

Alumni Horae

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL SPRING 2015

**A conversation with
former FBI Director
Mueller '62**

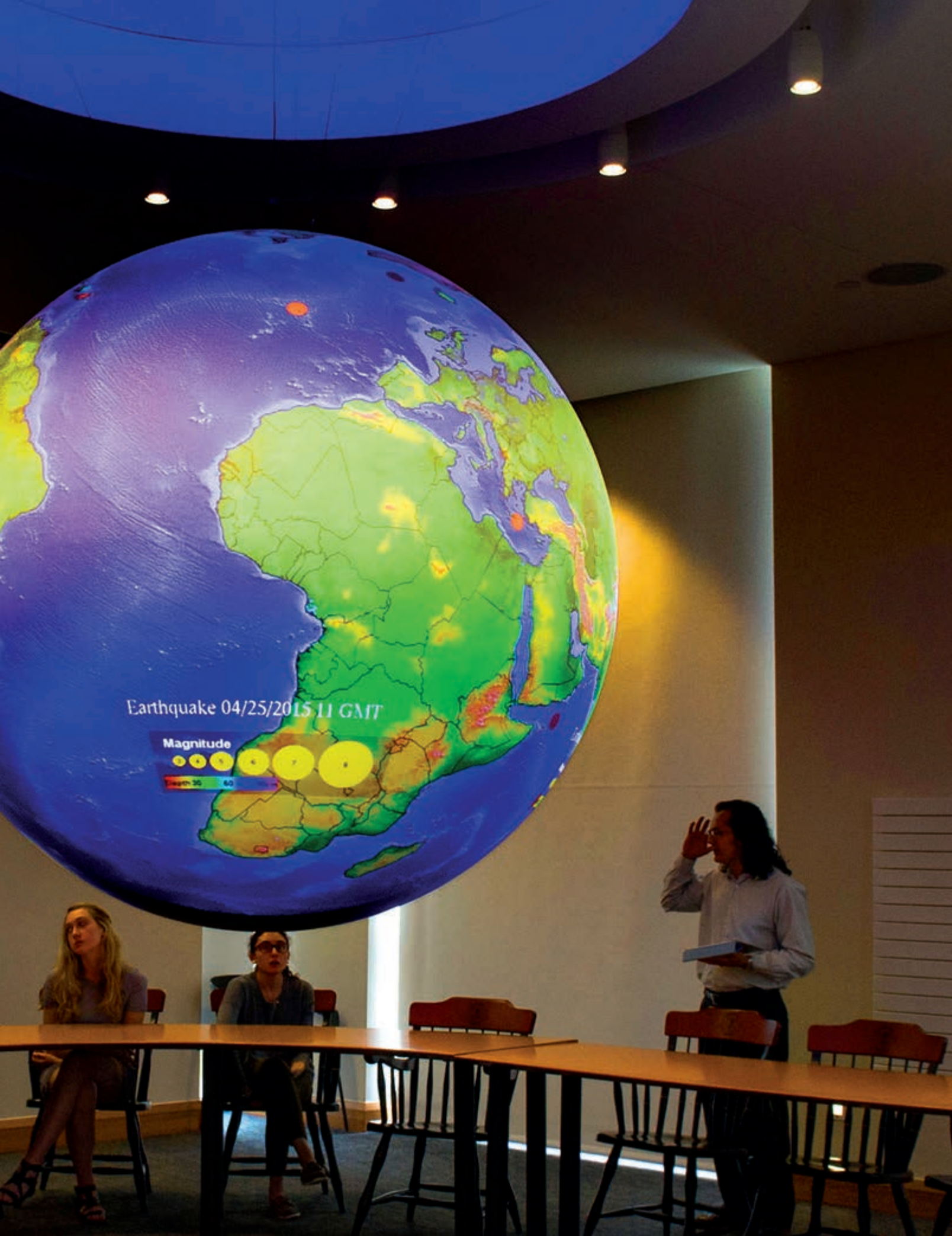
**Stockman sisters
build business and
community in India**

**Rick Moody '79 on
being censored**



A photograph of a classroom where students are seated at a long wooden table, looking towards a large, curved wall. On the right side of the wall, a large, illuminated globe is visible, displaying a map of the world. The room has a curved ceiling with recessed lighting. The students are engaged in a lesson, with some looking at the globe and others looking towards the camera. The overall atmosphere is educational and modern.

Students in Darik Vélez's Computer Programming: Dataset Creation for the Science on a Sphere class look at a real-time dataset from the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, depicting earthquake activity around the world over the last month. Their observations included focusing on the data from the 7.8-magnitude earthquake that struck Nepal on April 25. St. Paul's is one of only two high schools in the country with a Science on a Sphere, an animated globe that projects planetary data onto a six-foot-diameter space to help illustrate Earth system science to people of all ages.



Earthquake 04/25/2015 11 GMT

Magnitude



Depth 30 60

RECTOR

A Deeper Kind of Learning



PETER FINGER

It is a Wednesday afternoon and the Schoolhouse is empty. Most of our students have piled onto busses for away athletic contests, or are donning home red. Through the open window comes

the hornet-like drone of what sounds like a fleet of lawnmowers cutting the grass between the Chapel and the Schoolhouse. It is the kind of spring day you might remember.

I am at my desk, regrettably forsaking this stunning day, because I have put off writing this letter to you for too long. Ironically, I have procrastinated not for lack of material but for an overabundance of it.

And so instead of cataloging the many notable events of the year, let me try to characterize them within a theme that might better tell you what is happening at the School today; about what kind of year we have had.

Let me frame these brief remarks within the ever-present tension at the School between student achievement and what I would call *deeper learning*. St. Paul's School is by no means alone with regard to the pressure our students are under to compete – to “leverage” their educational experience and accomplishments for something else beyond Millville (most immediately, admission to the college of their choice). There was a time when St. Paul's School students did not have to compete as fiercely as they do today to find a place in any of the most selective colleges and universities. But times have changed, and so has the School in this regard. While the competition to demonstrate achievement seemingly stands in opposition to the kind of learning we most confidently espouse, the School has not been naïve or negligent about providing students with innumerable opportunities to distinguish themselves – to achieve *and* to compete successfully

with students anywhere in the race to the best colleges, whatever “the best” might mean to any student in a given year.

But our calling as an Episcopal, fully residential school is for a deeper learning. In the introduction to his recent book, *The Road to Character*, David Brooks draws a distinction between “résumé virtues” and “eulogy virtues.” He defines the former as “the skills you bring to the job market and that contribute to external success.” By contrast, Brooks describes “eulogy virtues” as those “that get talked about at your funeral, the ones that exist at the core of your being – whether you are kind, brave, honest or faithful; what kind of relationships you formed.” It has a clunky marketing and morbid ring to it for sure, but I wouldn't mind if St. Paul's were known as the “eulogy virtue school.”

Whether eulogy virtues, deeper learning, or character building, we have talked a great deal this year as a school community about the kinds of lives most worth living – conversations familiar to every alumnus and alumna. Over the years, we have articulated these virtues in different ways – *those things on earth, the knowledge of which continues in Heaven; our goodly heritage; the School Prayer*. These texts appeal to our aspiration for deeper learning. Every service in Chapel also speaks to this hope.

When it comes to virtues of any kind, there is a gap between their existence in rhetoric and in living them. This gap, which exists in all of us, lies at the center of our imperfect striving to *be* and *do* good. This year, we have spent a great deal of time looking at how we live with one another in this value- and relationship-based community. I am especially proud of the work the faculty has done in helping engage our students in this deeper learning – the kind of education, I believe, that will serve them for the rest of their lives.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "MH", written in a cursive style.

Michael G. Hirschfeld '85

Alumni Horae

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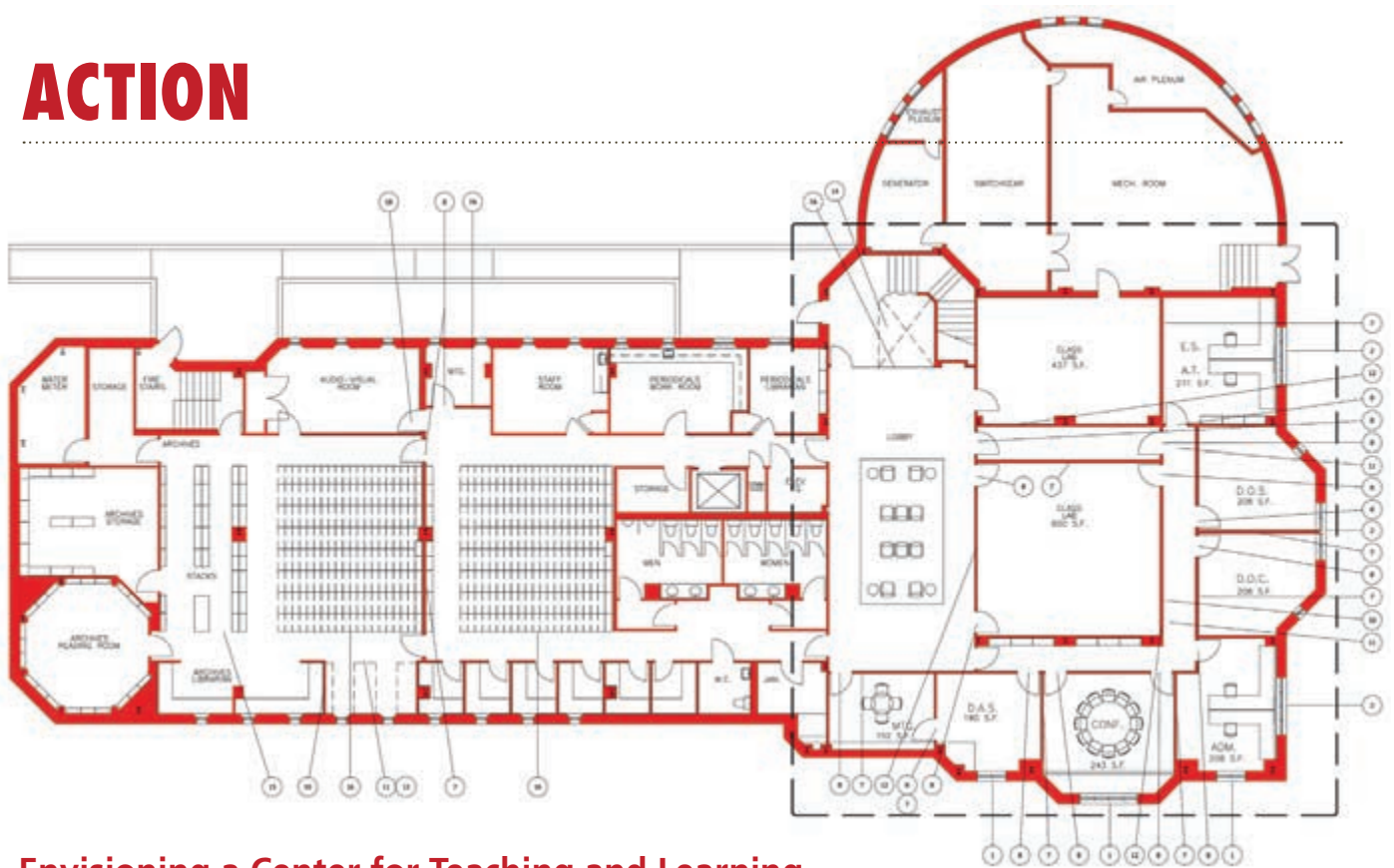
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Robert Mueller '62

Getty Images/Brendan Smialowski



Envisioning a Center for Teaching and Learning

Laboratories have long been a part of hands-on learning, but with construction of the Center for the Advancement of Teaching and Learning (CATL) on the lower level of Ohrstrom Library, the School will ensure that laboratories are integral to hands-on *teaching* as well.

Plans are currently underway for the construction of the CATL, beginning in June. The renovated space will feature two laboratory classrooms, one for faculty to test and integrate the latest technologies into their classrooms and the other furnished with modular tables and chairs and flexible white boards on wheels so faculty can experiment with the most thoughtful and creative ways to engage their students.

The project was made possible by a gift from an anonymous donor.

The CATL is at the heart of Rector Mike Hirschfeld '85's strategic plan initiative of advancing teaching and learning, preparing SPS to take a "leadership role in advancing pedagogy and the professional development of teachers, both at St. Paul's School and beyond."

Lawrence Smith, SPS dean of curriculum and teaching, says a primary goal of the CATL is to create multi-functional classrooms to accommodate interdisciplinary learning and teaching in the 21st century.

"The only thing I know about the world," says Smith, "is that the one our students will inhabit will be very different than the

one we know today. We must educate our students for *that* world."

Smith considers the CATL to be, first and foremost, a place for faculty to adjust, attempt, and create teaching methods. A sign-up process will provide times for teachers to hold their classes in the lab spaces to try on different styles, using the space and technology available. In addition, the Center represents larger shifts in the School's academic program – term to year-long courses, for example, that will allow for more flexibility in a student's academic experience. And Smith is excited about a pilot program that will create an electronic portfolio for each student, beginning with Third Formers enrolling this fall. The expectation is that the students will be able to see their own progress over four years, while the SPS faculty will have a way to measure student progress – and analyze their own roles in that progress – during their SPS careers.

Phase I of the project calls for renovation of the lower level of Ohrstrom this summer, starting at the landing at the bottom of the staircase and using all available space on the pond side of the building. The Center will house the Office of Academic Affairs, which includes the dean of curriculum and teaching, the dean of studies, the director of academic support, the director of Ohrstrom Library, the academic technologist, and the envi-

ronmental stewardship coordinator, with the two lab classrooms at the center of the configuration. To connect the lower level of Ohrstrom to the main and first floors, architects have proposed opening the staircase that rises from the building's main lobby to its vaulted ceiling.

Phase II, which will begin in the summer of 2016, will include further renovation of Ohrstrom Library as select spaces on the main and second floors will be expanded, reimagined, and repurposed. Three meeting rooms will be created on the main level of the library, while the lobby will be reconfigured to provide enhanced visibility to the main reading room that overlooks Lower School Pond. The reading room itself will receive a substantial overhaul, with an eye toward better accommodating study hall space for students in the evenings. The reconfigured Ohrstrom will also accommodate a growing need for social/collaborative spaces to offset the quiet rooms designated for library study. The stacks will remain largely unchanged, with multiple work areas available for student and faculty visitors.

"What we are trying to do," explains Smith, "is make new information and practices available and eventually widespread among our faculty so we can create the best possible learning environment for our students."

Engineering Honors



Question: What do protein sequencing, auditory neuroscience, anti-virus software, stellar spectroscopy, seashore mapping with drone helicopters, and computational biology have in common? Answer: They are among the topics to be studied by SPS engineering honors students in a series of summer internships at university laboratories and biotech companies.

Nine Fifth Form advanced engineering students will complete research in an area of interest this summer, with the expectation that they will continue their study in the fall of their Sixth Form year, sharing what they have learned with their fellow engineers and with the SPS community at large.

The Engineering Honors program was established two years ago through the generosity of Jim Kinnear '46 and Douglas Schloss '77, with an eye toward providing exposure to engineering for SPS students before moving on to further study in college. Students must apply for the program as Fourth Formers and complete as Fifth Formers an Advanced Engineering course designed to prepare them to be productive members of university engineering laboratories.

"Engineering is the basis for all other sciences," says Advanced Engineering class member Tony Wang '16. "All advances in the last 150 years would have been impossible without the corresponding engineering concepts. Engineers set the pace for the advancement of science."

Terry Wardrop '73, who advises Engineering Honors with Will Renauld, hopes that future student engineers will find summer internship opportunities through SPS alumni connections. He encourages alumni affiliated with university laboratories to get in touch.

"It's amazing for us to have this opportunity in high school," says Addy Kimball '16.

"People who don't understand engineering think it's just designing, but at its base it is creative problem-solving." The School is also in the process of establishing an honors program in engaged citizenship to join engineering and the long-established Classical Honors program.

Record Admission Yield

Seventy-nine percent of the 238 students admitted to St. Paul's School for 2015-16 have decided to enroll at the School in the fall. The 187 new students include 96 boys and 91 girls.

"That is our highest yield ever," says Dean of Admission Scott Bohan '94. "I believe it speaks to the process; admitted students feel like they have a connection here, that St. Paul's is the right fit for them."

Consistent with numbers collected from the last few cycles, 1,524 students applied to St. Paul's for the 2015-16 academic year. Of that number, only 15.6% were offered admission to the School in a pool that featured 30% of applicants who registered grade-point averages of 4.0 or above.

Among the 238 admitted students are 120 girls and 118 boys from 33 states and 19 countries, including Vietnam, Turkey, Russia, the United Arab Emirates, and the Bahamas. A total of 995 students applied for the Third Form, 377 for the Fourth Form, and 152 for the Fifth Form. New student enrollment includes 113 Third Formers, 57 Fourth Formers, and 17 Fifth Formers. Included in the SPS enrollment numbers for 2015-16 are 77 (41%) new students of color. Total enrollment for the Fall Term is expected to be around 539 students.

Bohan says the School had particular success this year with reaching students domestically. That is due to additional efforts recently to attract students from non-traditional American markets and also because of the availability of opportunities through several regional scholarships. Thirty-eight percent of all students enrolled at St. Paul's will receive some form of tuition assistance in 2015-16.

STUDCO Amendments

The Sixth Form officers have worked diligently to pass two amendments to the Student Council Charter. The first amends the student Honor Code, while

the second ensures that the four elected Sixth Form officers will not be of the same gender. Both initiatives passed unanimously in the 28-member SPS Student Council. The amendments were further endorsed by Rector Mike Hirschfeld '85.

"When we came into our positions at the end of last spring, we were told that our main job was to look after the spirit of the School," says Sixth Form President Charlie Lee. "We believe we have done so. These amendments are a big example of that."

In examining the existing Honor Code, adopted in 2008, Lee and the other Sixth Form Officers – Malaika Ogukwe '15 (vice president), Noah Ruttenberg '15 (secretary), and Priscilla Salovaara '15 (treasurer) – felt that it read too much like a set of rules rather than a basic code of conduct to guide students. Feedback from their peers confirmed that many felt the same way about the document, which was not easily memorized. The Sixth Form officers determined to simplify the language so students could better understand the Honor Code's intent. They worked over the fall and winter to craft to appropriate language with a committee that included faculty members Alisa Barnard '94 and Aaron Marsh '97.



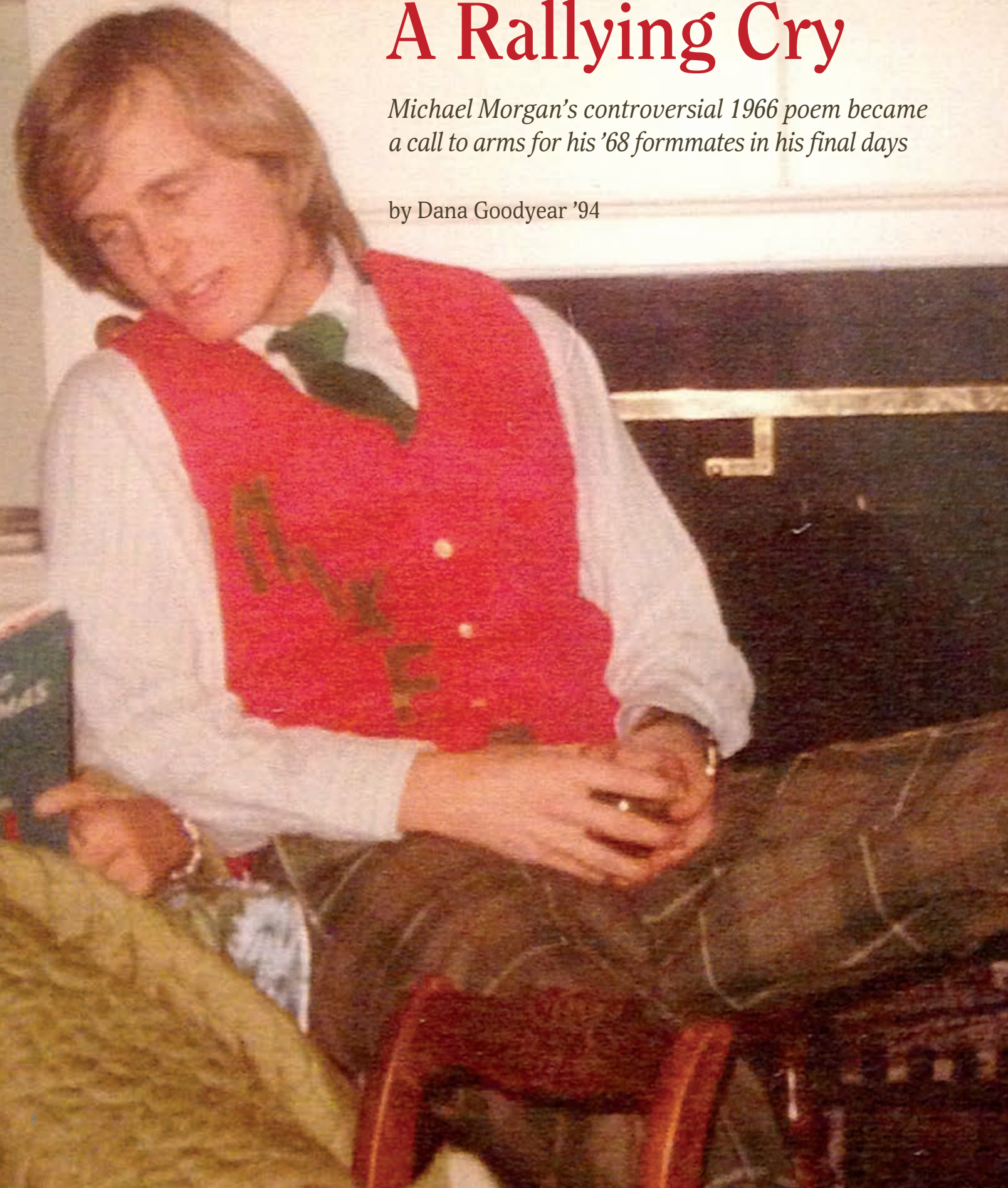
The new Honor Code, adopted this winter, reads: "To live honorably, we as members of the St. Paul's community strive to be truthful, respectful, and kind."

In April, the Sixth Form officers proposed their second amendment of the year, modifying voting regulations for future Student Council elections. The amendment states that, if the first three elected positions are ever won by students of the same gender, the next position must be filled by a candidate of the opposite gender. While the officers don't anticipate frequent need for their successors to enact the amendment, they began considering it, explains Ruttenberg, after the all-male 2014 Sixth Form officers suggested that they might consider it to avoid a lack of diversity of opinion in the future.

A Rallying Cry

Michael Morgan's controversial 1966 poem became a call to arms for his '68 formmates in his final days

by Dana Goodyear '94





FIE on man, the cynic said,
Unbelieving, loving not
Caring, hoping, and fearing not,
Kissing feet and plastic smiles.

Your despairs are groundless, cynic;
On this we can depend:
Under every man's gloss beats a heart.

Michael Morgan, Form IV

He wasn't an athlete or an actor or a debate champion. He was a clever kid, a non-joiner, a smoke-sneaker, who taught his friends to enjoy the nonsense of Lewis Carroll and understand the structure of jazz standards. He was from Ohio; he was polite. But there was one thing Michael Morgan was known for at St. Paul's School, and that was his poem.

In the winter of 1966, when Mike was a Fourth Former, he submitted a piece of work to the *Horae Scholasticae*. Untitled, it was a philosophical exercise in seven lines. Its opening stanza presented the jaded, scornful view of the cynic, faking everything, feeling nothing, convinced the rest of the world is similarly duplicitous and mean. The second stanza refuted the first, in favor of sincerity. No matter what he displays on the surface, the poem declared, beneath the exterior of even the smoothest operator lies a beating heart.

The poem (*top of page*) was elegant, shapely, classical, and the *Horae* accepted it, with the blessing of George Carlisle, the faculty adviser. It was published in February 1966 to the delight of Mike's closest friends and confidantes.

They were proud of their friend, but not because of his graceful style or the sophistication of his subject or even the coup of having his first publication in

the *Horae*. It was the initial letter of each line they were interested in. There was a hidden message in the poem, a message of explosive defiance that made the cynic of the poem's first stanza, with his "Fie on man," seem decorous, even mild. Mike had done something unbelievable. With a sly acrostic that escaped Mr. Carlisle's careful eye, he had smuggled "F*** You" into print.

St. Paul's School in the mid-sixties, to the minds of the boys who lived there, was a monastery. The students were generally not there by choice but by obligation, and the goal was rigorous preparation for college. In spite of the cultural and political upheaval in the outside world, the School remained its own snow globe – self-enclosed, still, impermeable. The dress code was strict – coats and ties – and attendance at Chapel was mandatory, eight times a week. If a student's hair grazed his collar, the masters harangued him until he got it cut. A real rebel might wear his tie around his waist as a belt. Two years later, members of Mike's class would present the administration with The Sixth Form Letter, a call for change that struck at the School's repressive core, "the pettiness and needless restriction of school life," an atmosphere where "spontaneity, openness, honesty, and joy in general are not encouraged." But in 1966, a tense calm prevailed.

An explosion

Mike's F-bomb caused the explosion for which he must have secretly hoped. Not long after the magazine was printed, word got out, and the punishment for Mike was swift and serious. As Mr. Oates, then the administrative vice rector, wrote to Mike's father, Dixon Morgan, in Cleveland, "The School is most displeased with Mike's serious indiscretion, and if Mike is guilty of any further breach this year of the standards of good conduct, or of School rules, he will lose his place in the School immediately."

After his friends went home for spring break, Mike stayed behind for two days, sentenced to work duty, painting barns. He was also held responsible for the \$155 cost of reprinting the magazine, which he earned by apprenticing himself to a stained glass artist at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Cleveland. (His mother, with Rector Matthew Warren's approval, had paid the church to hire Mike. What would the cynic say to that arrangement?) After that, Mike didn't get into much more trouble at St. Paul's, but he didn't need to. He was already a Form of '68 hero.

Smiling plastic smiles

This story played in the background of my teenage years, a little louder when I was at St. Paul's, often trying and occasionally succeeding at publishing poems in the *Horae*, and mostly evading trouble – by kissing feet and smiling plastic smiles. Mike had married my mother in 1983, when I was seven. One of my first memories of Mike involves me decoding his monogrammed belt, which read MNMNM, for Michael No Middle Name Morgan. The other occurred before I ever met him, when, snooping in my mother's drawer, I found a picture of him, sandy-haired and yellow-green-eyed, in a sport coat at St. Paul's, smoking. It occurs to me now that the picture must have been taken around the time of "Fie."

A murky patch

For a few years, Mike worked as a journalist in Boston, and then he went to law school. He never lost his love of poetry. My mother's birthdays were always cele-

brated with slim volumes, and the bookshelves of their house in St. Louis heaved with their collection. He talked occasionally about writing a novel, but as far as I know he didn't, and he urged my mother to write, which she eventually did. After graduating from St. Paul's, I didn't hear the story of "Fie on Man" again for a long time, and I never thought to ask him what he really meant by it: F*** who, exactly? It somehow worked with Mike's unpredictable, counter-culture ways. He was the Dylan junkie with a Hermès pocket square; it seemed to fit.

Many in the Form of '68 had an awkward relationship to the School. They didn't give a lot of money. Some of them claimed to have hated the place. The Sixth Form Letter, which eventually helped initiate huge changes – including co-education – had been met with fury by some on the faculty and with disbelief by others. But the relationships among the classmates were remarkably strong, and Mike kept in close touch with a large and geographically dispersed group of them, mostly through e-mail. Whenever possible, he would go back to campus for Anniversary Weekend. In 2013, for his 45th reunion, he helped organize a memorial service in the Old Chapel for all the members of his form who had passed away since graduation. He played the organ.

Two months after the 45th, Mike woke up one morning unable to remember Hillary Clinton's name. By the fall, he couldn't find the words for "fountain pen." A murky patch on his brain scan grew from the size of a walnut to the size of an orange; when it was surgically removed, a few days before Christmas, we learned that the lump was a malignant brain tumor. Mike talked his way out of the hospital two days later and was home on Christmas, improvising on the piano with all his old virtuosity. He talked about learning Welsh during what he was sure would be a brief recuperation or (for that matter) becoming a motivational speaker. Mostly, he wanted to get back to practicing law. He was steeped in the language of the law, and its terms began to infiltrate the difficult new arena that he, hampered, was being asked to master. He'd talk about "documents" when he meant "chemotherapy."

No one can fill those shoes

During his illness, Mike brimmed with love for his family and his friends, particularly his friends from St. Paul's. He never exhibited bitterness; on the contrary, his optimism could be startling. But the eeriness of his situation – words and concepts suddenly vanishing, his intellect intact but his ability to communicate it sometimes catastrophically impaired – got to him. He was working hard to hold on to what remained, and it could be overwhelming. A year after he had forgotten Hillary, I sat in his living room listening to him play piano. I complimented him on his eloquence. He looked at me and said, "I suddenly had this feeling that this was all a fiction and that I am really not doing any better, not gaining anything back, and I'm about to die, that this is my last day or two."

The first to take Furlaud's challenge was V.J. Pappas '68, who wrote this:

Ode to Michael

From a haven in Philly
Under midwinter sky
Comes this ode to a buddy
Knowing this is goodbye.

That we weathered St. Paul's
Hard pressed to get home
I still fondly recall
Such an audacious poem.

In late January, Jim Robinson '68 and Jonathan McCall '68 went to see Mike in St. Louis. They left with grim news to tell the '68 group: Mike was nearing the end of his life.

Richard Furlaud '68 responded with an e-mail. "If I were the writer Mike Morgan was, I would compose an eight-line ode to him, articulate and precise in his praise, whose first letter of each line spelled. . . . But I'm not. No one can fill those shoes."

"Let's unchain our inner Michael," Robinson wrote to the group, and a dozen more poems followed. There was "F*** It All," "F*** the Big C," "F***in A," "F***ing Hell," "What the F***." The poems are full of references to life at St. Paul's, inside jokes, shared memories. For many, it was the first time they'd ever attempted

poetry. Written by men of 64 and 65, they are exceedingly tender poems, tinted with intimations of their authors' own mortality.

Writer Lloyd Fonvielle '68, who, as it happens, died not long after sending in his poem, wrote:

Funny how it goes sometimes
Under the visiting moon
Cunning fades
Knowledge fades
Into nothing
Nobody escapes
Gets away clean

Hope abides
Every act of love echoes
Long after the parade passes
Long after the band goes home

My mother read the poems to Mike, sitting by his bedside. It was late in the game, and I don't know what he knew or didn't know. By then he couldn't say too much. But it seems to me the poems did something extraordinary. They wrote for Mike when he couldn't write for himself. Forty-nine years before, as a fifteen-and-a-half-year-old, Mike had tried on rage to see what it felt like, and if he could get away with it. Turns out it felt good, and he could, at least for a time. Rage, however, was not an emotion that suited him; in his illness, he vacillated between acceptance and denial, but he never seemed even a little bit angry. His friends supplied that, and it fit the occasion perfectly. Even more than all of that, the poems drew his class together to celebrate Mike and his audacity.

Their poems say what 65-year-olds know and 15-year-olds only intuit – that everyone gets caught, but still you try to make your mark. Fie on death.

From Tom Alden '68

We love you, Mike,
Each of us

Look east as dawn
Opens into light
View your next breath, in
Each of us understands

Yesterday is still ...
Om mane padme hum ...
Under, over, now

Dana Goodyear '94 is a poet and a staff writer at The New Yorker.

Members of the Sixth Form of 1968, who wrote the infamous "Sixth Form Letter," were responsible for initiating change at the School, including the shift to co-education three years after their graduation. ▼



CONFES- sions of Secretariat Slower

*The author shares the true story
of his upbringing in the shadow
of a horseracing Triple Crown*

by John Tweedy '78

My mother owned Secretariat.” Ever since the summer before my Third Form year at St. Paul’s, my life story has featured that sentence, a flashing non sequitur in an otherwise pedestrian paragraph. As a racehorse, an athlete – a sheer force of nature – Secretariat would have upended the lives of any humans who might claim to “own” him. He certainly upended ours.

His 1973 Triple Crown sweep, setting records that still stand today, including winning the Belmont Stakes by 31 lengths, shocked the country out of its Watergate torpor. He graced the covers of *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *Sports Illustrated* all in the same week. A postman delivered 250 pieces of fan mail to our home. Every day.

SSIONS

etariat's

Brother



John Tweedy '78 with his mother, Penny, in the 1970s.



Penny Tweedy (Chenery) with her Triple Crown winner, Secretariat.

But my mother, Penny Tweedy (now Chenery), also played a key role in *Secretariat*'s story – a role for which she had, by twists of fortune, been well prepared. She bred him into an intact racing stable that, two years earlier, she'd had to cajole her siblings not to sell. She had in place a brilliant trainer, jockey, and backstretch team. She had even been through a dress rehearsal the previous year, winning the 1972 Kentucky Derby with Riva Ridge. And then, once *Secretariat*'s championship season evolved beyond any expectation, she did her best to do him public justice. Penny adopted a democratic persona for the TV audience, broadening the appeal of a sport previously dominated by aristocrats. She was more parental than possessive, reflecting her enthusiasm for the horse's achievements to fans of any class. And yet she maintained the social graces of her boarding-school upbringing, sending a personally signed response to every one of those pieces of fan mail. She was somehow both a ham and a lady. Forty years later, the racing world still loves her.

The 2009 film *Secretariat*, starring Diane Lane, vividly captured the partnership between horse and owner in mythic Disney tradition. The movie even features a ball scene, with my mother dressed in a gown and elbow-length gloves. Thus elevated to the status of Disney princess fable, Penny's story has delighted a new generation of girls who dream of power-

ful horses. Mom still gets fan mail, now often gushing, "You are such a great lady! I've watched your movie *at least* 20 times!"

Thus Hollywood becomes our historian. But as my mother puts it, "In some ways, that's a lot of BS."

When disclosure
became unavoidable,
I would casually
mention that
my mother owned
"a horse called
Secretariat."

In real life, my mother belongs to the World War II generation, with the salty vocabulary to prove it. She's like many of the mothers of my formmates at St. Paul's – smart, ambitious women who went to good schools, served capably during the war, and were forced back into the kitchen in the late 1940s, where they sweated – and fumed – for the next quarter-century. Mom worked in a naval architecture firm until D-Day, went to France with the Red Cross in 1945, and came within a month of finishing her Columbia M.B.A.; until her father insisted she quit, so she could plan her wedding.

Giving up hope for a career lit a slow fuse. By the time of my 1960s childhood, our household was a tense place, a genteel clapboard front to the wars of gender and generation that marked the era. The battle lines were sharper, the injuries deeper, and the losses more permanent than today's "family-friendly" films convey. When Mom had the opportunity to escape and achieve, she grabbed it with both hands.

The youngest of her children, a skinny eighth-grader recently transplanted from Colorado, I felt dazzled by her brilliance and lost in her dust. *Secretariat*'s grandeur thrilled me utterly. And to celebrate his victories in the elite recesses of famous racetracks, where waiters impassively served champagne to a 12-year-old boy, felt giddily surreal. But these experiences left a hangover too. My adolescent ego grew increasingly frustrated at being famous for the achievements of someone else. And I resented my parents' public efforts to portray their marriage and family as intact and happy, when privately we had fallen apart.

By 1974, when I arrived at St. Paul's, where both my father, Jack '39, and my brother, Chris '74, had gone before me, the *last* thing I wanted to talk about was *Secretariat*. Thankfully, the School largely obliged. I'm sure my peers knew I was a kid from a famous family – like the senator's son, or the girl who came from European royalty – but none were *gauche* enough to mention it. This pattern continued into college, where I became so

silent on the topic that friends would know me for a year before it arose. When disclosure became unavoidable, I would casually mention that my mother owned “a horse called Secretariat.”

“Dude,” one classmate laughed. “That’s like saying your dad is *a guy named* Richard Nixon.”

And so the non sequitur took form, a brilliant fragment casting an ill-fitting shadow, persisting for decades. When the Disney movie came out, my brother Chris joked, “I’m glad they made up the family part. In real life we were neither functional enough, nor dysfunctional enough, to make a good movie.”

It struck me that Chris’s remark stated the problem dead on. As a culture, we require our public figures to be either paragons or fallen, either accepting the Oscar or checking into rehab. In truth, celebrity often combines elements of both. What Mom and I both needed, for our separate reasons, was to weave the public and personal narratives of her life into a single braid.

My wife, Beret Strong, and I have made documentaries since the 1990s, and I had long thought of Mom’s pristine film prints of Secretariat’s races and other family archives as rich sources for a film. Plus, from the fearlessness of a 90-year-old perspective, Mom now wanted to talk – about how her own childhood was marked by conflict and abuse; how her father encouraged excellence but insisted on submission; how her ambitions chafed under the housewife role; how her anger grew; how it felt to take over her father’s stable, to find victory with Riva Ridge but to achieve a kind of grace in Secretariat’s transcendence. How, at the same time, she lost her father and her marriage. How she found a new path in the loneliness and liberation of fame.

The resulting film is *Penny and Red: The Life of Secretariat’s Owner*. A documentary should offer a fact-based perspective but not make a pretense of truth. In my personal interviews with her, Mom and I aimed for catharsis, and we found it. But

as director and editor, I tried to steer between the opposing shoals of hagiography and exposé. And a documentary still needs a *story*, with a plot that obeys the laws of ancient drama.

Among those narrative archetypes is the “hero’s journey.” One of my great-grandfather’s rules of thoroughbred etiquette was, “Don’t embarrass the horse.” If Penny’s life has elements of heroism, it is partly because she has worked for four decades to live up to an animal that many still think of as the paragon of his sport.

But Penny’s journey is also simply that of many women of her era. I think the women of the “Greatest Generation” were heroes – along with the men who fought and died – whether they became famous or not. And in exploring Penny’s private struggles and triumphs, as well as her public glories, *Penny and Red* aims to suggest that, from the perspective of those who live it, a heroic life is no fairy tale.

Penny and Red is available on DVD at www.landlockedfilms.com.

Winter Sports Highlights



The girls varsity hockey team won the NEPSAC Division I title.

St. Paul’s knocked off No. 3 Nobles (2-0) and No. 2. Williston Northampton (1-0) in the NEPSAC Division 1 Girls Hockey Tournament, en route to a 6-2 defeat of No. 5 Pomfret and the program’s first-ever New England title. Goalie Kerri St. Denis ’15 sported a .970 save percentage in the tournament, while Bridget Carey ’15 secured the NE championship with a hat trick in the final. Carey (10g, 19a, 6 GWG), Gillis Frechette ’18 (14g, 16a), Finley Frechette ’17 (15g, 14a), Miriam Eickhoff ’15 (10g, 15a), and Isabel Stoddard ’17 (7g, 16a) were

the offensive leaders. Jenna Rheault ’15 was a force on defense.

Meanwhile, the boys alpine ski team won both the slalom and giant slalom titles in the Lakes Region, while the girls placed second in those events. Eric Greenstein ’17, Oliver Van Everen ’16, Annika Andersson ’16, and Isabel Chobor ’17 each earned all-star honors in the slalom and giant slalom.

The boys squash team (fourth at DIII nationals) received the New England Team Sportsmanship Award, while Henry Parkhurst ’16 was the ISL’s individual sportsman recipient. The SPS wrestling team went 12-5, placing fourth at the Graves-Kelsey Tournament. Drew Saccone ’15 was selected the *Boston Globe* MVP for ISL wrestling. Saccone was one of five SPS wrestlers to earn All-New England honors. The boys hockey team, led by five All-ISL skaters, finished second in the ISL’s Keller Division, while the boys basketball team had a tough season in terms of record, but was recognized with the ISL Team Sportsmanship Award.

Sports Summary

VARSITY BOYS			
	WON	LOST	TIE
Basketball	1	24	0
Hockey	14	10	6
Squash	5	9	0
Alpine	9	2	0
Nordic	30	12	0
Wrestling	12	5	0
	71	62	6
VARSITY GIRLS			
	WON	LOST	TIE
Basketball	11	12	0
Hockey	22	4	2
Squash	2	10	0
Alpine	8	2	0
Nordic	28	6	0
	71	34	2
VARSITY TOTAL			
	142	96	8
JV BOYS			
	WON	LOST	TIE
Basketball	2	11	0
Hockey	6	6	2
Squash	8	5	0
	16	22	2
JV GIRLS			
	WON	LOST	TIE
Basketball	6	8	1
Hockey	15	0	0
Squash	3	8	0
	24	16	1
TOTAL SPS JV			
	40	38	3
GRAND TOTAL			
	182	134	11

Finding Chemistry



Hopie Stockman '03 tries on a block-printed scarf in Bagru, India.
Photo by Lily Stockman '01

y in Indian Tradition

With BLOCK SHOP, sisters
Lily '01 and Hopie '03 Stockman
are combining ancient
printing techniques with
social entrepreneurship

by Jana F. Brown





In Bagru, an hour outside Jaipur, the capital of Rajasthan in Northern India, all 200 members of the intimate community share the same last name: Chhipa.

The common surname translates to the community's occupation of dyeing and printing clothes. It's a tradition that has been passed down for more than 350 years of cooperative effort. The resulting block-printed textiles have typically been sold sparsely in the local market, providing financially for the 18 families in the printing community.

At first glance, Bagru is not a beautiful place. It sits in an industrial alcove, minutes off the highway in Rajasthan. Buildings with crumbling exteriors create a visual roadmap of history and financial hardship. Livestock and poultry roam the streets. The village is home to one doctor, with limited resources to treat even the most common conditions, such as nearsightedness or minor skin afflictions. Tainted water sometimes runs through the city's pipelines, mixing raw sewage with the residents' drinking water. Waterborne illnesses are common irritants; a fact of life from lack of easy access to clean drinking water.

But in the midst of all that is less than idyllic about Bagru, there is also beauty, both in the form of its close-knit community and in the carefully crafted goods the people of the small city create – together.

It was 2010 when visual artist Lily Stockman '01 was living for the year in Jaipur, while completing a residency in Indian miniature painting. A Jaipur-based American friend encouraged Stockman to skip her painting class one day to join her on an excursion to the outskirts of the city. There, local textile artists were sharing the work of creating handmade block prints, from mixing dyes to creating designs to carving the wood to hanging the finished textiles from dilapidated rooftops and cast-iron balconies to dry naturally in the sun.

It was on that initial excursion that Stockman met Vijendra Chhipa, a fifth-generation master printer, who was selling insurance on the side to make ends meet. Because of the complexity of the printing process, Vijendra is also a self-taught chemist. Generous with his time and enthusiastic about sharing the ancient techniques, Vijendra explained to Stockman the challenges of working with natural dyes, how the slightest change in the pH balance will produce dramatic variation in intended color scheme.

"I was fascinated by the process," says Stockman, who earned an M.F.A. in studio art from New York University. "I showed him my paintings, took out a sketchbook, and we talked about designs. It turned into a natural collaboration."

Stockman left Bagru unable to stop thinking of her meeting with Vijendra. She spent the next several days envisioning his original textiles as dynamic paintings

she could wear as clothing, having left Bagru with a garment she and Vijendra had printed together. Inspired, Stockman sent a block-printed scarf to her sister, Hopie '03, who was at the time working in investment consulting at Cambridge Associates in San Francisco. She, too, was intrigued.

"It was really an art project," says Lily, "that spiraled gloriously out of control."

Within six months, and after a constant exchange of ideas and images via e-mail, Hopie was on a plane to India early in 2011. The Stockman sisters discovered that, while Vijendra and the rest of the community of printers in Bagru maintained a long tradition of block printing, they experienced very low demand for their skill locally.

"Vijendra comes from a lineage of hand block printing," says Hopie. "But the industry has been dwindling because this is an art form, and there are much cheaper ways to produce printed textiles these days, such as screen printing, which often uses toxic dyes."

After many conversations about how to best arrange the working relationship, the Stockmans developed a business plan and formed a formal partnership with Vijendra and the Bagru textile group. In December 2012, when Hopie was earning her M.B.A. from Harvard and Lily was finishing up her M.F.A. at NYU, the collaboration was officially launched as Block Shop Textiles.

"We figured out a way of bringing Vijendra international business," explains Hopie, "while celebrating this ancient craft."

The process of moving from design idea to finished scarf is home-grown on the American side of the company too, with Lily and Hopie creating "low-tech" designs in watercolor out of their studio in Los Angeles. Once the sisters' designs are hand-engraved into sisam wood by master carvers in Bagru, they are transferred to a combination raw silk/cotton fabric that has been soaked in a binding acid extracted from the myrobalan nut and dried in the sun. The extended sheets of fabric are then pinned to long printing tables for hand stamping of the designs, infusing them with environmentally sustainable, non-toxic vegetable and mineral dyes. Finished scarves are left to dry flat in the sun for up to three days. Because of subtle imperfections created by the man-made process, no two finished products are exactly alike. It's that penchant for imperfection that the sisters and their growing list of customers find most charming.

Block Shop launched in 2012, with a run of 300 scarves sold only online, through word of mouth. The stock sold out within a few weeks. Three years later, the community of block carvers, dye mixers, master printers, and seamstresses in Bagru produces between 500 and 1,200 units per month.

Lily '01 and Hopie Stockman '03 create original textile designs out of their L.A. studio. ►



Both Hopie and Lily are cognizant of not overburdening the co-op with more production than its members are able to handle. The Stockmans also understand that there are certain seasons – wedding and monsoon, for example – during which production will come to a standstill.

“There is a two-week wedding celebration season,” explains Lily. “And we plan our production around the Hindu and Muslim holidays.”

Understanding the community with whom they have formed a partnership is central to the social mission at the heart of Block Shop. Having spent months in Bagru among the many families of the co-op, the Stockmans have come to think of the people as their own family.

“We immediately noticed the challenges and beauty in Bagru,” says Hopie. “There are stunning fabrics hanging and drying outside, while whole families are involved in the process. There is a rhythm and a pace to village life that we love. But it didn’t take long to realize how addressable certain problems were. We felt that, with our resources, we could do a few small things to improve the lives of our community.”

Joined by a group of Harvard Business School classmates, with guidance from a social enterprise professor,

Hopie began researching the social impact Block Shop could have on the family of Chhipa printers – beyond paying fair wages. The research process involved bringing a doctor to Bagru to evaluate the general quality of health in the community. As a result of that assessment, five percent of Block Shop’s profits were designated for improving healthcare in the village.

“This has to be long-term sustainable,” says Lily. “We want Vijendra’s kids to benefit from this.”

As an example of their commitment to local resources, in 2013, Hopie and Lily helped bring to Bagru a mobile health clinic, staffed with five medical professionals from Jaipur. The effort resulted in cataract surgery for eight community members and eyeglasses for close to 70 more. Dozens of others received basic medical treatment and prescription medications for minor conditions. The clinic has become an annual presence since that time, with plans for a future focus on women’s healthcare. The sisters’ efforts to improve the community into which they have been welcomed have not been lost on the residents of Bagru.

“They are certainly a perfect combination of passion and emotions,” says Vijendra.

Over the last few years, the Stockmans say they have

Vijendra mixes small batches of natural dyes in his workshop. Dye combinations are passed down over generations – and always mixed by hand.





Work in progress: Block Shop designs originate in the Stockman sisters' L.A. studio.

noticed signs of income growth in the small printing community outside Jaipur; smartphones, laptops, and televisions in the multi-generational family homes, for example – technology juxtaposed with the challenges of providing a basic human need of clean drinking water to the residents.

On the Stockmans' most recent trip to India earlier this year, they initiated the installation of new water tanks and water filtration systems to the homes of all 18 printing families. That improvement came as a result of interviewing Bagru residents about their most pressing healthcare needs and witnessing community-wide epidemics of waterborne illnesses, such as dysentery and hepatitis A.

"Our social mission is really driven by the community," says Lily, noting that the decisions on the company's financial contributions to civic improvements are made in collaboration with Vijendra. "We are students of Bagru. We don't have all the answers, but we have the emotional investment and the capital to create change. It is really important to stress that our community initiatives are driven by the community."

Primary among the reasons for Block Shop's early success is that tie to the people of Bagru. The Stockman sisters know each of the printers by name. They have attended the dance recital of Vijendra's eight-year-old daughter, Chehika, and shared endless cups of chai with their printers' wives, children, and extended family members. The open communication and kinship that come with running a family business is what connects Block

Shop's operations in Los Angeles to production in Bagru. It is truly a family that spans two continents. The human connection in the business of Block Shop can be seen in the fabrics themselves; scarves with hoof prints left by a cow walking over undried ink; imperfections in the hand-stamped designs; color variations from a process that is only as precise as the elements will allow.

"One scarf takes three days to make," says Hopie. "You come in the dead of summer, when it's 115 degrees, and spend day after day of sampling in those conditions, talking about designs, sharing chai. It doesn't take long to become really close to somebody in that environment."

Though proud of their organically grown business, that doesn't mean the Stockmans don't want to see Block Shop flourish beyond selling its products online. Already, bigger business has taken notice of their distinct designs. American retail giant J. Crew recently added four Block Shop scarf designs to its stores around the world and online. A number of wholesalers, from New York to Paris, have initiated relationships with the India-based textile partnership. Still, the sisters remain mindful of the very human process that accounts for their distribution and are wholly committed to ensuring the environmentally sustainable future of the ancient textile tradition of Bagru.

"Our goal is to continue what we are doing, keeping our product line focused," says Hopie. "We will only expand carefully and thoughtfully. We hope to grow into an international lifestyle brand that people associate with authenticity and quality."



On Being Censored

Recounting an episode of censorship, the author digresses on why having one's book banned is actually a badge of honor

by Rick Moody '79

A number of my very favorite books have been subjected to censorship in this country. This is one of the paradoxes of the land that so generously celebrates free speech. *Ulysses*, by James Joyce, with its frank descriptions of sexuality and human biology, as well as its poignant lyricism, was subjected to censorship until 1933 (when its suppression was overturned in *United States vs. One Book Called Ulysses*). *Naked Lunch*, by William S. Burroughs, a novel I loved with abandon when younger, was ruled obscene in Boston in 1965 and had to fight its way back into publication.

These books are not without their provocations, it's true. However, there are a great many books that have been censored in the land of freedom of speech that are not at all provocative by reason of obscenity, but which simply ran afoul of other sensitivities. *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, by Mark Twain, is a good example. *Huck Finn* is not above aesthetic suspicion, it seems to me: it has a clumsy ending, and there are times when I am not sure about the depth of the characterizations of the secondary characters. And yet many of the arguments in favor of censoring *Huck Finn*, of eliminating it from school libraries and curricula, are based not on aesthetic resistance, but on, for example, a historical criticism of dialect.

Catch-22 and *Slaughterhouse-Five*, two novels that introduced this reader to satire and black comedy, have both been banned or removed from school libraries. *The Catcher In the Rye* is often banned, and here I imagine that the problem is simply that Salinger knew too much about teenagers. He was too sympathetic to the inner teenager. Even *The Scarlet Letter* (too kind to Hester Prynne!) and *Moby Dick* (some of those guys on that ship seem to be having sex with one another!) have been banned from school reading lists at one point or another.

Censorship, or at the very least active suppression of literature, has an illustrious history in the United States of America. As a reader, I have often gravitated toward the obscure, the disliked, the banned, the controversial. And my education at St. Paul's School is partly responsible for this appetite. Back when I was a student at SPS, when the School's library books were still in Sheldon, the open stacks there were a journey of the imagination waiting to happen. It was in the Third Form, in fact, that I happened upon *Portnoy's Complaint*, by Philip Roth, a book whose sexual frankness was at the limit of what a Third Former could absorb. Should the librarian have forbade it to me? I arrived at Roth's book that day simply by roaming around the fiction section of the Sheldon Library, and grabbing anything that had an interesting jacket. *Portnoy's Complaint*, in those days, was bright yellow. My admiration for the chutzpah of Portnoy led to a great number of other controversial books, to *Naked Lunch*, *Lolita*, Kathy Acker, the Marquis de Sade, Dennis Cooper.

Having said all this – that being banned is sort of a rite of passage in American literature, and that I have gravitated toward anything that has the perfume of censorship about it – I nonetheless never expected to be banned as a writer myself. And why would I? The battle over obscenity in literature (as opposed to the battle over obscenity in film and video) was all but settled by the time Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita* was published in the United States in 1958. I have written nothing with the fierce, uncompromising intensity of *Lolita*.

At a certain point in my earlier career, I was mainly held to be a writer of "suburban gothic" fiction, the relevant case in point being my second novel, *The Ice Storm*, which was published 20 years ago, and which mainly concerned the trouble a certain Connecticut family got into over the Thanksgiving holiday of 1973. Perhaps it is worth confessing here that almost nothing in *The Ice Storm* was imaginary. Some identities were

concealed and some things that happened in my childhood were shoehorned-in anachronistically. Some situations that were not entirely mine for comment were metaphorized to protect the incompletely innocent, to whom I am related. All the teenage and pre-teen sexual fumbling of *The Ice Storm*, unfortunately, was mine, or my siblings', or my friends.

Nevertheless, it became obvious to me, once a film based on my novel was released in 1997, that the facts as I had presented them in *The Ice Storm* were somewhat controversial. Actually, it wasn't the marital swapping central to *The Ice Storm* that was most controversial. It was the sexuality of the kids. This I came to learn in – of all

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places – Arizona in 2006, when a professor assigned *The Ice Storm* in a college class called "Currents of American Life." I should say that I was honored to be assigned in this course. Nevertheless, some student at Chandler-Gilbert Community College objected to *The Ice Storm*, and wrote to his or her state senator, Thayer Verschoor, who was only too happy to step into the classroom himself, allegorically, and who then attempted to pass state legislation in which students could ignore classroom assignments to which they objected without penalty (see "Avoid Whatever Offends You," from *Inside Higher Ed*, 2/17/2006, for more details). In due course, Senator Verschoor got to utter, about my

book, words that I had always longed for, for their wild, transparent error, and their capacity, if frequently reproduced, to sell many, many copies of my work: "There's no defense of this book. I can't believe that anyone would come up here and try to defend that kind of material." I believe he also referred to *The Ice Storm* as "pornography and smut."

Of course, the law in question, the ignore-the-assignments-if-you-like law would be hard to support. If enacted, it would have invited abuse on either end of the political spectrum (extremely liberal students could ignore textbooks about Ronald Reagan's great triumphs, atheists could ignore the bible, and we could all ignore any textbook produced in the state of Texas). Therefore, even conservative voices opposed the legislation, pragmatically so. Senator Verschoor's bill went down in flames. To my chagrin. I could have sold so many more copies of *The Ice Storm* if it had passed!

I figured this would close out my career as a censored writer, because if you're a fairly genteel writer from the

suburbs, you only get to have “pornography” and “smut” lobbed at you once in lifetime. But, alas, recently, there has been another case where my work has caused trouble, again in Arizona. This time in Scottsdale, which, as you probably know, is one of the most affluent towns in the Southwest.

The case this time concerns the reading list of a professor of honors English at Arcadia High School in Scottsdale. The teacher’s name is David Peterson, and he studied writing himself (he has an M.F.A. in fiction writing), and perhaps predictably his reading list is extremely erudite. You can find it online if you poke around a bit. The list features Raymond Carver, Ernest Hemingway, Susan Minot, and Amy Hempel, and it used to, once upon a time, include a story by me called “Boys,” from a collection of short fiction entitled *Demonology*.

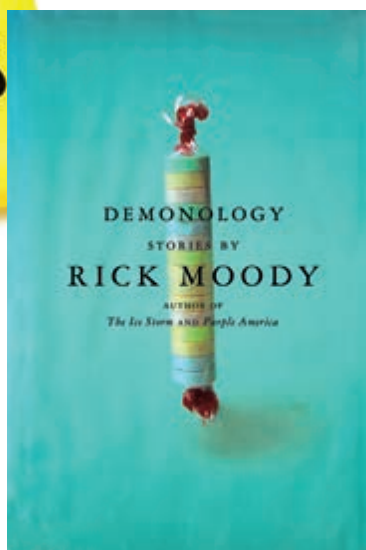
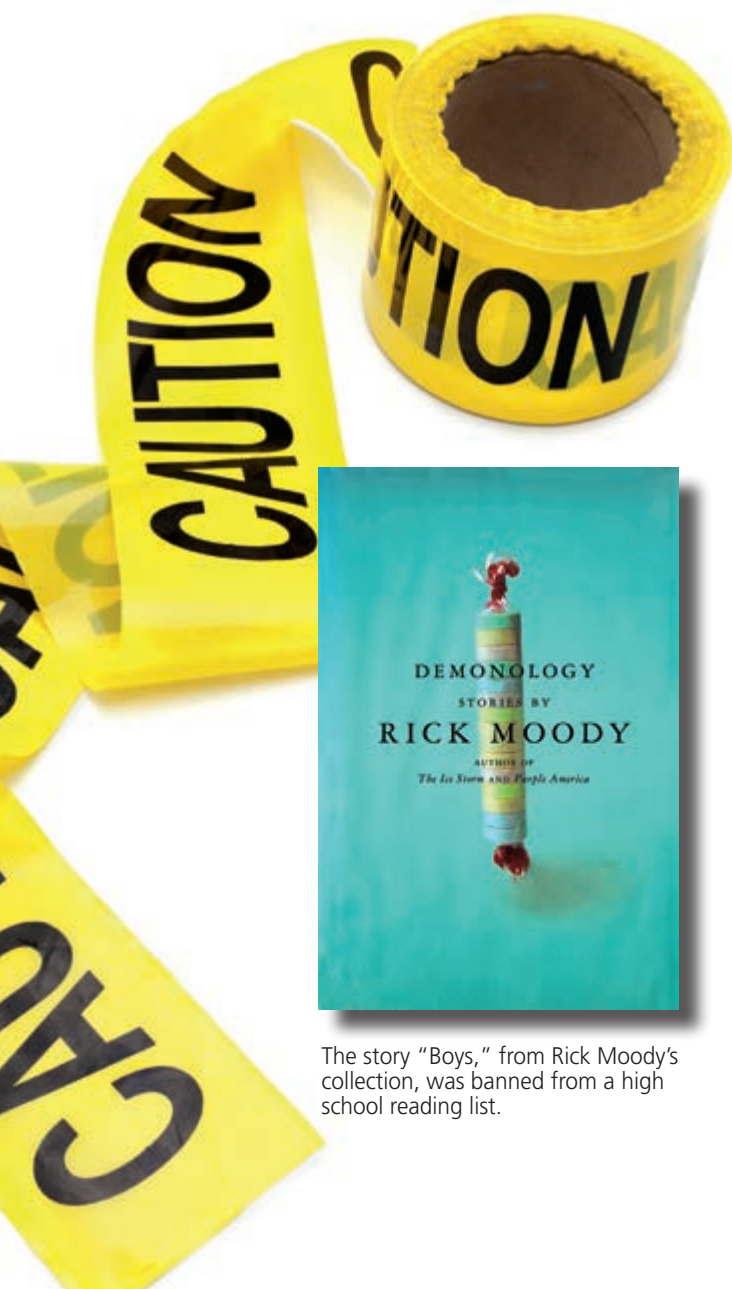
As I understand it, Mr. Peterson gave my story to a student who had had trouble coming up with an essay about something else entirely, and, again, the parents

of the student objected to the assigned reading. What resulted was not only a full-court press to censor Peterson’s reading list (I was not the only writer removed, and I was in extremely lofty company: “Hills Like White Elephants” by Ernest Hemingway was also removed), but a simultaneous attempt to terminate Peterson’s career at Arcadia High as well. Peterson was fortunate to have some remarkably energetic students on his side, however, and while the parents apparently have not given up, the school district has resisted pressure to fire David Peterson, if not exactly with the brave, principled language that one might hope for. I am, it’s worth pointing out, still missing from the reading list.

My story “Boys,” I should point out, does have a paragraph about masturbation in it (and I could point to *Portnoy’s Complaint* as an influence here), because this was a practice of teenage boys of my acquaintance when I was myself a teenage boy, and I imagine myself to be a salesman of realities, and thus the inclusion of these lines. Nonetheless, as with *The Ice Storm*, the larger and more literary flavor of the story in question is overlooked (or perhaps entirely misunderstood) by the pro-censorship parents of Mr. Peterson’s student.

This all strikes me as regrettable. Something has changed in me over these 10 years between incidents of censorship. It no longer seems quite so funny and predictable, the fact of my own suppression as a writer. Now it all seems a bit sad to me. Sad because one can have an entire political sector of the nation that purports to celebrate our cherished national freedoms, and yet which is nonetheless trigger happy as regards abridging the very first amendment in the bill of rights one so vocally supports. Sad because this all implies that people who consider themselves educated do not always seem to me to understand the purpose of literature, and the human consciousness depicted there. But sad, most of all, because people get hurt in these unnecessary political struggles. Mr. David Peterson has been in fear for his job, because he gave a student my short story, and I feel badly about this, that something I scrawled on my hand (it’s true, I wrote the first sentence of “Boys” on my hand at a reading in Bennington, Vt., in 1995) could lead to grave professional anxiety for a hard-working teacher in Scottsdale, Arizona.

It is a badge of honor to be on the list of domestically banned books, because it’s an august list of books. But if literature, at the end of the day, is about the human heart, about the vicissitudes of the human heart, then it’s hard, as a writer, not to care about the people caught up in the daily use of our product, and to worry on their behalf. It would be better, from my point of view, if all the dangerous ideas were out there in the sunlight, and we could all talk about them, and we could see which have merit over the course of time. Sunlight is the best disinfectant. Chief among the ideas that I would test out in that bright light would be this one: *live and let live*. Or to put it another way: you read whatever you like, and let me do the same.



The story “Boys,” from Rick Moody’s collection, was banned from a high school reading list.

Q&A: with Former FH

Robe



FBI Director

Robert Mueller '62

by Brett Forrest '91

Robert Mueller '62 served as the sixth director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI), assuming the office one week before the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001. Mueller subsequently spearheaded a fundamental shift in FBI philosophy, as the Bureau moved from its traditional emphasis on criminal cases to become an intelligence-led national security organization.

Growing up in Philadelphia and Princeton, N.J., Mueller entered St. Paul's in the fall of 1958. He quickly established himself in athletics, eventually captaining the hockey and lacrosse teams and earning the Gordon Medal as best athlete as a Sixth Former. He joined the Marines and served in Vietnam, where he received the Bronze Star and Purple Heart. Mueller's time in the military triggered a devotion to public service in adult life. Before taking over at the FBI, Mueller was a longtime federal prosecutor and a senior Justice Department official.

For the last year-plus, since his retirement from the FBI, Mueller has been a partner in the Washington law firm of WilmerHale. He works out of the firm's Pennsylvania Avenue headquarters, a few blocks from the White House, where he routinely briefed two presidents as the longest-serving FBI director since J. Edgar Hoover. While Mueller now focuses on issues of cyber security for WilmerHale clients, he hasn't shrunk from the spotlight. Earlier this year, he led an investigation into the NFL's handling of the Ray Rice affair. From his corner office at WilmerHale, Mueller spoke with *Alumni Horae* about national security, public service, and his time at the School.

The former FBI director sat down in his D

Q Let's begin by talking about the concept of service to one's country. How did September 11th confirm the significance of service, along with the choices you have made throughout your career?

A I've been very lucky to have attended institutions that focus – and focus the individuals – on service. St. Paul's did. Princeton did. I've always loved public service, the feeling of freedom that you have to do what's right, and the desire to give back.

Q The freedom you have to do what's right. What does that mean?

A It means you don't look at the bottom line. And whether it be at St. Paul's – being on teams, you sacrifice some of yourself to be part of a team. The same thing at Princeton. In the Marine Corps, it's leading men, sometimes to combat. And certainly as a prosecutor, and then at the FBI. You have the freedom to do what you think is right. The great thing about being the director of the FBI is that you get to be aggressively apolitical, which is a huge freedom. And so you have the rewards of interesting work, working with great people, and the freedom to make the right choice. Hopefully.

Q How did you make your way to St. Paul's?

A I ended up going to St. Paul's because I loved hockey. They had seven rinks. That was the decisive factor.

Q Describe the atmosphere at the School when you arrived.

A All I cared about was sports – soccer, hockey, lacrosse. That's what kept me going. All I cared about was putting on my skates and going to the rinks. I was fortunate to go there, because it taught me how to write. Not everybody has the advantage of getting that kind of education. And the other thing that made a difference was religion, going to Chapel every day and twice on Sunday. You don't figure yourself to be particularly religious. But what I found is that it grew on me over a period of time, particularly in Vietnam. It's one of those things that you don't really recognize that you're going to take away from St. Paul's.

Q You went there for hockey, and you were surprised to come away with something else?

A Many years later. I did not recognize it at the time.

Q Did you have much of a relationship with Matthew Warren, who was the Rector at the time?

A I don't think anyone had a close relationship with Matthew Warren. He was one of those figures that you would assume would be in charge of something like a prep school. Back then, the School was all male, very constrained, very regimented. He was truly the epitome of that. He also had the power of the church behind him. He was a formidable figure you did not want to mess with. He didn't, now that I think about it, have a bad smile. But austere is a word that comes to mind when I think of him.

Q What did sports at St. Paul's give you?

A It was my first exposure to leadership, captain-ing a team. There are no handbooks on that kind of stuff.

Q At the Justice Department, you oversaw the Manuel Noriega case, as well as the Pan Am 103 case. How did these cases foreshadow the globalized threat to the U.S. and the extended legal reach necessary to combat it?

A I would say Noriega was in a long line of cases – narcotics cases – that were all international. Pan Am 103 was far different in a number of ways. The plane went down in Scotland. We lost persons from many different countries. Ninety percent of the people were Americans. We investigated the case together – ourselves, the FBI, and the Scottish authorities. The case involved Switzerland, Libya, Germany, and other countries. Consequently, when you have these major international incidents, much of it now depends on the admissibility of evidence in this world where no longer is anything localized. You could admit statements in Scotland that you could never admit in a U.S. courtroom. When I first started as a prosecutor in San Francisco, one out of 10 cases would have some aspect outside of the Bay Area. Ten to 15 years later, it was nine out of 10 that would have something to do either with another state or, most likely, internationally. It's become much more complex and much more difficult to bring people to justice. Is it organized crime operating out of Moscow or Kiev or Eastern Europe? Or is it an 18-year-old hacker in his garage?

D.C. office with journalist Brett Forrest '91

Q In 1993, you went into private practice. But you returned to federal prosecution shortly thereafter, heading up the homicide division in Washington. What called you back to public service?

A I wanted to try more cases. And I've always loved the investigations – ballistics, DNA, fingerprints. Probably the most satisfaction I've ever gotten were the years I was trying homicides here in the District. Because of the impact, not just on society, but also trying to bring justice for the victims' families.

Q Did you really answer the phone “Mueller. Homicide?”

A Probably.

Q When you returned to Washington in the summer of 2001, you started reading classified documents that discussed a possible terror attack on U.S. soil. How real was that prospect for you?

A I didn't have a full appreciation for what was happening with terrorism at that point, because I lived on the West Coast. While there had been a number of cases – East African bombings, the *U.S.S. Cole* bombing – they really didn't affect what I was doing in the U.S. Attorney's office in San Francisco. There had been the previous Towers bombing, but on the West Coast it didn't resonate the same way, particularly if you're in a target city like New York or Washington. So I came to it without a full appreciation of how the world had changed since I had last been in Washington. I had not been closely involved with any of the terrorist attacks in the way I was with Pan Am 103.

Q Describe your initial discussions with President Bush following September 11.

A One of the formative meetings was when I first briefed him a day or so after it happened. I go in and see him and [VP] Cheney and [CIA Director] George Tenet, and others. I started off by saying things like, “Mr. President, we've got command posts at each of the incident sites and we're starting to identify the individuals.” My memory is the President stopped me and said, “That's all well and good, but my question to you today is: What is the Bureau doing to prevent the next terrorist attack?” I'd always been used to investigating after the fact and gathering evidence to put in the courtroom. Having that question put to me stood me up in my tracks. And that's a question that he asked just about every day I briefed him, which was just about every day in his first term. With President Obama, it's been the same. The same question: What's the Bureau doing to stop the next terrorist attack?

Q This is a question each President asks consistently?

A Consistently, consistently. If it's not articulated in each of the sessions, you know that it's behind the questions to you. For both of them what was foremost on their mind was: How do you prevent the next terrorist attack?

Q You have said that the 9/11 attacks might have been prevented if the FBI had followed through on tips from its field offices. How so?

A It's pure speculation whether we could have stopped it. We may have been able to stop part of it, not all of it. For the Bureau there were three areas we had to address. First was prioritization. You have to make certain that everyone in the organization knows terrorism is your No. 1 priority, even though you've got gang problems in Los Angeles or Chicago. Before you start to tackle that, you better take care of this business. Secondly, you can't focus solely on whether something was admissible in a courtroom, but putting together a mosaic of what is happening and what might happen in the future. The usual metrics of the arrests, indictments, and convictions are inadequate. The question has to be: What is the threat? What do we know about the threat? What specifically do we not know about the threat? Then go out and fill in that gap. Third, we needed better partnership with CIA and state and local law enforcement.

Q How can the FBI operate in the prevention business, while still making sure to abide by the Constitution?

A I don't think it's either or. History will judge us as to whether or not we were able to protect the United States against terrorist attacks – maintain national security – on the one hand, but also judge us in terms of whether we did it within the confines of the Constitution. I tend to think that, from day one after September 11, we knew there would be that balance. We knew that every day there would be issues and decisions. And we were insistent that we do it in the appropriate guidelines. My own belief is that Congress sets those guidelines for us. The courts supervise those guidelines. You have to make absolutely certain that the people gathering intelligence are doing it for the appropriate purposes, with the appropriate guidelines. I think we generally have stayed pretty well within those guidelines. But, still, it's a delicate balance.

Q The FBI investigated one of the Boston bombers before the attack. How did you handle that?

A On the night we arrested the Boston bomber, we got their names. An agent comes in and says, "Director, you know we had the older brother under investigation two years ago." We informed the President later that morning to assure that he saw it before it was reported.

Q That brings us to the Edward Snowden case. What does the significant domestic support for him tell you about the American understanding about what's happening in the larger world?

A I'm not going to talk about Snowden, because the investigation of him and his activities occurred while I was still there. I'll say he's indicted. And I would hope that he'd come back and face the music.

Q Considering the evolving terrorist threat of groups like ISIS, what are we doing to thwart an attack on U.S. soil?

A I've always been under the belief that there should be no terrorism threat that goes unevaluated, uninvestigated. People quibble with that because it takes a lot of time to run down every lead. I'm still of the belief that you have to do it. And it's twice as difficult now as it was when I was there because of the social media capability of ISIS and the inability to thwart and stop the radicalization on the Internet. When it comes to terrorism, we're in a completely new and dangerous time. They have something like 20,000 foreign fighters now who have gone to – or are on their way to – Syria and Iraq. Some number of them will make it back to their home countries with training and experience.

Q How do you combat foreign fighters returning to the U.S.?

A A couple months after I took over as the director, I went over to see the head of MI5. I said, "You all address the IRA problem, which is somewhat similar. What's your advice?" She said two things: sources and wires. You've got to have informants, you've got to have sources, and you've got to have wires. It's the only way you can identify the structure and take out the structure.

Q How do you combat cyber terrorism?

A Amongst the foreign fighters in Syria and Iraq are going to be a bunch of hackers, and sooner or later they're going to get their act together. We're just beginning a discussion as to which cyber events should be handled in the national security arena, as opposed to the criminal arena – the same kinds of debates that you have as to what action should the executive take in the military sphere to address terrorism attacks.

Q You've said you're a prosecutor at heart. Where did this come from, the sense that you were going to be the one to make it right?

A I just want to be in control of my cases. I want to make the decisions. I don't want to be responding to somebody else making the decisions. I actually went to law school to be an FBI agent. Then I decided to be a prosecutor. And I kept each year saying, "Why do I want to join the FBI? If I were an agent, I would investigate the case, put a nice red ribbon around it, give it to the prosecutor, and the prosecutor would just screw it up." So I thought, if I was going to screw it up, I may as well do it as a prosecutor.

Q [Former Massachusetts Governor] William Weld said that you always wanted to be FBI director . . .

A You don't even think about that. I mean, it's so far beyond. My wife and I still sit around and say, "Did that happen?" I never thought it conceivable or possible.

Q People have called you a straight arrow. An article in the *Washingtonian* called you "The Ultimate G-Man." Do you find this sort of talk complimentary?

A Well, it's better than what can be said. In the end, that kind of stuff is meaningless.

Q You handled the Ray Rice investigation. How did you come to lead that project?

A I happened to meet with the NFL three or four months earlier. And then I got a call the night the AP ran its story about that Rice tape being sent to the NFL. They said "would you be willing to do it" and I said "yes."

Q Has our society become too critical of prominent people and organizations in recent years?

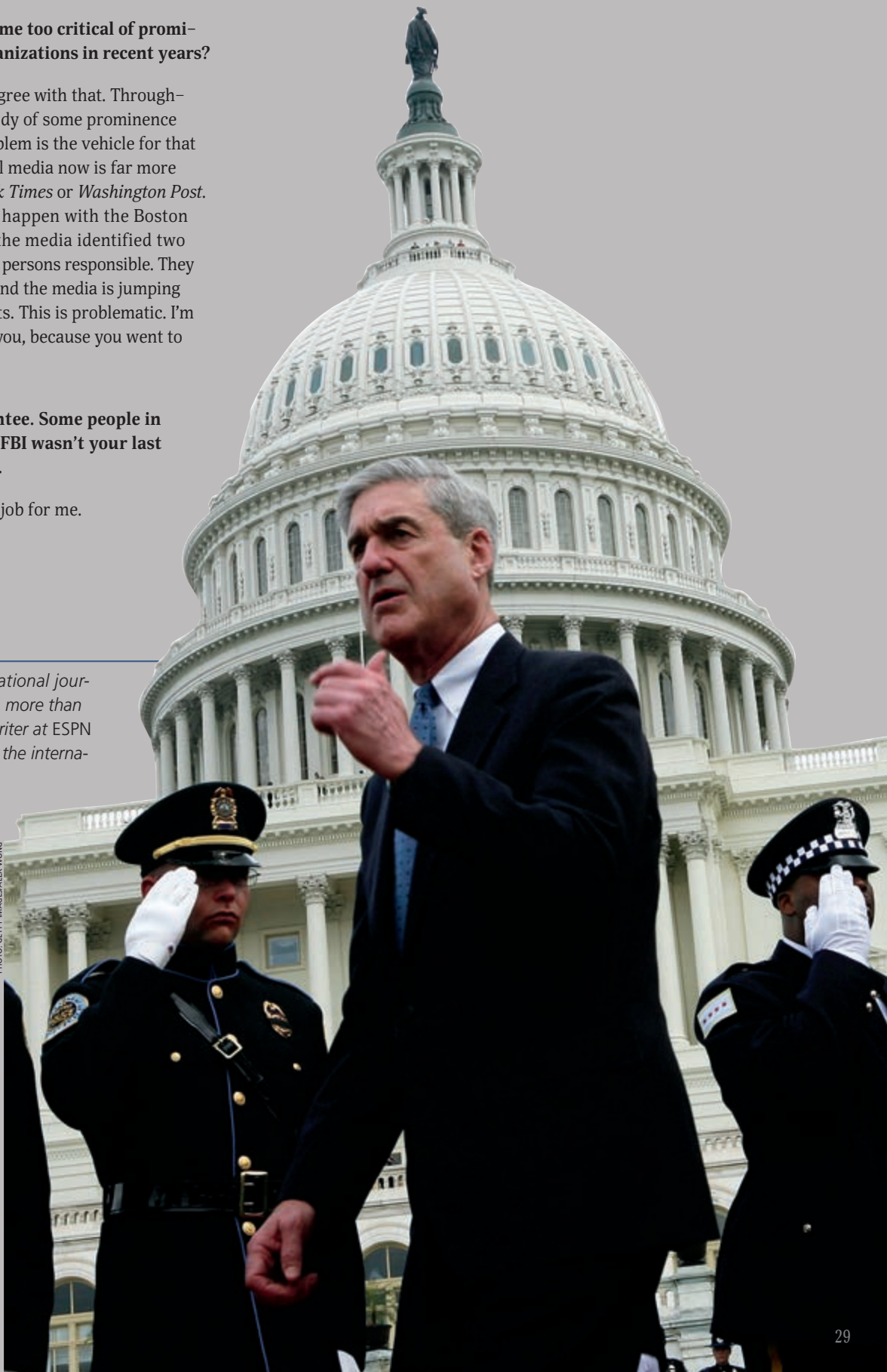
A I'm not sure I would agree with that. Throughout our history, anybody of some prominence gets knocked about. The problem is the vehicle for that criticism is everywhere. Social media now is far more influential than the *New York Times* or *Washington Post*. My concern is what we saw happen with the Boston Marathon bombing, where the media identified two persons as being the possible persons responsible. They got the two wrong persons, and the media is jumping on this without adequate facts. This is problematic. I'm not worried about that with you, because you went to St. Paul's. [Laughs.]

Q Sure, that's a guarantee. Some people in Washington say the FBI wasn't your last big job in public service . . .

A No. That was the best job for me.

Brett Forrest '91 is an international journalist, who has reported from more than 40 countries. He is a senior writer at ESPN The Magazine and author of the international bestseller The Big Fix.

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES/ALEX WONG





The Essentials of Persuasive Public Speaking
by Sims Wyeth '69
W.W. Norton & Company,
192 pages, \$14.95

*Reviewed by George Chase,
humanities faculty*

Is the steady stream of people making their way to the coffee table during your presentations distracting you? And why is it that your colleagues sigh and start doodling on their notepads when you stand up to make a proposal? Maybe you can't understand why you earn HHs on your humanities essays, but have yet to make the finals of the Hugh Camp Cup speech contest. Are you starting to think that your audiences are clapping at the end of your talks simply because they are over? Fear not! These frustrations and queries will quickly be addressed by heeding the wise advice of Sims Wyeth '69 in his latest book, *The Essentials of Persuasive Public Speaking*.

It is clear Wyeth has witnessed his fair share of presentations, both lousy and effective, and, as president of his firm, Sims Wyeth & Company, "devoted to the art and science of speaking persuasively," he has vast experience as both speaker and coach. It seems he never let even the most tortuous hour of a terrible talk go to waste or failed to notice the most subtle techniques behind a brilliant speech.

Instead, Wyeth used those experiences wisely, noting the elements of presentations that bothered, bored, or exhilarated him. In this witty, accessible, and helpful guide, the author has compiled an invaluable set of tips to coach those faced with the challenges of public speaking, including conquering inhibitions, fine-tuning techniques, and revving up deliveries.

This book contains a nugget of advice on each page that is not only helpful in its content, but also entertaining in its presentation. Wyeth heads each page

with an engaging – sometimes cryptic – title, luring the reader to discover that page's gem of public-speaking wisdom. Who wouldn't be curious about how "squirrel-paw hands" undermine a brilliant speech, or why "glottal fry" is the kiss of death for orators? His chapters focus on "Preparation," "Design and Use of Visual Aids" (Should anyone be subjected to the punishment of one more soporific Power Point?), "Special Occasions," and more.

Keep this entertaining and helpful book close by. When your moment comes to stand and deliver, you will find comfort, confidence, and craft in its pages. Your audiences will let the coffee wait.



The End of Copycat China: The Rise of Creativity, Innovation, and Individualism in Asia
by Shaun Rein '96
Wiley, 256 pages, \$25

Reviewed by Hannah MacBride

Shaun Rein's latest work is a guidebook to the dynamic Chinese economy. Building on his thesis from his 2012 book, *The End of Cheap China: Economic and Cultural Trends That Will Disrupt the World*, Rein argues that China has evolved from a derivative, labor-based industrial giant to an exciting and burgeoning new market for foreign and domestic companies open to the challenge.

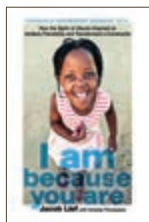
As the founding and managing director of the China Market Research Group, Rein has extensive knowledge of the forces at work in the Chinese market. He enlivens the data with anecdotes ranging from the excessive spending of the wealthy (I don't know what to do with my money!) to detailed descriptions of a middle-income mother's pantry to his own family's struggles living in a country plagued by air pollution. An easy-to-follow journalistic style coupled with access to a wide variety of interviewees

– from top executives to street-level consumers – means everyone, not just business people, will enjoy learning from Rein's expertise.

Rein's main thesis here is that China is primed to enter the third stage of the innovation curve, in which the country will not only create business models and products that meet the growing needs of the Chinese population, but will innovate for the world. Although bribes, corruption, intellectual property theft, concerns about food safety, stifling government regulations, and an execution-centric workforce have been restrictive in the past, the climate in China is changing, Rein asserts. The economy has already made a positive shift toward innovation, services, and consumption.

In *The End of Copycat China*, Rein goes beyond describing current consumer and business trends. He offers advice and insight into the market specific to China, demonstrating how certain domestic companies have succeeded when big-name foreign competition has failed to recognize the opportunities and challenges unique to the Chinese market. A few examples of fascinating trends in China include the recent desire for experiences, especially traveling, over material possessions; the lifestyle choices and consumer responses to heavy pollution; and the growing market for local, organic, and heritage food and beverages. WeChat is an excellent example of a Chinese company that understands its market. A multi-faceted mobile communication app, WeChat allows users to send short, recorded voice memos because the Chinese language does not lend itself to texting.

Overall, Rein has produced an eye-opening read, not just for those business-savvy folks, hoping to invest or expand in China, but also for those fascinated by the country and its people.



I Am Because You Are: How the Spirit of Ubuntu Inspired an Unlikely Friendship and Transformed a Community
by Jacob Lief and Andrea Thompson '96

Rodale Books, 240 pages, \$24.99

Reviewed by Mashadi Matabane, humanities faculty

This is an energetic, unflinching memoir about social entrepreneur Jacob Lief's experience building Ubuntu Education Fund (UEF) from a grassroots startup in 1999 into an influential, high-profile global development organization. Written with Andrea Thompson '96, the book chronicles how Lief, a white American college kid from a privileged background, and UEF co-founder Malizole "Banks" Gwaxula, a committed but underpaid and overworked South African schoolteacher,

join forces in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, to help youth in an urban township characterized by both a rich cultural heritage and "extreme poverty and organized chaos."

Lief's narrative, introduced with a foreword by Desmond Tutu, traces UEF's programmatic evolution. Ubuntu (which means "I am because you are") is a South African concept and is revealed as a complex undertaking. In theory, ubuntu is an operational philosophy for an organization that believes in interdependently harnessing the time, knowledge, and commitment of its interracial senior leadership, staff, and clients (children and young adults, many orphaned). In practice, it comes across as a stressful and rewarding process that requires perseverance in negotiating new ideas, entrenched poverty, bureaucracy, and cultural relativism – racial and class privilege.

Interspersed with descriptions of various children's challenges, statistics, and Q&As (with influential UEF supporters in development), Lief critically observes

how UEF's early piecemeal projects installing computer labs and libraries in local schools ultimately proved ineffective in their long-term impact. After all, as he points out, "hours of tutoring or a health education class meant little when rain leaked through the roof and there was nothing to eat for dinner."

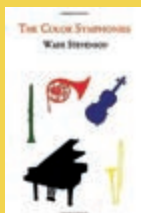
His accounts of UEF's shift to a more (w)holistic *in loco parentis* approach are acute and compelling. Coming to understand the indivisibility of children's multiple needs led to the development of a constellation of comprehensive services, including financial assistance, sexual abuse counseling, HIV/AIDS education, college preparation, and other "basics of life" skills. It also led to the construction of an astounding architecturally designed Ubuntu Centre. Of his own and Gwaxula's transformative experiences, Lief writes modestly, "We didn't know the rules of development; we didn't care about the external measures of success. And we didn't see ourselves as saving anyone."

On the Shelf . . .



Citizens Disunited
Robert A.G. Monks '50
Democratic capitalism, the foundation of our entire economic system, is threatened as never before. Shareholders no

longer own the corporations in which they have invested. Emboldened by the Supreme Court and enabled by a compliant Congress and compromised regulators, America's CEOs have staged a corporate coup d'état. They decide where and how company resources will be deployed, what laws will be evaded for short-term gain, where offshore profits will be stashed to avoid taxation, and how lavishly the CEOs will be compensated. Far too much of American business is being run for the personal enrichment of its managerkings. This book discusses how that happened and unveils a new study showing that corporations "un-owned" by their shareholders have significantly lower average shareholder returns than firms in which owners still exercise authority over management.



The Color Symphonies
Wade Stevenson '63

The latest offering from Wade Stevenson reads more like a dramatic novel than the typical book of poems, with each color

playing a role as a main character in this meditation on color, light, and love. Stevenson artfully explores the interactions and dialogue between these colors, with reference to Josef Albers and to Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's *Theory of Colors*.



Just a Bite
Curtis Karnow '71

A collection of very, very short stories. Each story "bite" is a window into a world – of bad books, Dairy Queens, and an as-yet-unbuilt adobe pizza oven; of fried octopus, old china cups, and worn linoleum floors; of unpaid bills, long-term disability insurance, and the other worries that wake us up in the middle of the night. This col-

lection is ultimately a study in humanism. While the underlying spirit of the world will eventually destroy us and all we have wrought, it is our human stories that bring meaning to the world. This is what Karnow offers us – layered stories to chew on and digest.



Blood on My Hands
Gerard H. Cox '56

This book differs from previous works on hunting because it is the first to treat it as an ecological act, to insist on a definition of ecology that includes ourselves. Such a view enables us to rediscover the radical elements of being fully human – consuming together the gifts of the game and celebrating the cycle of life amidst death by feasting and storytelling. Becoming mindful of our relation to other life-forms in turn can help us stop being the most invasive and destructive species on Earth and become the one who begins cleaning up the mess we have made.

Supporting the Next Generation



Rob Claflin '64 talks about recycling in a way few others do. "My grandfather, Tom, graduated in 1903 and my father, Mort, followed in 1932. Their planned gifts have been recycled to the benefit of the next generation of Paulies, including my sons, Tom '03 and Henry '05. I wanted to make a significant gift toward our 50th reunion, so I decided that making an irrevocable planned gift was the best way to do it. Perhaps my gift will benefit my own grandchildren."

For a confidential conversation about what type of planned gift might be best for you. Please contact Bob Barr, director of gift planning, at 603-229-4875, rbarr@sps.edu; or visit our website at www.sps.edu/plannedgiving.

PHOTO: KAREN BOBOTAS

FORMNOTES

These Formnotes reflect information received through April 2015. Please send news/photos of yourself or other alumni for these pages to: Formnotes Editor, Alumni Horae, St. Paul's School, 325 Pleasant St., Concord, N.H. 03301 or alumni@sps.edu.

1940

Clarence Michalis
Csm273@gmail.com

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

1945

Tony O'Connor
sdegpoc@att.net
www.sps.edu/1945

William Painter writes: "Am now retired from being a law professor, having taught at George Washington University Law School and the University of Illinois College of Law. I also practiced for four years in New York with Debevoise & Plimpton LLP. Since retirement, I have engaged in a few public service activities, such as teaching retirees English literature. I am also a dogaholic, with a chronic dependency on one English setter after another as well as an English cocker spaniel (my latest). There is no recovery from this illness. Only more dogs. We are year-round residents of Yarmouth Port, Mass. Call us for a visit (508-362-9990)."

Sid Lovett writes: "We have experienced a winter similar to '42-'43, with snow and temperatures to match. Our 70th reunion is scheduled for June 3-5, 2016, so begin marking

your date book. Oxygen will be provided. Cheers!"

1950

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

Made a three-day trip with a friend to Jerusalem and Bethlehem to see why everybody has been killing each other over the millennia. Masada and the Dead Sea were unique. **Hendon Chubb** recently wrote and published a highly erudite, scholarly, selective – not to say eccentric – encyclopedia titled *The Curious Magpie*, which is available at Amazon in paperback or on Kindle. It is designed for the thoughtful and curious.

George Rose shares: "Married to wonderful Libby. Won't see you at the reunion. As Dean knows, I just don't travel anymore; doesn't work very well when you're stuck on a four-wheel rolling walker – hips, legs, arteries, and so on. However, I feel lucky and at peace. I am immobilized in one of the world's nicest places, Charleston, S.C. I miss all of you guys. The only way I could see you is if you visit Charleston. Give it a shot (grose39@comcast.net; 843-607-3389)."

Peter Hopkinson writes: "I am retired but, at 82, am filled with strong opinions about everything, including the design processes for architecture, planning, and managing interdisciplinary design coordination with the full range of critically important engineering and other specialist disciplines. I have been very good at conceptual brainstorming and wrestling fuzzy concepts into

agonizing details that satisfy (most) clients. I have worked with numerous excessively brilliant staff, great colleagues, community groups, politicians, and, believe it or not, some really great private- and public-sector clients. I am a fellow of the American Institute of Architects, past president of the Boston Society of Architects, and current member of the San Francisco AIA.

I have worked in San Francisco, Washington, Baltimore, Boston, Cleveland, Buffalo, and New York. From 1954 to 1958, I was a Marine fighter pilot, flying SNJs, TV-2s, F9-5s and 7s, F3-Ds, and the beautiful FJ-4, stationed at Atsugi, Japan. Last year, Natasha and I moved from New York to be with our son and grandson. From 1961 to 2011, I have acquired slightly more admirers than critics. My experience ranges from the very small – designing every molecule of the gorgeous, traditional looking front desk for the high-profile Copley Plaza Hotel in Boston – to the very, very large, having been designated chief architect for the New York MTA's gigantic \$8.5 billion "East Side Access" LIRR railroad station (165,000 trips per day), now well advanced into construction under Park Avenue at Grand Central Terminal. In 2006, I was designated chief architect for New Jersey Transit's \$8.3 billion railroad station (137,000 trips per day), planned to be built under 34th Street at Penn Station, until Governor Christie canceled it. I took this as a sign to retire at 80, leaving it for others to put that Humpty Dumpty together again. Natasha and I are watching our



Tony Nicholas '58 enjoying reading time with his grandson, Ben.

son prosper and our grandson grow. I have been lucky all my life, helped greatly by SPS."

1954

Ed Harding
ed@thehardings.org

We are proud of the presentation of the Alumni Association Award to Ted Achilles, on April 8 in New York City. I think most of you are aware that Ted decided that his retirement would consist of creating a school for girls in Kabul, Afghanistan. He has named it SOLA (School of Leadership Afghanistan). The purpose is to prepare young Afghan girls for continuing higher education in many of the best secondary schools and colleges in the world. Many have come to the U.S., including St. Paul's. SOLA is a 501c-3 and has already found support from major foundations and individuals. We cannot take a whole lot of credit for Ted's accomplishments, but we can be glad we know him.



In this photo are six of the nine grandchildren of Dulany Howland '62.

1955

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

1956

Zach Allen
zach.allen@paneurasian.com

Contrary to rumors, the Form of 1956 is doing quite well, thank you very much. **John Schley** is recovering from back surgery and reports that he enjoyed being in Key West for a month. Thus, he escaped the fine winter weather that the rest of us in the Northeast somehow found a bit daunting. **Harald Paumgarten**, while in the Adirondacks, was hurt when slipping on an icy pathway, and is also recovering well. Other than that, your unrelenting form agent/director, has heard no untoward reports. With very welcome help from Harald, the planning for our 60th reunion is progressing well. A letter will be forthcoming shortly, with all the exciting details. Anniversary Weekend in 2016 starts on June 3. We are planning off-site activities not far from the School

for June 2 and 3. Please mark your calendars with indelible ink markers.

1957

Bill deHaven
bill_dehaven316@hotmail.com

The Form of 1957 had its annual dinner at the Philadelphia Club on Friday, March 13. It was started 20 years ago by our formmate, **Fred Clark**. Attendees included **Sam Beard, Boots Coleman, Bill de Haven, John Evans, Bob Fuller, Sandy Holloway, David Hunt, John Petrasch, Kit Pool, John Prizer, George Reath, and Rob van Roijen**. The Philadelphia Club did a masterful job providing us with marvelous shad and shad roe. We're looking at perhaps moving the date to a different season to attract other formmates in the future.

David Noble shares with us his excitement on his recently published book, *Living the Ancient Southwest*. This new anthology contains 18 essays, written over the past several decades by anthropologist-writers. They speak of the beauty and originality of Mimbres pottery, rock art in

Canyon de Chelly, the history of the Wupatki Navajos, O'odham songs describing ancient trails to the Pacific Coast, the architecture of Chaco Canyon, Zuni religion and philosophy, and other topics relating to the deep indigenous history and culture of the American Southwest.

1958

Philip Bradley
brad0260@umn.edu

Hunt Janin says he's been getting in touch with his California roots by writing books on the early history of the state. For example, *California Campaigns of the U.S.-Mexican War of 1846-1848* will be published by McFarland this year. Another book, *The Californios, 1769 to*



Tom Santulli '62 with late partner Pat Lakin.

1888, is now being written for McFarland. He then plans to write a book on trade and military uses of the English Channel during the Middle Ages.

Tony Nicholas shares: "All the training from Phil Berman on how to open a book and hold it, from Austin Montgomery on how to read it with feeling, and from George Tracy on understanding its literary roots in Aeneas's journeys were excellent preparation for this recent adventure with Ben.

Allan Ayers notes: "Feels weird to spend as much time busy with volunteer work as working – but without a paycheck. Putting in time supporting veterans and guiding tours of the great city of Chicago. Slight detour as I upgrade a couple knees to be ready for the summer tour season."

Larry D'Oench reports: "Retirement is stressful because I am on the job as soon as I wake up. To fill in the hours between naps, I am a trustee of my town library, do aviation consulting, and am a financial trustee and board member for my homeowners' association. I get my exercise by following my wife around and turning off the lights she leaves on."

Brian McCauley's latest news: "I am really not doing much lately, except trying to get as many avocado and other fruit trees as possible providing lots of fruit. I also do my best to get as many mangos, grapes, and other tropical fruit harvested as I can each season, consistently using only real manure for fertilizer. Our yields were generally far higher with the real animal product than with any special mixtures of chemical fertilizers. The only real problem we have is that the weather is getting hotter and hotter, and many of our trees do not tolerate the high temperatures we are now



1964 Formmates: (l. to r.) Chuck Coggeshall, Jad Roberts, Haven Pell, and Tony Parker observed Skating Holiday on President's Day with an afternoon skate on the C & O Canal.

confronting. In addition, the future seems more and more difficult because of the decreases we are seeing in available water. So far, our wells are not dry, but the reserves are not being replenished regularly as they were in the past. Besides that, I end up riding my racing bikes as much as possible and trying to keep the young whippersnappers in the 50 and over racing categories behind me."

1960

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

1962

Seymour Preston
seymourp576@gmail.com

Update by **Tom Santulli**: "Adjusting, as perhaps many of us are, to life's still amazing cycle. At Christmas, Pat Lakin, my beautiful partner of the last several years, died after living with breast cancer for four years. She was a remarkable artist and poet and an extraordinarily compassionate, generous soul. A huge loss. And, with a glorious smile, my first grandchild arrived at the beginning of March to bring cheer to

us all, especially his parents, Colin and Shanti. Ashwin James Santulli seems to have already begun to raise havoc in San Diego. A thrilling addition and a most blessed gift. Son Chris and his Sonja are proud homeowners in Washington, D.C., and Kate, now 26, is back in the U.S., after teaching in Spain for three years. Having been Pat's caregiver for the past three and a half years, many things slid to the back burner. So, the Peace Corps application and those to other international aid organizations are getting dusted off. We'll see. Looking for someone to hike the road to Santiago de Compostela with me or perhaps visit the Dolomites. Renew-

ing marathon training (which seems a bit daunting now, I must say), and soon to renew my work counseling seniors in poor health. Any and all are always welcome at our small and simple Carmel home. Good cheer, happiness, and success to each of you in weathering life's wonders and challenges as spring comes and rebirth begins anew."

Proud grandpa **Dulany Howland** has nine grandchildren, noting, "Grandchildren keep you young and are always available to tell you how to work your iPhone!"

1964

Rick Sperry
overcable@aol.com

Rufus Botzow
rcbotzow@charter.net

1965

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

After a reunion organization meeting in New York in January, some of the committee members and a few notable guests met up for a private tour of the

European Painting Galleries at the Metropolitan Museum. We started with a viewing of Caravaggio's remarkable painting of *The Denial of Saint Peter* and ended up in front of Pieter Bruegel's *The Harvesters*, where the nearby photograph was taken.

1970

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

1972

John Henry Low
jhl@knick.com

Long-lost formmate **Derek Ryan** reports from Idaho: "Last summer, Rector **Mike Hirschfeld '85** visited us here in Sun Valley. It was such a pleasure to meet him! I always feel somewhat apologetic that I bailed on SPS midstream, leaving Thanksgiving of our Fourth Form year, but I'm still very interested to hear what goes on there. I was just reminded of the music CD **Bob Shepley** sent to us all a few years back for a reunion that I could not attend, with familiar faces stamped



Formmates and spouses from 1965 (l. to r.): John Ingram, Berny Gray, Rhett Prentice '06, Penny Putnam, Nat Prentice, Randy Morgan, Terry DeKalb, Peter Twining, Bucky Putnam, Robin Wilcox, Ed Bartlett, Anita Prentice, and David Parshall.



Mimi and Mark Wainwright '72, celebrating Mark's birthday in San Francisco with Susan and Pres Stone '72.

right onto the disk itself. He is so right that the music of that time played mightily on our spirits. I still love to spin the records I had in my dorm room. They are dear to me, so much so that I air them on our local non-commercial community radio station here in Idaho. You can stream my Blind Vinyl show live at www.kdpifm.org on Thursdays (6 to 8 p.m. MST), set to your time zone wherever you are. When I'm not playing imposter DJ or exercising my ski bum habit, I'm practicing architecture. Yes, I still love that day job."

Here is a late-breaking follow-up to the plans reported in our last *Alumni Horae* formnotes column by our intrepid Bay Area Club Social Secretary **Pres Stone**: "Mr. and Mrs. Stone *did* help Mr. and Mrs. **Mark Wainwright** usher in his 61st year at a festive dinner in San Francisco. As you will see in the attached photo, it is amazing how many desserts you can get with a Groupon! The Wainwrights are also proud to announce that they are happy first-time grandparents, as their daughter, **Addie '01** had a child. Meanwhile, Pres is doing the San Francisco thing; a startup in green tech, PSI Technologies, supplying eCNG, an emergency natural gas storage and transfer system for the growing fleet of natural gas

vehicles. The other San Franciscans, **Halsted Wheeler** and **Doug Chan** are around."

Charlie Bronson reports: "I had the good fortune to be on the East Coast over Christmas, actually seeing all three siblings for the first time in years, and it was a treat. I did look pretty silly jogging on the streets of Bronxville in shorts, since I do not own any Lululemon tights, and I had one delightful run up the Bronxville River, which was really nice, despite it being really cold and icy. I was able to see **Frazer Pennebaker** and his wife, Pam. Frazer is still a genius in the kitchen, warm with his stories, and lucky to have Pam. Also saw **Ian Laird** and **Matt Mandeville**. Our photo appeared in the winter edition of our formnotes. In our photo, we looked like three complete idiots, although charming, I'm certain, and definitely legends in our own minds."

Lin Giralt writes: "I am working on a startup to connect top U.S. cancer centers with Latin American insurance companies to make long-distance cancer diagnostics accessible to their policyholders, without the trip to Houston, New York City, or Baltimore. IT and telemedicine have grown enormously, but cancer diagnostics seem to lag behind overseas and looking to the U.S. for help is not on the agenda of most local Latin-American insurance companies. My M.B.A. alma mater, the University of Pennsylvania Medical Center, was the first major center to come on board. I am still looking for a major international insurance company to join up."

Bob Shepley and **Mike Sweeney** report: "Our black ice season in Massachusetts was sweet, but woefully short, before the many feet of snow arrived in Greater Boston. While we enjoyed some great pond



Ian Hughes '76 in his studio.

hockey and skating, we were sadly unable to get in quite enough practice sessions to be able to qualify for this year's Crashed Ice (ice cross downhill) finals in Edmonton in March." Better luck next year, Mike and Shep!

While most of us in the Northeast or Upper Midwest, or even some south central locales enjoyed a winter that would remind us of Millville in the early 1970s, let us not forget our formmates from the Great White North, who take these old-fashioned winters as a normal way of life.

Our tireless Northern Climes Correspondent **David Holt** (who also writes for his day job) reports: "February and now March = snow, rain, ice, repeat. On the positive side, I am preparing a seminar on leadership and related matters, bolstered by a fine showing at trivia at the tavern last night, where we won a huge plate of healthy nachos. Helen, the organizer, said, 'David is good at history.' I had to respond, 'Helen, you are accusing me of being old!' So, please, keep your cards and letters and photos (old and new) coming in. Until next time, good night, and good luck."

1975

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

1976

Don Keyser
dakeyser@fiduciary-trust.com

1978

Arthur Bingham
binghama@nyprivfin.com

Rob Rout reports: "As I did last year, I have spent the winter in Atlanta, volunteering with the International Rescue Committee (www.rescue.org) as an English teacher. We support recently arrived refugees from challenging places in Africa, Asia, the Middle East, and elsewhere. It's so heartwarming to engage with folks who literally won a lottery in order to get to the U.S., who are thrilled to be here, and who are wildly eager to absorb what we have to offer in order to quickly embark on their new American lives. All that positive energy is so good for the soul!"

Nora Tracy Phillips submits news on the following form-mates: The March-April 2015 edition of *Harvard Magazine* features an article entitled "Good Design" that tells the story of the birth and evolution of the Public Interest Design movement in architecture, and how it is redefining what architecture is. **Bryan Bell**, founder and executive director of Design Corps, the article tells us, has stood as a seminal figure in this movement for the past 20 years, most recently pressing his fellow architects to address the question of value of design for the public. How can one "put a value, quantifiable or qualitative, on design's return on investment" when what one does with one's art is enrich the lives of the 98 percent?"

Loring McAlpin, now a New York-based artist and media producer, served as executive producer to the film *Herman's House*, which won the 2014 News and Documentary Emmy Award for Outstanding Arts and Culture programming, among other significant film awards. *Herman's House* documents the 12-year relationship between Herman Wallace, the longest serving prisoner in solitary confinement in the U.S., and

an artist named Jackie Summell, who asked Wallace, "What kind of a house does a man in solitary confinement dream of?" What grew from that parlor-game question developed into a unique interrogation of American justice and punishment, the substance of the film.

Curtis Bohlen shares: "Caroline Norden and I are still in Maine, living not too far from Portland. I'm still running the Casco Bay Estuary Partnership, an anchor organization to a regional partnership of organizations and individuals that work on behalf of the health of the Casco Bay. What makes the job fun is that it's a little bit of everything – aquaculture, municipal politics, land conservation, balance sheets, community engagement. My three kids are growing up. My oldest, Turner, graduated from MIT last year, and is now living and working in San Francisco. No. 2, Sarah Norden, is finishing her sophomore year in high school and will be performing this summer with the "Smirkus Big Top Tour," a traveling youth circus. Our youngest, Katrina, is wrapping up fourth grade, doing fourth-grader things like school plays and karate lessons and drawing imaginary creatures."



Formates from 1980 (l. to r.) Jennie Hunnewell Kaplan, Louise Ingalls, Sally Scott, Susannah Robins Albright, and Augusta Tilney enjoyed a wonderful February weekend in Florida.



Polly Wakeman '81 (r.) with her daughter, Hannah (l.), and Polly (c.), daughter of Julie Mott Munger '81.

1980

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

Sally Scott sends some sunny news from Florida: "Members of the Sistarean Society reunited in Florida. Since our 20th reunion, we've met up almost every year, though we live in Massachusetts, Colorado, Iowa, Florida, and New Jersey. Looking forward to the 35th reunion this spring!"

1981

Biddle Duke
biddleduke@aol.com

First and foremost, a hail and reminder to the class: It's going to be 35 years next June. That would make it a significant reunion. Simple math – always a struggle – informs me we are all now in our mid-50s. The School, your dutiful agents, and I are planning a fun and reflective weekend. Put it on your calendar: June 3 and 4, 2016, with Graduation June 5. Now, the news I was able to gather: **Bill Duryea** recently moved to Politico in D.C. after many years in St. Petersburg,

Fla., at what is now known as the *Tampa Bay Times*. Fellow journalist **Al McCabe** stays in close touch with Bill and filed that report. Al remains at Bloomberg News, where he has worked for 21 years. He's back in the Big Apple since 2003 after many years with Bloomberg in Hong Kong and Shanghai. His daughter, Maja, is 17, a junior at Packer in Brooklyn and looking at colleges. Son Lucas, 15, is a freshman at Brooklyn Tech.

John Duer reports that winter in Connecticut, like most of New England, was brutal. "Lots of dirty, six-foot-high snow banks." His kids – Avery, 13, and Nancy, 10 – are growing up nicely. "Wife Tyler and I will be empty-nesters for the month of July this sum-



Alan Murchie '81 at his ordination.



Formmates from 1982 recently enjoyed dinner at Nicole Gallagher's home. Front row (l. to r.): Tracy Tullis, Nicole Gallagher; back row: Elizabeth Schmitz, Louisa Benton, Emily Fisher, Trisha Patterson, Gusty Thomas, Alison Horne, and Rebecca Johnson.

mer for the first time and are not quite sure what to do with ourselves." John reports some formmate sightings: "Saw **Tom Dewey** and **Peter Paine** for lunch earlier this month. They remain unchanged, if not grayer. Dewey looks as if he never left his twenties and threatened me again not to tell SPS tales or publish any photos from my classified negative file. As you may or may not be aware, Tom has defied convention, market forces, and the odds and created what is considered one of (if not) the finest complex commercial litigation firms around. If you have committed securities fraud, engaged in white-collar crime, or otherwise transgressed in a significant way (or want to seek vengeance against someone who has), look no further. Paine, on the other hand, gabbed on about crew and how best to age grouse (hang it until the head falls off). He did not have to threaten me not to tell SPS tales, because his wife did so the last time I spoke to her."

Alan Murchie was ordained into the Sacred Order of Priests at St. Thomas Episcopal Church in New Haven, Conn. Reaching ordainment is a long and ardu-

ous process. Alan reports that "the esteemed (and elusive) **Nick McConnell**" was in attendance at the ceremony. Congratulations, Alan. Alan's ordination begs the question: Is he the Form's only priest? The only one who heeded the call heard at Chapel long ago? Any other religious or spiritual leaders among us? There is of course, **Ben Bidlack**, who clearly heeded the call to care about things that matter. Something of a high priest of conscious business and living, Ben blends Joe Campbell spirituality and the study of myth into his career as "brand-strategy consultant, strategic pot stirrer, music artist/producer, and public speaker." Ben lives in L.A., but travels a great deal. Check out his Ted Talk, "The Hero's Journey in Modern Life."

News from **Julie Mott Munger**, who sounds swell, is that she's living, teaching high school, raising two children, and surfing a lot (including groovy moonlight sessions) on the central coast of California: "My only SPS sighting since our last big reunion has been **Polly Boswell Wakeman**, who continues to inspire me with her amazing stand-up paddle board skills and

ski instructing and racing. We've tried to meet up every year – last summer in Rhode Island, and the spring before on Maui."

Ailsa Moseley and **Phil Cutting** were married in a beautiful beachside ceremony on March 6 at Palm Beach. Details were sketchy, but this much I do know: Phil is a terrific skier and used to live near me in Stowe. He's a serious aviator, pilot, and flight instructor. The wedding photos showed a glowing couple; Ailsa looked gorgeous. I ran into **Jarvis Slade** in February. Looking fit and happy, Jarvis lives in East Hampton, N.Y., and runs from there his finance business, which makes loans to residential housing entrepreneurs. He reports that he remains in close touch with the enigmatic **Dave Janney**.

By the end of March 2015, I will do something unlikely in the digital era – sell most of a newspaper and magazine company and do okay in the bargain. I've been fighting local Vermont battles as the publisher of my weeklies for almost two decades, while building a surprisingly viable business, and I wanted out. A good buyer came along for the company, which has grown to include two weeklies, two magazines, websites, and a strategic and successful marketing and sales partnership with seven papers in northern Vermont. The buyer, Robert Miller, who in his career at Time Inc. and later on his own, has employed several SPSers (**Perkins Miller '86** and **Mason Wells '80**, among them) owns weeklies in California. That's not the only Duke transition. Daughter **Ellie '11** graduates from Brown in May and son Angie will begin Middlebury in the fall. Next for Idoline and me? Stayed tuned.

1982

Trisha Patterson
trisha.patterson@foxnews.com

Jeffrey Pepper Rodgers writes: "I'm happy to share news of my new album, *Almost There*, which a number of SPS friends supported via Kickstarter. The album just won a Sammy Award (our regional music awards up here in Central New York) for Best Americana. People can hear the music on my website, jeffreypepperrodgers.com."

Elizabeth Schmitz writes: "Had a mini winter reunion with **Alice Coogan** and **Natalie Edmonds**. In my 20th year editing books at indie publisher Grove/Atlantic and celebrating a *New York Times* Top Ten Book of the Year with *Euphoria* by Lily King and a *New York Times* Best-seller *H is for Hawk* by Helen MacDonald."

Tina Pickering shares this news: "I have said goodbye to living on the SPS grounds for the second time in my life and am now working for another Hirschfeld – The Rt. Rev. Rob Hirschfeld, bishop of New Hampshire. I am living and working in downtown Concord, N.H., and still welcome all alumni visitors to give a call when passing through."

Trisha Patterson writes: "Gathered for dinner at **Nicole Gallagher's** house to celebrate the **Augusta Read Thomas** Portrait Concert at Miller Theatre of Columbia University, where her pieces, 'Selene,' 'Resounding Earth,' and 'Sun Threads' were performed."



St. Paul's School Alumni Association Annual Meeting and Awards Presentation in N.Y.C. (l. to r.) Rudy Scarito '82, Lauren McKenna '00, Peter Bostwick '74, and Perot Bissell '77.



A family photo submitted by Jonathan Gal '84.

1984

Jane Kalinski
jkalins@comcast.net

Jono Gal writes from Utah: "After our stint in North Texas, my wife, Angela, and I moved to Provo, Utah, to be closer to her parents and family. Our four children, ages 5 to 10, are all doing well in school here. They are all getting as much skating and skiing as possible, providing a good connection to my own upbringing, which otherwise seems very distant to me here in Utah. I am working as a construction laborer for some very active home flippers in the area. Though the pay

is rather modest by northeast standards, I am learning a great deal about house construction and also getting a lot of exercise as I work, which is helping me to lose unwanted extra pounds and get in shape. During my limited free time, I enjoy a plethora of outdoor activities here in the mountains of Utah, including hiking, biking, skiing, hunting, and fishing. Fresh trout from the pristine mountain lakes makes for a wonderful meal!"

1985

Don Sung
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www.sps.edu/1985

1987

Mona Gibson
monagibson5@gmail.com

Theodore Timpson: I am four years into my second school startup (School of Art and Science) in Silicon Valley (similar to a high-tech startup without the investors, stock options, and opportunities for a buyout). I guess it must be a labor of love. We have a happy little group of elementary-age children, who are learning mindfulness practices, stage performance, and inquiry-based explorations. Co-Director Julia is also my wife. Our

children, Mateo and Sophia, were among the first students. We all stopped by SPS last month amid the mounds of snow and I remembered how much I still love the place.

1989

Laura Munro
laura_munro@dpsk12.org

Matt Aston shares exciting news: "It is with great pride that I announce the release of my wife Wendie Aston's book, *Going Green Before You Conceive* (available on Createspace and Amazon). The book offers insights and wisdoms, recipes and detox schedules to help couples who are planning to have children or having difficulties doing so. In addition to discussing her own journey into motherhood and overcoming many obstacles of her own, she shows us just how dangerous the environment has become, what to avoid in our homes and bodies, and even how to choose the sex of your baby."



SPS friends gathered at the Harvard/Union hockey game included: Back row (l. to r.) Clay Yonce '82, Adam Snow '82; Jos Nicholas '83; Bobby Lapsley '83; Porter Gifford '82; front Row (l. to r.) Ben Scully '82, Tod Brainard '83.

1990

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

Marie Schley Morton shares exciting news: “I had the pleasure of designing the costumes for the TV series *Transparent*, which airs on Amazon Prime and won the Golden Globe for Best TV Comedy Series. The show depicts many different characters dealing with issues of personal identity, sexuality, and the social constructs around identity and gender. It’s also a really funny and realistic portrayal of a family living in Los Angeles. It was an exhilarating creative experience working with creator Jill Soloway and lead actor Jeffery Tambor and all the other writers, actors, and creative minds who make up the crew. It was especially exciting to be a part of something that broke creative and political barriers for both the LGBTQ community and television itself. I hope all those students at St. Paul’s who want



Julien and Armand, children of Arnaud Jerome '90.



Jamie Douglass '94 married Rachael Lawrence last June.

to be recognized and acknowledged for their true selves will watch the show. Check out my interview with MTV fashion on the ideas behind the clothes of *Transparent* at www.mtv.com/news/1962385/transparent-wardrobe-interview/.”

An update from **Anne Fulenwider**: “I’m currently living in Brooklyn with my husband, Bryan Blatstein, and our two kids, Evie (8) and Sam (6). In 2012, I became editor-in-chief of *Marie Claire* magazine, which reminds me a little bit of days at *The Pelican* and keeps me busy.”

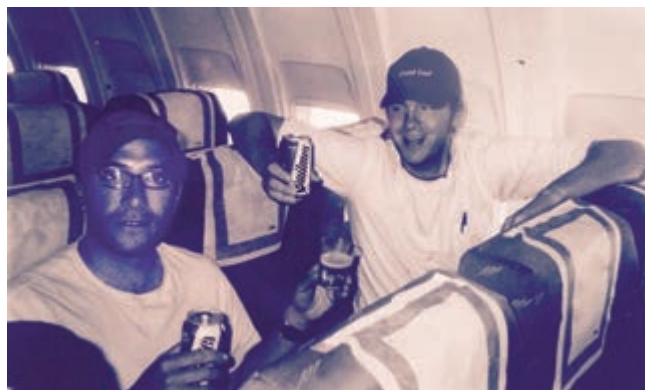
Becky Rush writes: “I had an exciting year teaching K–8 Spanish and French, while directing and performing for various theatre companies in Southern New Hampshire and the Boston area. I was honored as N.H. world language teacher of the year last spring.”

Seth Schelin shares: “I’m living in North London with my wife, Jennifer, and our five-year-old son and four-year-old daughter. Looks like we’re entrenched in this side of the pond for the long term. I work during the week in Berlin and Munich for a German Internet company and spend entirely too much time on Lufthansa. Hope to bring

some – if not all – of the family to see St. Paul’s this spring.”

Arnaud Jerome writes from Paris: “Thanks a million for your limitless efforts to get info from us foreign formmates lost in the furthest reaches of Earth. I was at St Paul’s for a year only, as a Weicker Scholar – a French guy sent to SPS for a year, all expenses paid, thanks to the generosity of a great woman called Elisabeth Weicker, who wanted to build strong experience- and emotion-based ties between our two countries. For more than 25 years, I have kept in touch with **Anthony Arther '89**, who was my next door neighbor in Center Upper. Anthony travels extensively for work and visits me in Paris on a

regular basis. Also, I have kept in touch with SPS through the AASPS, the association gathering French Weicker SPS alumni and now running the Weicker Scholarship. Last week we had a Skype meeting with **Alessia Carega '95** from SPS admissions. I married Isabelle, a vet, in 2002, and we have three children (all boys), including twins. Workwise, today I am a language coordinator and lecturer at a French graduate school that trains students in the arts of design and engineering here in Paris. Particular thanks to **Megan Scott** for her tireless efforts in liaising with us and organizing reunions. Would really love to visit SPS again in the near future. Fingers crossed.”



Formmates Ned Rauch '94 and Tim Wallack '94 savor a cold one 30,000 feet above Argentina.



Courtney Dunleavy and Owen Weiman '96 celebrated their wedding with SPS friends (l. to r.): Max Lamont '96, Lloyd Walmsley '96, Joe Zorumski '95, Jason Angell '95, Vittorio Cottafavi '95, Julia Sortwell Cottafavi '01, the groom and bride, Andy Bay '95, Nick Cohen, and Mike Getz.

John McLean writes: "Still living in the D.C. area. If you are ever in town, let's get together (john.mclean@yahoo.com)."

Annie Luetkemeyer shares: "I am living in the San Francisco Bay Area with my husband, Ben, and two children, Louisa (10) and Nate (8). We have two dogs, a minivan, the whole suburban thing. It's funny to be raising true Californians – no concept of snow days, humidity, or real seasons, but it's a great place to live and raise a family. I still work at San Francisco General in the HIV division, taking care of patients and doing research in tuberculosis and hepatitis C. Looking forward to our 25th."

Katy Lederer is living with her husband, Ben Statz, in Park Slope (N.Y.). Her twins, Isaac and Zoe, just turned two.

Charles Buice writes: "I work for a place called Tiger Foundation, which partners with N.Y.C. nonprofit human service organizations involved in the education, employment, child welfare, youth development, family support, and criminal justice sectors. We provide funding and technical assistance to organizations working with individuals and families in low-income communities across the five boroughs. I live

in Brooklyn with my wife, Jen, and our daughter, Meleana (11), and son, Will (8), and a dog."

What is **David Brownstein** up to? "Still in the Foreign Service and still in Washington D.C., until July, when we will decamp to Yaounde, Cameroon, for three years. Visitors welcome. We will have gorillas and do not have guerrillas. Have seen a fair amount of **Sam von Trapp** up in Stowe. In a moment of insanity, we bought a 1970s-era, fondue-palace-style A-frame chalet in Stowe (also available for rent). Have seen some (but not enough) of **Ali-cia Narvaez** and her awesome family, who live nearby here in Virginia. Looking forward to Anniversary and seeing folks. Will be my first time in Millville since 1990."

Alicia Narvaez writes us: "I'm working for Sesame Workshop and living the hectic but 'oh-so-glamorous' life of a working parent with a second-grader, kindergartener, and preschooler in the mix. My husband, Aaron, and I live just outside of D.C. Have been scheming on reunion plans with **Amy Turnbull**, **Anne Friedrich**, **Connor Turnbull**, and David Brownstein. Can't wait!"

1994

Chris Gates
iamchrisgates@hotmail.com

I've had the fortune to see a number of formmates over the last few months, including **Taylor Plimpton**, **Benjy Federbush**, **Phil Warner**, **Ned Rauch**, **Tim Wallack**, **Alison Devine** and **Danielle Faris** at a recent SPS event in New York as well as **Dana Goodyear** and **Rupert Sandes** on the West Coast. I'm in the process of moving to a new house as my boys have destroyed the last one and currently cooking up plans with a few others from '94 in various parts of the country. Hope everyone has a wonderful spring."

From **Emily Gumper**: "I moved a little over a year ago to Portland, Ore., from Billings, Mont., with my husband, Mike, and three kids, Ella (12), August (9), and Charlie (3). I just opened a solo law practice and plan to focus, at least initially, on immigration law. We are loving Portland and enjoy getting together with **Sally Wilber** (now Webster) and her wonderful family. I was sorry to miss the reunion last summer and hope to make the 25th."

From **Husani Barnwell**: "I'm currently an associate creative director and art director at an ad agency called BBDO Atmosphere Proximity. Outside of the agency, I created a partnership between the Wounded Warrior Project and Harley Davidson with my ACD copywriter partner, Jason Lambert. And last, **Charles Best '98**, **Dahni-El Giles '99** and I are doing a relay for the New York City Triathlon in July for a nonprofit called ScriptEd, which strives to provide underserved kids with coding skills and professional experience in technology."

From **Jo Horn**: "I'm living in Ann Arbor, Mich., with husband Aaron and son Oscar (3), with a baby girl on the way. Spend my days inspired by leading a national cancer research foundation, my nights playing music in an all-girl rock band and teaching yoga. Life is full and good and fun."

Josiah Hornblower has moved back to his birthplace, Austin, Texas. He'd love to hear from anyone coming through town (which I can personally validate, having had a great night out with him and his wife).

From **Anne Stires**: "I founded Juniper Hill School (www.juniperhillschool.org) for place-based education at my grand-



Ford William Gordon was born on December 28, 2014, to Sam Gordon and Patti Lin '96.



Max, son of Elise Loehnen Fissmer '98, is quite the little artist.



Annabelle Drabick Haffajee, daughter of Rebecca Haffajee '98 and husband J.R. Drabick.



Allison Dailey '99 welcomed daughter Ferra Dailey Lasala in August 2014.

mother's former home and 40-acre piece of forest/field/estuarine riverfront property in Alna, Maine. We have both a nature-based early childhood program for children ages 3-6 and a place-based elementary school, serving students ages 6-10. We are in our fourth year and have been adding an age level each year. We have nearly 50 students and are fully enrolled this year, with a waiting list in every class for next year (full with 65 students for next year, pre-K to fifth grade). Our board of trustees is a fantastic mix of development folks, educators, policy people, and local leaders. I live with my husband, Jon, and nine-year-old son, Eben."

Rocio Ocampo-Giancola writes: "I have been enjoying parenting my two darling girls and racing the kids between ballet and Shaolin Kung Fu. Lily was the youngest performer at the Downtown Chinese Festival. I was a proud momma. On the

professional side, I have become more involved with the clinical training and supervision of marriage and family interns from San Diego State at an autism spectrum site, where we provide therapy services to children, teens, families, and couples on the spectrum. I continue to provide therapy from a postmodern perspective in my private practice and am discovering my love and passion to provide services to families who have children with disabilities."

Jamie Douglass shares: "Got married to Rachael Lawrence last June. We have a son arriving soon. Been ultra-busy drumming in L.A., with tons of amazing live shows, plus recording with Shooter Jennings, Billy Ray Cyrus, Julie Roberts, The Hang, and many other bands/artists. More info at drumsetartist.com."

1995

Nick Van Amburg
nvanamburg@gmail.com
www.sps.edu/1995

1996

Emily Brands
emilychangbrands@gmail.com

Lloyd Walmsley welcomed the adorable Anne Campbell Walmsley into his world last August. **Jessica Martin Hayne**

welcomed David Martin Hayne on March 10. He joins siblings Adelaide (7), Henry (5), Rosemary (3), and Dorothy (2). **Alana Pietragallo Bedoya** welcomed her first child, Ricardo "Breuer" Bedoya, in November and is in her final year of residency at Penn State. **Patti Lin** also welcomed her first, Ford William Gordon, in December and is enjoying life in Baltimore with her husband, Sam, and chocolate lab, Filly. **Owen Weiman** married Courtney Dunleavy last September. **Emily Chang Brands** and family will be in D.C. for a year, starting in September, and would love to connect with any and all Paulies.

1997

Amy singer
ameliasinger1@gmail.com

Stuart Russell shares: "My wife, Marley, and I are expect-

ing our second child in August/September. This time it's a girl."

1998

Rebecca Haffajee and husband J.R. Drabick welcomed their second child, Annabelle "Annie" Drabick Haffajee, in December. Writes Rebecca, "We are enjoying a lot of quality time indoors, given all the snow in Boston. And Sam just loves being an older brother."

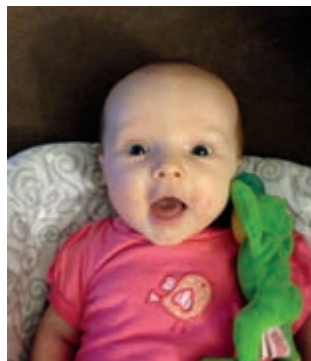
1999

Ben Bleiman
benny.bleiman@gmail.com

Joshua Resnikoff reports: "Emet turns two this year and has a baby brother due at the end of June. Left Wyss Institute at Harvard to focus full-time at Cuppow. Also acting as editor for Labconscious, an



Emet, daughter of Joshua Resnikoff '99.



Margaret Claire Dobson was born on January 6, 2015, to Caitlin Farr Dobson '99.



Tracy Catlin '99 and husband Gabriel Alvarez welcomed a baby girl, Mia Isabel Alvarez.



SPS friends celebrate the safe return from Afghanistan of John Cronin '08. Back (l. to r.) Trent Blossom '08, Andrew Peabody '08, Corey McGrath '08, John Cronin '08, Fred Vennat '08, Jason Bourgea '08; front (l. to r.) Tyler O'Brien '07, and Charles Vennat '07.

open community that allows scientists from all disciplines to ask questions, exchange ideas, and highlight ways that we can decrease the environmental footprint of basic research."

Trevor Wommack shares: "I was elected as a partner at Bracewell & Giuliani LLP in February."

Soohyun Chang writes: "My office has built a project, Knot House, that is now a finalist for an architectural magazine award. It's open for a public vote online."

Tracy Catlin shares baby news: "My husband and I had a baby girl on February 16. Her name is Mia Isabel Alvarez and she weighed 7 lbs., 11 oz. and measured 20 inches. We have been living in New York and I work at Lenox Hill Hospital, where I am an attending physician in the Emergency Department."

Allison Dailey welcomed daughter Ferra Dailey Lasala, born last August at Mount Sinai in New York City. Ferra weighed in at 5 lbs., 14 oz.

Margaret (Maggie) Claire Dobson was born on January 6, 2015, to **Caitlin Farr Dobson**. Maggie weighed 7 lbs., 6 oz., and measured 20 inches long.

2000

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

News from **Elizabeth Farwell**: After teaching in Philadelphia public and charter schools since 2004, she is now approaching education reform from the side of policy. A current master's of education policy student at the University of Pennsylvania, she and a classmate won the 2014 Philadelphia Public Policy competition and are working to implement the program with the local school district. Elizabeth is working as a research fellow with Philadelphia City Council and teaching at a local high school.

2005

Lizzie Mills
elizabethalabamamills@gmail.com
www.sps.edu/2005



Members of the Form of 2010 who gathered for dinner in Washington, D.C., recently included (l. to r.) Deane Schofield, Hanna Helms, Calla Chase, Zoe Williams, Pieter Fossel, and Charles Rice.

2008

Diego Nuñez
diego.h.nunez@gmail.com

John Cronin was celebrated at the Eastwood Club in Fitchburg, Mass., by SPS formmates for his return from Afghanistan. He is an Infantry Officer with the U.S. Army, stationed in Ft. Hood, Texas.

2010

Deane Schofield
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www.sps.edu/2010

2014

Tekla Monson
mmonson@wesleyan.edu

Nicholas Romanov is studying at Northeastern University, pursuing his chemical engineering degree, and will be participating in a chemical engineering research exchange at Universitat Rovira i Virgili for 10 weeks in Tarragona, Spain, beginning in May. He'll be working on self-assembling polymers for novel proton transport membranes.



Tekla Monson '14 with Tom Whipple '11 in Fairbanks, Alaska, after Tom hitched a ride out to a trailhead for a spring break skiing trip.

DECEASED

The section was updated May 1, 2015. Please note that deaths are reported as we receive notice of them. Therefore, alumni dates of death are not always reported chronologically.

1939—Robert Willard Flint

April 28, 2013

1944—Frank Hutchison Peavey Wells II

December 20, 2014

1947—William Henry Hays III

February 25, 2015

1947—Edward Sawyer

October 13, 2012

1948—Joseph Gazzam Clarkson

February 27, 2015

1952—Perry Lorimer Burns

February 28, 2015

1953—Frederic Clinton Reynolds Jr.

March 23, 2015

1953—John Downey Soutter

April 4, 2015

1956—Morris “Mickey” Lloyd Jr.

March 16, 2016

1960—Alan Lyle Corey III

April 3, 2015

1965—Henry Douglas Cox

March 18, 2015

1968—Lloyd William Fonvielle Jr.

February 19, 2015

1986—Margery Lawrence

“Laurie” Henneman

July 27, 2014



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1939

Thomas Jones Hilliard Jr.



a businessman and World War II veteran, who dedicated his life to bettering his hometown of Pittsburgh, Pa., died in his sleep on January 29, 2015. He was 94.

Born in Fox Chapel, a suburb of Pittsburgh, Mr. Hilliard was the son of Thomas J. Hilliard of the Form of 1913 and Marianna Talbott Hilliard. He came to St. Paul's School in 1935, following in the footsteps of his father, and uncle, Henry R. Hilliard of the Form of 1910.

He participated in football and hockey for Delphian, crew for Halcyon, and alpine skiing. He was also a member of the School Council, the Missionary Society, and the Glee Club. He served as a supervisor.

Mr. Hilliard attended Princeton, where he studied business and finance. He joined the Army Air Corps after graduation and, at the end World War II, returned to Pittsburgh, where he became a prominent businessman and devoted philanthropist.

Mr. Hilliard's business ventures included ownership of American Steel in Ellwood City, Pa., and Keystone Brassworks in Erie, Pa. In addition to his business pursuits, he served as chairman of the board for Shadyside Hospital, Chatham University, the Frick Art Museum, and the American Respiratory Alliance. He was also a board member for the Carnegie Hero Fund, the Pittsburgh Golf Club, and the Dollar Savings Bank and a vestry member and senior warden at Calvary Episcopal Church.

Married to Audrey Hillman Hilliard for 63 years, Mr. Hilliard liked mixing family life and civic life, according to the obituary that ran in the *Pittsburgh Tribune-Review*. He often brought one of his five children along with him to special events or projects, including voter outreach efforts.

Mr. Hilliard was predeceased in 2011 by his wife, Audrey. He is survived by a sister and brother-in-law, Elsie and Henry Hillman; five children, Thomas J. Hilliard III, Constance C. Hilliard, Elsie H. Humes, Peggy H. Martin, and James F. Hilliard, and their spouses; 11 grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

1944

Frank Hutchison “Peavey” Wells II

who founded a newspaper in his adopted home of New Mexico and was known for his varied talents and interests, died on December 20, 2014. He was 88.

Mr. Wells was born on August 7, 1926, in Los Angeles, Calif., to Frank H.P. Wells and Helen Mary (Yost) de la Chesnaye. He was raised in Excelsior, Minn., where he played hockey, rode horses, learned to garden, and loved the outdoors. He attended the Blake School in Minneapolis before entering St. Paul's School as a Third Former in 1940.

At SPS, Mr. Wells was known as a hard worker and an honest and reliable boy. He played football and hockey for Old Hundred, competed on the track team, participated in the Glee Club, and was a member of Der Deutsche Verein.

After graduation, he volunteered for the American Field Service in World War II, serving as a medic in Burma. Upon his return from service, he attended Yale. In the late 1940s, having fallen in love with the Sangre de Cristo Mountains and the people of New Mexico after a visit to Taos, Mr. Wells decided to make the state his permanent home. He co-founded the *Taos Star*, a weekly newspaper with articles in both English and Spanish, with John de la Chesnaye. Mr. Wells gifted a subscription to St. Paul's for Spanish teachers to use as reading material in their classrooms. The newspaper was later sold.

Mr. Wells was a member of the Lion's Club in Taos and in Tucson, where he served as president. He was also a member of the Kiwanis Club and the Order of the Eagles. In 2010, he was named an unsung hero by the *Taos News* for his longtime commitment to community service.

A world traveler who loved skiing – which he continued well into his 80s, Mr. Wells also enjoyed a lifelong obsession with hockey and listening to a variety of music, from classical to jazz to mariachi. He was a patron of the arts, a gifted writer, and an avid reader, especially on the history of New Mexico. He enjoyed good conversation and possessed a wonderful sense of humor.

Mr. Wells was predeceased by his parents, his aunt, Mary Drew Peavey Staples, his uncle, Loring Staples Sr., and his cousins, Frederick B. Wells Jr. and Loring Staples Jr. He is survived by his children, Frank H.P. Wells III, Mary Penny Shannen, Katherine Chavez, Mary Ann Wells-Williams, Frank Wells IV, and their spouses; and his grandchildren, step-grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, with whom he shared close relationships.

1947 William Henry Hays III



will be remembered as a quiet and devoted man, who loved the sea and was passionate about helping others. Mr. Hays died on February 25, 2015, at the age of 84.

He was born in New York City on March 24, 1930, to William Henry Hays Jr. and Elizabeth Whiting Hays. Mr. Hays and his younger brother, F. Whiting Hays '52, spent their summers fishing with their parents in Morrisville, Vt.

He came to St. Paul's as a Third Former from Greenwich Country Day School in Connecticut. At SPS, he was a member of the Glee Club, the Cadmean Literary Society, and the Library Association. He rowed with Halcyon and played football, baseball, and hockey for Delphian. He graduated *cum laude* and went on to Yale, where he belonged to York Fraternity. Mr. Hays served in the Mediterranean as an active-duty deck officer in the U.S. Navy from 1951 to 1954. He attended Harvard Law School, graduating in 1957.

That was also the year he married his first wife, Katharine Heard, who died in 1970. The couple had two daughters, Katharine and Elizabeth.

Mr. Hays married Lucile Thornton Walker in New York City in 1971. They moved to Nantucket in 1974, after falling in love with the views on the island. After touring their future property, Mr. Hays asked his wife, "Can you live here for good?" Looking over at the dilapidated farmhouse, she replied, "Well, I guess we can try it." Decades later, they were still enjoying their beautiful home and the views it afforded of creeks, the harbor, and Brant Point Lighthouse.

For 25 years, Mr. Hays was a partner in the Nantucket-based law firm of Holmes and Hays (later, Holmes, Hays, and Fitzgerald). He was quite devoted to the firm, often working 12 hours a day and six days a week, but he did find time to play golf, tend his vegetable garden, and enjoy the island.

The family also enjoyed time on Spring Island in South Carolina, where Mrs. Hays's family wintered. There they played golf and hunted ducks and quail.

Mr. Hays was a member of the board of governors and past secretary of the Nantucket Yacht Club and a member of the board of trustees, secretary, and legal counsel for the Sankaty Head Golf Club. He also served on the vestry of St. Paul's Church for many years.

One of the strongest ties for Mr. Hays was to the Nantucket Cottage Hospital. He joined the board of trustees there in the late 1970s and was secretary of the board and chairman of its nominating committee for several years. Although he retired as a trustee in 1997, he remained active as a corporator until 2009 and served as a founding member of both the advisory council and the patient advisory council from 2009 to 2012. He remained active in promoting the hospital until his death.

Mr. Hays is survived by his wife, Lucile; his daughters, Katharine Hays McBride and Elizabeth Hays Carroll; his four grandchildren, Elizabeth McBride Ford, Samantha Hays McBride, William Walker Carroll, and Emily Hays Carroll; and his brother, F. Whiting Hays '52.

1947 Malcolm Douglas MacDougall



a legendary advertising copywriter, whose slogan "just for the taste of it" sold millions of Diet Cokes, died from complications of bone cancer on October 31, 2014, in New

York City's Lenox Hill Hospital. He was 86 and had divided his time between Manhattan and Lakeville, Conn.

Born on August 21, 1928, in Brattleboro, Vt., Mr. MacDougall attended Garden Country Day School in Jackson Heights, N.Y., before enrolling at St. Paul's. He also spent a year of his high school education at the Berkshire School in Sheffield, Mass.

Mr. MacDougall graduated from Harvard in 1952 with a degree in English, soon thereafter launching his lifetime career with a Boston posting at BBDO, the famous ad agency.

"I was still in Harvard, and I was working on *The Lampoon*, had written the Hasty Pudding show," he explained in his usual droll manner during a 2003 *Adweek* interview.

"A guy named Frank Hatch, who was the dean of Boston advertising, was also a Hasty Pudding guy and a Harvard guy. I sent up everything I had written that year, and he was too busy to read it, so he hired me. I wanted to be in some form of writing that would actually pay, and copywriting pays more per word than anything in the world – except ransom notes, as somebody once said."

Mr. MacDougall's ad debut, a live pitch for Polaroid cameras on the *Today* show, was a near-disaster, he explained in the *Adweek* interview, when the photo of host Dave Garroway's monkey pal, J. Fred Muggs, didn't appear from the instant camera as it should have. "They had rigged the camera so there was already a good picture there," Mr. MacDougall confessed, but, when no photo was to be found, Garroway said, "Well, the great thing about this camera is, if it doesn't come out the first time you see it, you can shoot it again."

"Then," Mr. MacDougall said, "he took a real picture of J. Fred Muggs, and it came out beautifully. It turned out to be one of the best lessons I ever had in the advertising industry: Honesty beats out fakery every time."

Among Mr. MacDougall's significantly more successful attempts over his long career were ad slogans that reverberated with an eager public, such as Revlon's "She's very Charlie" and Burger King's "It takes two hands to handle a Whopper."

In developing an approach for Coca-Cola's new diet drink, "MacDougall analyzed 17 years of diet-product advertising before concluding that Coca-Cola had an opportunity to exploit a new market," according to his obituary in the *Los Angeles Times*.

"The advertisers he studied 'only wanted to characterize diet drinks as something very special for women only,' he told *Adweek* in 1990. He decided to emphasize taste over health benefits to tap the male market.

"The 'just for the taste of it' TV commercial, which ran in 1982 and featured the Rockettes on stage at Radio City Music Hall, is considered one of the most successful product launches in history."

Turning briefly to politics in 1976, Mr. MacDougall coined the phrase "Vote Republican for a change," when brought in late for President Gerald Ford's campaign to hold onto his office against challenger Jimmy Carter. He eventually wrote a memoir of the effort, *We Almost Made It*. Later he abandoned campaign advertising and his political affiliation.

"I was always a liberal Republican," he said in the 2003 *Adweek* interview, "and there aren't such animals anymore. Political advertising now is the cheapest, chintziest, dirtiest, crookedest advertising being done in America."

In more recent years, a frequent and obvious question for Mr. MacDougall was how accurately the AMC show *Mad Men* depicts his industry.

"The booze, the sex, the cigarettes, the suits, the haircuts, the harassment, the office politics, the 'we own the world' attitude – even the offices – are absolutely dead-on true," he wrote.

However, he continued, *Mad Men* makes us all look like crass, sex-crazed idiots. In real life, we were better than that. We took the job of selling our clients' products very seriously – and we were pretty damn good at it."

At age 77, in his contribution to a report for his Harvard class, he wrote, "I'm now finishing a novel, writing a book of golf poems, a partner in a speech-writing firm, as well as our agency, and am just too damn busy to retire."

At the time of his death Mr. MacDougall was a principal at Prides Crossing Strategic Writers Group, a communications consulting company in New York.

"He was upbeat and one of the best creative talents I've ever seen," former colleague Ed Eskandarian told the *Globe*. "He had such great instincts, and clients loved him."

"He was writing up until a week before he died," his son, Malcolm Jr., of Dobbs Ferry, N.Y., told the *Boston Globe's* Bryan Marquard for his father's obituary. "He was writing copy and working. To me, that's amazing."

Mr. MacDougall, whose 1951 marriage to Joan Wheelock ended in divorce after 20 years, married Mary Maltby Catlin in 1976. In addition to his wife and son, survivors include daughter Leslie Hoff of Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.; stepdaughter Camilla Catlin Sorenson, of New York City; two stepsons, Sam Catlin, of Hollywood, Calif., and George Catlin of Austin, Tex.; and 11 grandchildren.

1949 David Walker Plumer



a kind and compassionate man with a quick wit, died on August 30, 2014, in Woodstock, New Brunswick. He was 83.

Reverend Plumer was born in Tientsin, China, in 1931, but grew up in Ann Arbor, Mich., with his parents, James Plumer of the Form of 1917 and Caroline (Ingham) Plumer, his sister, Gussie, and his brother, Langdon. From infancy to young adulthood, he crossed the Pacific five times by steamship with his parents.

Reverend Plumer attended St. Paul's from the Second through Fifth Forms, but graduated from the Tokyo American School in Japan. He recalled Chapel fondly and claimed the School gave him a "good theological education base." He was unable to participate in sports because of a bad back, but Reverend Plumer distinguished himself as "a boy of high integrity and considerable independence of thought."

He earned his B.A. in geology from the University of Michigan in 1954 and his M.Div. from Berkeley Divinity School in 1959. Raised in a religious and community-focused family, Reverend Plumer was interested in the church from a young age. At the end of the Korean conflict, he served two years in Panama, where he met and married his wife, Conway Maphis, who was a nurse. The couple raised four children, while doing missionary work overseas.

Ordained as a priest in the Episcopal Church while in Panama, Reverend Plumer returned to the U.S., splitting time between Maryland, Tennessee, and Michigan, before moving to Newfoundland, Canada, where he spent 13 years with the Anglican Church. Reverend and Mrs. Plumer, a visiting nurse to the fishing outposts along the coast, were much loved by the people in their adopted community.

Reverend Plumer had an infectious gift for talking with people, but knew when to sit in silence, console, or share his humor. He fit in well with the locals, savoring the “poor man’s caviar” his wife made from the local catch, and dancing along to Newfie folk music at the local dances. He enjoyed a good drink on occasion and once, when a fisherman took him out on his boat to see an iceberg, he remarked, “think of the scotch on the rocks one would make with that ancient ice!”

Reverend Plumer enjoyed visits to the family farm on Stowe Mountain in Hillsborough, N.H. The Plumers retired to Hartland, New Brunswick, in 1995. He became a Canadian citizen in 2005. Reverend Plumer was active with veterans groups, including the Kiwanis Club. His hobbies, including working on antique phonographs and re-caning chairs, kept him happily out of the modern world. He was an active genealogist and encouraged his children to look for their family roots in overgrown cemeteries, town halls, and libraries. He stayed busy with the church even after retirement, but enjoyed that he only had to rise early on Sundays in later years. He corresponded faithfully with members of the St. Paul’s community throughout his life and traveled often for reunions and to visit his children and their families.

In summarizing his life shortly before he died, Reverend Plumer said he “moved 17 times, worked a seven-day week and many 14-hour days, gave to my churches, saved a few souls, kept up with a few classmates, enjoyed life, and now have slowed down.”

Reverend Plumer was predeceased by his wife, Conway Maphis, and his sister, Gussie Wiess. He is survived by his children, Caroline Barkaszi, Clarissa Canning, Marshall Plumer, and Charles Plumer and their families; his brother, Langdon Plumer; nine grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

1952 Perry Lorimer Burns



of Gulf Stream, Fla., and Greenwich, Conn., died peacefully, surrounded by his family and his beloved Labrador, Stryker, on February 28, 2015, after a battle with Lewy body disease. He was 79.

Born on April 10, 1935, in New York City, he was the son of Maryella Warner and David P. Burns. Mr. Burns grew up in Larchmont, N.Y., preparing for SPS at Rye Country Day School. He joined his brother, Peter '50, at the School. Mr. Burns was a member of the Missionary Society and wrote for *Horae Scholasticae*. He excelled in athletics, particularly, basketball and baseball.

Mr. Burns remembered his time in Millville just before his 50th reunion, writing, “St. Paul’s gave me an excellent education, a creed centered more on the Golden Rule than on strict religious beliefs, several lifelong friends, and a deep appreciation of friendship.”

Mr. Burns graduated *cum laude* from SPS, and joined the Class of 1956 at Princeton, where he was a member of the University Cottage Club. He served two years in the U.S. Navy as a lieutenant (junior grade) aboard the mine sweeper *U.S.S. Fearless*, mostly in the Mediterranean. After his honorable discharge, he worked in sales in the family coal business, but ultimately spent his career on Wall Street, having joined institutional equity sales at First Boston in 1959. He remained there until 1967, before moving on to Faulkner, Dawkins & Sullivan. Mr. Burns eventually shifted his focus to fixed income research and created “Bondstat,” a predictor of corporate bond rating changes. He survived several mergers and finished his career as an executive vice president and director of fixed income research at Lehman Brothers in 1990.

After his retirement, Mr. Burns spent six years as a volunteer and board member with Literary Volunteers of America of Greenwich/Stamford. In 1994, he joined the Greenwich Council and became a board member and Cub Scout leader for Boy Scouts of America. He co-chaired the annual Boys Scouts golf tournament for nearly 20 years, raising more than \$20 million. In 2003, he received the Greenwich District Award of Merit and in 2011 the distinguished Silver Beaver, the highest award given to a volunteer.

Mr. Burns was a family man with a sense of humor. He loved golf, fishing, bird shooting, and gardening. He was a lifelong member of the Round Hill Club in Greenwich and a member of Club Limited for more than 45 years.

Mr. Burns is survived by his wife of 30 years, Joan Blissert; his four children, Lorimer '80, Perry Jr., Samantha, and Robert; five grandchildren; his brother's sons and five sisters-in-law, and their families. He was predeceased by his parents and two brothers, David and Peter '50, and his first wife, Linda Fulton.

1952 Theodore Stark Wilkinson III



a diplomat, fluent in many languages, who distinguished himself as a true citizen of the world long before the global era, died on January 25, 2015, in Washington, D.C.

He was 80 years old.

Born on August 27, 1934, the son of Admiral Theodore Wilkinson (1905) and Catherine Harlow Wilkinson, Mr. Wilkinson enrolled at St. Paul’s School as a Third Former in the fall of 1948. His leadership skills were evident even at a young age. He received high marks in academics, participated in numerous sports and activities, including hockey, squash, and alpine skiing, and was a member of the debate team and the Cum Laude Society. He served as treasurer of the Library Association. He was named a Ferguson Scholar as a Fourth Former, an honor that held particular meaning, as

his father, who died in an accident when Mr. Wilkinson was 11, had earned the same distinction.

Mr. Wilkinson believed his years at St. Paul's School equipped him with the necessary mettle to achieve his goals in life. "SPS life was much more Spartan than most high school students experienced in U.S.," he wrote in a reunion questionnaire. "I think it instilled discipline and mental toughness that served many of us well later."

Mr. Wilkinson attended Yale, where he earned a degree in political science. He served as an officer in the U.S. Navy from 1956 to 1961, before joining the Foreign Service. He received his master's in international relations from George Washington University in 1964.

For the next 35 years, Mr. Wilkinson held a variety of diplomatic assignments in Latin America and Europe, including Venezuela, Sweden, Brussels, Mexico, Honduras, and Brazil. An arms control expert, he was a member of the U.S. delegation to the Conference on Disarmament in Geneva during the 1960s, the U.S. mission to NATO in Brussels from 1970 to 1974, and the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe from 1975 to 1976. He served on the drafting group that prepared the chapter of the Helsinki Declaration on Military Security and Confidence Building Measures, was director of Nuclear Technology and Safeguards from 1986 to 1989, and co-chaired bilateral nuclear commissions with the Republic of Korea, Taiwan, Egypt, Indonesia, and the Soviet Union. He spoke Spanish, French, Portuguese, German, and Swedish and wrote engaging articles about his adventures and misadventures in foreign service. He served on the ambassadorial-level, four-nation Guarantor Support Commission, which helped reach a 1998 accord to end a bloody, long-running border dispute between Peru and Ecuador.

Mr. Wilkinson was elected president of the American Foreign Service Association in 1989 and was a strong advocate for the role of America's professional diplomatic service. He remained an active board member after his retirement and chaired the editorial board of the *Foreign Service Journal* from 2005 to 2011.

Even as he traveled the world, Mr. Wilkinson remained fond of his St. Paul's roots, giving generously and attending alumni events. "He was always very loyal to his schools," said his wife, Xenia Vunovic Wilkinson, a retired foreign service officer.

After his retirement, Mr. Wilkinson continued to teach, write, and consult. He chaired a new course on the U.S.-Mexican border at the Foreign Service Institute for officers being sent to high-risk consulates in Northern Mexico and government professionals working on key border issues. He contributed frequently to the online journal *American Diplomacy*, on whose board he served, and chaired the Membership Committee of the Washington Institute of Foreign Affairs.

Mr. Wilkinson enjoyed racquet sports, sailing, and bridge and was a member of the Chevy Chase and Metropolitan Clubs and the Society of the Cincinnati.

Along with his wife, Mr. Wilkinson is survived by three children, Rebecca, Jennifer, and Julia; four grandchildren, Maxwell and Madeline Rose Wilkinson, and Christopher and Ian Schiffgens; and a sister, Joan Susannah Sadler. He was predeceased by his son, Theodore S. Wilkinson IV.

1953 John Downey Soutter



who spent his career in business management and delighted in his time outside of work training for competitive marathons, died on Saturday, April 4, 2015, in Burlington, Vt., following a brief hospitalization. He was 79 years old.

Born in New York City on August 10, 1935, Mr. Soutter was the son of James Taylor Soutter and Sarah Louise Downey. He grew up in Rye, N.Y., where he attended Rye Country Day School, before enrolling at St. Paul's as a Second Former in the fall of 1948. Mr. Soutter followed his maternal grandfather, John I. Downey of the Form of 1893, to the School. At SPS, Mr. Soutter played football and hockey for Isthmian,

rowed with Shattuck, and was a member of the Library Association and the Cadmean Literary Society. He sang with the Choir and Glee Club and served as a chapel warden and as a supervisor in Brewster House.

Mr. Soutter went on to Princeton University, where he was a member of the Ivy Club and the Princeton crew. He earned his A.B. in 1957. That same year, he was married to Julie Hattersley. The marriage ended in divorce. He was later married to Madora Cooke.

Mr. Soutter spent his professional career in business and financial management, serving as treasurer then president of Inverness Management Corp., vice president of First National City Bank, treasurer for international business at Bristol-Myers, and senior vice president at Brown Harris Stevens.

A remarkable endurance athlete, Mr. Soutter ran his first Boston Marathon in 1964 and peaked at 12 competitive marathons in one year in the mid-1980s. He also ran several ultramarathons, including the 100k London to Brighton Challenge and the 89k Comrades Marathon in South Africa. He was still running regularly until a few days before his death.

A golfer and fisherman, Mr. Soutter was a member of many sporting clubs, including the Racquet and Tennis Club (which he served as president from 1980 to 1996), Piping Rock Club, the National Golf Links of America, and the Mid Ocean Club in Bermuda. He loved the Metropolitan Opera and held subscription seats for several decades, generously sharing them with friends and relatives.

Mr. Soutter took pride in his five children and in his lifetime commitment to physical fitness, an affinity he attributed to his time as an athlete and sportsman at St. Paul's.

Mr. Soutter is survived by his children, Lindsay Boyer, Amy Oxford, Lucy Soutter '86, Morgan Soutter '93, and Madora Soutter; his grandchildren, Alaina Roberts, Colby Soutter, Thomson Soutter, Violet Barber, and Madora Elliser; his siblings, Susanna Livingston, James T. Soutter Sr., and Robert Morgan Soutter; and his former wives, Julie Hattersley Righter and Madora Cooke Soutter.

1968 Lloyd William Fonvielle Jr



a writer, whose prolific career encompassed erudite essays on photography, screenplays for Hollywood, and free-wheeling short stories about the American West, died on February 19, 2015, at his apartment in Las Vegas, Nevada. He was 64 years old. The cause of death was hypertension and COPD, according to the Las Vegas coroner's office.

Mr. Fonvielle was born in Wilmington, N.C., on March 22, 1950. His father was an Episcopal minister and his mother a grammar school teacher. He grew up in North Carolina and Washington, D.C., where he attended St. Alban's School. He entered St. Paul's School as a Second Former in 1963. At St. Paul's, Mr. Fonvielle excelled in classics, and was honored with Latin Dickey Prizes as well as the Goodwin Classics Prize. Active in the arts, he performed in many Dramatic Club productions, shot his own scripted Super-8 movies, and avidly pursued an interest in still photography. He belonged to a number of extracurricular groups, including Le Cercle Français, which he served as secretary in his Sixth Form year. That same year, Mr. Fonvielle co-founded the Cinema Society, which screened Jean-Luc Godard's *Breathless* and other film masterpieces. He was a dependable participant in sports at the club level, playing Delphian hockey and lacrosse. Shortly before graduation in 1968, Mr. Fonvielle, along with Sixth Form president Rick King, wrote and disseminated "The Sixth Form Letter," a notoriously divisive document, which urged sweeping changes at the School, several of which, including co-education, were eventually adopted.

Held in high regard by his classmates for his intelligence, independence, and originality, Mr. Fonvielle received a prestigious John Jay National Scholarship to attend Columbia, but decided instead to go to Stanford, where he completed one year before dropping out to pursue his writing. In 1983, he married Toni Bentley, an author and a dancer with the New York City Ballet. They separated in 1992.

Mr. Fonvielle was a working writer in Hollywood for more than 20 years. His produced screenplays included *The Lords of Discipline* (1983), *The Bride* (1985) and *Gotham* (1988), starring Tommy Lee Jones and Virginia Madsen, which Mr. Fonvielle also directed. In 1996, he wrote *Little Surprises*, a 36-minute comedy directed by Jeff Goldblum, which earned an Academy Award nomination for Best Live Action Short. He was accorded story credit on the 1999 blockbuster *The Mummy* and on *Cherry 2000* (1985), which he also executive produced.

Among his writings on photography are the introduction to a book on the iconic photographer Walker Evans, published by Aperture, and the afterword to *Election Eve*, a book of photographs by William Eggleston, published by Cotty Chubb '67. Essays on ballet and a diversity of other subjects appeared in the *New York Times*, *Salon*, and *Slate*.

For 30 years, Mr. Fonvielle lived in New York City and Southern California, before relocating to Las Vegas in 2004. There he reinvented himself as a blogger and author of Western fiction. His blog, *Mardecortes-baja.com: A Journal of Visual Culture*, was a platform for his literate, highly opinionated, often irreverent views on popular culture, art, history, and religion, with the occasional vintage pin-up thrown in, attracting hundreds of thousands of page views.

Mr. Fonvielle was an early adopter of Amazon as a vehicle for publishing his noir novellas and Western short stories, which found an enthusiastic audience among discerning readers. He died at his writing desk – in other words, he died with his boots on.

In answer to an SPS questionnaire sent some years after his graduation, Mr. Fonvielle wrote, "St. Paul's taught me Latin and Greek, and introduced me to fellow students who became my strongest friends and artistic collaborators, providing me with a firm sounding board for my rebellious rhetoric."

Mr. Fonvielle is survived by his mother, Laura Roe Fonvielle; his sisters, Libba Marrian, Lee Rossi, Anna Gratale, and Roe Goch; and numerous nephews and nieces.

This obituary was prepared by Mr. Fonvielle's friend, Hugh McCarten '68.

1968 Michael Morgan



a devoted husband, adoring father, and enthusiastic member of the Form of 1968, died on February 6, 2015, in St. Louis, where he lived. The cause was a malignant brain tumor, glioblastoma multiforme. He was 64.

Mike Morgan was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on June 14, 1950, and arrived at St. Paul's as a Third Former in the fall of 1964. He lived in the Lower, where his room was a small alcove, with just a curtain for privacy. He made fast friends with fellow alcove-dwellers, and soon some of them formed a band, The Black Knights, for which Mike played keyboard. By Sixth Form, he had recorded an album with a second band, The Jazz Bag. In yet another band, The Loudest Noise in the World, Mike performed under a black light, in pants painted Day-Glo colors. He was always dashing, and always his own man.

At SPS, Mike was also a member of the Dramatic Club, Le Cercle Français, and the Poetry Society. He served as secretary of both the Concordian Literary Society and the Folk Society. He captained the Isthmian football and soccer teams, played tennis for Isthmian, and spent two years as a member of the SPS boxing team. He managed the SPS hockey team in 1967 and 1968. He was a National Merit finalist.

After graduation, Mike matriculated to Princeton University, where he continued to enjoy many of the friendships formed at St. Paul's. He was a member of the Class of 1972.

He began his career as a journalist in Boston. After four years, he enrolled in law school at Case Western Reserve in Cleveland. He graduated in 1979 and started a job at Bryan, Cave in St. Louis. The firm eventually sent him to Riyadh, London, and Hong Kong, where he opened an office in 1994. He returned to St. Louis in 1996, and continued to practice law and play piano as long as he was able.

In 1983, Mike married Mary Armstrong Goodyear. (A previous marriage to Lynn Dozier ended in divorce.)

Mike adored his St. Paul's friends and the camaraderie he found among them. For his 45th St. Paul's reunion in 2013, he started a new tradition for his form, a memorial service in the Old Chapel for members who had died. He played the organ at the inaugural service.

Mike was deeply loyal to those he loved, faintly rebellious toward what he didn't believe in, generous, passionate, and down-to-earth, a gentleman and an Everyman. He reveled in gratitude for his family and friends. He will be missed tremendously.

In addition to his wife, Mary, he leaves behind his sister, Martha Estes; his brother, Dixon Morgan; his daughter, Phoebe Morgan; his son, Nicholas Morgan; and his stepdaughters, Cameron Goodyear and Dana Goodyear '94; four grandchildren; and his beloved Westie, Isabel.

This tribute was written by Mr. Morgan's stepdaughter, Dana Goodyear '94.

1986 Margery Lawrence "Laurie" Henneman



professor and musician, wife and mother, died of complications from cancer on Sunday, July 27, 2014, at her home in Dillon, Montana. She was 46 years old.

Born July 9, 1968, in Hamilton, Ontario, Ms. Henneman was the youngest of three children and the only daughter of Margery Clifford Henneman and the late John Bell Henneman.

She grew up in Iowa City, Iowa, attending Herbert Hoover Elementary School and Southeast Junior High before enrolling as a Fourth Former at St. Paul's School in 1983. Ms. Henneman was a gifted scholar and musician, who played piano, oboe, and first saxophone in the SPS band. She also rowed with the varsity crew, played J.V. field hockey, and was an enthusiastic participant in technical theater, managing the stage lighting for many SPS productions.

After graduating with First Testimonials from St. Paul's, Ms. Henneman earned her A.B. in biology from Princeton in 1990, where she wrote songs for the Triangle Club, served as a drill master of the Princeton University band, rowed with the women's crew, and served in the Air Force ROTC program. She went on to earn a Ph.D. in ecology and evolutionary biology from the University of Arizona in 1997. Her postdoctoral research was done at the University of Bristol in England. During that period, she served for a time as a visiting scholar at the University of Hawaii, conducting field work on native insects in the Alakai Swamp on Kauai. When she was not studying, she paddled for a competitive women's outrigger ocean canoeing team.

In her professional life, Ms. Henneman was an entomologist and became an expert in the causes and consequences to ecosystems of invasive species. She received national attention in 2001 for her postdoctoral research on invasive species used in biocontrol. Most recently, she taught biology and music as an adjunct professor at the University of Montana Western in Dillon.

Ms. Henneman brought joy to her wide network of family and friends and was exceedingly loyal to those she knew and loved. She was a loving mother and devoted wife. She possessed a sharp wit and an easy and boisterous laugh. She was a lifelong fan of the Iowa Hawkeyes and the Pittsburgh Steelers.

A scientist first, Ms. Henneman gave life to her tremendous creativity and love for the natural world in the blending of art and science. She wrote and recorded a cycle of songs called "Ants of the Desert," enjoyed by entomologists all over the world, and used images in folk quilting of native insects of Hawaii. In recent years, she maintained a regular blog on matters of science, ethics, and her own experiences as a cancer patient in the American healthcare system.

Through it all, Ms. Henneman remained close to her childhood friends from Iowa City, classmates from Princeton, and many friends from the places she had lived, including her home town of Dillon.

Ms. Henneman is survived by her husband, Eric Dyreson; her daughter, Eleanor Dyreson; her mother and stepfather, Gerry Henneman and Bosley Crowther; her father-in-law, Del Dyreson; her brothers, Jack and Charlie, and their spouses, Kerry Rowden and Laurel Henneman; her brothers- and sisters-in-law Mark and Jodella Dyreson, Curt Dyreson and Jennifer Reeve, and Arn Dyreson and Davi Kanewa; and many, many friends.

COMMUNITY

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

SPS Alumni and Parents Reception, Artists for Humanity EpiCenter, *May 5*

CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Alumni Association Induction Dinner for the Form of 2015, St. Paul's School, *May 1*

NEW YORK CITY

Alumni Association Meeting & Awards Ceremony
The Millennium Broadway Hotel, *April 8*

NYC Pelicans Event: *The Heidi Chronicles*

The Music Box Theatre, *April 23*

Upcoming Events

BLUE HILL, MAINE

Community Reception, home of Mark Cluett '51
August 20

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Boston Pelicans Outing: Boston Red Sox vs. Atlanta Braves, Fenway Park, *June 15*

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Midwest Pelicans Event: Pre-Grateful Dead Concert Gathering, Palmer House Hotel, *July 5*

CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

SPS Sparks Neighborhood Day of Service
Pope Memorial SPCA/NH Audubon, *May 29*

Anniversary Weekend and Graduation

St. Paul's School, *May 29-31*

FISHERS ISLAND, NEW YORK

Community Reception, home of Thor Thors '78
August 15

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, MASSACHUSETTS

Community Reception, home of Burke Ross '69
August 6

PARIS

European SPS Alumni/Weicker Scholar Reception
TBD, *June 19*

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

LA Pelicans Reception: hosted by Ned Doubleday '81
Santa Barbara Polo & Racquet Club, *August 2*



Alumni Association Awards, NYC



The Heidi Chronicles, NYC



The Heidi Chronicles, NYC



Alumni and Parents Reception, Boston



Photos courtesy of Sia Sanneh '97

Sia Sanneh '97 Equal Justice Initiative

Sia Sanneh '97 has worked as an attorney for the Equal Justice Initiative since 2008. In addition, she began teaching the Capital Punishment Clinic at Yale Law School in 2012. Her work with EJI includes representing the men and women on death row and children sentenced to adult prisons, and supporting the civil liberties of indigent defendants denied fair and just treatment in the U.S. legal system. For five years, she worked with an EJI team to study and document the history of lynching in America. The result is a revealing report, co-authored by Sanneh, that she and others hope will educate the public on the truth of this previously underreported period in American history.

As an organization, we have long been struck by the links between our history and the problems we are facing in the present.

The Equal Justice Initiative is based in Montgomery, Alabama, where there are 59 monuments and markers celebrating the Confederacy, but very little history documenting the struggles of African-American people, who are a huge part of the State and our client base. We started our race and poverty project because we didn't see much documented about slavery, and we believe that a more accurate historical record is necessary if we are serious about confronting the challenges we face today, especially in the criminal justice system.

Through our research, we found that Montgomery was a busy site for the domestic slave trade. Our office, where we work today, was a warehouse that housed slaves.

It was a stunning revelation. Here we are, an organization trying to address racial discrimination, and our office used to be a warehouse for slave trade.

We set out to research and document the history of lynching, with the idea that the true lingering evil of slavery is the mythology used to justify the system of slavery we had in America.

This mythology of black inferiority didn't end when slavery was abolished, and so neither did slavery – it evolved, and that is what we continue to see in the lynching era. We spent five years documenting every instance of lynching in 12 states. We discovered more than 700 additional cases than had been previously reported.

The notion that black people – black men in particular – are dangerous and criminal has sunk deep into the American consciousness, and the lynching era is important to helping people understand its roots.

Lynchings were not about keeping the community safe from crime, but keeping racial order intact.

I did not understand that until I read these accounts. I used to think lynchings were responses to crimes – dramatic, unjustifiable responses, but frontier justice run amok.

Instead we found that so many of these killings were not about crimes, but about social transgressions.

There was a man who bumped into a white person rushing to a train and was lynched for that. Another man returned from World War I wearing his Army uniform and it was so provocative, so against the social norms, that he was lynched. A black man went in the front door instead of the back door of a white woman's house and was lynched.

Our staff visited more than 150 different lynching sites.

We discovered that there was absolutely nothing commemorating these killings – no markers, no monuments. It was complete silence.

One of the things we talk about in our report is how traumatizing these events were for everyone in the community.

The cover of our report is from a lynching in Paris, Texas, which was attended by 10,000 people. These were huge, community-wide events. The Paris case is remarkable because it captures this idea of public-spectacle lynching. We heard over and over again, "This is something I have *never* talked about." It underscored to us the deep, deep trauma from these experiences, and the way people are still dealing with it.

Something we hope comes out of the report is a sense of reconciliation for some of these people and recognition of their trauma.

The first step to this is truthful accounting. We've talked with people whose uncles, grandfathers, or great-grandfathers were lynched, but they never talked about it. They have felt deep trauma about this. We have also spoken with others who told us they were six years old when they were brought to a lynching, and who feel tremendous shame from being a part of that experience.

One case that stands out to me is the lynching of John Carter in Little Rock, Arkansas.

He suffered from mental illness and was abducted by the community in response to a crime in which he had no involvement. More than 5,000 people participated in his lynching. They brought his dead body to a corner in downtown Little Rock in the African-American business district.

I recently stood on that street corner in Little Rock and thought about how John Carter's story shows dramatically that these lynchings were really about targeting black progress.

It was not enough to kill this person, but they had to make a public spectacle of his corpse to send a message. It shows how these lynchings were designed to instill

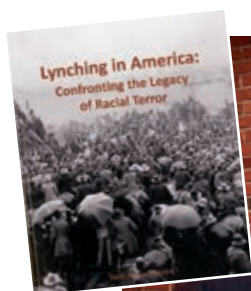
terror in the black community as a whole, and how effective this was at halting progress.

We argue in the report that lynching was the primary reason for mass migration away from the South –

why over 5 million African Americans fled the South during the first half of the Twentieth Century, and moved to Oakland, Detroit, Gary, and other cities in the North, and West. We argue they were not economic migrants, but refugees from racial terrorism. The threat of a lynching was always there. It was real enough that it sparked relocations of entire families.

We believe that reconciliation is what can help us move beyond this as a country.

Part of the challenge is accepting the truth. In reality, this period in our history was not that long ago and it has profoundly changed the landscape of our country. With better understanding of the history, it's easier to have an understanding of why intergenerational poverty exists, and why mass incarceration exists on the scale it does today, with over 2.3 million people in prisons and jails, a disproportionate number of whom are people of color. The issues go beyond physical relocation. The legacy impacts all of us.



SPOTLIGHT

Alumni Association Award Recipients

The Alumni Award is the highest honor the Association can bestow on an alumnus/a to recognize the excellence of his or her lifeworks and commitment to the spirit of community. This year's honorees included Theodore C. Achilles '54 and Peter M. McBride '89, who were recognized at an April 8 ceremony held at the Millennium Broadway Hotel in New York City. The event combined the award presentations with the Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association.



Achilles '54 Educational Visionary

In July 2008, Ted Achilles '54 hiked through the Karakorum Mountains of Pakistan, contemplating his future. Days earlier, he had resigned as director of a U.S. State-Department-funded program that enabled Afghan youth to participate in exchange and study programs in America. The program had lost nearly half of its students to Canadian asylum, a statistic that frustrated Achilles.

"I said to myself, 'Okay, Achilles. What are you going to do now?'" says the 2015 Alumni Association Award recipient. "I was absolutely intent on taking this program forward and doing it the right way, whatever that meant."

In 2006, Achilles had met Shabana Basij-Rasikh, a 15-year-old Afghan woman, who attended public high school in the United States through the State Department program. It was Shabana who inspired Achilles to open SOLA, School of Leadership Afghanistan, two years later. Five years removed from her

graduation from Middlebury College, it is the school she now runs, with guidance from Achilles, following his intent of creating an Afghan school run by Afghans.

Achilles credits Shabana for helping SOLA "become a real school" after her graduation from Middlebury. The goal of SOLA is to provide educational opportunities for Afghan students, regardless of economic status, with the intent that they return to Afghanistan ready to initiate positive change as substantive leaders in its public and private sectors. Over the last five years, SOLA has helped to educate close to 100 girls (and a few boys) as young as 12 and as old as 23, who otherwise would almost certainly never have had a chance at secondary education.

Though he got a good start at St. Paul's and, subsequently, at Yale, Achilles did not take a traditional route to boarding-school administration, spending the majority of his career in finance and manufacturing. The son of a career diplomat, he spent his youth traveling the world and becoming comfortable in vastly different cultures. He served as an infantry officer (airborne, ranger qualified) for the U.S. Army and earned a master's in development economics from Tufts University's Fletcher School of International Law and Diplomacy.

His father, he says, taught him an important lesson in three simple words: "Don't be judgmental." Heeding that advice, two days after the September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks on the United States, Achilles called an old friend, Lou Mitchell, and asked the Episcopal priest, who had served as Peace Corps director in Afghanistan, if he could help out in the nation in any way. By 2003, when Achilles made his first trip to the country, the Taliban had destroyed 80 percent of Afghanistan's school buildings, sending teachers fleeing over the border.

"Yes, bad things happen in Afghanistan," he says, "but never in my well-traveled life have I known a kinder, more thoughtful, more decent, more hospitable people than the Afghans I now live and work among every day." The girls he helps, Achilles adds, are the "hardest-working students you can imagine. They understand the meaning of education denied as we Americans never will."

Achilles has forged ahead to other



endeavors supported by an Afghan-American Foundation. In 2012, he turned over school leadership to Shabana, now 25, and her Afghan teammates and American supporters. Their vision of SOLA is that of a premier boarding school that will eventually take the place of American secondary school education for its students, instead focusing on preparing them for higher education at home and abroad.

"There is virtually nothing American about SOLA," Achilles says. "We are not imposing our solutions, but helping Afghans figure out how to create a world-class boarding school in their own country. That's a major contribution – acknowledging that Afghans can and will 'fix' their country *their way*."

Achilles is emotional when talking about his pride in SOLA and of the girls and boys who have earned scholarships at boarding schools and colleges around the world.

"Out of all I have done in my life," he says, "there is nothing that even comes close to my years in Afghanistan."



McBride '89 Photojournalist

Though he is quick to acknowledge that there is "no impact meter" to measure his contributions, Peter McBride '89 has delivered more than 300 lectures on water issues and matters of conservation. He estimates that more than a million people have seen each of his award-winning documentaries on the devastation of the drought-ridden Colorado River.

"I have just helped to take something that is often considered not that interesting and made it a little more compelling by using art," says McBride of his growing body of work, particularly his study of water-based subjects.

Crediting scientists with asserting much greater influence, McBride shrugs when asked about how his photography and filmmaking have contributed to raising awareness of environmental concerns, most notably the watershed issues by which he is personally compelled. Curiously enough, McBride, a recipient of the 2015 Alumni Association Award, began his career as a 25-year-old journalist, penning articles for newspapers and magazines. While working for the *High Country News*, a Colorado-based publication that covers natural resources, he reported on a story about cattle branding, photographing the piece for good measure. His editor, says McBride, "raved about the images," and featured the article as a center-spread photo essay.

"I realized that photography was easier than re-writing," he says, with a little laugh.

Two decades later, the native Coloradoan has studied the world through the lens of a camera, completing assignments in more than 70 countries for the publications of the National Geographic Society, Smithsonian, the Audubon Society, and many others. He has created images for dozens of companies and organizations, ranging from Patagonia to Microsoft to the Nature Conservancy. Over the last decade, McBride has shifted his focus to stories that raise awareness about freshwater challenges. He spent four years leaning out of airplanes and traversing barren riverbeds on foot, documenting the plight of the Colorado River. The project resulted in the publication of a coffee-table book, *The Colorado River: Flowing Through Conflict*, and a series of short films, including *Chasing Water*, *I am Red*, and *Delta Dawn*.

The consummate photojournalist, McBride's work has been recognized by the Banff Mountain Film Festival, the North American Society of Journalists, and Lowell Thomas Travel Writing, among many others. *Delta Dawn* has earned several honors, including the 2014 award of excellence for documentary journalism from Pictures of the Year International

and best short film at the Banff (2014) and New York Wild Film Festivals (2015). In 2014, McBride was named a "fresh-water hero" by the National Geographic Society for his work documenting India's Ganges River.

The *High Country News* assignment aside, McBride's career was truly launched years ago, when he pitched a photo essay to *National Geographic* and the magazine declined it.

"To my good fortune," he recalls, "they said no. I was nobody to them – a green photographer."

Undeterred, McBride and a team of collaborators pursued the assignment independently, reenacting the first African air passage with a World War I biplane. The plane crashed, McBride and company were intercepted by fighter jets, and detained in Djibouti. McBride documented the group's misadventures in photos and words for a *National Geographic* cover story.

In the years since that bit of good (mis)fortune, McBride has tackled stories on the Snowman Trek in Bhutan and on the lifestyle of the indigenous Shamans in Guatemala. He documented the life of Sherpas on Mount Everest for a month in 2006. In 2008, he was part of a team that kayaked down the western side of the Antarctic Peninsula to pursue a story about the region's booming tourist industry. He accompanied Ed Stafford for five days in 2009, in the midst of the British adventurer's two-year excursion following the path of the Amazon River. McBride has captured images in Cuban fishing villages, at remote beaches and waterfalls, and on the Khumbu Icefall, the most treacherous stretch of Mount Everest. He has been unintimidated by sputtering airplane engines over the Grand Canyon or the deadly shock of electric eels in the murky waters of the Amazon. And, of course, his work to create awareness for the drought that plagues his backyard river in Colorado has reached millions.

"I just try to find stories that mean something to me," he says. "I play a small role. People a lot smarter than I am use my book and my films to help influence their work. Scientists do a great job explaining the details of what's happening. I hope I have helped to push the needle to the public; show them why they should care."

Not a Means to an End Noah Ruttenberg '15



PETER FINGER

I'd like to take this opportunity to refine how I had always viewed St. Paul's before I came to understand the place fully. At first, it was simply a college preparatory school to me, with all that label encompasses.

If you had asked the Fifth Form Noah about St. Paul's School, he would have said the time is a bit of a blur, a four-year period during which each student is expected to find his or her niche and then do *everything* with an eye toward getting into a highly selective college, as the label suggests.

As I reflect on my time at St. Paul's, days ahead of my graduation, I confess that I fell victim to that misguided mission. As I saw it, St. Paul's was my ticket to post-graduate success; a super-highway to a good college, which would allow me to get a good job, where I would work hard to provide for my family until I could retire comfortably, modeling all the way the same rigorous lifestyle I adopted in Concord, N.H. In retrospect, I messed up.

I was looking at my time at St. Paul's as a means to an end, rather than living it for the experience itself. More than a year ago, when I was in the throes of Fifth Form stress (We all know it, right?), my father asked me if I would allow my own children to attend SPS. I answered with little hesitation, giving him an emphatic, "Absolutely not."

I now realize that I was a little foolish in my assessment of the future, because I was basing it on the SPS I thought I knew. Simply put, I maintained a limited view of the School, focusing on the academic rigor alone, the competition for grades and classroom standing, and not as a chance to dive into a new community, which

would offer me a new lens through which to view the world. I believed, for some reason, that my first day at SPS was my *last* day of childhood. I thought enrolling in a boarding school and living away from home marked the final time I would live in the moment. I was incorrect.

St. Paul's is not just a route to college. It is not the end of childhood either, but a bridge that eases the transition *between* childhood and adulthood. It is an experience in itself. I took it at face value, reflecting, perhaps, that I was still very much a child when I arrived. Although I may not have realized it at the time, St. Paul's has certainly fostered personal growth for me and, I know, for my friends and formmates too. I have become a product of this nurturing community. All it took was letting myself live in the many moments of my time here.

Having had the opportunity as a Sixth Former to serve as secretary of the Student Council, I have become acquainted with a side of myself I had not previously known. I've fought for student causes, promoted the spirit of *this* community, and tried to be a part of ensuring the welfare of future generations of Paulies. I did all of that to facilitate the St. Paul's experience for those who will come after me, regardless of where they (or I) will attend college.

I have been blessed this year with the opportunity to work alongside three incredibly motivated, intelligent, and lovely people, allowing me to look at this place in a different light. Charlie Lee '15, Malaika Ogukwe '15, and Priscilla Salovaara '15 (and our adviser, Frau Hornor) have pushed me to stay true to myself and to appreciate my time at St. Paul's.

As I look back on my days at this school, I realize that St. Paul's is more than a college preparatory experience. Instead, it offers the rare gift of independence, academic rigor, and self-exploration. It is a time to be cherished, not ignored. What *has* St. Paul's prepared me for? That's an easy question to answer. Life.

Be **1** in a **MILLION** for St. Paul's School

If alumni participation for giving reaches 50 percent by June 30, 2015, an alumnus will contribute **\$1 million dollars** to St. Paul's School. This challenge sends an important message: It is not the amount of the gift, but the act of giving that shows you care. Your loyalty, in fact, is worth a million. Help us make it happen.

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A student prepares for the JELL-O-eating contest on Field Day 2015.