreau we studied and the woods we explored. Joel Potter's *fantastic* Ecology class and Eco-Action group further developed my belief that conservation was very important and, thanks to our annual Eco-Fest, pretty cool!



Waterkeeper Alliance Flows from the Hudson

The Riverkeeper movement, which has evolved into Waterkeeper Alliance and its ubiquitous local chapters, began when commercial fishermen and anglers grew furious at seeing countless companies treating the Hudson like a private waste conveyance instead of a publicly owned treasure. In the mid-1960s these New Yorkers, disgruntled with government's blind eye towards pollution, began meeting in living rooms along the Hudson to share their grievances. Although most were patriotic military veterans, the fishermen started discussing violent acts against industries as a means of retaliation.

Luckily, one member of their fishing club was Robert H. Boyle, a writer who was researching the Hudson's decline in bass for *Sports Illustrated*. In his research, Boyle had uncovered an old statute called the "Federal Refuse Act of 1899," which was still on the books but had been long forgotten. Boyle advised his angry friends that they should focus on enforcing the law rather than breaking it.

The fishermen started collecting evidence of pollution along the Hudson and recorded a multitude of historic legal victories throughout the 60s and 70s against some of the most powerful polluters in the region. Their lawsuits not only halted a great deal of pollution but also showed the public that ordinary people can truly make a difference even where government fails. Indeed, as Thomas Jefferson prophesied, "When things get so far wrong as to attract their notice, the citizens, when well informed, can be relied upon to set them right."

Choosing by the early 80s to purchase their own patrol boat and hire a full-time, water-based investigator they called the "Riverkeeper," these New Yorkers created a timeless blueprint for watershed protection: Engage the community around a waterway, patrol for pollution, and use collected evidence for lawsuits when necessary.

Robert F. Kennedy, Jr. joined the new Hudson Riverkeeper organization in the early 1980s as a prosecuting attorney and added to the small nonprofit organization's increasingly famed winning streak against environmental violators such as Exxon, then the world's largest corporation. Soon admirers around the country started asking Kennedy and his colleagues how they could set up Riverkeeper-type groups on their own waterways.

After the Hudson activists taught fishermen, businessmen, lawyers, scientists and other concerned citizens to set up their own "Waterkeeper" organizations, from Long Island Soundkeeper to San Francisco Baykeeper, a movement had begun. Waterkeeper Alliance, of which Kennedy is now chairman, is the umbrella organization that helps support and coordinate over 180 of these autonomous, locally focused Waterkeeper organizations across the nation and five other continents.

Learn more about Waterkeeper Alliance at www.waterkeeper.org.

The idea of actually *working* in environmentalism had never occurred to me, though. When my mother mentioned the option, I thought, "Who actually does that? Shaggy hippies chained to trees? Or in other cases, elitists who want to rope off nature so nobody else can enjoy it but them?" Being a dutiful son, though, I decided to give the book a shot. All I knew going in was that Robert F. Kennedy, Jr., had been telling my father for years about his organization's progress cleaning up the Hudson River, and for years in return my father had been asking him to write a book about it. When Kennedy finished *The Riverkeepers* in 1997, Scribners published what has become an extremely pivotal book in terms of recruiting participants to a unique brand of locally focused, anthropocentric, and prosecutorial environmentalism.

The Riverkeepers tells the story of military veterans and fishermen who united as a water-based "neighborhood watch" in 1966 to challenge polluters on the Hudson River. By the early 1980s, the group chose to move beyond its volunteer-based origins, adopting "Riverkeeper" as the name of their organization as well as the term for their new staff patrolman. Riverkeeper's contribution to the Hudson's amazing recovery inspired the growth of over 180 autonomous "Waterkeeper" organizations across the world. Black Warrior Riverkeeper and other Waterkeepers patrol their local waterways and enforce environmental laws. [See sidebar for more detail on Waterkeeper Alliance history.]

Inspired by Bobby's book and organization, I interned for him during the summer before my senior year. That experience was so constructive that I decided to write my 100-page senior thesis on the history of Waterkeeper Alliance. Back at Princeton that fall, I met a girl named Elizabeth Yates '02, who had overlapped one year with me at St. Paul's, although we had hardly known each other there. Nevertheless, the fact that we shared SPS in common, not to mention that I was drawn to her for many other reasons, emboldened me to ask her on a date to Princeton's first football game of that season. While this was not the most romantic setting, and our Tigers lost the game, we still managed to fall in love soon thereafter. We started going to her hometown, Birmingham, on vacation breaks that year, and I actually began to like Alabama a great deal too.

During these college trips to Elizabeth's home I learned three very intriguing things about Alabama: 1. It ranks #1 nationally in freshwater biodiversity, so protecting Alabama waterways is uniquely worthwhile. 2. Its state government is notoriously ineffective in protecting those waterways. 3. Picking up the slack for government, there is an excellent Riverkeeper



The author (r.) with Riverkeeper colleagues from Alabama and elsewhere, including Waterkeeper Alliance's Chairman, Robert F. Kennedy, Jr. (in pink).

group right in Elizabeth's hometown!

Named after Chief Tushkalusa, a Choctaw warrior who is also the namesake of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, the Black Warrior was a major base of Mississippian culture in the area where Moundville Archaeological Park is now located on the river. Eight hundred years ago, Moundville was the largest city in North America – or the Big Apple of the 14th Century as it's been popularly nicknamed.

The Black Warrior River has modern importance as well. Its Sipsey Fork is Alabama's only federally designated Wild & Scenic River. This headwater of the Black Warrior flows through the Sipsey Wilderness, which started the Eastern wilderness movement as the first wilderness area created east of the Mississippi. Unfortunately, downstream of this protected area within Bankhead National Forest, the Black Warrior watershed faces a grim litany of pollution threats including dams, coal mining, coalbed methane extraction, quarries, industrial discharges, sewage, industrial chicken farms, clear-cutting, irresponsible development and road building, and urban stormwater runoff.

Noting such a range of potential and current problems, we remain tough but fair. Rather than ideologically opposing all industries throughout the Black Warrior watershed, our staff Riverkeeper, Nelson Brooke, and attorneys focus on those who have violated pollution laws on a significant and ongoing basis.

Elizabeth and I started volunteering with Black Warrior Riverkeeper during our Alabama vacations, and I realized that their dynamic young staff, which included David Whiteside, godson of my mentor, Bobby, was a surprisingly ideal fit for me. I applied for the job I still hold today, director of development,

focusing on fundraising, volunteer management, educational outreach, publications, and public events.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth has become a much-needed math teacher for the state. True to our SPS Episcopalian origins, we are both volunteer leaders on the statewide environmental committee of Alabama's Episcopal Diocese. We also stay in touch with the School by serving on the board of the Greene Scholarship, created by Elizabeth's great-uncle John Kaul Greene '47 to become Alabama's equivalent to Montana's Cook Scholarship.

Black Warrior Riverkeeper remains my primary and long-term focus, however. Our method of monitoring waterways, educating the public about threats, and litigating to hold polluters accountable has shaken up the status quo in Alabama. Working to improve water quality, habitat, recreation, and public health throughout the Black Warrior watershed, we protect an area as valuable as it is vulnerable. We are making a dramatic impact in an ecologically vital state where environmentalism has not been nearly as hip as it is at SPS.

Editor's note: Learn more about the work of Charles Scribner's organization at www.BlackWarriorRiver.org.



NELSON BROOKE, JR.

Staff Riverkeeper Nelson Brooke taking a lab sample of Alabama Biodiesel's discharges.

What are you reading?



Author Rick Moody '79 writes: "Etgar Keret, *The Girl on the Fridge* . . . Israel's most interesting contemporary author,

Keret is sort of what Kafka would sound like if he were a standup comedian or an Internet blogger.

The short stories included here are very short, very strange, but full of pathos. I recommend it fervently."



And Sometimes Why
by Rebecca Johnson '82
Putnam Adult,
320 pages, \$24.95

Reviewed by Emily L.
Fisher '82

For more than 20 years, Rebecca Johnson '82 has contributed witty reportage to magazines ranging from *Vogue* to *The New Yorker*. Glancing further into the back issues of time, SPS cohorts may remember the regular column she and Serena Wilkie co-wrote for *The Pelican*. One Johnson/Wilkie opus that comes to mind was a ruthlessly observant piece about crushes – the kind that make your heart beat faster, not the soda – that included tips on how to engineer “coincidental” meetings with that special someone (gain access to his/her schedule at the registrar’s office). Given that co-tipster Wilkie married her Sixth Form sweetheart, maybe that piece bears republishing. More recently, a *New York Times Magazine* opened up to

Rebecca Johnson’s exhaustingly sad first-person account of a pregnancy gone wrong – preeclampsia – followed by an emergency Caesarean delivery of a premature infant son who died soon after his birth.

Johnson’s first novel, *And Sometimes Why*, also deals with a parent’s loss of a child, but the fluorescent-lit rawness of the *Times Magazine* article has given way to a chiaroscuro of dark and bright notes. *And Sometimes Why* tracks the sometimes surprising repercussions of one family’s tragedy. On a Los Angeles freeway a motorcycle collides with a television game show host’s car, and 16-year-old Helen McMartin, riding on the back of her loser boyfriend’s motorcycle on the day she has broken up with him, enters a coma. And stays there. Helen becomes the still and ghostly center of the book, stuck in the arrested twilight of coma. Meanwhile, a loosely connected set of characters play out lives unexpectedly changed by, ho-hum, another celebrity scandal in sunny California.

The novel introduces us to the McMartins – Helen; her father, Shakespearean scholar Darius; mother, art historian Sophia; and sister, college freshman Miranda – over a cheery, ordinary family squabble at the breakfast table. We next see them united in the hospital over the comatose Helen. As the weeks progress, and Helen doesn’t, the disagreements that surface are far from cheery. Darius wants to bring Helen home, Sophia can’t bear the thought, and Miranda, falling in love for the first time, wants to get as far away as possible.

Taking a cue from Darius’s Shakespeare, the novel’s scope broadens to include a fabulous cross section of Los Angeles society. Harry Harlow, whose car Helen’s scorned boyfriend rams into, needs a re-haul on his career (in Hollywood, we learn, the course of celebrity runs from “Who’s Harry?” to “Get me Harry!” to “Get me a young Harry!” to “Who’s Harry?”). Running second or third camera on Harry’s show, recent film school grad Anton lards his footage with Felliniesque audience reaction

shots, only to get canned for one too many unflattering low angle shots. Even further down the food chain, Joe Fisher, pool maintenance guy to the stars, yearns to replace the noxious chemicals that keep Los Angeles’s pools sparkling with nature’s own algae-eaters, fish. Eco-friendly the fish may be, but there’s a hitch to his scheme – the fish bite.

Johnson’s impatience with the bromides that tragedy begets – e.g., “God must have needed another angel” – is clear-eyed and unsentimental. But there’s a measure of indulgence in the curve of Johnson’s smile at her characters’ vulnerability, and acceptance for the propensity, in the face of god-awful tragedy, to get on with the job of living. Well written, beautifully structured, bursting with the contradictions of life, this is a book that bears rereading – and successors.



The Classmates: Privilege, Chaos, and the End of an Era
by Geoffrey Douglas '62
Hyperion, 247 pages,
\$23.95

Reviewed by Philip Heckscher '62

Fifty years ago, in the fall of 1957, two thirteen-year-old boys were enrolled at St. Paul’s School. One of them, descended from wealth and eminence, would go on to Yale, then to a career as a navy officer and Vietnam war hero, and finally to the U.S. Senate, from where he would fall just short of the White House. The other was a scholarship student, a misfit giant of a boy from a Pennsylvania farm town who would suffer shameful debasements at the hands of his classmates, then go on to a solitary and largely anonymous life as a salesman of encyclopedias and trailer parts – before dying, alone, twelve months after his classmate’s narrow loss on Election Day 2004.

It is around these two figures, John

Kerry '62 and a boy known here only as Arthur, the bookends of a class of one hundred boys, that Geoffrey Douglas – himself a member of that St. Paul's form – builds this remarkable memoir. His portrait of their lives and the lives of five others in that class – two more Vietnam veterans with vastly divergent stories, a federal judge, a gay New York artist who struggled for years to find his place in the world, and Douglas himself – offers a memorable look back to a generation caught between the expectations of their fathers and the sometimes terrifying pulls of a society driven by war, defiance, and self-doubt.



VS.
by David E. Oprova '91,
Erbacce Press,
128 pages, \$13

Review by Marcy M.
Chong '91

Dave Oprova's satisfying volume of poetry, "VS.," opens with the most immediate and endearing poem. "Segue" very graciously maps the terrain for the reader as we travel with the poet through all the ages of man.

*Discombobulated,
Prone, alone, facing up*

These opening lines are the starting position shared by the dead, the newborn, and the debauched. Enjoying that old daydream of observing your own funeral, the poet in the casket walks us through a lifetime of regrets and hard-won resignation to the choices made and their aftermaths. But then he just can't help himself; he laughs! Thanks for the laugh-lines, because there are some hard punches to the gut here, too.

The first conversation is with the devouring worms claiming the poet's corpse:

*and I would say, so hey guys,
how do I taste today?
They look up from their breakfast
and say,
Honestly, Dave, you were a bit fresher
yesterday.*

Many of the poems insist on sharing humanity through unapologetic, animal fleshiness. However, the language is careful, considered and never resorts to cheap shocks. The poet sets aside clowning to confront every hidden, bruised, and rotten

spot. In shorter poems such as "Modern Blues," "Regrets," "Jealousy," and "Infidelity," these abstractions are personified and speak directly to us. They revisit the poet throughout his voyage from young child to ancient child to the inevitable end – the problem plainly and gently stated by "Segue":

*trying to grip the idea that actions,
thought and being
are solely mine, ownership, a lousy
state of affairs*

A reviewer with an MBA instead of an MFA cannot do justice to the gorgeous efforts of form in this volume. But it should be noted that these are no free-form doodles. Oprova relishes taking highfalutin classic forms out of the library and onto the dance floor. (Apparently, the three-line segments sprinkled throughout are something called a "Haibun" – you'll have to Google that yourself.) An irresistible "Rock God Poet" character named "Bobby Quatrain" shows up in a couple of poems.

*And now, ladies and gentlemen, we
have a treat for you,
Without further ado,
The greatest man to come out of
Wales since Dylan Thomas
Laid down his tales of milkwood
and woe . . .*

How could anyone fail to enjoy the scene in "SPOTS: on the slaughterhouse floor" in which Lady Macbeth tells off that old whale Moby Dick while Kafka's unfortunate Gregor Samsa calls out for William S. Burroughs to bring some bug juice?

The night after reading VS., I had delicious, candy-colored dreams. Perhaps these poems' deep rhythms reach receptors in the brain that are starved for stimulation. In my dream, the manuscript came in a smooth wooden box filled with toys – one for each poem. They ran the spectrum from an intricate carved puzzle to a yellow, hard plastic device that did surprising things. The final toy was a human-sized wheel. When the ride was over I wanted to go back and do it all again, but found that each could only be enjoyed one time in order. I found myself saying, "reverse, reverse, reverse," . . . and in my dream my clever dream-self concluded that this wish was the inspiration for the title, *Versus*. Luckily, in the waking world, you can read and enjoy these poems as often as you like.



MY DOWNLOAD

Grammy-winning composer Augusta Read Thomas '82 recommends UK composer Oliver

Knussen, calling him "a fantastic, sensitive composer. His music is colorful, clean, elegant, utterly musical, beautifully orchestrated, and deeply personal. He is, in my opinion, one of the greatest living composers. A must hear." Check out Knussen's "Where the Wild Things Are (A Fantasy Opera)" based on Maurice Sendak's classic story, or "Songs for Sue," a requiem for his wife, who died in 2003.

Playlist

To review one of these CDs, contact *The Editor*, Alumni Horae, St. Paul's School, 325 Pleasant St., Concord NH 03301 or send an e-mail to alumni@sps.edu.



Charlie King '77

Words and Music

The sign on the CD cover says it all: "Variety." That's what this album delivers.

Some up-tempo; some slow. Some silly; some thought-provoking. Some densely produced; some not. Some groovers, rockers, reggae, ballads, and blues. Remember in the old days when you got a new record and how exciting it was that the songs didn't all sound alike? Some of that vibe is captured here.



The SPS Testosterones

T-tering Afternoons

The latest offering from the T-tones, the School's all-male *a cappella* group, released in the spring of 2008, is an eclectic collection of nine songs. There really is something for everybody on the album, from 1985's "Your Love" by British rockers The Outfield to country flavor with Alabama's "I'm in a Hurry" to "World I Know," a 1994 hit from Collective Soul, to techno with Cascada's "Every Time We Touch." "We even go back to 'Sh-boom,'" says tenor Danny Freeman '09, the group's leader, referring to the doo-wop standard of 1954.

Summer Receptions

The weather didn't cooperate on every occasion when alumni, parents, students, and friends of St. Paul's School gathered this past summer. The company, however, was picture perfect.



Will Mitchell smiles as Former Rector Bill Oates and Amo Houghton '45 react to Kennedy's greeting.

Marion, Massachusetts

July 24 – a torrential downpour with thunder and lightning greeted guests, who seemed unfazed, at the home of Bill '65 and Priscilla Kennedy.



Host Bill Kennedy '65 addresses the crowd.

Martha's Vineyard

August 7 – Burk Ross '69 and his wife, Susan, hosted a reception with August sunshine on Martha's Vineyard.



Tony O'Connor '45, Bill Jones '45, and Sam Fleming '45



Nina and Harry Rulon-Miller '54



Margaret Talcott, Tony O'Connor '45



Joe Walker '69, Fred Reynolds '53



Kyle Lonergan '88, Laura Keeton McVey '88, Kiff Gallagher '87, Hahva Neff, and Alison Manolovici Cody '88

Friends of the GSA

The Gay Straight Alliance of St. Paul's School strives to assure that each member of the School community is valued and respected regardless of sexual orientation. "Friends of the GSA" is an alumni group that supports their efforts. To become involved with this group, contact Edward Marchese '82 at marquese@earthlink.net. Whether you join a discussion, attend an event, visit with student and faculty leaders, or lend emotional support, your involvement is welcome.

Nantucket

August 8 – Sarah Bankson Newton '79 and her husband, Jeff, entertained guests at their Nantucket retreat. The summer day rolled out a warm invite for a gathering of SPS friends.



Clay Sachs '06, Pitch Lindsay '05, Hank Garrett '06, Jay Clapp '06, and Jack Eshelman '06



Maysie Starr (widow of Tat '57), Lynn Petrasch, Laura Iglehart '79, and John Davis



John Wagley '49 and Sam Cooley '49



Vicki Everts, P'08 with Diane and Carlos Riva, P'07, '10

Alumni of Color in New York City

August 12 – New York-area alumni of color met in the city, continuing their efforts to plan events for the year and discuss how they can support students and faculty in Millville.



Albert Gilbert '07, Hilda Cupeles Nieves '75



Agatha Patterson '05, Azuka Anunkor '05



Graham Browne '04, Javonni Judd '05



Sen Williams '89



Justin Douglas '04

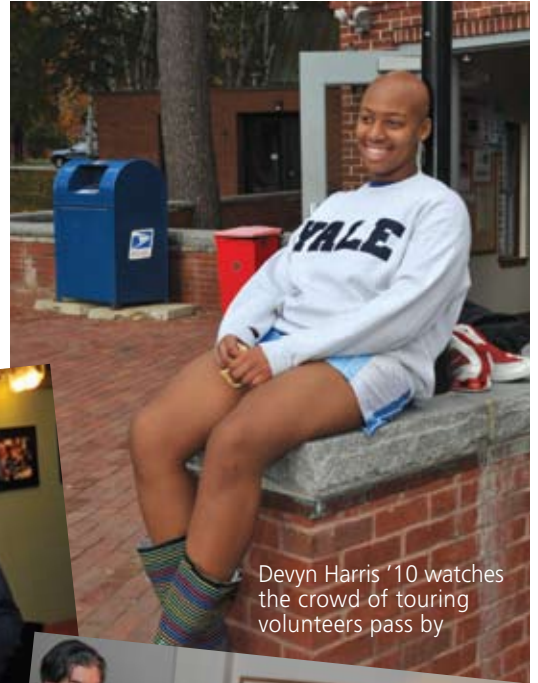


Alumni of Color in Chicago

August 24 – Alumni of color gathered in the Windy City to celebrate old and new friendships and discuss School diversity efforts. Among those gathered were (front, l. to r.) Wesley Keys (son of Annette Frazier Gilbert '76), Annette Frazier Gilbert, Hilton Clark '76, Caryn Cross Hawk '76, Margie Hartfield '88, Kelli Phillips '97; (back, l. to r.) TJ Hardaway '95, Shawn Cross Hawk '09, and Nelson Williams '87.

Volunteer Leadership Weekend

October 3-5, Concord, N.H. – Mild fall weather made a wonderful canvas for walking tours during the weekend. Alumni joined Senior Master Bill Faulkner for a tour of Millville's Monuments and Memorials. Other volunteers joined Fred Farwell and Matt Bailey to see a behind-the-scenes collection from the School's past, "Things Left in Barns: SPS History Revealed." It had been a few years since the alumni first toured St. Paul's School as prospective students, but volunteers got a glimpse of the School as it is today on a tour with Student Admissions Officers. Volunteers reunited in the evening at the Rectory with hosts Bill and Marcia Matthews.



Devyn Harris '10 watches the crowd of touring volunteers pass by



Wright Olney '53 and Scott Bohan '94



Jennifer Campbell, Sally Burt, and John Lorenz '51



Volunteer leaders tour art classrooms



Sam Cooley '49, Wright Olney '53, and Charlie Boit '49

Student Admissions Officer Dan Thompson '09 leads a tour



Bill Faulkner on tour



Ingrid and Derick George, P'09



A special showing of "Things Left in Barns"



Trustee Eric Jacobson '83 (r.) and his daughter Anna



Ed Pena '98 and Trustee Peter Cheney

San Francisco Area

October 15 and 17 – SPS went coast to coast joining alumni in the San Francisco area. Young graduates gathered at a reception in the Marina District hosted by Amory Loring '00.

At a working lunch hosted by Erik Burke '87, Form Directors, Agents and area leaders discussed SPS-related Bay Area activities.

Mr. Tony Freedley '61 and Ms. Barbara Holmes hosted a reception in their Spanish-style home in Sausalito.

Laura Bartsch '86 and Todd Rulon-Miller '69 hosted a breakfast meeting for alumni in the technology industry to discuss the work of the Alumni Association's E-Communication Task Force.



Bettina Unhoch Pike '83, Erik Burke '87, and Theo Armour '65



Linda Fairchild '73, Dan Cornew '80



The "Breakfast Club"



Troy Ryder '80, Mo Cheston '88, and Charlie Lowrey '45



Charlie Bronson '72, Jim Frates '85, and Tony Freedley '61



Young alumni gathering in the Marina District



Jennifer McGann '78, Bill Wallace '62, and Terry Yavrosky

The Formnotes below reflect information received through September 2008. 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.

32

Henry Hoyt has self-published a bilingual edition of Alexander Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin*, which includes the original Russian text and his translation. The fruit of a lifetime hobby of language-translation, its publication was made possible by the advent of the computer-Internet age. It's described at Henry's web site, www.hmhoht.com.

43 Norman S. Walker

walkerns@verizon.net

In April, **Hugh MacRae** retired from his post as chairman of military affairs for Wilmington, N.C. Forty people attended a luncheon honoring Hugh, including family members, public officials, and U.S. Marine Corps generals. Major General Robert Dickerson, commanding general of Marine Corps installations east at Camp Lejeune, presented Hugh with a citation and a medal from the Navy Department and the Commandant of the Marine Corps.



Hugh MacRae '43 was honored at his April 18 retirement with a medal and citation, ordered by General James Conway, for his superior service as Chairman of Military Affairs for Wilmington, N.C. With him in the photo are Major Generals (l. to r.) Walter Gaskin, Robert Dickerson, and Dennis Hejlik.

45 Mitchell Brock

gimibrock@comcast.net

Robert Preston reports: "I edited a modern edition of all of J.M. Leclair's 48 sonatas for violin and continuo and have written several periodical articles on Leclair. I wrote some 30 articles for the *Dictionnaire de la musique en France aux XVII et XVIII siècles*, covering various aspects of violin music, with biographical articles of most of the important composers of the period. I am a certified alcohol and drug counselor and have volunteered at various hospitals, prisons and treatment centers."

William Willis wrote in June: "Spent March in Tucson, too far to see **Lev Hubbard** in Phoenix."

46 Wilmot Whitney, Jr.

802-387-5915

At the 10th annual Distinguished Graduate Awards ceremony of the U.S. Naval Academy, held at Annapolis on March 28, 2008, **Jim Kinnear** was recognized as

an outstanding alumnus based on his demonstration of and unselfish commitment to a lifetime of service, personal character, and significant contributions to the naval service as a leader in industry. A 1950 graduate of the Naval Academy, he served three consecutive tours in Korea, for which he received seven engagement stars and the Navy Commendation Medal for

the rescue of a drowning man. He resigned his commission in 1954, joined the Naval Reserve, and began working for Texaco, serving eventually as the company's president and chief operating officer from 1987 until his retirement in 1993. He was a Trustee of St. Paul's School from 1975 to 1994.

In June **Richard Derby Tucker** sent a detailed account of his life since St. Paul's: "I thought it high time to surface and give an account of myself, after so many years away. After graduating from Harvard in 1950, I went to work at Morgan et Cie, Paris until early 1951. By then I was deeply troubled by the situation in Korea - returned to USA and by May I was a trainee in the CIA - n.b. I used to say 'Diplomatic' however in these late days I see no further point in prevaricating. First assignment was to Korea, 1951-53 - ran agents into the North, all wrapped up/executed by Soviet/NK Security, followed



David Plumer '49 officiated at the wedding of his nephew and new bride. Above (l. to r.) are David with sons Marshall and Charles and daughters Caroline Barkaszi and Clarissa Canning, who attended the reception in Madison, N.H.



Members of the Form of 1951 (l. to r.) Felix Kloman, Mark Cluett, Fred Church, John Lorenz at their annual summer mini-reunion luncheon, held this year in Searsport, Maine.

by two years in Laos as Asst. Advisor to the Royal Lao Police. In 1957-60, running the Political Action Dept. of the Latin America Division, was shipped out as 'Third Secretary' of U.S. Embassy, Montevideo, in charge of the political side. Final posting was as 'Second Secretary' in Buenos Aires 1965-66. After a peaceful/uneventful bout with TB, I decided to resign and move to the Florida Keys where with my wife, Rose Tiffany Bingham, plus five young sons we built practically from the ground up what became a hugely popular resort – the Rainbow Bend Fishing Club – on Grassy Key. Several classmates came there as guests. Latter years were dedicated to wandering – 11 visits to Nepal 1990-2001, trekked the High Himalaya round Annapurna and to the Tibet border. Lived in Morocco 1980-82, Brazil 1982-88, Portugal, Spain, France and Italy as well as the Far East. My last trip was a misguided stay in Surabaya, Java, Indonesia 2003-05 looking for hotel work, pianist, but impossible under existing regulations. Returned to Maine late 2006, where most of my family live, settling into a pied-a-terre in Portland. I hope any survivors from that ancient

class will contact me at rdtper@gmail.com or by phone 207-899-2126. Address is 140 Pine Street, Portland, Maine 04102."

In August **Alexander Read** informed us his wife, Patricia, died in 2005 and he remarried his first wife, Signa Lynch, sister of the late Edmund Lynch '45.

49 Samuel P. Cooley
cooleyack@aol.com

The Very Reverend **David W. Plumer** writes: "My activities so far are rather slow this year. However, I visited my four children: Caroline Barkaszi in Fords, N.J., Charles Plumer near Dallas, Clarissa Canning in Lenoxville, Quebec, and Marshall Plumer, district ranger on Isle Royal in Lake Superior, which included a six-hour boat ride on the *Ranger III* to the island. I also headed to our family farm in Hillsboro, N.H., and Stowe Mountain in August. Aside from Texas, it has been chilly this summer. No swimming on the lakes. Good fishing though! In mid-October I plan to attend Berkeley Divinity School Convocation. So I keep on moving!"

50 George Walcott
gwalcott@wi.rr.com

An April note from **Alex Iler**: "My law practice is now restricted to Municipal Court and Superior Court Criminal Division—nothing but trial work, which I love (and my clients hate . . .). See you at the 60th."

51 Frederic C. Church, Jr.
fcc@theworld.com

John Lorenz forwarded this e-mail to us from **Steve Gurney** updating us on Steve's winning streak: "Last week had good wins at Masters National Championships in Long Beach, Calif. – surprisingly, got the golds in single sculls lightweight, single sculls heavyweight, double sculls lightweight, and quadruple sculls lightweight and a bronze in heavyweight quad sculls. All races are 1000-meter sprints. This may be it for me!"

53 W. Wright Olney
wright.olney@comcast.net

This June note from **Edward Meyer**: "State senator is the best retirement job. I have greatly enjoyed the challenge and have entered a competitive campaign for my third term." He represents the Twelfth District in the Connecticut State Senate.

55 Henry Shaw, Jr.
hshaw@sc.rr.com

Yoshiaki Shimizu gave the alumni office this news: "On June 3, the Princeton commencement exercise saw two SPS boys march in the administration and faculty lines: John Wilmerding (SPS '56; Harvard Crimson robe), Professor Emeritus, and myself (hatless, profile view seen on the right

lane). It is not often that boys from two successive Forms ('55 and '56) are standing close after more than 50 years since they left SPS!"

56 R. Rennie Atterbury III
ratterbury@aol.com
Francis O. Hunnewell
fhunnewell@fromthetop.org

Gus Jaccaci is distributing the second printing of *2008 – Thomas Jefferson Returns, 32* Jeffersonian letters on the future of America and the world.

Lewis Overton's July catch-up: "I underwent two surgeries for heart and lung repair, was out of commission for 2½ months, but I am back working for Aspiranet – San Francisco-based foster care adoption agency as CFO. Everyone, get your heart checked!"

57 George E. N. de Man
deman801@yahoo.com

George de Man sadly reports that his wife of 43 years, Andrea, succumbed to complications following a bone marrow trans-



The 2008 Princeton commencement saw two SPS boys in the faculty and administration lines: John Wilmerding '56 (left, crimson robe) and Yoshiaki Shimizu '55 (far right, hatless).

plant in the Emory University Hospital, Atlanta, on August 14. She is survived by George and sons George 3d and Andrew.

William Warren added this note: “In retirement, life has been an intellectually and emotionally rewarding blast: Co-authored book *Then & Now Portsmouth*, Arcadia Publishing, 2001, William T. and Constance S. Warren. Freelance writer in comparative urban studies, arboriculture, seacoast (NH, ME) history: *Portsmouth Herald*, www.seacoastnh.com, www.ryereflections.org, www.treecareindustry.org, and wherever I can find a publisher for a good story.”

59 Samuel R. Callaway, Jr.
samuelcal@aol.com

William Everdell e-mailed this note: “SPS mounted a fine reception for alumni and others in Edgartown in August. Sam Warriner was there. Bill Everdell’s book, *The First Moderns*, has just been published in Turkish.”

61 John C. Ransmeier III
johnr@ranspell.com

Christopher Jennings wrote in July: “We have mourned **Jim Robbins** here. We were at Penn together and our fraternities next to each other. He was a good man in every way. St. Paul’s has been brought back by two of her best sons, Jim and **Bill Matthews**. Elise gave us a third grandson, Brooks. Best to all.”

62 Peter C. Wylie
petew@moaa.org

From a June 24, 2008, press release: Citing the “transformational difference” he has made to their campus, Manchester (Conn.) Community College awarded **Chad Floyd** an associate in humane letters



An oil painting by artist Jeffrey Keith '72 appeared on the front cover of the August/September 2008 issue of *Western Interiors*.

honorary degree during its June commencement. The award is the highest honor the board of trustees can bestow and recognizes outstanding services performed on behalf of the College. Mr. Floyd was the master planner and architect for Manchester Community College’s \$52 million expansion in 2003. This included the construction of a new library; laboratories for computer, science, language, and media instruction; art studios; general purpose classrooms; an art gallery; an auditorium; faculty offices; and food service facilities.

Stephen Thompson sent this message: “My wife is the lovely and enchanting Pamela Jeanne Thompson.”

63 Peter J. Ames
ames@verizon.net

Sent in by **Henry Livingston** in June: “I attended the swearing in of **Alexander Henry Carver III** as a Superior Court Judge for Bergen County, N.J., on Tuesday, June 17, at the Bergen County Courthouse. You may know that Zan had decided to move to Hawaii, which indeed he did several years ago. As beautiful as his Hawaiian dream was, and is, he responded to an unprecedented call to public service. Senior state senators, all the

judges on the bench and many other dignitaries and family attended the occasion. Public service being the School’s theme on our 45th reunion weekend, I thought it of interest to all of you to report what an amazing fellow Zan has become. I have never seen so many people from so many different walks of life recount so many wonderful stories about Zan. He has truly left no one behind in his life. I especially enjoyed seeing Maria Walker, Bishop Johnnie Walker’s beautiful wife, who came to live at SPS from Costa Rica while we were students.”

64 Robert D. Clafin
rclafin@sphereoptics.com

Raymond Payson’s July news: “Double good news: I got married on June 21 to Marcia Blount under the ‘Big Linden’ trees at Harbor Lawn, my new home (formerly parents’ home). Marcia and I bought the home from my brothers on June 24. New life to an older home! My first marriage, Marcia’s second.”

65 David B. H. Martin, Jr.
dmartin@cov.com

Henry Cox recently wrote: “I came to St. Paul’s from a tiny town with a French name way out where America is as flat as a checkerboard, where the roads head straight to the compass points. Nothing could have been more intimidating to me than the natural and the social landscape of SPS in 1965. There was a kid across the way in Dorm III of the Lower School who, upon observing the tidiness of my alcove, remarked, ‘Cox, you certainly are fastidious.’ He may well have been speaking a foreign language. I would eventually learn to never wear white socks. And in chapel each day, my first little private prayer was something like this,

‘Dear God, if you exist, if you are listening; please understand that I am scared out of my mind at this place. And please, please help me do the best I can with what I have. Amen.’ Then the organ would begin to blast, and the oak seat of my pew would vibrate because of the thunder of God’s music. It was the first time I had ever heard such soul-shaking live music on a daily basis. It was also the first time I had ever met a teacher who cared about where I put my commas. I was, I suppose, a foreign student. And I was being introduced to the New World at its best. It was some education!”

68 James F. Robinson
jfrobins@gmail.com

George Marvin’s June report: “Had a great time at our 40th Reunion; many thanks to **Boone Porter** for organizing this memorable event. Great to reconnect with so many classmates! Now living in Hobe Sound, Fla., sailing 6-7 mos./yr., home the rest of the year.”

Roly Redmond sent notice of his July 2007 retirement from the University of Montana in Missoula. He first came to UM in 1976 as a graduate student in wildlife biology, earned a Ph.D. in zoology in 1984, and returned as an adjunct research faculty member in biological sciences in 1987. Three years later he set up the Wildlife Spatial Analysis Lab within the Montana Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit and oversaw the successful operation of this lab for the next 15 years. During this time, he was also a member of the wildlife biology faculty and advised graduate students. In 2004 he joined the office of the vice president for research & development, where he remained until retirement. His wife Marvie, who taught

yoga at Campus Rec throughout the 1990s, developed leukemia in 2003, and in 2006 she underwent a bone marrow transplant in Seattle. Roly had hoped to be able to care for Marvie and to fulfill his job responsibilities at UM, but the demands of both proved to be too great. Fortunately, Marvie's transplant was successful, and she is recovering well today; Roly is exploring new career options.

69 Charles W. Flynn IV
cwflynn@lockelord.com

Jesse Markham e-mailed this update recently: "I have been badly out of touch and hope to come to our reunion in 2009. In the meantime, I have dropped partway out of the rat race and have accepted a full-time professorship at the University of San Francisco Law School. I will continue to practice antitrust law, but from an academician's position. Hope to see many of you next year."

71 Donn A. Randall
drandall@bulkley.com

In June **Byam Stevens** wrote: "Had a post-show libation with **Bram Lewis, Peter Seymour,** and **Scott Fossel** after the first preview of *The Bully Pulpit*, a play I directed about

Teddy Roosevelt, now playing on Broadway. Ran into **Tony Hairston** on the street while in rehearsal. Spent the night chez **Fred Stillman** during tech—nothing like having a show running in New York to spark mini-reunions."

June news from **Terry Gruber**: "Living on NYC Upper westside with wife Claudia, son Tim, 13, and daughter Rose, 10. Event photography business still cruising along. Visited **Peter Oliver** this winter, and send my best to all 1971 class."

73 Samuel E. Belk IV
samuel.e.belk@dartmouth.edu

An April note about **Jim Brooke's** visit to the School: "The John G. Winant Society held an April meeting in the Lowest hosting Mr. Jim Brooke as our guest speaker. Mr. Brooke is a very accomplished expert on world issues, specializing in Russia. After graduating from Yale, Mr. Brooke has been the bureau chief at six locations around the world including Canada, West Africa, and Brazil for such news sources as the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*. His most recent post was as the Russia bureau chief for *Bloomberg News*. He is fluent in five languages and



Dede Gillespie Moubayed '79, Susan Gillespie '81, Liz Robbins '79, and Melissa Greer Solomon '80 at an August Bruce Springsteen concert at Foxboro, Mass.

is working on adding several more to the list. The subject of the discussion was Russia, more specifically the transformation that has been occurring within the old super power. Russia is the largest energy exporter, has the third largest foreign reserves, and has recently been at odds with NATO and Western countries. On May 7, Russia inaugurated its new president, and Mr. Brooke was able to illustrate what a new, dynamic Russia will mean for global politics."

Mike Prentice's May note: "I accepted a job with Indiana University and relocated from N.H. to Bloomington, Indiana. That said, I remain committed to making good things happen in very remote, needy places."

75 James M. Waterbury, Jr.
james.waterbury@ge.com

From **Glenn Atkinson**: "In June, I started a daily commute into New York City for the first time in my life. I am growing to enjoy working in NYC, but as for enjoying the commute from central New Jersey—excuse the pun—I have quite a long way to go. One potential bonus is that two of my three sons currently work in NYC, but we have yet to take advantage of that fact. The third son lives and works in Phila-

delphia. A second bonus to my new work location is that I am less than one-half mile from the extraordinary National Museum of the American Indian branch found in lower Manhattan. It is a great place to spend a lunch break. And with the SPS connection in [Museum Director] Kevin Gover, I would certainly be remiss... My wife and I have for the last several years been joined in our home by her mother, 93, who, while physically in good shape, is having memory problems, and needs much care. We now have three grandchildren. After three sons and two grandsons, my wife is overjoyed with the occasional opportunity to care for a little granddaughter."

Thomas Cary Welch wrote in June with the following update: "All is well with my family. Daughters Lili (14) and Emma (10) continue to inspire us." The Welch clan journeyed to India with Thomas's parents, including Cary '46. "It was my father's 43rd trip to that fascinating country," wrote Thomas, calling it an "adventure to cherish." Sadly, Thomas's father, Stuart Cary Welch passed away on August 13, 2008, while traveling in Hokkaido, Japan.



Three generations of Perot Bissells at Anniversary 2008.

76 Severo Nieves, Jr.
shspro88@optonline.net

Severo Nieves unfortunately reports: "For those of you whom I haven't been able to reach via e-mail, I have sad news to report - another one of our classmates has been lost. Carl Albert, 51, passed away in his hometown of Chicago on June 20. He leaves behind his wife Camille, daughter Carla and a brother and sister. On behalf of the Form of 1976, our sympathies go out to his family."

77 Richard H. Soule, Jr.
dsoule@google.com

In July **Bert Lewars** checked in with this note: "It was great coming back to SPS for the recent Alumni of Color Weekend and seeing faces not seen since the '70s. The 30th Reunion was also fun. We are all getting closer to the front of the Anniversary Parade!"

80 Helen Crane
van der Voort
vandeh@aol.com

Melissa Greer Solomon sent us this concert update: "Still the Boss. . . . On Aug. 2, 2008, Dede Gillespie Moubayed '79 treated sister Susan '81 and friends Liz Robbins '79 and Melissa Greer Solomon to a weekend reunion with Bruce Springsteen at Foxboro, Mass.



Jonathan Sweet '78 and his wife Tiffany announced the May 16 arrival of Samantha Audrey Patricia Sweet (8½ lbs., 21½ in.). The Sweet boys are very proud!



Thomas Hamilton '80 (second from left) joined Richard Walsh '80 (l.) on a trip to Shanghai, where they had lunch in Xintiandi with Shaun Rein '96 and his colleague, Charlotte MacAusland '02.

We had a blast *dancing in the dark, blinded by the light*, remembering our days together *growin' up* at SPS when we were *born to run* down *Thunder Road* (or was it *Pleasant Street?*) as though the intervening decades never happened! As the photo attests, we managed to *prove it all night* - and were rewarded with a rare performance of a song Bruce and the E Street Band had not performed since our Millville days (in 1977), *Little Latin Lupe Lu.*"

82 Francesca E. Scarito
rudy.scarito@
canaccordadams.com

Anne Dickinson Barber wrote in May: "I live in Bartlett, N.H., with my husband, Graham, three children (Iida, 9, and the twins, Lily and Nat, 4), one dog and many chickens. I balance all that with working fulltime for the state as a marital master, which is something like a family law judge. I missed the 25th because my husband was away guiding in Oregon. I'll see you all another time!"

July news from **Gretchen Peter**: "Living in Ketchum, Idaho. Husband Joel Mallett; children Harper (boy, age 4), Ellis (girl, age 1)."

83 Alexander B. Gove
alexgove@gmail.com

Dan Catlin and his wife, Robin, announced: "Lucy 'Cricket' Dundeen Catlin arrived on May 23 at 7 lbs., 19 in. . . . she joins big brothers Tucker (6) and Brooks (5) . . . all are doing well. Was sorry to have missed the big weekend but sounds like it went well . . . 50th seems far away . . ."

Alex Gove e-mailed the alumni office this newsy update: "**Derek Saleeby** and **Jack Corsello** star in August's *GQ* magazine. No, they are not sporting the season's hottest fashions, although we all know Derek and Jack to be quite dapper fellows. Rather, they are the subject of an article by Andrew Corsello '85 on the true meaning of athletic achievement."



Dan Catlin '83, wife Robin and big brothers Tucker (6) and Brooks (5) with the newest member of the family - Lucy "Cricket" Dundeen Catlin.

84 Johanna N. Boynton
jojboynton@comcast.net

This July update from **Angela Hidalgo Ong-Hans**: "I married Nico Hans on a sunny July 4, 2008, at the Beau Rivage Palace in Lausanne-Ouchy, Switzerland. Reverend Adele Kelham from the Anglican Church in Lausanne officiated at our wedding. Sixty of our closest friends and family travelled from various countries around the world to celebrate this wonderful day with us.

Debra Holloway-Marion and her husband Scott flew in from New Hampshire. Their daughter Anna-Rose was our flower-girl, my daughter Margaux and Nico's daughter Alizé were our witnesses. Members of the Geneva Chamber Orchestra entertained our guests during the intimate ceremony and the ensuing cocktails on the grand terrace overlooking Lake Geneva and the Alps. After a delicious five-course dinner, the lively party continued until early in the morning." Nico, a Belgian commodities trader, and Angela, a communications specialist, live in Geneva.

Truman Semans updated us in March: "I wanted to let you know that last week I left the Pew Center on Global Climate Change to join GreenOrder as principal. I will be developing a



Angela Hidalgo Ong-Hans '84 (right) with her daughter at Angela's July 4 wedding.

new practice and office for the firm in Washington. As many of you know, GreenOrder is a sustainable business strategy firm that helps large enterprises – including GE, DuPont, BP, GM, and other member companies of the Pew Business Environmental Leadership Council and U.S. Climate Action Partnership – to develop successful investments and initiatives in sustainability. See www.greenorder.com. I will miss my work with the Pew Center and as a USCAP executive committee member. It has been a true pleasure to work with such capable and dedicated people. However, I am very excited to focus more of my efforts on applied corporate strategies, clean technology investment, and carbon markets, and I look forward to working with many of you in this new role.”

Charles A. Villee reported in June: “Although I did not win the race for School Committee in May, I have found a new way to get my foot in the political door. Last night, by a unanimous, 5-0 vote, the Grafton, (Mass.) Board of Selectmen appointed me to the Grafton Recreation Commission for a three-year term. I still plan to run for School Committee again

next year, but it will help my chances if I immerse myself in Town politics like this. Daughter Abigail, 11, who will begin sixth grade and middle school in the fall, is very excited and has been very helpful to her Dad along the campaign trail. I can be reached at my e-mail address, named for my daughter, at iloveabbyv@verizon.net.” And in September, he e-mailed this further update: “Charles has been accepted as a speaker to the National Alliance on Mental Illness (NAMI). After a training in Agawam September 27-28, Charles will be traveling around Massachusetts, giving speeches in support of the NAMI organization. He sees this NAMI speaking career as a natural extension of his Certificate of Advanced Graduate Study (1994) work in special education at American International College in Springfield, Mass.”

85 James M. Frates
jim.frates@alkermes.com

John Britton emailed SPS in August: “Amelia Sirrine Britton was born on July 28 and is healthy and happy, as is mom. Sorry for the delayed notice! Love the news of the TFC reunion. Sounds like great times! All is good here – just figuring



Kaki Barrett '87 sent this picture featuring SPS players Gbola Ajayi '09 (l.) and Ben Walsh '09 at the SPS/Eton College International Soccer Cup in Windsor, England, on August 30.



The Form of '89 is already gearing up for its 20th reunion in June. Gracyn Robinson Whitman and Bobby Matthews got their families together in Kennebunkport this summer. Pictured (l. to r.): Cooper and Camden Matthews, Dylan, Elsie, and Lila Whitman.

out how fatherhood works. There are not many instructions on the box! It is a little amazing they even let new parents leave the hospital. Great fun though.”

Mark Guasp sent along this nostalgic note: “After 23 years since I left Millville, I finally returned this past weekend (April 2008). It was an incredible feeling to be back and it reminded me what an incredible experience I had. I hope to connect with as many of you as I can and I'll definitely be at the 25th. If you are ever in LA...give a shout!” June news from **Emily Hall**: “In February 2007 my husband Jim and I welcomed our third child, Hope Manning Hall Miller.

Hope joins big brother Henry (7) and big sister Eliza (4). Not surprisingly, life is hectic, but we love it.”

In June **John Trevor** wrote: “I'm still living in Providence, R.I. with wife Genie, Jack (12), and Eliza (9). It's hard to believe that in two years my son Jack will be the same age I was entering SPS as a 3rd Former! Time flies! I've been working as a Investment Manager/Financial Planner for Slocum, Gordon & Co. in Newport, R.I., since 2007. Genie (daughter of **Steve McPherson '55**) is editor of *Edible Rhody*, a quarterly food magazine focusing on local purveyors and growers. I always enjoy crossing paths with other Paulies and am looking forward to seeing folks at the 25th in 2010. Get in touch if you're anywhere near Rhode Island.”

Tyler Lonergan writes: “I married Jeff C. Hines, my partner of 14 years, on August 31 at our



Mark '86 and Joanna Hsieh welcomed twins Terry (l.) and Timothy Hsieh on April 5, 2008.



Janice Lee '90 and her husband Joseph Bae welcomed Sarah and James Bae in December 2007. The twins are pictured here with big brothers Owen (5) and Daniel (3).

home in San Diego, Calif. My mother Joan Lonergan (faculty 1979-92) and brother Kyle Lonergan '88 attended. It was the happiest day of my life."

86 Laura C. Hildesley Bartsch
laurachb@gmail.com

Elizabeth Dougherty was sworn in as a member of the National Mediation Board on December 13, 2006, immediately assuming the role of chairman of the board. She serves a three-year term expiring July 1, 2010. She was nominated by



Adam '91 and Adrienne Herrmann welcomed their little girl Ailish Zelda Herrmann on April 17, 2008.

President George W. Bush and subsequently confirmed by the U.S. Senate on December 8, 2006. Prior to joining the Board, Dougherty served as special assistant to the president for domestic policy at the White House, where she covered labor and transportation issues. Prior to that, she served as chief counsel for the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Employment, Safety and Training. Earlier in her career, she was an associate at Hogan & Hartson, practicing labor and employment law. She received her bachelor's degree from Duke University and her JD from the University of Virginia. She lives in Washington, D.C., with her husband, Paul, and their two children.

This exciting news from



Hannah Lund Sargisson, daughter of Will Sargisson '90, with first cousin Eli Harvest Robbins, son of Page Sargisson '93, in SPS sweaters knitted by their grandmother.

William Matthews: Busy times in the Matthews family. Sheila and I are expecting No. 4 (that won't be his/her name - we'll come up with something more creative) in late September, joining Hanna (6), Will (4) and Brendan (1). [Editor's note: Andrew Croke Matthews was born Sept. 29.] I recently joined Higdon Partners, a NY-based executive search firm, where I will open, build, and lead a Boston office. Higdon focuses exclusively on asset management, and I will continue to work primarily with alternative asset (private equity and hedge fund) clients. Still living outside Boston (Westwood) and see lots of SPS friends."



Tania Mercado '94 and her husband, William Montgomery, welcomed daughter Maya on June 27, 2008

88 Gordon P. Bellamy
gbellamy@gmail.com

Music professional **Marguerite MacRae** is the production coordinator for the Eagles. In the spring, she completed European and American tours with the famous band.

89 Anne Murphy Douglas
ACBMDouglas@aol.com

A May update from **Joseph Savage:** "Lisa and I welcomed our daughter, Lucy Catherine Savage, to the world on 10/24/07."

90 Sarah A. H. Cornell
sarah.cornell@bt.com

Megan Scott sent this update in May: "Living in New York City with my husband, Christopher, and our two children, Cordelia (five and a half) and Oliver (two and a half) . . . give a ring if you are in town."



Mark Smith '92 shared this photo taken in Hilton Head over Memorial Day weekend. Familiar faces (and some future SPS graduates) gathered together included: (front row, l. to r.) Lincoln Mackay (11 mos.), Erin Mackay, Chase Mackay (2), Todd Mackay '92, Dan Kearney '92, William Kearney (3), Melissa Kearney, Anna Asano (2), Alexandra Asano, Douglas Asano '92, Lilly Asano (4). Back Row (l. to r.): Charlotte Martin Smith '93, Mark Smith '92, Evelyn Walcott (15 mos.), Karen Walcott, Roger Walcott '92, Jill Dillon, John Dillon '92. (Not pictured: Sophia Kearney, 14 mos.)



Phoebe Engel Lindsay '93, husband Stewart, and new baby George Gallaudet Lindsay on a family vacation in Colorado.



Scott Fossil '92 married Sasha Duerr on July 20, 2008, in the Los Gatos National Forest in the Santa Cruz Mountains south of San Francisco. SPS guests in attendance were front row (l. to r) Adrian Smith '93, Melissa Martin-Mollard '92, Sophia Martin-Mollard, Luc Martin-Mollard, Finnegan Tenzin Fossil, Lockhart Steele '92, Joe Decenzo '91, Corsa DeCenzo. Back Row (l. to r.): John Keith Wasson '92, Scott G. Fossil '71, Sasha Duerr Fossil, Scott H. Fossil '92, Tilke Elkins '91, Benjamin Kunkel '91, Chris DeCenzo '93, former Rector Kelly Clark, Priscilla Clark. Rev. Clark performed the ceremony.

91 Jennifer Boyle
jen_boyle@maranyundo.org

David Fleischner writes: "After 9½ years and seven moves, Julia and I have (finally) moved back to Philadelphia. We have happily settled into a 100+ year old house in Haverford; Margaret (age 6½) just finished kindergarten and Caroline (age 3½) went to Montessori two days a week. We are all very happy to be around family again – although we truly enjoyed our multitude of stops along the way, it is nice to be back in the East. Please feel free to call & stop by if you are in the area (610-642-4063)."



Allyson Ross Pachios and husband, Chris '94, happily announced the birth of their daughter, Saylor Haskell Pachios on April 24, 2008.

Adam Herrmann announced a new addition to the family: "Hi, everybody, Adrienne and I had a little girl last night (4/17/2008) at 3:30 a.m. Ailish Zelda Herrmann was born 6 lbs., 11 oz., and 20 inches. Ailish and Adrienne are doing great!"

92 Mark P. Smith
msmith@archstonepartners.com

Jared Shaw has joined People's United Bank in Bridgeport, Conn., as senior vice president, Investor Relations and Mergers and Acquisitions. In this position, Jared will serve as the liaison to the investment community and will be an integral part of the team evaluating potential acquisitions. Jared,



Margaret Warden '93 and her husband, Bob, welcomed their second child, Eloise August Warden, on December 19, 2007.

who holds a bachelor of arts degree from the Elliott School of International Affairs at George Washington University, lives in Farmington, Conn.

Sarah Washburn writes: "Hello! Just moved back to Providence, R.I., where I am working for my alma mater—Brown University. I will be traveling throughout the year to California and the Southwest, so give me a shout if you are in any of those areas; would love to catch up. Sorry I missed reunion last year—I was busy racing (crew) at the IRA (NJ) with some Brown and SPS alums. I promise to make it to our 20th (yikes!)."

93 D. Stuart Logan, Jr.
stuart.logan@bsci.com

Jessica Purdy Axelrod emailed in May: "Sorry to miss our 15th. On September 16, 2007, David and I welcomed our daughter Julia. Still loving the Bay Area, though we have left SF and are now in Palo Alto. I am working part-time as a pediatric nurse practitioner in SF. Hope to see everyone at the 20th."

June news: **Ashley Bullard:**



Mom Heather Bragg '93, Dad John and big sis Johanna welcomed twins Kenneth William Bragg and Sarah Jane Bragg on March 4, 2008.

"Homesteading in N.H., enjoying homeschooling two incredible daughters. We plan to spend the winter on our sailboat somewhere south of 12-ft. winter snows! Sorry to have missed the 15th; looking forward to the 20th."

Heather Bragg was promoted to the rank of Major in the USAF on March 1, 2008, just in time to welcome two bundles of joy: Kenneth William Bragg and Sarah Jane Bragg on March 4! The family is settling into a very loud routine at their home in Dallas, Texas. Kenneth was 7 lbs. even, 20 inches, and Sarah was 6 lb., 10 oz., 19½ inches.

Phoebe Engel Lindsay writes: "Stewart and I welcomed little George Gallaudet Lindsay into the world on Thursday evening, March 20, at 6:34 p.m. — 8 lbs. 2 oz., 20½ inches, topped with some light brown fuzzy hair. We are home and having fun getting to know the little guy."

Page Sargisson writes "Eli Harvest Robbins was born in February. Peter and I are living



Will McCulloch '95 and his wife, Carolina, welcomed Luna Ansaldo McCulloch on March 26 in San Francisco. Luna joined brother, Santiago (2½).



Landon Loomis '95 in Beijing with his girlfriend, Holly.

in Brooklyn just a few blocks away from Weezie Smith and Rosy Keyser, which is great! My jewelry design company is doing well and I've started selling to Barneys and Isetan in Japan along with the usual stores in the U.S. and my web site www.pagesargisson.com."

Margaret Warden proudly announced: "Eloise August Warden was born on December 19 and welcomed by our family, which includes my husband Bob and her adoring brother Maxwell, who is two. I am enjoying maternity leave from my job in the Urban Investment Group at Goldman Sachs and look forward to catching up with SPS



Owen Timothy Cox was born on March 15 to Jennifer (McNamara) Cox '98 and her husband, Andrew.

friends at our Reunion in May! Eloise was followed shortly by the birth of Chloe Corbin, Isabel Roberts Corbin's second daughter, and in early February by Eli Robbins, Page Sargisson's new addition. Such fun."

95 **Geoffrey M. DeVito**
geoffdevito@msn.com

Nick Van Amburg and Cornelia Henning Van Amburg '97 were married in the winter of 2006 in New York City before a crowd full of SPS alums. Nick's current role as brand manager with Rockstar Games has kept him busy marketing the hit video game *Grand Theft Auto IV*. As a real estate broker with Stribling & Associates, Cornelia has had her hands full handling sales and rentals.

Landon Loomis e-mailed



Courtney Rein '96 married Joseph Asher Lazar on June 28, 2008, in Nantucket. Among those attending were (l. to r.): Caitlin Riley '96, Courtney Rein '96, Tom Rein '98, Andrea Thompson '96, and Ben Loehnen '96.



Austen Earl '97, Seth Barnes '97, and David Walton '97 met up at a Red Sox- Angels game in California.

this to SPS in June: "I just finished my MA in December (International Relations from SAIS in D.C.) then moved to Beijing in February with my girlfriend. We both work the U.S. Embassy here (actually, I start soon), Holly with the State Department and I with the Foreign Commercial Service. Our lives are pretty unbelievable most days: the bustle and energy of this place reminds us we're alive, and the Forbidden City is only a 10-min. bike ride away. While I don't have any kids, I did just get a dog yesterday."

Allyson Ross Pachios and husband, Chris '94, happily announced the birth of their daughter, Saylor Haskell Pachios (7 lbs., 11 oz.), on April 24, 2008. "Big brother Harry (1) is already keeping a close watch over her," writes Allyson. "Hopefully we will see a bunch of you at Chris's 15th next spring."

96 **W. Maximilian Lamont III**
wmlamont@yahoo.com

July news from **Rowan Driscoll**: "School is done. My students who started as freshmen are now off to college! Life sure moves quick here in Oakland, Calif.! While we here at Unity H.S. prepare young people, we don't forget to be thankful for what we experienced."

Alex Leigh sent this June message: "I just received an automatic e-mail with photos from anniversary weekend and got a little nostalgic. I hope whoever stumbles upon this is well and happy. I am a proud new momma of Beatrix Brown down here in Birmingham, Alabama. Just graduated from my residency and hoping to do some hospice and palliative care work after a hiatus year as a glorified secretary doing administrative chores. My darling husband, Nathan, has at least four more years of training so, please, if you need a warm bed in



Yoon Cho-Hong '97 and husband, Sukyoong Hong, announced the birth of their second child, Yuna, on December 11, 2007, in Hawaii. Yuna joined brother Sky (3).

Birmingham in the next four years do let us know. We will be here and would love to see ya'll! I see stories of all the accomplishments of those I knew at SPS and want you all to know how inspiring it is to see all the wonderful things you are doing."

Jenna Owens writes: "I was so happy to read Alex Leigh's note that I thought I would add one myself. I am homeless right now, in transit from Philadelphia to the UAE, where my husband and I intend to set up shop for a few years. Warren and I were officially married on Thanksgiving of '07 but had a party in May and have been traveling since then. If anyone is traveling through Dubai, please look us up: jenna.owens@gmail.com."

97 Brooke T. McLaughlin
btm2103@alum.dartmouth.org

Austen Earl recently took in the Red Sox–Angels series in Anaheim with formmates **Seth Barnes** and **David Walton**. "It was a tough series for the Sox, but I'm not sure Seth and David knew that as they spent most of the game competing to see who could come up with the better YouTube clip on their iPhones – so LA it hurts," writes Austen.

Charlotte Millard McWilliams's June 18 update: "No,



John Rudy '97 and Annelena Lobb were married in Boston on March 29, 2008. Among the guests were (l. to r.) Matt Plosser '97, Avery Johnson Forman '97, Morty Forman '97, John Rudy '97, Annelena Lobb, David Brown '97 Baron Gray '97, John Bland '97, Emily McLean '01 and Chris Bland '00. Also attending, but not pictured, was Robert Zink '97.

we don't seem to stay anywhere for very long! My husband and I (with puppy in tow) got to Ethiopia last week. We will be here for the next two years, at the American Embassy for his assignment to the Economic Section. It is an exciting time! My youngest sibling, Richard, will be a third former this fall. Time flies :) Warm regards to you and yours from the Horn of Africa!"

Cornelia Henning Van Amburg writes: "Nick Van Amburg '95 and I were married in the winter of 2006 in New York City before a crowd full of SPS alums. Nick's current role as brand manager with Rockstar Games has kept him busy mar-

keting the hit video game *Grand Theft Auto IV*. As a real estate broker with Stribling & Associates, I've had my hands full handling sales and rentals."

98 Edward J. Pena
edward.pena@tuck.dartmouth.edu

Jeff Grappone served as the New England communications director for John McCain's presidential campaign. "Senator McCain will be mounting a strong campaign, and I look forward to being a part of it," he told PolitickerNH.com when the position was announced. During the New Hampshire primary Grappone was Rudy Giuliani's New Hampshire communications director. He is a former press secretary for U.S. Sen. John Sununu (R–N.H.).

00 Francesca C. Gardner
francesca.gardner@gs.com

Werner Kratovil writes this short note: "Greetings; I am heading to Chapel Hill this summer to attend UNC business school. If anyone is around in the Triangle area, give me a ring."



While touring Seoul with his theatre show, Dodd Loomis '98 (l.) took four days off to fly to Beijing to visit some fellow Paulies, including Paul Gelinas '99, Miguel Payano '98, and Landon Loomis '95.

01 Taylor T. Robinson
taylor.t.robinson@gmail.com

This from **Andrew Lindsey Gorman** recently: "Hello, Paulies. I haven't been in touch with most of you since we left the school, but I want to give you an update and an invitation to drop me a line if you are ever in the Savannah area. I will



Carrie Schroyer '02 married Peter Johnson in Belmont, Mass., on August 14, 2007 – her brother Brian's birthday.



SPS alumni in Montana: Amory Blake '94, Luke Morgan '01, Hud Morgan '98, Sam Walsh '01, Valaer van Roijen '01, Etta Meyer '02, Liz (Yates) Scribner '02, and Charlie Scribner '00.

graduate from law school at the University of Georgia next week, and I have accepted a position with the Middleton Firm in Savannah, Georgia, beginning in August (after I, God willing, pass the bar). I'm looking forward to working and living in beautiful Savannah and I'd be thrilled to see anyone who happens to be down this way. I hope all of you are happy and well (agorman@uga.edu or 607-227-3269)."

02 Elizabeth B. Groeger
elizabeth.groeger@gmail.com

Etta Meyer writes, "My family and I just hosted a weekend at our house in Montana for

the 4th of July. Among those in attendance were many SPS grads. Not pictured but also on the ranch that weekend was my uncle, Jim Taylor '65. For many in attendance it was a first time to Montana—first fishing, riding, shooting and rodeo experiences! Hope all is well in Millville."

When **Carrie Schroyer** married Peter Johnson in Belmont, Mass., on August 14, 2007, her family also celebrated the birthday of her brother Brian, a member of the SPS fine arts faculty. Carrie and Peter live in Salt Lake City, where Carrie is in medical school at the University of Utah.



St. Paul's alumni at the University of Michigan gathered for dinner to welcome new freshmen Kate Adams '08 (l.) and Andy Hsu '08 (r.). Between them are (l. to r.) Nellie Ruedig '07, Perot Bissell '07, Ellie Ferguson '06, and Alex McLane '06.

Summer news from **Diana Wade**: "I will begin an M.A. in film studies at Columbia University in the fall."

Lily Weed will be teaching English in China for a second year.

05 Lindsay M. Kryzak
lkryzak@mail.rochester.edu

This May report from **Alexandra Jostrom**: "Entering my senior year in September at St. Andrew's University in the Kingdom of Fife, Scotland. Elected treasurer of the Lumsden Club at St. A."

Bradshaw Hawkins and **Jack Eshelman '06** won the 2007 British Universities Lacrosse Championship last spring. Writes Brad, "I'm still keeping my head above water at St. Andrews, striving toward an ever-elusive master's of theology. Toying with the idea of becoming a vicar, but will probably end up in finance like everyone else."

On March 26, 2008, the Georgetown men's tennis team defeated the University of Maryland-Baltimore County, 5-2, as junior **Kenneth Wong** clinched the match for the Hoyas in the

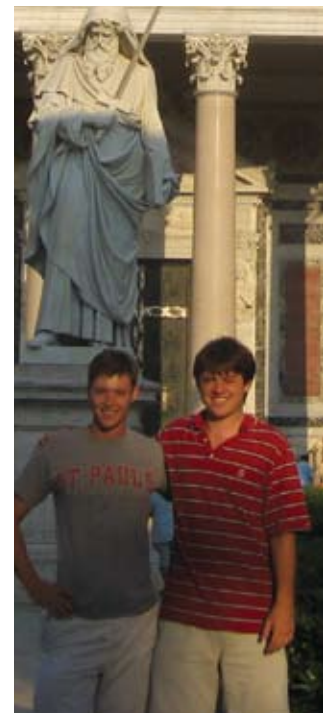
No. 5 singles match. The surging Hoyas have now won their last five matches, after dropping 10 straight to move to 7-10 on the season.

06 John M. Eshelman
jme6u@virginia.edu

Jack Eshelman and **Bradshaw Hawkins '05** won the 2007 British Universities Lacrosse Championship last spring.

Will Harte and **Pitch Lindsay '05** were intrigued by a recent visit to St. Paul's Basilica in Rome. The photo Will sent is "probably *Horae* worthy considering the location. We're at St. Paul's Basilica, one of four major basilicas in Rome, just south of the city center. It's an amazingly ornate church built over the ground where St. Paul is believed to be buried."

In May **E. Harrison Jostrom** wrote: "Worked with United Planet teaching Portuguese and English at a primary school in Maputo, Mozambique, for the spring semester."



Will Harte '06 and Pitch Lindsay '05 visited St. Paul's Basilica in Rome.

Notices of death for alumni whose names are in red appear in the following pages. The section was updated September 23, 2008.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1928 – John Gardner Kellogg
February 7, 2008 | 1945 – Howard Henry Roberts
February 10, 2007 |
| 1929 – Charles Cary Rumsey
May 15, 2007 | 1946 – Stuart Cary Welch, Jr.
August 13, 2008 |
| 1930 – George Huntington Hartford II
May 19, 2008 | 1947 – Alan Harriman Wright
February 25, 2008 |
| 1930 – Bayard Henry Roberts
June 8, 2008 | 1948 – Dudley Riggs Bohlen
March 20, 2008 |
| 1931 – David Robinson Crocker Brown, Jr.
March 10, 2009 | 1948 – Lewis Mills Gibb, Jr.
April 21, 2008 |
| 1932 – Penn Harvey Holsapple
March 8, 2008 | 1950 – James Denison Colt
June 5, 2008 |
| 1932 – Gilbert Lea
May 4, 2008 | 1952 – Brian Timothy Sullivan
January 30, 2008 |
| 1934 – Langford Baldwin
August 23, 2008 | 1953 – John Lowe Newbold III
April 12, 2008 |
| 1934 – Henry M. McAdoo, Jr.
August 13, 2008 | 1955 – James Fulton Niels III
June 21, 2008 |
| 1934 – Colles Coe Stowell
August 30, 2008 | 1958 – Donaldson Clark Pillsbury
June 12, 2008 |
| 1937 – Charles Henry Tenney II
April 10, 2008 | 1958 – Heckscher Tweed
March 6, 2008 |
| 1938 – John Carsten Chapin
August 14, 2008 | 1959 – George McFadden
April 22, 2008 |
| 1938 – L. Rumsey Ewing
March 24, 2008 | 1962 – Richard Nicholson Adams
August 4, 2008 |
| 1938 – John Ridgely Gardner
June 25, 2008 | 1970 – John Lasley O'Dell
July 1, 2007 |
| 1938 – Charles Goodenow Rice
October 27, 2007 | 1974 – Jean Emile Molleron
Date of death unknown |
| 1938 – Prentice Kellogg Smith
July 5, 2008 | |
| 1938 – Bertrand Leroy Taylor III
April 13, 2008 | |
| 1939 – Earl Biscoe, Jr.
February 24, 2008 | |
| 1940 – Joseph Feder McCrindle
July 11, 2008 | |
| 1941 – Erskine Howard Courtney, Jr.
December 27, 2007 | |
| 1941 – Robert Winthrop Young, Jr.
August 29, 2008 | |
| 1943 – W.G. Brooks Thomas
January 30, 2008 | |
| 1944 – Daniel Chapin
April 27, 2008 | |
| 1944 – Stuart McAlles Hirschberg, Jr.
March 26, 2008 | |
| 1944 – Philip Ranson James
July 1, 2008 | |
| 1945 – Donald Clarke Lea
February 26, 2008 | |

SEND IN A TRIBUTE

Honor your friends and loved ones in *Alumni Horae*. We accept any number of materials to help us in preparation of obituaries.

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

Mail your information to: Editor, *Alumni Horae*, 325 Pleasant Street, Concord, NH 03301 or e-mail the information and photos to us at alumni@sps.edu.

1929 Charles Cary Rumsey

of Port Washington, N.Y., died on May 15, 2007, age 96. Born on March 31, 1911, he was a son of Mary Harriman Rumsey and Charles Cary Rumsey and brother of Bronson



Harriman Rumsey '36. After preparation at Aiken Preparatory School, Aiken, S.C., he entered the Third Form in 1925.

At St. Paul's he was a member of the Missionary Society, the Scientific Association, the Radio Club, and the creche committee.

A member of the Harvard Class of 1933, he married Mary Maloney on October 5, 1934. Survivors include his wife; a daughter, Celia D. Rumsey; two sons, Charles C. Rumsey, Jr., and Peter B. Rumsey; two grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

1931 David Robinson Crocker "Darcy" Brown, Jr.



a founder of Aspen Skiing Corporation, a Colorado State Senator and rancher, and a member of four Halls of Fame, died on March 10, 2008, in Tucson, Arizona, at the age of 95. He was

born in San Francisco on December 20, 1912, the son of Ruth McNutt Brown and David R. C. Brown and brother of the late Fletcher McNutt Brown '33 and George Gordon Brown '36. He moved with his family to Colorado as a child. He attended Denver schools until entering the Third Form in 1927.

In his Sixth Form year he was a Councillor; a supervisor; a Camp Councillor; and a member of the Missionary Society, the Cadmean Literary Society, the Library Association, the Scientific Association, and the Isthmian first football team.

After graduating from Yale in 1935 with a degree in economics and a minor in French, he worked for Continental Oil Company in the field until 1940, then was a partner in a small oil production business in Kansas. In 1942 he joined the Civilian Pilot Training program. He was too old to become a Navy pilot but served in the Navy from July 1943 to November 1945 as Executive Officer and later Commanding Officer of PT boats with MTB Squadron 14 in the Canal Zone and with MTB Squadron 23 in the Philippines and Borneo. He was discharged as a Lieutenant (j.g.).

Mr. Brown went into the ranching business in Colorado and Utah. He was also a founding member of the Aspen Ski Corporation in 1946, which operated a small ski area with three lifts on Aspen Mountain; his family had been associated with the town since 1880, when his father purchased silver mines there. In 1957 Mr. Brown took over as CEO of the corporation; when he retired, 22 years later, the company was operating Aspen Mountain, Buttermilk, Snowmass, Breckenridge, two ski areas in Canada, and one in Spain. The Aspen Ski Corporation was sold to Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation in 1977.

He served one term as a Colorado State Senator from 1952 to 1956 and was chairman of the Denver Branch of the Federal Reserve Board. He was president of Colorado Ski Country USA and the National Ski Areas Association and chairman of the Colorado Passenger Tramway Safety Board. He was inducted into the U.S. National Ski Hall of Fame, the Colorado Ski Hall of Fame, the Colorado Business Hall of Fame, and the Aspen Hall of Fame. He began skiing as a boy growing up on a ranch in Carbondale, Colorado, and skied until he was 90.

His first marriage, to Margaret Heintz, ended in divorce. He is survived by his wife, Ruth Humphreys Brown, with whom he was married in 1947; three children by his first marriage: Margaret Brown Garvey, David R.C. Brown III, and Charles Scott

Brown; and five children by his second marriage: Albert H. Brown, Darcey Kelley Brown, Laurence Brown Cochran, Charla B. Brown, and Ruth L. Brown; seven grandchildren; and a great-niece, Amy Underwood Turnbull '90.

1932 Gilbert Lea

secretary of the Form of 1932, Gordon



Medalist, advertising executive, and publisher, died peacefully at the VNA Hospice House, Vero Beach, Fla., on May 4, 2008, at the age of 95.

A son of Belknap

Lyons Lea and Langdon Lea (SPS 1892) and brother of the late Francis Cabeen Lea '23 and the late Langdon Lea, Jr. '28, he was born in Bala Cynwyd, Pa., on December 16, 1912, and grew up in Wynnewood, where he attended the Montgomery School before entering the First Form in 1926.

As a Sixth Former, in addition to being elected secretary of the Form of 1932, he was a Councillor; an acolyte; a crucifer; a supervisor; vice president of the Forestry Club; president of the Athletic Association; a member of the Missionary Society, the Cadmean Literary Society, and the executive committee of the Lawn Tennis Association.

He was captain of the Delphian first football, tennis, and track teams and a member of the Delphian first hockey and baseball teams. He was captain of SPS football, and a member of the SPS hockey, baseball, and tennis teams. He was awarded the H. Edward Manville Cup "for the highest batting average in the first team series." At the 1932 Anniversary track and field meet he won the Robbins-McAlpine Challenge Cup "for the 120-yards hurdle race," the Laughlin Challenge Cup "for the senior running high jump," the Fidler Challenge Cup a second time "for the senior 220-yards hurdles," and received the Gordon Medal "for the best all-round athlete and sportsman."

In 1932 Dr. Montfort Haslam '20 (master 1927-37), Lea's Delphian coach, "did

a little research" and concluded that Lea "had received more SPS letters than anyone else in the school's history up to that time: (seven: football, hockey, gymnastics, baseball, tennis, track, and one for breaking the school record in the high jump)."

At Princeton, from which he graduated in 1936 as a philosophy major, he started on the football team for four years at right end when players were expected to play both offense and defense. The Princeton football teams of 1933 and 1935 were ranked number one in the nation and lost only one game in the four years he played. He was also on the Princeton varsity hockey team, particularly enjoying the games against Yale and Harvard, when he played against many of his SPS contemporaries.

Mr. Lea had also been enrolled in the Princeton ROTC program and was called into Army service as a Lieutenant in January 1942. He was for two years an artillery instructor at Fort Sill, Okla.; then he was for one year in California and Texas helping to build the 13th Armored Division; and then he went overseas as Executive Officer, 497th Armored Field Artillery Battalion, 13th Armored Division, in the campaigns of Rhineland and Central Europe. He was awarded the Bronze Star and the Air Medal, the latter for commanding a combat team from a light plane in the final attack in Bavaria. He left the service as a Lieutenant Colonel in December 1945.

Most of Mr. Lea's working years were in New York City: with TIME, Inc.; McGraw-Hill; McCall Corporation; and Ogilvy and Mather. After 31 years he moved to Maine to buy the Tower Publishing Company, which he operated from 1967 to 1982, when he retired to Vero Beach.

In Princeton, N.J., where he lived from 1936 to 1961, he was active in Princeton alumni affairs: Chairman of Annual Giving 1961-62; chairman of the Athletic Committee, and on the Alumni Council for almost twenty years. In Maine he was a parishioner of St. Mary's Church, Falmouth; a trustee of the Governor Baxter School for the Deaf; and chairman of the local American Cancer Society.

Mr. Lea's 1938 marriage to Nancy Porter Nalle ended in divorce. He is survived by his wife Phyllis Thaxter Lea, with whom

he was married in 1962; a daughter, Ann Lea Fries; a son, Thomas Nalle Lea '66; a stepdaughter, Skye Aubrey; a stepson, James Aubrey; eight grandchildren; five great-grandchildren; and his first wife, Nancy Genung. Another son, Gilbert Lea, Jr. '61, died in 1992.

In his 1992 memoir written for *The Gordon Medal Centennial book*, Mr. Lea wrote: "My father was Princeton's *first hired football coach* – 1901. My grandfather sent him to West Virginia in 1902, so he could not coach anymore. BUT he had three sons – Frank, Lang, and myself – and he coached us in every sport from the day we were born. So we all three won the Gordon Medal and we all played end (at father's insistence) at Princeton.

"I loved my six years at St. Paul's, and the fact that I won so many letters is not that I am not proud of it, but, of more pertinence, is the fact that I was *allowed the opportunity*. The wonderful thing about SPS – and the seven awards point it up – is that the school allowed each of us to participate in as many athletic programs as we could. There was no pressure. It was up to the individual. I don't know of any other school in the country where this would be possible. The club system was set up so that you played each and every sport at the level of your capability. The purpose was FUN and good exercise. We enjoyed each other. We didn't get depressed when we lost. And we didn't boast if we won. All of it low key and fun. And if we wanted to play hockey and squash or whatever, go ahead. It was simply a matter of time and your individual desires."

1934 Langford Baldwin

for 26 years a priest of the Episcopal Church, died August 23, 2008, of complications from Parkinson's Disease, in Worcester, Mass., to which he had retired in 1977. He was 91. He was born in Yonkers, N.Y., a son of Marian Langford Baldwin and Anson Baldwin (SPS 1890), and prepared at Repton School, Tarrytown, N.Y., to enter the Third Form in 1930.

At School he was an Attendance Warden; a Camp Councillor; and a member of the Cadmean Literary Society, the Chess Club, le Cercle français, and the Record com-



mittee. He earned Second Testimonials in 1931 and 1934 and a First Testimonial in 1932. At Graduation in 1934 he was awarded the Keep History Prize in English History and a cum laude diploma.

After graduating from Yale in 1938 Mr. Baldwin worked in Manhattan and in Oruco, Bolivia, for W.R. Grace & Co. In January 1942 he went into the Army and served as a Special Agent in Tunisia, Sicily (initial landing at Scoglitti) and Southern Italy with the Combat Intelligence Corps (CIC) of Military Intelligence. He was discharged as a Second Lieutenant in January 1945.

He graduated from Virginia Theological Seminary, Alexandria, Va., in 1951 and was Rector of St. Andrew's, New Bedford, Mass. (1955–63), Rector of St. Barnabas and All Saints', Springfield, Mass. (1964–73), and Associate at Grace, Amherst, Mass. (1973–77). In retirement he did supply work for the Diocese of Western Massachusetts, mostly in the Worcester area.

His first wife, Margaret King Baldwin, died in 1980. He is survived by his second wife, Vera Dowden Baldwin, with whom he was married in 1981; two sons, John Anson Baldwin and David William Baldwin; two granddaughters, Sarah B. Guy and Ashley Baldwin; and two sisters, Elizabeth Baldwin and Eleanor Forrest.

1938 L. Rumsey Ewing

of St. Louis, Missouri, and La Veta, Colorado, World War II P.T. boat captain and Silver Star Medal recipient, broker and banker, died at St. Luke's Hospital in St. Louis, of heart failure, on March 24, 2008, at the age of 87.

He was the son of Marian Rumsey Ewing and Nathaniel W. Ewing, born on December 3, 1920, in St. Louis. After preparation at The Taylor School there, he entered the Third Form in 1934. In his Sixth Form year he was assistant editor of *The Pictorial*, stage manager of the Dramatic Club, and a member of the Isthmian first football team.

He matriculated at Dartmouth in the Class of 1942, where he majored in history and economics, captained the varsity crew, and was a member of Psi Upsilon fraternity and Dragon senior society. After graduating he enlisted in the U.S. Naval Reserve and was commissioned Ensign in October 1942. He served with PT Boat Squadron 12 in New Guinea from Buna to Biak and in the Cape Gloucester invasion. He was wounded December 27, 1943. He was awarded the Purple Heart, the Bronze Star, the Silver Star, and the Presidential Unit Citation for bravery in combat. He was discharged in October 1945 as a Lieutenant.

He was involved over the years with many St. Louis business organizations: director, Industrial Relations, Krey Packing Company 1948–49; president, Lukens Suture Company, 1959–70; a broker with Reinholdt & Gardner, 1970–75; executive vice president, Central Bank of St. Louis, 1975–1984; and president, Satelink, Inc., 1984–86.

He was an officer and director of the St. Louis Association for Retarded Citizens and Rainbow Village and active in the United Way.

At his UTE Ranch, La Veta, Colorado, he raised registered Simmental cattle.

Survivors include his wife, Rosalie McRae Ewing, with whom he was married on October 22, 1942; two daughters, Rosalie Ewing Engler (J. Curtis Engler) and Marian Ewing Smith (Edgar A. Smith); a son, Nathaniel Timothy Ewing (Jeanette Veron Ewing); seven grandchildren; and one great-grandson. Another son, Rumsey Ewing II, died earlier.

1938 Charles Goodenow Rice

former mining executive and museum committee member, of South Hamilton, Mass., died at his home on October 27, 2007, at the age of 89. The son of Emma Mandell Rice and Neil W. Rice '11, he prepared at Noble and Greenough School, Dedham, Mass., and entered the III Form in 1934. In the spring of his Sixth Form year he withdrew for health reasons.

He trained at the North East Airline School 1939–41 and served as a Navy Flight Instructor and Air Ferry Pilot from May 1942 to February 1946, leaving the service as Lieutenant.

After the war his business activities included president, the U.S. Smelting, Refining, and Mining Company; president, N.W. Rice Company; and president, Hamilton-Wenham Community House. He was also a member of the Peabody-Essex Museum for natural history, a life member of the Myopia Hunt Club and the Masters of Foxhounds Association.

He leaves his wife, Lily Brown Rice, with whom he was married on February 21, 1942; a daughter, Lily Rice Hsia; a son, Neil Woodbury Rice II; four grandchildren, Charles Rice Kendall, Robert N. Kendall, Jr., Sarah Hsia, and Jonathan Hsia; and a sister Anne Rice Berntsen. He was also the father of the late Charles G. Rice, Jr.

1939 Earl Biscoe, Jr.



formerly of West Hartford, Conn., an Army Air Force veteran, church trustee, and business executive, died at Duncaster, a Life Care Community in Bloomfield, Conn., on February 24, 2008,

at the age of 87. He was born in New York City, the son of Edith Marion Aldrich Biscoe and Earl Biscoe, on October 12, 1920. He attended Sidwell Friends School, Washington, D.C., and entered the Second Form in 1934. As a Sixth Former he was an accounting warden; secretary of the Rifle Club; advertising manager of *The Pictorial*; and a member of the Scientific Association and the Record committee.

In January 1943 he received his bachelor of science in mechanical engineering degree and entered the U.S. Army Air Forces, serving in aircraft maintenance with the 7th Army Air Force in the Pacific. He was discharged in 1946 as a Captain. He joined the U.S. Air Force Reserves in 1952 and retired as a lieutenant colonel in 1967.

From 1946 to 1952 he was employed by Parker Rust Proof Company of Detroit and New York, and then by the New Departure Hyatt Bearings Division of General Motors Corporation in Bristol, Conn., retiring in 1980.

Mr. Biscoe belonged to The Old Guard, where he coordinated the Red Cross Blood-mobile for some time. He was an active member of St. John's Episcopal Church in West Hartford and also served as trustee and secretary for receiving donations in support of the Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Connecticut.

He married Lilly Palmer on May 28, 1949. The Biscoes lived in West Hartford from 1952 until their move in 2000 to Duncaster. They summered at Waquoit on Cape Cod, a very special place to the family for 55 years.

He is survived by his wife; his daughter, Eloise Palmer Biscoe; his daughter-in-law, Marigrace McNamara Biscoe; his cousin, Grace Andersen, and her children, Bill, Sharman, and Einar. His son, Earl Biscoe III, died in 2001.

1943 W. G. Brooks Thomas

of Jamestown, R.I., died in Newport, R.I., on January 30, 2008, from medical conditions related to Parkinson's disease. He was born in Cambridge, Mass., on December 24, 1925, a son of



Jocelyn Parker Thomas and C. Lloyd Thomas and brother of the late E.M. Parker Thomas '45. After preparation at Belmont Hill School, Belmont, Mass., he entered the Third Form in 1939.

In his Sixth Form year he was an acolyte; a Sunday School teacher; a Camp councillor; and a member of the glee club, the rifle club, and der Deutscher Verein.

He had been accepted as a Yale freshman, but he had also been accepted into the Navy V-12 College Training Program and was assigned to the program at Williams. He was transferred in March 1944 to the NROTC Engineering Program at Tufts, from which he graduated in October 1945 with a bachelor of naval science degree and an Ensign's commission. He was for a time in charge of U.S.S. C-13533 (ex AMb-1), a coastal mine layer based at the U.S. Naval Mine Test Facilities, Provincetown, Mass., and left the service in June 1946.

He entered Yale as a junior, was a member with his brother of the Silliman College crew, and graduated with a B.A. degree in industrial psychology in 1948. He worked in banking and industry until 1960 when he became Manager of the Connecticut Development Credit Corporation, a small business commercial loan company specially chartered to make "non-bankable" term loans to promising but unbankable small companies in Connecticut. In 1970 he was employed by the Development Credit Corporation of Maryland, of which he was elected president and CEO, a position he held until his retirement in 1986. In retirement, he moved to Jamestown, where he had been a summer resident since childhood, and worked as a bank consultant.

During his years in the Navy, in industry, and in banking, Mr. Thomas used an ability he had developed at St. Paul's and served for many years as organist and choir master in Episcopal parishes in Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Maryland. His last tour of musical duty was at St. Thomas Church in Garrison Forest, Md., from 1972 until 1979. He was the editor of *Vox Oceana*, the monthly newsletter of the R.I. Chapter of the American Guild of Organists.

Mr. Thomas recalled a March 1942 visit he made as a Fifth Former to St. John the Evangelist Church in Dunbarton, a small rural church established by Henry Augustus Coit, first Rector of St. Paul's School, and "supplied" often since the mid-1800s with clergy on the faculty (the current priest in charge is the Reverend Charles H. "Kelly" Clark, ninth Rector). To Mr. Thomas's surprise and delight, he found the organ was hand pumped, a task he was assigned upon his arrival. The organ is still hand pumped today.

He recalled a September 1999 visit to Millville with an opportunity to play "Love Divine" one more time in the New Chapel. He wrote: "I play the hymn in D-major (Jimmy Knox wrote it in F-major), and I was told when I played it at my 50th Reunion that, with girls present, it had been returned to F-major. It's now down to E-flat major (as Lefebvre's descendant was too high even for the girls!)."

He is survived by his wife, the former Constance Beels of Aerdenhout, The Netherlands, with whom he was married on October 11, 1952; two daughters, Pamela Burman and Geraldine B. Carroll; two sons, Samuel P. Thomas and Mark V. L. Thomas; nine granddaughters; and one grandson.

1944 Stuart McAlles Hirschberg, Jr.



a retired corporation lawyer and a resident of Rancho Bernardo, Calif., for 27 years, died of bladder cancer in San Diego on March 26, 2008, at the age of 81. He

was born in Newburgh, New York, on June 3, 1926, the son of Kathleen Schoonmaker Hirschberg and Stuart McAlles Hirschberg and the brother of the late Michael Henry Hirschberg '46. He prepared for St. Paul's School at The Storm King School, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N.Y., and entered the Fourth Form in 1941.

He was a scholar of the first rank. He was named an SPS Honor Scholar in 1943. He received a First Testimonial in 1942 and a First Testimonial with Honor in 1943 and 1944; won the Keep History Prize in 1943 (English history) and 1944 (American history); earned Dickey Prizes in Sacred Studies, Latin, English, French, and History along the way; and graduated summa cum laude with Honors in French and chemistry. He was a member of the Concordian Literary Society and the Library Association.

In June 1944 he joined the U.S. Navy and served in the United States until July 1946 as a ward corpsman, leaving the service as a Pharmacist Mate Second Class.

He attended Yale University (1946-48), where he was involved in conservative politics, golf, tennis, and chess. He was an excellent chess player, who played chess by mail with his old Yale roommate for over 50 years, and rarely lost.

Mr. Hirschberg graduated with a law degree from Cornell University in 1951, where he was on the Board of Editors of the *Cornell Law Quarterly*, joined the legal fraternity, Phi Delta Phi, and was awarded the Order of the Coif for being in the top 10 percent of his class.

He began his legal career as an associate at Duer, Strong & Whitehead in Manhattan (1951-53), then as a lawyer at M.J. Rider in Newburgh (1953-56). For six years he was the owner of a retail shoe business in Lakeside, California, before joining General Dynamics in San Diego in 1962.

In 1965 Mr. Hirschberg transferred to the Electric Boat Division of General Dynamics as a contract representative and was named associate division council in 1966. He retained that title until becoming deputy division council in 1982. He retired in 1993.

In Newburgh he was secretary and treasurer of the Newburgh Bar Association; in Lakeside he was a trustee of the Lakeside Community Presbyterian Church.

He played doubles tennis twice a week at the Joslyn Senior Center in San Bernardo until a few years ago. He also golfed on a regular basis. Stuart had the unusual ability to recall classical poetry learned during his formative years at St. Paul's.

Mr. Hirschberg was first married, on June 24, 1950, to Marguerite Emery Mott, who died on June 10, 1997. He is survived by his wife, Diane Lenz Loots, with whom he was married on July 17, 1998; three daughters, Susan Mott, Karen Hirschberg, Lauren Hirschberg; and a grandson Sam.

1945 Howard Henry Roberts

of Rosemont, Pa., a retired realtor, rhododendron specialist, and "Dolphin visitor," died at Bryn Mawr Terrace, age 80, of heart failure on February 10, 2007. He was born in Bala Cynwyd, Pa.,



on December 18, 1926, on land deeded by William Penn to Mr. Roberts's Welsh ancestor, John Roberts. A son of Caroline Henry Roberts and Isaac W. Roberts and

brother of the late Algernon Roberts '28 and the late Brooke Roberts '35, he attended Episcopal Academy, Merion, Pa., before entering the Second Form in 1940.

He was a member of the Cadmean Literary Society. He was a January 1945 graduate, accelerated by the School's wartime schedule. He earned Second Testimonials in 1941 and 1942 and a First Testimonial in 1943 together with a Dickey Prize in Spanish. He graduated *cum laude* with Honors in history.

After graduation he joined the American Field Service as a volunteer ambulance driver in India, returning to the United States in November 1945.

Mr. Roberts graduated *magna cum laude* from Princeton in 1950, where he majored in Spanish.

In the Philadelphia area he was engaged in a variety of business activities, including banking and advertising. From 1983 until he retired, he was selling homes for Prudential Fox & Roach in Haverford.

He was an avid horticulturalist, especially interested in rhododendrons, which he hybridized and grew from seed, generally having over 400 "rhodies" in his garden. For several years he served as president of the Greater Philadelphia Chapter of the American Rhododendron Society, and he wrote articles that were published in *Green Scene*, the magazine of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, and the *Journal of the American Rhododendron Society*.

He was an active, lifelong parishioner of the Episcopal Church of St. Asaph in Bala Cynwyd, serving on the vestry and chairing the church's capital campaign.

Mr. Roberts was for many years on the board of the Dolphins of Delaware Valley, whose members visit residents of nursing homes one-on-one on a regular basis.

He leaves his wife, Joan Church Roberts, with whom he was married on October 16, 1951; two daughters, Elisabeth P. Roberts and Averel Roberts Wilson; a son, Owen B. Roberts; a son-in-law, John D. Wilson; three grandchildren, Elisabeth Wistar Wilson '03, Bayard Roberts Wilson '06, and Grant Packard Wilson '08; and numerous nieces and nephews. Another brother, Bayard Roberts '30, died June 8, 2008.

1948

Lewis Mills Gibb, Jr.

died at his home in Austin, Texas, on April 21, 2008. He was born in New York City on June 11, 1930, the son of Martha Pease Gibb and Lewis Mills Gibb '21. After preparation at St. Bernard's School in Manhattan, he entered the Second Form in 1943. As a Sixth Former he was a Camp Councillor and a member of the Year Book committee and the Glee Club. He was a member of the Delphian first football team, the Delphian baseball team, and captain of the Delphian squash team. He was a member of the SPS squash team and a four-year member of the SPS boxing team.

He served in the U.S. Army during the Korean conflict, then worked as a roughneck, scout, and land man for McRae Oil & Gas before continuing as an independent land man in Denver. Her later entered the real estate business becoming a senior vice president of the Denver firm of Garret Bromfield & Company in 1979. Thereafter, he and his second wife, Hanna Marsden, operated Gibb-Marsden & Company real estate in Boulder, Colorado, until 1998.



Mr. Gibb won numerous doubles squash tournaments throughout the West and played twice in the National Doubles Championships.

He is survived by his wife; his former wife, Patricia Gibb; a daughter, Annie Elizabeth Gibb Peck; two sons, Lewis D. Gibb and Thomas M. Gibb; two sisters, Martha G. Bayne and Jeanie Lee; and five grandchildren.

1950

James Denison Colt

president of the Form of 1950, former selectman of Milton and Wenham, Mass., and former member of the Commonwealth's House of Representatives, died of cancer at Kaplan Family Hospice House, Danvers, Mass. on June 5, 2008, at the age of 75.



Born on August 19, 1932, a son of Mary Forbes Atkinson Colt and Henry Francis Colt '18, he prepared at The Park School, Brookline, Mass., and entered the Second Form in 1945.

He was an exceptional athlete, scholar, and student leader. In 1949 he was awarded the Frazier Prize, "for a boy in the Fourth or Fifth Form who shall throughout the year attain the greatest distinction jointly in scholarship and athletics." As a Sixth Former he was captain of the Delphian first football team, captain of SPS hockey, and winner of the Edward Manville, Jr. '25 Cup "for the highest batting average in the first team series." In 1950 he was awarded the Toland Prize, "awarded annually to the Sixth Former who best unites . . . [the] intellectual achievement, athletic ability, and nobility of character of Benjamin Rush Toland '38, killed in the assault on Iwo Jima."

He was named a St. Paul's Honor Scholar in 1945, 1946, and 1947. He earned 1st Testimonials and Dickey Prizes every year, the Dickeys covering Sacred Studies, Latin, English, History, and Public Affairs.

At Graduation he was awarded a *magna cum laude* diploma with Honors in Sacred Studies, English, Latin, Spanish, and Public Affairs, and received the President's Medal, whose citation read, in part: "He must know the atmosphere, the spirit of every house in the School, must understand the reasons why it is good or bad . . . He must know what boys are unhappy, and take measures to cheer them up. He must be the mainspring of the Council, guiding its deliberations and weighing the views of its members. All this burden of responsibility must be borne with apparent

cheerfulness and lightness of heart."

At Harvard, from which he graduated in 1954, he played freshman hockey. He spent two years in the U.S. Army, 1954-56, and was discharged as a Specialist 3rd Class.

Mr. Colt graduated from the University of Virginia Law School in 1959, where he was elected to the Order of the Coif. He began his long career as a probate and estate lawyer in Boston at Peabody & Arnold and later founded his own firm.

He was a Milton selectman and thrice chairman 1973-82 and, after moving to Wenham, a selectman there and twice chairman 1990-96. He represented the Essex County Fourth District in the State House 1995-97.

Among his other responsibilities over the years: senior warden, St. Michael's Episcopal Church, Milton; clerk, St. John's Episcopal Church, Beverly Farms; trustee, Gardiner Howland Shaw Foundation; director, Center for Addictive Behaviors; Director, North Shore Community College Foundation, member, Republican State Committee; Massachusetts treasurer, Reagan-Bush campaigns of 1984 and 1988.

For 30 years he was a trustee and part-owner of Naushon Island off Cape Cod and managing trustee for seven years.

Readers of the SPS community may have encountered Mr. Colt and his family in *The Big House*, an iconic memory of summer life written by his nephew, George Howe Colt in 2003.

Mr. Colt served as the Form of 1950 Form Director, managing its 50th Reunion.

Survivors include his wife, Elizabeth Saunders Reynolds Colt, with whom he was married on December 21, 1963; three daughters, Elizabeth Simonds Colt, Alexandra Russell Colt, and Sarah Forbes Colt; four grandchildren; two sisters, Ellen Colt Singer and Mary Forbes Colt; and a brother, Henry Francis Colt, Jr. Another sister, Alexandra Colt, predeceased him.

His daughter Beth said, at her father's memorial service, "One St. Paul's friend who expounded on his successes as a student, athlete, and leader, also remarked on his extraordinary and unexpected kindnesses to his friends. Dad reflected on this in the hospice and told us, 'At some point in my life, my heart and my head went out to other people, my age and younger, who I wanted to help in a

leadership capacity' . . . I think this is also what drew him to politics – the joy of meeting and talking to people from all over the place as well as the expectation that he might be able to help them in small and large ways.”

1952 Brian Timothy Sullivan

[The editor is grateful to Sheila Sullivan for writing this obituary of her father.]

An Adventurous Life Well Lived

Tim Sullivan, 74, passed away on January 30, 2008, in Lone Tree, Colorado. He received a Marine Corps burial February 5, 2008, at Fort Logan National Cemetery in Denver. Although we always thought it would be his heart that would give up on him, he was taken by sudden severe blood infection. Tim grew up in Denver, where his family played a significant role in the early history of the State of Colorado and the City of Denver. He was very proud of his family's pioneering contribution to the state.

Tim was the eldest son of Elizabeth Sullivan and Barry Sullivan [’24], born April 2, 1933, in Springfield, Illinois. He entered St. Paul's in the Second Form and graduated in 1952. He was in the Missionary Society and the Scientific Association, played on the Delphian football and hockey teams, and rowed on the Shattuck and SPS crews.

As a boy, he developed a love for the outdoors and a fondness for sports. He was a gifted athlete who participated in hockey, football, crew, skiing, hunting, fishing, and auto racing. An intelligent man and a voracious reader, he delighted more in the fact that few could surpass his athletic abilities. He was also well known for his ability to “walk the line” and still maintain a good virtue. He was a man who sought to make his life his own and not to conform to what was always expected of him. Many of his formmates may recall that Tim was missing part of his right ring finger from his teenage years as a rebel.

After St. Paul's, Tim enrolled at the University of Colorado to study architecture in 1952–53. While in college he also worked as a ski instructor in the mountains of Colorado. In 1953, Tim chose to leave CU and he enlisted in the

United States Marine Corps. His active duty brought him to the warfront in the Korean War, where he was able to fight for the country he loved. He also spent time based at Camp Gifu, Japan, as a corporal and was offered a position in officer candidate school.

After two years in the Marine Corps, Tim decided to return to Colorado and attended one more year at the University of Colorado. He stated his life had a career. His patriotism continued throughout his life. An independent and adventurous soul by nature, Tim's great passion in life was auto racing. This pursuit took him to race tracks around the country pursuing the passion he loved. Tim raced and owned midget open wheel race cars for about ten years. He actively raced until 1957 when he was involved in a serious crash in Ohio. Tim rolled his race car nine times at Kil Kare Park racetrack near Dayton, Ohio, and was actually pronounced dead at the Lakeside track in Denver, Colo. His family returned from Europe to be by his side, and he made a phenomenal recovery with few long term effects other than hearing loss in his right ear and a few ribs that would “rattle around” on occasion. He continued to race on and off after the accident until 1966.

During his travels Tim lived outside Colorado in California and Hawaii. In Hawaii, Tim's life began to settle, as much as he could allow for those of you who knew him well. He worked primarily as a race car driver, mechanic and seaman whose hobbies of sailing and auto racing occasionally resulted in the type of grand adventures and mishaps which would make for great novels. He owned his own auto shop called Speed and Sport with a good racing friend Cal Niday, worked for the University of Hawaii on a research ship, owned at 72-foot schooner and a 40-foot catamaran, the *Hinano*. He sank the *Hinano* on his way back from Tahiti to California and had to be rescued by the Chilean Coast Guard.



During his time in Honolulu he met his wife (divorced) Suzanne Moureu of Arue, Tahiti, French Polynesia with whom he was married on February 25, 1966. Tim and Suzie had four daughters between 1966 and 1975: Maire, Tina, Colleen, and Sheila. They eventually returned to Colorado late in 1969 to be closer to Tim's family. In Colorado, Tim was a “jack of all trades, master of none,” as he liked to say, working on cars, running heavy equipment in Vail for B&B Excavation, real estate adventures with his brothers-in-law, and owning a quilting business with his wife, to name a few. After Tim and his wife divorced in 1987, he joined the U.S. Postal Service. Tim worked for the USPS until he retired in 1998, when he began pursuing his racing dreams again. In a 2000 note to SPS he wrote, “Just drove a NASCAR Winston Cup car 125.4 mph at Orlando Speedway. Not bad for 67 years old!” Tim returned to the racing circuit by becoming the co-owner of a midget racing team called Wis-Co racing. His team won a regional championship in 2002, and his driver would be rookie of the year. He was very proud.

During the times when Tim wasn't racing and participating in his hobbies, he was a family man. Tim spent a lot of time with his daughters teaching them to be independent thinkers, respected women, and sports enthusiasts like the boys he never had. All of Tim's daughters found a love for sports just as he had.

Tim's first two children were born in Honolulu, Hawaii. His first daughter is Maire (My-Ray) Mu Sullivan, born in 1966, of Winter Park, Colo. She inherited Tim's free spirit and will to travel the world just like her father. Tina Sullivan Pratt, the second, born in 1968, was the ‘girl’ of the family and challenged Tim to learn to relate on a female level. She currently lives in Baltimore, Md.; while he may not have always understood Tina, Tim found common ground with her, and they remained very close to the end.

Colleen Vaia Walker Sullivan, the third, born in 1971, recently returned to Colorado from Bozeman, Montana. Colleen inherited her father's athletic ability, and Tim traveled several times to watch her compete in marathon racing. Sheila Sullivan, the fourth daughter, born in 1975,

DECEASED

lives in Denver, and works as an orthopedic trauma physician assistant. Sheila spent much of her time going to movies with her father weekly and entertaining him with her stories from work.

Tim spent most of his weekends taking his daughters to beloved places throughout the Colorado mountains, amusement parks, vacations, teaching them to ski, fish and read like he did. He loved his daughters very much and was very proud of them. Since leaving racing for the last time Tim exhibited an extreme passion for whatever interest was currently at the forefront, be it fishing, radio control airplane flying, the Denver Broncos, movie going, reading, and especially his family. In the last few years Tim enjoyed playing golf, traveling to other countries with his sisters and friends, and his many culinary delights.

Tim's independent spirit was admired by many, but most of all he was very well loved and had an enormous heart. His heart may have become physically weak over several years, but his spirit and will were all fight up to the end. His life was one filled with tales of adventure down roads which few others have had the courage to take. He was a very loving and wonderful father, grandfather, brother and friend. He will be greatly missed by all.

He is survived by his four daughters; seven grandchildren, Ty Pratt, Tiare Walker, Kimo Sullivan, Michael Pratt, Thadeus Walker, Riana Sullivan, and Malia Pratt; two sisters, Janes Sullivan Ahlborg and Debora Sullivan Graefe; numerous nieces and nephews; and beloved dog Skipper. He was preceded in death by another sister, Dennis Ann Sullivan Delbosco.

1953 John Lowe Newbold III

of New York City and Chilmark, Mass., formerly of Summit, N.J., died in New York on April 12, 2008, from complications of acute leukemia. He was 72 years old. Born in Washington, D.C., he was a son of Katharine Wilkins Newbold and John Lowe Newbold and brother of the late Fleming Newbold '56 and the late Nicholas Wilkins Newbold '64. He attended St. Albans School in Washington before entering the Second Form in 1948.



As a Sixth Former he was a Councillor; secretary of the Halcyon Boat Club; a supervisor; and a member of the Missionary Society, the Library Association, the Scientific Association, the Glee Club, La Junta, and the Propylean Society.

A member of the Cum Laude Society, he earned Second Testimonials in 1950 and 1952, First Testimonials in 1951 and 1953, and Dickey Prizes in Latin and Spanish along the way. He received a cum laude diploma.

In 1957 Mr. Newbold graduated *cum laude* from Yale with a B.S. in industrial administration and rowed on the freshman and varsity 150-pound crews. From 1957 to 1960 he served in Naval Intelligence as an Ensign and Lieutenant (j.g.) with duty in the Naval Mobile Intelligence Production Unit, Norfolk, Va.

He earned an M.B.A. from New York University in 1963 and began his banking career in 1960 with First National City Bank. From 1985 he was in charge of the Global Shipping Division and earlier had been corporate banking head in Tokyo and country head for Singapore and Malaysia. He retired from Citigroup in 1997. In retirement he was a consultant to the shipping industry and served on a variety of local and international corporate and non-profit boards.

Mr. Newbold was active in school, church, and environmental organizations in New York and New Jersey, and on Martha's Vineyard, including service as treasurer of Grace Church in Manhattan.

He leaves his wife, Judith Bourne Newbold, with whom he was married on June 20, 1959; a daughter, Jennifer Hathaway Newbold (Edward B. Freeman IV); two sons, Timothy Bourne Newbold (Lisa Yang) and Michael Fleming Newbold (Beth Tremper

Newbold); five grandchildren; and a sister, Mariamne Newbold Parthenais.

His obituary in the Vineyard Gazette presents a story familiar to many alumni who have found a special haven in island life: "In the late 1960s, Jock and his young family ventured across the Sound on their first voyage to the Vineyard, a never-to-be-forgotten July day trip to Chilmark to visit close friends. The day was gray, gloomy, drizzling, foggy, and chilled. The friends' rented cottage was snug, dark, overstuffed with many small moist children and several large wet dogs. This family outing ended with a hair-raising ride to catch the last ferry back, arriving in Woods Hole, and realizing that the family car had been parked in Falmouth. . . . He considered the day a complete success."

1955 James Fulton Nields III



of Hartwick, Mass., died, of cancer, on June 21, 2008, at Mary Lane Hospital, Ware, Mass., at the age of 71. He was the son of Martha Berry Nields and James Fulton Nields, Jr. '22, born on March 14, 1937. He prepared for St. Paul's at Gilbertville (Mass.) Grammar School and entered the Second Form in 1950. In his Sixth Form year he was a Camp Councillor and a member of the Year Book committee, the Missionary Society, and the Glee Club. He played Delphian first hockey and Delphian baseball and ran SPS cross-country.

In 1955 he fractured his skull in a 100-foot fall and needed one year of convalescence before attending Williams College.

He had worked in radio as a news director in Portland, Maine, and for United Press International in Boston. Beginning

in 1961 he worked in sales for Ware (Mass.) Knitters, of which he was named president in 1973. Plants of the company were in Maine and North Carolina as well as in Massachusetts.

In Ware he served on the school committee, the Men's Club, and the Community Theater.

He leaves a daughter, Megan Nields, and a son, James Fulton Nields IV, and his partner Blanche Vadnais. He was predeceased by his former wife Joanne Donahue Nields, and his brother Lee Nields.

1974 Jean Emile Molleron

A member of his family has recently informed St. Paul's School of the death of Jean Emile Molleron, Weicker Scholar 1970-71, "some years ago."

Jean was born in Chambéry, France, on January 19, 1956. He was selected for the one-year Weicker Scholarship Program (Third Form) while a student at Lycée Condorcet in Paris. At Graduation in 1971 he was awarded Dickey Prizes in Latin and mathematics and a First Testimonial with Honor.

In 1981 he was badly hurt in an automobile accident and spent many months in rehabilitation. In 1994 he was working as a correspondence teacher for the French Ministry of Education. His occasional letters to the Alumni Office have been filled with happy memories of his year in Millville – "ice hockey, Sheldon Library, maple sirup too! among many others."

1976 Carl Marlon Albert



a Chicago native, died there, at home, on June 20, 2008, at the age of 50. He was born on September 19, 1957, a son of Eugie Zell Carroll Albert and Essie Lee Albert and attended Forrest-

ville Upper Grade Center Elementary School in Chicago before entering the Second Form in 1971.

As a Sixth Former he was a member of the Third World Coalition, a member of the Band and two rock bands (trombone and percussion), and earned his varsity letters in wrestling and track. In 1976 he was named a "Commended Student" in the National Achievement Scholarship Program for Outstanding Black Students.

He attended Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, for two years and was then employed at the U.S. Post Office in downtown Chicago for 25 years.

He enjoyed reading, discussing politics, fishing and biking along Lake Michigan, and watching nature and wildlife shows on PBS.

He is survived by his wife, Camille Nixon Albert, with whom he was married on February 13, 1988; a daughter, Carla; a sister, Debra; a brother, Charles; and a host of cousins.

Former Faculty José Antonio García Ordóñez y Montalvo

of Coral Gables, Fla., formerly of Concord, N.H., died peacefully at his home on February 26, 2008, aged 85. Born in Havana, Cuba, on May 4, 1922, he was the eldest son of Gloria Montalvo de G. Ordóñez and Dr. José A.G. Ordóñez.

He was educated at Ridley College, St. Catherines, Ontario, Canada. In 1944 he joined the Canadian Army as a private and served with the Third Division in Europe in the later stages of World War II. He became a Canadian citizen in 1946. On demobilization, he attended Khaki College in the United Kingdom.



Returning to Canada, he studied history and graduated in 1950 with Honors from Trinity College at the University of Toronto. At Trinity he was speaker of the Literary Institute, scribe of Episkopon, and a member of the swimming team. He later attended summer programs in history at Harvard, and, in 1964, he obtained a M.A. in history from the University of Toronto.

He taught at the Preparatory School, Upper Canada College, Toronto, 1950-52 and in 1952 began his long career at St. Paul's School, first as a teacher of Spanish and then as a history teacher. He also served in his early career as an assistant to Ronald J. Clark at the School Camp in Danbury, N.H., and later as the librarian of the Advanced Studies Program. Among his most remembered offerings was his Victorian history course. He was an assistant housemaster in Manville and Wing Upper, housemaster of Nash, and housemaster of Center Upper.

He introduced cross-country running as a varsity sport and was the coach 1953-72; his teams won the Interscholastic Championship several times. In the spring term of 1954 he founded the Shavian Society, dedicated to the study of the works of George Bernard Shaw.

In 1977-78 he was an exchange teacher at Eton College in England. In 1991 he compiled and edited *St. Paul's School, a Pictorial History* and in 1998 published his memoir, *The Education of a Schoolmaster: My Years at St. Paul's School*.

He enjoyed cross-country skiing, running, hiking, and biking. In addition, he made annual vacation train journeys in Europe and took extensive trips to Africa, Central America, and South America. In his retirement years, he was a frequent visitor to the Adirondacks.

Following his retirement, he remained in Concord working at the invitation of the St. Paul's School Board of Trustees as an archival consultant for SPS until he moved to Florida to be near his family.

He is survived by his brothers, Raoul Ordóñez and Carlos Ordóñez, and numerous nieces and nephews, including Raul Ordóñez '69.

Not Quite a Swan Song

delivered on May 13 by George Carlisle

This talk is meant to be my swan song. I am supposed to stand up here and give you my wisdom that I have collected over my years of teaching at St. Paul's School. If I had stood up here as a new teacher many years ago, I could have given you lots of wisdom. I had all the answers to almost anything. You're 45 years too late. Sorry.

Actually 45 years doesn't seem to be such a long time – that is, until I start to think about it, especially at Anniversary time. I can remember Anniversaries when I was a new teacher back in the 1960s. In the Alumni Parade there was an old man who marched in the front, holding up his 1900 class sign very proudly. When he had been a student here, he had seen old Paulies who had been students in the 1850s. These were the first years of St. Paul's, before the American Civil War. And those first students at St. Paul's might possibly have known men who had fought in the American Revolution. And certainly those students had known of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, and a generation before that. . . . At this rate we will be back to Plymouth Rock and the Pilgrims.

Back in the 1880s, *Harper's* published an article about New England prep schools, and way back then they put their finger on what they thought made St. Paul's different from all the other schools. That special, unique quality

was the word "WE." The writer of the article said that St. Paul's students, unlike students from the other schools, felt that they were part of the place. Students talked to the interviewers and they told about new buildings that were being built. They didn't say that the School was building them, or the administration was building them, but they said that WE are building them.

It goes without saying that many of the friends we students and faculty are making here will be friends for life. A former student of mine who lives in Boston was given a 40th birthday party by his wife. This man is prominent in Boston and knows hundreds of people. He wrote down the names of the people he wanted to attend. His wife took one look at it and said, "Haven't you made ANY friends since you left St. Paul's?"

Despite the fact that St. Paul's is a special place, it is also a quirky place. Looking back, I can remember one of my own quirky days. It was Parents Weekend, back when Saturdays constituted a long nightmare. That was when all the visiting parents would have an eight-minute conference with each of their children's teachers. The teacher would sit in the classroom with the grade book and the parents would line out into the hall. Each of us would pray that we would not get the students mixed up.

On one of those fateful afternoons, the unthinkable happened. I was confronted with a young mother who looked to be the kind of mother who could eat a young,



inexperienced teacher for breakfast. She looked at me without smiling, and simply stated the name of her son. Hurriedly I looked over the list of names in my grade book, first one page, then the next and the next. I couldn't find it.

The big temptation presented itself. Lie. Speak in generalities. Tell her how her son was interested in class discussion, willing to participate more and more. But I chickened out. "I am sorry but I have a mental block," I said. "I cannot remember a thing about your son." The room got quiet and the parents behind her looked shocked and appalled. She rose to her full height, which was about 15 feet, and opened her mouth to deliver the fatal blow. "What DO you know?" she asked. "You are Mr. Chase, aren't you?"

We all have our wonderful experiences as well. A friend once told me that one of the most wonderful experiences for a teacher is to be eclipsed by his or her students. At St. Paul's I have had the good fortune to be eclipsed any number of times. It happens in the creative writing class when a student reads a short story that is so good it boggles the imagination. Or it happens in discussion with Humanities V when a student gives a magnificent insight.

For an eclipse to happen, you have to have a source of light and brightness, and St. Paul's School has more than its share. I have been very fortunate to have spent so long a time in such a place as this.

For more tributes to George Carlisle and to read the unabridged version of his Chapel talk, visit the SPS web site at www.sps.edu/horae.

Paying Tribute to a True Master

"He was sincerely interested in us and in what we had to say, as though adolescence, for all its delusions, is a key to the secret of the universe, which it may well be."

– Nick Paumgarten

"I cannot say enough about how influential Mr. Carlisle was on my career as a writer. He made me feel that I had permission to enter into the literary dialogue, and that I had talent enough to contribute."

– Katy Lederer

A Profile in Giving: Courtney Folgeman '00



EDUCATION: SPS 2000
California Institute of Technology 2004
Boston University

PROFESSION: Taking a series of exams to
become an actuary.

WHILE AT SPS: Graduated cum laude with
distinction in math and science. Received
the Vanderpoel Prize in the Natural Sciences.
Awarded the John Hargate Medal for the highest rank in mathematics.

HOME: Boston, Mass.

WHY SHE SUPPORTS SPS: "St. Paul's School gave me an education in life," she says.
"It was small enough to meet people you wouldn't normally meet. The teachers
cared for students like family. I have never been to a place that has used money for
its students so well."

HER FIRST PLANNED GIFT: Courtney became the newest (and youngest) member of
the John Hargate Society by making SPS the beneficiary of her retirement account. "I'll
never miss the money," she says before adding quickly, "I want to make sure that the
School has the resources to provide for other students as they did for me."

"St. Paul's School gave me an education in life."

—Courtney Folgeman '00

Retirement accounts as well as other Income in Respect to Decedent (IRD) assets are taxed twice at death, with federal income tax and federal estate tax. By donating your IRD assets to St. Paul's School at death they will neither be taxed as part of your estate nor will your heirs have to pay income tax on these same assets. Additionally, irrevocable planned gifts count in total form-giving at reunion.

For additional information on this and other strategies, please contact Bob Barr, Director of Gift Planning, rbarr@sps.edu or 603-229-4875.

SERVICE

The Parents Annual Fund Committee conducts the School's parent fundraising program. Its members are parent volunteers who work closely with the co-chairs of the Committee to reach the fund's dollar and participation goals. The committee members collectively strive to reach every parent to foster communication among parents and between parents and the School, and ultimately to encourage every parent to join the fundraising effort.

The co-chairs of the committee are appointed by the Rector to a two-year term. Each member of the committee serves for at least a one-year term but many serve consecutive terms.

The work of this committee has been significant over the years, resulting in a collective gift which greatly benefits the students and the life of the School.

Committee members include:

Mary Higgins and John Lechner

committee co-chairs

Michele and Alan Bembenek

Emily and Harold Bogle

Karen and Bruce Brock

Cindy and Bill Burke

Susie and Steve Busch

Perri and Tom Clemmenson

Nanki and Michael Collins

Susan and Paul DeMuro

Katherine August-deWilde

and David deWilde

Ruthie Strong-Ferraro

and Tom Ferraro

Alice and Hamlet Fort

Petria and Scott Fossil

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Faculty professional development workshops

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Robotics materials

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They're not even giving us a thought.
And that's the way we like it.

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An inviting place to sit amid peak foliage. Peter Finger, October 2008.

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