Alumni Returneth
Southern Sojourn
Cowboy Cultural Weekend
The Campaign for Thacher
Overview

Six months of life at Thacher are chronicled in this Fall/Winter issue of The Thacher News. From the opening of School to a spring trip focusing on the Antebellum South, it has been another busy half-year at The Ranch.

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The Thacher News
Fall 2000 / Winter 2001
Volume XIII, Number 1

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Printed by Ventura Printing with soy-based inks.

Cover Photo
During this winter’s Departmental Weekend, Dawn M. Cleveland ’03, Charmiane S. Lieu ’03, and John L. Babbott ’03, participated in the Equine Drawing class.
British philosopher and essayist Francis Bacon once quipped, “Money is like muck. Not good except it be spread.” Now here is one truism that bespeaks the Thacher ethic. Thacher horse muck has enriched, for many years now, the citrus and avocado orchards of this Valley. Practically speaking, muck spread on fields promotes fecundity in the soil; metaphorically speaking, fecundity is also defined by that which is marked by “intellectual productivity.” My not-so-subtle point: Money for a school, when that school is based upon a sound and inspirational mission and philosophy (and a sane administration), produces a fruitful environment for its students. It allows deserving students to attend who most certainly would not otherwise be able to enroll. It allows a school to attract, pay, house, and professionally develop top-notch faculty—the backbone of school excellence—and it allows those teachers to teach manageable numbers of students—perhaps the single most important criterion in school excellence. It makes it possible for a school to build and maintain facilities that support and enrich student learning, both in and out of the classroom. It protects a school from being subject to economic vicissitudes. In short, money—like muck spread on a field—enriches, protects, and assists the growth of the crop. Money, when spread, is vital for promoting and protecting school excellence.

I raise this topic of money because at Thacher, money is the means and not the end. We are, after all, interested most passionately and pointedly in insuring that the Thacher education is the very best that it can be. At this point in our history, however, we need to excel. Money, says our curmudgeon of Walden Pond, buys not one necessity of the soul. This, I think, is true. Our soul is well taken care of here at Thacher—and most of us spend much of our time thinking about challenges other than those of fundraising. But we are at that point in our history when it is time to pursue increasing the School’s resources in order to achieve that level of excellence which we have defined as our goal in the School’s recent Strategic Plan. In fact, we are now in a perfect position to affirm what is strong at Thacher and to address our weaknesses. Our goals as outlined in the Plan:

- Recruit and retain students who exhibit the highest standards of character, academic aptitude and skill, emotional health, and a desire for the distinctive experience of a Thacher education;
- Recruit, retain, and develop faculty who exhibit the highest standards of character, teaching skill, and emotional health, as well as the commitment and ability to contribute to the extra-curricular program;
- Develop each student’s mind, body, and spirit in preparation for life as well as for college;
- Provide excellent, well-maintained facilities that support and enhance all aspects of Thacher’s program; and
- Inspire the enthusiastic support of its entire constituency for the implementation of its strategic agenda.

We know that when we have to deny admission to deserving students because they cannot afford to attend Thacher; when we can’t hire promising experienced faculty because they are being paid significantly more at other national boarding schools; when we can’t gather inside as a School community—parents, students, and teachers—in the auditorium simply because we cannot all fit; when we cannot all sit down as a faculty and student community in our Dining Room; when we are unable to house all of our teaching faculty on the campus because we do not have enough homes; when our horses stand on unforgiving adobe brick in the heat or in mud to their hocks in the rain because of poor drainage and incomplete covers over their stalls, then I say it is time for us to think about money.

Furthermore, our boarding school peers, nearly all more heavily endowed by significant margins than Thacher, are able to weather the storms of the economy with far greater ease than are we. To quote another Englishman, “a heavy purse makes a light heart.”

At Thacher, our hearts, while not burdened per se, are decidedly not light either. We have much work to do, but it is work that is well-researched and carefully considered, work that this faculty and administration and Board has taken on because we wish to leave the Thacher...
of tomorrow stronger than the Thacher of today. You have, I hope, all heard about and read Thacher’s Strategic Plan. This is the skeletal structure and research from which we are about to launch our next agenda.

The Plan has provided the underpinnings of our administrative work now for three years and has been the means by which we determine how we should expend our energies. It is now the job of this administration and Board to find the resources by which we can bring to fruition the vision of the School Community that we have arrived at by asking all of us: “How can we be a better school?”

I have answered that question already twice above, but I will reiterate it nonetheless here.

• One, by creating an endowment such that we are able to recruit, pay, and retain an outstanding faculty and house them adequately on campus as befits a top-flight national boarding school.

• Two, by being able to help all deserving students who, by virtue of their talents and their abilities, have earned their place at Thacher’s table.

• Three, by being able to rebuild our remaining aging dormitories—Lower School, Casa, The Hill; expand the Dining Room and repair the ancient kitchen; build a student center; create an Auditorium and Performing Arts Center which can actually take care of the needs of the faculty, students, and parents.

Even as I write, our Thacher Board of Trustees is assiduously working to create a nucleus fund for a comprehensive Campaign. This Campaign for Thacher will be our gift to this present faculty and to future generations of Thacher students. It will be our way of protecting Thacher against the vagaries of the economy and protecting ourselves from tuition-dependency—this coming for the School which is already one of the nation’s most expensive boarding schools. You will hear from all of us about how this Campaign will unfold, this letter being the first in a series of communications to all our friends.

So we are off—and now writing—a very exciting chapter in Thacher’s history. This is our opportunity to give back to this School in full measure, and more, than that which we have taken. And the time is just right. As the great economist John Maynard Keynes wrote: “Material Poverty provides the incentive to change precisely in situations where there is little margin for experiments. Material Prosperity removes the incentive just when it might be safe to take a chance.” Neither too comfortable, nor too lean, we find ourselves in the perfect position to turn to our friends and undertake this opportunity for transformation. It is our chance—as I wrote when I first took over as Head of School eight years ago—to secure Thacher’s star in the constellation of America’s greatest boarding schools.

I look forward to talking with you, to asking you for your help, and to acknowledging that when the day is done, we will have, in Sherman Day Thacher’s words, “done the best work in this world that we can.”
Tell us what you think

Please complete and mail the questionnaire found at the end of this magazine.

Class Notes, of course, are very popular; many turn to this section first and then peruse the balance of the magazine. Another area that is read by nearly all is the Head of School’s Column (read regularly or occasionally by 82% of the respondents); this was also mentioned as one of the most memorable parts of the publications. The Sports section is almost equally split between those who thoroughly read it and those who seldom read it.

I was delighted to find that the magazine is provocative as well as informative. As a result of reading the magazine, nearly half of the respondents shared an article with someone; 37% chose to donate to the School beyond their usual donations after reading the magazine; a third saved an article and one-quarter read the Trustee Profiles, Faculty Profiles, and 49% read the Trustee Profiles. 75% think that the magazine is about the right length and almost as many think that publishing twice each year is appropriate. The only other opinion voiced was that the magazine could be published more often but in smaller doses. Most people spend 30 to 45 minutes reading the magazine and pay particular attention to the Profile section: 71% read the Alumni Profiles, 59% read the Faculty Profiles, and 49% read the Trustee Profiles.

Your specific suggestions for improvement are most appreciated. In particular we’ll endeavor to be more timely; to include more exciting, better quality photographs; to offer more commentary on Ojai and its environs; to include current students’ thoughts and opinions; and to share more Thacher history. Please note that Thacher now has its own Historical Society with a ‘News’ section highlighting some stories, tales, or memorabilia about the School, the Thachers, Ojai, and the Sespe, and so on. One example begins on page 18 of this issue: a fascinating sketch of life at Thacher and the local coastal area as recorded by John A. Davenport, CdeP ‘21.

In short, 85% of those completing the questionnaire are “Very Satisfied” with The Thacher News. Most thought it was professionally written and inviting, contains a good mix of articles in an appealing layout, and reflects positively on Thacher.

Don’t feel left out. If you’d like to give your two cents, it’s not too late. Simply complete the survey on Thacher’s web site (only 15% submitted the questionnaire via this route) or contact me for another form.

Jane D. McCarthy, Editor
Family Weekend... 

...Takes the Campus by Storm

by Jane D. McCarthy

Most of things that are mostly out of control of a teenager; yet cruelly enough, these are the very factors upon which teens often suffer or thrive and must learn to overcome by virtue of other more transcendent personal qualities... While those qualities that lie outside of the control of the average teen do not really matter when it comes to horses, those qualities that are within one's grasp—determination, caring, conscientiousness, patience, thoughtful observation, and a generally positive attitude—make all the difference in whether you eventually become a partner with your horse, whether you ultimately end up enjoying the experience, and of preeminent importance, whether you ultimately succeed or fail in this great mystery we call life.

Michael then introduced Assistant Head of School for External Affairs Monique DeVane who gave an insider’s look at the hot-off-the-press results from last spring’s Parent Survey. She also demonstrated the newly revised Web Site with such features as calendar (daily, monthly, yearly; spliced with subjects, topics, and locations), sports pages (schedule of events, game scores, and photographs), parent-related pages (opportunities for involvment and giving, Horseman Hand Book, and other references), and alumni-related pages (information on gatherings and Golden Trout Camp, ways to get involved, giving opportunities, and forms for submission to Class Notes or updating contact information).

Rain throughout the week—including show-
ers Friday afternoon, just as families arrived on campus—forced this fall’s Family Weekend planners to scuttle Class Barbecues at various venues across campus and merge them into one large feeding fest on The Pergola. Parents, particularly fathers, commandeered the School’s new mobile barbecues and turned out delicious tri tip, chicken, and sausage that was complimented with polenta, salads, and other delectable taste treats from Thacher’s catering service. Following dinner, families strolled into the Auditorium to watch the Performing Arts Sampler, a one-and-one-half hour show highlighting scenes from Shakespeare’s As You Like It.

Following last year’s lead, Saturday morning began with Assembly in the Outdoor Amphitheatre. As usual, surprises kept the crowd entertained, especially when Physics Instructor David Harris lay down on a bed of nails so that History Teacher Austin Curwen could bust a concrete block balanced on David’s stomach. Mr. Harris explained that this demonstration would clarify some physics principles, but, really, he just wanted to show off his abs of steel.

Our students are forced...to leave all their comforting old routines by the wayside and step into a new, sometimes scary world, where an entirely different comprehension is required...horses do not care about your gender, your address, your appearance, your religious conviction, your skin color, your popularity, or any artistic techniques, determined the pH value of various substances, and translated Latin into understandable English. Meanwhile, back on The Pergola, book and Thacher gear sales beckoned to parents and children alike. Over 70 books, ranging in titles from a Beatles Anthology to an Encyclopedia of Vietnam, a History of the Balkans to Ecological Hot spots were purchased in honor of students and now appear on the library’s shelves. Sweatshirts were the big sellers early in the day, while cap and T-shirt sales comprised the majority of sales as the morning air warmed.

At morning’s end, Head of School Michael Mulligan shared with parents Thacher’s techniques to effect students’ growth and change. Among other illustrations, Michael explained how and why Thacher uses a four-footed critter as an agent of change:

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Shooting trap and watching athletic contests were Saturday afternoon’s pastimes. Brandon Chase (father of freshman MacKenna) helped A.J. Goldman and Austin Curwen supervise 20 parent-student trap teams; at day’s end, Chris Brown ’01 and his father Fred had amassed the most points. On the fields and courts, Toad teams racked up several wins against Cate’s teams: Varsity, Junior Varsity, and Fourth Team Boys’ Soccer, and Girls’ Volleyball. Thacher’s Boys’ Third Team Soccer trounced Ojai Valley School, as well.

Many students wrangled their parents for a dinner out in Ojai, while others feasted on prime rib, salmon, and a huge array of salads in the Dining Room. John Barkan, CdeP ’67 (father of Andrew, CdeP ’98, Will ’02, and Phoebe ’03), told Director of Food Service Richard Maxwell, “The parents in the know eat in Thacher’s Dining Room on Saturday evening. The food is better than anything one can find in town.” The Mulligans then hosted about 100 students, parents, and siblings at their weekly Open House. Pumpkin carving, cookie baking, playing ping pong, and singing the Oldies (while embarrassing their children) were the main events.

Even though rain forced the Chapel Service into the Auditorium, it didn’t dampen the spirits of those who assembled to hear Belinda Higgins, mother of Bo ’01 and Owili ’03 Eison, give her message, “Empowerment Through Sacrifice and Prayer.” She spoke of how much she misses her most valuable possession, her children, but that by sacrificing her daily contact with them, she has empowered them educationally, emotionally, and spiritually: “They have gained independence, faith in others, their own spiritual relationship, and knowing when they must make sacrifices, thereby learning tolerance, honesty, truth, and integrity.”

The rains did, however, decimate the Gymkhana Field, thereby causing a postponement of 10 days for the Horse Exhibition. About 100 local parents, family members, students and faculty members trekked back to School on November 8 to watch the freshmen demonstrate the equine skills they had attained since School began. Christy Acquistapace ’01, Blake Adams-Ayers ’01, and Ben Heilveil ’02 served as the Color Guard and led the riders into the arena; Esther Guzmán ’01 sang the Star-Spangled Banner to open the festivities. While the nearly full moon rose, six teams—with such clever names as Can We Lope, Yet; the Jolly Ranchers, and Halsey’s Angels—executed intricate steps and patterns, loping, and balancing acts set to contemporary music. As the sun set in the west, Family Weekend—Extended Style—came to a magnificent close. A video of the event was crafted and sent to all freshmen parents so they could view their sons’ and daughters’ incredible progress since the beginning of school.
Every fall, books aren’t cracked, athletes abandon the fields, and horses graze instead of gallup for three days. Instead, students and faculty members take part in art, music, and drama events across the southern part of this Golden State during Thacher’s annual Cultural Weekend. Edie Carey, granddaughter of Thacher’s former Headmaster Newt Chase, shared her “folksy, asymmetric, and dynamic music, descriptions that actually fall short of the richness of her tunes. Assistant Head of School Peter Robinson especially enjoyed the way that the “usual syntax of lyrics matching musical phrases is not present; she breaks that convention to accentuate certain sounds and aspects of the music.” Edie has two compact discs now: Call Me Home released in August 2000, and The Falling Places which features the song “If I Were You” that was nominated for the “Best Acoustic /Folk Song” at the Third Annual Gay/Lesbian American Music Awards in 1999.

The Community boarded vans and buses for various cultural events throughout California and south of the border. Several groups headed to Los Angeles to see the Getty Museum, the Gene Autrey Museum, and the County Museum of Art, while others headed to Santa Barbara to visit the Museum and the Zoo. Others watched shows including Izzy Toinsky, the Ojai Camerata, the Mark Morris Dance Group, and The Rainmaker. Head of School Michael Mulligan and Horse Department instructor Chuck Warren took two different groups of riders horse packing in the Sespe, while Marvin Shagam took nine boys on a camping/surfing expedition to Baja. Spanish Instructor Françoise Kasimirowski Garcia opened her home for students to learn how to cook a gourmet French dinner while the Perrys offered a paella dinner.

In February, the Thacher campus became a collage of artistic activities when the Arts and Horse Departments joined forces to offer a weekend entitled, “Our Western Heritage.” Jim Brooks lassoed the community into the Auditorium, where he shared general and personal histories of the Western cowboy, Black cowboy, and his life as a “drifting” cowboy while working on ranches from Montana to Mexico. A variety of workshops and clinics enticed students, faculty—and even equines and canines—to participate throughout the weekend. Many offered participants the opportunity to create tangible souvenirs: bezzled silver rings or pendants with semi-precious stones; braided leather; southwestern photographs; equine drawings in ink, pastel, and pencil; woven blankets; or long-handled hand-forged forks for barbecue cooking. Others tried their hands at firyng bread cooking, writing Western songs, driving horses, and roping cattle. Many of the campus canines—whether bred as stock dogs or not—became proficient at herding sheep around cones and barriers upon command.

These activities built up healthy appetites for home-made country-style vidals prepared by our Kitchen Crew. Toes started tapping when Rob Seals gave a noon-time concert on The Pergola, and again on Saturday evening when the Western Swing Band, “The Lucky Stars,” dazzled the masses. This very hip, funny, cool band has worked with Dave Alvin (singer, songwriter, and founder of the seminal band “The Blasters”) who has produced and written with Tom Russell. Wedged between these lively musical interludes, Tom Russell gave a concert entitled “The Man from God Knows Where.” Tom sang the unsung history of a raw, primitive American that was, as Kerouac wrote “untamed by the restless machine of modern materialism.” His songs were inspired by fam-

Junior Alex Lurie concisely summed up what many thought of this jam-packed weekend: “I had the time of my life! It was really a high-class, well-done, sensational weekend. I have heard nothing but plaudits for this weekend.”
Changing Thacher’s Face

Architectural Review Committee Established

by Jane D. McCarthy

C elebration of modesty. Elegant sufficiency. Connection to values. Authenticity. Illusion of freedom. This disparate concoction of phrases may seem nonsensical or relevant to anything; however, once the context of these statements is revealed, you’ll likely concur that these descriptions are on target.

Just after the New Year began, architects, Trustees, and administrators of Thacher convened to discuss and develop guidelines for future development of Thacher’s campus. Central to this theme is providing a lasting inspirational legacy that meets the needs of the community, while being in concert with Thacher’s history, Mission, and Strategic Plan. The aforementioned descriptions emerged as the group discussed the feel and appearance that should be part of all structures on campus. Participants quickly reached the consensus that expansion and modernization of Thacher facilities must be balanced with an eye to preservation and community usage, traffic patterns, and orientation of buildings. These dedicated alumni architects comprise an Architectural Review Committee that will work closely with the Buildings and Grounds Committee of the Board to develop schematic designs, to provide architectural expertise for building projects, and to serve as a sounding board for insuring that building projects are consistent with Thacher’s Mission and Philosophy.

“The Architectural Review Committee is helping us establish a level of architectural quality that will hold Thacher in good stead for years to come,” remarked Head of School Michael Mulligan. “Developing standards that are befitting of the excellence of the School and its culture is an innovative step that comes at a time when we can make a critical impact on the campus’s appearance for the next 100 years.” This is especially true in that several structures key to the life of students and faculty are being considered. Although the configuration is not yet finalized, a Student Commons—including a multi-purpose room (for dances and small performances), a student grill, Web café, student mailboxes, and the Student Store—will replace the present Auditorium. Thanks to a generous donation from Sue and John Carver, CdeP ’49, the Commons should be in place for the Reunion Weekend in June 2003.

The Hills Building that presently includes the Dining Hall, Administration, and Business Office, will be renovated to house a state-of-the-art kitchen, dining for 300 student and faculty members, and the Alumni/Development Office. Greater communication between the various components of administration will be possible along with the ability for all students and faculty members to eat together at one time.

A new Performing Arts Center will have the capacity to seat up to 500 people, to this theme is providing a lasting inspirational legacy that meets the needs of the community, while being in concert with Thacher’s history, Mission, and Strategic Plan. The aforementioned descriptions emerged as the group discussed the feel and appearance that should be part of all structures on campus. Participants quickly reached the consensus that expansion and modernization of Thacher facilities must be balanced with an eye to incorporate natural beauty and to be in keeping with Thacher’s time-honored values.

In a quasi reunion of the classes of 1969 and 1976, alumni architects shared their visions of how Thacher might envision and create the School’s central corridor. New York architects Ross “Chip” Anderson, CdeP ’69 and Peter Matthews, CdeP ’76 and Bay Area architect Nick Noyes, CdeP ’76; along with Dan Gregory, CdeP ’69 (writer/publisher/editor in architecture and design for Sunset magazine) spent two days on campus discussing various themes and scenarios for Thacher’s key buildings. Representatives from Thacher’s Board of Trustees—Justin Faggioli, CdeP ’69 (Chair of the Trustees Buildings and Grounds Committee); Marshall Milligan, CdeP ’69 (President of the Board); Paul Yelder, CdeP ’77 (Vice Chair of Buildings and Grounds); Laurie Dachs (parent of Eric, CdeP ’94; Abby, CdeP ’96; Emily ’01; and Michael ’03); and John and Betsy Grether (parents of Robert, CdeP ’99, Ted ’01, and Russell ’03)—along with members of administration chimed in with practical thoughts about community usage, traffic patterns, and orientation of buildings. These dedicated alumni architects comprise an Architectural Review Committee that will work closely with the Buildings and Grounds Committee of the Board to develop schematic designs, to provide architectural expertise for building projects, and to serve as a sounding board for insuring that building projects are consistent with Thacher’s Mission and Philosophy.

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Plans are also afoot to create a more formal entrance to the School along the path between the Head’s house and the gymnasium; some may recall that this was the original entrance to the School along the row of pepper trees. This will create a more formalized and welcoming approach to the heart of the School, yet capture Thacher’s Western heritage.

The entire Community including faculty and families can be seated at once as well as all those who typically attend the Family Weekend Sampler, rather than standing or draping themselves on scaffolding on the perimeter of the Auditorium. Music practice rooms, dressing rooms, a gallery for displaying student art, and an orchestra pit will also be included for more professional performances. This will be sited just south of the present Auditorium, where the Health Center and rustic landscaping currently stand. Part of this Performing Arts Complex will honor the many contributions to the School by Fred Lamb, CdeP ’40.

Alumni, architects, and administrators discuss how Thacher’s appearance may evolve as new construction takes place.

The Architectural Review Committee ponders the entrance to the new Performing Arts Complex.
Across the Boards

A Grateful Director’s Look Back at Theatre at Thacher, 2000-01

by Rod M. “Jake” Jacobsen

A pleasant and provocative juxtaposition of the old and the new marked Thacher’s drama program this year.

While the Masquers again performed two full-length plays (Shakespeare’s *As You Like It* in the fall and Rodgers and Hart’s musical gem *Babes in Arms* in the winter), the freshman Introduction to the Arts curriculum received a welcome transfusion of talent and energy with the addition of Mr. Sandy Jensen to the Fine Arts faculty. After each of the three academic quarters a different ensemble of Sandy’s “Thacher Thespies” (self-styled modern-day “Sespe Thespians”) performed a variety of radio plays, Christmas carols, and one-acts which delighted the swelling audiences of students, faculty, and parents. Sandy was not only a professional actor on stage and in film and television, but has also worked professionally on the technical side—a rare combination. He brings to the campus not only his years of experience but also an infectious enthusiasm for the craft of acting and the creation of sound and light environments. He is enjoying his work as a teacher, while his students are gaining the kind of experience which will prepare them not only for further productions at Thacher but for public presentations in general. The Thacher Thespies are well on their way to being the hottest new act on campus!

Not long after the Shakespearean stage was struck it was time to hold auditions for the winter musical. Rodgers and Hart’s *Babes in Arms* is a play not often performed professionally—a provocative discovery process for all of us—the senior Masquers worked with each other independently as well. Their commitment to expressing the nuances of language and character resulted in a performance beyond my already-high expectations. My favorite moments in any play are those when the students infuse their speeches with a unique and honest energy which enlightens me, allowing me to hear the language as if for the first time. The cast of *As You Like It* provided many such moments for me last November.

Meanwhile, two large casts (over 20 each) explored the distinct genres of Shakespeare and the classic American musical in Thacher’s main stage productions. The company of *As You Like It* showed their versatility, intelligence, and hard work as they brought the Forest of Arden to the Lamb Auditorium after unusually cold and wet weather made an outdoor performance too risky to try. The minimal set, actually a thrust stage with some greenery and a few set pieces and special lighting effects, allowed the audience to concentrate on the players’ interpretations of the Bard’s language perhaps even more than usual. Our veteran actors (led by Will Barkan ’02 as Oliver, Alden Blair ’01 as Touchstone, Anthea Tjuanakis ’01 as Rosalind, Chris Bonewitz ’01 as Orlando, Logan Clark ’01 as Celia, and Meredith Walker ’01 as Jacques) anchored a company which included many younger actors new to Thacher’s stage. The Chamber Singers, directed by Mr. Greg Haggard, played the roles of choristers, providing a vibrant “concert-in-a-play.” Most impressive for me was watching the principals gradually internalize the words of Shakespeare on the way toward developing their characters organically, thoughtfully, innovatively. In addition to making the most of our regular rehearsals—a provocative discovery process for all of us—our senior Masquers worked with each other independently as well. Their commitment to expressing the nuances of language and character resulted in a performance beyond my already-high expectations. My favorite moments in any play are those when the students infuse their speeches with a unique and honest energy which enlightens me, allowing me to hear the language as if for the first time. The cast of *As You Like It* provided many such moments for me last November.

John Babbott ’03: A building process is learning to sing, dance, move, and act at the same time; very tricky for some of us.

Julia Erdman ’03: It’s amazing to me how much time and effort the cast devotes to the show. We put in a good two months—and yet it’s over so quickly. But for those select moments when you are in fact in front of an audience, truly performing, you remember what all that work was for. Feeling the energy of the house and establishing a connection with the audience is one of the most indescribable feelings. When the three nights of the show end, you can’t help but feel relieved; but a part of you is missing.

Meredith Walker ’01: Over the course of four consecutive Thacher productions, I’ve come to realize that the appeal of acting lies in having the excuse to regress to childhood make believe. Complete with dress-ups! Of course, when I was a child I didn’t pretend to be a chronically melancholy intellectual (Jacques) or a prouder, hypochondriacal stage mother (Phyllis Owens) but that’s just in the details...
sionally these days—perhaps the plot is too innocent, too “corny” for modern tastes—but in my experience audiences are always surprised to hear some of their favorite tunes in this gem of a show: “My Funny Valentine,” “The Lady is a Tramp,” “Imagine,” and “Johnny One-Note.” The cast caught on early in the rehearsal season to the possibilities for sheer fun and frolic. As Greg Haggard taught them the music and Gallia Vickery worked her choreographical magic, both the “old-timers” and the “rookies” blossomed. My co-directors and I knew we had a winner: the chorus was as strong as any we’ve had since our collaboration began five years ago, and the principals showed consistent enthusiasm for their roles, unsophisticated as they might be by today’s standards. The richness and beauty, the power and personality in the voices of veteran singer-actresses Esther Guzmán ’01 (Bunny) and Julia Erdman ’03 (Terry) were known qualities, while senior Peter Frykman (Val) and sophomore John Babbott (Gus)—stage novices in December, believe it or not—and sophomore Jackie Fiske (Susie Ward) commanded our attention more and more as opening night approached. These students could sing! Add to this raw talent and energy the fact that Babes in Arms is truly an ensemble musical (only a few scenes did not include the entire cast) and a hit show was all but certain. Indeed these eight seniors, two juniors, six sophomores, and three freshmen gave the large audiences something to sing about. The maturing of our veterans and the emergence of several brand-new Masquers made this musical a happy theatre experience for us directors, too!

The reservoir of dramatic and musical talent grows wider and deeper at Thacher: opportunities for creatively seem to grow every year as students and teachers work to maintain the tradition of excellence and fun on stage. From the “Thespies” to the veterans, from the Advanced Acting Class (who will perform their own play in May) to independent performers, theatre seems to be taking place every week at Thacher these days, and I feel grateful to be a part of a collaborative effort with talented and selfless actors and directors who love the process as much as the results.

Chamber Singers provided a “concert-in-a-play” in As You Like It.
Sports Recap

Fall Sports

Three teams secured Tony Dunn Sportsmanship Awards in the fall and three more teams won Condor League Championships in the fall.

VARSITY GIRLS’ TENNIS

Captain: Elizabeth Sanseau ’01
Coach: Rae Ann Sines
Condor League Record: 3-2
Season Record: 9-5

In addition to Cap’n Sanseau (first in singles play), seniors Caitlin Mulholland (second in doubles), Emily Dachs (first in doubles), Andrea Black, and Meredith Flannery (the latter two both third in doubles and recipients of Most Improved Player honors) gave critical support to the younger racqueteers on this spirited squad.

JUNIOR VARSITY GIRLS’ TENNIS

Captains: Smitha Reddy ’01 and Emma White ’01
Coach: David Johnston
Season Record: 3-4

Tony Dunn Sportsmanship Award

Abundant, joie de vivre matched joie de tennis in this team which, in Dr. J’s opinion, deserves Most Valuable and Most Improved Player.

GIRLS’ CROSS COUNTRY

Captain: Deloria Lane Many Grey Horses ’01
Coach: Pierre Yoo

With the loss of five of the top seven runners of last year’s squad, the 2000 runners turned a page to write a new chapter. At League Finals, Deloria picked up first place and was later named Most Valuable Runner; Phoebe Barkan ’03 snagged eighth; and Dawn Cleveland ’03 won Most Improved kudos.

BOYS’ CROSS COUNTRY

Captain: Rob Dickson ’01
Coach: Jamie Dial

Condor League Champions

This team went undefeated in the League, snagging a fistful of clanking medals along the way at races such as the Brentwood Invitational and the Mt. SAC competition. John Babbott ’03 claimed the Most Valuable Runner award while Drew Fleck ’03 received the Most Improved award.

VARSITY BOYS’ SOCCER

Captains: Mike Back ’01 and Tyler Manson ’01
Coach: Fred Coleman
Condor League Record: 10-0-0
Season Record: 11-0-0

Tony Dunn Sportsmanship Award

Condor League Champions

“This team—as fast as any we’ve had—always played up to its level,” said Coach Coleman, “even when the opposition did not. It was unquestionably one of the two or three best ever Thacher Varsity Boys’ teams.”

JUNIOR VARSITY BOYS’ SOCCER

Captain: David Babbott ’01
Coach: Jack Crawford
Season Record: 10-1

Condor League Champions

“Our seniors were outstanding all year and the primary reason behind our success,” according to Coach Crawford. The season’s highlights were three victories over Cate and a total of 40 goals scored on opponents, with only five allowed.

THIRD BOYS’ SOCCER

Captains: Max Greene ’01, Brian Kelly ’01, and Simon Xi ’01
Coach: David Harris
Season Record: 8-1-1

Tony Dunn Sportsmanship Award

“True class, grace, and commitment” is how Coach Harris described this team. During Family Weekend, they showed “complete domination by the boys, and an end-score of 4-1, with some of the best soccer I’ve seen in 11 years at this level.”

FRESHMAN BOYS’ SOCCER

Captains: Max Kuhl and Ward Sorrick
Coach: Michael Mulligan
Season Record: 2-1-1

“Even with juggling horse responsibilities and sports,” wrote Coach Mulligan, “these boys showed impressive determination, unity, and spirit throughout the season. They enjoyed each other’s company and improved their team play significantly by season’s end.”
GIRLS’ VOLLEYBALL
Captain: Jennifer Bowie ’01
Coaches: A.J. Goldman and Diana Garcia, CdeP ’95
Condor League Record: 2-5
Season Record: 3-7
This very young team enjoyed their vast improvements—both individually and as a team—throughout the course of the fall. The irrepressible and tough Betsy Bradford ’02 won Most Improved Player, while Captain Bowie (a four-year Varsity Player) earned Most Valuable Player honors.

GIRLS’ THIRD TEAM SOCCER
Captains: Kerry Connolly ’01, Grace Logsdon ’01, and Emma White ’01
Coach: Diana Garcia, CdeP ’95
Season Record: 0-4
Illness, injury, and stormy weather hammered a triple whammy on the Thirds this winter on the first scoreboard; but on the second, the important one that records sportsmanship and spirit, this squad was undefeated.

BOYS’ VARSITY BASKETBALL
Captains: Michael Back ’01 and Jay Thornes ’01
Coaches: Brian Driscoll and Ted Holden
Condor League Record: 8-0
Season Record: 11-10
Condor League Champions
For the second consecutive year, these “courtiers” earned the Condor League Title with the roster of seniors (in addition to the captains: Blake Caldwell, Eric Butts, and Canyon Cody) having beaten Cate seven of eight times in their tenure on the court. “The key to the boys’ success,” reports Coach Driscoll, “was their balanced strength, as different players took top-point honors in nearly every game.”

Two League Championships and two Tony Dunn Awards highlighted the winter sports season.

GIRLS’ VARSITY SOCCER
Captains: Emily Dachs ’01 and Anthea Tjuanakis ’01
Coach: Fred Coleman
Condor League Record: 4-0-3
Season Record: 6-2-5
Co-Condor League Champions
This senior-dominated team played in rain, sleet, and occasionally near gale-force winds to prevail as co-Condor League Champions. In the first round of CIF playoffs, they bested the only team to beat them in season play and nearly won the second round against Flintridge Prep (one of the Southern CIF Section’s two top teams).

GIRLS’ JUNIOR VARSITY SOCCER
Captains: Andrea Black ’01 and Meredith Flannery ’01
Coach: Mary Everett, CdeP ’94
Season Record: 7-1
This team was undefeated and unscorched upon (with the exception of a game against the higher division Nordhoff). “After a close 1-0 win against Cate in the rain,” recalled Coach Everett, “a great second half run gave us a 4-0 win the second time around.” Hannah Carney ’01 won the Most Improved award.

GIRLS’ JUNIOR VARSITY BASKETBALL
Captains: Esther Guzman ’01 and Stephanie Hubbard ’01
Coach: David Harris
Condor League Record: 1-6
Season Record: 1-9
“We had a strong turnout and collectively they played with a great deal of heart, hustle, and humor,” reports Coach Harris. Despite a disappointing season record, a good half of the games were close.

GIRLS’ JUNIOR VARSITY LACROSSE
Captains: Chris Brown ’01 and Tyler Manson ’01
Coaches: Jack Crawford and Bo Manson
Condor League Record: 7-2
Season Record: 11-2
“Our come-from-behind triple overtime loss to Cate was our finest effort: Down 4 to 1 at the half, the boys returned to the field and out-scored the opposition by an equal 4 to 1 margin to tie the game with two minutes remaining,” said Coach Manson. The sudden-death triple overtime proved a classic nail-biter, with shots hitting the pipes and the goalie repeatedly, but not the net’s inner V. The team came in second in the League.

BOYS’ JUNIOR VARSITY LACROSSE
Captains: Erik Fiske ’02 and Andrew Poole ’02
Coaches: Tom Scarborough and Terry Twichell
Condor League Record: 2-6
Season Record: 2-7
Tony Dunn Award
“These guys gave 100% on the field, every practice and every game,” according to Coach Twichell, and grew in competitiveness and skill with every passing week, even facing two Varsity teams on their playing schedule (OVS and Laguna Blanca). Most Improved on the squad was John Babbott ’03; Most Valuable Player was Andrew Poole.

BOYS’ FRESHMAN LACROSSE
Captains: Ned Lincoln and Robert Neville
Coach: Greg Courter
Season Record: 1-5
“Because the team invested great effort in practice and in games, the guys experienced terrific growth and improvement over the course of the season,” Mr. Courter said. Most Valuable Player honors went to Ward Sorrick and Lee Shurtleff; Chris Goldman won Most Improved. 

Winter Sports
Guest Professors Enhance Curriculum

Students Sample Congressional Law and Japanese Culture

During the fall semester, John Nathan, Ph.D., taught “A Cultural History of Japan from 1100 to the Present.” Japanese literature and aesthetics as expressed in the prose, poetry, and cinema of various periods entranced students each Tuesday evening for three hours. The course “was more of an analytical reading and writing class than a history course,” according to Senior David Babbott. “We started with The Tale of Genji, which dates to ancient and elegant Japanese court culture, and then moved chronologically through Japanese historical and cultural tradition...Several of the books we read were translated by Dr. Nathan directly from the Japanese. In addition to the shorter papers we were writing frequently, we wrote a longer paper on a subject of our choice. It was an excellent course because Dr. Nathan was extremely knowledgeable, purposefully entertaining, and used personal stories in addition to the texts.”

Since 1994, Dr. Nathan has been the Takashima Professor of Japanese Cultural Studies at the University of California, Santa Barbara. He is known for his biographies of Yukio Mishima, director of some of the finest documentary films featuring Japan, and a preeminent translator of Japanese literature. He authored two books: Words, Ideas, and Ambiguities: Four Views of Translating from the Japanese and Sony: The Private Life. Dr. Nathan received both his bachelor’s and doctorate from Harvard University in Far Eastern Languages and Comparative Literature. He and his wife Diane live in Santa Barbara and they have two children: Emily ’03 and Toby who is 12.

This winter, former California Congressman Paul Norton “Pete” McCloskey, Jr., taught a nine-week course on Constitutional Law to two classes of upperclass students. He is a fourth-generation Californian, who graduated from Stanford University and Stanford Law School. He served as a District Attorney before forming what is now the biggest law firm in the Silicon valley. In the early 1950s, Mr. McCloskey served in the Marine Corps in Korea and received two Purple Hearts, the Navy Cross, and the Silver Star. He was elected to Congress in 1967 and served until 1982. He also ran for the Republican presidential nomination in 1972. He’s written five books, two of which his class used in their course. He now practices law in Redwood City and farms in Yolo County, California. His wife, Helen Hooper McCloskey, is the aunt of three CdePers: Alix Blair, CdeP ’98, Hannah Hooper, CdeP ’00, and Alden Blair, ’01.

Max Greene ’01 wrote of his experience in class: “I received insight, knowledge, and a new perspective...I have learned to question the working of things, to know that an individual can make a difference, and to desire to change the current system of politics that can breed corruption and selfishness. I believe that I will use the important life lessons that Mr. McCloskey has taught me in my future studies as well as in my pursuit of happiness and possibly public service in the future. I think that no matter what I do in the future, that Congressman McCloskey’s teachings will stay with me and bring a new perspective to the decisions that I will make in my life.”

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The Thacher News

Campus Life

John Nathan

Pete McCloskey
Coach for cross-country and track) and Greg DelVecchio; and Elizabeth Reynolds Mahoney, CdeP ’88 (Horse Department faculty member) and her husband, Digital Media Guru Bert, welcomed Aidan McKay Mahoney on September 15. Just before Christmas, William Taggart “Tag” Curwen joined his folks, Austin (History Department and Horse Packer), and Alison (Study Skills teacher) Curwen. Missing Super Bowl Sunday by just a few days, Evan Howse Perry was born to Molly Twichell, CdeP ‘85, and Derick Perry, CdeP ‘83 on February 3. As of this writing, one more is on the horizon: Wendi (Art teacher) and Jamie Dial (Outdoor Program) are expecting their first bundle of joy in June. All of these precious little lives bring great joy (and plenty of diapers) to our Community.

Four seniors received word recently that they are part of the 16,000 National Merit Finalists and, therefore, eligible for college scholarships. Mary Ann Bronson (Juneau, Alaska), Robert Emmett Hopkins (Healdsburg, California), Brian John Kelly (Portola Valley, California), and Kevin Robert Schmidt (Bellevue, Nebraska) should hear this spring if they will be part of the 7,900 Merit Scholarship winners to receive scholarships. Congratulations, scholars, and good luck in this next stage!

Just before the elections in Israel, Thacher parent Brian Lurie (father of Alex ’02) spoke on the current political and social climate in Israel. He correctly predicted that Sharon would win by a landslide and shed some light on the most pertinent matters facing Israel today. He capitalized on the pressing issue over the Old City in Jerusalem, discussing the complications of this holy city’s ownership. He spoke of the escalating violence in Israel and of the near future. To close the evening, Mr. Lurie shared a blessing that he translated into English: “may the Lord bless you and keep you, may the Lord cause His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you, may the Lord give you a life of health, hope, happiness and His most precious gift of peace.” According to Alex, “This prayer sums up the reason for my dad’s devotion to his cause—peace among Jews and between Jews and their neighbors.”

Babies Galore are gracing our Community. Gordon Fairburn Larson was the first to arrive on May 29 to Phoebe Fairburn Larson (Associate Director of Admission) and Marc Larson. James Joseph “JJ” Mazzola arrived on August 7 to Chris (Dean of Students and French teacher) and Rich (Athletic Director and English teacher) Mazzola; on August 25, Caroline Redfield DelVecchio made her appearance to parents Sarah (History teacher and coach for cross-country and track) and Greg DelVecchio; and Elizabeth Reynolds Mahoney, CdeP ’88 (Horse Department faculty member) and her husband, Digital Media Guru Bert, welcomed Aidan McKay Mahoney on September 15. Just before Christmas, William Taggart “Tag” Curwen joined his folks, Austin (History Department and Horse Packer), and Alison (Study Skills teacher) Curwen. Missing Super Bowl Sunday by just a few days, Evan Howse Perry was born to Molly Twichell, CdeP ’85, and Derick Perry, CdeP ’83 on February 3. As of this writing, one more is on the horizon: Wendi (Art teacher) and Jamie Dial (Outdoor Program) are expecting their first bundle of joy in June. All of these precious little lives bring great joy (and plenty of diapers) to our Community.

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Numeracy Puzzle

Last issues’ puzzle has been solved by several creative people. Here was the puzzle:

The radii of the three largest circles are 1, 2, and 3, respectively. What is the radius of the smallest circle?

Kip Witter, CdeP ’64, Dick Rhodes, CdeP ’59, Tom Cleveland (stepdad of Andrew Fleck ’03), Phil Thacher, CdeP ’54, and Eric Anderson, CdeP ’88, all sent in correct answers of 6/7. As Eric wrote:

It relies on the fact that any line connecting the centers of osculating circles intersects their point of tangency. This allows for the construction of three right triangles with sides whose lengths may be defined in terms of three unknowns. Application of Pythagoras’ Theorem to each of the three triangles gives three equations in those three unknowns. Thus their values may be determined. The radius of the fourth circle is one of those unknowns

\[
\begin{align*}
X^2 + h^2 &= (1 + y)^2 \\
(2 - x)^2 + h^2 &= (3 - y)^2 \\
(3 - x)^2 + h^2 &= (2 + y)^2 \\
y &= 6/7
\end{align*}
\]

Great job, fellows…

Here’s the new puzzle:

You are presented with 12 coins, one of which is counterfeit. Find the counterfeit coin in less than four weighings with only a balance scale if all 12 coins are identical in appearance, and you know only that the counterfeit coin does not weigh the same as a “good” coin.

Send your solution to Kurt Meyer in the Thacher Math Department via e-mail at kmeyer@thacher.org, or via U.S. mail at the School address.
Five Thacher students signed away one of their spring vacation weeks to journey from New Orleans to the Mississippi Delta, with Tom Scarborough, a scholar of Antebellum South who returned to Thacher this spring to teach the History of the American South. During an organizational meeting a few weeks before the trip, Tom asked Brian Kelly ’01, Rob Dickson ’01, Andrew Ma ’02, Kasi McNaghan ’04, and Julia Robinson ’04 what impressions came to mind when they thought of the South. Their responses, Tom found, were mostly drawn from cultural stereotypes and biases propagated by the entertainment industry. Most of them possessed little or no hard knowledge about the region. Indeed, for many Americans residing in other regions of the nation, the South remains terra incognita. “To mention the South is to invoke troubling images of hard-hearted masters whipping their slaves, fire-eating secessionists, lynchings, and all other manifestations of overt racism,” Tom explains. “It elicits impressions of rural isolation and poverty, uneducated hicks, and Lynyrd Skynyrd playing ‘Sweet Home Alabama’ in front of a giant Confederate flag. In fact, the South has at one time or another been all of these things. Southerners themselves have all too often demonstrated a positive genius for playing down to the lowest expectations of the region’s harshest critics. Yet we remain fascinated with the South. Perhaps this is because the South’s own Manichean internal struggle to balance good and evil has been played out so publicly for so long. Bill Clinton is only the latest apt metaphor for this struggle. The South has allowed us to see with shocking clarity the Darkness that exists within all of us, and it is troubling. But the South is more than America’s version of a Greek tragedy. This is what I hope the students will come to see on their journey to the most Southern place on Earth.”

Upon his return, Tom crafted a detailed account of the group’s Southern Sojourn with historical facts woven throughout. Excerpts of that fascinating transcript and photographs are published here.

We make the short walk to nearby Jackson Square and I hire a carriage to take us on a tour of the Quarter. Our guide is knowledgeable and he gets most of the history right...The streets of the Quarter are already crowded with tourists out for the night’s revels. As our carriage crosses Bourbon Street the din pouring from the bars momentarily drowns out our guide. The strains of Dixieland jazz, electric blues, and Cajun shuffles collide, creating a maelstrom of noise that is uniquely New Orleans.

We amble through the LSU campus to Hill Memorial Library where Tara Zachary, the head of manuscript acquisitions...allows the group to examine some manuscript documents from the papers of the Bisland family, a planter clan from Natchez, Mississippi. Among the documents we scrutinize are bills of sale for slaves, ledger books recording plantation expenditures, personal letters to and from friends in Scotland, and numerous “sight drafts”—promissory notes which functioned as negotiable currency in a region chronically short of specie and hard case. Though most of the documents we examine date from 1803-1810, the paper is in remarkably fine condition...[since they don’t contain] acids or bleaches that would cause [them] to deteriorate as rapidly.
During their last dinner together in a little restaurant on Duvalaine Street, Tom asked the students how the trip had influenced their perceptions of the South. “They cited such distinctions as the warmth of the people, the nature and character of rural poverty, the slower pace of daily life, and reverence with which Southerners regard the past,” Tom wrote. “All were unanimous that even in today’s American instant disposable techno-franchise culture, Southerners still retain a reassuring awareness of time and place, and a self-conscious sense of apartness from the cultural mainstream. And the students are right—the South is different. But, to an extent that many people don’t realize, the South—and particularly Afro-Southerners—have shaped and mediated our society’s cultural vocabulary for over three centuries. Whether from apathy or an intrinsic dislike of all things Southern, those who remain ignorant about the South can never truly understand themselves as Americans. For the South is indeed quintessentially American, and we may all be more Southern than we care to admit.”

If you are interested in receiving the entire report, please contact Jane McCarthy at Thacher, and it will be sent to you.

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As announced in the Spring/Summer 2000 edition of The Thacher News, the Thacher Historical Society is an ad hoc committee of persons interested in promoting and enhancing the history of The Thacher School. Soon after the magazine was posted, Mrs. Piers Dixon (Ann Davenport Mavroleon Dixon of London, England) sent Michael Mulligan a “slim autobiography” by her father, John Davenport, CdeP ’21, thinking that his writing about SDT’s era might be interesting to the Thacher Community. With her permission, excerpts are presented here.

When I think back to the California of those days it is usually with the unlikely combination of trains and the sweet smell of orange blossoms. Trains because prior to World War II there was no other way of spanning a three-thousand-mile continent that one now accomplishes in a Boeing 148 in a matter of hours. The effete Easterner boarded the Pennsylvania Limited at Philadelphia and some 14 hours later disembarked in Chicago. From there, the Santa Fe took one across the Mississippi and thrust Westward across Arizona and New Mexico and so up a final steep gradient to Needles and the Tachachapis where the great double-header engines drew off at a siding, panting from their long exertion, and a different engine and engine crew took charge. It was mostly downhill all the way, firstly though sage brush, then into rich ranchland where the walnut and orange orchards spread down to Los Angeles and the edges of that California landmark, the broad Pacific.

I first made this journey at the age of nine in the autumn of 1913 in the company of my mother and my elder brother Russell, five years my senior and was destined to make it many times over in the next 10 years. For, while born and bred a Philadelphian and of that “Main Line” celebrated in Phillip Barry’s “The Philadelphia Story,” California became my second home in what some account as the best time in life. The journey itself came about by happenstance when Russell (who had suffered pneumonia at an early age which left a slight hearing difficulty) contracted increasing deafness and was advised by a Swiss doctor that the only way to arrest this defect was by moving from the damp climate of Philadelphia to Arizona, New Mexico, or California. Our mother, a stout-hearted woman, took this advice seriously. She headed our small family of three (our father had died many years earlier), set off for “the Golden West” and entered Russell in The Thacher School in California’s Ojai Valley, to the astonishment and cluckings of the Valley to make the dances not only possible but actually practical. The ambience of this beautiful valley is different from that of Santa Barbara...primitve and more jaunting. One enters the Valley via a road from Ventura...The Valley itself is a cup in the mountains surrounded to the west by the high peaks of Matilija and to the north by the massive outcrop of the Topa Topa Range. What is now the town of Ojai was then called Nordhoff, named for the family of Charles Nordhoff, who went on to write the famous Mutiny on the Bounty and other books dealing with far-off Polynesia.

Into this Valley and village Sherman Thacher had come in the 1880s when, upon graduating from Yale, he broke down in health and sought recuperation on his brother’s orange ranch. Sherman, the product of New Haven, soon regained his strength in the orange orchards and began to receive letters from the East asking him if he could tutor various New Haven and Yale boys having trouble with their studies. He took on one, then two, then three, and out of this grew The Thacher School, where boys could combine preparing for college with horseback riding and camping on what Sherman Thacher was wont to call “The Western Rim.” Today it is a modern place equipped with all kinds of playing fields and tennis courts. In the days I am speaking of it was more primitive...a man Thacher was wont to call “The Western Rim.” Today it is a modern place equipped with all kinds of playing fields and tennis courts. In the days I am speaking of it was more primitive...a man Thacher was wont to call “The Western Rim.” Today it is a modern place equipped with all kinds of playing fields and tennis courts. In the days I am speaking of it was more primitive...a man Thacher was wont to call “The Western Rim.” Today it is a modern place equipped with all kinds of playing fields and tennis courts. In the days I am speaking of it was more primitive...a man Thacher was wont to call “The Western Rim.” Today it is a modern place equipped with all kinds of playing fields and tennis courts. In the days I am speaking of it was more primitive...a man Thacher was wont to call “The Western Rim.” Today it is a modern place equipped with all kinds of playing fields and tennis courts. In the days I am speaking of it was more primitive...a man Thacher was wont to call “The Western Rim.” Today it is a modern place equipped with all kinds of playing fields and tennis courts. In the days I am speaking of it was more primitive...a man Thacher was wont to call “The Western Rim.” Today it is a modern place equipped with all kinds of playing fields and tennis courts. In the days I am speaking of it was more primitive...a man Thacher was wont to call “The Western Rim.” Today it is a modern place equipped with all kinds of playing fields and tennis courts. In the days I am speaking of it was more primitive...a man Thacher was wont to call “The Western Rim.” Today it is a modern place equipped with all kinds of playing fields and tennis courts. In the days I am speaking of it was more primitive...a man Thacher was wont to call “The Western Rim.” Today it is a modern place equipped with all kinds of playing fields and tennis courts. In the days I am speaking of it was more primitive...a man Thacher was wont to call “The Western Rim.” Today it is a modern place equipped with all kinds of playing fields and tennis courts.
ble but events of the first order. It became her task to round up the most likely girls…escort them to the Ojai, chaperone them while there and so add greatly to civilizing Mr. Thacher's closely guarded domain. I accompanied her on these expeditions as a kind of page boy, too young to enter into the festivities, but old enough to admire my seniors and betters as they danced away an evening…

Sherman Thacher's influence on this life of studies and horses was all pervasive though always formal and curiously objective. Every morning, S.D., as he was nicknamed, opened the academic day in the main study hall with a reading of his and the School's favoured poets, with a decided emphasis on the poetry of Rudyard Kipling who best expressed Sherman Thacher's philosophy of hard work and God's own gift of common sense. We came to feel in our bones such favourites as Kipling's "If" and "Recessional," such lesser known poems as "When Earth's Last Picture is Painted," "McAndrew's Humn," "Gunga Din," and above all "The Explorer" which somehow suited the still unspoiled country in which he lived:

In the little border station
Tucked away beneath the foothills
Where the trails run out and stop.

For Sherman, Kipling's "Explorer" summed up just about all of the manly virtues which he tried to instill in his ever changing classes of young men, his great disappointment, I learned later, was that on a trip to England he was unable to meet Kipling face to face. To this early morning poetry reading was added in the evening a half hour of prose reading: Dickens, Thackeray, Jack London, Brete Harte's "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and on Sundays, the Old and the New Testament. Sherman, it will be recalled, had been brought up in the strict Puritan orthodoxy of the New Haven of the 1870's. Bit by bit life had eroded orthodox belief in God at least as set forth in the prayer books. He was when one came right down to it an agnostic in religious matters but a firm believer in the Puritan ethic. An agnostic is not an atheist. He simply does not know, and confesses as much. Years after I had graduated from Thacher, I had occasion to stand with its headmaster on the School Pergola overlooking the beautiful Valley. In a rare breakdown of formality Sherman gestured towards the distant hills as if to say: "There must be more out there than what we see but it is unknowable."

But if agnostic in the matter of God, S.D. was quite sure of himself in the matter of ethics. Smoking was anesthetized at the School except for faculty members who were given a small shack in which they could indulge in that forbidden habit. The dangers of drink or sexual promiscuity were harped on. One of the School's more famous pupils in the days after I had left it was Howard Hughes, who while there broke all the rules and was unceremoniously kicked out. Sherman lamented even while practicing such disciplinary measures. He had a theory that the boys he really wanted to help were not the obedient scholars but the misfits. "Howard Hughes," he once said, "was the only boy I never really could help." Apparently Hughes in the end took the thought for the deed. From his enormous fortune, made in oil-rig equipment and other ventures, came a gift of the School's first-class science laboratory.

My own experience of the Puritan ethic came with stunning force one morning at School Gymkhana wherein we practiced all manner of games on horseback. One of those games was the sack race in which one galloped the length of the field, pivoted one's horse on the sack while scooping it up with one hand and then raced back to the finish line. On that day I missed the pivot, had to wheel twice and came down the field swearing at my faithful mare to the astonishment of many onlookers. Sherman took me into his office the next morning and verbally chastised me, first for disgracing the School before visitors, secondly for blaming what was my own error on my horse.

My second memorable encounter with S.D. came not too long before my graduation. In summoning me into his office to discuss the future, S.D. remarked almost casually: "You know, John, you are not going to Yale next year." "Why not?" I retorted, for my marks and other deportment was on the whole excellent. It turned out that Sherman believed I was just too young—not just in years but what he called "maturity"—the growing up process which for him was so essential. It came as a bitter blow for it meant getting out of step with all my classmates. In fact, as it turned out, it was one of the best turns that any man has done for me. I was too young emotionally, sexually, and in other ways to go to college.

So where next? Sherman held in his hand a small catalogue of a quite different kind of academic institution than Thacher or Yale. It was a newly founded school called Deep Springs, tucked away in northern California between Owens Valley and Deer Valley, and founded by a man very different from S.D. Thacher. He was L.L. Nunn, who with a brother had developed the first rudimentary elements of long-distance power transmission that today we find so commonplace. The Nunn brothers had started this development in Telluride near O investigative work. They had made an enormous success and not a little money and had additionally made a practice of hiring high school students and college students to do some of the work. From this came the idea of developing a school where actual work would be interlaced with academic studies. And the final result was the Deep Springs School, where selected students—tuition fully paid for out of an endowment fund—combined studies with actual ranching.

In the Autumn of 1922, I boarded a train in Los Angeles that chugged slowly and with many stops up the Owens Valley, the conductor as I recall in dungarees and sleeves. One got out at Bishop in the shadow of the High Sierras to the west and lesser mountains to the east. From there one was met by car and whisked over the hills to school itself, some cement and stucco buildings, surrounded by barns, two or three silos and shacks sheltering various forms of farm equipment.

It was a desolate enough place very different from the beautiful Ojai, and I recall soon after arrival I got a note from Mr. Thacher saying: "You will probably find your first experience disappointing. Most things in life are." Yet as the year developed Deep Springs developed its own attractions and proved enormously worthwhile. Studies were less formal than at Thacher and in one case—Differential Calculus—we had a fellow and older students as master. Ranch work soon came to be as exciting as horseback riding in the Ojai and equally rewarding. Fields to be plowed in autumn and spring, cattle to be herded in all kinds of weather, innumerable practical chores to be attended to. Fellow students and workers—only about 20 in number—came from all classes in society for Deep Springs was no Ivy League place…

Nunn exerted his powers of persuasion, which were not inconsiderable, to have me stay on at Deep Springs for more than one year. This was not to be. I was scheduled to enter Yale in the autumn of 1923, and the schedule held after considerable argument. But not without one farewell look…at "the California that was." On leaving the school in June, I teamed up with a companion, Bob Aird, now a physician in San Francisco, for a final fling at the West. Buying a mule in Bishop, we made a two-week pack trip at night across the towering Sierras. Three days of hard climbing brought us to the top of those sheer mountains. We camped on the third night close to a high glacial lake. Before supper I made my way up to an eminence from which one could look north and south along the jagged peaks. It was a wild and unforgettable scene of massive eruption. For the Sierras are in face a giant fault or slippage, sheer on the west and gently sloping on the east. Millions of years ago the Earth so spoke had given way, leaving behind a tumbling sea of rock as far as the eye could see. I gazed at the dislocation, this desolation and grandeur for a while, then was glad to return to our campsite. Next morning we started our very different descent westward. First rocky going. Then the tree line and the opening up of pasture land. Wonderful streams of clear crystalline waters. And finally and at last the first signs of civilization—the ranches and then the towns. We sold our mule for what we paid for him in one of them. The Western years, the boyhood years, were over.
In the “olden days,” Sherman Day Thacher identified students whom he wanted to return to Thacher to teach once they’d finished college. Frequently for only one-year stints, these young men rejoined Thacher's Community on the other side of the fence with increased demands and responsibilities, forced professional relationships with their former teachers and coaches, and barely enough wrinkles to discern them from fresh-faced students. Yet, this opportunity was seldom turned down when offered by SDT; after all, it was quite an honor to be the anointed one, to get to return to the idyllic setting of their high school years, and to rub shoulders with motivated, intelligent students. As well, it gave real-life experience to these young alumni and helped build their résumés for future career aspirations.

There’s no question, though, that Thacher benefits from this practice, as well. Bright young minds; strong coaching and athletic skills; and positive mentoring, role models, compassion, and comprehension of current students’ struggles enhance Thacher’s faculty immeasurably.

At Thacher today, several young teachers are also alumni: Derick Perry, CdeP ’83; Elizabeth Reynolds Mahoney, CdeP ’88; Molly Twichell Perry, CdeP ’85; Mary Everett, CdeP ’94; and Diana Garcia, CdeP ’95. The experiences of these last three alumni are included here, along with nine others who returned to Thacher during the last seven decades. Our featured Trustee and author are also alumni and are profiled here as well. This was an interesting topic to research and write about; we hope you enjoy reading about these folks as much as we enjoyed putting this piece together.

—JDMc
In some regards, it’s fortuitous that Laurin Healy, CdeP ’31 ever came to Thacher. He grew up in Chicago and Evanston, Illinois, and finished Evanston Township High School in June 1930. He was only 16, but Williams College had accepted him for the fall. His parents worried that he was too young to start college and would benefit from a year of maturation before going away. Some family friends—the Hopkins of Evanston and the Morrissons of Chicago and Groton, Connecticut—had sons, Larry and Reeves, respectively, who were attending Thacher. Laurin had spent summers at his family farm in Western Massachusetts, hiking, riding horses, camping, and doing farm chores. Larry and Reeves suggested that Laurin join them at Thacher where they could enjoy these outdoor activities—as well as academics—before heading off to Williams. Thus, in September 1930, Laurin arrived with his hometown friends for an extra year of high school. Thacher was the perfect place. “It still is,” according to Laurin.

This was a wise decision for both Thacher and Laurin. He thrived at Thacher, a much smaller school than Evanston’s student body of 2,000. Larry, Mitch Boyd, and Laurin roomed in a corner of the Upper Upper School, where Laurin inherited the nicknames “Shawn” or “O’Lealy” in honor of the Irish playwright Sean O’Casey. Mitch recalls, “For a fellow who was at the School for only one year, he fit in very well. He was pleasant, tall, slender, and a great baseball player.” Laurin made the First Teams in baseball and soccer, the latter a sport he hadn’t even tried until he arrived at Thacher. Laurin excelled academically as well: he loved studying Latin with Morgan Barnes, trigonometry from Joseph Lowery, and he received commendation for his work in French IV. He served on the Boards of “The Notes” and El Archivero; made the Committee of Ten; and won the Honor Man distinction.

Not surprisingly, Laurin spent much of his free time outdoors. He joined The Bit and Spur Club that worked on the Yoemans Trail running between the S.D. Thacher Trail and the foot of the Ingram, north of the athletic field (now part of the Gymkhana area). Weekend camping trips to the Sespe Valley and horse-packing trips were especially enjoyable. Just one disappointment arose during those days at Thacher: few students were curious or interested in identifying and studying the birds that they came across on their wilderness forays. [Fortunately, he found an outlet for this interest later in life.]

One of the fonder memories for both Laurin and Reeves was listening to Sherman Day Thacher read Dickens and other classics in the Parlor following dinner on Sunday evenings. As Reeves reminisces, “It’s still amazes me that a school of boys would sit there quietly and listen to half an hour of reading.” Neither Laurin, Bill Lisle, nor Reeves remember Mr. Thacher being sick during their senior year; he continued playing baseball with the boys during Recess and participated in most of the activities even though he was in his early sixties.

According to LeRoy Makepeace’s book, Sherman Thacher and His School, however, “Mr. Thacher’s health was intermittently poor. Repeatedly he was required to spend a week or more resting in Santa Barbara, and during these periods the School was conducted by Mr. William L. Thacher and Mr. Barnes.” On June 12, 1931, 20 boys—including Laurin, Bill, Reeves, and Larry—received diplomas from S.D.T. during the Commencement exercises held at the Outdoor Theatre. Mr. Thacher then announced that he and his brother William would retire from active service at the School after 42 and 36 years, respectively, would retain their homes at the School, and would be available on an emeritus basis. The reins of the School were turned over to an executive committee of three (none of whom yet possessed all of the necessary qualifications, but when working together displayed the academic, business, and personal prowess for the headmaster position). Superior authority was bestowed on Morgan Barnes who had taught at Thacher from 1903 to 1910 and from 1917 until his appointment as Acting Headmaster, and had served as Trustee and Secretary-Treasurer of the School since it was incorporated in 1924. Forest Cooke was appointed Acting Associate Headmaster, and Anson Thacher, CdeP ’23, was made Business Manager. It was stipulated that any two could veto the decision of the other.
William fulfilled his intention of traveling and being peripherally involved with management of the School; Sherman Day died six weeks following Commencement.

Laurin, Reeves, and Larry all matriculated to Williams. Laurin majored in U.S. History and made the Varsity Soccer Team for three years. Various campus groups took advantage of Laurin's leadership and writing skills: he wrote for the weekly school newspaper, "The Williams Record," he served as Production Manager of Cap and Bells (the College's undergraduate extracurricular theater organization), and he was the Treasurer of the Thompson Concert Committee, that brought concerts to Williams. When Ignace Paderewski (Polish pianist, composer, and statesman) played at Williams, Laurin wrote the $3,000 check for him: "Quite a bit of money in those days!" Laurin drove a better deal with the Cleveland Orchestra: an entire orchestra for the same three grand. "The Cleveland concert," Laurin recalls, "had to be delayed several hours. It was three degrees below zero and the woodwind players couldn't thaw out their reeds in order to play." Again, Laurin succeeded academically despite his intense involvement in the Williams community; he was tapped for Gargoyle, the Senior Honorary Society.

When Laurin neared graduation, Mr. Barnes, who had now taken over the headship of Thacher, asked Laurin to teach at Thacher. Laurin agreed to try it for a year. He lived in Middle School; taught Latin, U.S. History, Algebra, and Current Events; and returned to the soccer and baseball fields, this time as coach of the Second Teams. "It was an extremely rewarding and interesting year," Laurin remembers, "even though it required a lot of hard work. Somehow I managed to stay at least a day ahead of the students in Algebra." Even though Laurin loved teaching at Thacher, he thought that he would be a better teacher if he knew more about the world that the students would face when they had finished school. Laurin left Thacher the second time, again, after spending only one year. He returned to Chicago to work as a reporter for the Chicago Daily News. Upon his return to Illinois, Laurin rekindled his friendship with Thacher classmate, Jim Kellogg, CdeP '31, who lived in suburban Winnetka. Jim introduced Laurin to one of his neighborhood friends, Patricia Kelly.

Patti and Laurin married in 1939 and moved to Springfield, Illinois, in 1940, where he set up a state capital bureau for the Daily News. The publisher of the newspaper, Frank Knox, was named Secretary of the Navy just before World War II broke out. He wrote a letter on Laurin's behalf that helped him receive a Naval commission. Laurin's military training was a 30-day crash course at the Great Lakes Naval Station's "Rabbit Hall." Initially he was assigned to Public Information work in Chicago, but was then assigned to the European Theater for two years. Patti stayed busy with their two small children, Laurin Hall, Jr. and Deirdre, born in 1941 and 1942, respectively. During this time, Laurin wrote The Admiral, the biography of George Dewey, hero of the Spanish-American War.

When Laurin returned from the War, the Daily News offered him the same job and salary, but he declined and opted to work for Encyclopedia Britannica in Public Relations. He also worked on advertising and promotion of educational films produced by the Britannica Films Company before starting his own public relations and advertising agency, Laurin Healy Co. His company grew; changed its name to Healy, Baker, and Bowden; and held accounts such as Johnson & Johnson and Litton Industries. He also served as Executive Secretary of the National Artist Materials Trade Association. The Healys traveled to the organization's quarterly Board meetings held in interesting places around the country, which sparked their interest in travel.

In 1964, Laurin received a call from the Ambassador of Thailand at the Embassy in Washington, inviting him to serve as the Consul General of Thailand in the Chicago area. President Johnson and Secretary of State Dean Rusk approved Laurin's appointment, which lasted for nearly two decades. As Consul General, Laurin helped Thai students studying in the Chicago area, introduced visiting Thai VIPs and royalty to Chicago's mayor and the governor of Illinois, and arranged for visas for those who traveled to Thailand for more than a few weeks. At the time, approximately 10,000 Thai students and nurses were in the Chicago area; Laurin gave them advice and helped them navigate through American bureaucracy. One nurse with a particularly complicated name, Pissamai Indraruengsi, asked Laurin to help her change her name. "Naturally, I figured she'd choose a name that would be easy to spell and say. Was I wrong! She chose Vitaviroj."

The Thai community in Chicago gave parties several times each year and often asked Laurin to speak. He would memorize a few sentences in Thai and then give the balance of the speech in English. "The people were charming and appreciative that I at least tried to speak their language," Laurin recalls. He met many influential people from Thailand when they came to visit. In fact, a former prime minister, Anand Panyarachun, who is now in his nineties, served as the Thai ambassador in Washington when Laurin met him back in the sixties. "I just saw an article that mentioned Anand. It's good to see that some of these bright, wise people are still influential in Thailand.

Another benefit of this position was travel for the Healys. Their first trip to Thailand was in 1966 and they proceeded around the world from there. Once Laurin retired, he and Patti were able to travel even more. They've now been around the world three times and visited every continent. Their favorite places to visit are still Thailand, England, and Antarctica. The British lifestyle, history, and culture are fascinating to Laurin, an interest that was piqued by T.C. Smith, quite a famous professor of English history during Laurin's college days at Williams. Beyond the researching and studying the history and culture of their travel destinations, Patti and Laurin enjoy bird watching. Some of their interesting sightings were of Ground Hornbills in Senegal; Wandering Albatrosses in Antarctica; long-necked Anhingas in Florida; Dippers in the Wye River in Wales; Puffins and Great Skuas in Shetland Island who dive-bombed Patti; and the Nene geese of Hawaii, Sir Peter Scott's favorite bird, which he rescued from extinction. "We have seen them at the Slimbridge Wildfowl Center in England on the Severn River and in Hawaii, as well as in the Resplendent Quetzal in Costa Rica.

Unfortunately, Laurin won't be returning to this year's Reunion in recognition of their graduation seven decades ago. Two years ago, the Healys celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary in Santa Barbara and rendezvoused with Sally and Bill Lisle at Thacher. "I think it is a great tribute to Thacher that it has gone from a small school of 60 boys to its present size of 240 with such a fine and orderly expansion," remarked Laurin after this last visit. "The new buildings fit in perfectly with older ones and the character of the School has scarcely changed in spite of this increase. The School has surely retained its outstanding degree of leadership and preeminence among secondary schools in America."
Sixty years is a long time to be associated in one way or another with The Thacher School, unless, of course, you are a member of the Thacher family. Student, faculty member, Alumni Association President, Trustee, Thacher parent, fundraiser, and friend to scores of CdeP Alumni, George Pfau maintains a spirit of gentle optimism and congeniality for which he was admired by his classmates in the class of 1942. George’s first contact with the School occurred not in the Ojai, but in the northern Sierra, where for two summers he worked at Silver Pines Camp, owned and operated by Bob Hunter, CdeP ’23. George remembers that he was paid $25 for one month of work in the kitchen as the cook’s helper. “The good news was that I was able to bank the entire $25. The bad news was that I had to milk the cows, chop the wood, light the stove, and wash all the dishes for the campers. The experience qualified me for extensive KP during my career in the Army.”

At Silver Pines George met a number of Thacher students and alumni who regaled him with tales of the Ojai, of camping in the Ventura County wilderness, and of the close knit community which was and is The Thacher School. He decided that if Thacher was such a great School for them, why not for him. So it was that in the fall of 1941, George arrived in the Ojai from his home in Milwaukee. His classmates wrote of him: “At Casa de Piedra only one year, George…stepped right into the lead of his class in athletics, scholarship, and official capacities … (His) escapades with his spirited charger, Sabre, have been a great cause of amusement of everyone except himself; at the beginning of the year he suffered many bruised portions of his anatomy before he got the little fellow under control.”

The 1942 El Archivero records that George played soccer, basketball, tennis, and ran track. He was a member of the Ojai Tennis Tournament Committee and the El Archivero Board—quite a busy schedule for a one-year student. He sang in the Glee Club, El Trobadores, and was an aunt in the School’s production of Gilbert and Sullivan’s H.M.S. Pinafore.

At Yale in his freshman year, George tried to sign up for officer candidate programs in the Army and Navy but he couldn’t qualify because of his poor eyesight. With other Yale classmates with similar eyesight problems, he signed up in the Enlisted Reserve Corps (ERC) and was called to active duty at the end of his freshman year. The Yale ERC was sent for recruit training to a base in Massachusetts. On arrival it was discovered that none of the Yale men had had physical examinations, a prerequisite to enlistment in the Army. No uniforms were issued to them. George and friends were assigned to KP duty in the enlisted mess hall while the Army figured out what to do with them. There was much mirth among the other recruits when they were served the usual Army grub by George and his Yale classmates attired in their Brooks Brothers finest!

In late 1944, the Army caught up with George’s health problem—asthma—and he was medically discharged. So much for his Best Draftee rating by his Thacher classmates. But nothing has prevented George for very long from doing that which he was determined to do.

Just before year’s end, George joined the American Field Service as an ambulance driver and was sent to Italy. There he was assigned to an Italian division of the British Eighth Army. The unit was stationed in Tuscany facing the Germans and the War was winding down. Neither the Italians nor the Germans wanted to fight but there was plenty of action for the Ambulance Corps. Then in 1945 the Germans “ran out of gas” and the War in Italy was over. George remembers that “the local Italian residents opened the wine cellars in which they had hidden vast quantities of wine from the Germans. The countryside was awash with wine, and good wine at that.” What a party!
George remembers his reconnections to Casa de Piedra: “Somehow I started writing Anson Thacher and we corresponded intermittently until the War ended and when I returned to Yale in the fall of 1945. We must have exchanged dozens of letters during that time period. I was very grateful for his wisdom and interest in me.

“My idealism was running rampant during this time in post-War Yale. As a result I was seriously considering going into the ministry. Although I was a confirmed Episcopalian, I seriously considered other religions such as Catholic, Islam, Buddhist, and other Protestant religions. Anson was a sympathetic and caring correspondent.

“As my confusion grew over what I wanted to do after graduation from Yale in the summer of 1948, Anson offered me a job teaching at The Thacher School, explaining that the School often hired young college grads to help out with faculty chores, giving some special help to lagging students, etc. It sounded good to me. And, in fact, Thacher’s was the only offer I had, so I gratefully accepted.

“Thus it was that I arrived in my old car from New Haven in late August 1948. As I drove through the Ojai I saw fire racing down the mountain from Topa Topa, headed directly towards the School. Navy Seabees were there fighting the fire. Happily the wind changed in the middle of the night and the School was saved.

“When the smoke and confusion had cleared, I sought out Anson Thacher to report for my teaching duties. To my astonishment, I was told that Anson had suffered a serious medical problem and that Newt Chase was now Headmaster. Anson had neglected to tell Newt about me! However, Newt took pity on me and welcomed me to the faculty. I was assigned to be an assistant to Mr. O.E. MacBride, who taught Chemistry and Physics. Most of what I knew of the course content I had learned in 1942 as a student of Mr. MacBride. Sadly, Mr. MacBride suffered a heart attack and I had to take over the classes and guide the students through the College Boards. Somehow, I got the job done and the boys took to calling me Fightin’ Father Pfau.”

As a Middle Schooler in those days, I remember George as being the faculty leader in the rejuvenation of Gymkhana at Thacher. The sport had died during the War as all the other Southern California schools eliminated their horse programs. George organized the Green and Orange intramural teams to restore competition. George also called upon Thacher students at Yale to provide prizes for gymkhana events. Thus was born the Yale-Thacher Gymkhana and the George Beckwith Gymkhana Trophy (a great horseman classmate from both Thacher and Yale whom George Pfau solicited to finance the prize). I also remember George as the most enthusiastic booster of camping. He taught me and many others how to pack a horse well, distributing the weight properly so as to eliminate the need to repack along the trail before making camp in the evening. He was a most enjoyable companion on the trail. Through his eyes we came to see the Creator’s wonders which lay all about us.

“I soon realized that I needed a lot more education in chemistry and physics to continue a career in teaching,” George told me. “So I did not renew my contract at year’s end. Instead I gravitated into the financial advisory business in San Francisco—my father’s career, too—where I am today.” He is presently a senior vice president at UBS Paine Webber and is still hard at work every day as a financial advisor. According to Peter Cahill, CdeP ’42, with whom George still plays tennis and dominoes, “George has loads of friends; he’s very congenial, outgoing, and involved in fundraising for local interests, especially the Republican party.”

Personally, George married twice. He and his first wife, Elizabeth Spencer, had three children: Peter, CdeP ’73, Mary “Molly” Clopp, and Elizabeth Sarachene. After that marriage ended in divorce, George married Anne Mayhew, who died last year after a long struggle with cancer. They had one son, George III, who was born in 1982, and is now graduating from University High School in San Francisco.

George entered the third phase of his long term of service to the Thacher community in the sixties. He served the School as a member of its Board of Trustees and President of its Alumni Association from 1969 through 1973. He breathed new life into Association activities and the Annual Fund, especially in the San Francisco Bay Area. He continues to provide space in his office for regular Thacher “phoneathons.”

George’s love and enthusiasm for all things Thacher is undying. How fortunate for The Thacher School that his parents decided to send him to spend the summer at Silver Pine Camp in California over 62 years ago.
Many extraordinary teachers have left their mark on Thacher and its students. Only a few had been students themselves. One who left a unique print was Bruce Oxley, who graduated from Thacher in 1954. Bruce brought back with him his close identification with the Thacher tradition of horses and camping. He had often pondered what it would be like to return as a teacher. His curiosity once even led him to apply as a science teacher. Alas, it was not his area of expertise and he didn’t get the job. He did finally come back in 1976 as Director of Thacher’s Horse Program. Horses were Bruce’s area of expertise and the ensuing years became some of the most memorable of his life reliving his earlier years at Thacher and using his considerable talents to teach students the art and science of horsemanship.

Most Thacher students arrive on campus without knowing which end of a horse to feed and which end to clean up after. They graduate clear about the latter. This was not the case with Bruce, who arrived with his own horse, Bing, whom some referred to as knot-headed, the cowboy term for learning-impaired. But with patience, a virtue that Bruce has in large quantities, he taught Bing to do tricks and perform all of the gymkhana events with the speed and precision that earned Bruce the captaincy of the First Gymkhana Team and the status of High-Point Man his senior year.

One of the tricks Bing learned was to maintain a sitting position (not something any horse will do willingly) and look over Bruce’s shoulder while Bruce sat in front of him reading a book (see photograph). This picture was a ploy to make Bruce’s classmates and faculty think that Bing was smarter than he really was. The truth is Bing couldn’t read a word.

Again, unlike most graduates, Bruce rode out on the same horse he came in on. He took Bing with him to Davis where the two of them majored in animal husbandry. Following a brief stint practicing his newly learned craft on someone else’s animals, Bruce and his wife, Carol, bought a cow and calf operation in Scott Valley in far northern California. The closest town, Etna, is so small that even native Californians have no idea where it is. My wife and I came for a visit. Bruce and Carol eagerly announced that we had arrived on the weekend of the Etna Centennial, an event marked chiefly by a parade down the main street (actually, the only street). Somewhere in the middle of this two-hour extravaganza, we began to recognize participants who had been in an earlier part of the parade. It seems that after completing a lap, they were going around behind the stores, changing clothes, wagons and horses and reappearing for another round. This reappearance of the same people in different costumes did nothing to diminish anyone’s enthusiasm for the event as spectators, many of whom were also frequent parade participants, clapped and cheered again and again with wild enthusiasm.

Bruce’s thoughts about returning to Thacher resurfaced when he was visiting the School for an event. At Pattons’ Cabin, Jack Huyler pulled him aside and said, “I know you are busy ranching, but would you ever consider coming back to Thacher to run the Horse Program?” Huyler had a notion that the current Director, Hal Johnson, was thinking about leaving.

“He took the job and returned to Thacher in 1976. “It was exciting, stimulating, rewarding, and just plain fun to be back on campus,” Bruce stated. “Needless to say, life at Thacher as a member of the faculty was different in many ways from life as a student. There were similarities, however. I spent the vast majority of my time involved with the horses and their interaction with the students and other faculty members. It was this same relationship with horses, students, and faculty that made my four years as a student so memorable, rewarding. Who would have thought that 20 years or so later I would be imparting to a new generation of Thacher students the skills taught to me by Jesse Kahle and Jack Huyler?”

One of the things Bruce recalls as most rewarding was his reunion with his mentors Jesse
and Jack. When Bruce returned to the School, Jesse, who hadn’t spent much time at the School since his retirement, became a regular fixture at Thacher once again. He visited the barns with the same enthusiasm of earlier years and always found a way to be helpful to Bruce and the students.

Bruce stayed at Thacher from 1976 to 1978 during which time two of his and Carol’s children were students. David graduated in 1979 and Jill the following year.

But Bruce missed the cattle business and decided to leave Thacher to work again at his ranch in Scott Valley. Besides his cow and calf operation, Bruce became interested in beefalo, a cross between a buffalo and a cow. The meat was leaner and high in protein and it seemed like a promising product. Enthusiasm for beefalo waned, however, and marketing efforts failed in their appeals to consumers to try it. After all who in America wants something sensible and good for them?

In the meantime, David had graduated from Cal Poly and was working at the ranch with his parents. After five years away from Thacher, Bruce left David in charge of the ranch and returned to reclaim what he loved to do most: teach riding and horsemanship at Thacher. This time Bruce stayed for seven years until 1990 giving him and Carol the opportunity to see their daughter and youngest child, Rachel, graduate from Thacher in 1989.

Bruce considers himself privileged to have been at Thacher for two momentous events: The Thacher Centennial and the admission of girls on a full-time basis. The latter came too late for some of us, alas. Thacher had experimented with an exchange program where the girls from Emma Willard School came west for the spring semester and Thacher boys went east to Emma Willard. The success of the program prompted Thacher to become coed, and with the girls came a big boost for the Horse Program. Girls are born animal lovers. They adored the horses and were strong advocates for the Horse Program.

“Working with the girls as opposed to the guys was a little different,” Bruce recalled. “Probably the Horse Program was a good synthesizer for the integration of coeducation. The barn was a great equalizer. The School was careful in their selection of girls, looking for ones who liked the outdoors. Like the boys, some girls took to the horses right away and others were intimidated. But by Parents’ Weekend, around Halloween, things were running pretty smoothly.” The girls became a major asset to the Horse Program.

The Horse Program was a very large part of the Centennial. With the experience of the Ema Centennial under his belt, Bruce was well-versed in what was needed to produce a Grand Entry of epic proportion. He and his minions started preparing more than a year in advance. The Grand Entry was a huge success, starting at the Gymkhana Field, snaking around the campus, and ending at the running track below The Pergola. Bruce also was in charge of the Centennial Gymkhana. The regular Thacher Gymkhana had been changed so that competitors ran singly, racing against the clock. Bruce brought back “the old time way of doing it,” running the races in heats which had spectators on their feet cheering for their favorite riders.

Carol took on her share of duties at Thacher serving as an advisor to students. She also went back to college at UCSB and received a degree in English. She had her horse at the School and rode regularly with Bruce and her advisors. Carol also worked in the Alumni Office for a year and helped put the Alumni Directory together.

Summing up his experiences, Bruce reflected, “I feel really lucky that I was able to spend those years there. I have many fond memories of Thacher, but the Horse Program, with all its challenges, adventures, and the life-long friendships of such teachers as Jesse Kahle and Jack Huyler, stands at the top of the list.

“Even as times change, certain aspects of Thacher seem to stay the same—the emphasis on horses and the outdoors as influences on character and teachers of common sense and self-reliance; and the sense of a small—even family atmosphere—and community. I would submit that these aspects have much the same influence on students today as they did in the past.”

For Bruce, one of the great benefits of working at Thacher was the wonderful relationships he developed with certain kids, many of whom still visit him and Carol at their ranch in Ashland, Oregon. When they are not seeing plays in Ashland’s famous replica of Shakespeare’s Globe Theater, or visiting their children and grandchildren, they spend time riding through some of the most beautiful country in the world. Bruce still continues to bring horses and people together to learn life’s lessons of patience, communication, and understanding.

Looking back at Thacher now, Bruce quips, “It is not everyone who can spend 13 years in high school and enjoy it.”
Fall 1958. Eisenhower is President. His favorite game—golf—and tracking satellites across the night sky are the major new popular diversions of the day. Hair is short. At Thacher, Formal Dinner—nightly—means white shirts and ties. Young faculty include Huyler and Miller and Shagam. Newt Chase calmly presides in an era of American smugness. Life away from home begins for the 35 smuts in the class of 1962.

Michael Milligan's dominant sensory memory of his four years at Thacher is of “dust everywhere!” Spice, and later Colorado, were the object of morning and evening rituals and the source of much of that dust. Heat was a seasonal phenomenon, except for the warming fires in the Upper School sections in winter. Three dances each year—the source of much fantasy and unfulfilled longing—were for Michael almost always shortly preceded by injuries that may have been excuses not to dance or means of evoking sympathy. “It was a time of scarcity. I and everyone else fell madly in love with Peggy Chase and with whatever heroine appeared in the all-male cast of the School play.”

Thacher led to Stanford, where Michael belonged to Theta Xi and lapped up Stanford's groundbreaking creative writing program. Idealism and optimism were the order of the day, issued by President Kennedy, who sent Peace Corps volunteers around the world and promised to send men to the moon. President Johnson promised an even greater society at home—never mind the costs of a troubling little Asian conflict.

Michael and his college sweetheart, Carole Lepper, were married right out of college in 1966. Over the objections of their parents, they heeded the call to do good and headed off for a two-year adventure in the Peace Corps in Nanyuki, Kenya. They taught high school English and science to the sons of poor families who had scraped to give their eldest or most favored child a chance of a better life. These students were hungry for education—for the opportunity to rise from poverty and make their families proud. They were difficult to handle only in their impatience with anything not relevant to their educational and career aspirations. To the two young Peace Corps volunteers, teaching this eager group was “like writing on a clean slate.” Opening eyes to the world beyond Nanyuki was an exhilarating experience.

Incredibly, a record collection and record player were among the Peace Corps baggage lugged to Kenya by the Milligans, intended for their own pleasure more than for educational purposes. However, they soon learned that Man of La Mancha was the first exposure of their students to orchestral music, to drama, even to poetry. It was all new! The thrill of delivering the riches of modern civilization to bright young people was extraordinarily—if also naively—gratifying.

Meanwhile, the anti-war movement, Eugene McCarthy, Lyndon Johnson's withdrawal from the election, the Chicago riots, the assassinations of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King—all were far away and dimly observed. January 1969. Nixon takes office promising to wind down the Vietnam War and restore civility at home. The economy is reeling from the demand for both guns and butter. Campuses are rocked by drugs and demonstrations. Hair is defiantly long. Young Thacher faculty—too numerous and short of tenure to remember—struggle with being part of “the establishment.” Newt Chase, in a reprise engagement, struggles to maintain order among those who have summarily concluded that his sense of order is “irrelevant.”

Michael and Carole were home from the Peace Corps for Christmas 1968. He had been accepted to law school for the following year and so they had six months to fill. Teaching had been a rewarding endeavor. Why not keep doing it? Michael wrote to Newt Chase who, as it happened, was short an English teacher, and a deal was quickly struck. They moved into the Carpenter house (where the Schryvers now live) over the Christmas vacation, and Michael’s presence surprised a full complement of freshman and sophomore English students and juniors in creative writing when they returned after the new year.

The return from Nanyuki to Ojai was an enor-
mously traumatic transition. “In retrospect, it’s hard to say which experience—the two years in Kenya or the six months at Thacher—was the more other-worldly. We knew that the post-colonial existence in Kenya was not typical, but we couldn’t believe that the Age of Aquarius was either!” Thacher, like schools across the nation, was in ferment. Rebellion against authority and the alienation of generations sharply eroded the sense of community that Michael recalled from his student years a decade earlier. He was stunned to find that the acceptance and respect for his academic role in Kenya was peculiar to that time and place, not to be replicated in America in the late sixties. “For the first time, I struggled to maintain discipline in classes, especially with a group of irrepressible sophomores (who shall remain nameless).”

“The senior faculty and their spouses were great about welcoming us and offering support. It was definitely odd to return as a peer among my former teachers—Fred Lamb, Bob Miller, Marvin Shagam, Jack Huyler—but we felt accepted and appreciated.” By spring, Michael’s role as teacher, assistant track coach, and “Ethos” advisor was well established. He had survived the hazing of his students. He had survived a freshman Extra-Day Trip (though, to his acute embarrassment, one of their horses did not). He and Carole had survived the record flood of ’69 that had severed both the road and the water line from the campus to their house just as their first child was due. Kimberley was born April 12, achieving brief hero status for her father in an era when the faculty was less procreative—and School Holidays were consequently fewer and farther between—than today. Kim was the youngest of three generations of Milligans attending graduation that year, including a Trustee, a faculty member, two graduating seniors and their respective families. “In contrast to my discomfort at the outset, I felt a real satisfaction with my short time on the faculty and the students I had come to know as I recited their commendations at graduation.”

Fall 1983. Reagan symbolizes a conservative resurgence in America and abroad. Inflation is rampant, and the discussion of the economy overshadows foreign affairs. Preppy clothes and lifestyles are in fashion. Most previously all-male and some all-female schools and colleges have become coeducational. Thacher’s seventh coeducational freshman class—no longer called Smuts—are greeted by young faculty including the Robinsons, the Johnstons, and the Meyers.

Michael Milligan, alumnus and former faculty member, was suddenly no longer an insider. He had become a consumer of the very service that he once rendered. “Carole and I were greeted warmly—as parents—and, as such, were kept at arm’s length.” It was, yet again, a new way to experience Thacher. In the years since he had served on the faculty, the School had regained its footing and settled down remarkably. Coeducation, while still new and imperfect, had increased the attractiveness of the School and, consequently, the academic strength of the student body. College and careers were once again relevant considerations.

When on campus for Kim’s freshman Family Weekend, Michael noticed some constants in his Thacher experiences. “I was struck by an overwhelming sense of place—of unchanging, permanent place. I realized that many small corners of the campus, and the activities that go on there, are timeless, that to be there today is no different than being there in 1958 or 1969. Those small corners evoke a sensory memory that is very rich and, frankly, comforting.” But Michael quickly qualifies his nostalgia: “I’m wary of the deadening effect of nostalgia on the vitality of a place like Thacher. We good old boys—the very fact that most of us are boys—have to be content with the small corners that remain unchanged while the School moves forward with the times. We treasure our memories but appreciate what makes the School alive and vital today.”

Today, looking back on his experience as a faculty member, Michael readily acknowledges that six months was too little time to become established or make a difference. “I was like a stone skipping across a pond—neither becoming immersed nor having any lasting effect.” However, his teaching career in Nanyuki and Ojai permanently changed his life. “Teaching was not highly valued in our home when I was growing up, so I marched toward law school without a second thought. But I realize now that teaching was my most satisfying professional endeavor. Communicating with young people—really reaching them—in a way that increases their understanding and broadens their perspective was a great thrill. I probably should have made a career of teaching.” He pauses for just a moment. “Maybe I still will.”

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Steve Griggs and Sophie Hollow have got me feeling a bit long in the tooth. Sophie plucked out her first tiny cuspid this week and then lamented that Grandmother Davis, who is no longer with us, will never see her new smile. My mother has been gone for two-and-a-half years, almost to the edge of Sophie’s memory. Time flies. Stephen, who is the subject of this article, has been on my mind for several days. While musing about him, I paused to tally the number of years that we have been friends. It came to 43 (ouch), and, due to common interests, our paths have crossed constantly over the years. I wish it would slow down, but time does fly.

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Steve was not quite nine years old and his sister, Curry, 11. The Thacher Community responded to the crisis like a large family. They pulled together, lent support, and shared grief, and there was a lot to share. During these years, Van’s colleagues were particularly important. They were positive role models and they were surrogate parents. Many would later become his teachers, and then his own colleagues. Barbara recognized how important the family bonds with the School were. Although she planned to settle eventually on the East Coast, she decided to remain in Ojai so that Steve could keep the support of his extended family and, in time, attend the School. Barbara was not surprised when, as a student, he chose to pursue the study of languages. He finished Thacher with four years of French, three of Latin, and two of Spanish, and went on to major in modern languages at Trinity.

Steve has twice been a member of the Thacher faculty. He was first hired in 1970 by Ted Sanford to teach French and Spanish and to coach soccer, lacrosse, and baseball. He was drawn back after seven years of attending college and teaching on the East Coast. A “disillusioning” experience at Choate was the catalyst, but one suspects that he was fated to complete the family cycle. Once again, at summer’s end, a Griggs family wagon would be loaded up and headed west.

“Returning to Thacher for me was probably a bit different than for other alumni, because for me it was not only my alma mater but also my home. I felt welcome there, and my former teachers accepted me warmly as a colleague.”

Joining the faculty gave Steve new perspective. On the one hand, he discovered how hectic the job of a boarding school teacher is. Highly motivated students demand and deserve your full attention. So does your family. The Thacher life doesn’t happen by accident. It is the product of a lot of hard work, much of which students don’t see and can’t imagine. It is a bit like having two full-time jobs, neither of them low maintenance. On the other hand, he was reminded what a fascinating, bustling community it was and is, full of talented and interesting people, who share values and help each other. I visited the Griggs household during these years. Steve was busy, but happy, clearly in his element and fully engaged. Daughter Amie thrived as a fac-brat, and when Damon came along in May of 1971, a School Holiday was declared.

In 1975 Steve was offered the men’s tennis coaching job at Yale. Leaving the Thacher community was a tough decision, but it was an opportunity he couldn’t resist. New Haven’s proximity to Mt. Riga was a factor, but Steve was also keen to coach Division I athletics.

Shortly after settling in New Haven, Steve was confronted with a bitter new reality. His marriage was over, and Amie and Damon were moving to San Diego. Once again the family bond was broken. Once again the continent interposed, but painfully. Steve immediately set about, in his diligent way, reorganizing his life. They would spend the summer, as always, on Mt. Riga. That took care of three months. I live in La Jolla, so he had a place to stay where his kids were welcome. San Diego has a huge tennis tournament in March, and it became an annual tour for his team. Then, he concentrated his recruiting here and worked to beef up the travel budget. When the Yale soccer job became available, he pounced. The seasons dovetailed, and he could handle both jobs. The athletic director was getting two for the price of one. Steve was doubling his San Diego stops. This was Steve at his best, methodically turning obstacles into opportunities, leveraging his assets, building two great athletic programs, and methodically reinserting himself into the lives of his children.

While Steve was coaching at Yale, I was running a soccer club that graduated Olympic and National Team caliper players. Our program became a feeder for Yale to the benefit of both sides. In my opinion, a coach’s character is most vividly revealed during the recruitment process, and over the years, Steve recruited several of my players. These kids, typically, would be in our system for years, and they and their parents would be my friends. It was a pleasure to pass them along to Steve. He conducted himself with decency and dignity, and he told the truth. He didn’t pander to players, or criticize his coaching rivals; even the one’s who bent the rules. At some point along the way, I had an insight regarding Steve: Here is a fellow who gets out of bed every morning and tries to live his life according to the Thacher ground rules. Here is a fellow who grew up watching Newt Chase, and Bob Miller, and Marvin Shagam, and decided; “that’s how I’m going to treat people.” Kinda cool.

Having touched on the issue of recruiting ethics, and in the interest of journalistic balance, I must reveal that there was indeed one small scandal, but that was early in his career when the pressure was on. There was this slick little midfield player down near Boston named Colin McEvoys, who had all the moves. He also had the “boards and the grades” making him National Team caliber players. Our program became a feeder for Yale to the benefit of both sides. In my opinion, a coach’s character is most vividly revealed during the recruitment process, and over the years, Steve recruited several of my players. These kids, typically, would be in our system for years, and they and their parents would be my friends. It was a pleasure to pass them along to Steve. He conducted himself with decency and dignity, and he told the truth. He didn’t pander to players, or criticize his coaching rivals; even the one’s who bent the rules. At some point along the way, I had an insight regarding Steve: Here is a fellow who gets out of bed every morning and tries to live his life according to the Thacher ground rules. Here is a fellow who grew up watching Newt Chase, and Bob Miller, and Marvin Shagam, and decided; “that’s how I’m going to treat people.” Kinda cool.

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Steve’s second tour of duty at CdeP was brief and serendipitous. In 1997, after 22 years of coaching, Steve notified Yale that he did not intend to renew his contract. Meticulous to the end, Steve had his successor in place, and perhaps his best-ever recruiting class enrolled, with three months left on his contract. Steve was looking at a paid holiday, but Head of School Michael Mulligan came calling due to a defection in the Spanish Department. Steve was on a jet the next day. His family stayed behind to finish the school year, and he was free, for the most part, to roam the School and the trails and to reminisce. He found that there are obvious changes to the School, but what struck him were the things that have remained the same: the Honor System, the civility, the camaraderie, the humor, the pepper trees, the trails, the way Topa Topa looms, the view from the Outdoor Chapel, the sage perfume in the air. The list is long.

Steve is presently employed as the Director of Athletics at the Newark Academy, where his children Colin and Jessica are students. Trish helps out at the school, so the whole family commutes together. As soon as the school year is over, the family heads for Mt. Riga, but Steve starts feeling the pull in March, feeling it, smelling it. It is palpable, irresistible. No discussion of Steve can be complete without Mt. Riga.

From the time of the Revolutionary War to the mid-1800s, Mt. Riga was the site for a thriving iron-forging enterprise due to the confluence of iron ore and dense chestnut woods to fuel the fires. When the Bessemer Process ushered in the age of steel, the area died. In 1870, some wealthy businessmen bought 5,000 acres of woodland with two lakes in the hills above Salisbury, Connecticut. In New England, these kinds of hills are called mountains. The owners incorporated to allow the land to remain in the hands of their successor generations, members of which have consistently voted to keep the area primitive.

There is no telephone service, no paved roads, no electricity, and motors are banned on the lakes. Approximately 30 cabins make up the community. Like Steve’s, they are mostly owner-built. Some are tree houses. Steve’s grandfather was invited to spend summers there in 1902, and the family has been there since. The old Ironmaster’s House, named “Castinook,” is still referred to as the Griggs House. Steve’s father and his brother spent their boyhood summers there and slept in their own small cabin. Eventually, Van built continued on page 44
Paul Gavin, CdeP ’71

Dreams and Excellence Are Worth Pursuing

by Stephen W. Scott, CdeP ’71

Paul Gavin, CdeP ’71, is passionate—be it about his art, lacrosse, his Thacher experiences, or any of the other things happening in his life! He brought this passion back to Thacher, first as a lacrosse coach in 1982 and subsequently as an art teacher and lacrosse coach in 1984 and 1985.

Prior to Bob Miller hiring Paul to coach lacrosse, Paul was living one of those Southern California “retro” beach artist existences. Using a Santa Ana loft studio as a base, he traveled the area in a 1951 flathead V8 Ford pickup (can’t you just see the surfboard jutting out the back) painting land, sea, and cityscapes. Paul was also playing club lacrosse at this time. It was as an incoming junior at Thacher in 1969 that Paul was introduced to the game that held his passion long after he left Thacher, and ultimately offered the opportunity for his return to coach in 1982.

Art, on the other hand, was something Paul had always enjoyed and done—except, oddly, during his high school years. Lacrosse, riding, and social activities took precedence over the creative process. Although Paul didn’t take any actual art classes at Thacher, he occasionally fiddled about, and classmate Ronald Gee and art instructor Edgardo Catalan offered help and instruction when requested—or perhaps when necessary!

Nonetheless, Paul believes that his student experience at Thacher played an important part in his development as an artist. At Thacher it was emphasized that ideals are important and that dreams and excellence are worth pursuing. And even without art classes, the Thacher environment was culturally rich. The natural beauty combined with the extremely talented, creative, and sometimes outspoken student body and faculty during those musically, artistically, politically, and socially explosive times planted creative seeds that still bear strong and sometimes inexplicable inspirational fruits today.

One artistic memory from his student days stands out and affected his teaching when he returned to teach Art in 1984. While visiting family ancestral stomping grounds before starting his senior year, Paul saw a small carving on a high school fountain that had been left by his grandfather on the night of his graduation many years before. This event left Paul with an appreciation for the positive energy that can be gained, even with small anonymous creations, and it stirred a desire to leave something artistic behind when he left Thacher.

Paul mentioned this to Ron, who apparently agreed that artistic whimsy created a positive and healing energy, and together they found an image that they decided should adorn the now dismantled large water tank up by the Sespe Dormitory. So one spring night in 1971, Ron and Paul set out into the darkness, and the following morning Cricket Twichell stared out her kitchen window with amused disbelief at Porky Pig in all his larger than life glory. (It must be noted that it was just a happy coincidence that both Porky and the current headmaster sported bow ties. And Marty Sproul, Jamie Green, and faculty wife Helen Knight, who had assisted in purchasing the paint, deserve credit for their now declassified preparation support.)

After graduating from Thacher, Paul spent two years at Villanova University near Philadelphia, where he experienced the fanatical East Coast lacrosse culture and developed that true manic passion familiar to all lacrosse players. And the texture, history, and “soul” of the Philadelphia area further spurred Paul’s creative drive and he decided to major in art.

In 1973, Paul attended U.C.S.B., where he played lacrosse, refereed for the Condor League, and coached the Cate J.V. Lacrosse Team. (Paul says his allegiance was always with Thacher and that he was simply going underground at Cate so that one day he could debrief the Thacher teams on Cate tactics—or was it simply a convenient place to learn coaching skills given that he had no car?)

At about this time, Paul began to think that maybe he should start to think ahead and consider a serious career. So he focused on biology for a while, but the interest just wasn’t there and he finally left school to decide what would satisfy him. It was ultimately a career in art that eventually grabbed and held his passion. He graduated from University of California at
Irvine in 1979 with a studio art degree, bound, and determined to make a living as an artist on his own terms. It was at this time that he was asked to coach at Thacher.

The first year of coaching was not too time consuming, but the addition of art classes the following two teaching terms raised the bar. Although he didn’t have advisees, nor any dorm duty, the energy required to inspire and motivate the best work from students was enlightening. He learned that it requires significant work to be a good teacher.

Having a passion for lacrosse and having played on college and club championship teams, Paul first coached as he had played—driven! However, while trying to transfer his passion for the game to his players, he learned that coaching is different than playing—a player plays, a coach manages. They are two different skills, and learning to coach properly was a challenge.

In his art classes, Paul tried to impart his belief that if someone really wants to draw, if the desire is strong enough, that with some guidance and, most importantly, diligent and consistent work, it could be done.

In both lacrosse and art, Paul wanted students to know that belief in one’s abilities and the focused effort to build one’s skills will bring gratifying results and allow them to accomplish their goals. He sought to impart important lessons from his own experiences to his players and students; work hard to follow a dream, seek excellence, be responsible for your decisions, and maintain your ideals. He also wanted to pass along the “spirit of Porky”: to add something positive to life, no matter how small, and do it quietly and without a need for recognition.

Paul is still proud of his lacrosse teams. They performed extraordinarily well, barely missing the championships against physically superior teams. And he believes the artwork produced by each of his students was professional quality and is something they will be proud of as long as they live. Some “Porky” elements were added to the campus—and since then the Porky water tank has been dismantled.

After teaching at Thacher, Paul continued to develop his art career. He has published many limited-edition prints of Southern California coastal scenes and opened two retail studio/galleries. His art has kept him extremely busy, and with a couple exceptions, he has lost touch with most of his students.

Single until 1993, he married Kimberleigh Webb, an artist he had met in 1981. They had dated briefly then, and she visited him once in Ojai while he was coaching in 1982, but they went their separate ways until meeting again in 1991. Together they now sponsor and produce artwork and merchandise for the largest air shows and some other events across the United States. They have also been instrumental in rebuilding Fleet Week San Francisco since it became a civilian event in 1996. And now, because of the extensive travel and time required to accomplish the artwork and related tasks, the Gavins transferred artwork to their Dana Point framer’s gallery and closed their retail location.

Looking back, it is difficult for Paul to determine a fondest teaching memory among so many. It was a very rich experience, being immersed in a natural environment with very intelligent and creative people—where, for at least a while, one can believe that anything is possible.

But there is one very Thacher memory Paul remembers of his teaching years. As he expressed it: “Every day as I drove up to my classroom, the Crandalls’ Springer Spaniel would come bounding down to give me the most rambunctious greeting. I think he wasn’t supposed to leave his yard. But he would be just so happy to see me—and as quickly as he arrived, he would turn and run back to his yard. That is just so ‘Thacher.’”

单 Comments section to be added.
In the fall of 1981, I was a scared freshman reluctantly being dropped off at The Thacher School by my parents. Driving around Perimeter Road in search of Casa de Piedra dorm, we passed Cricket and Terry Twichell's house. The house was marked with a sign saying “Twichell,” as it still does today. I distinctly remember saying, “What kind of ridiculous name is Twichell?” All I could envision was someone with an incurable, and most distracting, twitch. (Please note that fate repaid me for Twichell is now my last name, too!).

Our first freshman class event, and my introduction to Molly Twichell, was a barbecue at the Coniferous Bosque. After suffering feelings of anxiety and abandonment earlier, I was eager to meet my classmates and start having fun. I found myself in a group that included Molly. Today I have no recollection of the other students because Molly so dominates the memory. Trying to find our bearing in this new environment, we “Smuts” were pondering basic questions such as, “Where are the horses?” “Why is this place called Coniferous Bosque?” “How do we get back to our dorm?” Molly had the answer to every question. In fact, she offered unsolicited information about the School (such as, “but, it’s really easy to find the Outdoor Chapel”) while wearing a Ms. Know-It-All smirk. Regardless of her striking green eyes and strawberry blonde hair, I decided I disliked her. Even after explaining that she’d grown up at Thacher as the daughter of a math teacher, I wasn’t ready to give her a break.

One lesson I learned at Thacher is first impressions are often wrong. In a short while Molly and I were fast friends—as we still are 20 years later. Our friendship started due to scheduling—we shared many classes: Ancient History, Math, Spanish I, Biology, Introduction to Music. When the time came to dissect fetal pigs in Mrs. Edward’s Biology class, we decided to be partners. What could be more bonding?

Spending time with Molly, you realize what a strong, smart, self-assured, reliable, hard-working individual she is (her homework was always done on time!). These are complemented by a wry humor and fierce loyalty. Molly’s generosity and thoughtfulness towards her friends, in addition to the intense bonding experience of Thacher, has resulted in her remaining close to her Thacher friends—“my best friends are still my best friends from Thacher.” Classmate Jen Nielsen deForest explained, “since age 15 she has been the first person I call when I need help or advice.” Another classmate, Anne Wallace, told me, “Molly was and still is a great friend. I have fond memories of coming to Thacher as a sophomore and Molly helped me fit right in. I felt very welcomed by her.”

As a result of my friendship with Molly, I got to know her family quite well—so well that I married her brother Jon in 1992. At Thacher, I treasured my invitations to dinner at the Twichells’. It was a welcome change from Formal Dinner, but more importantly, it was wonderful to be included in a real family setting—great food and amusing conversation. Molly’s father enjoyed teasing me (he had plenty of ammunition as I had dropped his math class), and Molly’s older brother (Jon) and cousin (Jake Cunningham), both juniors at Thacher, were our window to the world of upperclassmen. They knew the good stuff—who was caught doing what, what music was cool, or who was dating whom; however, they were a major risk for Molly. They harassed her with “Who are you dating? What a loser! Let’s go wail on him!” Although I envied Molly’s private bathroom, her access to an oven (she made a mean Rice Krispies treat with melted chocolate), and her easy access to her parents’ love and concern, I soon appreciated the disadvantages of not being a boarder. She lacked a different kind of privacy since her family lived on-campus—and the presence of her father, brother, and a cousin deterred potential suitors.

While working on this story, I was amused to find many of Molly’s favorite stories about her Thacher years were my fondest memories, too. For example, we took a pen-and-ink drawing class from Paul Gavin, CdeP ’71. His mantra, “just draw what you see,” still haunts me—it seemed impossible. Molly, a star pupil, felt the class “was frustrating, but I learned a ton about drawing and had a great time—sitting...
back-to-back with my best friend, gossiping for a double period while sketching.” Yes, we thought we’d really gotten away with something by selecting different views from the same spot (so we could sit back-to-back) for our main drawing, which took weeks to complete. We certainly caught up on a lot of gossip while struggling with perspective and shading.

Another shared memory involves Bob Miller’s sense of humor and Spanish class. Mr. Miller was a tough, no-nonsense teacher. Thus, imagine our surprise one day when he arrived in class with a bag of green jelly beans. After we all took a handful, Mr. Miller explained that no one would be excused from class for a drink of water. Then he casually mentioned these were jalapeño jelly beans. One eager classmate, Rex Cook, already had swallowed his handful and was starting to sweat. But, Mr. Miller kept his word and Rex was not allowed to extinguish the fire in his mouth. Poor Rex really suffered! I wonder if Molly will pull this on one of her Spanish classes?

How could one graduate from Thacher without a favorite camping story? Molly and I signed up for a backpacking trip to Pattons’ Cabin our junior year. The faculty member was Gerry Fleishaker—an excellent history teacher with a heavy Czech accent—but not an expert camper. Upon reaching the trailhead, we realized we had no map and didn’t know which forks in the trail to take. To make matters worse, it had begun to rain. Gerry’s solution: ignore the trails and follow the river because we knew the river passed the Cabin. This was not easy because we frequently had to rock hop across the river to access the side allowing easiest passage. On about our ninth crossing, Gerry slipped on a wet rock and broke his thick glasses. Although we were lost, wet, and leading a blind man, we reached the Cabin—a miracle! But, I’m sure our route was five times the distance of the trail.

Molly’s freshman horse experience provides an example of her ability to laugh in the face of adversity. She was assigned a whitish, oddly dappled Appaloosa named Poco Breeze. Poco generally behaved, however, when Molly needed him to perform, he rebelled. I’ll never forget one Gymkhana when I looked over at the Barrel Race to see Molly struggling with Poco, who had decided his only operational gear was reverse; she did the entire race backwards! Although frustrated, she took it in stride. Her response might have been anger, but instead she smiled and challenged anyone else to match her speed—her speed in reverse, that is. As classmate Anne Wallace noted, “Molly had a certain humor about the horse which kept us all grounded.”

Molly and I played on the same soccer team. Although we played different positions (she was fullback; I was wing) and had different running philosophies (I was a sprinter quickly exhausted, whereas she was slow but steady), we shared a common reaction to Coach Fred Coleman, our Varsity Soccer Coach. He’d had a career at West Point and enjoyed running 100-mile marathons—what kind of sadistic man was this? The whole Team groaned when he’d announce “We’re going to run today.” When he said, “Run,” it meant, “Run and run and never stop.” I don’t think we were ever more exhausted or in better shape than during our endless runs up and down the hills of the upper and lower soccer fields.

Speaking of athletics, Molly had an impressive athletic career at Thacher. As her father enjoys reminding Jake and Jon, even though they considered themselves the family jocks, Molly actually earned more Varsity Letters than either of them. Besides Varsity Soccer, Molly played on the Girls’ Volleyball and Softball Teams. Molly was a real asset to her teams. As Coach Coleman told me, “I remember Molly as the starting left back on my first Varsity Girls’ Soccer Team. She was one of the smartest players I’ve ever coached.” Molly’s smart, consistent performance also extended to softball. According to Team Captain Jen Nielsen deForest, “Molly played first base, which I think reflects her personality—an anchor.”

In addition to team sports, Molly demonstrated perseverance by signing up for a life-gaurding course. This required early morning workouts and endless laps. Although it pained us to watch Molly train, she loved it. Anne Wallace recalled, “I was impressed when she decided to do the life-gaurding class; I couldn’t have dragged myself out of bed that early for those workouts, though she did get me to go do laps later on.”

Molly was a Freshman Prefect in Lower School her senior year. Although a day student, she was an excellent Prefect for boarders. “Senior year was great. The chance to be a Prefect with the likes of Molly was wonderful,” recalled Co-Prefect Anne Wallace. I, on the other hand, recall Molly as the strictest and sternest of us five Freshman Prefects; any girl tardy for check-in cowered if she had to report to Molly. However, Molly’s prefectee Liz Reynolds Ma- honey, CdeP ’88, recently told me, “Molly was a fun Prefect—not too intimidating but just enough so we didn’t want to make her mad. She was always very fair and nice, and we all liked her.”

After graduating from Thacher, Molly’s wanderlust took over. She spent the summer with a family in Trujillo, Peru, with the American Field Service (AFS). Molly recalled, “My family was fabulous—and my placement with them was very much due to the high-quality Spanish education I received at Thacher. They were the only family from my group who wanted an exchange student—the rest had to house someone because their child wanted to go abroad with AFS. I spoke the best Spanish in the group, so they gave me the ‘price’ family and they were wonderful. It was then I re-alized Spanish wasn’t just a discipline, but rather, a life skill that brought me to places where I could never have gained admittance had I not had a working knowledge of the lan-guage.” This appreciation of her Thacher language experience is ironic because although Molly excelled academically at Thacher, she preferred art and history to “science of any va-riety, and … Spanish.”

After her experience in Peru, Molly majored in Comparative Literature—English and Spanish—while studying at Brown University. Already having some exposure to South America, she studied in Madrid for a semester with the Institute for International Studies that whet her appetite for more. After graduating from Brown and spending time in San Francisco, Molly reconquainted herself with Madrid while getting her Master’s degree in Spanish Literature and Culture from Middlebury College. Despite her travels, Molly couldn’t ignore the call of her California boarding school roots. She accepted a job teaching Spanish at the Cate School in Carpinteria, near Santa Barbara. But her love affair with Spain continued each summer as she led Cate students to Salamanca for a month of study and travel.

As much as Molly loves Spanish, romantic love drew her back to Thacher. In 1996 she began dating Derick Perry, CdeP ’83, a Thacher English teacher. Derick was no stranger to the Twichells; he’d known Molly since she was 13 because he was a classmate of Jake and Jon. Following Thacher, Derick attended Dartmouth College and then worked as a retail manager for Robinsons-May in Los Angeles. Lured back to Thacher in 1995, Derick divides his many talents among teaching, coaching basketball and track, and assisting in the Admission and Development Offices.

Although Molly received scant attention from Derick while a student at Thacher, she has his undivided attention now. According to Cricket, “One of life’s surprises was Molly marrying Derick. As a classmate of Jake and Jon, and as my advisee and Terry’s advisee, Derick had been in and out of our house a zillion times. He was buddies with the boys and was always teasing Katie [Molly’s sister], but it seemed to me that Molly was the one person in our family with whom he didn’t have a special relationship.” Just goes to show how unpredictable love can be! Molly and Derick were wed in 1997 at a beautiful ceremony at the Outdoor Chapel with numerous Thacher graduates and faculty in attendance.

Even though Cricket and Terry believed Molly the most likely of their three children to leave the Ojai and never return, she came back to Thacher in 1997 as a Spanish teacher and

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The seeds for Mark’s return to Thacher were sown before he had even left the School upon graduation. At graduation, then Headmaster Bill Wyman pulled Mark aside and offered a standing invitation to return to the School, and encouraged Mark to stay in touch. They did, and early in his last semester at Harvard, Mark received what he describes now as a “cryptic” postcard from Mr. Wyman asking Mark to call him about admissions and teaching.

Much of Mark’s inclination to return to Thacher stemmed from his fondness for the intellectual curiosity that the School seemed to effortlessly stoke in its Community. As a student, Mark had found that learning at Thacher was never confined merely to the classroom or study hall; inspiring discussions about the day’s topics were always close at hand, be they with teachers such as J.B. Close on English literature or Fred Lamb, CdeP ’40, on history, or with fellow students in the dorms or out about campus. It was never inappropriate, never out of style, to continue the day’s dialog.

In many respects, the ability of Thacher to draw out one’s imagination and thoughtfulness was defined for Mark by a singular experience during his junior year. At that time, Mr. Shagam taught a philosophy class that included the study of The Grand Inquisitor, Dostoevsky’s parable of a fanciful encounter between the head of the Spanish Inquisition and a returned Jesus. Mr. Shagam’s impassioned discussions of the book, including the climactic kiss, created for Mark “the most awe-inspiring class.” For Mark, that class became the “gold standard” against which all others were measured, and few, if any, hit the bar. Over time, Mark concluded that a significant part of what had made the impact of Mr. Shagam’s class possible was Thacher’s unique setting; its limited distractions allowed ample opportunities to think and to reflect about what was being taught. Mark decided that if he could teach, Thacher provided the setting in which he would want to do so.

The Grand Inquisitor class served several major roles in Mark’s life. First, it attracted him to the writings of Dostoevsky both in the original Russian and in English translation. Second, the passion with which the characters seemed to interact in that essay convinced Mark that if he undertook anything in life and considered himself committed to that venture, then he would have to strive to undertake the venture with the same zeal of either one of the major characters in that story. The unassuming zeal of Jesus or the overbearing zealfulness of the Grand Inquisitor gave Mark a spectrum in which he could express his commitment to his future endeavors. Third, Mark remembered how Marvin Shagam took an otherwise mundane class (the student reporting on the story seemed nonplussed by the significance of the parable) and, with the passion of a person who has just had a moment of epiphany, framed the moment into a unique example of the diamonds that Mark could find if he passionately trained his intellectual curiosity on endeavors that offered important life lessons to himself and those around him. In short, Mark saw that class as his intellectual awakening at Thacher.

Mark returned to Thacher in 1991 as a member of the Admission staff. In addition to his work in Admission, Mark coached track, tutored two students in Russian for their foreign language requirements, and informally taught Italian after Formal Dinner to seven or eight students.

Besides being a place to work, Mark remembers Thacher as being a vehicle for helping him profoundly affect students lives both in and outside of the School. Mark fondly remembers helping Marcus Stokes, CdeP ’92, to hone his hurdling technique. It was the hours of videotape and one-on-one track workouts that helped Stokes to become the first Thacher athlete to score points in the prestigious California State high school track meet; secure an athletic scholarship to University of North Carolina; and become an All-American in track and field. Mark was also able to schedule his summer vacation in the Admission Office so that he could lead a group of students on a three-week trip to Russia to study the language, history, and environment.

Part by design and part by happenstance, Mark learned a tremendous amount about himself during his second stint at Thacher. The design part had been dictated in large part by world events. Mark had majored in Soviet and
Russian studies while at Harvard, and had spent a year studying in Moscow. Mark spent another year working in Moscow and the Crimea. Realizing that during the time he was in Russia the U.S.S.R. had “fizzled,” Mark sought to reassess where to direct his energies, which the time at Thacher afforded him the opportunity to do.

The happenstance arose from his role as a member of the Admission staff, where he routinely fielded questions from prospective students and their parents about the impact sending a child away to secondary school had on family dynamics. In sharing his experiences as a student at Thacher, Mark found that he not only gained a better understanding of those experiences, but also of how the dynamics with his mother had changed during his time at Thacher. Before arriving as a sophomore from Los Angeles through the A Better Chance (“ABC”) program, Mark had been particularly close to his mother. Like many of the prospective students’ families, Mark’s mother was so sure of the dividends a better education would pay for her son that she was willing to make the necessary financial and emotional investments. By his senior year at Thacher, however, Mark and his mother had grown in separate ways, losing in part the closeness they had shared before Thacher. In what he would later describe as a “leeching of my soul,” the introspection caused by the questions raised by the prospective families helped Mark to define what was important to him and why it was important. Mark continues to draw often from those reflections to deal effectively with situations in the business world that would have him compromise his integrity. As Mark notes, there are few places in the world for such contemplation as the Outdoor Chapel.

Almost dying is also a good prod for self-assessment, as Mark almost managed to do on an Extra-Day Trip. Finding one picturesque glacial lake too inviting, Mark decided to swim to the other side. Despite having lived in Russia, Mark was not quite prepared for the extreme drop in body temperature swimming in a glacial lake can induce, and before reaching the other side he started to succumb. With complete disregard for his own safety, Bo Manso, a fellow teacher on the trip, dove in and began to haul Mark back to shore; when he too started to tire, two students came to their aid. Luckily, all survived without injury.

Mark’s experiences at Thacher also put his experiences with the ABC program into a unique perspective. The ABC program is a nation-wide program designed to facilitate access to higher education for children who may otherwise face significant obstacles. As Mark discovered, first as a student at Harvard amongst other ABC participants, and subsequently with the Admission Office, the “Thacher experience” thoroughly overwhelmed what was at most other secondary schools a defining experience in its own right, namely being an ABC participant. As an Admission officer, Mark found that the opportunities afforded by Thacher transcended backgrounds, that the pitch of what made Thacher special remained the same regardless of the audience. Indeed, Thacher’s ability to completely integrate those in its Community led Mark to the surprising conclusion that the ABC experience did not serve as significant common ground between himself and others who participated in the program.

Mark’s profound sense of the backdrop Thacher afforded to think and reflect free from many of the world’s distractions also led him to pay close attention to the extent the current students capitalized on that opportunity. To his disappointment, he never had that “Grand Inquisitor” moment as a member of the faculty. Instead, he found the current students had become much more sensitive to the outside world. School seemed more of a grind, with students having substantially less time available to reflect on what they were being taught. Where in the past high performance on standardized tests had seemed to be merely the by-product of studies well done, students now seemed more geared towards achieving high scores. Similarly, much more of the student body seemed to frequently depart for off-campus weekends, and knowledge of the latest TV series seemed more prevalent. In general, Mark sensed that the frequency or importance of the shared experiences which had served as the common denominator among the students during Mark’s time as a student had eroded to a certain extent.

Mark also came to realize that being a teacher at Thacher was a different ball of wax than being a student. Part of the attraction of returning to Thacher for Mark had been the opportunity to re-connect with some of his former instructors, such as Fred Lamb, and be able to have the type of intellectually-charged discussions for which the additional years at college had prepared him. Life as a teacher and an administrator, however, was harried, with little room in the schedule to engage in the discussions Mark had found so famous.

Mark left Thacher again in 1993 to participate as a Rotary International Ambassadorial Scholar in Milan, Italy. Mark had been nominated for participation in Rotary by long-time Thacher Business Manager Bob Chesley, CdeP ’50. Mark had met his future wife Cinzia, in Russia when they were both students in 1990. It was in Milan that they solidified their relationship and decided they would eventually marry. After a couple of years they returned to the United States and settled in Portland, Oregon, with their two-year-old son, Mark Anthony. Since returning, Mark has worked in both the financial and information technology sectors, and earned his M.B.A. from Portland State University.

For Mark, Thacher was always a place that elicited reflection and personal discovery unlike any other. Its charm, in many ways, is its ability to capture, in a way, the idyllic. His return to teach served as a retreat during which he had the opportunity to contemplate what was really important to him, and he has carried those lessons since. In all, a tremendous experience.
In a community where how one looks in a lacrosse kilt is not supposed to matter, a community in which one’s skills (both scholarly and athletic) are meant to shine a path through the tangled uncertainties of high school, Diana Garcia and Mary Everett, stand like lighthouses at the edge of an ocean of insecurity. They are intelligent, bright young women with great calf muscles, athletes who speak multiple languages, maneuver soccer and volleyballs with the same ease as algebraic formulas or Spanish pronouns, and whether they know it or not—are sending not-so-coded messages to the students around them that becoming a smart, attractive, and powerful woman in 2001 is only as hard as one chooses to make it.

As teachers of Spanish language and math (respectively), coaches of soccer, lacrosse, and volleyball, Diana and Mary are two of the youngest members of the Thacher faculty. Mary graduated from Thacher in 1994, Diana in 1995. They were star athletes in high school, the kind of students that were continually being honored at Assembly, captaining one, two, or three varsity sports, getting crowned “All American,” accepting graciously. They were starters in every sense of the word, strong and spirited and ever-present. When I close my eyes and try to remember what it was like to be on the same team as they were, I see them less in play than I do standing around the bag of oranges at half time. They were tough, full of inspirational (but spare) words in a huddle, and always blanketed in the driven and serious cloak that world-class athletes seem to have to those of us who are busy concentrating on the oranges.

Perhaps then, it is not surprising they both came back to Thacher. Of course they are inspiring in wholly different ways now, to new people, but I don’t believe what they are doing now is altogether different than what they have been doing for the past ten years. In fact, even living with one another is continuing an almost four-year trend. Diana and Mary’s friendship has been long and rich, fostered by both their proximity and their love of the same sports and places. After three years of Thacher friendship, of playing soccer, volleyball, and lacrosse together, and of living in the same section in Upper School (Mary was Diana’s prefect her junior year), both went to Colorado College (Mary, after a year of UCLA that “was too big and impersonal”), played lacrosse on the same team there, and lived together for two years. According to Diana, coming back to Thacher was a much better experience because they had each other.

“I’m sure there are things about living with me that bug her, for example: leaving my shoes everywhere. I tend to always have too many pairs of shoes in the living room,” says Diana “but those are the little things, overall it’s very good.”

Both women share an apartment in the “Handball Court,” have five sophomore girl advisees each, and are dorm faculty on The Hill (Diana also works at Lower School).

“Being younger makes it really easy to relate to the girls,” says Mary, “I can get into their mindset. But this sometimes makes it harder for them to see you as someone experienced, someone they need to take seriously.”

“Controlling a big group of students is harder if they see you as a ‘friend,’ as someone close in age. They have respect, it is just that it’s different than the type of respect they have for, say, Mr. Robinson.”

Being a young teacher has not posed much of a problem for Diana either. “I’m not an older man with a beard and gray hair,” she says, “They test my limits more than they would an older faculty member. The younger students especially tend to test my authority.” But all in all, she sees her age as a plus when dealing with students, and her advisees in particular.

“Sophomore year is hard. The girls need all kinds of role models and they come around our house a lot. There is a lot of respect while at the same time they talk about who they have crushes on. I feel that I can relate to their problems in a way that would be harder for someone who went through high school a long time ago. It also helps that I was a student here. I can say, ‘I know it can seem hard, I’ve been there but I can say that it does get better.’”
Both Diana and Mary have been able to relate to students in the classroom as well. This is Mary’s second year of teaching Algebra II and Trigonometry to predominantly sophomores (last year she served as an intern with the Alumni Office, coached soccer, and taught one section of algebra and trig). She can look back on her first few weeks with a glossed comfort of hindsight.

“Basically, it was ‘trial by fire.’ I watched Mr. Coleman teach for two weeks and then they gave me a Math II class.

“I like math,” she says. “I get it. When I was at Thacher, I was in bottom-track math until senior year. But I went on to be a math major in college. It wasn’t because I was a genius. I had to learn it just like they do. I like to tell my students that.”

When I ask her what the most difficult aspect of teaching has been she says, “Some days it gets a little crazy and you want to yell, but I haven’t yelled yet. If I could go back to the beginning though and do it over again, I would be more strict from the start. I would have laid down the law in class and been tougher, and I believe they would have respected me more for it later.”

Mary believes she’s reached her students. “I feel like I’ve given them some perspective. I’ve tried to make math fun. The best part is watching the kids who normally don’t enjoy math get into it. I’ve tried to show them that it’s not bad to like math.”

Currently, Diana is teaching three sections of Spanish I (she was a romance language major at CC, is fluent in Spanish, near fluent in French, and knows some Italian).

“My students are great. The freshmen are especially enthusiastic and fun. They are just getting over their self-consciousness with the language, and I try to run class entirely in Spanish. They are less embarrassed to try things out than some of the older students, but it’s hard to keep the rest of the class from laughing at their mistakes. Occasionally someone will say something like ‘I want myself alone,’ and then the whole class cracks up.”

Both girls have found coaching to be just as rewarding as teaching the Spanish past imperfect and the abstract wonders of pre-calculus. “I really enjoy challenging the kids,” says Diana. “I value intensity, but you can’t play a sport well if you don’t enjoy it.” Perhaps her most valued moment came this year after one of the Girls’ Third Team Soccer games. One of the girl’s parents approached Diana after the game and said “My daughter has never considered herself an athlete…but now she thinks of herself as a soccer player. Thank you.”

For Mary, coaching has been the most obvious way she has seen her influence on the students. “The best, most wonderful aspect of coming back has been having an impact on my teams and in the classroom. For me, it started on the field and has extended into the dorms.”

Sadly for Thacher and the countless young men and women they have coached, counseled, and inspired there, both Diana and Mary are leaving the valley this spring. Sra. Ortiz will return from sabbatical and take over the Spanish classes Diana has been teaching.

“Thacher is a wonderful place to return to. I feel lucky to have been able to come back,” says Diana. “As far as I know, teaching in the private school environment, where I can interact with students both inside and outside of the classroom, is what I enjoy and what I plan to do. I’ve continued to grow and learn at Thacher this year,” she says, “being taught by both the faculty and students. It has been a treat and I will miss it, but I know I’ll be back, if only to eat my Ruben’s burrito from the benches above the soccer field or to see my classmates at reunion.”

Diana is currently looking for teaching positions throughout California, and at the time of this writing, was not yet sure where she was headed. Assuredly, if she brings with her the myriad of talents and depth of enthusiasm she has brought to Thacher over the past year, her new students, advisees, and athletes will consider themselves lucky beyond imagination.

Mary will be leaving Ojai to follow her pro-soccer dreams to Denver, Colorado, where she will play for the Mile-High Mustangs, a semi-pro team of 26 athletes. The semi-pro league serves as a staging ground for future players in the professional women’s league, new this year and fielded primarily by U.S. national team players. Mary hopes to take her place in the pro-league by summer’s end. The competition will be incredible and she knows she will miss the ease, camaraderie, and supportive closeness of the Thacher community.

“Never regret anything,” she says to me over the phone. And I’m not sure if this is meant to explain her departure from Thacher or to make me feel better about my own uncertain future, but suddenly it’s as if I’m back on the lacrosse field, gnawing on a plastic mouthguard at half time, and letting her raw confidence and powerful example wash my own insecurities away. I hang up convinced that, tomorrow, I’ll go running.
I'm going to start these comments about John Lewis on a personal note, for my introduction to John, which could have been a bit awkward, gave immediate evidence of his love of and loyalty to Thacher.

In the fall of 1972, my wife and I were living in Upstate New York, and our son was a freshman at Thacher. Newt Chase called to tell me he was leaving Thacher and to ask if I knew of anyone who might consider taking his position as Director of Development. For a variety of reasons—not the least of which was that my wife and I missed our son and wanted to be nearer my father—I said I might be interested. I took the job in February 1973.

The point is this: John Lewis had come to the Development Office not much earlier and had every reason to assume that he would be Newt's replacement. I can't imagine that he looked upon my arrival with enthusiasm, but he was gracious when we met and supportive to a fault throughout the time we worked together. In his mind the good of the School came above all else. This attitude has permeated his life for almost half a century.

John Lewis was a member of the Class of 1959, one of the strongest of that era. He participated in many of the usual activities; he played soccer, baseball, and tennis; he was active in Gymkhana, camping the Bit and Spur, and the Glee Club; and he was a member of the only Thacher ring-spear team ever to win the California State Championship. But he is remembered primarily as someone who knew everything there was to know about the inner workings of the campus. “John had a burning need to know everything,” my father recalls, “and he succeeded in finding out everything of consequence that was happening.” His page in El Archivero refers to the many times Newt Chase sought his opinion on matters of School policy and to his uncanny ability to predict School Holidays.

The oldest of three brothers to attend Thacher, John's roots to the School go back almost to the beginning. His grandfather, A. Crawford Greene, was on the faculty in 1906 before serving as a Trustee for nearly 40 years, many as president. His uncle, Jim Greene, CdeP '32, also served a lengthy term as President of the Board. He has many cousins who are alumni, and his two godfathers are Allen Chickering, CdeP '25, also a Board President, and Bill Orrick, CdeP '32, another former Trustee. John's youngest son, Barrett, graduated in 1989, the School's centennial year. Only the Livermore Family has more Thacher alumni than does the extended Greene-Lewis Family.

“My four student years at Thacher were the best of my life,” John states emphatically. “Even now, it is where I am happiest.” While many other former students have likely said the same thing, John has kept the School an important part of his life in a way that few, if any, others have. After attending Brown University and working for eight years at Standard Oil of California, he came back in 1972 as an employee and has been around, in one capacity or another, ever since.

At the Board's directive, Newt Chase hired John to start a new planned-giving program (or “deferred giving,” as it was known in those days). In simplest terms, planned gifts offer a means for donors to transfer assets to a charity of choice but to retain the income from or the use of those assets for life, while obtaining significant tax advantages. There was great interest nationally at the time in this innovative and exciting means of building philanthropy. Even though a capital campaign (the Ninth Decade Fund) was underway, Thacher's Trustees felt that a strong effort to seek trusts and bequests was imperative to ensuring the School's fiscal stability.

John spent almost a full year learning the intricacies of planned giving. Regrettably, perhaps, during the period 1973-1975 the Development Office was feeling mounting pressure to bring the Ninth Decade Fund to a successful conclusion, and also to increase alumni programming in an effort to boost the Annual Fund. So planned giving was put on hold for a time, and John and I began working together on other aspects of the broad development program. However, the training he received, combined with his inherent ability to relate well and persuasively to prospective donors, would be of significant benefit to Thacher—and to countless other schools throughout the world—in years to come.
John was more fun to work with than any other colleague I’ve ever had. He was fun primarily because he was so very funny! We laughed much of the time—during the evening, for example, when we literally carted a somewhat inebriated alumnus home from a San Francisco Gathering in a wheelbarrow, and another time when we convinced a very naïve secretary that she’d best go to the bathroom before her first airplane flight because if she stood up after takeoff, the plane would tip over. I could go on for pages.

John’s tenure in Thacher’s Development Office came to an abrupt end following a never-to-be-forgotten evening at the Ojai Valley Inn, when the then Business Manager was asked to depart and John was named to succeed him. He served in that position for two years, gaining a new perspective on independent school administration. The combination of broad development experience, planned-giving expertise, and skills in financial management he obtained in five years at Thacher made him unique among school administrators and, as it turned out, a rare and valuable commodity.

John left Thacher in 1977 to become Director of Planned Giving at Brown University. He felt it was time to begin doing the work he was trained to do, and he was pleased to have a chance to return to his other alma mater. He continued to serve as 1959’s class agent (a post he held for 13 years). He first joined Thacher’s Board of Trustees in 1983 and served an 11-year term, during which he was an active member of the Development Committee and Chair of a new planned-giving program; at last he had the opportunity to implement the planned giving program that originally brought him back to the School as an employee. He also played a key role in bringing the Centennial Campaign to a successful conclusion.

John stayed at Brown for 14 years and was a part of three capital campaigns at the University; during that time he outlasted four vice presidents for development and became recognized as one of the nation’s outstanding planned-giving experts. That recognition led to an offer to join Marts & Lundy, a leading fundraising-consulting firm in 1991. He has been with the firm ever since.

John has worked with a variety of not-for-profit institutions during his years at Marts & Lundy, but his emphasis has been providing counsel for development programs at independent schools, and today he is perhaps the best-known consultant in that specialty. (As an aside, I can report that when I was doing the same sort of work myself, I heard his name mentioned with respect and frequent awe by development officers at all types of private schools.) He likes the focus very much. “I get much more satisfaction working with schools than with colleges or universities,” he says. “My own background and my belief in the benefits of a private-school experience for young people passing through their formative years make me thrive in this environment. Also, it gives me opportunity to use Thacher as an example to which other schools should aspire. I always hold Thacher up as a beacon—as a goal towards which they should work. Recently I’ve been using Thacher’s strategic planning process as an example of the very finest work a school can do to prepare for a major campaign.”

John’s stature in his chosen field has made his services much in demand and has led to an exhausting travel schedule. He has clients in all parts of the United States and makes at least four trips a year to Australia to work with schools in Victoria and South Australia. He has clients in Canada, too, and soon will be working in England. He recently moved to suburban Boston but maintains his home in Vermont, so a trip from New England to Australia every three months can be exhausting. Through it all, though, he has found time to return to Ojai for almost every Board meeting.

“My work as a Trustee is tremendously rewarding,” John says. “My years as an employee provide a valuable perspective. I understand what it is like to be a student; I can relate to the faculty’s needs and desires. My lengthy association with the School gives me a great deal of ‘institutional memory’ about who’s related to whom, who likes and dislikes what, and so forth that is valuable in donor cultivation. Also, my planned-giving experience can help Trustees and others devise ways to do things they never thought possible—to make a significant gift while helping themselves at the same time.”

John’s contributions to the School are well recognized and greatly appreciated. “There are only a handful of Thacher alumni willing to give as much of their time, energy, and expertise as John,” says former Board President Randy Labbe, CdeP ’60. “Add a major league sense of humor and a ‘Huyler-league knowledge’ of Thacher lore, and you have the recipe for adding considerable strength to the Board.”

John left the Board in 1994, but as preparations for a major new campaign began to unfold, many of his colleagues felt it essential that he return. He did so in 1999, with a string attached that the current President, Marshall Milligan, CdeP ’69, describes: “Throughout his first term on the Board, John occupied the front corner position at the table, always with his briefcase open and his consulting work spread out before him. When I called to say we wanted him again, he said he would come back if he could have his old seat. I agreed but made him promise to keep the briefcase closed. But even if he opened it, he would be one of our best Trustees. He always comes across as a proprietor. Thacher is his School...his fingerprints are to be found everywhere at Thacher...He can recall the reasons for almost everything of import that has happened here.”

And Head of School Michael Mulligan adds: “John brings an insider’s knowledge to the Board...His savvy, expertise, and knowledge [are] essential in our efforts to bring Thacher to a new level of financial security. He has dedicated a good part of his life to making our School stronger.”

With the likelihood of John’s involvement as a Trustee for at least seven more years, chances appear excellent that Thacher’s best years yet will come in the decade ahead.
What’s in a Name?

Big Tom, Little Tom, Tom middle-aged,
If we have another, we’ll put him in a cage!
—Anonymous

[Be forewarned that middle initials will figure prominently in this profile!]

My father, my grandfather, my son, and I all share the same first and last names. And though to date three of us have tried to resist the temptations of the full patronymic smorgasbord—we’ve not helped ourselves to seconds, thirds, or fourths—fate seems determined to compound the very confusion that our tacit nod to individuality (different middle names for each link in the chain) was intended to reduce. Call it the price one pays for hubris. Or call it blood, and marvel at the way in which DNA can sometimes persist less in physical attributes than in predilections.

Clearly, we share more than just a name. Consider, for example, our common relish for the written word. My son (David B.—we call him Brendan at my wife’s insistence) is half-way through the first draft of his second novel (the first one was sci-fi, this latest one is pure fantasy). About a month ago, when I gave a reading of my own work at a local bookstore, the bulk of the audience turned up hoping, I suspect, to hear my grandfather (David S., noted historian and author) read from any one of his numerous books (which tend to be especially popular here in Colorado). Then, too, there is our shared commitment to independent-school education. My grandfather balanced a very active writing career with almost 30 years of teaching at Thacher. My father served as the School’s Director of Development for much of the seventies and then went on to establish a very successful consulting firm, many of whose clients have been private secondary schools. For the past five years, I have headed up the English Department at the Colorado Rocky Mountain School. There seems to be a pattern here that runs deeper than a mere name. And when you add my sisters into the mix—one of whom (Sarah, CdeP ’86) is a freelance writer, and the other of whom (Martha, CdeP ’80), along with her husband, has taught at the Cate School for a number of years now—the double helix starts looking more like a Gordian knot.

Nowhere, however, have these twin passions—for writing, on the one hand, and for private secondary-school education on the other—merged more seamlessly than in David G. Lavender’s latest project, a comprehensive history of Fountain Valley School, They Wrote Their Own Histories, published in June of last year. Though written in part as a celebration of Fountain Valley’s first 70 years, the book transcends this relatively narrow scope. Indeed, readers of this publication will find that historic parallels between Fountain Valley and Thacher (and between most western boarding schools) are many. For example, both Fountain Valley and Thacher were established on relatively isolated and rustic ranch settings in the belief that regular physical work cultivates a healthy sense of self-reliance that carries over well into the classroom. Both schools made ample use of their dramatic environments and routinely offered students the opportunity to carry their education outdoors (on foot and on horseback) for extended outings that often proved transformational. And, of course, both schools had extensive horse programs. In an early FVS Alumni Bulletin, the school’s riding master writes (in words that might just as easily have been penned by Jesse Kahle):

Every boy has a problem, and every horse has a problem. To wed these two so the boy forgets his while patiently striving to ease the horse into forgetting his is my problem. If both are too phlegmatic, both may need the spur…Control is one of the marks of a horseman. Observing horse and horseman working together in harmony and trust is beauty to behold.

As some elder Thacher alums may remember, the two schools even competed in gymkhanas in the forties and fifties, though not face to face. Events were run simultaneously in California and Colorado; results were transmitted back and forth by telegraph.

Horses aside, the two schools share many other parallels—chief among them, the ongoing challenge of “growing” a school in such a way that embraces change without losing sight of one’s founding principles. In the case of FVS, this challenge is meticulously chronicled in They Wrote Their Own Histories, whose title...
plays upon an early headmaster’s call to action in which he encouraged students to move beyond a passive role and enjoined them instead to “write their own histories.” The book’s format is chronological and deals with each headmaster’s tenure in turn. It offers unique insight into the struggles faced by any young, western boarding school—the need to attract and retain a faculty capable of providing a first rate “eastern” education on one day, while leading students on an arduous outdoor trip on the next; the need to attract and retain suitable students, the largest pools of which were still found back east (early admissions efforts entailed long, tedious train trips to and through New England); and, of course, the need to nurture the financial health of the school and to provide for its ever expanding physical plant needs. These “local” concerns are everywhere addressed in the larger context of national events—the Great Depression, World War II, the coupling of a booming economy and the Cold War that occurred in the 1950s, etc. Advancing decade by decade, the book offers a fascinating glimpse into how a school not unlike our own met with the challenges of, say, the student activism of the sixties (and the ethos of sex, drugs, and rock and roll that came with it), or how it negotiated the difficult (at the time) decision to embrace coeducation. In short, even readers who have never heard of Fountain Valley School will come away from the book with a fresh and enriching perspective on Thacher’s own history and, indeed, on the development of private boarding school education throughout the west.

Of course, David G. Lavender is uniquely well-situated to offer such a perspective. Born in Colorado into a family with ranching roots, that ranch’s failure during the Depression prompted a move west to Ojai and, eventually, to the Thacher campus where Anson Thacher, struggling to fill the ranks of a faculty that had been depleted by the onset of war, offered my grandfather (David S.) a job teaching English. Thus commenced, for my father, what was a thoroughly idyllic phase of his childhood. As a faculty brat, he was able to immerse himself in an experience that for the average student lasts four years at most: wandering kumquat wars in the old Rough House; attacking firecrackers to tennis balls and rolling them through the reverberant hallways of the Lower School; and roaming the trails above campus on a succession of horses that culminated in Papoose, the iron-legged steed on which he (along with classmate Brooks Crawford and teacher Alvin Reiff) set a speed record for the Mutaun Loop (a record that still stands if one discounts the faster time Jack Huyler achieved using a string of fresh mounts). Eventually, my father moved out of faculty housing and into the dorms and assumed a more traditional student role (dorm prefect, “A” camper, captain of the baseball team, editor-in-chief of The Notes). After graduating from Thacher in 1951 (and from Bowdoin College four years later), my father succumbed for a few years to the sort of “drift” that is typically the mark of early adulthood—a brief stint in the Army followed by a succession of unrelated jobs.

The pull of academia, of course, was always there; and when my father finally settled into a career, it was in education—not as a teacher, however, but as a development officer. Professional fundraising for non-profits—especially for educational institutions—was, at the time, still a very new field. Most schools had traditionally managed to get by on tuition and a few guardian angels. In the late fifties and early sixties however, even as the demand for higher education rose dramatically, colleges and universities began to realize the importance in establishing an enduring financial health that was independent of tuition. In order to fulfill an increasing vital and sophisticated mission, it was essential that they, in turn, invest their fundraising efforts with more vitality and sophistication. When my father first began working for Harvey Mudd College, these efforts were still largely inchoate (publications like the one you are reading, for example, if they existed at all, were far less polished); and the challenge faced by him and others in those early days was in determining not just how best to raise dollars, but—first and more importantly—how to articulate the unique strengths and merits of a particular institution’s mission. Not surprisingly, this is once again work that drew upon those twin passions mentioned earlier: writing and education. And it is work my father excelled at, first at Harvey Mudd, later at Carleton College, and finally at Colgate University, where he served as Vice-President for Development.

From a professional standpoint, my father’s willingness to abandon a vice-presidency at a prestigious university in the east in order to accept a development job at a small boarding school in the west must have struck many as an odd career move. While I’d like to say that it was motivated by a desire to recapture some of the idylls of his youth—to reconnect with the sensations Forest Cooke describes in his “Thacher Litany” (“the 10 pleasant smells, the nine memorable sights,” etc.)—I know better. A longstanding belief in the importance of Thacher’s Mission may have had something to do with my father’s decision, along with a desire to be closer to his own father. In fact, however, I know that the move was prompted by a more specific concern—those nightly calls from the Pergola pay phones from a desperately homesick son. Though I’d visited Thacher throughout my childhood, and though I’d eagerly anticipated my own chance to matriculate there, when I arrived on campus in 1972 the transition was a tough one. Like many Smuts, I found myself loving the program, but hating the distance from home. Like many parents, my own valued a Thacher education enough that they were willing to go to extraordinary lengths to secure one for me. I wasn’t privy to the conversations my father had with Newt Chase, but I do know that they rapidly progressed from the typical discussion with a parent concerned about a child’s well being into a felicitous solution—the suggestion that my father join John Lewis who had recently been hired by Newt for the Development Office. Thus, in the spring of my freshman year (and in yet another example of the sort of endless overlap I addressed in my opening), like my father before me, I began to enjoy the dual role of student and faculty brat.

Though my father’s tenure at Thacher was a few years shy of a decade, the work he and John Lewis performed has had a lasting and positive impact on the School. Just as innovation in pedagogy tends to trickle down from higher to secondary education, so too did my father bring with him to Thacher some of the latest thinking and practices in fundraising. Together, he and John managed to lay the groundwork for what is today one of the very best development offices at any independent school in the country (their efforts were acknowledged by receipt of the highly coveted “Möbius Strip,” the CASE award for “sustained excellence” in annual giving—an award the School received several more times in subsequent years). After leaving Thacher, my father established his own consulting firm which has provided valuable advice and support to a wide range of non-profits (including dozens of secondary schools) throughout the nation. Though largely retired and dividing his time between homes in Ojai and in Telluride, Colorado, he and my mother, Val, continue to do extensive pro-bono work for local charities.

With a book behind him (having, in short, done his part to add to the confusion of bibliographers everywhere), I’m frankly not sure what his plans are now. Local readers who are curious can ask him directly. During the winter months, when he returns to his Ojai home, my father can often be found, late in the afternoons, down on Thacher’s lower field—an eager dog at his heels, a well-chewed Frisbee in hand, ready to toss another one off toward the horizon. The “stamp of the School,” indeed!건너편
Chair of the Language Department. Molly’s return surprised her just as much as it surprised her parents: “As an alumnae and a fac-brat, it was very odd to return to my childhood home, especially given that so many of the teachers I had here as a student continue to work at the School. Even after four years, there are still occasions where I can’t believe that I’m working here. It seems like such a small world.”

Without doubt, Thacher has changed since we were students. Obvious changes include better food and a more landscaped campus. Other changes are more fundamental. Derick explained Thacher now “is a place where women can thrive as opposed to survive. Women are no longer pioneers; they are an integral and valuable part of the School.” Further, e-mail is central to faculty, student, and parental relations. Consequently, parents are more apt to contact teachers and advisors. Several faculty members told me they hear from at least one parent every day. More important, however, is what has remained unchanged. According to Molly, her commitment to Thacher is based on “the close relationships that are established: student and student, student and faculty, faculty and student. The level of commitment to a quality education in a small setting.”

As a result of having been students at Thacher, Molly and Derick bring a different perspective to the faculty. Molly notes that “having been a student here allows me the distinct advantage of seeing many ‘problematic’ issues from both sides. Granted, things have changed a great deal since we were students here—so I can’t claim to understand how current students think—but it does help me a lot to have been on the other side of the court when we start discussing changes that we (the faculty) feel would benefit the kids.” Students also appreciate this distinction. Spanish student James Dibblee ’04 told me, “She was an awesome teacher (sense of humor is a key factor) and I’m looking forward to being in another one of her classes…and yes, I think that her being a Thacher graduate made her an even better teacher.”

Thacher is extraordinarily fortunate to have Molly as a member of the faculty. As Jen Nielsen deForest, herself a teacher at Marin Academy, noted, “Molly is a school person! Without being too maudlin, Molly really does embody the values of the School—honesty and loyalty.” This sentiment was echoed by Liz Mahoney, another Thacher graduate who is now an instructor in the Horse Program. She told me that Molly “is loved by the kids…She is her same centered self and has the same balance of kindness and fun with the needed authority. She’s great!” Apparently the students agree. One of Molly’s advisees, Graham Douds ’04, wrote last year: “Mrs. Perry is a kind, understanding person, and orders a mean pizza. She is continually involved in making our freshman year as successful and fun as possi-
by Jane D. McCarthy

Class Notes

1935
Bill Barkan wrote to say how greatly saddened he was to hear of the passing of the Class President for ’35: Thayer Hopkins.

1936
“I am donating copies of my 19th Century historical novel The Twaining of America (under the pen name B.J. Fiske) to 200 schools and other libraries in ten states so far,” writes John Barnard. “Send me names to contact and I’ll donate to schools in your area.” John’s book was featured in the Book Shelf of this magazine two years ago.

1940
Bill Hufstader wrote recently, “A profound sense of gratitude to my parents and Thacher for providing me with the soil and tradition to begin forming roots.” For our part, you’re welcome, Bill.

1941
David Bailey is “still working on windmills at 80.”

1943
Jake Kittle is still on the boards of the Sonoran Institute, The Empire Ranch Foundation, and the Southeast Arizona Land Trust. In his spare time, he gardens, collects eggs from his chickens, and tries to deal with a border collie puppy.

1946
Alexander Van Dyke wrote in December that he was always amazed with the intellect and musical ability of Nick Cunningham as described in “Heeding the Words of ‘The Banquet Song’” in the last issue of The Thacher News. “Two pediatricians out of such a small class is unusual.” Alex finally gave up the adrenaline high from working as an Emergency Physician in a trauma center in Los Angeles after 22 years; instead he joined Holland American Winstar Cruises as a Ship’s Physician so that in his spare time he can see the world with his wife. July is Nice to Venice on the Windsurf, August is Windsong Greece to Istanbul, and October is MS Statendam to Hawaii. If aboard, “drop by the Medical Department. Will be fun to talk about those great days at Thacher.”

1948
Mary Ella and Cris Boyle spent August and September in Turkey, January in the Panama Canal, and are now trying out the homefront.

1950
A beautiful Valentine’s card arrived from Cici and Tad Williamson along with their entire family: Emily, CdeP ’83, and Henry Hancock with their three children; Chandler, [CdeP ’81] Katie and Fred [CdeP ’79], with their three children; and Jonathan and Shannon Williamson with their three children. Actually, it’s hard to determine which one is Cici…she looks so young!

Ben Hammett and his wife are the proud parents of Susan Hood who graduated from Northwestern University with a doctorate in neuroscience last June. And, furthermore, she gave birth to her second child mid-December: Kieran Finley Finstrom Hood. Now the Hammetts have four grandchildren.

1951
Wilbur Cox’s wife of 25 years, Nan, died a year ago of cancer at the tender age of 62. Bill retired after spending 42 years as a Presbyterian pastor. Now he’s sold his house—downsizing—and last week became engaged to Ms. Sandra Danaher. Bells will be ringing in August. “Living is good,” he wrote.

Terry and Edward Hamilton retired from the real estate business on November 1, 1998, and have been enjoying the “good” life ever since. “We purchased a house in Mendocino and have been spending the last year and a half upgrading it. It has been an uplifting experience as well as a frustrating one—dealing with the mañana philosophy of the laid-back lifestyle of the small California coastal towns. I see Jack Miller occasionally in the Safeway (he is now retired from medicine) and I sadly ran into George Montgomery at the funeral for Morris Noble, CdeP ’50. He said he was planning to come to our 50th Reunion, as am I, so maybe we will have a decent turnout this time. Five guys is not an acceptable number!!
1955

Roland Htoon is maintaining his youthful appearance in Burma. Thanks for the photo, Roland!

1956

In December, Jerry Bishop wrote that he enjoyed reading about classmate and Thacher Pioneer, Klaus Schubert, in The Thacher News. He subsequently wrote a letter to Klaus and mentioned that he and his wife, Janice, would be in Spain during October and inquired whether he would be on Mallorca at that time. “Return correspondence resulted in an affirmative reply and a gracious invitation to come visit...Klaus met us at the airport in Palma then drove us to the lovely ‘finca’ which he and Christiane own on the SE side of the island. It was a perfect visit—beautiful setting, good weather, wonderful meals, visits to local sights, and an opportunity to reminisce about our days at Thacher.” What a great reunion, even if these two fellows don’t make it to Thacher this June for their class’s 45th Reunion.

1957

Caroline and John Thacher have good reason to be happy; they’re grandparents to Jack Hollister Thacher, son of Jane and Peter Thacher, CdeP ’84.

1958

Our condolences go to John Sanger whose mother, Elizabeth S. Sanger of Rancho Santa Fe, passed away in December 1999. After her estate was settled, he and his wife Randi moved into a new home in the Santa Ynez Valley with a view of the Santa Ynez Mountain range and rolling foothills.

1963

If you are interested in hearing an interview that Jeff Mason did while serving as the leader of a philosophy delegation to China in October, tune in to www.philosophers.co.uk and go to The Philosophy Cafe; click on “Mason’s Meditations.” If you want to read more about Jeff’s philosophy, surf the net to: surfboard.surfside.net/jeff4.

1965

Life is good for Joni and Ted Rhodes and their children, Rachel and Jesse, especially when they can romp on the Carpinteria beach.

1966

Between trips to Hong Kong, Lantau Island, Colorado, and The Ojai, Bettie and Hill Hastings joined three generations of other Hastings to spend the lazy days of August on the Canal Central in southern Burgundy this past summer.

1967

After offering individual courses and non-degree certificates for a decade, John Lenczowski’s Institute of World Politics is now offering two MA degree programs: Statecraft and World Politics, and Statecraft and National Security Affairs. Congrats, John!

A plaque honoring Lacrosse Captain Scott MacGregor and the West Coast First Lacrosse Game now resides at the top of Upper Field. Dedication will be in December.

Ali and Bob Johnson have their hands full with Matt and Nick who have yet to learn the meaning of “Walk, don’t run!”
Half of Mr. Shagam’s AP Latin Class—Phil Pillsbury, Steve Kendrick, and Andy Kille (who is a Baptist Minister)—read the Aeneid in both Latin and English at a recent Bohemian Club Epic Poetry Night. All those late nights of studying Latin seemed to stick with these fellows...

1969

Besides serving as Chairman of the Board for Nauset Inc. (a Cape Cod organization serving adults with disabilities), John Milligan is a board member and finance chair for the Center for Discovery (a New York State organization serving children through adults with severe physical handicaps) and owns and runs a hydroponic farm that grows tomatoes and 12 varieties of lettuce and herbs on eight acres. What do you do in your free time, John?

In a recent mailing from Carney, Sandoe & Associates, they were “pleased to report the recent appointment of Stuart Work, director of the Middle School at National Cathedral School, as Head of Washington Episcopal School in Bethesda, Maryland” beginning in July. Congratulations, Stuart!

If that face on the cover of the December issue of Keyboard looked familiar, you’re right; it was none other than James Newton Howard. And, inside the magazine, Jim shared his composing tips and gear tricks for MIDI Orchestra which has won him credits on a string of blockbuster films such as Pretty Woman, The Fugitive, and more recently The Sixth Sense and Disney’s Dinosaur. Thanks for turning us in to this Ken Jacobs, CdeP ’68.

1970

Tad Paul sent his Seasons Greetings with a photo of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Flushing, New York, one of his latest architectural creations. Most impressive.

1971

Bill Volkmann is filming in exotic locales for the second series of “Sports Safaries,” his adventure travel show that aired on USA Travel Channel and in about 30 other countries. His next stop is Tahiti.

In his bid for Congress, Marty Sproul ran as a Natural Law candidate to give a voice to a third party. He was endorsed for his articulate, interesting ideas; his plan was to reform the political process with a reduction in the size of government and the influence of big money on campaigns. Alas, the incumbent won, and Marty is back to practicing law full time.

When visiting Yosemite, Kimberleigh and Paul Gavin found that they prefer Redwood’s Cabins in Wawona to the Ahwahnee, primarily because their pups, Claude and Chloe, can come along, too, for a real family vacation.

1972

When not chasing after his three sons, Bill Dawson has “begun to tickle the ivories, making up good piano tunes in the name of ‘practice!’” His family had a grand time at Golden Trout until hail struck at the base of Army Pass.

1973

Since Jenn, daughter of Rebecca and Dave Livermore, can’t find any waves in Utah, they traveled to Arizona’s “The Wave” rock formation. Still can’t surf, but it makes for a great photo opportunity...

Liz and Newlin Hastings, CdeP ’70; with Shannon, CdeP ’99; and Jamie ’02

Liz and Newlin Hastings took part in last summer’s African trek, that included summiting the world’s highest free-standing mountain and one of the world’s largest volcanoes. Their children—Shannon, CdeP ’99, and Jamie ’02—joined them up top for a congratulatory photo.

At Christmas, the Rod Turner family were perfect stair steps when standing together. It’s unlikely that Kathryn and Anne will stand for that much longer...

1974

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1975

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Sharon and Philip Pillsbury, CdeP ’67, with children Max, Molly, Finn, and Christian

Liz and Newlin Hastings, CdeP ’70; with Shannon, CdeP ’99; and Jamie ’02

When visiting Yosemite, Kimberleigh and Paul Gavin found that they prefer Redwood’s Cabins in Wawona to the Ahwahnee, primarily because their pups, Claude and Chloe, can come along, too, for a real family vacation.

Kimberleigh and Paul Gavin, CdeP ’71

Steps and Jennifer (11) keep their folks Stephanie and Stephen hopping in Reno, NV.

1978

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2000

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1976

Bill Hockey is looking forward to seeing his classmates at his class’s Silver Anniversary Reunion. He’ll be bringing his wife and two children for the festivities.

“Still working for IBM out of my house and loving it,” reports Joshua Rosenblatt. His wife, Kate, still loves working at Barnes and Noble. Their daughters Allison and Sarah start new schools in the fall (the latter at Emma Willard!). Joshua is looking forward to his 25th Reunion this summer.

1977

Joshua Rosenblatt reports:

“Still working for IBM out of my house and loving it.” He’s looking forward to his 25th Reunion this summer.

Michael Blatt writes: “I’m 5’ 8” tall, have brown hair, and weigh 132 lbs. As far as I recall most of my fellow alumni were somewhat taller. My family and I are living in South Pasadena temporarily while we build a house for ourselves in the Mt. Washington area of Los Angeles. We have spent the last six months putting in 100 cubic yards of concrete. We will place another 40 yards next Wednesday. So, Pasadena seems to be a cute but boring town where Bush/Cheney signs increase in size in proportion to the size of the house.”

Steve Peletz recently joined Sun Microsystems Marketing Group for Software Systems. He and his wife, Kyra Minninger, have two children to keep them on their toes: Sara (6) and David (3).

Part of the new breed of designers and architects is Brian Chan who designs from the inside to the outside, employing comfortable, functional space and furnishings. Some of his latest designs were recently featured in Hong Kong Tatler magazine.

1978

Grant Fletcher is proud of his three beautiful daughters: Jamie (7), Kate (5), and Corie (2). He sends his best to all of his classmates.

1979

Lele Herron Galer and family picked up stakes from Mount Kisco, NY, and plonked them down in West Chester, PA. “It is very beautiful here, but much more rural than our home in NY.”

Sam Orrick lives in Phoenix with his wonderful wife Beth and stepdaughter, Jessica. He reports that “fellow compadres Nick Ault, Nick Harvey, Eric Shirey, Rob Livermore, and Bill Wren are still upstanding citizens.”

1980

Sydney Robertson, George Pratt, and their daughter Carmen Mary Sue get away from SYA Rennes every now and again to see other parts of France and beyond. Just after Christmas, they went to Bordeaux and Dordogne to thaw out their bones, but were met with cloudy, cold weather.

Renee and Brad Smith are having an East Coast adventure, now that they relocated to Marblehead, MA, for work. They enjoy the diversity of seasons, “put kindly.” He recently visited Thacher and jogged up to The Pines; “it was easier having a horse along.”

Peter Downey was pleased to find that his Spanish came back to him when he sailed a 50-foot schooner up the Central American coast—from Gulfito, Costa Rica to Puerta Villarta—in November. As the “youngest on the crew (at 41, I was two standard deviations below the median age) and one of two on the boat who knew how to sail, I was both reviled and revered. It was an adventure!” Now Peter is in Olympia fighting for transportation dollars with the state legislature, sailing whenever he can, eating tons of free oysters, and knowing “more about transportation finance than anyone should.”

According to his little brother, Peter, CdeP ’77, Sean Downey has two little ones who remind the Downey brothers of their escapades when they were that age.

Ned Banning, CdeP ’74, with Terry Twichell

Louise, Maggie, Annie, and Bryan Beckham, CdeP ’74

Catherine and Rachel, daughters of Nancy and Robert Rex, CdeP ’74

Tom, Louisa, and Sam, children of Annie and Harry Hanson, CdeP ’75

Robert and Will, sons of Vickie and Carl Costigan, CdeP ’77

Charlie and Annie, children of Susan and Scott LeFevre, CdeP ’75

Harry IV and Donald, sons of Brooke and Peter Conkey, CdeP ’79

Carmen Mary Sue, daughter of George Pratt and Sydney Robertson, CdeP ’80
**Tom Kong** will skip his 15th reunion at Dartmouth so he can attend his 20th at Thacher.  

**1982**  

No longer will you reach Portfolio Manager of International Equities **John Davies** when you call McKinley Capital in Anchorage, AK. The solitary, freezing existence during his second winter there took its toll. He can still be reached at 907-223-5080 or jdavies@gci.net until he moves to the lower 48 or Europe, depending on the opportunities that arise in the securities world. Good luck, John, and keep in touch!  

**Stephen Westerhout** has been spoken for by Trai Baptist on Christmas day. Details to follow.  

**Brian Kopperl, Hunter Hollins,** and **Stanley Chiu,** all CdeP ’82, launch the boats at Great Falls, Virginia: D.C. or Bust!  

**Brian Kopperl, Hunter Hollins,** and **Stanley Chiu,** all CdeP ’82, got together to kayak the Potomac whitewater October 13, 2000, from Great Falls to Georgetown, D.C. They’ve now run whitewater together in Minnesota; Pennsylvania; Maine; Massachusetts; Kern County, California; and Virginia. “Lookin’ for more!”  

**Michael Voevodsky** packed up his family and moved to Tucson, where he joined a start-up in manufacturing. “The company produces large lightweight mirrors for space-borne optics, telescopes, and lasers. Therese is heading up Human Resources for the Southern Arizona United Way. Paule (6) and Mia (4) have become proficient swimmers to deal with the summer heat. Please come visit if you’re in town: 520-878-0306.”  

“Since the stork delivered baby Robert (2), we’ve gone nuts with joy and confusion,” wrote **Marian Huntington** at Christmas. “The befuddlement has given us a good ‘wake up’ call about life, the importance of friends and family—and the value of a nice long nap. Peace on Earth begins at home!”  

**1983**  

“**My wife Katie Ross and I are living in San Francisco with our two-year-old son Wesley and our middle-aged dogs,**” reports **Geoff Yost.** He’s still practicing environmental law, but finds that the best part of his day is watching the antics of their son.  

**Paul Wesley Yost,** son of **Katie Ross** and Geoff Yost, CdeP ’83  

**Mia, Paule, Therese,** and **Mike Voevodsky,** CdeP ’82  

**Sparky poses with Charles, Sarah,** and **Eleanor, children of Henry and Emily Williamson Hancock,** CdeP ’83  

**Carol McConnell** is looking forward to the big 20th Reunion celebration this June!! “I hope everyone is able to attend.”  

**Roger Hooper** gets away from his real estate photography business by visiting waterfalls. Last May, he hiked eight miles over hill and dale to reach some gorgeous, out-of-the-way waterfalls and to take note of the “very interesting geology.”  

**Lloyd Gunther Dallett** finally convinced her husband (who works as a cinematographer around the globe) to leave New York; they have happily landed in sunny Santa Barbara. Nick Noyes, CdeP ’76, is designing a house remodel for them.  

**Jarrett, Hayley, Lynn, and Tom Kong, CdeP ’81**  

**Kim and Bill Hoppin, CdeP ’81, with children Erin, CdeP ’99, and Will**  

**Walker and Natalie, children of Katie, CdeP ’83, and Alex, CdeP ’81, Calhoun**  

**Hannah, Sara, and ********, children of Anthony and Mary Everett Bourke, CdeP ’81**  

**Will, Katie, Christopher,** and **Sandy Nicholson Watkins, CdeP ’82**  

**Marian Huntington, CdeP ’82, with son Robert**
**1984**

“Our beautiful daughter, Rosemary Sheridan Grout, was born on October 23, 2000,” according to Elizabeth Harrigan. She sent a photograph to prove it. “Motherhood is chaotic but wonderful!”

**1985**

Having finished her master’s degree in English Literature last summer at Middlebury’s Bread Loaf School of English, Sarah Peapples is a reading teacher with third, fourth, and fifth graders at a public elementary school in Boulder, CO. She and Sarah Konrad, who presently resides in Laramie, WY, see each other fairly often since Sarah comes down to Colorado for bike and ski races.

Mary Elizabeth Shannon became a mother on May 28 with the arrival of Eli Stuart Zucker. She misses little Eli while lawyering at Wilson Sonsini Goodrich & Rosati, but it makes the time with him even more special. She saw Mary Kuechler, CdeP ’84, and her daughter Elizabeth at a mothers’ group meeting not too long ago.

Christine Kim and Ted Barassi have now been married four years, but no children are on the horizon, yet… He is a partner in Phlair Inc (a dot.com business in New York) and “riding the waves.”

Pancho Barassi has been working with SEMA out of Miami since April 2000, and travelling extensively to Latin America. He and his bride of six years, Anamaria Orellana (from Santiago, Chile) have two boys: Sebastian (4) and Francis (2). Before finding roots in Miami, this young family spent two years in Mexico City and three years in Santiago.

“I have moved,” wrote Annie Wallace-Maulding. She’s living in Park City, just five minutes from Olympic Park, where the ski jumps, bobsled, and luge are located. Her new e-mail is awallace@parkcity.net.

**1986**

As of August 5, 2000, “Liam has a new brother!” Colin Poole Kirkpatrick weighed in at seven pounds, 14 ounces and measured 20.5 inches. The proud parents are Carolyn Reed and Doug Kirkpatrick.

“Hi all! Wow: 15 years? Have we officially made middle-age yet?” Dave Garman won’t be attending the Reunion this June due to a conflicting wedding, but looks forward to the bash in 2006. He still lives near San Jose, enjoys married life, and works at a biotech company that has grown from five to 25 people since he joined them two years ago.
Paul Bressie is working on building his real-estate-development firm, Boulevard Investments, while his wife, Claudia, is studying Early Childhood Education at City College.

1987

JP Manoux is “happily living my Hollywood dream. Did my first shower scene recently. Learned how to stand confidently naked in front of total strangers [during my] freshman year at Thacher. Thanks, CdeP! You’re welcome! Life is going well for Andrew Tidrick, in spite of recovering from divorcing last April. His children are “five, five (twins), and six now, and beginning to enjoy training for races with me and are generally coping well through a tough couple of years. I am getting my private practice in child and family psychotherapy off the ground that is years. I am getting my private practice in child

1988

Patrick Chu recently changed jobs and moved from Pasadena, CA, to central New Jersey. He’s looking forward to hearing from other alumni, especially those on the East Coast. Update your records: 1910 Knollwood Drive, Middletown NY 07748; 732-275-1603; pbchu@alum.mikt.edu.

Eric Anderson is close to finishing his doctorate in Washington. He plans to migrate south this summer, maybe to Berkeley for a post-doc next year.

Miguel Hernandez introduced his new family with a photo and note: “Miki [his wife] is half Chinese, half Japanese, and speaks both languages as a native. Little Lucas (named after Lucas Black, CdeP ’90) is growing leaps and bounds and I have already received numerous assurances from my wife that she will let Lucas be a Toad if he has the privilege. These last two years have been big transition years with my return from Japan where I worked for 2.5 years, a new family, and the inevitable ‘dot.com’ crash. Now I am preparing to attend a two-year MBA program either at UCLA or Kellogg (Chicago) in September 2001.”

1989

When David Lindsay and Connie Arbogast take a break from their very active sons (John, 5 and Nathan, 3) to work at the same school site. David teaches fifth grade and Connie teaches a split fifth/sixth-grade class. Connie participated in this past summer’s Teach The Teachers Collaborative at Thacher “and learned marvelous techniques for my class!” Thanks for the kudos!

Justin Lombard and Dave and Connie Lindsay were on hand to witness Tom Wang marry Carleigh West. The wedding was in Camarillo on January 27, 2001.

The Helena Law Firm of Jackson, Murdo, Grant & McFarland, P.C. has a new banking lawyer: Valerie Thresher.

Sophia, daughter of Loretta Zang, CdeP ’89

Tricia Valeski recently married Justin Stockton in London, and will be moving to Prague at the beginning of May. Until recently, she was putting her doctorate in Educational Psychology to good use in San Diego.

After working for a small ad agency and waiting tables in Manhattan for three years, Jason Improta moved back to Southern California with his girlfriend, Missy. They moved to Camarillo two years ago and Jason has been working as an art director at an advertising agency in Westlake Village. They don’t seem to be ready for “the burbs,” so they’re planning on moving to L.A. in June. An agency switch is in the works too, but no word on that yet.

Carleigh West became Mrs. Timothy Wang on January 27, 2001, in Camarillo, CA. Justin Lombard and Connie and David Lindsay were there. The Wangs bought a house and moved to Simi Valley, CA, which is close to his job at Princess Cruises in Santa Clarita. Next time you want a great deal on a cruise, Tim’s your man!

In October 2000, Jeff Menashe left the private investment bank where he’d worked for four years to help form The Food Group, the nation’s preeminent investment banking firm focused on food retailers, wholesalers, manufacturers, food service companies, and agribusinesses. Check out their web site: www.thefoodpartners.com. Jeff’s role is to develop new business and to co-lead their merger-and-acquisition engagements. He’s still based in Seattle, but he travels three days each week. On the personal front, Jeff lives in Madison Park (a short eight minutes east of downtown Seattle), enjoys being single, and is looking around for a waterski boat for this summer. “If anyone is in Seattle and is up for a dinner or dinner, call me at work: 206-903-0600.”

Joanne Hughes is graduating from vet school at UC Davis this June and will then head south to begin a surgical internship in Santa Monica. She requests tutorials on fun things to do in L.A., places to go, good restaurants, good places to hike with her poodle, etc. Any ideas out there?

Shireen Rahnema is still practicing law in L.A. at Latham & Watkins. She lives in Pasadena next door to Sally Duncan.
Leaving LA behind—but still visiting on a regular basis—is Geoffrey Dunkle. For the past two years, he’s been living in Dallas, TX, and working for a marketing company called Field Source. He still finds his way back to Glendale on a monthly basis since one of their biggest clients, Nestlé USA, is based there. Although he’s currently doing well and remains energetic and strong, health has become a major part of Geoffrey’s life. He suffered from a rare liver disease (PSC—the same disease Walter Payton died from), and needed and received a liver transplant a year-and-a-half ago. Great doctors at one of the best facilities in the country are keeping him in tip-top shape, but he’s simplified his life and enjoys the small things, such as a Golden Retriever pup named Payton (after Walter Payton).

Brian Greene if finishing up his MBA at Stanford and then heading to L.A., where he’ll work as a consultant with McKinsey and Company.

Andrew Beebe is “trying to stay above water in the choppy waters of the dot-com ‘Perfect Storm.’” He’s getting married in July.

1990

According to Sharon Karlsberg, CdeP ’96, Win Burleson is “doing wonderful, inventive work on a Ph.D. at MIT’s Media Lab. He recently described...his new interactive, reality-based game to educate kids about rain-forest ecosystems—very cool stuff.”

Fiona Carter McLaughlin arrived at 8:35 p.m. on Friday, February 16, 2001. Her ecstatic parents are Christine Carter and Michael McLaughlin. All are adjusting well to family life.

“All is well as an environmental consultant working on salmon issues in Washington, “ writes Julie Nelson. She’s marrying Stefan Hampden in July at Tahoe.

1991

Morgan Ward can’t wait to see the rest of the class for the Big Tenth Reunion this June. He’s really enjoying his classes at Marshall School of Business and hoping for a “phenomenal internship” this summer.

Unfortunately, Jason Ruhl won’t be at the Reunion because he’ll be on “the Moto Melee, a spin-off of the California Mille. The Moto Melee is a three-day 500+ mile backroads adventure for motorcycles that were made before 1970.” The rally will loop from San Francisco to Fort Bragg and back on the best back roads Northern California has to offer.

1992

During the school year, Anne Berube Gard teaches second grade at Monica Ros in Ojai; during the summer, Anne returns to Thacher’s trails with Teach The Teachers participants in tow.

Another Toad-Toad marriage: Kate Munzig and Eric Dachs, CdeP ’94 tied the knot early in August in Sun Valley, ID.

1993

Tim Carter wrote that he’s “living out in the country in southern Spain...learning the olive business from the masters. I haven’t run into any fellow Toads yet, but I’m still having fun.”

Gerin River is currently teaching science, English, Spanish, and tidbits about their environment to children in Panama. He came home for the holidays, but returned to his southern post, where he’ll be until April 2002.

“I am engaged and getting married in the fall,” writes Brandon Salzer. “So sorry, ladies…”

Another Double-Toad marriage took place last fall. Rosa Barkus and Jose Klein shared vows on October 15 at Tilden Park in Berkeley. They are now making their home at 1715 SE Salmon, Portland OR 97214, and can also be reached at rosa_marioposa@hotmail or joseklein@hotmail. Our best wishes to you both!

1994

We learned from William Henricks’ parents that they will have a new daughter-in-law on June 16: Sonya Taylor. The happy couple met during his junior year at Pepperdine. Congratulations, William!

No wonder Hillary Clinton won a Senate seat in New York! Jennifer Kritz worked as Volunteer Director for the Campaign, as well as Gore’s New York campaign. She enjoyed it so much that she’s been working in Hillary’s New York office since late January. Jen stopped by Thacher to tell us all about her incredible experience last fall and how much she misses being at Thacher.

Rika Howe and Nathaniel Toll married at Thacher’s Outdoor Chapel. Bridesmaids were Aspy Bowers, Abby Ramsden, Jovi Young, Devon Brown, and Felicity Howe, CdeP ’00. Other Toads in attendance at this happy event were Chris Nichols, Yvette Reynolds, Skye O’Conner, and Jen Kritz, along with faculty members Rae Ann Sines, Bo and Julie Manson, Peter and Bonnie Robinson, Heather Duncan, and Phyllis and David Johnston.

Nathaniel Toll and Rika Howe, both CdeP ’94, share a kiss after exchanging vows at Thacher’s Outdoor Chapel

Benjamin Foster Carter is working as a farmer and rancher, when he’s not hunting ducks. His folks say, “He’s still a great shot!”

Mary Everett left Thacher after teaching math and coaching soccer for one-plus years. She’s now playing semi-pro soccer in Denver and plans to attend graduate school in the fall.

Usually reunions are for the students. Not so with the parents of the Class of ’94. Their philosophy—why should our kids have all the fun?—brought together the Bennetts, Kurlinskis, Johnsons, Nichols, and the Phillips with the Twichells.

Linda Phillips, Merilee Bennett, Vicki Nichols, Claire Kurlinski, Mindy Johnson, Ron Phillips, and Cricket Twichell (back row); Bruce Bennett, Carli Kurlinski, Jay Johnson, and Terry Twichell (front row) at the Twichells’ this winter
Apprently Elizabeth Hieronymus couldn't get enough of Gambier, OH, where she graduated from Kenyon College in '99; she returned this fall to become the Assistant Director of Alumni and Parent Relations as well as the Annual Funds. She and her friend Jaime purchased a house overlooking the scenic Kokosing River and adopted a beautiful black lab puppy mix “Sierra” (to remind them of California). “I’m very happy here, and the small town life reminds me of Ojai.” She can be reached at Hieronymuse@kenyon.edu.

1996

From her parents, we learned that Erin Archer graduated cum laude from the University of Chicago in June 2000, with a double concentration: biology and law, letters and society. Erin’s working as a research analyst for Raymond James.

From another proud set of parents: Lindsay Medigovich graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Stanford, and is working for the P.R. firm Burson Marsteller in San Francisco, at least until she returns to Stanford next fall to pursue a graduate degree in English Literature.

Sharon Dana Karlsberg will acquire another name when she marries her longtime beau, Craig J. Sakowitz, in June. They plan to marry at the historic Mount Washington Hotel in Bretton Woods, NH.

Paula Allen proudly reports that Alexia Allen graduated from Hollins in January before spending a month in Chile and Patagonia. Unfortunately she’ll miss Reunion because she’ll be backpacking and monitoring bird populations in the North Cascades National Park. Grad school looms on the horizon and she hopes to teach at Thacher after attaining her doctorate. This February she worked on a small farm in Maine, tutoring some home-schooled daughters.

Josh Kurlinski and his entire family were on hand as brother Ryan [‘97] received his bachelor’s degree from Williams.

Elizabeth Gaydos-Massey (previously Elizabeth Zeigler) sent news from jolly ol’ England that they have a second daughter: Rachel; Peter, CdeP ’99; Judy; Tom; Elizabeth, CdeP ’96; and Charlie ’03.
1999

Erin Hoppin played club soccer at Yale and was recently elected Secretary of the Calhoun Council. She spent last summer traveling in Mongolia with Where There Be Dragon, a travel company that specializes in Asia. She plans to spend this summer in China brushing up on her Chinese. She is also pre-law and considering a career in International Law focusing on Human Rights. She’s been mentoring some local high school girls through a program called Women and Youth Supporting Each Other, and works as a research assistant for a political science professor. Whew! We’re tired just reading about her schedule...

Rachel Wall recently earned a varsity letter at Principia College for her soccer prowess. She played in 13 of the Panther’s 20 matches, scoring four goals. When she’s not kicking the ball, she is studying studio arts.

Catherine Jessop transferred from St. Andrew’s to Colby this year.

Adrian Allen is making a name for himself as a drummer for two rock bands, a volunteer firefighter, and a roller hockey player when he’s not studying at Hampden-Sydney. He’s in his second semester and enjoying his academic challenges.

Brendan Bechtel declared his major as environmental studies/geography, but spends most of his time ski patrolling at the local mountain, hunting, fly fishing, and road bike racing in the collegiate circuit.

2000

Even though “Central Texas is not as beautiful as Ojai,” Devon Tarasevic really enjoys college life. She’s a member of the Southwestern’s Varsity Diving Team and planned to pledge a sorority in January.

Brad Jordan became a jet-setter since his time at Thacher. Last spring, he studied art and architecture in Florence, Italy; studied biological & Environmental Systems in Druidstone, Wales; and completed an IBI year in Oxford, England. He participated in the Global Young Leaders Conference last June and served on the Executive Council for Global Summit at the U.N. Last fall, he studied political conflict in Belfast, Northern Ireland, and spent a week visiting Norway where he endlessly defended the America’s historic presidential election process. In January, he attended the Presidential Inauguration, Conference, and Ball. January. Whew! Don’t look for moss under Brad’s feet...

“Yale is going wonderfully!” according to Lucinda Brown.

Winner of last year’s Perpetual Sports Award, Cheryl Lynn Horton, is playing offensive for Duke’s award-winning Varsity Lacrosse Team.

In November, Jack Huyler led the community at Assembly in singing “Happy Birthday” to Jesse Kahle who turned 93. Jesse keeps young by helping out at the barn with the freshmen riders and chatting with alumni when they return to campus. He may not remember all of their names, but he remembers their horses’ names...

Terry and Cricket Twichell keep up with Jenn, Samantha, and John Friborg whenever they travel to Acton, MA. It’s a little easier to catch up with Mike and Geoff Bird. They’re just down the 101 Freeway in North Hollywood at Harvard Westlake. Mike is Dean of the Junior/Senior class; Geoff is the Language Department Chair.

Some of you have heard, but for those who haven’t... Wendy McCobb, R.N., who served as Thacher’s nurse and study skills counselor for over a decade, left last spring to take up residence in the Chama Valley in New Mexico. She is working part-time for a worker-owned company named Tierra Wools, that is attempting to sustain the Churro sheep raising/weaving tradition alive. They wash the wool, spin it, dye it, and weave it into blankets, area rugs, apparel, and runners inspired by the Rio Grande traditional design. When Wendy isn’t learning the weaving trade, she trailers her horse to local wilderness areas to ride in gorgeous areas.

John Reimers finally took the plunge and married Sarah. John is teaching history at Brentwood School. You can send your best wishes to them at P.O. Box 2873, Venice CA 90294; their e-mails are jnsreimers@aol.com; and, finally, their phone number is 310-301-7973.

Roger and Barbara Marvin with sons Samuel and Jacob.

Former Faculty News

When John Lin starts his five-minute walking commute to his office at Fessenden, sons, Kai and Noa, wave goodbye before challenging their mother, Marilee to fun and games at home or around town. Life is good at 72 Fessenden Street, Newtonville, MA. 02460. Keep in touch at: jklmn@mediaone.net or (617) 916-5157.

Former Spanish teacher Barbara Marvin and her husband Roger have two boys to chase: Samuel (3) and Jacob (1).

Not actually in the Former Faculty category, but Cecilia Ortiz is enjoying a fabulous sabbatical year near Cadiz, Spain, with side trips to Egypt, Turkey, and Morocco.

Former Spanish teacher Barbara Marvin and her husband Roger have two boys to chase: Samuel (3) and Jacob (1).
The following names were inadvertently left out of the 1999/2000 Annual Fund Report.

1955 35% $8,050
Mitchell L. Lathrop
Luce, Forward, Hamilton & Scripps
600 West Broadway, 26th Floor
San Diego, CA 92101
Alexander K. Farrand
S. Allan Johnson
Eric L. Knudsen
Samuel A. B. Lyons
Timothy T. A. Sodd
James C. Taylor

1956 89% $13,725
John Gordon Haverly, M.D.
160 E. 38th Street, 34A
New York, NY 10016-2615
Dean V. Ambrose
Jerome H. Bishop, III
Gordon B. Chamberlain
Gerald De Santillana
Peter Farquhar
Conrad D. Gage
J. Jeffrey Green
John Gordon Haverly, M.D.
Lincoln S. Hollister
John L. King, Jr.
Henry N. Kuechler, III
Michael A. Lawrence
L. Leland Mothershead, III
Toby Rosenblatt
Klaus Schubert
Dirk A. ten Grotenhuis
John R. Wheaton

1957 76% $5,288
Aldwyn Hewitt
3261 Bennett Drive
Los Angeles, CA 90068-1701
Richard F. Loveton
18680 Wildflower Drive
Penn Valley, CA 95946
John C. Baldwin
Jonathan D. Beck
George G. Bell
Michael S. Bolduan
Roger D. Coates
Malcolm K. Coffey
Blair S. Edwards, M.D.
Richard A. Grant, Jr.
K. C. Hayes
Paul H. Helms, III
Aldwyn Hewitt
Richard F. Loveton
Henry T. Morrison, Jr.
Leslie L. Roos, Jr.
F. Michael Shore
Philip L. Spalding
John A. Stephenson
John H. Thacher
Robert D. Voit

The Casa de Piedra Society
Dr. Elizabeth Moffitt Herr

We apologize to all concerned.
George Milburn, CdeP '24, died December 1, 2000. He was preceded in death by his wife, Jean, who died in February, 2000. George hailed from Seattle when he arrived at Thacher for his last two years of high school. Known as “Milbank,” he was a good shot with both tennis racquets and guns. In his senior year, he was particularly deadly to clay pigeons and one turkey. He was one of the “inmost members of the Indoor Committee” and held his own on the dance floor. His agility spread to the track field, where his fleet feet turned in fine performances in the 220, 100, and relay. He also served on the Committee of X, the Gun Board, the Glee Club, and Tennis Ten. Upon his graduation from Thacher, George studied at Princeton, where he earned a bachelor’s degree in 1931. He became a geologist and miner and lived in British Columbia.

Thayer Hopkins, CdeP '35, died of pneumonia at the age of 84 at the California Pacific Medical Center on December 21, 2000. Born in Evanston, Illinois, Thayer attended Thacher for four years. “Hop” took advantage of everything that Thacher offered (Baseball, Cabinet, “Notes,” Gun Board, Soccer Track, Tennis, the Pack and Saddle Club, and the Outdoor Committee) and held leadership positions in most: Chairman of Lower, Lower Upper, and Upper Upper; Committee of Ten, Editor-in-Chief of the “Notes,” and prefect. When not totally engaged in school-oriented activities, Thayer crooned to the songs of Bing Crosby (and yearned to meet him someday).

Following Thacher, Thayer attended Williams and graduated in 1939. During War II, he served in the Eighth Army Air Corps and was shot down over Berlin. He was rescued by members of the Dutch resistance and hidden for six months before being liberated by Allied troops. Following the War, Thayer returned to San Francisco and earned a Master’s Degree in Business Administration from Stanford University in 1946. The same year, he married Carolyn Joy Perry, who died in 1986. Thayer was a partner at Davidson, Dreyer and Hopkins accounting firm in San Francisco from 1963 until his retirement in 1990. Thayer was a founding trustee of the Grace Cathedral School for Boys in San Francisco in 1957 and was the treasurer of its board for many years. He also served on the board for the Edgewood Center for Children and Families in San Francisco from 1957 until 1968; he was the board’s president in 1965-66. Thayer is survived by three sons: Thayer Jr., CdeP ’70, of San Francisco, Charles A. of Oakland, and David P. of Richmond; a sister, Constance Hellyer of Eatonville Washington; and one grandson, David Greer Hopkins of San Francisco.

Walter Henry Sullivan, Jr., CdeP ’35, died on Wednesday, December 6, 2000. He was 83. Walter made quite a splash at Thacher during the two years he was here and became known as “Sully.” In his junior year, he served as prefect as well as on the cabinet, Second Gymkhana Team, Second Baseball Team, Dramatics, and the Bit and Spur Club. During his senior year, he was the Captain of the Second Gymkhana Team, the Assistant Manager of the Big Tournament committee, and was a member of the Second Baseball Team and the Outdoor Committee. According to the 1935 El Archivero, Sully was “one of those rare men, who have to (or ought to) shave every day—boy, o boy, what a man.” From Thacher, he studied and graduated from Stanford University where he graduated in 1939. He married Dagmar de Pins, and they had four children: Paula, Walter III, Erica, and Dagmar.

Philip H. Wootton, Jr., CdeP ’36, died on March 17, 2001; he suffered a stroke and had been struggling with Alzheimer’s disease. Although he was born in New York City, Phil grew up in Kobe, Japan, and then moved to China in the early 1920s to avoid anti-American riots. When his family returned to the United States, Phil attended Ojai Valley School before arriv-
ing at Thacher. While here, he was “known for his serious moments and his lighter ones,” according to the 1935 El Archivero. “He was elected to the knotty position of chairman of the Upper Upper and guided the School through a most successful year.” The “Notes” benefited from his efforts as Editor, the Bit and Spur Club was ably led by him, and his portrait of “Burke” in Amaco was legendary. He also found time to manage the baseball team, offer support to the second soccer team, attain “A” camper status, and serve on the Indoor and Outdoor Committees, as well as the Committee of X.

Phil matriculated to Yale, where he received his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1940. He worked as a science reporter for Life magazine before heading the science department, specializing in military-industrial reporting during World War II. In the mid-1950s, as assistant managing editor, Phil lead a team of Life editors and reporters who developed the concept of special issues and serials that underpinned the magazine’s growth in the postwar, pre-television years. His work led to the creation of the Time, Inc., Book Division. As executive editor from 1961 to 1963, he continued his responsibilities for special issues such as the Life magazine special on the assassination of President Kennedy. He moved to associate director of research and development, contractual relationships with broadcast and television companies. Phil created and managed Time-Life Records, which until the creation of People magazine was the company’s most successful new product and largest source for mail-order classical music.

Getting back to his Thacher pastimes, Phil spent weeks at T Cross Ranch in Wyoming, as a horse wrangler and trail guide. In 1971, he purchased Singing River Ranch in Red Wing, Colorado. He and his family ran the guest and cattle ranch for seven years until his retirement in 1977.

Phil is survived by his wife, Marie Core Wootton; two sons, Philip H. Wootton III and William R. Wootton; two daughters, Constance Wootton Tyndall of Penticton, B.C., Canada; nine grandchildren and one great grandson.

Charlie was a long-time member of the Arlington Club, the Deschutes Club, the Flyfishers Club, the Prineville Elks, and the Prineville Golf & Country Club. His passions included flying, hunting, fishing, skiing, golf, travel, fine art, and the company of his family and friends.

Charlie is survived by his wife of 54 years, Mary Jelliffe of Mitchell, Oregon; daughters, Cameron Kerr of Bend, Wendy Johnson of Portland, Jessie Opel of Missoula, Montana; a son, C. Edmund Miller of Bend; sisters, Laurie Cummins of Santa Barbara, CA and Jessie Tyndall of Penticton, B.C., Canada; nine grandchildren and one great grandson.

Frank H. Ewing (Hef), CdeP ’51, unexpectedly passed on quietly, peacefully, and instantly in the evening while at home, sitting next to his wife, Heather, after spending a normal, happy day together on April 20, 2001.

Edwin M. Johnson, CdeP ’53, passed away on November 9, 2000.

William Lloyd Forster, CdeP ’62, passed away after a long and difficult battle with stomach cancer on February 9, 2001. He is survived by his wife, Sharon, and three daughters.

Bill arrived at Thacher “a short, fat, little butterball rolled…two scars over his right eye and a baseball glove on his left hand,” according the 1962 El Archivero. “He was babbling about his home town of Portland, his home state of Oregon, the Portland Beavers, Oregon State, the Columbia River, and for some reason, the Detroit Tigers.” He was known on campus as Beaver and became famous as the “wisest, funniest, and costliest Smut in the School.” He earned seven varsity letters in four different sports (soccer, baseball, track, and basketball) and became the finest athlete in the School. In baseball, for example, he played second base, stole 15 bases in 10 games, and batted .483. By the time he graduated, he resided in a willowy six-feet-one-inch frame, still raved about Portland, and was still the wisest, funniest, costliest guy in School.

Bill matriculated to Menlo, but graduated from Oregon State University, having earned both bachelor’s and master’s degrees. He originally wanted to be a big-city sportswriter, until he visited Wallowa County, where he found “home.” The canyons, cougars, aspen groves, and alder slopes appealed to him; so did the fishing. According to Jonathan Nicholas, a columnist with The Oregonian, the only excuse that Bill needed to drop everything and grab a fly rod was the statement: “The fishing will be good.” On one of these “good days,” Bill brought in a 36-pound summer steelhead on a dry fly. Nichoals wrote soon after Bill’s death, “Bill smiled more than anybody I ever knew. I never once saw him afraid of what might come next…In a few days, the family will take his ashes up to the river, to be spread in the flow. The air will be still. The water will be fast. The fishing will be good.”

Thacher Community

Ida Hull Lloyd Crotty—wife of the late Homer (a partner for leading Los Angeles law firm of Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher, and president of the State Bar Association), and mother of Daniel, CdeP ’54, and three other children—died in September, 2000. She had lived in San Marino, California, and was very involved in various cultural activities throughout the southland.

Allan D. Lefevre, former member of Thacher’s Board of Trustees, died peacefully at his home on January 6, 2001. A lifelong resident of San Francisco, he was born into a pioneer family in 1909. For over 40 years, Allan was a lobbyist representing cities, districts, industries, professions, and the board of trustees of the Hastings College of the Law. He was married to the late Ann W. LeFevre; he is survived by his wife Eleanor LeFevre; his son Scott, CdeP ’75, his daughter-in-law, Susan LeFevre, and two grandchildren.
Summer – Fall 2001

Saturday, June 2
Commencement

Friday-Sunday, June 8-10
Reunion Weekend

Sunday-Friday, July 15-August 3
Golden Trout Camp

Saturday, September 1
New Students Arrive

Sunday, September 2
Returning Students Arrive