

The Thacher News



Spring 2000
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Reunion Festivities

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Robert Brownell '02 works with Topa Topa Elementary School students in Ojai as part of Thacher's Community Service Program

Overview

Six months of life at Thacher are chronicled in this Spring/Summer issue of *The Thacher News*. From commencement activities to summer events, from Big Gymkhana Weekend to new faculty appointments, it has been another busy half-year at The Ranch.

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The Thacher News

Spring/Summer 2000

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Building an Intentional Community

New Year's Banquet Speech

by Michael K. Michael

One of the many happy rituals at Thacher occurs each Monday morning when, at Assembly, we are privileged to hear from members of the faculty, each in her or his turn as TOADly duties pass from hands to capable hands. One of last year's many memorable TOAD Talks came in late May, and I know that you returning students and faculty will recall it with the same appreciation I do: It was Mr. Manson's offering on the nature of those "threshold" moments we have in our lives, especially in a ritualized life such as ours: those times that call for celebration; times that "allow us to recognize, accept, and adjust to a process that is as natural as the sun rising each morning and setting each evening[:]...the yearly transformation of our *present* Thacher School into yet one more *past* Thacher School." He went on to say that, "Thacher, like all schools, is the unique combination of the individuals who occupy it at any given moment in time. It is something we *create* every September only to then dismantle each June."

Michael Mulligan on
It's All Head Games



What I'd like to zero in on with you for a moment is the first part of that last sentence: "It is something we create every September." (The dismantling, thank goodness, is a long nine months distant.) This is a very basic notion: this community is a cloth woven of individual strands: look closely at the warp and woof, and you see the color, the relative strength, the texture of each strand; step back and see the whole. This community is beautiful or ugly, durable or weak, in direct proportion to the beauty and strength each person, student, faculty, or staff member, brings to it consciously, intentionally.

Let me speak for a moment about *intentional community*. On one level this means that each of us is here by

choice—a combination, perhaps, of our own willingness, even eagerness, and that of parents and sometimes other family—but in any case, by our own decision. What precedes the choice, though, is very often this: even before we become members of this community, we are drawn by certain qualities we witness in action when we are just visitors: a particular warmth and openness in individuals and in groups, a code of behavior and a sense of personal responsibility sometimes startlingly—but reassuringly—at odds with the mainstream culture. We see these aspects of life here and want to join it.

But being chosen—admitted or hired—is only the beginning. The magic of this place that we saw or felt initially does not, *can* not continue without other choices we make at each step along the way throughout the course each year. A random litany of such choices:

- leaning down to greet and thank the person receiving your dirty dishes on the other side of that hole in the wall in the dining room and pushing your dishes back so that he doesn't have to reach for them;
- taking a seat next to someone you don't know very well who's sitting alone;
- stopping to pick up a small gum wrapper;
- taking the time to document a history paper with absolute accuracy and precision;
- calling a close tennis ball "in" even when it's to your own disadvantage;
- admitting a wrong and accepting the consequences with grace;
- listening, without immediate judgment or thoughtless reaction, when a Judicial Council case is presented to you and your dormmates by one of your peers;
- letting someone else—younger, older, your own age—onto the town-run bus before you step on.

In these moments—whether in matters of civility or courtesy, of kindness or of actual honor—we contribute in very real ways to the beauty and strength of the fabric of our School and home. When we consider carefully—and reconsider often—the weight of our actions, small and large, frequently (in Wordsworth's



Patty Abou-Samra '02, Leigh Salem '02, Michael Mulligan, Amanda Grumman '02, Lizzy Brewer '03

phrase) “nameless and unremembered”—including those (and perhaps most especially those) no one ever even sees or hears—we become the artists of our world, the architects of what is sometimes invisible but is as critical a foundation for a strong and enduring home as any bricks and mortar ever were. As the author Wallace Stegner said, “Culture is a pyramid to which each of us brings a stone.” So it is with Thacher’s culture, with our lives here together; how we choose the stones we bring to the structure ultimately and incontrovertibly determines its quality.

Think for a moment of Shackleton¹ and his men—numbed by the unceasing, bitter cold, dizzy with hunger, internally demoralized, still marooned months after the point at which they thought they’d be heroes back home in England—and consider some of the choices they made, even in their misery: Macklin, for example, his hand mittenless and frostbitten, continuing to row rather than stopping to cover his hands because he knew that to stop was to endanger everyone in the *Docker*. Or Macklin again, stepping off the dogsled so as to lighten the load on his beloved pack team. You could argue, of course, that these actions were no more than survival instinct at work; but I believe some other guiding principle was at work: in the midst of the most relentlessly wretched conditions imaginable, most of Shackleton’s men chose, over and over, to make others more comfortable, to put their own immediate or selfish desires aside, to consider the community wealth above their own as individuals—in other words, to create the best of their communal present, even while awaiting their questionable future. In their darkest moments, they maintained—in fact, cherished—their humanity, what American author and critic Lewis Mumford² called “the close chain of sympa-

thetic responses in which man first securely established himself as irrevocably human.” Not inconsequentially, they lived to tell the tale.

“Good artists,” writes Wendell Berry in *Life is a Miracle*, “are people who can stick things together so that they stay stuck. They know how to gather things into formal arrangements that are intelligible, memorable, and lasting. Good forms confer health upon the things that they gather together. Farms, families, communities are forms of art just as are poems, paintings and symphonies. None of these things would exist if we did not make them. We can make them either well or poorly; this choice is another thing that we make.”

So here and now, on the threshold of the only 112th Thacher School we will ever have, looking forward but being actively mindful of the present, let each of us include in our New Year’s resolutions this: to be a worthy and thoughtful artist, to make our community *well*—with consciousness and deliberation in our every action—in order to make it *good*.

Here’s to the best year yet! 🍷

¹ Alfred Lansing. *Endurance: Shackleton’s Incredible Voyage*, 1999.

² Lewis Mumford. *The Transformations of Man*, 8.4, 1956.

Letters

Claremont Graduate University
Claremont, CA
July 10, 2000

Dear Michael,

This latest fall/winter issue of *The Thacher News* sets off depth charges of fond memory and waves of admiration. Not only does it feature students and colleagues we knew during our nine years on the Board, but the reminding pieces of Liz Greene and Betty Rhodes touched us yet again. By focusing upon such intriguing “pioneers,” the magazine portrays Thacher at its human, matchless quality best. Cheers to all who had a hand in producing it.

I hope things go well for you, Joy, and the younguns’.

Sincerely,

John D. Maguire
President

Wacholderstrasse, Germany
July 13, 2000

Dear Jane,

Today I received the Thacher magazine...I imagine how much work it was to get this done! The result is wonderful, and I will take my time to read the other pioneers’ profiles. I think this was a very good idea to put these articles together in one edition...

Sincerely,

Klaus Schubert, CdeP ’56

Valparaiso, Chile
September 2, 2000

Hi Jane!

I’m sorry for not getting back at you sooner! I did receive *The Thacher News*...The “profile” I got between its covers could have put John Barrymore to shame!...Time has the nasty habit of erasing our footprints and sometimes some of us feel like the Lost Mariner of Oliver Sacks’s clinical tales, reinventing life and a memory to go with it every day...[It] brought back countless memories but put me back to back with the other face of Janus. The pictures of sons and daughters of former students, the news of former colleagues and students, and the “otherness” of what used to be so dearly familiar. Years, life. Where did it all go?

Travers Newton of the class of ’68 spent a few weeks in Valparaiso, where he came as my invitee to be a part of the panel of jurors for the XXII version of our National Art and Poetry Contest for people under thirty, which I organize and direct for the University of Valparaiso. We did, of course, reminisce about our life in old Casa de Piedra. I will send you a picture of this encounter and a catalog of our contest. Fragments of the old Thacher surfacing in a remote shore.

I want to wish you and the School a great 2000! Please say hello to Terry, Cricket, Marvin, *et al.*

Warmly,

Edgardo Catalan
Art Teacher 1964-75

P.S. I hope my novelized recollection of that “infamous camping trip” didn’t provide any angry letters to the Editor.

Commencement



School Marshals Annie Nyborg and Jake Braitman lead the seniors into Commencement exercises

Senior Exhibitions

As one of Thacher's newer traditions, the presentation of Senior Exhibitions signaled the end of the school year. Instead of teaching and attending regular classes on a Friday late in April, Community members completed "dance cards" with their selections of intriguing topics. Among the options were comparing and contrasting the Mbuti Pygmies and the Maasai (two African Tribes), writing and performing Blue Grass Music, studying the physics and fluid dynamics of sails, and exploring calendars and time. Seniors debated, demonstrated, cooked, and presented their findings to culminate their year-long study. Next year's seniors are already toying with subjects, scope of proj-

ing advanced placement standings at college. Virtually every senior took at least one A.P. class and many took several; nearly three-quarters of the juniors took at least one A.P. course, as well. Very impressive overall results arrived in July: 35% of the scores were fives, and 29% were fours; therefore, nearly two-thirds of the exams given resulted in advanced standings for the students.

Extra-Day Trips

The entire Community then left for Extra-Day Trips throughout California. Kayaking across lakes, hiking trans-Sierra trails, clearing non-native brush species from Santa Cruz Island,

and gathering initial research for next year's Exhibition Weekend. A complete listing of this year's Senior Exhibitions appears on page 11.

Advanced Placement Exams

Advanced Placement Exams blipped onto the radar screen next. Two-hundred seventy-three exams were administered in 17 different disciplines. For the first time, several parents who reside close to Thacher volunteered their time to proctor the three- to six-hour exams. For most subjects, students who received A.P. grades of four or five on a five-point scale received college credit units, thereby achiev-

ing advanced placement standings at college. Virtually every senior took at least one A.P. class and many took several; nearly three-quarters of the juniors took at least one A.P. course, as well. Very impressive overall results arrived in July: 35% of the scores were fives, and 29% were fours; therefore, nearly two-thirds of the exams given resulted in advanced standings for the students.

Vespers

On the eve of Memorial Day, students and faculty met at the Outdoor Chapel for the Head of School's traditional reading of the names of Thacher students who died while fighting wars for America. As in the past, the seniors chose a departing faculty member to address the audience. Although not leaving—merely taking time off to deliver baby James—the seniors asked Dean of Students Christina Mazzola to speak. She shared how her personal and professional lives are intertwined and how this year's senior class marked critical points in her life: her transition to motherhood when these students were freshmen, her father's sudden death while hiking with her family as these seniors spent their first summer vacation away from Thacher, and her beginning year as the Dean of Students that has been the most "rewarding, painful, difficult job that has forced [her] to grow and adapt in ways" that she never thought possible. Her all-consuming position as Dean and dealing with her family's grief, in some ways, swayed how she worked with student matters and, she hopes, will positively impact their lives. She closed by suggesting that the seniors—and the rest of the Community—follow the simple advice of the eighteenth century English philosopher and writer Joseph Addison for living well, the same piece that she had used as a theme for her college essay to Dartmouth at the suggestion of her father:

The grand essentials to happiness in life are something to do, something to love, something to hope for.

All-School Banquet

The last week of school found students studying and taking final exams prior to the All-



Recipients of the Class of 2000 Dance Award: Megan Winecoff, Yui Scribner, Mariposa Widdoes, Margaux Lloyd, and Lucy Milligan

School Banquet, the one time of the year when excellence in academics, athletics, and community service are awarded. Under the pepper trees on The Pergola as the sun dipped to the west, amid note-passing and the freshmen serving, the community gathered for the last time of the year to share a meal and applaud accomplishments of the Community. Some of the most note-worthy moments included the announcement of the latest Cum Laude Society members, the Class of 2000 Dance Award, and the Gymkhana/Horse Awards. The Cum Laude Society rewards and commends those students who not only have excellence, justice, and honor at their core, but have also maintained the very highest level of academic achievement throughout each year of their tenure at Thacher. Elected in May 1999, their Junior year: Kristin Berona, Wayne Chang, and Clay Pell; joining them and elected in their Senior year: Marisa Binder, Erin Blankenship, Paul Bonewitz, Lucinda Brown, Ellie Fletcher, Brooke Halsey, Lucy Milligan, Mia Silverman, and Juliette White; and elected this year, their Junior year: Mary Ann Bronson and Brian Kelly.

Math and Dance Instructor Gallia Vickery invited five senior girls to the stage and explained the rationale for the nascent Class of 2000 Dance Award in honor of the dedication, leadership, and accomplishments of Margaux Lloyd, Lucy Milligan, Yui Scribner, Mariposa Widdoes, and Megan Winecoff. From her first few weeks at Thacher in the fall of 1991, when five members came and struggled to dance a simplified portion of a movement, Gallia now has 20-plus students in the Dance Ensemble, many of whom can observe an intricate phrase once and immediately duplicate it beautifully. The five seniors performed off-campus six times and helped bring home two gold medals from the Dance Educators of America. They have been dedicated, responsible, and professional, and they have guided and supported the younger members of the group to turn it into an ensemble.

One of the Co-Captains of the Gymkhana Green Team walked away with the most heavy medal this year: Darren Bechtel shared the Beckwith Gymkhana Trophy with Lucinda Brown, won the Bissell Gymkhana Trophy for the most points on Gymkhana Day in May, and the Vaquero Cup for the best combination of riding and shooting.

A complete listing of awards appears on page 10.

Senior Banquet

Under the big-top on the Forest Cooke Lawn, seniors and their families and friends dined on Bon Appetite's salmon, chicken, and pasta at the Senior Banquet. While the Juniors wisked away the last dessert plates, Head of School Michael Mulligan introduced the evening's keynote speaker, Bob Gardner, CdeP '60, father of Besse '00 and Mollie, CdeP '99. Offering reflections about the Thacher education and suggestions for the future, Bob gave an outstanding speech that resulted in a well-deserved, lingering standing ovation. The speech's text in its entirety begins on page 14. Mr. Mulligan then praised Bob's work for the past three years as President of the Alumni Association and presented him with a plaque from the Trustees. Jennifer and Rick Ridgeway, parents of Carissa '00, Cameron '03, and Connor, were also thanked for their tireless efforts this year as Presidents of the Parents' Association.

The newest members of the Cum Laude Society were introduced for the benefit of their parents just before the major Awards of the evening were given. The Lettermen's Club Perpetual Tro-

phy, believed by some to recognize the Senior Class's best male athlete, actually honors those athletes with a commitment to excellence, teamwork, ability to elevate the play of others, and sportsmanship. This year's winners were Todd Meyer (Captain of the Varsity Soccer, Lacrosse, and Track Teams) and Anwar White (Captain of the Varsity Basketball and Tennis Teams). The Elizabeth Helms Adams Perpetual Sportsmanship Award commends the same characteristics for females; Mrs. Adams bestowed this Award on Cheryl Lynn Horton (Captain of the Varsity Volleyball, Basketball, and Lacrosse Teams). The Newton K. Chase Community Service Award is given to that student who, through volunteer work in the community, has demonstrated an unselfish interest in and concern for others. This year's recipient was Felicity Howe. The criteria for the Charles Warren Alpinist Award is simple: the recipient is a student climber who Mr. Warren could trust to evacuate him from the mountains should he, as the faculty leader, be injured in a climbing situation. Brooke Halsey, who served as the Camping Director during the winter absence of Brian Pidduck, CdeP '92, received this Award.

This year's School Chair, Kristin Berona, was lauded as being "self-actualized" (Maslowe's term) when she came into the job and a great example of the "fact that wisdom and age need not be at odds." In his remarks about Kristin, Mr. Mulligan quoted Abraham Lincoln's writing: "Nearly all men can stand adversity, but if you want to test a man's character, give him power." He went on to say that such can be the case with "those who inhabit positions of power in a school. Some rather than developing humility, develop thickened egos while for others, far fewer in number, may through the demands of the job develop greater compassion, a more profound understanding of



Seniors react to the end of Commencement exercises

human affairs, and a farther reaching vision...[Kristin] has known who she is; she has been confident of her values but never boastful of her abilities. She has been sensitive to others and open to review and criticism. She has quietly and effectively represented student opinion. She has listened carefully to varying points of view. She has worked to find middle ground, and she has held her ground when she felt it necessary to do so. Her commitment to community service reflects her deep selflessness and the fact that she is deeply rooted in a stable self, that is, she knows who she is...she has been the model of balance and health. Ever smiling and ever thoughtful...she has been a great example, purely and simply to all, freshman to senior, staff to faculty."

The final two Awards for the evening were The Charles L. Tutt Silver Bowl for Integrity and Responsibility and The Thatcher Cup. In giving The Tutt Bowl to Thatcher in 1963, Mrs. Tutt

man, and later as a prefect, by taking stances which not always were popular, yet at the same time maintaining the respect of those with whom the recipient disagreed...This student's integrity may be exemplified by his calling attention to students and faculty alike to those gray areas in computer downloading where ethical principles, if not legalities, might be questionable. And, his profound respect for others can be seen every day. The hand of genuine friendship and support to fellow students, to faculty and staff, to his family alike. It is no wonder

that in time of need peers and adults alike turn to him for advice and guidance..."

Finally, The Thatcher Cup was presented to Wayne Chang, who, in the judgment of the faculty, best demonstrates those qualities the School holds as central: academic excellence, extracurricular achievement, moral leadership, and concern for others. As Mr. Mulligan told the celebrants, Wayne "has had a significant influence on the School. From conversations about the existence of extraterrestrial life to pondering about the value of honor in one's life to complete giddiness about the latest Dilbert cartoon, this senior has made the pursuit of knowledge a hallmark of his career here at Thatcher. His steadfast morality, equanimity during difficult situations, and genuine kindness and concern for others have

also marked his tenure here. His Senior Exhibition on The Bible Codes, as a crowning achievement to a distinguished academic career, was provocative as well as informative. I wonder if the cryptologists could have foreseen this. A few nights ago, he quoted from the Dalai Lama at Senior Vespers. I think some of what he said could be directly applied to him. I quote, 'Compassion is one of the principal things that make our lives meaningful. It is the



An ecstatic Mariposa Widdoes

source of all lasting happiness and joy...Through kindness, through affection, through honesty, through truth and justice toward all others, we ensure our own benefit.' This student has lived a life based on honor and integrity. To be more precise, this senior is deserving of this honor based upon his willingness—to borrow the language of Robert Kennedy—"to stand up for an idea, to work to improve the lot of others and to strike out—in whatever way possible—against injustice." This student truly represents the best of what Thatcher is and even further, the best of what we are as humans."

Michael closed the evening with a speech centered around Richard Wilbur's poem entitled "The Writer," that highlights the inherent and unavoidable tensions that "faculty mentors and parents experience in our challenge of trying to help usher you, our seniors, into responsible adulthood and in letting you go to spread your own wings and fly."

Commencement Day

Seniors, their families and guests, and faculty climbed the stony path to the Outdoor Chapel for Saturday morning's Baccalaureate Service. Author of *A Match to the Heart* and *Solace of*



Darren Bechtel holds his numerous Gymkhana trophies presented at the All-School Banquet: Beckwith, Bissell, and Vaquero

stressed "the qualities of character not always recognized in the traditional school-type awards." She spoke not primarily of leadership, but of integrity and responsibility, of fortitude in the face of adversity, and of consideration for others as traits that she had always admired in her husband (Charles L. Tutt, CdeP '07) and which she thought a school should be proud of in its students. In awarding this Bowl to Jonathan Le Plastrier, Michael Mulligan said that "the faculty wished to honor a student of outstanding qualities to which every one of us here today might aspire. Courage, integrity, and a profound respect for others regardless of age or rank make this a very special person. This student has consistently shown courage first as an underclass-



Seniors Amissa Bongo and Wayne Chang

Open Spaces, Gretel Ehrlich shared some thoughts with the seniors about stepping away from this School into the unknown ahead: "...Let compassion and empathy develop out of your own emptiness, because only then will you be able to provide room for the creative, loving, genius, compassionate acts in your new life." Tyrone Pike, CdeP '73, President of VPNX, a Silicon Valley computer company, told about his involvement with 15 computer-based companies—either through hands-on ownership or venture capitalization—through his synthesizing skills honed at Thacher. He stressed that a Thacher education yields more people "with the ability to synthesize—to find the pieces that don't look like they fit together, but if they are flipped backward, they might fit." He encouraged the graduates to use their raw tools to synthesize as well as to learn the waters, but also to take risks. "Don't be



Marisa Binder sings "This Place"

thrown off course, but don't be afraid to go off course...open your mind and your senses to art, music, literature, math, science, architecture, and travel. They are all the palettes you work with when you want to synthesize." He urged the graduates to not be afraid to fail and then challenged them to use their success to give back to their communities so that those who haven't had the opportunity to enter the I-age will not "serve" those who have forever.

The congregation then arrived at the Forest Cooke Lawn for the prominent event of the weekend: the awarding of diplomas. The juniors swept an aisle for the faculty who formed a gauntlet for the seniors to process through. To resounding applause and the sound of a string trio, the seniors walked two by two, led by Class Marshalls Annie Nyborg and Jake Braitman, to the front of the white canvas tent. The seniors chose classmate Marisa Binder to sing Music Director Greg Haggard's song entitled "This Place." Her clear, song-bird-like voice brought more than a few tears and sobs

as she sang about the memories of this place that won't soon be forgotten. Before presenting diplomas to the graduates, Mr. Mulligan read a brief paragraph about the unique contributions to the School of each graduate and the personal qualities that will, hopefully, develop

in these young people's lives in the years to come. Greg Haggard led the singing of "America the Beautiful," followed by thunderous applause and shouts of glee for Thacher's millenium graduates as they left the gates of Casa de Piedra. 🌿

This Place

*Dedicated to The Thacher School Class of 2000
words and music by Gregory Haggard*

Here, out in the western sky
our hearts, they will remain
wherever our dreams may fly
wherever we will be
there's one thing, one that stays the same
this place.

Refrain:

I'll miss the orange blossoms in the morning
as the dew lays on the ground
I'll miss the rosy sunsets
we'd watch without a sound.
the hills and horses
and hawks upon the wing.
And I'll miss you, my friends to whom I sing.

But oh, so much we've shared together
And all that we have learned
will remain forever,
the way of life we lived,
these things, these they will endure with
this place.

Refrain

Where'er we go
no matter, no matter how far
we will know
who we are...

Refrain

Awards

Perpetual Sportsmanship Award
Todd Meyer '00
Anwar White '00

Elizabeth Helms-Adams
Perpetual Sportswoman Award
Cheryl Lynn Horton '00

The Newton K. Chase Community Service Award
Felicity Howe '00

Charles Warren Alpinist Award
Brooke Halsey '00

The Charles L. Tutt Silver Bowl for
Integrity and Responsibility
Jonathan LePlastrier '00

The Thatcher Cup
Wayne Chang '00

School Chair Award
Kristin Berona '00

The Edward R. Spaulding Tennis Cup
David Babbott '00

The George Beckwith Gymkhana Trophy (Green)
Lucinda Brown '00
Darren Bechtel '00

The Bissell Gymkhana Trophy
Darren Bechtel '00

The Vaquero Cup
Darren Bechtel '00

The Charles Pratt Trapshoot Plate
Chris Brown '01

The Marvin H. Shagam Award
Jennifer Bowie '01

The Brown University Book Award
Mary Ann Bronson '01

The Jack Boyd English Award
Kristin Berona '00
Wayne Chang '00

The William Bishop Nixon Poetry Prize
Nicole Silverman '01

The Nash Robbins Short Story Award
Meredith Walker '01

The Morgan Ward Prize for Mathematics
Brooke Halsey '00
Juliette White '00

The Computer Science Award
Kevin Schmidt '01
Simon Xi '01

The Language Prize
Brooke Halsey '00

The Physics Prize
Mary Ann Bronson '01
Claire Milligan '02

The Chemistry Prize
Kevin Cahill '01

The Rensselaer Polytech Institute Award
Mary Ann Bronson '01

The History Prize
Lucy Milligan '00

The Darah Corbett, Jr., Studio Art Prize
Sara Thacher '00

Rhode Island School of Design Award
Megan Winecoff '00

The Agnes M. Lord Music Award
Margaux Lloyd '00

The Marcus Hele Dall Photography Award
Carissa Ridgeway '00

The Harry Llewellyn Bixby Dramatic Cup
Mariposa Widdoes '00
Paul Bonewitz '00

The Eric Bechtel Dachs Prize for Technical Theatre
Matthew Schuman '00

The Class of 2000 Dance Award
Margaux Lloyd '00
Lucy Milligan '00
Yui Scribner '00
Mariposa Widdoes '00
Megan Winecoff '00

The Munro Palmer Public Speaking and Debate Award
David Babbott '01

The Hollister Wheaton Trapshoot Award
Chris Brown '01 and father Fred (46
out of 50)

Seniors

Commencement 2000

Senior	Senior Exhibition	Attending College (Fall 2000)
Wallis Elizabeth Adams	Channel Islands Resource Management	Oberlin College
Justin Menefee Arnold	Learning Disabilities	Vanderbilt University
Bennett Baker Barbakow	The Evolution of Electronic Music	Brown University
Darren Hogan Bechtel	Avalanche Accident Analysis	Stanford University
Kristin Marie Berona	Diabetes: Taking Control	Stanford University
Marisa Lauren Binder	Mozart Effect	University of Chicago
Erin Elisabeth Blankenship	Islamic Society and Women's Role	Trinity University
Paul Lasell Bonewitz	Chess	Tufts University
Amissa Briana Bongo	AIDS: From Primates to Humans	Georgetown University
Jake Wolf Braitman	Wilderness Medicine	Colorado College
Ellen Lucinda Louise Brown	Astro Logic	Yale University
Wayne Lin Chang	Bible Codes	Yale University
Evy Patricia Disner	Adoption	University of Southern California
Alfred Schriefer English	Hip-Hop Music	Kenyon College
Nathaniel Donnell Faggioli	Naval Diving	George Washington University
Brendan Patrick Fitzgerald	Film and Society	McGill University
Eleanor Carol Fletcher	The Life and Work of the Artist Yvonnee Hudson	Vassar College
Lauren Roley Fraim	Oil Spills and the Environment	University of San Diego
Besse Bassist Gardner	Two African Tribes Compared: The Mbuti Pygmies & the Maasai	University of California, Berkeley
Ella McKenzie Goodbrod	Manic Depression	Mount Holyoke College
Lacey Edison Gordon	Meditation and Health	Scripps College
Macdonald Brooke Halsey II	The Physics and Fluid Dynamics of Sails	Princeton University
Peter Robert Hartnack	A History of the Blues	University of Southern California
Justin David Hilton	Joan of Arc	University of Southern California
Hannah Bolton Hooper	Art in Children's Literature	Eugene Lang & Parson
Cheryl Lynn Horton	Rain Forest Plants and Modern Medicine	Duke University
Felicity Snow Howe	Americans with Disabilities Act 1990	University of Colorado, Boulder
Sung Woo Frederick Kim	Japan and World War II	Northwestern University
Jonathan Ross Le Plastrier	Cryptology: What Is Protecting Your Credit History	University of California, Santa Cruz
Margaux Fraser Lloyd	Social Dance: A Reflection of Women's Culture	Goucher College
Trevor Chase McProud	Yuba River Preservation	Colorado College
Todd Spaulding Meyer	Calendar and Time	Emory University
Lucy Elizabeth Milligan	Affirmative Action	Princeton University
Sarah Gates Morrow	The Power Behind the Mask: An Exploration of Mardi Gras in New Orleans and Carnival in Rio de Janeiro	University of Colorado, Boulder
Anne Meredith Nyborg	Psychoneuroimmunology: The Healing Mind	Stanford University
Marley Elizabeth Orr	Cold Regions	Colby College
Richard Hill Parks III	Bluegrass Music	McGill University
Herbert Claiborne Pell IV	Living La Vida Loca in California Politics: The Hispanic Vote in California's Federal Election	Harvard University
Eric Abbott Reeser	Western Aid and Mustang	Emory University
Fritz Claton Rice	Controversial Music in American Culture	Pitzer College
Carissa Kathyne Ridgeway	Deep Ecology	Bard College
Matthew Samuel Schuman	Physics of Sailing	University of California, Berkeley
Yusill Ko Scribner	The Nature of Serial Killers: Focus: David Berkowitz	Barnard College
Mia Danit Silverman	Phil Ochs and Bob Dylan: A Spokesperson for Protest vs. A Spokesperson for Self	Stanford University
Guido Vincent Soracco	POW Camps in Vietnam	Franklin & Marshall College
Carlos Costa Soriano	Fusion Food: Not Just a Trend?	University of Pennsylvania
Devon Louise Tarasevic	Adolescent Female Moral Development	Southwestern University
Sara Larissa Thacher	Teaching Beginning Riding	Rhode Island School of Design
Allegra Mercedes Towns	Astrology Around the World	Columbia University
Peter Rhys Warman	The Physical and Psychological Determinants of Consonance and Dissonance	Trinity University
Andrew Campbell Warren	Snow Science	Connecticut College
Anwar Raymond White	Vegan Diet	Carnegie-Mellon University
Juliette Bowen White	Egyptian Mathematics	Wellesley College
Mariposa Ibañez Widdoes	Creating a Masterpiece: Inside and Out	DePaul-Theater Conservatory
Kirby Alexander Williams	Non-Confirmist Music	Oberlin College
Megan Padma Nye Winecoff	Minor White, Photographer	Lewis & Clark College

Chair

Proper Imperfections

School Chair Kristin Berona's Speech at the All-School Banquet



Thank you Mr. Mulligan, members of the faculty, fellow students, and honored guests.

Well, first I would like to say congratulations to everyone: we have survived another hectic, difficult, and rewarding year; the gauntlet of A.P.'s, papers, and finals has been run, and, one would hope, passed. The end of the year has always been hectic for me. It seems that everything is happening at once, that in each and every moment there are three more things to be done. Time to sit back and reflect on material for a speech never came, and before I knew it I was off camping with still no brilliant ideas. But camping came as a gasp of cool, fresh air last week, allowing me the time to reflect and relax. And perhaps it would be exaggerating to call it brilliant, but an idea did come to me.

Let me first set the scene. We were riding along a trail through the high Sespe in some of the most beautiful country I've ever seen. Rays of sunlight filtered through the tops of giant pines, a cool breeze meandered through the trees, a melodious chirping of birds filled the air, and splashes of colorful wildflowers dotted the hillsides. It was a perfect picture except for one thing: the clouds of dust that rose up from the trail and went straight into my mouth and nose. As I rode along the trail, ineffectively trying to evade the ubiquitous dust, I thought to myself, "Wow, this would be complete bliss if it weren't for the dust."

Later that day, after we had set up camp and taken care of the horses, I was sitting on a tiny island in the middle of a perfect mountain stream, listening to its steady gurgle, surrounded by lush green grass and again being serenaded by birds, writing in my journal. Amidst such beauty the thought darted across my mind, "lose the bugs and this would be nirvana."

But even as I thought that, I realized that this is Earth and so things will not be perfect; rather the flaws are part of the beauty of nature. This is the same concept as that of the Persian Flaw, which is a small and purposeful flaw designed into every Persian rug. The master weaver recognizes that nothing is without

flaw and that this intended flaw makes the rug all the more beautiful. D.H. Lawrence, an author whom some of you have read, once wrote, "When we get out of the glass bottles of our ego, and when we escape like squirrels turning in the cages of our personality and get into the forests again... Cool, unlying life will rush in, and passion will make our bodies taut with power."

In other words, our egos, our expectation that everything should be perfect, keeps us from completely experiencing nature, and life. While I was thinking that the dust or the bugs marred the perfection of the setting of camping, I was still trapped in the glass bottle of my ego, expecting perfection without flaw. Once we realize that perfection is impossible, and that nature, flaws and all, is beautiful, then cool, unlying life will rush in. Passion, or true feeling, will make us taut with power, and we can escape our egos to see the balance that is true perfection.

When we go camping, we find many imperfections in conjunction with the perfection. A blistering day will turn into a cool night, a desert trail can lead to a hidden oasis, or, if you're like me, you can get your hair caught in a tent zipper minutes after appreciating the beautiful sunset. But we grow mentally, spiritually, and physically from learning how to incorporate and appreciate the flaws in the whole, as the Persian flaw somehow completes the perfection of the rug.

Back at Thacher we should not forget the lessons that nature teaches us. We need to complement the academics with physical activity, the solitary time with hanging out with friends, and the seriousness with just plain fun. Accept the flaws in your work, for they are part of what makes it, and us, unique. (At least that's what I told myself when all the visuals for my Senior Exhibition died in the middle of my presentation.) And as you fly into summer with open arms, remember the balance between flaws and perfection: don't pout too long when it rains while you're at the beach because, as cliché as it is, you might see the rainbow. And when you come back next fall, though you may strive for perfection, remember to appreciate the imperfections in any endeavor. You can escape that glass bottle of your ego; you can escape into the forests, no matter where you are.

Thank you, and have a wonderful summer. 🌿

Introduction of Bob Gardner

Senior Banquet Address

by Michael K. Mulligan



Our speaker tonight, Bob Gardner, CdeP '60, is the author (along with his wife, Gretchen) of a little known Thacher song, made popular among the Thacher family when the School celebrated its Centennial just over 10 years ago. His other song-writing ventures have had a much wider distribution though. Anyone recall President Ford's campaign song... "I'm Feeling Good about America"? Bob wrote the music and lyrics for this tune as well as helped direct the campaign that won Ford the Presidency in 1976. *Time* magazine

called this one of the top jingles of the 1970s.

Now this I get from Besse, Bob's daughter, about his time at Thacher:

Captain of Fourth Soccer Team and JV Basketball: "What an athlete!";

Cooked spaghetti on his heater;

Lived on Skid Row (the four rooms in Middle School right by Ms. Sines' house; the trouble makers lived there);

Started KTUS radio station in Upper School with friends;

Worked on the newspaper as the second head and wrote the "calendar" for the yearbook;

Member of the "Mop and Broom" Club: a take-off on PTS for those who did not ride but were made to sweep classrooms instead;

Would jump from roof to roof on top of Upper School with his friends; or maybe his friends jumped and he watched. (His daughter remarks, "I can't see him being that gutsy!")

During his senior year, he was on *The Notes* and *El Archivero* boards, audio chief for the Masquers, Athletic Publicity Manager, and Head of the Audio-Visual Department. He also was a B Camper and co-manager of the Varsity Basketball Team.

The *El Archivero* from 1960 describes Bob as "one of the class's original audiophiles" having attempted organization of a Hi-Fi Club at the School. His musical interests weren't limited

to records, however, "for he won acclaim for his performances as pianist for Thacher's jazz combo, the Royal Tones."

Although he didn't pursue his music as a career once leaving the Ojai, he did continue with his creative bent with a career in marketing and advertising—which followed his graduation from the University of Pennsylvania. After working for J. Walter Thompson advertising agency in New York and San Francisco, Bob was asked to join President Ford's campaign in 1976 as Associate Creative Director. In 1977, he started his own advertising agency in San Francisco that has continued to prosper and grow.

Thacher has continued to reap the benefits of Bob's work. After the completion of the Centennial Campaign, the Development Office drew on his creative expertise in designing a brochure which would raise awareness among our alumni of the renovation needs for the Upper School. A few years later, he was tapped again to design a piece for annual fundraising (using half a horse/whole horse as the message—what you pay for and what you get.) Both of these were hugely successful. Most recently he has brought a creative touch to the School's fundraising with the alumni as President of the Alumni Association.

Bob has kept Thacher near and dear to his heart since he left CdeP. He has been a strong advocate of the School's traditions and core values. Bob has kept abreast of changes made over the years and has readily voiced his concerns that we keep these values in mind, reminding all that "part of Thacher's appeal is its uniqueness and its willingness to be a little different, even quirky." (This is from a letter dated December 14, 1978.)

A musician, camper, fundraiser, and creative mastermind, we have certainly been blessed by his connection with the School. In recent years, the School has seen the continuation of Bob's spirit with the education of his two daughters: Mollie, CdeP '99 and Besse, who will graduate tomorrow.

So now, we call to the podium Robert K. Gardner, CdeP '60, to share with us his views as a Thacher graduate and proud father of Besse. As he wrote in his e-mail to us this week: "I've cut my speech from about two hours down to 50 minutes, not counting the time for crying, rambling, and ad libbing. Hope this is OK." 🌱

The Stamp of the School Is Indelible

Robert K. Gardner, CdeP '61



It's a great honor to have been chosen as your speaker this evening at the Senior Banquet. Typically, this talk is given by a Thatcher alumnus who also has a child in the graduating class. Five of us meet those qualifications. You could have heard from Woody Halsey, CdeP '65, a former faculty brat and son of Mac Halsey, my former Latin teacher and basketball coach. Woody's the father of Brooke, who is graduating, Phoebe, who's a freshman, and Bronwen, class of '98. Woody runs School Year Abroad, which some of you have had the good fortune to participate in. Woody is bright, scholarly...he would have been a great speaker. Too bad you won't hear him.

You could have heard Justin Faggioli, CdeP '69, father of Nate—and Claire, who's a sophomore. Justin is a Trustee and a head of Ravenswood Vineyards, makers of 16 of the world's great Zinfandels. Had he been the speaker, we could have all adjourned afterwards to The Pergola for a horizontal tasting. Too bad you won't hear from him.

You could have heard from Marshall Milligan, also from the class of '69, father of Lucy—and Claire, a sophomore. Marshall was one of the West's leading independent bankers, retired at a ridiculously young age—now with another full-time job—President of Thatcher's Board of Trustees. He could have talked about his vision for the School, the role of the Board, and how he plans to fulfill that vision. He would have been great.

Or, you could have heard from Riley Bechtel, CdeP '70, father of Darren '00, Brendan, CdeP '99, and Katherine '03. Riley has been a long-time Trustee...and I'm not sure what he does...a family-contracting business or something....but I know he would have been really interesting.

So instead, you got me. We're all wondering why. But I think I know. Of all the possible choices, I'm the only one who thinks, and often acts, like an 18-year-old. I suppose that's why I'm in advertising. My attention span is the length of a 30-second commercial. I had A.D.D. before it had a name. Then, I was just considered restless, undisciplined, and unfocused. As all parents and faculty here know, there's really no such thing as 18-year-old behavior. At any given moment, an 18-year-old will act five...so childish and irrational and emotional that strangulation starts sounding good. But an hour later, this same person will spout the maturity, wisdom, and insight of a Supreme Court Justice. The problem is that we rarely have warning about which behavior will surface at any given moment. Tonight, I'll try to err on the side of maturity, largely because my mother and my entire family are here, along with some former teachers. Not to mention Besse who has been dreading this moment for months.

I first want to congratulate the class of 2000. Consider that number. The millennium class; the class of the new century. You picked the right time to be born. You are surfing the wave of a scientific and technological revolution that is being compared in its power for change to the invention of moveable type in 1456. Not only is there change, but the rate of change is unprecedented. It affects all of us, because of the magic number, 2000, it's you and your fellow graduates in this country who will be always subjected to prodding and poking by social scientists about how you feel, what you feel, and what you think about any and all issues. You are the benchmark class. There will be retrospectives and movies and documentaries and TV specials about you. You will be in the media for the rest of your lives. God help you.

Your class's record at Thatcher is...how to put it...memorable. On the plus side, you've set the bar unbelievably high in your Senior Exhibitions, and at this time when college admission is at its most difficult, your achievements are admirable. I read a series of articles about this year's college admissions in the *New York Times*. It seemed to me that if you had almost all A's and 1500 on your boards, and were captain of the soccer team, and editor of the newspaper, and had started your own Internet company sophomore year which went public your senior year, and spent your summers working in Mother Theresa's mission in Calcutta, then you might make the waiting list at Wesleyan. But despite all the hurdles and hand-wringing, your record in college admissions is exemplary. It's exemplary in many other areas as well. But you are still the class of 2000, which means anything can happen at any time.

As a parent, I plead with you. You've only got about 14 hours before you graduate. Remain calm. Don't blow it. I don't want to say this class is different. But it is the first class in the history of the School where they still haven't printed the names on the diplomas. They've just penciled them in.

I don't have a lot of wisdom to impart to you this evening. I have neither a grand theme nor a memorable metaphor. But I do have a series of observations. But first a promise: This will not be a nostalgic talk about Thatcher B.C.—before co-education, or B.G.—before a gym or before grass on the athletic fields.

Observation 1: Beware of the tyranny of trends

You have grown up in an unprecedented period in this nation's history. Globally, we're the one superpower—economic, military, and political. We have unheard-of prosperity—low inflation, the highest employment rate in decades. The stock

market may be jittery, but it's risen dramatically during your lifetimes. But one of the most dangerous things you can do is to take a trend line—either positive or negative—and project it out into the future.

You know from your history courses that stuff happens, things change—sometimes dramatically and unexpectedly. I'm not here to predict your future, except to say that your future is unpredictable. Stanford professor David Kennedy, who's just won the Pulitzer Prize for his book on the Depression and World War II, said the Depression "came in a time of giddy prosperity...and it clobbered the country."

The grandparents in the audience—which Tom Brokaw has termed The Greatest Generation—were youngsters during the Great Depression. They fought and won World War II, lived through Korea and Vietnam, a number of recessions and, of course, times of triumph, satisfaction and prosperity. If any group can describe the ups and downs of America, it's this group. If you haven't done so already, go talk to them. Ask them questions and record their stories. Learn from their experiences. The experiences of the Baby Boomers, my generation, pale in comparison to theirs. (And boy, do they know how to party.)

That is why education, particularly a Thatcher education, is so important. You have been taught and trained to be active participants—not passive observers—in your lives and in the lives of your communities and your country. Education, it's often said, is the one thing that can't be taken away from you. Life delivers sucker punches, so don't get cocky. Some things are beyond your control, but almost nothing is beyond your understanding. Your education gives you a big leg up and a way to bounce back. Remember that in the good times and the bad.

Observation 2: Teamwork Works

In America, we tend to glorify the individual. *Time* magazine's Person of the Year is seldom a committee. Yet most great advances in any field are collaborative. I hope that you will end up on one, or a series, of great teams where, no matter what the field, the goals are audacious, the intensity is all-consuming, the morale is white hot, the disagreements are passionate, and the results are breakthrough. Think of what it would be like to be on the team that started Microsoft or the team that designed the iMac. The team that brought the musical *Oklahoma* to Broadway and transformed musical comedy. The team that first put together a charter school. The team that planned D-Day. The first group of astronauts. The team called The Beatles.

If you talk to the retired gazillionaires in Silicon Valley—often not more than a decade older than you—after the huge house in Woodside or Atherton, after the custom Ferrari or even a Gulfstream, after the luxury African safari, ask them what they miss...they miss the team...the teamwork. The struggle, the long nights, sleeping on the couch in the office, the diet of pizza, the fights. The intensity. The passion breakthroughs. And the accomplishment.

They miss the journey. For many, the destination is boring. Most of you have had a taste of that kind of teamwork already—where you were asked to do things that you never thought you could in the classroom or on the athletic fields or the stage. Coaches like Greg Courter and Derf and Brian Driscoll and Chris Mazzola and Cam Schryver have demanded that you perform beyond your peak. Directors like Jake and Ms. Vick have pushed you beyond your limits. Because you played at your peak, the team played at its peak. You may or may not be the leader or the star. You may not get the credit you expected, or you may get more credit than you deserve. But you will never have more personal satisfaction and psychic reward than playing on a great team.

Observation 3: It's okay to be elite

This is kind of a minefield. But let's face it, no matter what your background or financial circumstances, you are all part of the elite. In this age of political correctness, that is not something that is discussed. It has a bad connotation. I think it's time we took it out of the closet. You're smart as hell; you have strongly held values; you're well-educated. You're going to go to the most selective colleges in the country and are likely to continue your studies beyond college. Tomorrow, you'll graduate from an elite independent school. You're elite. It's Okay. Get over it. Besides, it's a badge you can't erase.

But being elite doesn't necessarily mean having money. It means you have advantages that you cannot squander. To whom much is given, much is expected. There's a big difference between being elite and elitist. An elitist, by my definition, is one who tries to keep Blacks and Jews and Asians and Hispanics off the team, out of the boardroom, and out of the country club.

That's a dying breed, thank goodness, but there are still vestiges of it in the East and South. A true elite seeks the best not only for himself and his family but the best for the community and the country. A true elite is a progressive elite. A true elite listens before he leads. A true elite believes in meritocracy. Though they're doing their best to hide it, the next President of the United States will be part of the elite: St. Albans and Harvard or Andover and Yale. Take your pick. And while I'm on this soapbox, it's a given that all of you will be involved in community service throughout your lives. It's a part of the Thacher legacy and ethic. I doubt if there's a single Thacher grad who has not been involved in his or her community, in non-profit organizations and causes, making a difference. Many of you will become outstanding civic leaders.

Tonight, I ask some of you, at least, to consider going beyond civic leadership to enter what I think

is the most unheeded need of public service—running for office and becoming an elected official. Although we have many fine people in public life, we can use many, many more. It's no longer a goal of most younger Americans to seek high office. Twenty years ago, if you asked a grad school class who wanted to be President of the United States, hands would shoot up; today, no hands go up. This is not good for our country and the world. The reasons are obvious: almost total cynicism about politicians and the political process—fueled in large part by the way campaigns are managed and financed—a total loss of privacy, media scrutiny that knows no bounds and feeds on mistakes and indiscretion.

And yet, these are the people who make policy and the laws that affect our lives. No matter what your political persuasion, government is a growth industry that is not going away. We need able, principled people, like you, to make better, more honest and more ethical government. Imagine if all our elected officials had to take courses from Marvin Shagam! As far as I know, only one current Thacher grad is a significant elected official—Phil Angelides—the State Treasurer of California. But, as someone who's been involved in politics for 25 years, I know reform is coming to the process, and things will be better by the time you are ready to run. Consider it; I'll do your campaign.

Observation 4: You don't have to get it right the first time

All parents want their children to be perfect, just as we are perfect. We condemn the flaws we see in you—frequently because we recognize them as our own. Many successful people started achieving in grade school and never looked back, but most do not. If you get it right the first time, then more power to you. But God bless those who get knocked around and bloodied and fail and get discouraged and then start all over again...and ultimately succeed. People bloom at different times and at different rates. There are some in this class for whom Thacher wasn't a perfect experience; it wasn't for me. But Thacher is not the end of the line; it's the beginning. Many of you will surprise your parents, your teachers, your peers, and yourselves as you find your stride.

When I first went on the Thacher Board, I attended a dinner at the Mulligans'. A guest that night was David Lavender, one of my Thacher English teachers, and nationally known as a prize-winning author and historian of the West. David, who recently turned 90 and lives on Thacher Road, cut to the chase, as always. He said to me, "I have great difficulty thinking of you as a Trustee." No doubt, he was not alone.

There were those of us who made the academic top half possible...there were those of us who were not prefects or captains of varsity teams...who didn't win prizes. Yet, we are often the people who become the most caring and giving and loyal alumni. In the *New York Times* recently, Tom Brokaw wrote about the lack of academic distinction of many famous people in politics and media including such luminaries as Brit Hume, Dick Cheney, James Carville, Harry Truman, John McCain, as well as two Presidential candidates—and Brokaw, himself.

The successes...many of the biggest and most loyal givers are not the class superstars. Just the opposite. They are often the rebels and the hellraisers.

My University of Pennsylvania class has a history of the highest reunion giving in the country of any college. Many of the largest gifts come from those who barely graduated or made no mark on the campus. I have a close friend and classmate who won the Nobel Prize in medicine two years ago. He was a hard-working, diligent student, but none of his peers and, I suspect, few, if any, of his professors would have predicted such an outcome. Success in school, though profoundly appreciated, and certainly to be sought, is not always a ticket to success in later life...materially or otherwise. People develop at different rates, and Thacher grads are no exception. As Thacher's chief fundraiser for the past three years, I can tell you that many of the most giving and caring alumni were not the stars of this Banquet in their time. In fact, and I find this astonishing, the giving records of past School Chairs, is horrible...though I know Kristin will be an exception.

Final Observation: The "Stamp of the School" is indelible

It became apparent to me soon after graduation, as it will to you, that this is a unique and special place. The life lessons and the values you've learned here are not transitory. They're with you for the duration—till the best you can do is all done. No matter where you go or what you do, there are some things you'll never be able to replicate—the closeness and idealism of the Thacher community, an extraordinarily dedicated faculty and staff, a Head of School and his wife who open their house every Saturday night, the extraordinary wisdom of Marvin Shagam (who arrived my junior year with considerably less wisdom).

Next weekend, I will be back here for my fortieth Thacher reunion with my best friends in the world. Five years from now, and every successive five years after that, the class of 1960 and the class of 2000 will have reunions together—something I'm looking forward to for years to come. No matter where life leads you—whether it's a well-traveled highway or the road not taken—you and I and all Thacher grads have an unbreakable bond. The stamp of the School is indeed indelible and leaves its mark on each generation and each class. I wish you all the best because it is the best you deserve.

In the words of the greatest poet of my generation, Bob Dylan:

*May your hands always be busy
May your feet always be swift
May you have a strong foundation
When the winds of changes shift
May your heart always be joyful
May your song always be sung
And may you stay forever young.*

And, always remember this: You did not go to prep school or boarding school or private school or high school or secondary school. You went to Thacher.



Campus Life



Thundering hooves. Accurate shots (trap and tennis, that is). Glimmering awards. Smiling faces. Poignant remarks.

These scenes repeated themselves throughout this spring's Big Gymkhana Weekend as families and friends

joined students and faculty for the annual event. Equine events took center stage with rescuing, jumping, holding ribbons, weaving in and out of poles and barrels, all performed at top speed and against the clock. As the sun set in the west and the Community gathered in the Gym, ribbons and heavy metal were awarded to the day's and season's top riders: the Green Team, captained by seniors Darren Bechtel and Lucinda Brown, accumulated the most points during the season (6433); Ronald Wu '02 and Christy

Acquistapace '01 received the coveted silver-studded perpetual bridles for Best All-Around Horsemanship in the sophomore or junior classes; Katherine Bechtel received the Top Freshman Rider buckle and the Top English Rider Buckle; and Darren Bechtel won both the Overall High Point and the Overall Day High Point Buckles.

Amid tri-tip, salads, grilled vegetables, fresh strawberry shortcake, and the strains of Dan Wilson's Bluegrass Boys, guests opened their eyes and wallets to bid on a collection of Auction items. Some of the more sought after marvels included dinner for two students with Thatcher's resident National Treasure, Marvin Shagam; Joy Sawyer-Mulligan's almost world-famous brownies; a laptop computer donated by Thatcher's Trustees; a coveted set of portraits depicting the 1999-2000 Lower School male prefects dressed as the Spice Girls; a quilt



Ride 'em High Gymkhana Weekend 2000

Overall Team Totals

1 Green	6433
2 Orange	5385
3 Blue	5180

sewn by Susie Swan (wife of Mike Swan who works in the Horse Department) that featured signatures of Thatcher faculty, staff, and students of the 2000 graduating class; and heirloom tack and spurs donated by a student who was given the ensemble by his father and had been used only once when he attended Thatcher back in 1941.

Although this year's Auction netted nearly \$75,000, a new high-water mark for this event, the true success of the Auction is measured by the gracious and dynamic participation of so many parents and friends of the School. The Spring Hootenanny at the Mulligans' drew musicians, singers, and some crooners, and caused immeasurable embarrassment for stu-

Top Ten Overall Season		Freshman Top Ten Overall Season		Big Gymkhana Top Ten		English Overall	
1 Darren Bechtel '00	1227	1 Katherine Bechtel	809	1 Darren Bechtel '00	337	1 Katherine Bechtel '03	198
2 Ronald Wu '02	832	2 Luke Myers	574	2 Katherine Bechtel '03	317	2 Alex Herbert '02	196
3 Duncan Winecoff '02	810	3 Owili Eison	566	3 Alex Herbert '02	282	3 Libby Rauner '02	196
4 Katherine Bechtel '03	809	4 Phoebe Barkan	461	4 Duncan Winecoff '02	265	4 Lucinda Brown '00	190
5 Alex Herbert '02	685	5 Tyler Caldwell	441	5 Ronald Wu '02	255	5 Wallis Adams '00	185
6 Lucinda Brown '00	684	6 Troy Pollet	434	6 Luke Myers '03	214	6 Phoebe Barkan '03	177
7 Wallis Adams '00	600	7 Chance Phelps	434	7 Owili Eison '03	174	7 Amanda Grumman '02	133
8 Luke Myers '03	574	8 Phoebe Halsey	323	8 Libby Rauner '02	166	8 Jacey Roche '03	114
9 Owili Eison '03	566	9 Jonathan Walsh-Wilson	317	9 Chance Phelps '03	162	9 Ari Flam '03	112
10 Libby Rauner '02	502	10 Jacey Roche	230	10 Tamima Al-Awar '02	148	10 Lucy Hodgman '03	101



Thacher riders create a three-ring circus on the Gymkhana Field



Luke Myers '03 in the Flag Race



Participants in the Ribbon Race



As part of the Grand Entry, Darren Bechtel '00 carries the national flag

dents whose parents almost remembered words and melodies of their favorite hits from the sixties and earlier.

At various venues across campus on Sunday morning, hikers, shooters, and tennis players enjoyed the ideal weather and great outdoors. Cricket Twichell led a group of happy hikers up Horn Canyon that was in full bloom with more wildflowers than usual; this was likely due to December's Ranch Fire that opened up new and different growth in the backcountry. Bob Hopkins, CdeP '67 (father of Emmet '01), drew on his ranching expertise to add fodder about the plants the group happened upon. Dozens of student/parent teams made their way to the Pratt Shooting Range to shoot .22s at flying skeet. When the smoke settled, Darren Bechtel and his father Riley, CdeP '70, had the most accurate record: 46 out of 50 shots. Just below the

Forest Cooke Lawn, six parent-student racquetteer teams took to the courts for the annual Round Robin Tennis Tournament. In the single-elimination format, David '01 and Dave Babbott, who joined Thacher's Alumni Office staff this summer, once again overtook the competition and won top honors.

The Chapel Service on Sunday was a welcome respite of reflection and musical solace from the Weekend's hustle-bustle current. Rick Ridgeway—father of Carissa '00 and Cameron '03 and outgoing President of the Parents' Association—addressed the crowd with a message entitled "Commitment." Rick drew on his mountaineering and writing expertise and borrowed

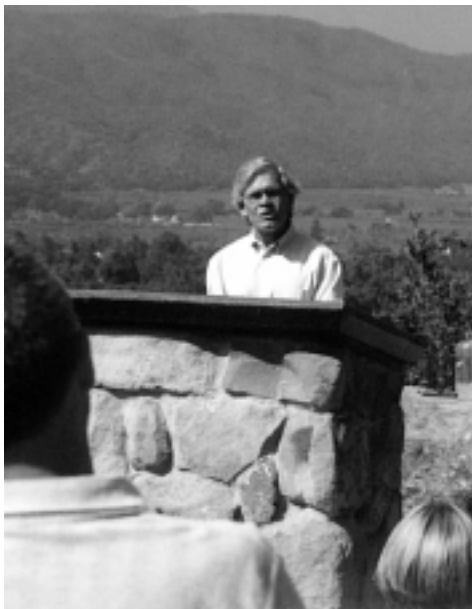
from "A Message to Garcia" as he suggested that the world would be better off if more people would "Commit...and then figure it out."* The text of his comments begins on page 18.

A Sunday Brunch of Eggs Benedict, omelet bar, carved ham, and roast beef beckoned the Community. As the afternoon drew to a close, families said goodbye to their students and ventured back home, while the campus gradually returned to its normal pace. 🌱

*These words hang over the desk of Doug Tompkins, entrepreneur who started The North Face and Esprit, and rock-climbing partner of Rick's.

Eddie Tavernetti '03 teaching his horse to stand on a stump





Rick Ridgeway gives his "Commitment" address during Gymkhana Weekend

Commitment

Address at Gymkhana Weekend Chapel Service

by Richard Ridgeway

Yesterday we witnessed a miracle that happens every year at this time in the Ojai Valley. It was as magical as the spring blooming of wildflowers, as miraculous as watching a hatchling peck its way out of its egg. It was...the Gymkhana.

But the miracle of the Gymkhana may not be fully evident to those who have only witnessed yesterday's event of the spring. Rather, I suspect it can only be fully appreciated by those students and parents who have also stood witness to that preceding event of the fall: the freshman class tryouts, when Cam Schryver first sees just how unmolded each hunk of clay is that he has to work with.

But how do these unmolded hunks of clay turn into the fine young horsewomen and horsemen we witnessed yesterday? In one word, it's by commitment. By commitment to overcome doubt and fear. By commitment to work hard. And most important, by commitment to the idea that you can do it.

Commitment is from the Latin *committo*: to begin, to undertake, to embark, and in turn that is from Latin roots *com* and *mittere*, to cast or to send along. That's the idea I want to reflect on this morning: to cast yourself down a new road, to embark on a new journey.

For me, some of what I know about this subject comes not from the horse arena, but from what I've brought down from the mountains. The French philosopher Rene Daumal once wrote an allegory of mountaineering, and in it he said, "Keep your eye fixed on the path to the top, but don't forget to look in front of you. The last step depends on the first. But don't think you're there just because you see the summit. Watch your footing, be sure of your step, but don't let that distract you from the highest goal. The first step depends on the last."

Commitment. You can't make the last step unless you make the first. And sometimes that is a step that can feel like crossing a huge chasm. It can be scary; it can be frightening. It can have your stomach in knots. It can be easy to find reasons not to make it. You can convince yourself that maybe you're not the right person for the task. Somebody else should make the first step. You can convince yourself that maybe it's not worth the effort. Some-

body else will get more out of it than you will. You can tell yourself that maybe you need to study the task a little more before you start.

Certainly, you have to do your homework. I don't climb a mountain until I study the route, until I have a plan. Rene Daumal said that the last step depends on the first, but he also said that the first step depends on the last. You have to learn what you can about the task you have before you. But, when you are on the ground looking up at a new route on a mountain, you can't see every passage and every turn. You don't know for sure whether all the cracks connect.

I've learned a lot from the mountains, but I think I've learned even more from mountain climbers. One of my long-time rope partners is Doug Tompkins, the entrepreneur who started The North Face, then sold that to start Esprit. Doug keeps a sign above his desk that spells out, in six words, how he conducts business, and how he climbs mountains. It says, "Commit...and then figure it out."

I think it's safe to say that in December 1773 when a group of Bostonians disguised themselves as Mohawk Indians and went down to the harbor and threw into the water 342 chests of tea, they probably had done some of their homework. After all, Samuel Adams *was* a Harvard graduate. But I think it's also safe to say that neither Adams nor any of the others knew for sure just what they were getting themselves into. They did not have all the answers. But this ability to go ahead and commit anyway, it's an American heritage, and it's one we all hold with pride.



After speaking, Rick confers with Elizabeth McDougall

It was there again in the Spanish American War when another incident received wide recognition at the time with the publication of a magazine essay called "A Message to Garcia." Some of you here who are my age and older have probably heard it, but for those who haven't, ignore the anachronistic language and phrasing that today is politically incorrect, because the *message*, the message to Garcia, is as correct today as it was one-hundred years ago.

A Message to Garcia

In all this Cuban business there is one man who stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion.

When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain vastness of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The president must secure his cooperation, and quickly. What to do!

Someone said to the President, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan who will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oil-skin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail.

The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?" By the eternal! There is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the same thing—"Carry a message to Garcia!"

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias.

No man, who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of so many men—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook, or threat, he forces or bribes



Chamber Sings and friends sing Mozart's Ave Verum Corpus

other men to assist him; or mayhaps, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant. You, [listener], put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Corregio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes sir," and go to the task?

On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean "Bismark"?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long anxious search for just such an individual.

Anything such a man asks shall be granted; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such: he is needed, and needed badly—the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

And I may add, the *woman* who can carry the message to Garcia. The woman or the man who can commit, and then figure it out. The woman or the man who makes the first step, who trusts the authority of their instincts, who knows that the last step depends on the first.

Yesterday on the Gymkhana Field, I saw a long line of young women and young men who were told by Cam Schryver to carry a message to Garcia, and they did it. I saw on their faces that confidence that comes from making a commitment and succeeding. And those of you here this morning who were out on your horses yesterday, now you must learn to carry that confidence forward, to your other endeavors. To continue through your life to be bold, to commit to the untrodden path, to go down the untraveled road. To commit to being an uncommon woman and an uncommon man.

To remember, as Theodore Roosevelt said, that other veteran of Lieutenant Rowan's era who also knew something about commitment, that "it's not the critic who counts, it's not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled, or where the doer of deeds could have done better. The credit belongs to the man—and to the woman—who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who, at best, knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who, at worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those gray-timed souls who know neither victory or defeat." 🌿

Campus Life

Grandparents' Days 2000



Grandparents join students at Assembly



Chamber Singers perform at the Mulligans' Dessert Reception



Phoebe Barkan '03 and her grandparents, Joan and Bill Barkan, CdeP '35, attend class together

Owili Eison '03 sits with his grandparents, James and Virginia McBride, and his cousin James



Over 90 grandparents—hailing from as far away as England, New York, Kansas, and Texas—and as close as down the hill—arrived on campus in April for the Sixth Annual Grandparents' Days. Opening events included tours of campus by students and an Open House in the Library Archives. The focus of archival material was the Ojai Valley Tennis Tournament (often called "The Ojai" by players) since it was started by William Thacher, brother of Sherman Day Thacher and since the 100th Tournament was played two weeks following the grandparents' visit. An array of performing arts, including Dance Ensemble, Chorus, and Chamber Singers awed the audience before Afternoon Tea was shared by all. A Formal Buffet Dinner in the Dining Hall was followed by a Dessert Reception at the Mulligans' home. Cricket Twichell shared some insider stories about the Thachers and The Ojai, before the Chamber Singers closed the evening with a few tunes.

Wednesday's program allowed grandparents a glimpse of their grandchildren's academic pursuits and the tri-weekly occasion, Assembly. Dr. Newlin Hastings, CdeP '34, treated the group to an historical moment of what Thacher was like nearly seven decades ago. The text of his speech appears on the next page. Multi-generational photographs were snapped as a memento of the occasion and sent a few weeks later.

The day wound up with an explanation of some of the finer points of Gymkhana events and mostly victorious athletic events for Baseball, Girls' Lacrosse, and Boys' Tennis teams.

If you weren't able to make Grandparents' Days this year, be sure to mark your calendars for next year's event: Tuesday and Wednesday, April 17 and 18. We hope to hit the century mark for attendance! 🍀

Thacher: Then and Now

by Newlin Hastings, M.D., CdeP '34



Dr. Hastings shares remembrances from his days at Thacher

I think that I am one of the luckiest people here. That's because I have spent so many years of my life connected with Thacher—first as a student in the thirties, then as the parent of two boys in the sixties, as a Trustee in the seventies when it was decided to make Thacher coed, and as a grandparent of four students who have graduated and three still here in the nineties.

My first contact with Thacher was when I fell off my brother's horse and got knocked on my head some 75 years ago. I woke up some time later in the emergency room, which certainly was not like the present infirmary. Perhaps that's why I have been a bit daffy ever since.

I was one of 12 smuts in a student body of about 60. We lived in rooms over the Dining Room where the Head of School's office is. There was a porch that ran all the way around and it was a good way to sneak out at night to visit one's friends without anyone knowing about it.

One of the great pluses of Thacher is the enrichment in so many different ways. When I was a student back in the thirties, Mr. Thacher would gather us in the parlor—which is now part of the Dining Room—then with the lights out he would read parts of the *New York Times* and excerpts from Dickens and other classical writers. Often after dinner many of

us would fall asleep; however, it was most worthwhile. Unfortunately with the size of the School this can't be continued, but has been replaced by open houses by the Head of School and members of the faculty.

At about 10 a.m., we had calisthenics outside and softball games on various fields with S.D. Thacher and his brother, "Bill Dad," and Morgan Barnes, later Headmaster, pitching. After the game we had oranges, milk, and graham crackers before returning to classes. The refreshment part still continues but the games are postponed until after school. Today the sports programs are much more varied with good sportsmanship and good coaching emphasized.

The Horse Program is not quite as prominent as before, but still is an integral part of School life. We had more time to take camping trips than the students do now. Just as now we graduated from going with faculty members and then as we improved we were allowed to camp in small groups by ourselves. One of my early trips was with Mr. McCaskey who was a new master. I claimed to be able to cook and especially to make doughnuts. Mr. McCaskey offered me part of his brand new aluminum camping set and I made doughnuts in his coffee pot. Little did I know that for years after no one could have coffee out of that pot without a topping of grease; however, he never complained.

Gymkhana, then as now, was highly competitive but they have stopped the relay races where horses ran in opposite directions. This was stopped after two horses met head-on. The Horse Program always has been important. Mr. Thacher claimed that the "outside of the horse was good for the inside of a boy" although mucking out our outdoor stalls was plenty dirty—rain or shine.

The intimate relationship with other students always has been great. Today I get to see this frequently at my daughter's home when any of their children are home: the house is filled with their Thacher friends for any meal or to spend the night. My wife, who I met in medical school, claims that all she heard me talk about in the anatomy lab, where my table was next to hers, was Thacher. My lab partner, Giff Pinchot, CdeP '33, and I discussed our days there, all of the time. Even today, half of my surviving class is here.

Our days at Thacher weren't quite as pressured as today. Our education was excellent but relaxed. I studied German with Herr Cook under the little pine trees in the area by Upper School, now called the Coniferous Bosque. It stood me in good stead in college and a refresher course in World War II. To get into college, I never took any exams. The Headmaster wrote Harvard, and I was accepted. However, there wasn't as much competition then because it was during the Depression and a much smaller part of the population went to college. There wasn't as much financial help for students in those days either.

Today's students face a much more formidable hurdle with exams and great competition and much greater range of things to learn. That does place them under much more stress; however, they do have much greater facilities in which to learn and most of them finish Thacher with several or many Advanced Placement courses. There is a continuing need for the School in supplying buildings, extra help for courses, faculty, faculty housing, and Endowment to supply these things. The White Papers which you may have received outline the teaching and features of the School and notes the need for further Endowment. In order to maintain the quality, the great faculty, and the facilities, much more is needed.

Of all the years of schooling that I had, the part I most cherish and by which I was most influenced were my four years at Thacher. I would like to start it all over again. 🌱

TOAD Talk

Accomplishments When Challenged

by Maria Morales-Kent



College Counselor Maria Morales-Kent

During the weekend, I, like the rest of you, had the distinct pleasure of watching our seniors come to the end of the long Senior Exhibition journey.

As one of the faculty evaluators, it was my job to observe my five seniors in order to offer helpful feedback regarding their work. Watching the last-minute jitters, nervous smiles, and frantic shakes of the presentors trying to get themselves ready—I was reminded of a time when I experienced many of the same emotions—and it was not my wedding day.

My very first TOAD Talk occurred three years ago—in this auditorium—on a rainy day just like today. That morning I talked about my participation in a program called Coro in Los Angeles. Getting into the program (se-

lection day) was quite a challenge—but in many ways that was just an introduction.

A program based on experiential rather than book learning, Coro focuses on a series of seven internships in a year. So I spent most of my time going from one internship to the next—at places like the mayor's office, the teachers union, and even Quincy Jones' production company.

Every four weeks, each of my colleagues and I were assigned to a new site. Not knowing where we were going until the night before, adjusting to the new environments, finding that we had an enormous project to complete in three weeks, was pretty nerve-racking. Then once we got settled, we had to move on to the next assignment. Still one of my biggest Coro challenges came during a week called Communications Week.

All of my colleagues—"Coro Fellows"—had heard about Communications Week, but as with most "Coro" things, it was shrouded in a bit of mystery, making all of us more anxious.

Communications Week took place in January. In November, we were each called into our trainer's office to discuss the philosophy and purpose of the week. Basically it was seven days dedicated to the art of communication.

Each Fellow was assigned a book to read, and we then had to present it to our colleagues. The rules were—it could not be a book report.

That was made explicitly clear. We had to convey the meaning, message, or story in some experiential way, and you could not reveal the name of your book until the end of your presentation. You were not to discuss your book with anyone, particularly your colleagues. I could not imagine what books my colleagues were given, but I was shocked, scared, concerned, distressed when I found out that my book was *Mein Kampf* by Adolf Hitler.

As you might guess, I could not imagine how in the world I was going to present this book to my colleagues. I tried to reason with my trainers about the appropriateness of this book for me... but they assured me that they thought I could handle it.

So after much panic, I finally realized that I had to read the book. I had to buy it and actually interact with it; the mere thought made every part of me cringe.

I remember purchasing the book in the U.S.C. Bookstore and making excuses to everyone I saw as to why I was buying this book. I tried to read it on several occasions but found it difficult to even open. The cover was a bright orange with a swastika right in front. Eventually I turned to that old elementary school trick and covered my book with plain paper from a grocery bag. So, I began to read.

As I read, I discovered the power Hitler had and how he manipulated language and basic human emotions to move people. I remember being a little frightened as I read one of his letters and actually understood what he was saying; his indignation regarding what he described as human injustices committed against members of his community made sense. I remember putting the book down thinking "I just can't read anymore."

In the meantime, the weeks were progressing and we were getting close to Communications Week. I searched for some revelation. How could I present this book to my colleagues without instantly revealing it, and thus not following through on the requirements set by my trainer. I then had a conversation with Don Fletcher, the man who started Coro, about my project and my struggle. A great deal like our own Marvin Shagam, Mr. Fletcher was a very wise man who often said things that simply left me thinking, "wow." That day, Mr. Fletcher said something that I will never forget.

continued on page 62

TOAD Talks are those often-memorable addresses given by a faculty member who is on duty for the week.

We will print one of these most topical TOAD Talks in each issue.

Being Part of a Legacy

The Boot Hill Association

by David V. Babbott

Thacher is a 112-year-old mosaic of the old and the new. Each year, an incoming class is assembled, inheriting over a century of traditions and innovation, adding its special character to Thacher's unique legacy. These students join returning students and all who have gone before in shaping Thacher's history. Those who teach and learn in the East End of the Ojai Valley owe a special debt to those who have gone before. To paraphrase liberally from the Old Testament, "We eat fruit from a tree we did not plant. We drink from a well we did not dig."

Thacher depends on the generosity of its alumni, parents, grandparents, and friends to keep it in the first rank of independent boarding schools. Although Thacher is, in the words of Head of School Michael Mulligan, "excellent in all of the things that money can't buy," Thacher has ongoing projects and initiatives that will improve and sustain the School without changing the core values that make it unique. Thacher appreciates those who contribute to Thacher's ongoing legacy, and celebrates the example of Samuel A. "Pete" Pond, CdeP '32.

Pete attended Thacher when Sherman Day Thacher was Headmaster and has worked with or known every Head of School since. He is a Trustee Emeritus, a former parent, was Co-Chair of Thacher's Centennial Campaign, and was Co-Chair of Thacher's Dormitory Project. He is a charter member of the *Boot Hill Association* which recognizes his inclusion of Thacher in his estate plan.

The Thacher News spoke with Pete to learn more about his lifetime involvement with Thacher.

The Thacher News: Why do you support Thacher?

Pete Pond: Thacher has had a significant influence on my life. The experience shaped my values and prepared me for college and beyond, and I am profoundly grateful. Through my volunteer involvement, I continue to expand my circle of Thacher friends, and that means a lot to my wife Kip and me.

I want to do my part to sustain the School during my lifetime and do what I can to secure its future after I am gone.

TTN: You have been a generous contributor to Thacher. How have you chosen to give?

PP: First, I make an annual gift, and I have been doing that for at least 30 consecutive years. Without annual giving, Thacher suffers. Usually I give in an unrestricted way, but sometimes I support a particular area such as scholarships, faculty housing, or the Horse Program. Often I give appreciated stock, and I understand that I can now make a credit card gift on-line.

Second, I have made gifts to the Thacher Pooled Income Fund. Third, I have established a Charitable Remainder Unitrust that names Thacher as beneficiary. Fourth, I have named Thacher as the beneficiary of my I.R.A. As you know, these are known as planned gifts where I receive income for life, with Thacher as the ultimate beneficiary.

TTN: Tell us more about your planned gifts.

PP: I want to be sure that Kip and I have a comfortable retirement, and we want to provide for our children and grandchildren. We gave to the Pooled Income Fund because we had some highly appreciated stock that wasn't giving us much of a dividend. We don't need the assets, but we do need the income they can produce. Yet, we didn't want to sell it and pay the capital gains tax. The Pooled Income Fund was a good option for us because we now receive a much higher income stream. After our deaths, Thacher will receive the value of our share of the Fund. Also, we certainly appreciated the tax deduction!

I established the Charitable Remainder Unitrust for similar reasons. When the funds go to Thacher after my death, they will establish a scholarship fund for deserving students. I have been able to add to this fund in recent years.

Regarding my I.R.A., I had originally named Kip as the ultimate beneficiary. Later on, I named Thacher as the beneficiary which makes it possible for us to continue to have income from my I.R.A. until I die, provides ultimately an asset to Thacher, and eliminates income and estate taxes by as much as 70 percent of the

I.R.A. asset value. Given my age of 86, it is likely that Thacher will not have to wait too long before it can put the funds to good use!

Sherman Day Thacher encouraged me to make the world a better place, and I take great satisfaction in leaving a legacy to Thacher to help make that possible.

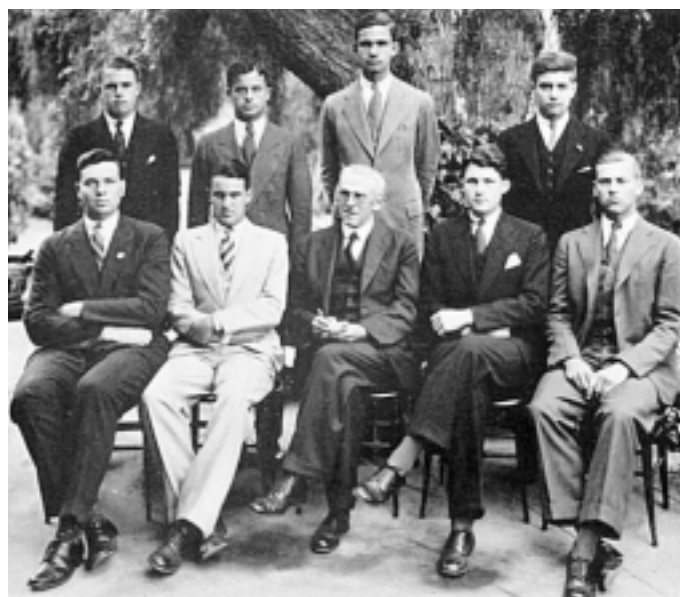


Photo of the Student Government Cabinet from the 1931 El Archivero. Pete Pond is standing in the back row, second from the left

Thacher welcomes your participation in creating your legacy for future students. If you have questions about estate planning, including Thacher in your will, or learning more about the planned giving options available to you, please contact David V. Babbott, Director of Special Gifts and Planned Giving, at (805) 646-4377, ext. 242, or via e-mail at [dvvabbott@thacher.org](mailto:dvbabbott@thacher.org)

Spring Sports



by Joy Sawyer-Mulligan

Spring Sports

TRACK

Overall Record: Boys: Second in League
Girls: Third in League

Captains: Todd Meyer '00, Eric Reeser '00, Justin Hilton '00, and Juliette White '00

Coaches: Derick Perry, CdeP '83, Kurt Meyer, and Sarah DelVecchio

The core of this team, formed by athletes who'd run for three years, "made it possible to train and compete more intensely than in recent history," reported Coach Perry. "Each captain contributed to the feeling of camaraderie and competitiveness"—and helped to inspire the kind of sportsmanship that resulted in being awarded a Tony Dunn Award. The boys' 4 x 400 meter relay—Justin Hilton, Kirby Williams '00, Bo Eison '01, and Eric "Like-a-coyote-on-a-kitten"* Reeser—established a new School record in that event, while Logan Clark '01 blasted through School records in both the 1600 meter and the 3200 meter, and finished second in C.I.F. Division IV championships in the 3200 meter. No surprise that she won Most Valuable Runner, nor that she won M.V.P. of the League Meet, as well. There, Allegra Towns '00 took the 300 Intermediate Hurdles and Deloria Many Grey Horses Lane '01 the 800 meter. Most Improved were Justin Arnold '00 and Zoë Towns '02. "I can't say enough about the dedication and commitment of these runners," concluded Perry. "The future looks bright with competitors such as these, as well as Canyon Cody '01 and Gavin McClintock. '01"

*The words of Coach DelVecchio, describing how Eric appeared as he zoomed up on the Cate runner ahead of him in the final leg of the relay.

BASEBALL

Overall Record: 9-8-0

League Record: 6-3-0

Captains: Matt Cohen '01 and Matty Wilson '01

Coaches: Rich Mazzola and Robert Torres

With an early-in-the-season charge led by Matty Wilson, who had three home runs and two wins on the pitcher's mound during the first four games, this team marched undaunted and headlong to great achievement this spring. Alfred English '00 had his days in the sun, too, both behind the plate (where he'd never played before) and on the mound, where, in one game, he struck out 15 players in a five-inning 11-1 win over O.V.S. According to Coach Mazzola, "The regular season highlight came with a barn-burner, 10-9 victory over Cate that included a two-run triple by Michael Back '01, a suicide squeeze bunt by Matty, and Alfred's relieving Matty to pitch the last two innings." Post-season play extended all the way to the C.I.F. quarterfinals. Named Most Improved was first-timer Matt Spille '02; Most Valuable, Matty Wilson. "Each and every player contributed to the season's success," continued Mazzola. "With only one senior graduating, we can hardly wait 'til next spring!"

The Varsity Boys' Tennis Team with Coach A.J. Goldman

VARSITY BOYS' TENNIS

Overall Record: 15-3

League Record: 11-1

Captain: Anwar White '00

Coach: A.J. Goldman

"What a year!" was just about all Coach Goldman could utter at the end of this banner season, in which his team hammered its way to the C.I.F. quarterfinals—and on the way, won a Tony Dunn Award for their fine sportsmanship both on and off the courts. The boys dedicated their season to the memory of Frederick Stymetz Lamb, CdeP '40, faculty member and coach of many victorious Thacher tennis teams



during his decades of service to the School and to tennis in the Ojai Valley. With seniors Anwar White, Clay Pell, and Paul Bonewitz setting the tone and example of excellence, the rest couldn't help but follow. The end-of-season play involved handing Cate a defeat in the two schools' final 13-5 match. Two increasingly formidable players won Most Valuable and Most Improved: Dave Babbott '01 and Nick Horton '02, respectively. And with only three seniors leaving the ranks, there's much to look forward to in the years immediately ahead.

JUNIOR VARSITY BOYS' TENNIS

Overall/League Record: 5-5-0

Captain: Peter Hartnack '00

Coach: David Johnston

Another Tony Dunn winner, this team played "with willingness and a great sense of perspective," according to their coach. Emmett Hopkins '01—"our most consistent winner when teamed with Andrew Poole '02 in doubles"—proved a force to contend with, as did Tyler Manson '01 when he put his killer to work against the opposition. Other team members included Lee Wittlinger '01, Brian Kelly '01, Dan Moore '02, Max Leeds '02, Andrew Ma '02, and David Gal '02.



The Junior Varsity Girls' Lacrosse Team on a stormy Ojai day



Varsity Girls' Lacrosse Team with Co-Coach Mary Everett, CdeP '94

VARSITY GIRLS' LACROSSE

Overall Record: 19-2

League Record: 9-0

Captains: Cheryl Lynn Horton '00 and Annie Nyborg '00

Coaches: Greg Courter and Mary Everett, CdeP '94

Winner of the State Championship title for the fifth consecutive year, this team demonstrated "some of the best defense a Thacher team has ever played" reported Coach Courter. They gave up an average of only four goals per game while scoring an average of 13 per contest—the underpinnings of their juggernaut repeat sweep of the Condor League, 9-0. Erin Hafkenschiel '01, Anthea Tjuanakis '01, Meredith Flannery '01, Brooke Toeller '02, and Ellie Fletcher '00 were the core of that fearsome defensive unit, playing aggressively and cohesively. Leading the offensive charge (over and over) were seniors Cheryl Lynn Horton (69 goals, 15 assists), Besse Gardner (39 goals, 27 assists), and Annie Ny-

borg (43 goals, 25 assists), while at midfield, Andrea Black '01, Liz Sanseau '01, and Sarah Morrow '00 provided speed and excitement in the transition game. At the State Championships, held at Thacher this year, two of ours were named Most Valuable: Cheryl Lynn as the Offensive M.V.P., and goalie Caitlin Mulholland '01 as Defensive M.V.P.

JUNIOR VARSITY GIRLS' LACROSSE

Overall/League Record: 3-4-0

Captains: Felicity Howe '00 and Kristin Berona '00

Coach: Diana Garcia, CdeP '95

Despite the relative inexperience of this team, its roster was filled with determined, gutsy players, from the four seniors (Felicity, Kristin, Lacey Gordon, and Erin Blankenship—who collectively won Most Valuable Players) straight on down through the ranks of juniors and sophomores. Quoth Coach Garcia, "I was very impressed by the girls' ability to overcome their uncertainties about this sport, especially in clutch moments against more experienced teams." The squad improved dramatically during their weeks together, though, ultimately beating teams they'd lost to earlier in the season. Leading scorers were Erin and Felicity, while Most Improved were Bea Staley '02, Charlotte Lord '02 (also most assists), and Stephanie Hubbard '02. "We could not have had such a great season without the tenacity, enthusiasm, and versatility of all the players, especially of our goalies, Esther Guzman '01 and Kindra Clemence '02." 🏆

Faculty

Faculty Greetings and Farewells

Greetings



David Babbott has been named Director of Special Gifts and Planned Giving at Thacher. He will work with alumni, parents, grants, foundations, and corporations, to raise current and deferred gifts. He has 11 years of fundraising and estate-planning experience. Most recently, David worked as the Senior Major Gifts Officer at the University of Vermont for four years. Prior to that, he worked with various medical groups in development, physician recruitment, and administration. David's wife is Nancy, a Montessori teacher who is working part time at the Monica Ros School in Ojai to revamp their library. They have three sons: David '01, John '03, and Benjamin, who is in eighth grade this fall. David is a graduate of Amherst College, where he received a bachelor's degree in English. He also holds an M.B.A. from Cornell University.



Alison Edwards Curwen, spouse of history teacher Austin and mother of Darcy, is Thacher's new Study Skills teacher. For the past two years, Alison worked as a teacher and reading specialist at the Monica Ros School. Prior to coming to Ojai, Alison was an elementary school teacher in Washington. Alison is a graduate of Connecticut College and has two masters degrees from the University of California at Berkeley. Her interests range from outdoor adventure (especially winter sports and kayaking) to needlepoint, reading, and travel.



Emily Etchells is teaching Spanish II and III to fill in for Cecilia Ortiz during her sabbatical. She is also teaching English Riding while Liz Reynolds Mahoney, CdeP '88, is on maternity leave. In the spring, Emily will help Greg Courter coach lacrosse. She lives in Lee Quong and works with the junior girls. Emily is a graduate cum laude of Colby College, where she received her bachelor's degree in both Spanish and Biology. She was also the captain of the Varsity Lacrosse Team. Following graduation,

she spent last year teaching Spanish and Geometry to American high school sophomores at Swiss Semester in Zermatt, Switzerland, and leading hikes in the Alps.



Mary Everett, CdeP '94, came to Thacher last January as an Intern, working in the Admission Office, Mathematics Department, and as a coach of soccer and lacrosse. She continues in this role this year. After graduating from Thacher, Mary attended the University of California at Los Angeles for one year before transferring to Colorado College. There she majored in Mathematics and received her Bachelor of Arts degree in 1999. She was the leading scorer in 1998 on Colorado's Division I Soccer Team; she was also the ninth all-time goal scorer and the twelfth all-time scoring leader. In Colorado's Division III Lacrosse team, Mary served as Team Captain in her last two years, was voted Most Valuable Player in 1998 and 1999, and was honored as the most valuable attack team member in 1998. She received various All-American awards throughout her career, as well as the Elizabeth Helms Adams Sportswoman Award at Thacher. Mary works on The Hill with the sophomore girls, lives in the Handball Court, assists with the Varsity Boys' Soccer Team, and will coach the Junior Varsity Girls' Soccer Team.



After graduating from Thacher in 1995, **Diana Garcia** returns to teach Spanish and to help coach Junior Varsity Lacrosse, Varsity Volleyball, and Third Team Soccer. She is living in the Handball Court with Mary and working on The Hill with sophomore girls. Diana is a graduate of Colorado College, where she majored in Romance Languages. While there, she played Varsity Lacrosse all four years, and served as the team's captain during her junior and senior years. While at Thacher, Diana played Varsity Volleyball, soccer, and lacrosse all four years, and served as captain of the Varsity Volleyball Team during her upperschool years and co-captain of soccer and lacrosse during her senior year. At Thacher's commencement she was awarded the Elizabeth Helms Adams Sportswoman Award and received an Honorable Mention as an All-American Lacrosse player.



Françoise Kasimirowski-Garcia, who is trilingual in French, English, and Spanish, is teaching French III this year while Chris Mazzola is on maternity leave. Françoise received her bachelor's and master's degrees in English from the University of

Toulouse in France. In her spare time, Françoise enjoys ballet, cooking, linguistics, and entertaining. She also spends extensive time working with troubled teens and with the Ojai Youth Foundation. Her husband, Alejandro, is a native of Peru and an interventional cardiologist. They have lived in Ojai for two years and have two children: Julian and Clemencia.



Some may remember **Sanford Jensen** from his roles in various television series such as *Murphy Brown*, *Remington Steele*, and *Family Ties*. Recently, however, he has taken on the role of "very involved parent" at Ojai's Monica Ros and San Antonio

Schools, the SchoolLinks program, and the Ojai Technology Summit. He has also devoted extensive time to various community projects such as Ojai Shorts, the Ojai Library Foundation, and Pony Baseball. At Thacher, Sandy is teaching drama in the Introduction to Arts class for freshmen. Sandy received his training at The Juilliard School and the New York University Tisch School of the Fine Arts. He is married to Connell Davis, who is a family practice physician, and they live in the East End with their two children: Cal and Genevieve.



John Nathan, father of sophomore Emily '03 and 12-year-old Toby, teaches Japanese History on Tuesday evenings at Thacher this fall. Since 1994, John has been the Takashima Professor of Japanese cultural Studies at the University of California Santa

Barbara. Prior to that, he worked as a professor of East Asian Studies at Princeton and as a producer, writer, and director in the eighties. John holds a doctorate in Far Eastern Language/Comparative Literature and a bachelor's degree in Far Eastern Languages from Harvard University. He also studied Japanese Literature and Linguistics at Tokyo University, and is known as a biographer of Yukio Mishima and as a preeminent translator of Japanese literature. John is married to Diane and they make their home in Santa Barbara.



Elissa Thorn joins Thacher's faculty to teach physics, work with the freshman boys in Lower School, and participate in the English Riding program this fall and spring. Most recently, Elissa was teaching algebra and all levels of physics at the

Fountain Valley School of Colorado; she also oversaw the annual boat-building project, an interdisciplinary unit connecting Einstein's Special Relativity to Shakespeare's plays, and an investigation of on-campus lightning damage prevention. Before Fountain Valley, Elissa taught physics at the Santa Catalina School for Girls in Monterey, California, for three years. She holds a bachelor's degree magna cum laude from Carleton College. Beyond the classroom, Elissa's interests range from horses, downhill skiing, and tennis, to music, quilting, lightning, and agriculture.

Finally, the Thacher community gladly welcomed **David Harris** back from his sabbatical year of teaching physics at Vassar College in Poughkeepsie, New York.

Farewells

This summer, we said "Adios" to Spanish teacher **Cecilia Ortiz** and her family as they left for a year of adventure and excitement in Spain.

Bobby Acquistapace, CdeP '95, who worked with the Horse Department during the spring, returned to his animal husbandry studies at the University of Montana in Bozeman this fall.

Katherine Jappe, who filled in for Study Skills Assistant Wendy Parker when she moved to northern New Mexico last spring, will continue doing educational consultations for some of our students, but won't be here full-time.

Part-time mathematics teacher, **Richard Heller**, returns to academia at the University of Southern California and his ranch in the Upper Ojai, where he and his wife, Velvet, raise horses, dogs, and cows.

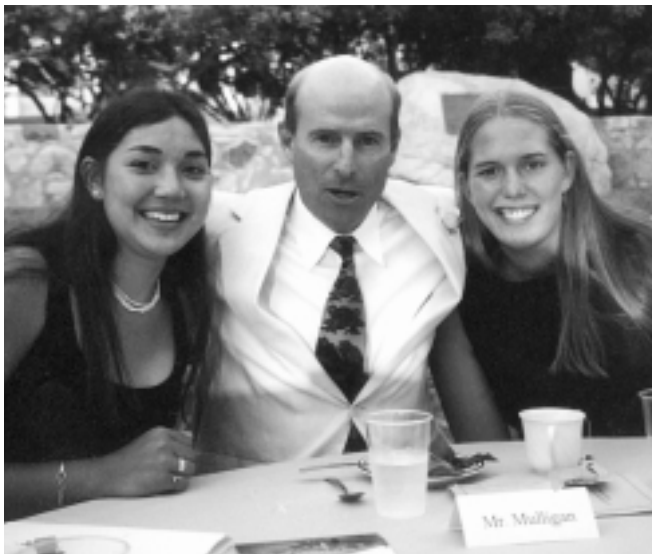
In addition to teaching physics during David Harris's sabbatical last year, **Andrew Ho** taught the community much about speech, dance, and neurophysiology. He is now working on his doctorate at Stanford University.

After nine years of service, Athletic Director **Bill Vickery** will take a new career path. He brought to the Athletic Department and the Condor League (as its Coordinator) new levels of commitment and excellence. His crowning role was during the State Lacrosse Tournament at Thacher that was impeccably orchestrated and organized due in large part to his attention to detail and his selfless efforts to be everywhere, doing whatever needed his attention.



Tidbits

Tidbits



Michael Mulligan with outgoing and incoming School Chairs: Kristin Berona '00 and Caitlin Mulholland, '01.

Of the more than one million juniors who took the 1999 PSAT/National Merit Scholarship Qualifying Test last October, 50,000 are now entered in the 2001 **National Merit Program** and will compete for 16,000 Semifinalist spots. Eleven of Thacher's 65 juniors (now seniors) made this first cut: David Babbott (Ojai), Chris Bonewitz (Pittsburgh, PA), Jennifer Bowie (Laguna Beach, CA), Mary Ann Bronson (Juneau, AK), Canyon Cody (Ojai), Matt Cohen (Newport Beach, CA), Peter Frykman (Rolling Hills, CA), Katie Harmon (Tulsa, OK), Emmett Hopkins (Healdsburg, CA), Erin Johnson (Tiburon, CA), Brian Kelly (Portola Valley, CA), Caitlin Mulholland (Oak View, CA), Smitha Reddy (Moorpark, CA), Kevin Schmidt (Bellevue, NE), Anthea Tjuanakakis (Portland, OR), Meredith Walker (Medford, OR), and Emma White (Ojai).

contest; new freshman Jessica Cornwell came in second. Elected to the Ventura County Athletes' Hall of Fame for the year 2000 is Cheryl Lynn Horton '00 (captain of Varsity Volleyball, Basketball, and Lacrosse), who helped her team win the fifth-in-a-row State Lacrosse Championship Trophy at Thacher late last spring.

To loud and supportive cheers at Assembly last spring, **School Chair** Kristin Berona '00 announced that Caitlin Mulholland '01 would take over the reins for the coming school year. An athlete as well as a scholar (see the preceding article regarding the National Merit Students), Caitlin hails from Ojai and hopes to increase student involvement in student government and community activities.

If you wish to participate in the collective intellectual experience of the Thacher community this year, read the **Head's Book Selection**: Alfred Lansing's *Endurance*, Shackleton's *Incredible Voyage*. As "one of the great adventure stories of our time" (according to the *New York Times Book Review*), Lansing describes the attempts of Ernest Shackleton and his crew of 27 to cross the last uncharted continent, Antarctica, in 1915. Despite being ice-moored for over a year followed by sailing make-shift boats 850 miles in heavy seas to reach the closest outpost of civilization, the crew showed heroic strength and determination to survive their desolate and desperate surroundings. Lectures, discussions, and study centered on lessons from this ordeal are scheduled for this fall. 📖

Numeracy Puzzle

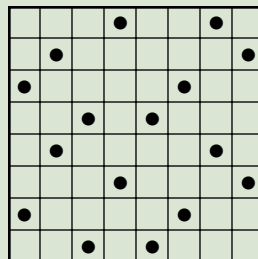
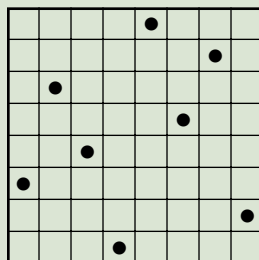
Last issue's puzzle has been solved!

Here was the puzzle:

Position eight checkers on a standard 8x8 checkerboard so that no row, column, or diagonal contains more than one checker. There are many solutions, some of which are just rotations or reflections of one another.

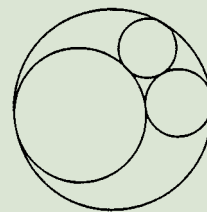
Now for a twist...Position 16 checkers on a standard board so that no column, row, or diagonal contains more than two checkers. This one is a little more fun!

Following is one solution to the eight-checker puzzle. Credit for solving the more challenging puzzle goes to former math teacher Stephen B. Hauge (1976-81).



Here's the new puzzle:

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



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.

Trustees

Introduction of New Trustees



Carolyn M. Alm joins Thacher's Board of Trustees this fall. She studied mathematics and psychology at Southern Illinois University, and later studied botany at Georgia State University. She is the owner and general manager of a cow/calf ranch called Paint Rock Canyon in Hyattville, Wyoming. She and her husband began the John and Carolyn Alm Foundation a few years back to fund the Paint Rock Program, a five-week summer camp based at their

ranch for high-potential, at-risk students from the Los Angeles Unified School District. The first students participated this summer. Prior to these ventures, Carolyn worked for Coca-Cola Enterprises in Atlanta as the Director of Information Systems Planning and Technology and as the Director of Application Development. Previously she managed information technology, data center operations, and information systems for the Johnston Bottling Group in Eagan, Minnesota. She's also worked for various other branches of Coca Cola throughout the United States in accounting, production, sales, and data. She has done volunteer work for Special Olympics and Habitat for Humanity.



Margaret Hooper "Margo" Blair—the mother of Alexandra, CdeP '98, and Alden '01, and daughter of John Hooper, CdeP '34—joins Thacher's Board of Trustees this year. After graduating from Stanford University, Margo studied photography that prepared her for the freelance photography and design work that she's done in Chicago and Washington, D.C. Immediately following college, she was the administrator for the Haight-Ashbury Medical

and Drug Clinic that catered to the medical and drug-abuse needs of the greater San Francisco area. Margo has volunteered at Latin School of Chicago and Children's Memorial Hospital, and served on various boards and participated in fundraising for Planned Parenthood, Children's Memorial Hospital in Chicago, the Art Institute of Chicago, and Latin School of Chicago. Margo and her husband Frank have lived in Chicago since 1979; their hobbies include cross-country skiing and hiking. Margo is also an avid rider and owns an Arabian horse.



Christine Carter McLaughlin, CdeP '90, joins Thacher's Board this year as the President of the Alumni Association. Christine attended Dartmouth College, where she was awarded the Judith S. White Award for leadership and activism and graduated *magna cum laude* and was a member of Phi Beta Kappa. Her first job was as a Marketing and Business Associate for The Quaker Oats Company in Chicago. After one year, she returned to Thacher to work as

the Assistant Director of Admission, Co-Director of the Human Development Program, and Director of the Lectures and Concerts series. After two years, she returned to Quaker Oats, where she became an Assistant Brand Manager for Cap'n Crunch cereal. She recently left Quaker Oats. Christine compiled *The Other Side of Silence*, a published collection of essays by rape survivors and spoke about this topic at various institutions such as Harvard, the New York City League of Counseling, Duke, and the *Oprah Winfrey Show*. Christine and her husband Michael live in Chico, California.



John and Betsy Grether—parents of Robert, CdeP '99 (currently a sophomore at Tulane University), Ted '01, and Russell '03—are serving as this year's Presidents of the Parents' Association and will represent the parents on the Board of Trustees. Betsy has been very involved with Thacher activities, having chaired the Faculty and

Staff Appreciation Day, overseeing the Country Store for the Parents' Auction, and having co-chaired the Parents' Auction for two years. She and John have co-chaired three class barbecues, as well. Betsy is a graduate of the University of Southern California, where she majored in Art History. She received a second bachelor's degree in Landscape Architecture at Cal Poly San Luis Obispo. John received his bachelor's degree from Stanford University and his Juris Doctorate from Boalt Hall School of Law at the University of California, Berkeley. In addition to the family business, Grether Farming Company (lemons and avocados), John is the Board Chairman for Index Fresh, Inc. (shipper and marketer of avocados, kiwis, and Asian pears from California, Chile, and New Zealand) and the Board Vice-Chairman for Satcoy Lemon Association, a shipping affiliate of Sunkist. 🌱

Summer Life

From Savannah to Summit

The Thacher Family Safari

by Rod M. "Jake" Jacobsen



Mara Camp: Kyle Dumont '03, Carina Fisher '01, and Marley Orr '00, with friends



Cheetah in Maasai Mara



Meredith Walker '01 making friends

The sun appeared over the Tsavo plain at just the right time. Here at 18,000 feet our toes were cold, our throats were sore, and our lungs were working overtime. We had been climbing up the scree on the eastern slope of Mt. Kilimanjaro since just after midnight, and the rising sun not only lent needed warmth, but allowed us to see Gilman's Point—the crater's rim and the psychological summit—in striking

distance. For four hours we had seen only headlamps in the vague and silent ether above us, a space seemingly beyond our reach. But now we had a good feeling about our chances. Fourteen Thacher mountaineers, aged 14 to 50, rhythmically hyperventilated according to our guide Clive Ward's instructions. "Breathe!" he had admonished us for the past few days. "If you're talking, you're not breathing!" Approaching the rim at 5:30 that morning, we all felt grateful for his simple lessons. Clive knew: he was about to complete his fifty-second journey to the top of Africa.

Five hours later we were slurping our soup at 15,000-foot Kibo Hut, tired to the bone but flush with pride after having completed the climb in fine form. As we reviewed our ascent, laughing over one student's Gatorade hallucinations and otherwise taking stock of worn-out muscles and tendons, the fifty-odd Wachagga guides and porters who had made the journey possible readied our gear for the two-day descent to the Tanzanian town of Marangu, where we would finally be able to shower and wash our clothes after a week traversing the highest free-standing mountain in the world.

Our safari had begun over a week earlier with a low-altitude flight from Nairobi, Kenya, over the Great Rift Valley to the Maasai Mara Reserve, the northeast corner of the Serengeti

ecosystem. There, from our base camp on the edge of the reserve, we explored the plains twice daily in Land Rovers designed for the challenging terrain. Far from the tourist hotels, we were able to find all manner of African game in their most striking settings. It wasn't long before we had developed a taste for the safari life-style. After a 5:30 wake-up call ("Jambo" heard outside the tent walls), hot water brought by the camp staff, fresh coffee and a huge breakfast, we would spend the morning tracking a pride of 15 lions or following the guide's instincts toward a lone cheetah or a herd of elephant. After a leisurely lunch and perhaps a nap or journal-writing session, it was back in the vehicles for more game-viewing until sundown. Drinks around the campfire, a gourmet dinner cooked in a Dutch oven, and Clive's endless stories of his life in Africa—the rhythm was the same every day; only the details changed. Not only did we meet the classic African plains game close-up; we were invited into the homes of our Maasai camp guards, treated to their dances and songs.



In-camp soccer, Maasai Mara

Safari Participants: Jake Jacobsen, Jamie Hastings '02, Shannon Hastings, CdeP '99, Liz Hastings, and Newlin Hastings, CdeP '70, Marley Orr '00, Charlie Orr (Marley's father), Carina Fisher '01, Walt Fisher (Carina's father), Will Johnson '03, Katherine Halbower (Will's mother), Kyle Dumont '03, Tessa Enright '01, Meredith Walker '01, Amy Wyss, and Paul Jaramillo

Guide: Clive Ward

Outfitter: Tropical Ice Ltd.



Crossing the Galana River on walk with armed ranger

We toured their schools, bought their jewelry and weapons (many of us returned with arsenals of various spears, bows, and blades), and learned of their precarious existence as traditional people in a country insisting that they change.

So after four days in the Mara, two in Nairobi, two more in Amboseli (the staging area for the Kili climb and home of a particularly proud band of Maasai), and the ascent itself, it was time to drive back into Kenya (on roads which make a Sierra trail seem like a highway) for the most unusual segment of the safari: the Galana River in Tsavo East National Park. In this semi-desert park, known in recent years as the site of the “poaching wars” in which the Kenya Wildlife Service under Richard Leakey finally eradicated the ivory bandits from the north, we would once again live in a private tented camp, but this time we would see most of the animals on foot, guarded confidently by armed rangers from the

Wildlife Protection Unit. Lions (maneless male hunters—offspring, we were told, of the famous “Man-Eaters of Tsavo” from the 1870s), hippo, crocodile, elephant, and cape buffalo could spring unannounced from the saltbush girdling the river banks. Silent and steady, hypersensitive to sounds and smells, we patrolled the banks of the Galana looking for animals which, we hoped, were not looking for us. In fact, we were most nervous about a pair of young male lions who had decided to make our campsite their home for a few days.

The last stage of the safari began with a long and difficult exit from the Tsavo bush into the coastal forest and plain of Malindi District. On the beach at Watamu we



Meredith Walker and Kathy Halbower (mother of Will Johnson '03) visit “school house” with two Maasai teachers

would be pampered by the staff of Hemingway’s Hotel, explore the ancient ruins at Gedi, and absorb the unusual Swahili coastal culture, one based on the intersecting and blending of traditional Bantu and Islamic societies. Some in the group spent the last day deep-sea fishing, while others rested, packed, or shopped for local cloth and jewelry.

Just hours later, on the flight back to Nairobi, we all saw the summit of Kilimanjaro, the snowcapped icon of Africa, to the south, looking for all the world immeasurable. It seemed impossible that scarcely a week before we had been climbing toward that crater, a hearty band of Thatcher trekkers breathing the thin, piercing air, together on the safari of our dreams.

For information on next summer’s Safari, call Jake at (805) 640-8841, or e-mail him at jjacobsen@thacher.org



Jamie Hastings '02 with his porter after climbing Kilimanjaro



Two Maasai teachers with Jake



Maasai on bike



Liz and Shamon Hastings, CdeP '99, with two guides

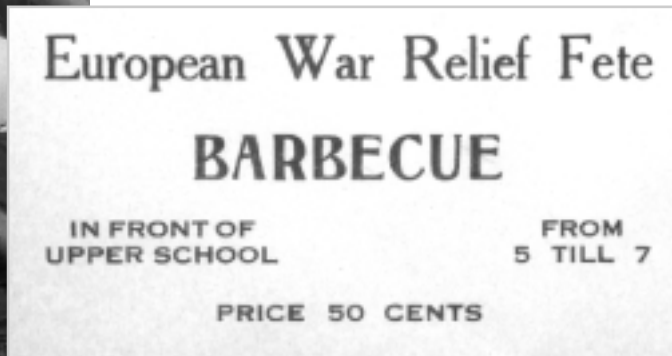


On the game drive



Satya Peake '02 reads with children at Ojai's Head Start Program

A ticket from the March 25, 1916, fete to benefit World War I soldiers in the trenches and other War sufferers. Thacher's Dramatic Society performed "Private Secretary." The evening's activities raised nearly \$500 for relief organizations.



Community Service throughout Thacher's History

Thacher's New Historical Society

The Thacher Historical Society is the brainchild of Trustee Emeritus Samuel A. "Pete" Pond, CdeP '32, and is currently an ad hoc committee of persons interested in promoting and enhancing the history of The Thacher School. The purposes of the Society are:

- To recall and portray the history of the School within its Western heritage, specifically the Ojai Valley and Ventura County;
- To serve as a continuing guide to the future of the School;
- To encourage students in their historical research; and
- To acquaint faculty, students, and friends of the School with Thacher's contributions for over one-hundred years.

One of the appealing aspects of promoting Thacher history is the discovery and sharing of writings, objects and photographs already being stored and preserved in the Thacher archives. Some examples of community service involvement are included on this page.

If you are interested in participating in or supporting the Thacher Historical Society financially, please contact Tom May, CdeP '52, at (707) 944-8208, or Elizabeth Bowman, Library Director, at ebowman@thacher.org.

Thacher students help serve dinner at the R.A.I.N. Foundation in Camarillo





Ronald Wu '02 walks Smoky, an orphaned dog at Ojai's Humane Society

As recorded in LeRoy Makepeace's book, *Sherman Thacher and His School*, one of S.D.T.'s favorite themes in talking to his pupils was civic responsibility: "I have always felt that the highest duty of a citizen is to do all he can for the community in which he lives, for the public good." From the earliest days of The Thacher School, students have been expected to assist in maintaining their campus, from caring for livestock to cleaning classrooms, or fixing trails and bussing dishes. Beyond the School gates, students and faculty members have worked for The Ojai Tennis Tournament throughout its 100-year history, have helped raise funds for various community activities, and have ventured to Mexico to work on building projects for orphanages.

The Community Service Program at Thacher has two distinct functions. First, it serves a very real need in the local community, providing bright and able volunteers to fulfill a wide variety of jobs. Second, it offers Thacher students an opportunity to provide service in a way that is meaningful, necessary, and appreciated. To accomplish this, the Community Service Pro-

gram has developed a broad program to involve, inspire, and inform as many students as possible.

This fall, over 70 students (approximately one third of the student body) are serving as volunteers at local elementary schools, Head Start, the Ojai Humane Society, Senior Day Care, and the Ojai Museum during the academic day or helping to feed patients at two local convalescent homes dinner four nights a week. Students also volunteer their time to help feed the Ventura County homeless population (bring and serve dinner to residents of the R.A.I.N. Foundation in Camarillo), while others will help feed Ojai's homeless during the winter months when the Ojai Shelter is open. Other seasonal projects include assisting with the Ventura Special Olympics Track and Field Team, fundraising for UNICEF, working with blind children and adolescents from the Braille Institute, and organizing holiday food and clothing drives.

Because participation remains non-compulsory, the Community Service Program relies heavily on the inspiration and commitment of its student leaders in order to run smoothly. They provide the spark that lights the fire under their peers. Often these student leaders are the unsung heroes of the upperclasses who give of themselves without expectation of gain, recognition, or recompense. A desire to give back to the community that has given so much to them or to help those who are less fortunate are reasons enough for these students to contribute their time and energy to the Community Service Program. At

graduation each year, Thacher awards the Newton K. Chase Community Service Award to recognize one student who, through volunteer work in the community, has demonstrated an unselfish interest in and an energetic concern for others.

Marvin Shagam (far right) with Thacher students volunteered to build a windmill for the Sanquintin area of Baja California to supply fresh water (circa 1965)



And the Rains Came

Rain in Ojai in February and early March was reminiscent of the big deluge of 1888, a year of severe storms in the 1820's and 1830's which will be remembered by many Ojaians. This winter had been wet enough already. After the drought, the valley had become green and lush and beautiful. Then the heavy rain began in earnest, the week of February 8. Peggy and Arden Thacher, who kept a rain gauge at their home just below the gate, recorded a total of 11.5 inches in 48 hours.

For the first time in many years came the familiar sound of builders' hammers along the highway. The road to the New-Hart washed out below the bridge. It was followed by the slip on Grand Avenue and the lower portion of Michael Road. Large portions of houses lined the way to the Pop Store - glass panes were blown away, and for a time the only way from the School to Ojai was via Thacher Road. The bridge on Grand over San Antonio Creek washed away.

One brand new home built, hopefully, it would stand just in the Grand Avenue slip was surrounded by the torrent and virtually destroyed. Much damage to all roads and debris flooded into four other homes in the area, causing extensive damage.

As they had done in 1888, Thacher's people went to the aid of their East End neighbors. For two days some 500 students and faculty sheltered the mud-soaked homes and helped the families move furniture and try to remove a lot of the debris from their lots.

Again on March 3, 4, and 5 the rains returned with a vengeance. Although damage in the East End was not quite as severe as in the earlier storm, large numbers of houses in the Oak Grove and Cedar Springs areas were destroyed, and Mail to Canyon again was cut off from the world. Thacher's Board of Trustees met that weekend. A number of trustees were unable to get to the Valley, and several of those who did found themselves marooned. The Pacific Coast Highway was blocked between Ventura and Santa Barbara, as was the Casitas Pass Road to Santa Barbara and the highway to Taft and Santa Paula. For about 48 hours



It was impossible to travel north out of Ojai. And as was widely reported in the media, the fence around out of its banks at Fillmore and did serious damage. Spoiling of the fence, the Lion Canyon campground (and presumably several camps down the river) with virtually destroyed during the first storm. We have been unable to get over to see how it fared in the second.

But as things were, they were not as bad as in 1888, when 22.7 inches of rain fell in ten days, all roads from Thacher to Ojai were closed, and 60 neighbors were housed and fed at the School. But, total rainfall this year so far makes this the first, second, or third wettest winter in Ojai's history, the rain depending upon whose records you read.

Thacher students aid Ojai flood victims in the spring of 1978

Children pose after eating at Camarillo's R.A.I.N. Foundation



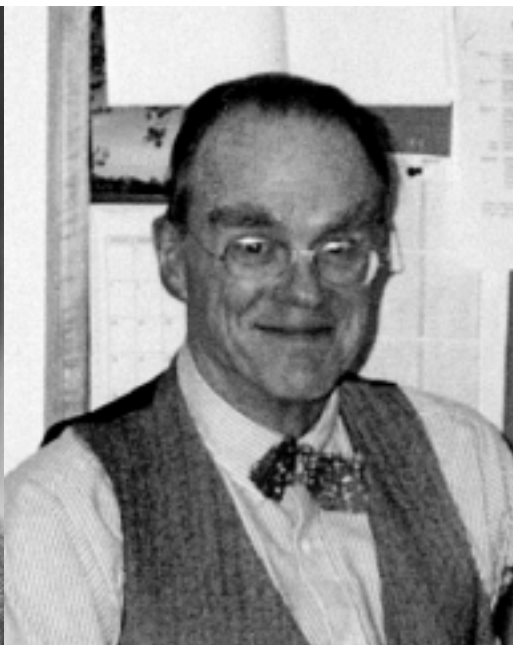


A History of Helping

According to Madonna, “You know that we are living in a material world,” where, all too often, more attention is paid to attaining the all-mighty dollar and the many extravagances it affords than living a worthwhile, satisfying life. Fortunately, many members of Thatcher’s community are motivated to improve their communities and the environment, thereby helping others have better lives. Our theme for this magazine is Community Service wherein we profile some members of Thatcher’s community and friends who devote inordinate amounts of their time and energy to benefit others.

For example, community members are actively saving the Carpinteria Bluffs from development, directing Utah’s Nature Conservancy, teaching English and reading to recently released inmates who are illiterate, serving as a Big Brother to inner-city youths, and making teaching devices for blind children. This was a fascinating and inspiring topic to research and write about; we hope you enjoy reading about these folks as much as we enjoyed putting this together.

—JDMc



*Top row:
David Twichell, Paul Yelder, Yvon
Chouinard, Ken Rhodes, Nicholas
Cunningham, Perry Gates*

*Middle row:
Ted Rhodes, Mike Jones, David Livermore*

*Bottom row:
Ellen Loeb, Randy Bessolo*

Former Faculty Profile



Dave C. Twichell, CdeP '36

Humanistic Outdoorsman

by Phoebe Twichell Peterson, CdeP '82

How do you cohesively, in three pages or less, tie together the life of a man who has been a World War II pilot, a school headmaster, an environmentalist, an inventor for the blind, a church parish committee chairman, and a boat builder? Mercifully, when I asked my father, Dave Twichell, CdeP '36, what he had learned from his years at The Thacher School, it all became clear. He replied without hesitation, "a love of the outdoors and basic humanistic values." Since it's been over six decades since my father was a student at Thacher, I worried that he might stumble over the slightly lofty question. But there was his response as simple and easy as repeating his own name. It seems also to be the recurring theme in his life.



Thacher has been a part of our family for three generations. My grandfather, Burton Twichell, taught Latin at Thacher from 1906 until 1916; Dave was a student in the thirties and later headmaster in the sixties; and I graduated with the class of 1982. It seems the fabric of my family's sense of values and those of Thacher's are so interwoven it's difficult to distinguish them.

Dave was born in 1918 to Katherine and Burton Twichell. He grew up in New Haven, Connecticut, where he attended the Miss Foote Elementary School and, later, Hamden School. Burton loved Ojai and The Thacher School, and, as the story goes, there was never any doubt (or choice for that matter) in where Dave would attend high school. Happily, Dave thrived at Thacher. He enjoyed teachers Ed Yeomans, Marcus Dall, Joe Lowery, Owen McBride, and Sidney Treat. He played baseball, soccer, and tennis, and acted in a few plays. On one particular occasion he remembers dressing up as a girl for a Shakespeare production. But his real love was camping. He won a shooting prize and the K.K.K. camping award for best camper. He eventually became an A Camper, which meant he could camp without a faculty chaperone. With friends like Don Mennel, Chick Goodrich, and Tom Pillsbury, he cleared many trails and camped in Lockwood Valley, Millpetero, and Cuyama.

After Thacher, Dave went to Deerfield Academy for one year, and then on to Williams College where he received his bachelor's of arts degree as a chemistry major. He graduated in the spring of 1941. Sensing the impending war, he enlisted and was sent to Squantum Naval Air Base in Massachusetts. There he learned to fly biplanes called "Yellow Perils." He was assigned to a squadron in the Aleutian Islands off Alaska, where, for two years, he flew patrol reconnaissance. On one flight he and his copilot lost an engine and were rescued out of the ocean. Later after two months in Hutchinson, Kansas, training in larger land planes called "Liberators," Dave was assigned to a year-and-a-half stint in the Philippines. His fondest memory of this time, of course, was the end of the War. He was on a one-week leave and was visiting his parents in the Adirondacks. He still remembers the sound of all the bells ringing as the news spread across the country.

Like most returning soldiers, my father sought employment. He was hired by Anson Thacher to teach biology, but after a year and a half of teaching at Thacher, Dave felt he needed to further his education. He landed back in New Haven, where he soon married Ethel Rowley. My mother worked in the Health Department at Yale, while my father studied science and education at Yale Graduate School. He also acted as Assistant Dean of Students of the sophomore undergraduate class.

In 1949, then acting headmaster, Dexter Strong, hired Dave to teach science at Pomfret School in Connecticut. The following year Strong retired and Dave was chosen as headmaster, a position he filled for over a decade.

In the early sixties, Newt Chase gave Dave a call and asked him to be headmaster at Thacher. Delighted to see the West again, Dave jumped at the opportunity and moved the whole family out to California. While at Thacher, my parents made lifetime friends of the Sheahans, Chesleys, Millers, McDougalls, Goodes, Thachers, and Chases.

As headmaster, Dave worked to foster a love of the outdoors and camping in all his students; however, he worried that the horse tradition might become too expensive for the School to maintain. The Sespe had also become crowded. It just wasn't the same experience to ride horseback over a mountain and deep into the Sespe when you could get there easily by car. So Ike Livermore, CdeP '28, and Dave plotted and dreamed about hiking trips in the Sierras.

Along with some others, they put up the money to purchase the seven acres of privately owned land in the middle of a state park, and engineered the procurement of what is now Golden Trout Camp.

Dave also tried to inspire in his students honesty, decency, modesty, generosity, and tolerance. Under his tenureship, student community service was pushed hard. During two consecutive spring vacations teacher Marvin Shagam took a group of students to Baja California to help build a small schoolhouse for poor students. Inner-city kids were encouraged to enjoy Thacher in the summer months. The idea of American Foreign Students was also encouraged.

Tolerance is the last word in the string of clean-cut values; tolerance of race, sex, and religion. That's what really put Dave to the test over the years. It's hard to believe this was even an issue, but at Pomfret School, Dave had fought hard to have the first black student admitted. At Thacher he encouraged the idea of coeducation and opened the doors to Jim Howard, CdeP '69, one of the first African American students. Though he had these victories, Dave was also confronted with a student body caught up in the turmoil of the Vietnam War and the sixties. The issue of drug use was insurmountable. Dave tried to listen with tolerance and compassion to his students, at the risk of alienating himself from his more conservative Board of Trustees. These were difficult times to be an administrator.

Following the Thacher years, Dave, Ethel, and their five children moved back East and settled in Belmont, Massachusetts, just outside of Boston. Dave taught briefly at Harvard in the ACP Program, and in the early seventies was director of the middle school at Buckingham, Browne & Nichols.

Upon retiring from a career in education, his passion for the outdoors and the environment caught up with him. Dave plunged headlong—and full time—into a volunteer career at Manomet Bird Observatory. He took classes at the New England School of Photography and became Manomet's director of development and photography. He assembled the quarterly newsletter and worked hard as a fundraiser. He also traveled with the scientists as their chief data photographer to such exotic locales as Belize, Brazil; Tierra Del Fuego, Ecuador; and the entire east coast of the U.S. When Dave started at Manomet, it was simply a small gathering of scientists who banded birds and studied migratory patterns. With the help of my father and many others, Manomet has grown enormously. It is now called the Manomet Center for Conservation Sciences and has worked with the Belizean and Philippine governments as well as the State of Maine on reforestation programs. It has worked on monitoring all the Atlantic fisheries, wetlands, and shorebird feeding and nesting sites. It now

has the largest band data base in the western hemisphere.

Unfortunately, Manomet is an hour-and-a-half drive from Belmont, and with his eightieth birthday fast approaching, Dave decided to look for a constructive project closer to home. He found Perkins Institute for the Blind. Dave has always been good with his hands and over the years the basement workshop has been home to many of his projects big and small. He has built several row boats, a 14-foot wooden motor boat, many delicate wooden bowls turned on a lathe, and recently, a 16-foot sail boat, mast and all. When he discovered Perkins—or Perkins discovered him—they both realized it was a perfect match. Dave has built hundreds of educational aids including shape puzzles for the blind, boxes with compartments for differently textured objects, and special rocking chairs that spin and rock forward and backward as well as sideways to help students with balance problems. He noticed that walking sticks tended to get caught on door jams and cracks in the sidewalk so he designed his own using thin plastic PVC piping. He melted and curved up the bottom end thereby allowing the stick to slide smoothly along the floor.

Dave's most satisfying Perkins project has been building little houses: two-foot-by-two-foot boxes to be precise. He explained that children born without sight or hearing have drastically fewer opportunities to absorb information or stimulus from the outside world and consequently often fail to develop mentally. These small boxes are like animated playpens. The infant or small child lies inside the box which jiggles and vibrates and has various interchangeable objects that hang within the child's reach. On the market these boxes sell for \$800. Dave makes them for \$32, period. He added with a twinkle of satisfaction that he has even improved the box design by making them foldable for easy storage and travel. Dave has made over 80 of these boxes and they are being used by therapists throughout the Boston area. Alex Truesdell, who was director of the adaptive materials workshop at Perkins was so enthusiastic about Dave's help that she referred to her time at Perkins as "B.D. and A.D.: Before Dave and After Dave."

Perkins is not alone in this phenomenon. Dave seems to define an era in the history of every place he goes. He has left an indelible imprint on hundreds of aspiring young minds over the years, not the least of which are those of his five children and thirteen grandchildren. When asked if he ever plans on truly retiring, my father responded that in light of the Thacher bent to this interview, he thought the Thacher Alma Mater pretty much summed it up. He plans on "doing the best he can do until the best he can do is all done." 🌱



Trustee Profile



Paul L. Yelder, CdeP '77

Building on the Spirit of Community

by Yasmin T. Tong, CdeP '84

When first meeting Paul Yelder, CdeP '77, it may not be completely evident that one is in the presence of a leader in community development. He is soft spoken and unassuming in demeanor, yet he has made a lasting impression on the lives of many people who have known him. I can attest to this from personal experience. The first time I met Paul in person he made me cry twice. First, he told me one of those strange, but true, Thacher coincidence stories about his first ever visit to Thacher for a family interview when his father, a World War II veteran, recognized Jack Huyler's voice at the Thacher Admission Office after five minutes into the meeting, and more than 30 years after hearing it once in a chance

encounter in Burma during the War. From that point on Mr. Yelder and Jack Huyler became good friends. Later in the conversation Paul described how for years he kept his office at Dudley Neighbors, Inc., in Roxbury (a neighborhood once known for urban blight), open on New Year's Eve. The office computers, typewriters, and Paul's editorial skills were all at the disposal of neighborhood high school students to complete their college applications. Those students have gone on to graduate from Amherst, Howard, Dartmouth (Paul's alma mater), and University of Massachusetts, among other universities. This last anecdote is perhaps one of the simplest and best examples of Paul's work in community development and how it benefits others.

Paul says, "Community development is anything having to do with building community," so you could say he has been active in community development from childhood. His commitment to community development was nurtured early on, growing up in the Crenshaw/Leimert Park neighborhood of Los Angeles, where he learned the value of community and a sense of social responsibility. Paul attended Thacher gaining more experience with a different model of close-knit cohesive community. Thacher invested something else in Paul, "a sense of tremendous opportunity," which informed his future direction and reinforced a nascent sense of responsibility to enable others to achieve their potential.

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In a relatively short time Paul has had—and continues to have—a distinguished career in community development. After graduating from Thacher in 1977, he attended Dartmouth College, where he graduated with high distinction and received a Tucker Foundation Fellowship for a community service internship in Boston. He spent the next 16 years in Boston, where he pursued a Master of City and Regional Planning at Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government, focusing on real estate development, and housing and community development. After graduating from Harvard, Paul began working on neighborhood revitalization with non-profit development corporations, first to preserve historic housing, then for the Economic and Industrial Development Corporation in Boston, where he provided business consulting services to non-profit and for-profit businesses. He returned to affordable housing development at Roxbury Multi-Service Center, where he was responsible for managing an abandoned housing acquisition and rehabilitation program, and later went on to become the Executive Director of Dudley Neighbors Inc., a non-profit corporation that he helped found to manage the operation of a community land trust (C.L.T.). This C.L.T. was formed to purchase land in the Roxbury neighborhood and to facilitate the development of affordable housing through powers of eminent domain. This work is an important component of the Dudley Street Neighborhood Initiative, which is known as a national model of resident controlled neighborhood revitalization, and demonstrated the massive coordinated effort of local government, neighborhood-based non-profit organizations, foundations, and corporations needed to return economic opportunity and a sense of ownership among residents in a single neighborhood.

This is the kind of work that requires one to operate in circles of influence, negotiating with banks and governmental agencies, and advocating among elected officials to obtain the resources and authority to change a neighborhood. This work also requires one to relate and respond to the neighborhood residents in a way that enables them to realize their power to make decisions about the destiny of their community. Paul is one of those rare individuals with the tenacity and ability to move comfortably among both groups and to achieve the desired results. In the seven years that Paul worked in Roxbury—what was a blighted neighborhood, ravaged by arson, crime, vandalism, and neglect—has become a vital community with new housing, youth programs,



child care, and health care resources. Not only did the physical appearance of the neighborhood change, but also, and more importantly, the community has been transformed as the residents participated and directed the revitalization of their neighborhood

In the years Paul spent in Boston, he was not only committing his career to community development, but he was also volunteering as a Big Brother for two young people: one graduated from Clark College in Atlanta; the other is a high school student in Boston. Additionally, for several years he served on many boards of directors for non-profit organizations, including a construction training program for young people that has become a model replicated nationwide, an adult literacy program, American Baptist Churches of Massachusetts, and a non-profit housing development corporation. Somehow he also found time to volunteer as a ski instructor for Youth Enrichment Services of Boston.

Three years ago, Paul moved away from Roxbury, the neighborhood he helped to re-build, to Columbia, Maryland, and started a new position as Program Director of Management and Organizational Development with the Enterprise Foundation. Paul is now providing technical assistance to boards and staff of non-profit organizations in determining their distinct roles and responsibilities as well as with the process of strategic planning. Paul made this change to obtain a national perspective on community development. Now, he travels throughout the United States, training the next generation of community development organizations: housing development corporations, providers of child care, youth employment, or job training assistance. Paul's volunteer experience with many boards of non-profit organizations, and as executive director of a community development corporation, leave him well-equipped to assist non-profit groups in resolving the managerial and technical challenges of community development. The most rewarding part of this new position for Paul is enabling boards of directors to recognize their own power and authority to determine the future direction of the organization. The move to Maryland has helped Paul to reduce his volunteer commitments significantly, but he still finds time to continue with two board affiliations now: Institute for Community Economics, which promotes community land trusts and permanently affordable resident controlled housing, as well as The Thacher School Board of Trustees.

Paul's work with Thacher's Board of Trustees integrates his past with the present and has a reciprocal effect on his work today. The leadership and governance demonstrated on Thacher's Board assists in Paul's current work of providing consulting services to other non-profit boards. Paul is concerned with maintaining Thacher's accessibility to students with varied life experiences in order to continue to

enrich a nourishing learning environment in which all students can grow and be challenged. As an alumnus, Paul wants to share the Thacher experience with students who might not otherwise have the opportunity to enjoy it. Paul would also like to see the School pursue a strategy that strongly encourages students to participate in some form of community service, enabling them to reach beyond the immediate ties of Thacher to embrace a broader sense of community and a richer sense of responsibility to one another to complement the sense of responsibility to nature engendered at the School.

What motivates someone to pursue this kind of work? How does one maintain this commitment to service for others?

As Paul describes it, he did not choose community development; it was a calling. Growing up with a strong sense of community and personal responsibility first at home and later at Thacher, coupled with the privilege of attending Dartmouth and Harvard, Paul recognized early on that he had access to opportunities denied to others, all of which profoundly influenced the direction of his life. Working in community development is a way of perpetuating for others some of those opportunities Paul enjoyed in his life. The sense of responsibility that originally motivated Paul has given way more and more to an increasing spirituality, which has made his work easier and provides a compass for future directions. Paul's life work has laid a foundation of hope for the future on which he continues to build. Through his work in community development his efforts to support education, as a Thacher Trustee, or ad hoc college counselor, Paul distinguishes himself as someone who builds community wherever he goes. 🌱



Former Parent Profile

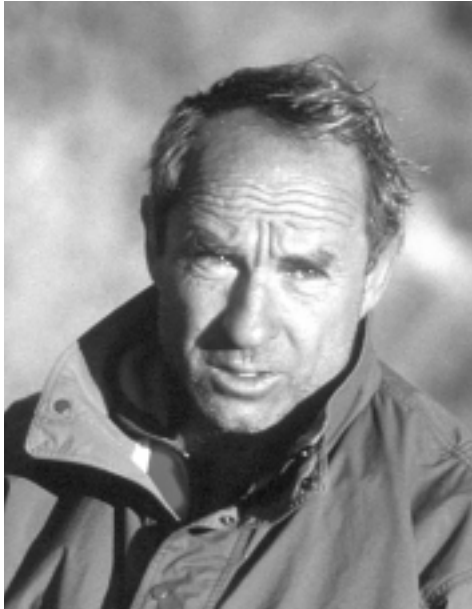


photo by Rick Ridgeway © 1999

Yvon Chouinard

Setting an Environmental High-Water Mark

by Jane D. McCarthy

Geek. Dirt Bag. Fun Hog. Vagabond Outdoorsman. Blacksmith. Deep Ecologist. Nitpicker. Accidental Capitalist.

Any one of these monikers could be—and has been—used for Yvon Chouinard, the world-famous mountaineer, owner and founder of the trend-setting outdoor apparel company Patagonia, and father of Claire, CdeP '98. Few conjure such a contradictory list of character traits in one individual, let alone one who has been so successful. His success may stem from his extensive study of Zen Buddhism and its philosophy of focusing on the process rather than the result. “You don’t climb Mt. Everest to get to the top,” says Chouinard, “because

there’s nothing to do up there. Rather, the purpose of the adventure is the process itself, the opportunity for striving, changing yourself, and becoming a better person.”

If one merely changes the personal references to business terms, Chouinard’s adventure beliefs translate into Patagonia’s mission: “To use business to inspire and implement solutions to the environmental crisis.” He strives to steer the company toward a magnetic north on his moral compass thereby resulting in minimal environmental damage and, hopefully, becoming an industry leader in doing the right thing. “I’m not in business to make a profit,” Chouinard insists though the privately-held business in Ventura, California, has been profitable for most of its 27 years of existence and worldwide sales totaled \$200 million in fiscal year 1999-2000. Although Patagonia’s sales represent only a small fraction of the \$5 billion human-powered recreation market, the company sets the high-water mark for influencing the travel adventure industry. To wit, some accomplishments:

Working with suppliers to develop more environmental-friendly products and components, including dyes;

Continually educating its 900 employees worldwide on how to improve the environment;

Converting to 100 percent organic cotton in its product line manufacturing rather than using traditionally conventionally-grown cotton since the latter is so detrimental to the environment due to pesticide use; and

Beginning to use more energy-efficient heating and lighting equipment in its buildings such as solar- and wind-generated electricity.

Patagonia’s environmental path is a natural outgrowth of several factors in Chouinard’s career. As a seven-year-old French Canadian transplant who only spoke French and was the smallest in his second-grade class when his family moved to Burbank, Yvon was a self-described “Geek,” who sought independent activities. He discovered climbing while pursuing falconry as he rappelled to hawks’ nests. A close call while rappelling resulted in his search for better climbing methods.

By his late teens, Chouinard entered his “Dirt Bag” and “Fun Hog” era. A proficient surfer from spending winters at Rincon and an accomplished rock climber from spending warm months climbing the Grand Tetons, Canadian Rockies, and Yosemite, Yvon wanted little more than to seek adventure. Many first ascents, including the North American Wall of Yosemite’s El Capitan, were recorded by him during this time.

Several aspects of the sport didn’t agree with this rock climber. The pitons used for protection points by climbers, for instance, were made of malleable iron that were hammered into rocks and left for future climbers. After continued use, they often-times bent resulting in dangerous conditions. In 1957, Chouinard borrowed \$825 from his parents to purchase an anvil and forge so that he could make tougher steel pitons to use and sell extras to friends. With his blacksmith tools in the back of his 1929 Model-A Ford, he cruised the climbing circuit selling his wares when not climbing. While climbing in Yosemite during the 1970s, Yvon was shocked by the environmental impact caused by the repeated emplacement and removal of these hardened-steel pitons. He began the trend of “clean climb-



photo by Maurice Rebeix
© Patagonia

Since 1985, Patagonia has donated a self-imposed “Earth Tax” (the company’s way of making restitution for the negative impact they cause on the environment) equal to one percent of sales to preservation and restoration of the natural environment;

ing” by making aluminum chocks that could be easily wedged into rock and removed by hand. This eliminated the use of a piton hammer and reduced the impact of protection placements to virtually nothing. This also made week-long ascents possible since aluminum is lighter than steel and the chocks could be reused many times.

Another aspect of climbing that frustrated Yvon was trying to climb steep ice with traditional ice axes and picks made for cutting steps. He tested various axes and developed his own design with a curved pick and deep teeth. This Chouinard “Piolet” could be driven into the ice overhead and pulled up on, thus eliminating having to cut steps. This design became the basis for modern ice axe design and opened up the new sport of climbing frozen waterfalls.

From these meager beginnings as a blacksmith came the founding of the Great Pacific Iron Works in Ventura, where it's still located some 35 years later. The site was also chosen because of its close proximity to good surf spots and another aspect of Patagonia's motto: “When the surf's up, go surfing.” Chouinard later recalled, “I never intended for my craft to become a business, but every time I returned from the mountains my head was spinning with ideas for improving the carabiners, ice axes, and other tools of climbing.” By the mid-1970s the company had captured 80 percent of the climbing-hardware market, but that was a mere one percent of the outdoor retailers' sales and it would be difficult to make ends meet. At

the prodding of his wife, Malinda, he introduced functional outdoor apparel such as rugby shirts, corduroy knickers, and canvas shorts through the Patagonia Clothing Corporation. He chose this name of the southernmost part of South America because of the mystical, rugged images that it conjures up. “We wanted to make clothes for sailing around Cape Horn or climbing in 100-mile-per-hour winds,” he explained. As well, since climbers carry only limited garments, he thought that those articles needed to perform as reliably as the pitons. “As blacksmiths and machinists, we approached the problem of designing clothes from a functional basis. We were not all that concerned with how they would look because we knew from designing tools that when the design is right, the aesthetics would be there.” An early success was the signature colorful fleece jackets, most of which are now made of recycled plastic soft drink bottles—a fabric innovation Patagonia introduced in 1993.

As time passes, Patagonia's environmental mission has become more activist reflecting Chouinard's own philosophical development. By the late 1980s, he was unhappy with the practices of companies that harmed the environment, let alone not protecting it. He decided he could use his company as a catalyst to improve the world, especially if he fired up his employees to join the effort. This sparked environmental lectures and seminars for both employees and their communities, paid “internships” for employees of non-profit groups, and assistance for grassroots groups including office space and sponsorship of the Annual Tools for Grassroots Activists Conferences. The latter teaches environmentalists everything from strategic planning to ways of working with the media taught by Patagonia employees.

Several years ago, the company studied the environmental harm caused by the four major fibers used in their products: cotton, wool, nylon, and polyester. Surprisingly, cotton was the most destructive, prompting Patagonia to turn away from using anything but organically-grown cotton. They went so far as to subsidize farmers world-wide so that they'd grow organically which costs about 35 percent more. As well, the

company is researching ways to reduce the environmental impact caused by the other key fibers it utilizes.

Patagonia has remained relatively small compared to others in its industry because Yvon believes in limits and chooses images from his passion to explain: “Climbing teaches you that you live for the days when you're on the edge, but you never go over it. There's an optimum size for every endeavor, and if you exceed it, you go downhill. With this company, we could easily become too large and lose everything,” including Patagonia's reputation as the designer of the highest quality products and its position as the mainstay of the climbing community.

In some ways, Chouinard feels the company has already surpassed its optimal size. It is now decentralized along seven lines of activity such as climbing and canoeing that function as separate entities under Patagonia's umbrella. This decentralization relies less on Chouinard and allows him to take on the role of “resident philosopher” and to practice his own M.B.A. style: “Management By Absence.” He spends six to eight months each year traveling to far off places such as bonefishing on Christmas Island, surfing in Fiji, skiing the French Alps, and climbing in Nepal while testing products, exploring new concepts, and developing new markets. This also maintains his credibility as an adventurer and brings back a sense of the future that few others could provide.

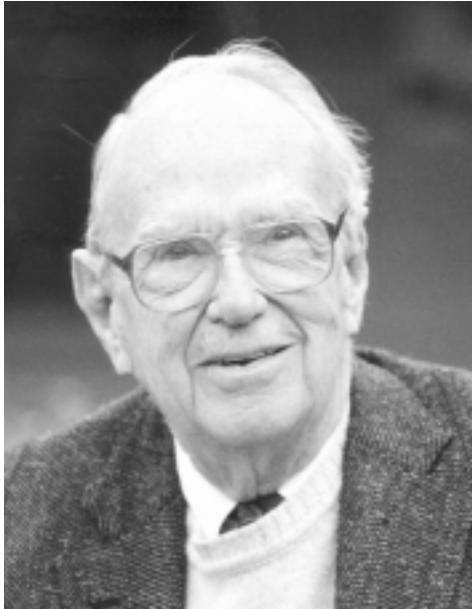
When Chouinard is in Ventura, he tinkers in the company's “skunk works,” where, for example, he'll work on his current project of developing a durable, unbreakable surfboard so that he and others will no longer anguish over spending several hundred dollars on a new board that breaks the next day. In a way, he has returned to his vagabond, hands-on fiddling mode as when he started the company four decades ago. And that return to participatory innovation combined with his acquired business acumen and ecological outlook will likely energize Patagonia as a sustainable company and a model for others in the new millennium. 🌱



Chouinard in his “skunk works” mode

photo by Rick Ridgeway © 1999





Kenneth O. Rhodes, CdeP '30

Fifty Years of Public Service

by Richard O. Rhodes, CdeP '59

If you are late to a meeting, be careful whom you sit next to. Kenneth Rhodes, CdeP '30, learned that in 1948. Newly elected as Trustee to The Board of Family Service in Los Angeles, he arrived late to his third board meeting. The board table was filled except for a seat next to the chairman. Ken reluctantly took the seat, then tried to understand what the discussion was about. "I was really at sea. It was a rather sensitive issue, concerning whether professional employees should join a union, and I did not understand all the ramifications." In the middle of the meeting the chairman was called out by an emergency telephone call and as he left the room, he turned and said, "Ken, will you take over till I get back?" The chairman never came back to that meeting, nor did he ever come back to the agency.



Ken discovered that he "enjoyed presiding at meetings and did a passable job." In fact, his work with Family Services was so "passable" that he received the Red Feather award from the Los Angeles Community Chest for outstanding service, the first of many awards. He was given no advanced notice about this award.

"I rushed to the meeting and to the podium as my name was being called, having first rushed to the men's room. After the meeting I discovered, and I hope no one else had, that when I accepted the award my fly was unzipped, a rather undressed way to receive an honor." This event did not end his volunteer work, and "one thing has led to another" he says, to explain how his choice of a chair led to more than 50 years of volunteer work for many public service and educational organizations, often as chairperson, trustee, or president of the board. He notes that "Almost every board I have served on, I have ended up chairing a search committee."

Ken began volunteer work at age 35, when he felt his law practice was sufficiently well established that he could afford the time. He had returned for a few years to the law firm of Williamson, Hoge and Curry after the war. In 1948 he was offered a full partnership with the firm, but decided to form a private practice as a sole practitioner. "I wanted to give a third of my time to public service, and I thought that

this would be difficult if I became part of a partnership." He felt fortunate to have received a good education and felt an obligation to give something back to the community. He had heard of Family Services of Los Angeles from a friend who was on the board, and agreed to join. Family Services worked with troubled families, the emotionally disturbed, and the homeless. During his five years of chairing the board, he particularly enjoyed "getting people with completely different ideas and approaches to work out a consensus."

After Family Services, Ken became involved for ten years with the Special Services Group, which was formed just after the Zoot Suit Riots of Los Angeles, to solve the gang problem in Los Angeles by encouraging constructive activities. Next, Ken became involved for fifteen years with the Hathaway Home for Children that provided residential care, counseling, education, and training for emotionally disturbed children.

This in turn led to volunteer work once a week at the Legal Aid Foundation, which offered legal services to those who could not afford an attorney. Ken later became a member of the Board of Directors of the Foundation, and then served as chairman of the board for one year.

A similar legal aid organization was formed at this time as part of Lyndon Johnson's war on poverty. Ken was elected to the County Bar Board to help as liaison in merging the two programs, serving for three years. The challenge was to merge a federally-funded program with a private program whose board consisted of retired judges opposed to using Federal funds for fear of Federal control. During one particularly difficult standoff over the racial balance of the Foundation staff, the board got consensus by temporarily abolishing Robert's Rules of Order.

Additional volunteer work included serving as Public Defender in the Federal District Court in cases where the Public Defender had a conflict of interest and therefore could not serve, and as an arbitrator for the American Arbitration Association, hearing uninsured motorist cases.

The president of the Los Angeles County Bar asked Ken to chair the Juvenile Court Committee. At the request of a presiding Judge, Ken offered a list of experienced lawyers willing to serve as referees, including his own name. Selected immediately, he then served once or twice a week for the next three years as a

referee as needed, reading complaints, calling witnesses, interrogating witnesses and defendants, reaching a decision, then reviewing a probation report to determine the disposition. Action could be dismissal, home on probation, or placement in foster care, a child welfare agency, county camp, or Youth Authority. The problems heard were often difficult, involving abandoned children, abused children, run-aways, truancy, glue sniffing, drugs, alcohol abuse, gang fights, neighborhood brawls, and theft. Only murder cases were heard by a judge rather than a referee.

A particularly difficult task was preparing a brief on behalf of most of the child welfare agencies of Los Angeles to be presented to the County Board of Supervisors to improve the formula for reimbursement of agencies for their costs. The agencies were not being adequately compensated. Ken recalls that he became so engrossed in the brief he was working on that he forgot to eat lunch. Hungry, he hurried to a restaurant in the building, entered the crowded elevator, and when asked by the operator "Floor please?" he responded, "Grilled ham and cheese."

He served on the board and was chairman of the Family and Adult Services Division of the Welfare Planning Council of Los Angeles. With United Way, he was Chairman of the Executive Committee of the General Budget Committee, and Chairman for the Committee that determined funding priorities. He remembers one elderly board member who during meetings

bers of a new board talking to each other is to go through the bylaws, paragraph by paragraph" Ken notes. "The process gives the committee an identity."

Ken was a trustee of the Los Angeles County Bar, and vice president of the County Bar Foundation. He also worked on a lawyers committee to study laws on adoption. He was photographed at a news conference with actress Jane Russell, who was also active in adoption issues (he claims the photographs have been lost). He also served for two years during the Vietnam War on the local draft board, hearing tough cases of conscientious objectors.

In 1960 Ken joined the board of the Caltech YMCA for 35 years, serving as chairman for three, and started The Friends of the Caltech Y, serving as co-chairperson.

Ken was born in Pasadena, California, on April 22, 1912, when there were more orange groves than apartment buildings. He attended Westridge kindergarten (as one of the few boys in the all-girl school), then Polytechnic School, followed by The Thacher School. His older brothers Foster, CdeP '25, and Robert, CdeP '29, had attended Thacher before him, his brother David, CdeP '33, followed. Ken's mother told a friend that she had had a son at Thacher for 13 years, to which the friend commented, "He can't have been very bright."

Ken especially loved his Thacher courses in Physical Geography, Ancient History, and German. His favorite weekend activity was exploring the backcountry on horseback, and "sleeping in the open and watching the constellations passing overhead and at dawn the first rays of the sun hitting the nearby mountains, then the tips of the trees at the foot of my sleeping bag." Being able to care for a horse and pack mule, "brought a feeling of independence and adequacy in an outward sense."

At Thacher, Ken had the reputation of being very religious, since Sherman

Day had given him the job of announcing who had attended church the previous Sunday. Lower schoolers were required to attend every Sunday, middle schoolers three out of four Sundays, lower uppers two out of four, and upper uppers one out of four. The rationale for decreasing religious requirements with increasing years of study was not clear to him.

Ken graduated from Stanford University in history in '34, recollecting that "college broadened me while Thacher deepened me." Each

summer during college he spent a month with friends hiking the High Sierras, leading pack burros over passes. He received his Juris Doctorate from Harvard Law School in '37, then joined a law firm briefly before serving in the Navy, ultimately being promoted to Lt. Commander, a rank that he worried "far outstripped my knowledge and experience."



Ken and Betty continued hiking well into their eighties.

In 1938 he married Betty Fleming, who quickly learned to share Ken's love of the outdoors, in spite of her first camping experience with Ken, a wet, cold rainy night in the high country without a tent. They raised four children: Dick, CdeP '59, Margaret, Tom, and Ted, CdeP '65.

Ken became active in Thacher causes shortly after Ted graduated, sitting on many committees, serving as Trustee from 1977 to 1990, President of the Board from 1982 to 1986, and Emeritus for life. He is proud of the improvements that occurred during his tenure on the Board. The budget was balanced, the School became co-educational, the faculty was strengthened, the new science building was completed, the old science building was converted to humanities center, a new library wing was built, and new dorms were constructed. The Centennial Celebration raised \$18 million. Ken remarks "My connection with Thacher has covered a span of 73 years. I have known every headmaster the School has ever had..."

In 1968 Ken became a trustee of Scripps College, Betty's Alma Mater. He was chairman for five years, served on the Graduate School Board, and chaired the search committee to replace the retiring Graduate School President (Joe Platt, a former trustee of Thacher). Ken

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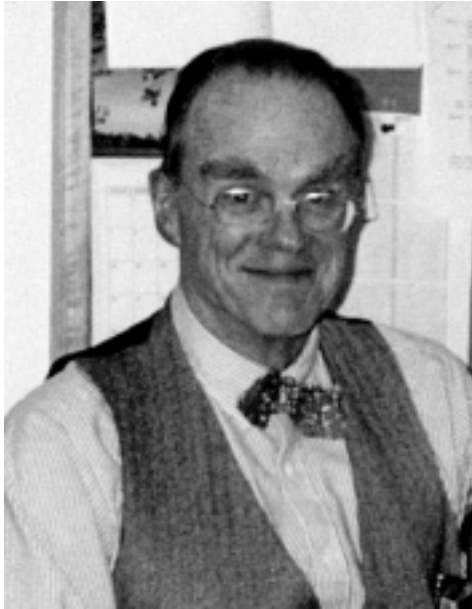


Three generations of Thacher grads: Julien '02, Tristan, CdeP '97, Kit, CdeP '95, Dick, CdeP '59, and Ken, CdeP '30, Rhodes

would turn his hearing aid off and go to sleep, then wake up, turn on his hearing aid, and raise a question about a discussion held forty minutes earlier.

Ken also chaired a committee to merge two community centers, working with a young policeman named Tom Bradley, who later became mayor of Los Angeles. Bradley was "very helpful, always constructive." The committee was new and had many members who did not know each other. "The best way to get mem-

Alumni Profiles



Nicholas Cunningham, M.D., Dr.P.H., CdeP '46

Heeding the Words of "The Banquet Song"

by George F. French, CdeP '46

*"...May honor, and fairness, and kindness, and truth
Be ours till life's struggle is through."*

*So the stamp of the School was the stamp of the Man:
It was Thacher that made Nick rethink what was 'fair'
And apply what he learned to the problems out there,
And then do the best work in the world that he could
Till the best he could do was all done.*

The brightest theme that has resonated through the life and works of Nicholas Cunningham, CdeP '46, has been his relentless pursuit of "what was fair." Most of us, in pursuing the



almighty dollar, tend to belittle as quixotic and naïve all references to what's "fair": we even hear it said that "There's no such thing as 'fair'; there's only what actually works," an ethic reminiscent of "corporate trainer" Richard Hatch who won a million dollars for his unscrupulous role in *Survivor*. Yet everything that Nicholas has done loudly proclaims an opposite ethic that sounds more of S.D.T.'s old "Banquet Song." And the roots of that ethic grew not only out of Nick's time at

Thacher, but also out of his earlier years where he was the youngest of five children in a remarkably caring and supportive family environment. "When all your siblings are older," Nick explains, "you don't have any power base..." and so you have to negotiate, often invoking "fairness" as the universal standard.

Nick's mother and father ran an eminently musical upstate New York household that operated through an elaborate rule structure, but with a bond of fairness and Emersonian self-reliance that held it all together. By the time Nicholas came along, both his brothers (Frederic, CdeP '39, and Lawrence, CdeP '42) and sisters already could play the tunes and songs Nicholas was still trying to learn. But the rule was that once you started studying a piece, it became yours. So if an older sibling wanted to sit down and embarrass you by rattling off the piece you were struggling with, you'd just say, "Don't play my tune!" and the older one had

to stop, because to continue would not have been fair.

And much later, when Nicholas came home from an interview with the admission people at Johns Hopkins Medical School, he asked his mother (who had raised her children to believe firmly in equality), "How can I go to a school that's still completely segregated?" And she answered, "You *have* to go, because it's the best of the 14 you applied to. And you'll figure out how to deal with the segregation problem." Then when Nicholas did get to Johns Hopkins, he decided not to agitate within the school because he found it to be virtually impregnable. He therefore decided to join C.O.R.E. (The Congress of Racial Equality) so that he could spend his weekends picketing Baltimore lunch counters for their failure to serve the mixed groups he was with, and he sang in the interracial chorus that C.O.R.E. was sponsoring. According to his now maturing ethic of fairness, Nicholas believed this C.O.R.E. participation was needed to 'pay for' his going to a segregated school. His group succeeded in opening up all the lunch counters and restrooms at Woolworth, Kresge, etc. And at the same time Nicholas was discovering the power of non-violent resistance, thereby anticipating its vital role in so many of his future successes.



Just before 7:00 A.M. on a bright June day in 1957, a classic yellow-and-white convertible, towing a trailer laden with an old motorcycle and a giant cello, pulled up in front of Babies Hospital in New York City. Driver Nick, colorfully dressed and wearing one red and one green sock, had just served two years in the Indian Health Service in Arizona—and in minutes was to start the first day of a two-year pediatric residency. This grand entrance set the tone for a professional life that would not only challenge myriad conventions and assumptions, but would also pioneer a great chain of innovations and accomplishments that translates into fourteen overwhelming pages of a densely packed Curriculum Vitae—a monumental list of achievements, honors, and awards; plus 17 academic and hospital appointments, 12 grant awards, 25 appointments to professional boards and committees, 35 health consultancies; and then seven more C.V. pages listing countless

professional publications, lectures, poster sessions, abstracts, and presentations.

When his pediatric residency was completed at Babies Hospital/Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center, Nicholas won a neonatal fellowship that enabled him to stay on there for an extra year studying the special problems of newborns. But this work was interrupted in 1962 by a phone call from Sergeant Shriver, who invited Nicholas to volunteer for the Peace Corps and lead an 18-person medical team to Togo. Those first two years in Africa persuaded him of the need for a more preventive approach to health problems. This approach was explored further first through a fellowship at the London School of Hygiene, and secondly through an extended tour in rural Nigeria, operating and evaluating an "Under-Fives Clinic" in the little town of Imesi, where Nicholas demonstrated the special effectiveness of blending preventive with curative medical measures. An urban adaptation of this model was later implemented in the city of Lagos, and ultimately incorporated into the Nigerian National Primary Health Care System, leading Nicholas to a doctorate in Public Health and many other international health consultancies.

In 1969, Nicholas returned to New York and spent the following 31 years practicing and teaching pediatrics, while at the same time seeking to adapt the principles he had learned in Africa to the special needs of the American inner city. Thus in 1972 Nicholas piloted the first conversion of a "well-baby station" (as operated by the New York City Department of Health) into the new sort of all-inclusive "preventive-curative" Child Health Clinics that he had now spent so many years developing. The conversion of all such stations into new Child Health Clinics throughout New York City was only recently completed.

Nicholas further advanced his pioneering "preventive-curative" approach in 1995 by joining with the Soros Open Society Institute to take the lessons learned once more into the international arena. Nicholas and the O.S.I. team organized training conferences and site visits throughout 18 newly independent eastern European countries in order to address their increasingly serious problems of child abuse, neglect, and violence in the home. Nick's simply-stated goals: "To use teamwork to get that 'first love-affair' between each mother and child off to a strong start, to provide a 'medical home' for every child, and to help all parents do their very best with the art and science of raising healthy children."

Nicholas now lives in Manhattan with his second wife Catherine (who is a child psychiatrist) and her two daughters. Nicholas and his first wife Ruth have three children: Ian, 35 (a computer-graphics specialist); Andrew, 32 (a Peace Corps volunteer in Honduras); and Hetty, 34 (a physician who lives in Harlem and

has just now taken over her father's pediatric practice; her son Adrian is Nick's first grandchild). Nicholas regrets that none of his children went to Thacher—but physicians who only teach don't make enough to consider that option.

A bare-bones laundry list (like the last five paragraphs) may be useful for biosketching, but it does not do justice to Nicholas. Something is lacking—much as a skeleton lacks flesh—and it is because Nicholas is that rare individual whose life is more fittingly depicted in terms of the PRINCIPLES that he has stood for and implemented. There are at least seven such principles:

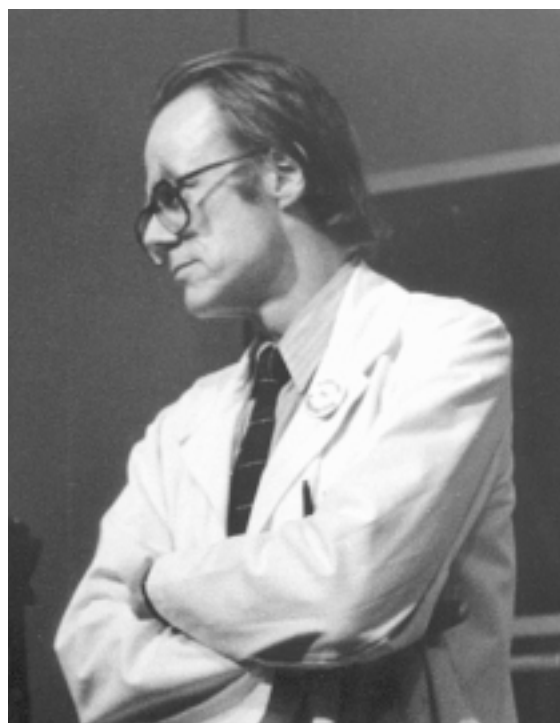
Principle 1: True fairness means you are color-blind.

Nicholas very personally implemented this principle not only by several years of work with the Congress of Racial Equality, but also by marrying an African American woman with whom he had three children. And professionally, his most important work was begun in Nigeria where his ability to heed the suggestions of mothers and nurses stirred him into creatively combining preventive and curative measures—first in Africa and later in New York, and then later into revolutionizing New York City's health-maintenance technology. None of this would have been possible if Nicholas were not truly color-blind.

Principle 2: Charm and enthusiasm can win the day.

In his written application for the position of a Director of an international health organization, Nicholas made this entry on the last line: "If you need an enthusiast, I am one!" Thus Nicholas knows his special power of enthusiasm, and he makes of it a most impressive tool. It is indeed the more impressive for its total lack of affectation: his enthusiasm is eminently genuine and infectious, and he wins converts to his views by simply wielding his enthusiasm at them.

Late one night when Nicholas had just arrived back in Lagos, Nigeria, the taxi he was taking to his hotel was stopped at a roadblock where five rather drunken soldiers ordered him out of the taxi. They bluntly demanded of him, "What have you brought us from the United States?" And Nicholas impulsively replied, "I have brought you a song," which he began singing loudly and outrageously, not even knowing what in particular he was singing. The soldiers were quite taken aback, never having encountered the likes of Nicholas, and they were somehow charmed and disarmed by this strange outburst, and they started to laugh. And finally the Sergeant in charge said, "Ahh, get out of here!"



Dr. Nicholas Cunningham teaching at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital

Nick's favorite utterance over the last 56 years appears to have been "Fantastic!" and the trademark way he is given to uttering that word bespeaks the enthusiasm, the sincerity, and the charm that has now so long fired Nick's every project and manifesto.

Principle 3: Music massages the spirit, prevents burnout, and lets you meet people in a different way.

Thacher did a great thing for this cello-playing 11th grader: arrangements were made for Nicholas to take lessons from an eminent teacher named Abbas who fortuitously lived near the School. With Nick Muhlenberg, CdeP '45, at the violin and Bill Nixon, CdeP '45, at the piano, the Cunningham Cello dominated this trio (at least visually) as they produced wartime Sunday-evening recitals in the old library. Nicholas went on to play professionally, for a short time, with the Phoenix and the Pasadena Symphony Orchestras before another career delimited him to lifelong amateur status.

While Nicholas has seen how idealistic physicians typically get burned out from overwork and frustration, he is positive that music has helped him avoid that fate and, in fact, has been a major factor in enabling him to so energetically continue teaching generation after generation of new medical students. Playing



the cello has been both a balm to his spirit and a needed escape from workday tribulations.

A separate role of music is that it helps one make connections: While working in Slovenia in 1997, Nick referred to the International Book of the Amateur Chamber Music Society and noted the name of a fellow who liked to play chamber music. Reaching him on the phone, Nick then learned that a third member of their now arranged trio was one Pavel Kornhauser. The latter turned out to be Slovenia's top pediatrician who, in fact, had written a book on the subject of child abuse—exactly

on a fellow creature's instinct, to go with the flow and trust in the teammate.

In a recent interview, Nick said, "Anything ever accomplished was always with the help of other people. I've really done nothing on my own. I do have ideas; I think they can be accomplished, but I am not good at following through. So I always work with a team. I always engage and inspire other people, and then the thing succeeds NOT because I was there to make it work necessarily, but because a team was there..."



Nicholas and wife Catherine holding first grandson Adrian

the subject that Nick was in Slovenia to research! So they met, played Rachmaninoff, and Nick got invited to present to the Slovenian Pediatric Society an address which is being published this year in their *Pediatric Journal*.

Principle 4: Move mountains to find the best teammate you can, and then put your total trust in that teammate.

Nick's horse at Thacher was Pow Wow, and one particular adventure with him stands out. It was just after a rain that the two were negotiating a precarious six-inch wide trail that wound across a shale bank so steep that rider Nick could touch the shale on the right while to the left there was a sheer drop-off. Then, unexpectedly, the trail in front was abruptly gone, washed out. And while Nick was trying to figure out what he was going to do, Pow Wow suddenly reared straight up, turned completely around, and was facing the other direction, with Nick clutching on for dear life, all still on the six-inch wide trail. And the horse had done this astounding thing all on his own! There are times when one just needs to depend

waiting area exposed to dust clouds rolling in from cars that zipped by on the dirt road outside, and the colorfully dressed Nigerian mothers were suffering accordingly—yet no money was available to build the needed wall. Then one May, Ojo—the nurse who ran the clinic—asked all the mothers to have their husbands come down to the clinic the following Saturday. When some 45 of them showed up, she said "Look, your wives like what we're doing, but they're getting dirty while waiting for service. We need a wall built between the open waiting area and the street. Can you do it?" And they said, "Sure, we'll do it!"

In no time at all these men had built a wonderful wall, at the same time creating a useful solidarity which Nurse Ojo (unbeknownst to Dr. Nick) was then turning into a "Fathers' Club." Around this time, the Lagos city government noticed how effectively the new clinic was working; they got jealous and said, "Oh thank you very much. We're taking this back now..." And Nick's Lagos University colleague Dr. Ransome Kuti (later the Nigerian Minister of Health), reacted by saying, "Well, this is political, and I can't get into it. There's nothing we can do; you'll just have to turn the clinic over to them."

Now this was like Pow Wow seeing the washed-out trail in front of him. And Nick had

no way of anticipating what would happen next, any more than he had had at the critical moment on that six-inch shale trail. But as soon as Nurse Ojo heard the politicians announce that the new clinic was finished, she convened the Fathers' Club and asked, "Do you want them to take it over, so that it'll then be like any other government clinic?" They replied, "Hell, no!" and went to the local authorities and said, "Hey, you can't take over this clinic—it belongs to us because we built it!" And in the face of this all-male onslaught, the city backed off and the "builders" prevailed.

By putting up a wall, the men had formed a partnership that made them (along with Nicholas, the clinic employees, and the wives who were the pre-natal-care patients) all involved together in the clinic's survival. And it was the remarkable Nurse Ojo who, like Pow Wow, had spontaneously reared straight up and reversed the course of fate so that the clinic project would survive. And all Nick did here was go along for the ride, just as he did with Pow Wow.

Principle 5: The best teaching is done at round tables.

As a long-time medical-school lecturer (who perforce must occasionally look down on his students from a lectern), Professor Nicholas said in another interview, "One of my heroes is Paolo Freire. He wrote a book called *The Pedagogy of the Oppressed*. And what he says is that education, if it's one way, is indoctrination, and it tends to be debilitating rather than empowering. And if you consider yourself an educator, you have to always be prepared to learn.... Since reading his stuff, I make it a point to try and teach and learn in a circle so that we can see each other's faces."

Paolo may not have gone to Thacher, but Nicholas did. And like the rest of us, he too sat at round dining tables where each of us had a chance to listen, and occasionally participate, while facing nine others at the same table. There's something about the Table Round that with everyone pretty much at the same eye level seems to induce spontaneity: new ideas can come from any direction.

Principle 6: Peaceful change is possible when you work with what is best in your adversary.

If you could travel back through time to any given spring evening in 1945, and beam yourself down to any spot on the baseball field just below the old Upper School, chances are you'd hear the loud polemics that Lower Upper roommates Nicholas Cunningham and Tom Simons, CdeP '46, typically blasted at each other. Despite the radically different politics of the two lads, these were friendly polemics, and their firm friendship was probably a result of their each discovering how to listen to and to respect the other's point of view: each had

learned how to seek out “what was best” in the adversary.

Nicholas later gained an ethic of non-violent resistance not only from his Johns Hopkins years with C.O.R.E., but also from two college summers in France, where he served in the Service Civile Voluntaire Internationale (S.C.V.I.), founded by a Swiss engineer named Pierre Ceresole. The latter’s message complemented the C.O.R.E. philosophy: “If you want to effect change, work with what is best in your adversary, and not with what is worst.”

This is why Nicholas became so fervent about Iraq. He idealized that our foreign policy should be based on all the good in the Iraqi society, not on Saddam, who represented the worst. He therefore connected up with the A.F.S.C. (American Friends Service Committee), that wanted to reach out to the doctors, the educators, the teachers, and the positive forces in Iraq, wherever and whoever they might be. And the only way to do that was to actually go there and meet them. Nicholas then became one of a team of five pediatricians and child-welfare specialists who traveled to Iraq in November, 1998, to look hard at the plight of children after eight years of United Nations economic sanctions.

Technically they were law-breakers: there was a State Department edict to the effect that no Americans were allowed to go to Iraq (you’d lose your passport if it showed you’d been there). But the team took a deviously roundabout route to avoid the problem, and ultimately reached Baghdad with a modest supply of books and medications that had survived customs inspections. During their stay they recorded interviews with some two dozen health specialists, physicians, U.N. representatives, and Iraqi Government officials (plus a handful of taxicab drivers, storeowners, and business people who happened to speak some English).

While they were there, the United States once more decided to bomb Iraq. Three of the team members opted to leave immediately, knowing full well that the borders would shut down as soon as the oncoming bombers were detected. Yet Dr. Leila Richards, the team leader, was intent on staying, despite the imminent bombing. Then Nicholas also decided to stay, not only to support Leila, but also so that he could still manage to interview the country’s head pediatrician Dr. al-Ruznamaji (it was about this time that Nick’s wife Cathy got the unsettling word that “All had gotten out save Nicholas...”).

A rewarding interview with Dr. al-Ruznamaji did take place, and as good luck had it the bombing was canceled at about the last minute. And on their return, the team and the A.F.S.C. in December, 1998, published a booklet, “Child and Maternal Health and Nutrition in Iraq under the Sanctions,” that exposed the terrible devastation to Iraqi mothers and children that

had been caused by the “Sanctions.”

Principle 7: True fairness means you prize diversity.

There is a diversity that Nicholas’s life of service clearly reflects. It is the healthy diversity that will benefit all of us at such time as there is a righteous guarantee that every child can get the help needed to avoid disease and deprivation. *Fairness* demands as much, especially when we’re reminded that *every child* is a member of our larger family. This is arguably the major ethical principle of Nicholas’s life.

Our Thatcher family in 1945 was not rich in “diversity”: none of us was black or Hispanic or Jewish or female. And we all came from well-to-do families—except one lad named Taylor Sloan, who was there on a special scholarship. Taylor was kind of an “outsider” in that he brought different energies, different ideas, different views... something of an anomaly to the “Quiet Generation” that the rest of us were later labeled.

Nicholas adds: “...I’m for bringing in more of the ‘outsiders.’ We need to keep in contact with those who provide different energies. I would never have taken up jazz if it hadn’t been for my rebellious brother Larry, because he was willing to go outside of Bach to really experiment. So keeping somebody like that in your family and in your world is really important; it keeps you alert and animated and interesting...and Tay Sloan, like Larry, had brought different energies and was our one outsider, our one handle on diversity.”

Then one warm Saturday evening, in the spring of 1945, Taylor Sloan slipped a dummy into his bed and quietly rode his horse down to Ojai. He was caught and summarily expelled. To Nicholas, predictably, this was grossly *unfair*, because a member of our family had been torn from us.

Looking at the Thatcher of today, with its wonderfully multiple levels of diversity, it’s clear that futurist Nicholas had anticipated a coming world that was fairer and more diverse. Yet even in that older Thatcher were the seeds of Nick’s growing convictions about *fairness*: for those ready to read it, the message had all along been right there in S.D.T.’s original “Banquet Song.” 🍷



Playing cello is Nick’s escape from the daily work tribulations of medicine



F. Perry Gates, CdeP '59

Planting the Seeds of Community Awareness, Integrity, and Self-Reliance Among the Youth of Maine

by Stephen P. Huyler, CdeP '69

"During my senior year at college it became clear to me that for sixteen years, education, money, travel, and a lot of care had been pumped into me and it was now my turn to start putting that back into the system... ergo: the Peace Corps. On some basic level, Thacher very definitely contributed to the preparation for the thinking process: 'Now it's my turn' Not to give back to Thacher so much, but to give it to the next generation some place else. To simply take the message of plowing back into the system what the system needs to sustain itself and to evolve all those elements that it needs."

Perry Gates, CdeP '59, has spent most of his adult life focused on community service. He



has had a rich and varied education: a Bachelor of Arts from Williams, graduate courses in education at the University of Massachusetts, and further courses at the Museum School of Fine Arts in Boston, and at Dartmouth, Harvard, and the University of California, Santa Barbara. He considers his primary interest throughout his life to have been human development and character development.

After serving in Ecuador for two years with the Peace Corps, Perry spent a year teaching English at Thacher (1967-68), before he finally settled in mid-coast Maine. There, for the first eight years, he worked for the Hurricane Island Outward Bound School creating programs for at-risk youths. Then, in 1975, he founded PROJECTS, Inc., a non-profit organization devoted to planting among teenagers the seeds of community awareness, integrity, and self-reliance. PROJECTS, Inc. has had a remarkable history. During its 25 years, it has created more than 20 distinct programs to facilitate social and personal responsibility among the young.

Perry comments: "I started PROJECTS, Inc. in 1975 in recognition that most of the more significant experiences of life happen as by-products of something else. We don't learn responsibility by being taught to be responsible in a classroom. We frequently wake up ten

years later to realize 'My God, I'm married and have two children!' We don't just go out on the street corner and say: 'Oh, you'll do!' and get married. It just sort of happens. It took Ulysses ten years to get home but look what happened on the way while getting there. The experience is in getting there. So with this in mind, it became pretty clear to me that if I wanted to work in a community, especially with young people, it was probably best to get them involved with anything—and then the people with whom I was working and I could teach them the values and the skills they wanted to have along the way. But first you have to get them involved. So PROJECTS, Inc. did not have any real value structure itself. The kids could build hot cars or plastic sailboats. They didn't have to build nice wooden sailboats. I really didn't care. It was more in the doing than in what they were doing. So we set up all these small businesses to make and sell everything from small wooden boxes to maple syrup, to lobster traps, (which included catching the lobsters and selling the lobster rolls.) There were endless series of opportunities like that. And it wasn't just junior achievement; it was a real business because it didn't stop at five in the afternoon. They had to worry about the evaporator boiling over at eleven o'clock at night, and they had to build the sugar house, and they had to market the product, and then they had to keep the books.

"I think that probably the lowest common denominator value that we really tried to instill in young people was to take responsibility for what they were doing. Whether it was keeping a set of books accurately, or making sure that the evaporator didn't boil over, or that a person was happy with their delivery of lobsters, or that a family got well treated by home counselors—whatever that was, be responsible for it; take responsibility for it and act upon it. Realize that what you are learning can be applied to something else down the road. It's much like anything we do in life: it has a beginning, a middle, and an end. First you think about a project and plan it, then you do it, and then you reflect back on it. It's like tying your shoes. I need to tie my shoes, so I do it, and if I do a good job, my shoelaces don't come apart and I can walk down the street. If I fall flat on my back, that's feedback. I didn't do a very good job, so I do it again. It's the same process whether it's going to the moon or tying your shoes. In this way we really wanted these young people to have the opportunity to experience doing things for themselves. And then what they did with it was up to them. We

made no claim to values. As I said, wooden boats, fiberglass, plastic, it makes no difference. Who cares? It is what they do with it that matters.

"We were never without a wealth of young people who wanted to do something because there was essentially nothing else for them to do. The education system wasn't providing it for them; it was pretty much standard learning by rote, by the book. So they were pretty much free to do what they wanted in the afternoons and evenings. Once you get one of them, if it's fun for them, ten will follow. It didn't take much. We linked with the schools so it was an after-school project.

"After 10 or 15 years of doing that, then the schools were ready to have this approach infused into their system. Consequently, learning through community service became more important because then they could integrate service learning with the English class, the history class, and mathematics, and take the cognitive experience and apply it in the real world. This was the same thing I learned at Thacher and from your Dad (Jack Huyler). Take English and just have it a part of your life. Sit in the beautiful chapel and experience the Iliad, if you will, while you are looking out to the west. That to me is unbeatable. This allusion may be a little stretch because you are not actually doing something with the Iliad, but at least you are experiencing the sense of the whole process."

Perry remembers Newt Chase coming to his home in Hartford, Connecticut, when he was in the tenth grade. His mother had already taken him to visit the campuses of eastern prep schools; but none of them had appealed to him. When asked what he wanted to be when he grew up, Perry always stated: "Either a cowboy or a fighter pilot." The Thacher headmaster was the only one who took him seriously. Perry was hooked within minutes. Already young for his class, he repeated the tenth grade at Thacher, became a horseman and camper, won the coveted Lowery Cup, and went on to become School Chairman in his senior year.

Perry states: "I think that Thacher had a very real way of awakening the relationship in me with the outdoor world...That wasn't going to happen at the Groton School et al—and I needed that as a child. I need it as an adult, and I find that the times that I feel most in tune are when I bring the intellectual to the natural perceptive world of what I see going on around me. And that's what PROJECTS, Inc. has been all about: taking the experiential or living the moment in some other reality than just an academic or cognitive approach.

"At Thacher at the same time that I was learning solid or plain geometry from Charles Beck, I was learning leadership from Newton Chase. Chase taught me how to run the student body

at the same time I had some beloved adults, my teachers (Newt Chase being one of them, as well as Bob Miller, Fred Lamb, Hank Reif, Don McDougall, and Jack Huyler), sort of helping me through this process. That's what I really learned. And it was fairness, fair play; it was having this admiration for some of my classmates like Lynn White who really helped create the honor system for Thacher. He brought it to the School. I helped in the process, but Lynn had the smarts and the where-with-all and the desire to make it happen. So those are the things, almost the intangibles, that I feel the School has to offer which you don't find in the catalog."

Perry has spent his life trying to instill those same values into the teenagers of Maine. One of his most successful endeavors has been what was originally named the Community Service Project. According to Perry: "There were a lot of young people looking for something to do and a lot of elderly people who needed things done for them. Why not get them together? Really simple. It's worked ever since then. So much so that the C.S.P. went off on its own in 1995, by design, and became the Community Service Project Inc., with its own 501(c)3, its own board of directors, etc. And then last year they renamed themselves Youth Links. But the genesis was back in 1982."

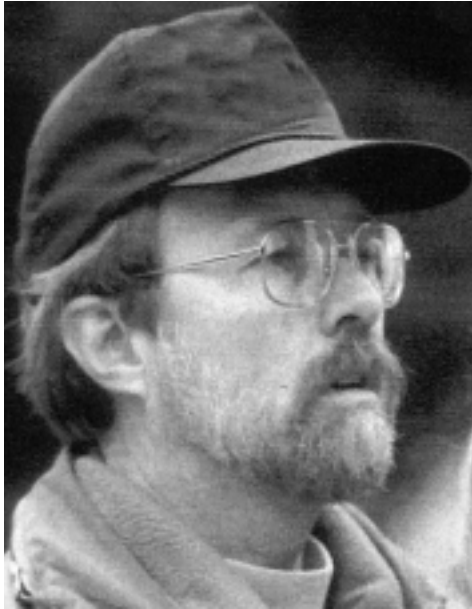
When asked if he might relate an illustrative example of the service C.S.P. did, Perry told the following story: "An elderly woman called us and asked us to come out and help build a porch for her trailer. So four kids got in the van and out we went and got the lumber and started to build her a porch. In the process we learned that she only had one light in the house and we began to sense something funny about her living situation. We'd been hired to build the porch. She paid for the lumber, we donated the time. The kids did not get paid. They volunteered their time; we in the staff were paid through donations and funding. We came to find out that the electric service entrance to her trailer was only half working. Then we realized that she was heating her bath water in her microwave—one cup at a time! And bathing herself for the past month and a half with those single cups of water every two or three days! She had no lights in her bedroom and only half of her cooking range worked. Needless to say, we went back to the shop. The kids set up a car wash to raise money. C.S.P. contributed the rest and we hired an electrician to go out and fix her electric entrance to her house. In the process of that we also learned that her family lived next door and had done nothing for Grandma for the past three months! Now, we have four kids who have had this experience. We went into it with the idea of simple carpentry skills to build a porch. What they received was a lesson in inter-family dynamics, in social welfare, in cultural relations between the haves and the have-nots, in how to run a car wash and get money to pay for some of the things that they wanted to see happen for this

woman. And I submit that they will remember that experience for the rest of their lives, while if they had read a chapter in a book on sociology about how people get along with one another it would have been in one ear and out the other. They would have forgotten it.

"C.S.P., now Youth Links, provides unlimited opportunities to interface with a skipped generation, their grandparents' generation, which many kids do not have. It has proven invaluable to interface with that generation and simply experience their wisdom and their appreciation for what these young people are able to do; whether that is raking leaves or simply reading them the newspaper because a lot of these elderly people are illiterate: they simply cannot read! The kids go in and read to them. The bonding that occurs is the magic that makes it go on. The purpose of PROJECTS is to get these things set up and working and then cut them free. If they are meant to survive they will and that's how we've styled ourselves, to cause this to happen."

In 1998 Perry left the running of PROJECTS, Inc. to begin his own maple syrup company, Maine Gold, in Rockport, Maine. He loves to plant trees and to harvest the maple sap. He also devotes a great deal of time to his marriage to Deborah Mehan and to their two children, Gabe (15) and Josie (11). He still serves on the board of his original non-profit, although he states: "PROJECTS is now sort of on the shelf while the board works on redefining its mission and deciding whether or not there is a place for it in this community. The nation seems to be awash in money. People get given things a lot—many benefits. I'm not sure that there is a need for such an organization as ours right now because the big corporations have come in and have done so much to sponsor programs and improve conditions. Rather than having the young people do it, they are handed stuff. Maybe that is the community problem we now have to solve." Although now involved in his own private business, working with nature and the land in a way that he so loves, Perry Gates remains true to his ideals formed so long ago at Thacher, in college, and in the Peace Corps. He continues his involvement in the communities in mid-coast Maine and to give back into the system the richness of experiences he has reaped. 🌱





Ted Rhodes, CdeP '65

Local Hero, Community Activist

by Robert A. Isaacson, CdeP '66

The two parallel tracks of the dirt road wind in a graceful “S” pattern through a gently rolling meadow of green grasses just going to seed, and white and purple flowering wild radishes. The road disappears between two groves of tall eucalyptus trees. In the near distance, beyond the meadow, stretches a grove of large sycamores, just starting to leaf out for the coming summer months, their new leaves pale green and silvery. The angular, steeply rising, partly shadowed ridges and canyons of the grey, chaparral-covered Santa Ynez Mountains, a part of southern California’s transverse ranges, tower dramatically above the lush foreground. The mountains’ sandstone outcroppings stand above the dense brush cover, shining white in the bright spring sunlight.



This classic picture of old California could be one of Ojai in the last century, before the orange groves were planted, or perhaps the northern edge of the San Gabriel Valley. In fact, it is the view facing north from the ocean of a small section of the Carpinteria coastal plain locally known as “The Bluffs.” It is a well-recognized poster made from a photograph taken by Ted Rhodes, CdeP '65,

entitled “Country Road.” It is part of a poster trilogy by Arturo Tello and former Thacher parent, Meredith Abbott, created during a 1990 fundraising campaign to save the land from development. To see Ted’s poster is to begin to understand why he has devoted much of the last 13 years to preserving this unique place for future generations.

To a large extent, Ted’s pastoral view is a momentary illusion, one cautiously buffered from the real world. For, in truth, close, just over the grassy rise, is the perpetually busy 101 Freeway bounded by its chainlink fences. Tractor-trailer rigs roar by incessantly, and weekend tourists pour back east to the Los Angeles area, sometimes bringing the freeway to a crawl on Sunday afternoons, some 50 miles west of the vast metropolis. A sprawling, Lego-like condominium development rises on an adjacent bluff top just on the inland side of the freeway. A sizeable oil facility lies to the west, and a

business park already occupies the coastal shelf immediately to the east.

Ted’s bucolic poster, however, captures the subtle and deeply felt beauty of a quickly disappearing, natural landscape, one that has literally been buried beneath the dozens of rapidly growing cities crowding the coastal shelf between the mountains and the beaches of all of southern California. Growing up in Pasadena, in the San Gabriel Valley, Ted knew well the fate of open land in urban settings. During the last 13 years, Ted has played a key role in making sure that the seemingly fundamental and inexorable economic forces of California real estate would not bury the Carpinteria Bluffs, an undeveloped parcel of prime development land sandwiched between the city, the freeway and the sea. Since 1968, a good many years before Ted moved to Carpinteria, The Bluffs has been the site of many conflicts between developers and preservationists. Back then, when the parcel’s highest and best use had been for raising hay and beans, a new oil refinery was designated for the site. Defeating that project was merely the first of many battles.

But even then, in the sixties, when the fate of The Bluffs had first become a local political issue, Ted was already preparing for his own later struggle to save The Bluffs. While a junior at Dartmouth, Ted took off around the country, campaigning for “Clean Gene” McCarthy in the Indiana and California primaries. I remember putting Ted up in my dorm room at Claremont while he helped to organize students to get them out to canvas for the antiwar platform. Later, in VISTA, Ted did social work in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and eventually helped to found and also to write for the Fort Wayne Free Press, lending voice and organizational skills to anti-war, civil rights, United Farmworkers, poverty and other community groups generally ignored by the local media. Ted developed considerable political savvy during those years, which included being routed from a legally-permitted peace demonstration outside an Air Force base in Kokomo, Indiana, by members of the American Legion and the Klu Klux Klan, who assaulted demonstrators as State troopers looked on. During experiences like these, Ted learned how to stay calm under pressure. Even though the activities in which Ted was involved were both nonviolent and legal, after the passage of the Freedom of Information Act, Ted was finally able to read his own personal F.B.I. file that had been assembled on him during the sixties and seventies.

Ted's reaction was, "Well, if I have an F.B.I. file, I must have been doing something right!" He has learned to use his own zany sense of humor and the absurd in his writing and public speaking to get his points across.

Now that I think about it, even years before college, when we were both Thacher students, Ted and I worked together on a home movie project that was a sort of prelude to his efforts to save The Bluffs. We traveled around, taking footage of remote ranches on the California coast and the Channel Islands, trying to capture the stark beauty of the large stretches of unspoiled, natural landscape and pristine coastline. We gathered a lot of scenic footage, but never really finished that movie since back then we lacked a firm grasp of the importance of story telling in making a picture. Still, the Carpinteria Bluffs, with its grasslands, rugged coastal cliffs, sea life, and mountainous backdrop, is really a perfect microcosm of the landscape Ted tried to capture in that film done in his high school years.

Ted's reverence of the natural world has long been a powerful influence on his personal value system. Horse camping at Thacher was also a very important part of his education. We once rode 100 miles home to my family's ranch from Thacher at the end of the year. We climbed the coast range somewhere west of Matilija and rode along its crest high above the Carpinteria, Santa Barbara, and Goleta coastal plains. The views were stunning as we looked down over the narrow sea-lined shelf and the wave-carved coastline. Experiences like that—more aesthetic than intellectual—at a young age, can do as much to educate one fully in the long run as does reading a Faulkner novel or peering through a microscope. As a college writing instructor today, I tell my stu-

dents to memorize landscapes and fill their heads with rich imagery. Ted has always done that. In the Santa Barbara region, Ted has become known as an environmental activist because of his abiding reverence for nature, for the aesthetics of place, especially southern California. Once a Sociology and Urban Studies major at Dartmouth, he has come to see his struggle to preserve the Carpinteria Bluffs as a metaphor for something beyond environmentalism. He now thinks of it as political empowerment. The long days Ted dedicated to preserving The Bluffs really amounted to creating, organizing, and perpetuating a grassroots political movement. Back in 1988, Ted became involved with the Carpinteria Valley Association's fight to save The Bluffs after a group of local artists, who often painted at The Bluffs, gathered some 3,000 signatures on a petition protesting a proposed large-scale development on the 81-acre site. The development proposal included a gated community of 341 dwellings, a restaurant, 30,000 square feet of retail shops, a 150-room hotel, and a 350-seat convention center.

Later, in 1990, Ted became deeply involved in helping to elect a first-time slow growth majority of three new candidates who replaced incumbents on the city council. Carpinteria had been a typical sleepy little town run by the "boys in the back room." Up to this point, the city council had rarely turned down a development proposal. Saving the Carpinteria Bluffs as open space integrated into the urban landscape grew into a symbol during the campaign of a larger planning vision for the future of the whole Carpinteria community. Throughout the process, Ted helped to articulate a coherent platform for this movement, much of which centered on preserving The Bluffs as open space. Next came Ted's successful opposition to the effort by the defeated pro-growth forces to recall the new three slow-growth city council members. In 1994, Ted led a community team whose goal was to amend the local coastal plan to be more restrictive with future development on the property.

Political change doesn't come easily, and the small community had its contentious moments, but Ted always knew that authentic politics was grassroots politics, and not the politics of power, influence, and money. Ted's parents had always been models for him of selfless service



Bob Isaacson and Ted Rhodes at The Bluffs

to the community. They told him that being a productive member of society required giving back to the community through service to others. His father, Kenneth, CdeP '30, made a conscious decision early in his career as an attorney to devote fully one-third of his time to public service. Ted has also been especially thankful for the years of political organizing, outright conflict, and grassroots politics he experienced during the turbulent sixties. To his family's tradition of community service, he has added the ingredients of political strategy and grassroots organizing, resulting in a brew of full-fledged community activism.

As more slightly watered down development proposals came forth for The Bluffs, developers got more and more savvy as well. One developer created a professional video presentation costing thousands of dollars. It was carefully designed to placate citizens' concerns about the project's high sound barrier walls created to buffer noise from the freeway. However, Ted and his artist/activist friend, Arturo Tello, bought a five-dollar videotape and drove down the frontage road along which the wall was to be built, filming out the car window as they went. After the developer's video was shown at a city council meeting, Ted showed his homemade video once and then rewound it and showed it again. But the second time he held a piece of black paper across the monitor, covering virtually the entire monitor except for a few inches at the top. Ted had computed the exact height of the wall and accurately depicted the visual impact it would



Bob Isaacson sitting behind Ted Rhodes on the Isaacson family horse "Buck" circa 1954

have on the surrounding area. The 200-person audience let out a collective gasp when they saw the true impact the wall would have on the city's views.

Another time, the developer went to great pains to minimize the traffic generated by the estimated increase of 5,040 daily car arrivals and departures that the development would generate. At a Planning Commission meeting, Ted and his colleagues responded to the hired consultant's report by mounting tiny toy cars on eight-foot strips on the wall behind the commission members until they had a colorful mosaic of 5,000 dangling cars. In response to steady attacks against the slow growth movement by the vitriolic local paper, *The Carpinteria Herald*, Ted and his colleagues published a 12-page tabloid of their own, which was then hand-delivered to 5,000 registered voters.

Ted also became involved in the acquisition efforts of the Citizens for the Carpinteria Bluffs. This organization was co-founded in 1996 by Dorothy Campbell (Grandparent of Erin, CdeP '99) after a series of heated public hearings over yet another development proposal for The Bluffs. Aided by the negotiation efforts of the Land Trust of Santa Barbara County, a purchase price of 3.95 million dollars was negotiated for 52 acres of the 81-acre property. Now Ted entered a new stage of the process: raising money, lots of it, from a small community. State and Federal grants also helped out, and one of the first was written by Carolyn Chandler, CdeP '81, who was then working for the Land Trust. In the fall of 1998, when the make-it-or-break-it time came, Ted and his friends were faced with having to raise \$35,000 a day for four months in order to

meet the purchase deadline. Gathering the support of over 2,900 individuals, families, private foundations, and public agencies, the citizens group managed to raise an astounding \$4.65 million in two years, which included a \$500,000 endowment fund to maintain The Bluffs.

Those were crazy months for Ted, months filled with brainstorming ideas to raise money: art sales, child penny drives, yard sales, car washes, farmers' market tables. Ted and his colleagues designed flyers and brochures and, of course, applied for major grants. One of the more unusual ideas, in which I got involved, was to have everybody named "Bob" donate 10 dollars to meet a \$1,000,000 naming appeal. The Bluffs would then be named "Bobs' Bluffs." So one day I showed up at The Bluffs with dozens of other "Bobs" for a group picture. I never did find out how much money the "Bob" fundraising project actually raised. Creativity, absurdity, desperation... Ted and his allies used whatever worked. Nonetheless, when Ted and his allies were put under that sort of pressure, they really did produce. Over

\$850,000 was raised through modest, individual donations alone. That's not bad for a small town.

As Ted has said of that period, "I was on top of a wild elephant. My job was to make sure it was charging in the right direction." Many of Ted's colleagues in The Bluffs fight were veteran activists or fundraisers themselves, but Ted had to call on all of his personal talents to keep them all heading in the right direction. His skills with a camera, his music, his knowl-

edge of film and video, his trouble shooting ability as a key grip in Hollywood, his organizing talents, his shrewd political savvy, his persuasive speaking and writing ability, his use of

humor to hold together overworked volunteers, his profound commitment to make things better for others and the next generation—all of these distinct strands within Ted's life helped to support him during his many years of hard work to save The Bluffs. Of course, having the enthusiastic support of his wife, Joanie, and his children, Jesse and Rachel, during those years of long public hearings and late night organizational meetings made a big difference. Ted justly deserved the



"Country Road at The Bluffs"

© 1990 Ted Rhodes

"Local Heroes 1999: Ted Rhodes—Activist" award given by a local paper.

Finally, The Bluffs have been secured. The Land Trust for Santa Barbara County now holds a conservation easement, protecting The Bluffs forever from development, and The Bluffs themselves have been given to the City of Carpinteria. It is finally finished, after all of these years—or so I thought. A few weeks ago I stopped by to see Ted at his Carpinteria home, and he was fuming. Now Union Pacific Railroad has applied to build a large siding on its right-of-way that passes through The Bluffs parcel. A row of huge train cars could be left there for hours or even days at a time, blocking the spectacular view of the ocean. "Now I'm spending half of every day fighting this new battle," Ted laments, adding with his inevitable chuckle, "and here I am, a former member of the Thatcher Railroad Club!" Then, after a reflective pause, Ted adds, "But, you know, Bob, we've already fought other giants. We'll beat this one, too... If not, well, at least I'll be able to look my kids in the eye and tell them we gave it our best shot." 🌱



Adult Education painting class pictured in "Continuing Inspiration," used for post card, The Bluffs campaign, and numerous publications © 1998 Ted Rhodes

David P. Livermore, CdeP '73

A "Wrangler" Protects Our Last Frontier

by John W. Busterud, CdeP '72,
and Richard E. Sheahan

John Muir observed in *My First Summer in the Sierra* that: "When we try to pick out anything by itself, we find it hitched to everything else in the Universe." David Livermore, CdeP '73, loves this quote. Indeed, Dave has demonstrated throughout his life and professional career that he understands the critical linkages between sustainable economic progress and environmental protection. For the past 20 years in his work for The Nature Conservancy ("T.N.C."), Dave has been a self-described "real estate agent for the environment." In an era where business and the environment have often clashed, Dave has enjoyed unprecedented success as the Utah State Director for the T.N.C. by forging numerous alliances between business and environmental interests to preserve hundreds of thousands of acres of environmentally-sensitive habitat in one of our country's last great frontiers.

Dave's love for the natural environment took root at an early age. At "Montesol," the Livermore family ranch on Mount St. Helena, and on family pack trips in the Sierras, Dave got his first taste of hiking, camping, fishing, and hunting. After attending Marin Country Day School, Dave entered Thacher where he thrived in the outdoor setting. He especially loved the Horse Program and became an "A-Camper" despite suffering through subarctic conditions on his first camping trip, an overnight to Spruce Falls with Mr. Lamb. Although he would deny this, Dave was also a gifted and well-rounded athlete. He co-captained the Basketball Team and played first base for the Baseball Team. It is no coincidence that both teams went to the C.I.F. Playoffs with Dave in the starting lineup.

After graduating from Thacher in 1973, Dave traveled east to attend Williams College. He majored in American Studies, writing his thesis on the American Cowboy. Dave graduated with honors in 1977, winning among other prizes, the Awards for Best Senior Student in American History and Best Senior Thesis.

During his time at Williamstown, Dave also traded in his time-honored Thacher nickname—"Big Liver"—for a new moniker: "Wrangler." This requires an explanation. Although the details are somewhat obscure, we are informed by reliable sources that Dave earned his nickname after one particularly eventful Saturday night when he was observed performing tricks with his lariat that included roping a few unsuspecting coeds on the main street of Williamstown, Massachusetts. All this

and an honor graduate, too! It is no wonder that Dave became a living legend at Williams.

During high school and college, Dave's love for the outdoors and commitment to land preservation was forged by eight summers working as a wrangler and guide, first in Colorado and later in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. On horseback, Dave came to appreciate first hand that the Intermountain West was truly America's last frontier and a finite resource worth protecting.

Dave returned to Thacher following college to work in the Admission Office. During that time, according to former Admission Director Dick Sheahan, Dave was an invaluable asset to the School. Dick praised Dave as the "embodiment of just what most parents would want in a son" and, not surprisingly, Dave made a great impression on would-be Thacher students and their parents. Dick says that Dave played a big part in the significant increase in admissions applications during the late seventies. Dave also imparted fatherly advice to Dick on more than one occasion. Dave would say, "It's amazing what you can accomplish if you don't care who gets the credit."

Following his "second tour" at Thacher, Dave joined The Nature Conservancy in 1980. He was based in T.N.C.'s San Francisco Western Regional Office, which handled all of California and 13 western states. Dave was assigned to cover uncharted territory for T.N.C. in the Great Basin states of Utah and Nevada.

In his first year with T.N.C., Dave roomed with John Busterud, CdeP '72, his long-time friend, School-mate, and teammate from Marin Country Day School and Thacher. Although by this time Dave had cleaned up his "Wrangling" act to some extent, John tells us that Dave still cooked with—and, on occasion, ate from—blackened pots given to him from Camp Supply at Thacher as a going-away present by Bill Wyman and Chuck Warren in 1980.

Since joining T.N.C., Dave has seen the



organization grow at an amazing pace. In 1980, T.N.C. had roughly 300 employees nationally and 200,000 members. Today T.N.C. has 3,000 employees, an office in every state, 1.2 million members, and an operating budget exceeding \$250 million. Using a "Quiet" approach to encourage voluntary and charitable conservation, T.N.C. has become the 17th largest charity in America and is truly the "best in its class" when it comes to preservation of ecologically sensitive land.

Highlights from Dave's numerous T.N.C. projects over the past 20 years include:

Ash Meadows: This was a huge project in Dave's early years with T.N.C.. Ash Meadows is the largest oasis in the Mojave Desert. Dave raised \$5.5 million to purchase 12,000 acres of this sensitive habitat near Death Valley for over 20 plant, animal, and invertebrate species



Dave worked as a wrangler and guide in Colorado and Wyoming for eight summers—the best summers of his life

found nowhere else on Earth, including the endangered Desert Pupfish. The project was written up in *Newsweek* and the *New York Times*.

Ruby Valley: This was a 9,200-acre preservation project near Elko, Nevada, involving sensitive wetlands and upland habitat ringing Franklin Lake. Dave used every tool at T.N.C.'s disposal to close this deal, including conservation easements, zero-interest loans, and \$1.5 million in risk capital.

Desert Tortoise: Dave was a key member of a coalition which put together a multi-million dollar mitigation plan to save the Desert Tortoise, an endangered species. This plan, which also allowed development in the Las Vegas Valley to continue, raised over \$20 million for desert tortoise protection and preserved over

one million acres of critical tortoise habitat in southern Clark County.

Question 5: Dave worked tirelessly to create and then campaign successfully for the passage of "Question 5," a 1990 Nevada bond issue that raised \$47.2 million for parks and wildlife.

The Dugout Ranch: In Dave's view, the most significant project of his career was the 1997 acquisition of the 250,000-acre Dugout Ranch in the heart of Utah's Canyon Country at the gateway to Canyonslands National Park. The deal took four years to negotiate and required raising \$6.5 million to purchase and endow the Ranch. In addition to receiving extensive local and regional media coverage, the Dugout Ranch story appeared on the front page of the Sunday Business Section of the *New York Times*. One of the things that makes the

Dugout Ranch story special to Dave is the fact that Thatcher teacher David S. Lavender loved this area and wrote eloquently about the Dugout Ranch in one of his first books, *One Man's West*.

During his 20 years with T.N.C., Dave has started both the Nevada and Utah field offices and is proud of the growth of T.N.C.'s programs in both states. In Utah alone, T.N.C. has 8,300 members, 15 employees, 400

volunteers and an operating budget of \$1.5 million. The Utah Chapter, over which Dave now presides as State Director, has completed



Dave at the Livermore family ranch with his daughter Jen

106 conservation projects preserving almost 800,000 acres of public and private lands.

Those of us who have followed Dave's conservation career have marveled at his success in protecting large areas of sensitive and threatened parts of Nevada and Utah, states that have heretofore not made conservation a priority. We knew he was modest and selfless, capable, and hardworking and easy with himself and others. He suffers fools gladly. What we didn't realize is that Dave is quite fearless and convincing when asking people to help T.N.C.. As Steve McCormick, former director of the California T.N.C. office, put it: "Dave is so personable and easy with important and successful people. It's a great gift in our business. He's totally dependable and fearless when making cold cultivation calls to our leadership prospects who we hope will support the Conservancy's programs. Last year Dave presented a case for support to one of Utah's largest charitable foundations. It carried a price-tag of \$10 million. After considering the proposal, the trustees offered \$8 million and Dave felt he'd

In Clark County, Nevada, Dave helped broker a multi-million dollar mitigation plan to preserve the rare desert tortoise



let us down, which was not the case since the Conservancy was quite elated at the prospect of this major contribution. I kind of think that if the foundation had agreed to the \$10 million Dave would have worried that he should have asked for more.”

Similarly, Laurel Mayer, T.N.C.’s attorney for the western division, praises Dave’s success: “I’ve worked with Dave on several conservation proposals in Nevada and Utah. The Ash Meadows project was a real coup for Dave and the Conservancy.”

Looking back on it now, Dave is not surprised that he chose to pursue a career in conservation. As Dave puts it: “In this age of the human genome, I am sure they will discover that most Livermores have a ‘conservation gene!’ My grandmother worked to save Angel Island in San Francisco Bay and was founder of the Marin Conservation League. My father, a one-time Director of the Sierra Club, served as Secretary for Resources under Reagan and had a long career in conservation. My Uncle Put was involved in starting the Trust for Public Land. My Uncle John has been a leader in public lands mining reform. My cousin Dick has been active in the Peninsula Open Space Trust and my brother Sam currently serves as Chairman of the Yosemite Fund.”



Today as Utah State Director of the T.N.C., Dave lives with his wife Rebecca and daughter Jennifer in a quiet suburban neighborhood near downtown Salt Lake City. Rebecca, a graduate of Rhode Island School of Design, is busy with her graphics design business and with the care and feeding of a precocious nine-year-old.

In the early days, Dave covered the Great Basin states of Utah and Nevada in his pickup truck



Under Dave’s leadership, the Conservancy’s Utah Chapter acquired the 250,000-acre Dugout Ranch at the gateway to Canyonlands National Park

While Dave also credits T.N.C. for much of his success, he acknowledges the importance of his family roots. As Dave puts it: “Bill Wyman used to joke that there have been so many tall Livermores at Thatcher, they shouldn’t be measured in numbers, but in feet!” We’d like to suggest a variation of this theme: Take all the Livermores who have been involved in conservation, add up the results of their conservation actions and come up with a total number of ‘Livermore acres saved.’”

Whether you credit his family, his schooling, or his years with T.N.C., Dave Livermore has built a highly successful and rewarding career on the bulwark of public service. For Dave, the natural environment is truly “hitched to everything else in the Universe.” Conservation is Dave Livermore’s calling in life and for that we can all be grateful. 🌱





Michael G. Jones, CdeP '73

If Anyone Deserves an Apple...

by Andrew F. Herr, CdeP '73

In the late sixties and early seventies, many of Thacher's traditions fell by the wayside. Aside from the general turmoil in American education, specific institutions at Thacher were challenged and rejected. Worse, however, was the cynicism with which most young people viewed society and their ability to influence it. Against this backdrop, one Thacher tradition maintained its prominence: community service. Rooted in Sherman Day Thacher's vision of the role of education and the responsibilities of individuals, Thacher offered numerous community service options. While many students dabbled in various volunteer activities, a few viewed these extracurricular tasks as the core focus of their education. And, only a few

Thacher students in the early seventies had a stronger belief in community service than Michael Jones.

Michael Jones was drawn to Thacher in part because of his Godfather, Rev. Charles H. "Kelly" Clark, CdeP '44 (Trustee from 1995 to present), who felt that two aspects of Thacher's program coincided well with Michael's interests: a strong Outdoors Program and an environment where one could

follow a path similar to Kelly's: helping others and education. Furthermore, Michael saw Thacher as a place to expand his growing interest in community service. Instead of "just sitting around" during the summer before starting Thacher, Michael's mother, Cynthia, encouraged him to go to the Volunteer Bureau. They steered him toward Play Patio, a program that provided day care, education, and recreation to underprivileged youngsters, created by Mayfield School students in Pasadena. This experience opened a new world for Michael in which he could have a substantive impact on the lives of others while learning to teach. He loved it and spent the following summer teaching at Play Patio, as well.

At Thacher, Michael found a strong mentor in Marvin Shagam, architect of many Thacher's community service efforts at the time. Beyond that, however, Mr. Shagam was a consistent and strong advocate of defining responsibility in terms of society at large—not just in terms

of the individual. Marvin encouraged Michael to pursue a career in education.

While Michael immersed himself in traditional Thacher activities (lacrosse team captain, dorm prefect, and so forth), he continued acquiring expertise that, in time, would shape his entire life. First, Michael began learning Spanish. Although not necessarily appreciated at the time, the hours spent in Mr. Miller's Spanish classes—or worse, in the language lab practicing his vocabulary and pronunciation—led Michael to master Spanish, a skill that continues to serve him well. Second, he continued to seek ways of working in the education field, including volunteering at schools in Ojai and working at schools during his summer breaks. By his senior year, education was not just an interest; it was his primary focus. For his senior project Michael taught at a Navajo special-education school, St. Michael's Mission, near Window Rock, Arizona, in the Four Corners reservation. The elements of his project—community service for underprivileged children and education for Navajo kids—were consistent with both his core interests and the culmination of his work at Thacher.

Michael traveled a path directly towards a career in education. At a time when many Thacher graduates spent time during and after college trying to determine what to do with their academic knowledge and interests, Michael went to college focused on becoming an educator. He attended the University of California, Santa Cruz, in part because of its small, yet strong Education Department. (The campus's proximity to world-class surfing may have been an influence, as well.) Similar to his Thacher career, Michael sought situations where he could teach use his Spanish skills. For six months, Michael lived in a small village, Tepic Nayarit, Mexico, and taught in a local, federally-funded, public school, while attending classes at a Mexican teacher's college. His dual interests in Spanish and Education merged into a deep interest in bilingual education. He graduated from Santa Cruz in 1977 with a bachelor's in Latin American Studies.

Michael's first full-time teaching was in the Watsonville School district, working with fourth and fifth graders. This District was particularly appealing to Michael because of the heavy proportion of Spanish-speaking students. His interest in bilingual education coincided with both the needs of the community and the expanding practice of bilingual education.



Like most educators, Michael relishes the personal satisfaction and rewards that his profession offers, even though these may not be realized immediately. During his first year of teaching fifth grade, Michael was confronted with a classroom challenge that he had been warned about in Teacher's College. The entire year became a contest between Michael and one student, who was determined to disrupt Michael's class and undermine Michael's authority at every possible turn. Although Michael survived the year, he was more than a little discouraged. He convinced himself that he had been unable to educate—much less control—this fifth grader. He also questioned his ability to deal with his lack of success on an on-going basis. After all, one of his primary interests in education was his ability to have a positive impact on children's academic pursuits and their lives.

Michael returned to the classroom the next fall and chalked the previous year up to a bad experience. Eight or nine years later, however, Michael attended a conference and talked with a colleague who had taught in the California Youth Authority. In sharing their experiences, they both realized that they had taught the same troubled child, years apart. Michael was saddened but not terribly surprised to learn that this kid had not fared well. The colleague then told him about a writing exercise in which he asked the youths to write an essay on "who had had the strongest positive influence in their lives." Much to Michael's surprise, the kid had written his essay about Mr. Jones, his fifth-grade teacher.

While continuing his day job, Michael attained a master's degree in administration from the University of California, San Francisco, in 1984. He married Joyce Shimizu; they have two sons: Maxwell (15 years old) and Sam (11 years old). As a family, they enjoy traveling and spending time with friends in the Santa Cruz environment.

In 1987, Michael was named the Assistant Principal of the Rolling Hills Middle School (part of the Watsonville School District). Two years later, he became Principal of the Alianza School, a 750-student K-6 school. He has been a consistent and strong supporter of bilingual education and fought the recent California Proposition 227 that sought to eliminate bilingual education. When this Proposition passed, Michael preserved their two-way bilingual immersion program that teaches Spanish to English-speaking students, and English to Spanish-speaking students, by changing it to a charter school. Only a few hundred such schools in the nation offer this two-way bilingual approach, and many children have benefited, but Michael and his staff continue to face challenges in helping all the students in their district.

Despite the controversial nature of bilingual education in California, Michael believes his

direct experience in the classroom is a valid counter-argument against doing away with bilingual education. In proper Thatcher tradition, too, he has been a strong advocate for measures in which he believes. Michael has no regrets with his career choice. The rewards—which are largely non-monetary—are deeply satisfying. The experience of giving to his community and seeing the impact of his work in changed lives and better education, outweighs the long hours and the frustrations of administering a school in tough political and financial times. 🍏



Michael and his Apple have been great partners in helping students in the Watsonville School District



Ellen C. Loebel, CdeP '83

Redefining Rich

by Jane D. McCarthy

Rich. The word conjures thoughts of possessing great material wealth and the attendant extravagant homes, lavish cars, and exotic vacations.

But what if the word is only a name and it's a misnomer, at that? A poor fellow named Rich was addicted to cocaine for over half of his 35 years. His drug addiction led him to a short stretch in the Santa Clara County jail and then a recovery house, which he claims saved his life. He had dropped out of high school; he could read, but his writing skills needed help. His prospects for living a productive life looked bleak.

Rich is one of the lucky ones. Seeing Ellen a few times each month for over a year now, his writing has improved enough to be included in a compendium of learners' writing and another was read at a celebratory picnic. He just finished his first year of being clean, worked his way off probation, and received training to work in the Santa Clara County Library Program alongside Ellen in teaching literacy to others in his situation. As well, he worked his way up to a supervisorial position with a painting company, where he's worked since his release from the recovery house.

Ellen followed in the footsteps of her siblings, Susan, CdeP '80, and Jeff, CdeP '79, by coming to Thacher. Since Sue was a boarder even though her family lived in Ojai, Ellen met many of her friends, was quite impressed with them, and surmised that a lot was happening on campus (especially compared to downtown Ojai). Faced with the other local options for high school, she chose to board at Thacher. She was still homesick though. She remembers standing with her advisor, Phyllis Johnston, gazing over the Ojai from behind Casa during her first week. Phyllis pointed out, "Your home is right over there. How can you be homesick?" The Johnstons, Fred Lamb, and Mr. Hauge were her favorite teachers, and fostered her interest in English, history, and French.

What classmate Rene Ancinas likes most about Ellen is her sense of humor and her self-deprecating manner. "It makes sense that she's in the work she's in because she was always her own person. She was never interested in being the smartest or most popular person on campus. She's a strong individual who beat to her own drum." This assessment of Ellen is evident in Rene's favorite story of her. On their first horse-camping trip up to The Pines with Chuck Warren, Ellen was afraid she'd be cold so she wore all of her clothes and her down parka when she climbed into her sleeping bag that evening. Most already know the outcome: she froze from not letting her body heat warm the air sequestered in the bag. "She took it in stride," remembers Rene, "and it was a recurring theme of joking between us throughout our time at Thacher."

Having known Ellen since they were quite small, classmate Clint Wilson agrees with Rene's assessment of Ellen, and adds that she's always been "very patient, kind, sometimes shy, but reaches out when people need



Fortunately for Rich, one Thacher graduate cares greatly for those who are less fortunate and really enjoys giving back to the community. Ellen Loebel works for the Santa Clara County Library Reading Program, the adult literacy program of the County Library. This program serves English-speaking adults who read or write below the ninth-grade level in the county jail, recovery houses, and at branch libraries throughout the County. Ellen's focus is on working with adults who have left the jail

program or who are in recovery programs. She helps addicts and alcoholics acquire the language tools needed to function better in society and obtain employment. She assesses their language, reading, or writing problems, and works with them once a week. Unfortunately, she is often unable to work with many of her clients for much more than a few months since they are typically in court-mandated recovery programs or have recently been released from jail, and have other more pressing needs to fulfill (i.e., food and shelter). Obviously, this is a rough time for these people, who must recreate "clean" lives, learn how to make a living, and develop skills to handle social situations that support their new lifestyle. It's no wonder that recidivism runs high as people realize how difficult it is to break the cycle that started them down a rocky road in the first place.

her...That may be why she's good at her current job. I think she's more empathetic and sensitive than people first see."

Indeed, Ellen has reached out to others throughout her life, starting when she tutored at San Antonio Elementary School in Ojai, while attending Thacher. "The funny thing, though, is that I started thinking about a career in teaching at the high school level," so off she went to the University of Rochester to double major in French and English. Once she graduated, she knew there was no way she wanted to teach, and considered, instead, to do something in marketing and P.R. She took an eight-month internship for the Baltimore Orioles' farm team, the Rochester Red Wings, and then returned to California, to intern part-time at a bicycling magazine in Glendale. In her spare time, she worked as a Park Ranger at Lake Castitas in Ojai. She then landed a job teaching French and English as a Second Language (E.S.L.) at Ojai Valley School before taking what looked to be her "dream job": developing publications and brochures for a company that charters sailboats around the world. She even got to live on a houseboat in Sausalito. As it turned out, though, the company didn't have enough work and most of her time centered on answering the phone.

Ellen's next job was at Matthew Bender Publishing Company in Oakland, where she edited copy for law books in the hopes of learning how to do desktop publishing. She remembers telling her attorney father, "How can you read this stuff? It's so boring!" In order to not go crazy cooped up in an office all day, Ellen started volunteering for Oakland's literary program that focuses on teaching adults whose language skills are below the ninth-grade level. She found these "learners'" techniques for attaining information fascinating, since many employed various self-taught methods rather than the rote memorization and spewing out of facts that is so typical in many learning situations.

The learners and volunteers in this Program make six-month commitments to work together; unfortunately, the interactions seldom last that long due to work schedules, inconvenience in attending sessions, and frustration, leading to high turn-over rates. Ellen did find, however, that her volunteer work was more rewarding and interesting than her job. She decided to become a high school English teacher by enrolling at Holy Names College, where she received a master's degree in English and a secondary teaching credential. At that time, an adult education credential could be attained by simply completing some paper work, which she did. She started substitute teaching in both junior and senior high schools, but found the constant discipline issues and the students' lack of respect or appreciation for her efforts were not very gratifying. On the flip side, she found

her adult learners, for the most part, to be motivated since they were taking time out of their lives to learn; they were, generally, more respectful, attentive, and appreciative.

About this time, Ellen decided to see more of the world. A friend told her about a one-month training program followed by a one-year teaching assignment in an E.S.L. program anywhere in the world. Costa Rica was Ellen's next home base; teaching, camping on the beach, and making friends with various people from around the world who'd come to teach in Costa Rica were the perks.

Upon her return to California, Ellen worked as an E.S.L. teacher since full-time employment in adult education is extremely rare. Usually, these teachers, Ellen included, have two to three part-time positions to make ends meet and, therefore, they don't get benefits. Finally, three years ago, Ellen took her present position with the Santa Clara County Library Reading Program. "This is the best job I've ever had," because of her co-workers and the learners with whom she works. "It's wonderful to help others and give back to the community in such a tangible way. It's satisfying to see how appreciative our clients are for our efforts and for just being treated like humans, which is uncommon in a jail setting." The salary is low, but the rewards are worth it. "Many people don't understand why I enjoy this kind of work. I'd much rather be satisfied with my work and know I'm making a difference in other peoples' lives than have a boring job with a huge salary and benefits."

If one returns to Ellen's senior page in the 1983 *El Archivero*, a quotation from the *Brothers Karamazov* appears:

"And even if we are occupied with most important things, if we attain to honour or fall into great misfortune—still let us remember how good it was once here, when we were all together, united by a good and kind feeling which made us better perhaps than we are."

Ellen has chosen an honorable career path that makes herself—and others—better than they would otherwise be, despite the misfortunes they endure. 🌱



Alumni Profiles



Randal Scott Bessolo, CdeP '83

Enriching His Life through Stewardship

by Eric P. Butts '01

and Derick S. Perry, CdeP '83

Helping disabled children ride horses. Cleaning up after others at public parks. Serving the homeless at a soup kitchen. Being a Big Brother to inner-city lads.

This is but a sampling of the volunteer jobs that Randy Bessolo, CdeP '83, has taken on throughout his academic and professional career. He comments, "Volunteering to help has always been an integral part of my life, though I admit at times it seemed selfish to me. I have been able to establish meaningful relationships with incredible people just by giving my time. They probably don't understand that I have benefited from these relationships more than they have." Randy credits his interest in community service to his



role models: parents, grandparents, siblings, teachers, and coaches. He says, "I was the beneficiary of a strong family and great educational opportunity, which taught me the value of positive role models and the good I could do by striving to be a strong role model for young people without the same advantages." This call to stewardship has led to many meaningful and long-lasting relationships for Randy. Those words of wisdom were a call to action.

The second of three children, Randy followed in the footsteps of his older brother Jim, CdeP '81, by coming to Thacher, where he excelled in sports and academics. His senior advisor, James Register, wrote that Randy had "an excellent career at Thacher...one which has seen him grow in maturity and self-assurance, for which he has been richly rewarded." Randy's academic record was stellar throughout his Thacher career and earned him induction into the Cum Laude Society; commendations in history, math, and science; and admission to Columbia. His favorite part of Thacher, however, was athletics to which Mr. Register wrote: "[as Captain,] he took Thacher's Varsity Basketball Team to the semifinals of C.I.F. Small Schools Championship. And his consistent and outstanding efforts were rewarded by being named First Team, Small School's Division on the All-Southern-California High Schools Bas-

ketball Team, an honor no other Thacher student has ever won," or has won since. He was also named "Most Valuable Player" for the Varsity Baseball Team in his senior year.

One of Randy's most memorable moments at Thacher was during the Third Round of the aforementioned C.I.F. playoffs: Thacher was down by nine points to Flintridge Preparatory School, with two minutes to go in the fourth quarter. Somehow Thacher eked out a victory. Randy remains close to many of his teammates from those days including Jon Blinderman, Thacher English teacher Derick Perry, Bobby Henshel, Diogba Gbye, and Lorne Green.

Another memory Randy shared pertained to his brother Jim. Since they were only two years apart, Randy got to do something that many younger brothers dream of: play on the same Basketball Team. More memorable was the fact that his brother and he played baseball together. Randy played catcher and Jim pitched so Randy fondly remembers catching for his brother who was the star pitcher and captain of the Team. Randy later followed in his brother's footsteps as captain of the Baseball Team.

In addition to athletic achievements at Thacher, Randy enjoyed Gymkhana. During his junior year, Headmaster Bill Wyman and he attempted the Rescue Race, which ended prematurely when both fell from the horse. They tried again the following year but this time Mr. Wyman injured himself on the saddle horn and was unable to complete the race. Other faculty members who made a lasting impression include Mr. Shagam (Latin), Mr. Twichell (freshman math), Fred Lamb, CdeP '40 (U.S. and Film History), and John Hanna, Randy's science and math teacher as well as coach for the back-to-back League Championship Basketball Teams.

With his busy academic and sports schedule, Randy found little time to participate in Thacher's Community Service Program. He did, however, volunteer to teach disabled children to ride horses at the Hale Creek Riding Club when at home in Tiburon. Thacher provided Randy with something that he would carry with him for the rest of his life. While he recognizes Thacher as his best educational experience, Randy also credits Thacher's "honor, fairness, kindness, and truth" for helping him to become the person that he is today. After matriculating to Columbia University, Randy found he had extra time due to his rig-



orous academic preparation at Thacher. He sought ways to give back to the community, an activity that continues today. For instance, Randy has worked with one young man in New York's Catholic Big Brother Program, starting when this lad was eight. Randy's commitment to this boy continued, even though



Randy with mentoree David Carnegie

Randy moved to Harvard's Business School, and then to Chicago to start his career. In all, Randy has devoted over 10 years to this fellow who is now in college himself.

Randy got started with mentoring when one of his fraternity brothers of Phi Gamma Delta (or "Fiji"), mentioned it as an activity in which the fraternity might get involved. As fraternity president, Randy got his Greek brothers to help clean public parks, volunteer at local soup kitchens, and mentor in the local Big Brother program. Randy still found time to play on both the Junior Varsity and Varsity Basketball Teams at Columbia until knee surgery during his junior year side-lined him from the team; instead, he served as the team's volunteer assistant coach.

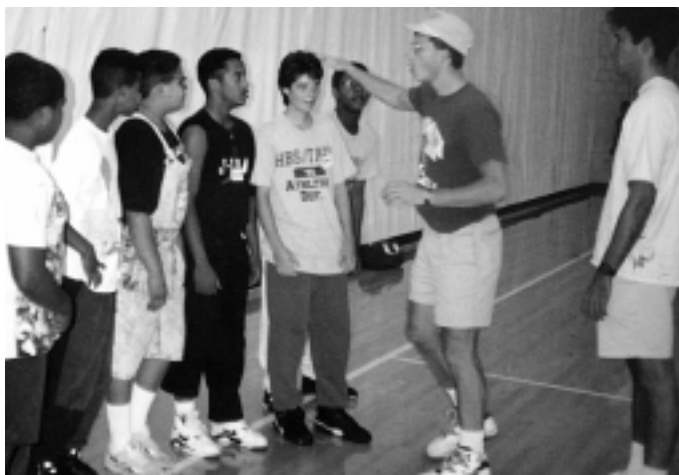
Following Columbia, Randy found a way to combine his desire to help others and his love of basketball. While attending Harvard, Randy coached students from Taft Junior High School in Boston. He found that these youngsters benefited not only from his knowledge of the game, but learned that by working hard at practice, playing well together, and setting goals, they could attain more than they thought possible and take pride in their team's efforts.

Randy continues to combine these two aspects of his life by volunteering at the Mercy Boys Home—formerly an orphanage that became a foster home for children whose parents are unable to care for them. Randy is a player/coach for the Home's basketball program. During each of the past two years, Randy took 50 kids from the Home to a DePaul University basketball game to meet the players and coaches. Each summer he also sponsored eight Mercy boys to attend DePaul's basketball camp. This foster home actually reminds Randy of

Thacher because of the good interaction between the adult faculty and the young men who live there. Randy also tutors kids in Cabrini Green, a low-income neighborhood.

In addition to community service, Randy is a partner of a rapidly growing commercial real estate firm, Transwestern Investment Company. During the past four years, Transwestern has grown from Randy and three partners to having over 70 employees. He also acquires and renovates small apartment buildings in Chicago with a partner.

Beyond his busy work and community service schedule, Randy's biggest frustration is not being able to play basketball like he could during his first two years of college. He still plays on basketball and baseball teams in various leagues throughout Chicago, but, as his speed gradually decreases, he's focusing on pursuing a coaching career. This fall he is a rookie coach in the Illinois Warriors A.A.U. basketball program, which has produced several N.B.A. players, including Darius Miles, Quentin Richardson, and Corey Magette. Randy lives with his black Labrador retriever, Roscoe, and has a girlfriend, Kathleen, who he has been dating for three years.



Randy coaching Taft Junior High basketball team

There are many definitions of success but whether it be having a successful job, being able to give time to the community, playing a college sport at the Division I level, or having people look up to you, Randy fits the description. Having achieved all of these things, Randy continues to do more. In so doing, he fits a much more genuine definition of success, which is not a destination, but the quality of the journey to get there. 🏆

Kenneth O. Rhodes

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was honored for his service with an honorary degree and President's Medal from the Graduate School, and received the award of "Outstanding Trustee of the Year at a Private College" from the Association of the Governing Boards of Universities and Colleges at a ceremony in San Francisco in 1984. "He's a man for all seasons," said John D. Maguire, president of Claremont University Center and Graduate Schools. "I feel truly fortunate to have someone with such sensitivity, wisdom, and energy leading our board."

Active at All Saints Episcopal Church, Ken taught Sunday School, served on the Vestry, and chaired committees to replace the pipe organ, direct construction of a new building, and search for a new minister. He personally visited and interviewed all seventeen candidates, and helped make All Saints a vibrant church, with an activist minister who preaches with a "Bible in one hand and a newspaper in the other." The church has taken courageous stands on current issues, such as the Vietnam War, nuclear weapons, the homeless, AIDS, ordination of woman, free choice for women, and peace and justice.

Practicing law independently for more than 30 years, Ken specialized in wills, trusts, estates, guardianships, and forming corporations; then in 1980 he joined a law firm. In spite of his many commitments, he always had time for his family, whether helping his children with studies, building toy castles, tree houses and doll houses, and teaching them tennis, skiing, and body surfing. There were many family pack trips in the High Sierras, camping in Baja, rafting the Yampa and Glen Canyon, and exploring Glacier Park. After their children left home, Ken and Betty traveled widely, including three treks in the Himalayas, on one trip hiking 300 miles and climbing over a 17,000 foot pass when in their sixties.

Ken retired, if that is the correct term, in 1990, and has remained busy ever since, delighting grandchildren, writing, studying painting at Pasadena City College, and becoming active, not surprisingly, in the P.C.C. foundation, as vice president. He enjoys keeping up with Thacher, Scripps, and other organizations he has worked with, and undoubtedly will volunteer for new causes in the future, since "one thing leads to another. I have made so many wonderful friends," he adds. "You get more out of it than you put in."

Ken is still not careful whom he sits next to at meetings. 🌱

TOAD Talk

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He said, "successful leaders are individuals who are able to identify those basic emotional triggers in human beings that will produce a response. Those are the great communicators." He told me to ignore who wrote the book and simply read his words.

That conversation was a turning point for me. I realized that as repulsed as I was by the author, if I was going to communicate his message to my colleagues I had to open my mind to it. So I started to work on my presentation.

Communications Week started and I soon discovered the other books that my colleagues were assigned. My best friend was assigned *Alice in Wonderland*. He took us to Descanso Gardens and had us "chasing him" throughout the grounds—stopping at various points of interest to share the many wacky words of Lewis Carroll. Another friend was assigned Grimm's fairy tales. She was asked to write a fairy tale about our group of fellows and the lessons we were learning.

I was in absolute awe of my colleagues and also terribly concerned about the dark side of my book relative to their own. I was sure that I was doomed to failure.

My presentation took place in a quiet room in an art gallery. I blindfolded all of my colleagues and walked each of them into the room. I sat them in a half circle and placed on their back a sign with a racist term relative to their background or gender. I then began my speech regarding racism and human injustice. One at a time, I called three individuals forward and placed them in front of a television with images of injustice toward their particular group. As the rest of my colleagues watched, they were shocked and moved by what their colleagues were experiencing. They were angered and some even cried.

At that point, I stood before them and called them to action. I asked them to join me in doing all that was necessary to move against individuals who perpetuate these terrible deeds. I asked them to raise their arms with a "C" for Coro. They did, and so my presentation concluded.

I was amazed by my colleagues' unified reaction—no one held back. As we all stood there, our hands raised in the air, my trainers asked me to reveal my book. When I did my colleagues were shocked. We sat down and proceeded to discuss the book for several hours.

This was a very significant moment of tremendous learning for me. Today I often think back on everything that Communications Week taught me.

Many times, difficult tasks, particularly those that you have to face completely alone, help you discover parts of yourself that might otherwise never be revealed. Although they can be overwhelming, frustrating, even frightening, being alone and depending on yourself can be most fulfilling.

I encourage you to not be afraid of those tasks, and as the seniors have done, to embrace and to learn as much as you can from them. 🌱

Class Notes

by Cricket Twichell



"A Guy Thing"—Bill Crawford, CdeP '53, Karl Mertz, CdeP '68, Dick Rhodes, CdeP '59, Ted Rhodes, CdeP '65, Jim Lipman, CdeP '52, and Bill Dawson, CdeP '72, just before hitting the trail at Golden Trout Camp

1943

John West writes, "Same ol, same ol. Hunting—fishing—boating—traveling and piddling around the house. If you're coming to Florida, drop in!"

1944

Besides telling us about moving to the east side of the Connecticut River, John Griggs informed us that his wife Susan has a cottage in Scotland on the Black Isle Peninsula across from Inverness that is available for rent most of the year. Golf courses, tennis, fishing, beaches, and mountain hiking are all nearby. Check it out.

1945

After retiring from Pitney Bowes in December, 1999, Bill Webster felt the magnetic pull of the Ojai and moved to the Pierpont Cottages, just down the road from Thacher, where he is working part time in the Business Office.

1947

According to Tony Arnold, CdeP '46, "Leigh Cross appeared on our doorstep for a quick bite of lunch on his way south to Mexico for Christmas. He was accompanied by a charming lady, Vlema, and a large German Shepherd more alpha than Leigh himself. Leigh's present occupation is transforming a building in an industrial part of Vancouver into living quarters."

1948

Michael Dorst reports: Sam Wright, Peter Dunne, Bill Bucklin, Elliot Hayne, and Sandy Walker, CdeP '49, see each other from time to time here in San Francisco.

1951

Unfortunately, J. Brooks Crawford won't be at this year's Class Reunion because he'll be presenting a scientific (medical) paper in Switzerland at that time. How disappointing to miss the big 5-0.

1953

January 2001 is when Guy Lusignan will hang up his "gone fishin'" sign. He has already sold his forestry consulting firm and is looking forward to retiring...and visiting Thacher.

1954

From Dan Crotty: "Janet and I keep busy on the JESUS Film Development Board. This film of the life of Jesus has been seen by 3 billion people around the world."

As of January 14, Ric Laurence joined the ranks of retirees who spend their time golfing and sailing. He cruised to Vancouver and took the Rocky Mountaineer Train to Banff, Jasper, and Lake Louise. He also routinely visits the Delta and the wine country. Ric doesn't seem to miss work in the least!

1955

Rhodes Spedale, according to an admirer named Jack Huyler, "is a well-known and highly respected jazz pianist, who gave up a law practice to play." This fall Rhodes and his wife Janet traveled to New York City, where he met Susan and **Alex Farrand**, Delia and **John Haverly**, Bev and **Eric Knudsen**, Carol and **David Laylin**, and Bea and **Jim Taylor**. The whole gang then went to the Met with fabulous tickets arranged for them by classmate **Mitch Lathrop**, who is a board member of the Metropolitan Opera Company. This mini-reunion was such a success that plans are going full steam ahead for another get-together on April 20-22 at New Orleans during the French Quarter Festival. All members of 1955 are urged to come eat good food and listen to good music and spend time with good friends at the Big Easy.

It was decided, hands down, that **Alex Farrand** simply has to come to Golden Trout every summer. All he needs is a campfire in a wilderness setting and he's in his element. This summer Thacher graduates and their families were treated to entertainment by Alex who delighted everyone by singing colorful, funny, poignant cowboy songs. Alex and his wife Susan are antique dealers in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

1956

At a ceremony in Washington on Halloween eve, **Toby Rosenblatt** was awarded the Conservation Service Award (highest citizen award) by the Secretary of the Interior Bruce Babbitt. The Congressional Record of that day recognized Toby for his "extraordinary feats in various roles and over many years of public service to the community and for his outstanding work to preserve the scenic and recreational lands of our Golden Gate National Parks." Congrats!

Dirk ten Grotenhuis and his wife Susan enjoy their seven grandchildren even more than they enjoyed their own kids...

1957

"I could get used to this retirement idea," writes **Mike Bolduan**. "First year: cycled 8500 miles, read 45 books, and thoroughly enjoyed myself."

1958

"Some people think I do this for fun, but I really do it for a living," writes **William Strong**, who has been around the world twice this year and feels another trip coming on. "Made an interesting side trip down to Leyte Island, the island MacArthur returned to in the Philippines after he made his great promise. The Battle of Leyte Gulf was the final naval battle between the United States and Japanese navies in which the Japanese Navy was finished off as a fighting force in World War II."

Chris Carpenter has his hands full. As U.N. Resident Representative in Moscow, he is dealing with 200,000 refugees from Chechnya. After six years in Russia, he plans to return to Geneva in 2001.

Mike Ward joyously announces the arrival in August of a second granddaughter: Sophie Anne Murphy.

1962

An acclaimed new CD on Kool Koala Records is **Rich Look's Louisiana Moon**, an eclectic collection of songs about big cities, bayous, and love, set in New Orleans, New York, and Tokyo. To order: e-mail: Rich at richlook@aol.com, call at (504) 524-9857, or go through www.cdnow.com, www.amazon.com, www.theorchard.com, or www.louisiana musicfactory.com.

1963

Even the marmots were clapping their paws when **Arnie Moore** played his guitar and sang around the campfire this summer at Golden Trout. Arnie's wife **Jeanie Moore** was the Clean-up Goddess at the G.T.C. kitchen, charming the guests into volunteering to wield a dish towel or a broom. Arnie is a substitute teacher for L.A. Unified. Their son **Cosmo** is a big senior (6'9") in high school this year.



Arnie Moore, CdeP '63, Joe Hollow, CdeP '63, and Jeff Mason, CdeP '63 have a mini-reunion at Golden Trout Camp



Joe, CdeP '63, and Brenda Hollow and daughters

1965

In August **Bill Horvitz** and his wife **Patti Trimble** were featured performers at the 4th Annual Tuolumne Meadows Poetry Festival. At Golden Trout, we were treated to a pre-view of coming attractions when, around the evening campfire, Patti recited some of her poetry while Bill accompanied her on the guitar. Fabulous!

1967

After spending seven months of 1999 in Majuro, Republic of the Marshall Islands, where **Bob Kendig** taught a junior college course on Introduction to Business and his wife Sue taught high school and junior college English, the Kendigs sailed to New Caledonia and then to Australia.

Beyond teaching spirituality and Psychology at Santa Clara University and Holy Names College in Oakland, and working in the Office for parish of the Catholic diocese of San Jose, **Andy Kille** is pleased to announce the publication of *Psychological Biblical Criticism* by Fortress Press. It is one in a series of "Guides to Biblical Scholarship" which offers introductions to different methods of critical study of the Bible.

1969

Local boy does good! **Steve Huyler's** latest book, entitled *Meeting God: Elements of Hindu Devotion*, was published by Yale University Press and voted one of the top 10 books on religion in 1999 by *Publisher's Weekly*. If you are in Houston, TX, this fall you can catch his exhibition with the same title as his book; ditto if you're in India where the exhibit is touring the country courtesy of the U.S. government throughout 2000. It will then travel to museums around America for several years.

1970

Rod Turner brought his family to the 30th Reunion "and we had a wonderful time, enjoying dinner at the Twichells", a competitive tennis match with some other over-the-hill 1970 classmates, and a multi-instrument concert by **Marianne and Ames Anderson**."

1971

When ARCO was acquired by BP-Amoco, **Kris Meisling** was offered a job with BP-Amoco in Houston. "Hence I am moving to Houston." **Todd Oppenheimer's** prize-winning story (National Magazine Award), which was published on the cover of the July 1997 *Atlantic Monthly*, contains, according to Todd, "a sizeable bit of commentary from Kris Meisling, being as insightful and articulate as he always was at Thacher." Todd is now working on a new book about computers in school.



Parker, son of Dodie and Bill Dawson, CdeP '72, at Golden Trout Camp



Sophie Berenson, daughter of Betsy and Craig Berenson, CdeP '72, at Golden Trout Camp



Andy Herr, CdeP '73, preparing crème brûlée on one of his raft trips

1974

One of the pluses of attending U.C. Riverside is the opportunity to study modern European History under the aegis of **Randy Head**. He has an apartment in Riverside, but his permanent home is in La Jolla. He writes, "Send your best and brightest to U.C.!"

Dana Lynge is the proud poppa of a little guy named Bjorn, born in November, 1999.

1975

Julie and **Eric Thomas** have spawned two young 'uns, Ariel and Quinn. Says Eric, "If I'd known how much fun it is to have children, I would have done this years ago!"

Hats off to **Noah Rifkin**, who has been named Vice President of Policy and Legislative Affairs for Veridian Engineering, a company which provides information solutions for global security and safety and focuses on the aeronautics, information and space, and transportation sectors. Before joining forces with Veridian, Noah served as the first director of technology deployment for the U.S. Department of Transportation, appointed by President Clinton. He also served as Secretary Federico Pena's senior advisor on research and technology issues. Who would ever believe that "baby" wheeled onto the Pergola by "nurse" **Scott Le Fevre** one Halloween would achieve such heights!

1976

Nick Kent skied at Sugarbowl this past winter with **Jon Cicerone** and **Scott Christensen '68**.

Hart Woodson's seven-year-old daughter Elizabeth is finding a passion for music. She plays four instruments—violin, cello, piano and flute. "For her 'playathon,' she played the longest of any child—2.5 hours straight—and raised \$1,000. Maybe you should recruit her for your fundraising drive!" Hart is already making plans to come to the 25th Reunion.

As the Operations Officer for Verizon's Retail Division (formed last summer from the merger of G.T.E. and Bell Atlantic), **Frank Bennett** keeps out of trouble. He will take time off, however, to attend the Silver Anniversary of his Thacher graduation this coming June.

1977

What a wonderful addition to Golden Trout was **Meth Jiaravanont**, his wife Kazumi and their children—Michael, Mika, and Aili—who left the confusion of remodeling their home to bask in the splendor of the High Sierra. Kazumi writes, "We had a marvelous time at Golden Trout...surrounded by such natural beauty and peace. It was truly the highlight of our summer."

If you have to go to a rheumatology meeting, it might as well be in Nice, we always do say. So off **Andy Holman** went to Nice, while his family wended their way to Maine for the summer. Andy is doing research on fibromyalgia and hopes to have his third study published in three years.



Kazumi Jiaravanont, wife of Meth Jiaravanont, CdeP '77, with Cricket Twichell

1978

Marganne Winter Oxley enjoys life on the ranch with her husband David, CdeP '79 and children. David put up 6,000 tons of hay last summer; he definitely made hay while the sun was shining. Their son Will (who is taller than both of his folks) is applying to Thacher; their daughter Sandra will apply in three years. "How time flies...Babies do grow up."

1979

On September 24, **Jeff Loeb** became a married man when he and **Laura Ann Butler** agreed to keep steady company for the rest of their lives. The new Mr. and Mrs. Loeb reside in Charleston, S.C.

1980

Our condolences to **Sydney Robertson** whose mother, **Carmen Robertson**, was killed in a car accident in October. Sydney, her husband **George Pratt**, and their daughter **Carmen Mary Sue Pratt**, returned to Ojai this summer after spending an eventful year teaching at an American school in Beijing. They are now ensconced in Rennes, France, doing more of the same. Bets are that the **Pratts'** bearded collie, **Annie**, will become the sensation of Rennes.



Sydney Robertson, CdeP '80, with daughter Carmen Mary Sue Pratt

1981

"It's taken me 20 years to submit a class note," **Glen Gold** wrote recently. "I thought I should wait until something interesting had happened—and I lead as dull a life as I can manage." He finished his first novel *Carter Beats the Devil* in February, got an agent in March, sold the book to Hyperion in April, and spent May in Germany and England. His book is due out next September in the U.S., U.K., and Germany; "since the jacket copy will say I live with my wife, author **Alice Sebold**, Alice and I suspect we should get married sometime before then."

1982

Bailey Brophy Yates arrived last fall, just in time to move to Northern California where her dad, **Brad Yates**, is a personal coach and hypnotherapist.



Sandy Nicholson Watkins, CdeP '82, with son Christopher at Golden Trout Camp. Sandy is the first woman Thacher graduate to come to GTC with her family.

This spring **Marjo Wilson** was one of the nationally recognized artists exhibiting their works at the 10th Annual San Luis Obispo County Cattlemen's Association Western Art Show. This show, held at the Madonna Inn Hereford Ranch, is "a major cultural event," according to *Art of the West* magazine.

1983

Jack Stephenson has recently moved to Santa Monica where he'd love to see some other L.A. Toads. His phone number is (310) 260-1934.

Emily Williamson Hancock has her own "soccer mom" shuttle service, as she picks up and drops off her three off-spring at their various activities. Emily, **Janie Carroll Richardson**, and **Weston Richardson '80** had a rendezvous this summer in Santa Barbara.

It's been 11 years since **James Wiester** and **Suzumi** were married. "Our daughters, eight and five, know all their bad words in English." The Wiesters, their dog, and five chickens live in Nevada City, CA, where James works as lead carpenter for East Wind, Inc., a Japanese wood-working and home-building company.

Artist **Ted Heard** has a day job working in a restaurant; for the past 11 years, however, his passion has been painting. In his spare time he takes walks, reads a lot and enjoys going to church on Sundays. He sends a "hello" to all his classmates.

"Thoroughly enjoying the good married life," writes **Bruce Phillips**, who has left the tea business and is now doing consulting projects. Bruce and his bride are living in San Francisco.

A big welcome to **Nicholas Carnochan Catalan**, son of **Rodrigo** and **Sibyll Carnochan Catalan**. Nick made his debut on July 7, 2000.

Allison Glass still works for a non-profit whale research organization in Gloucester, MA (yes, the home of *The Perfect Storm* and, yes, she's seen George, Mark, etc.). She'll soon co-author a paper about humpback whale acoustics.

"Thacher occupies quite a large place in my heart and memory," writes **Mack Polhemus**. I know it's a cliché, but it's the truth: the friends I made at Thacher are like family. So thank you." Mack also wants to join the long line of those giving thanks to Terry and Cricket for dedicating their careers to Thacher. The Twichells plan to retire in June 2002. Mack lives in Venice and has three ankle biters: two girls and a boy all under the age of four. In addition to teaching film and writing for the last four years, he wrote and directed an independent movie called *The Scottish Tale*, a romantic comedy loosely based on *Macbeth*. It stars Joe Polhemus, CdeP '85, and has a cameo appearance by **Craig Golding** as a whacked-out poet. After a brief theatrical release, the film's on video as of this fall at Hollywood Video.

While cruising around Los Angeles, Mack has bumped into **Jack Stephenson**, **Anthony Marguleas**, **Mike Kong**, **Jon Blinderman**, **Craig Golding**, **Roderigo**, and **Sibyll Carnochan Catalan**.

1984

The Contra Costa Public Defenders are lucky to have **Liz Harrigan** on their team. Liz and her husband **Dan Groot** are living in Oakland.



Connor Wheaton is the son of Diana Lewis Callahan and Liam Callahan. Connor was born May 14, 2000.



Elisabeth North Kuechler Engelson, daughter of Mary Kuechler, when she was just two weeks old

Mary Kuechler is the proud momma of **Elisabeth North Kuechler Engelson**, born on May 17, 2000. "Elisabeth is already becoming an 'outdoorswoman'—we've been taking her hiking since week 3 and she loves it."

From **Peter Thacher**: "I'm fly-fishing, building two new dealerships, and taking care of Sherman Thacher's great, great, grandson, Jack. Savannah is a wonderful city. Y'all come visit." Peter recently got together with **Sophie Brown Twichell**, CdeP '85 and **Jon Twichell**, CdeP '83 when he was in Chicago.

Mark Fickes is now a Senior Associate with the law firm of Wilson, Sonsini, Goodrich and Rosati in Palo Alto, CA.



Carina and Nicolas Steeves, children of Claudia Orejuela, CdeP '84, and Mark Steeves

1985

From **Tony Thatcher**: "I'm happy to report that life is good! I happily have nothing else to report."

Eric Gross was busy teaching little guys in kindergarten all they need to know in life, but now he's the Bilingual Resource Teacher. He also started a master's program in education at Cal State University Monterey Bay. "Good to see everyone at the Reunion. I'm currently reading Melissa's book."

Congratulations to **Nicole DeFever** on her marriage to **David Martin** on June 17, 2000. The wedding took place at Montgomery Redwoods Grove in Ukiah, CA. Then off they went for a honeymoon to Siberia and St. Petersburg, where Dave's fluency in Russian came in handy.

Wedding bells rang for **Thatcher Brown** and **Jenny Doubleday** on April 29, 2000, in Amelia Island, Florida. Thatcher and his bride are enjoying living in the Bay Area where they hob-nob with Thacher cronies.

"Mina (five) and Micaela (two) are growing like crazy," writes **Greg Berglund**, the V.P. of Marketing for Frontgate. He sends regrets at having to miss the 15th Reunion. "I think of CdeP often."

Michelle Warren returned to Thacher to give a very well-received lecture to a standing-room only assemblage of Toads and faculty. No surprise to us that Michelle is a highly acclaimed professor.

1986

From **Julian Pridmore-Brown**: "I am living in Bend, OR; and when I'm not playing in the mountains, I fly a Boeing 737 for United Airlines out of San Francisco."

Move over Liam. Here comes **Colin Poole Kirkpatrick** to play with all your toys and knock down your towers. Colin arrived just in time to move into **Carolyn** and **Doug Kirkpatrick's** new house in Oakland (1917 Oak Crest Drive...510-530-6432).

Dan Klein is taking off as much time as possible from his work (as “a renegade, freelance improv teacher”) to play with his new son, Benjamin Darby, who was born July 30. After watching his wife Michelle go through an extended labor, Dan says he’s lucky not to be a woman. He went to Toronto to shoot a small scene in the Lifetime Channel movies about his car accident in 1988. Dan plays a harried District Attorney who brushes off his mother, Meredith Baxter; watch for it in February.

1987

While we were watching the Olympics, every so often we were treated to a clever commercial which featured **J.P. Manoux**.



Michele Barnett Berg, CdeP '87, with new husband Ingmar



Ami Becker Aronson, CdeP '86, Eleanor Whelan O'Neill, CdeP '87, Michele Barnett Berg, CdeP '87, and Natalie Stamires, CdeP '87

Michele Barnett became Mrs. Ingmar Berg on September 8. Ami Becker Aronson, CdeP '86, Eleanor Whelan O'Neill, and Natalie Stamires were on hand to celebrate this union. Michele has a new job with the Strategic Alliances group at Intraspect Software covering the Washington D.C. and Virginia territory.

Gillian Delaney Bressie arrived on February 6, 2000 to take up residence in Jennifer and David Bressie's household.

Jay Cowles and **Tom Konrad** were huffing and puffing away together when they ran the Austin Marathon in February. Tom, who now lives in Austin, is a science-fiction writer “for as-yet-to-materialize remuneration” while his day job is trading on the stock market.

Now that **Logan Meyer** is done with business school, he's living and working in Los Angeles. When his cousin, **John Logan**, got married in October, **Tim Milligan**, **Ted Labbe**, **Pat Hogan**, **Driscoll Robbins**, and **Mark Gamble**, CdeP '86, helped celebrate the nuptials.

1988

Lots of changes in **Jaime Araujo's** life. She has stopped acting professionally; she's started a new job at Moet Hennessy in the European division; she's single again. “I'm loving London more than ever. Haven't seen any Toads in a while apart from **Adam Clammer**, whom I caught up with in San Fran in July. How about a Thacher alumni gathering in London?” Her e-mail address: jaime_araujo@moet.co.uk.

Congratulations to **Cathy Ruhl**, who married Jack Kemp in April in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada. “We spend weekends doing never-ending house projects and hiking in the mountains. It's great!”

“Twelve years later, and I still remember some of what I learned at Thacher,” writes **Hilary Swift**, “at least the part about hiking and camping.” She climbed Mount Kilimanjaro this summer and loved it. Although she had never climbed high altitude at Thacher, many of her camping techniques came in handy. “And the view from 19,340 feet is amazing!”

1989

Congratulations to **Adam Geyer**, who has graduated from medical school and is living in Manhattan. Next on the docket is his residency at Columbia in dermatology. “I'm looking forward to my first real job. It's about time!”

After finally finishing her doctorate in history at Cornell this summer, **Susan Shaw** moved to Texas to teach at the University of Houston. “Life as a junior professor is busy, but I sleep much better now that my dissertation is finished, once and for all!” She'd love to see anyone who comes her way; contact her at seshaw@uh.edu.



Allison Reed, CdeP '89; Brian Greene, CdeP '89; Paula, Jeff, Becca, CdeP '89, and Molly Clarke; Cathy Ruhl; Jason Ruhl, CdeP '91; and Marielle Warren, CdeP '91

1990

Peter Everett said “I do” on July 7, 2000 in Bristol, CT, when he married Katy Jennings. On hand to witness the uttering of these important words were **Gideon Davis**, **Brian Holl**, **Rob Williams**, **Mary Everett**, CdeP '94, **Bill Everett**, CdeP '92, and **Rob Everett**, CdeP '89. Both Peter and Katy teach and coach at the Wooster School in Danbury, CT.

Kátia Costa became Mrs. **Lucas Erskine Black** on September 3, 1999, in Salvador, Bahia, Brazil.



Lyn Dawson, CdeP '89, who teaches fly fishing in Montana, sent this photo of the fire in Bitterroot National Forest this summer

1991

Having finished her credential work at U.C. Irvine and with two student teaching experiences under her belt, **Alex Ginter** is now teaching in an elementary school in Bishop. One of her mentors writes, “Alex already has the wisdom and experience of a five-year teacher. I do believe she will be a catalyst for change!”

Morgan Ward has gone from being the Marketing Manager at the South Bay Pavilion in Carson to being a student at U.S.C.'s Marshall School of Business.

Laird Luebbers and **Amanda Silva** were married on July 29, 2000 at the Art Institute in San Francisco. The newlyweds are nesting down in Brooklyn, NY.

Timothy Farrell married **Kristina Alley** on September 16 in Santa Fe, NM. **Sarah Thompson**, **Wynne Huang**, **Leith Connell**, **Amelia Ranney**, and **Gillian Kneass** were on hand for the festivities.

Hopefully, **Katie Prager** will finish her last year of vet school at U.C. Davis in time to attend her 10th-year reunion.

1992

We can all rest a little better knowing that Naval Aviator **Brian Chad Emme** is ready to fly to our defense. Brian euphorically writes, “Yes, that's right. Your hard-earned but quickly spent tax dollars have bought you a two-million dollar man. Me. I can assure you that every single dollar you spent milked me of sweat, tears, adrenaline, joy, triumph, and defeat....Rest assured that I am still the same ol' punk I always was, now I just have cooler stories to tell.” After his official winging ceremony in August, Brian will attend S.E.R.E. school to learn about survival, escape, and evading the enemy P.O.W. camps.

Via Thacher's newly revised web site, **Suzie Bird** wrote that after three years of teaching high school ecology, she is going back to school to get a Masters in ecology at Colorado State University. Her focus is forest ecology, and she'll likely be in Alaska doing research on the flood plains of a river. “I'm loving it so far.”

Sun Valley, ID, was hopping on the fifth of August when there was a Toadly gathering for the marriage of **Kate Munzig** and **Eric Dachs**, CdeP '94.

Earlier this year, **Nick Geale** took a position as an associate attorney with the labor and employment litigation section of Thelen, Reid and Priest L.L.P. in Washington, D.C. His new home address is 4758 Arlington Blvd. South, Arlington, VA 22204; his work address is 701 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., Suite 800, Washington, D.C. 20004; his work number is (202) 508-4051.

1993

With only one phone booth in the village, **Gerin River**, a Peace Corps volunteer in Panama, is checking his e-mail (gerin_river@yahoo.com) for messages from the outside world.

Greta Louise deBoer, weighing in at 9 pounds, 13 ounces, made her debut ten minutes before the midwife arrived, but her mother, **Megan Harding**, and father, Greg deBoer, did the job easily and safely. Greta, according to her proud grandparents, "is a snuggly joy."



Rosa Barkus, CdeP '83, and Jose Klein, CdeP '83

"We're having a fantastic time in Amsterdam," writes **Rosa Barkus**. **Jose (Klein)** is finishing his masters in film studies, and I am working for a bookbinder. Life is good."

On June 25, 2000, **Helen Holmes** was married in the Cascade Mountains. If you try to phone Helen and Brian at their home in Eugene, OR, and get the answering machine, it probably means they've gone fly-fishing or are out hiking with their dog, Baxter. "I am working at Greenhill Humane Society and love having so many critters in my life again!"

Laura Wentworth reports that she is teaching a fourth/fifth-grade class at Whittier Elementary in Boulder and that **Todd McCloskey** is making music around Colorado with his brother, David, CdeP '96.

1994

Devon Brown spent two weeks scuba diving off the coast of Honduras. In real life she's working in the marketing department of R.W. Beck, an engineering firm in Seattle.

Another classmate in the Northwest is **Katie Kirkmire**, who lives in Portland, OR, and works for Adidas International.

Congratulations to **Meredith Bressie**, who received her B.A. in Architecture from Cal Poly SLO in June. A pat on the back also goes to **Jennifer Kritz**, who, as of May 2000, has her M.A. in English from New York's Columbia University. Jennifer writes, "I'm still living in New York City and loving it."

Jovi Young has graduated with an M.A. in theology from Harvard School of Divinity. Now she and her husband are living in Santa Barbara, where Jovi is working on a doctorate in the same field at U.C.S.B. Hooray for Jovi for being awarded a Regents Fellowship by the U.C. Board of Regents.

1996

Our best wishes to **Brooke LeVasseur** and **Rob Housden**, CdeP '93 who were married this summer. That makes number 19 in the ever-growing list of Thacher marriages.



Brooke LeVasseur, CdeP '96, and new husband Rob Housden, CdeP '93

Stephanie Warren, CdeP '96, and Mandy Sonenshine, CdeP '96, were bridesmaids at Brooke LeVasseur's wedding



Mika Steffensen and **Catherine Pinkerton** were up to some risky business—skydiving in Lebanon, Maine. Mika now lives in Boston.

Maria Banman wrote that she "saw **Mandy Sonenshine** (live) play Sarah Jessica Parker on her show *Trackers*. She works for the game show *Clued In*, which is produced with *Trackers* and she gets to go on air every so often. Baby and Posh Spice were there, too!"

1997

Kenn Young was gallivanting again last year, taking the school year off to travel and do some hands-on learning. According to his parents, "Kenn studied natural building techniques and built straw-bale homes in Arizona, Mexico, and Greece. He is now back at Rice in Houston where he is studying Nano technology." This past summer Kenn and his sister, Jovi, CdeP '94, traveled together for three weeks in Turkey. See the photograph of Jovi and Kenn taken in Ephesus, where they are sitting on the public toilets dating from around 150 B.C.



Jovi, CdeP '94, and Kenn Young, CdeP '97, in Turkey

Here's the scoop from **Lisa Vogt**: "After a lovely spring off from school in San Francisco, I've returned to Harvard. **Rosa (Rosalez)** and I are both taking a class on American Cultural History in the 20th Century, involving serious books on TV, jazz, Coney Island, and Tarzan. Just ran into **Covie Burke**, CdeP '99, which was a surprise. **Nick (Golding)** seems to have gone to L.A. to edit films, suspending his college education yet again. **Rhea (Wong)** is the high-powered editor of a McGill newspaper, and loving every bit of stress and muck she can rake. **Brooke (Sines)** says once she graduates from Cornell, she "will work as a bartender and record voice-overs in New York, but who really knows. From all I can tell, we're doing OK."

Margrit Lent is "down under" where she is studying this year at Central Queensland University in Australia.

Our roving reporter, **Christina Chang**, informs us that **Rosa Rosalez** completed her first triathlon and **Amy Purdie** is pursuing her dream to start an organic farm. Christina spent last year traveling and studying in Oxford, England. "**Alice Paxton** and I had a happy reunion after three years—we celebrated Alice's birthday and the Easter holiday with her family in Plymouth and Devon (where I was initiated into the world of roasts, Yorkshire puddings and the like)." Christina is now back at Stanford for her senior year.

Jim LaRue traveled to Bozeman, WY, for a mini-reunion in November with **Abby Dachs**, **Payton Holmes**, **Bobby Acquistapace**, and **Chris Labbe**.

1998

This past spring **Cindy Liu** was the programming chair of the Milton S. Eisenhower Symposium, the largest and oldest completely student-run symposium in the nation. She's in a pre-med program at Johns Hopkins where she's also working as a residential advisor. You know that old adage, "Give a busy person a job to do...."

With his sophomore year at Amherst behind him, **Erik Morrill** went across the pond to London this summer to work at the Ministry of Art. Next stop is Greece to spend this academic year studying in Athens.

Rose Minier has her sights set on Seattle, but at the moment is in Montana working at an Internet provider and playing with computers all week. "Making sure to take time off and go to my boyfriend's band's show where I have a chance to wear black vinyl, spikes, and boots...life is good."

Kelley Collier is spending the fall in South America with plans to return to school in January.

Unfinished Business at the Turn of the Millenium

Cindy Liu, CdeP '98

Poverty. Civil Rights. Artistic Expression. Politics. The Criminal Justice System. Women's Rights. Public Health. These complex and often-times controversial topics fall in the category of Unfinished Business: Addressing Race, Class, and Gender at the Turn of the Millenium, the title of the Milton S. Eisenhower Symposium, a series of free lectures at Johns Hopkins University this fall. The focus of the 2000 Symposium will be to tie these large issues that America faces today with what the City of Baltimore is experiencing and, to a certain extent, with what is happening on the campus of the Johns Hopkins University.

Despite being premed and majoring in International Studies, Thacher graduate, Cindy Liu, CdeP '98, applied to be the Symposium's Programming Chair because she wanted to help open other people's minds to the social problems that the United States is facing today. "I felt that there are many issues college students should be familiar with, that they may not otherwise think about. Students at Hopkins are very ambitious and goal-oriented, but I strongly hope that they may become inspired by a speaker or a workshop of the Symposium and dedicate themselves to more than just getting ahead or making tons of money."

Just beginning her junior year at Johns Hopkins, Cindy worked this summer contacting speakers and taking care of details to attract speakers to participate in the Symposium. So far, the Symposium has been able to secure John Sweeney of the AFL-CIO and Bill Lann Lee, the Acting Assistant Attorney General of the United States to speak at Hopkins this fall. Cindy is currently working on inviting the Surgeon General of the United States, Dr. David Satcher to speak at the Symposium. She hopes to attract the attention of the large premed students population at Hopkins to issues concerning the correlation of poverty and health. The Dean of the School of Public Health, a good friend of Dr. Satcher, wrote a letter requesting his participation; an answer should come within the month.

"My hope is that people who attend these seminars will remember to serve others, not just themselves." S.D.T. would be proud of your efforts, Cindy.

From **Justin Buell**, who is at Santa Clara University, we learned that **Kim Turner** interned at the White House this summer and **Rob Landsness** is at NYU.

1999

From Princeton we hear that **Eliza Gregory** is "rowing, writing, missing all that citrus!"



Kim Cabill, CdeP '99, Besse Gardner '00, and Sarah Sawyer, CdeP '99

In her free time last year, **Brooke MacDonald** was playing the violin in U.C.L.A.'s Philharmonic Orchestra or was busy running up and down the lacrosse field as a member of the U.C.L.A. Women's Lacrosse Team (placed third in the State). She is now infusing Brown University with all her energy and talents.

Shannon Hastings finished a year of teaching skiing at Taos, New Mexico, and is now a freshman at Mount Holyoke College in Massachusetts. She still teaches skiing at a nearby small ski resort and she's on the Mount Holyoke Crew Team, a year-round sport.

2000

The first news entry in the Thacher *Alumni News* of a Toad who graduated in the new century: **Megan Winecoff** won the first-ever 2000 Youth Directory art contest. The Ojai Valley Youth Foundation will publish and distribute the 2000 Youth Directory—a phone book for teens—to local students in the fall and feature Megan's work on the cover.

Lauren Fraim is ecstatic about college...although she actually missed not going on Thacher's Extra-Day Trip at the beginning of this school year. "Thacher really prepared me for college. I'm so glad I decided to take a trip out to California five years ago to see what Thacher was all about. I wouldn't change a thing about my experience there!"



Participants at Golden Trout Camp 2000



Third session at Golden Trout Camp



A Rhodes family reunion at Golden Trout Camp



Members of the Class of 2000 visit Joy and Michael in Wyoming in July. Left to right: Michael Mulligan, Erin Blankenship, Todd Meyer, Juliette White, Kristin Berona, Justin Mulholland, Ellie Fletcher, and Joy Sawyer-Mulligan



Meredith Flannery '01, Laura Neville '02, Anthea Tjuanakis '01, Sarah Sawyer, CdeP '99, Kim Cabill, CdeP '99, Besse Gardner '00, and Caitlin Mulholland '01

FORMER FACULTY



Mystery sighting: Ex-faculty member Hub Segur (1961-68) visits Ted Rhodes, CdeP '65, at The Bluffs in Carpinteria

Reunion Weekend



1950



1960



1945



1955



1965



1970



1975



1980



1990

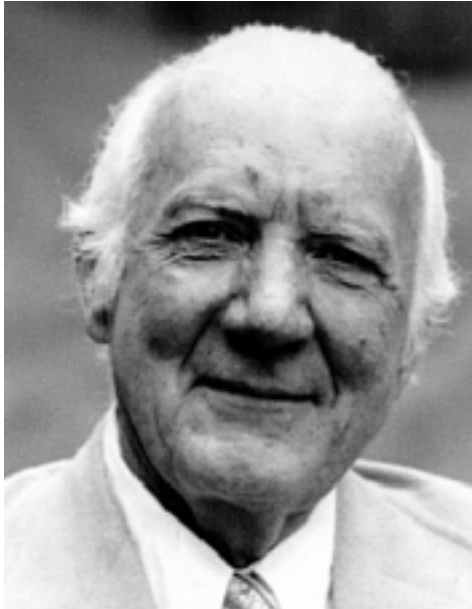


1985



1995

Obituaries



Remembering C.M. Ehrhardt

by John "Jack" S. Huyler '51H

It is so good to see so many of Michael's student/friends here today. It is especially touching to see so many of you who do NOT have reunions this year. Michael Jr., it is great to see you here!

Letters have flowed into the Alumni Office and to me from other Thacher Friends of Ehrhardt who could not be here today.

C. Michael Ehrhardt was the bluest soul I have ever known.

He never lost that wonderful, child-like wonder at the World and Everything in it. He was open—and embracing—to everything positive.



All of the Arts, developments in Science, Humanism—especially Philosophies—intrigued him all his days.

I was rather pleased with myself to have taken up the computer and e-mail rather late in life. Michael came on-line in his eighties.

Michael certainly made his mark on Thacher! Musicologist, instrumentalist, composer, teacher!

Ah, yes! "Strings from Scratch!"

No one could ever accuse C. Michael Ehrhardt of being tradition-bound. He did some great experimentation in his Music Box.

With the financial backing of former revered teacher Keith Vosburg, he purchased two violins, two violas, two cellos. He enlisted four seniors who had never set bow to string, informed them that they were now a string quartet, and proceeded to instruct them collectively. No playing of scales, no ditties; but, all together now, here is your first finger position for the first chord of the Andante Movement of Beethoven's Symphony in A Major. On my cue draw your bowstring across the string I am designating. Everybody ready? Now! Good! You have just played the first chord of a great piece of music. Congratulations!

Here is the second chord. Good. Between now and our next lesson I want you to practice until

you can take those finger positions rapidly and accurately. That's all. See you Thursday.

In the Fall School Concert those four, who styled themselves Strings from Scratch, played the first few bars of that opus flawlessly, to Ehrhardt's satisfaction, their self-satisfaction, and the delight and pride of the assembled School, who were wise enough to recognize what had been accomplished.

At the year-end concert the quartet played the entire Andante.

By that time they were well into two more works and had become aficionados of classical music and limited experts on Beethoven.

Meanwhile, C.M.E. had started two other ensembles along parallel routes. That is teaching! Mr. Albert Goldberg, music critic for the *Los Angeles Times* devoted a Sunday column to it.

Three soundproof music rooms were subsequently constructed on the lower floor of the Bixby Art Studio (formerly the Bixby Handball Court and now the Bixby Faculty Apartments). There were five pianos available to students; I wonder how many there are now.

In addition to the quartets, that year Ehrhardt taught: nine string players; 23 piano students, one of whom subsequently played as soloist with the Ventura Symphony; and an electric guitar group, which practiced in the Quonset hay barn.

One student did, in fact, play and place in the national competition for banjo players held annually in Nashville.

Although it was hardly his favorite musical medium, it was Michael, who at the urging of then-Headmaster Ted Sanford, started our first stage band. We older members of the community much preferred their revivals of Goodman, Miller, and James to the sounds we heard emanating nightly from the hay barn.

The greatest regret of my life is that I cannot read music. Ehrhardt would not tolerate musical illiteracy.

He gave to each Smut—unfortunately, today's Thacher students don't know what a Smut was—in the required freshman music class a recorder, taught each to read music, and to play what he read. The recorder ensemble was

really pretty good. They played Strauss. Strauss never wrote a melancholy note in his life.

Would that I had been drafted into reading and playing music. Full-fledged courses for credit were offered by Ehrhardt in Theory and Composition; Richard Wagner, the Man Who Changed the World; Beethoven: a Study in Genius; and Music of the Twentieth Century.

Ehrhardt and Educo Records put out a 12-inch L.P. record entitled *Sounds of Thacher*. Some fine sounds, indeed!

Margaret and I last saw Michael and Florence in Mount Pleasant, South Carolina, in March 1998. Before dinner, Michael and Florence invariably relaxed over a martini—a most unusual martini. Michael had advised us to be sure to arrive in time to savor one of their martinis before we ate. I shan't forget that martini, three parts vermouth and one part gin—You heard me right: three parts vermouth and one part gin.

We spoke of Thacher and its current music programs; of camping trips (Michael always wore a pith helmet.); of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi; of Transcendental Meditation; of Bridey Murphy; and Old Klaus, the Scandinavian horse which understood what was said to him and responded. Although walking was very painful for him because of his feet, Michael's enthusiasm was as youthful and joyous as ever. He led group singing every week; AND he had a piano student (on full scholarship)—



The Outdoor Chapel during the service in memory of C. Michael Ehrhardt

one of the servants in the retirement home.

Michael died on Christmas with his family all gathered around him. Florence said he enjoyed each of his presents and exuded love for each member of his beloved family. When it was time for a nap after a full morning, he just kept on sleeping. God bless him!

I am not sure that he is conducting the Heavenly Choir, but I'll bet he has an ensemble of harpists playing his compositions and arrangements—perhaps even the composition which we shall hear just as soon as I sit down. 🎻



A trio plays C.M. Ehrhardt's Trio in D-minor during his memorial service at Thacher



David Marsten, CdeP '62, speaks about C. Michael Ehrhardt opening the world of classical music to Thacher students

C. Michael Ehrhardt

Remembering a Musical Legend

by David Marsten, CdeP '62

Forrest H. Cook, a faculty member at Thacher from 1912 to 1946, wrote the famous Thacher Litany of good things: listing the 10 best smells, the nine finest sights, the eight best sounds, etc. Among the best sounds were listed pleasant, familiar things like singing orioles, rain on the roof, a running brook, a nickering horse...but it included something inegmatically named "Walker." I would propose a change, since "Walker" doesn't mean anything to me nor suggest any sound at all. I would substitute "the sound of a symphony orchestra tuning up; before a concert."

This sound was new to me when I was a Smut at Thacher in 1958; but by my senior year, it was already a treasured moment of recognition, offering the excitement and promise of a new performance. Even after 40 years, this sound does not fail to elicit a thrill, even when a most familiar program is scheduled. And it was C. Michael Ehrhardt who introduced me to the world of classical music.

"Music, the greatest good that mortals know, and all of Heaven we have below" (Joseph Addison's "Song for St. Cecilia's Day").

I must be honest...it was not always the excitement and majesty of classical music that was my primary interest. We students would tolerate the music with sufficient politeness. The real inducement was: (first) that we would escape the School and go all the way into Santa Barbara to hear a concert; and (second) the possibility that Mr. Lamb and Mr. Ehrhardt (the drivers of the two carry-alls) might stop after the concert at Denny's where we could get a milkshake and a cheeseburger. Add to this, one exciting evening one of them got a speeding ticket—the whole outing offered exquisite promise. I did not know it at the time, but the symphonic music I heard at these concerts was capturing my soul while I was merely thinking about my stomach.

I knew nothing of classical music before attending Thacher: singing hymns at chapel, the ballads in the Yale songbook on Tuesday evening singing, and even the class songs (with the Upper School purloining the "Anvil Chorus" from Verdi's *Il Trovatore*)...all of this was new to me, as well.

Beginning with a tabula rasa in our freshman year, C. Michael Ehrhardt led our class through a course described as Music Appreciation. The first class dealt with Gregorian Chant and work of minnesingers and troubadours. The next

week we got into Johann Sebastian Bach, listening to piano fugues and glorious choral episodes. By the third week we were into the life and the music of Ludwig van Beethoven...and we would remain there the rest of the year it seemed. This was Mr. Ehrhardt's moral and spiritual center. To him all music built up to Beethoven...and subsided thereafterwards, (but, of course, he was open to the newer sonic worlds of Schoenberg or Stravinsky).

In fact, in the early 1950s, Mr. Ehrhardt coached and presented at Thacher Benjamin Britten's *Ceremony of Carols*—one of the first schools in California to perform it. (It has become an acknowledged Christmas classic along with Handel's *Messiah*. Michael wrote to Britten regarding some liberties that he had taken and begged his indulgence; and Britten responded that he was always glad to have his works performed...and hoped to visit Thacher someday, maybe during his next trip to conduct in Los Angeles. Britten actually came one Thanksgiving (when everyone was gone) and said he was disappointed that he couldn't meet Michael and hear his chorus...but he also revealed that he was much happier riding a horse than attending a cocktail party.

Choral singing programs depended upon the strength of the student forces for that year. Some years there only seemed to be a few voices other than droning basses, while other years produced a finely balanced glee club that could tackle serious masterworks. There was also a select group of the finest four singers within the various voice ranges—the best of the best—who formed a quartet called "The Honeytones" (during my tenure this might not have been a tonally accurate description). We had great fun singing barbershop quartets and rather silly stuff. (I did not realize at the time but this would be my apprenticeship to singing motets of Heinrich Schütz and Tomas Luis Victoria with the Harvard Freshman Glee Club!) Music was not merely Beethoven but came in many forms and styles. Nothing excluded, all was to be enjoyed.

C. Michael Ehrhardt sometimes could also be mischievous: one work he wrote was called "Prayer"—a musical setting for words by one of the graduating seniors. Apparently one of the faculty members did not approve of "Amen" being sung at the end of a hymn...so C. Michael couldn't resist but write a seven-fold "Amen." "Wasn't that naughty of me?" he confided...yet he added, "it sounded good and the boys loved it."

C. Michael Ehrhardt was not merely a teacher of music...but became an advisor to many students—enough each year to fill a car and drive to Santa Barbara or Los Angeles for a concert. In 1949, Marshall Walter was one of his advisees...and he was having a difficult time with his studies, so much so there was doubt that he might not be invited back for his senior year. This student was quite fond of the music of Rachmaninoff and, in particular, worshiped his *Third Piano Concerto*. A concert in Los Angeles was coming up with the legendary pianist William Kappel playing this masterpiece. When Marshall learned he was not allowed to go to this concert, he was devastated. The headmaster even asked if they might relent and let him go...but Mr. Ehrhardt insisted they stick with the decision. The lucky ones went to the concert and even went backstage afterwards to get a program autographed for Marshall.

At this moment, Mr. Ehrhardt decided to write a *Trio in D-minor* (the same key as the *Third Piano Concerto* of Rachmaninoff, hence all of the repeated D's). He showed Marshall the first two movements when they were soon completed and revealed that the piece was dedicated to him...but he warned Marshall if he didn't get his studies up and return next year, he would not complete the *Trio* and it would never be played.

Inspired by this dedication, Marshall did improve and did return. The *Trio* was finished that summer and given its premiere at the Thacher library on February 19, 1950, performed by the Compinsky Trio (Mr. Ehrhardt in his notes to me added: Marshall went on to Harvard where he got a business degree; he has lived for many years in Switzerland with his wife and two children. "We still keep in touch.") This is the profile of a great mentor.

Mr. Ehrhardt confided, "When I look back on my life at Thacher, the productions of Shakespeare in the Outdoor Theater are among my fondest memories." The musical scores which

he composed and collaborated with Donald McDougall were always memorable—finely crafted tone poems. Some of the music would become incorporated in other compositions (the fugue he wrote in his *Trio in D-minor* came from his score for *Henry V* while a passage from *The Merchant of Venice* would be used in his piano concerto.) I remember in 1960 going down to the Presbyterian Church in Ojai to help record music he wrote for our *A Midsummer Night's Dream* production (I got to strike some bells and gongs...it was great fun)—the music he wrote was magical, ethereal stuff on a par with Benjamin Britten or Felix Mendelssohn. I would love to hear this wondrous music performed again (assuredly with a better percussion section than we could afford in 1960).

In 1961 (November 12 to be exact) Mr. Ehrhardt took a group of brave music students to Los Angeles to hear *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*—it was the first Wagnerian opera I had ever seen. To me it was one of those epiphanies that one experiences just a few times in life. Having spent a lifetime studying and writing about this art form, I still relish the memory of seeing this great work for the first time. It was C. Michael's favorite Wagnerian opera, and I am moved by nostalgia to agree with his assessment.

I vividly remember from his music lessons of hearing about his experiences in Germany in the 1930s as a music student in Leipzig. The young, idealistic C. Michael Ehrhardt was thrilled to be going to the country where names of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms should be known as "Beruehmte Kuenstler"...and was shocked to discover only a few knew the "48 of Bach" or the "32 of Beethoven." German radio had only elevator music and worse. Seats in the Gewandhaus were given to young recruits of the "Kraft durch Freude" campaign; and the people would sleep through most of the concerts. And once, covering a Wagnerian opera as a reviewer for *Musical America*, he discovered his press seat was just a few yards

from Adolf Hitler. The presence of unspeakable evil at the altar of High Art was a shock...but also a metaphor—an aspect of music he constantly reminded us: "Music is a way, not an end."

In our modern era all of the arts are under attack by cretins in congress, ever fearful of the consequences of the First Amendment. As we battle for funding (whether for your local symphony, a regional museum, a local theater group, or a National Public Radio station) it is almost too easy to become despondent and cynical. But C. Michael would always encourage me in my battles with the Philistines...and I think he speaks to all of us here: "It all boils down to the fact that there have to be loyalists like you, willing to support the arts, passionately. Bravo, my loyal friend. And, of course, keep it up!"

Always positive, C. Michael Ehrhardt would point out that Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* was probably only heard by about 5,000 people during Beethoven's lifetime. Now the music is being heard (thanks to advancements in electronic technology) continuously on this planet. Michael found much hope in that.

Henry W. Longfellow wrote in *The Song of Hiawatha* (xv. Hiawatha's lamentation)

*He is dead, the sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers!
He is gone from us for ever.
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing!*



C. Michael Ehrhardt with Thacher's "The Honeytones" in 1964

Obituaries

Obits



Howard O. Sturgis, CdeP '24, died April 1, 2000. He attended Thacher for only his senior year, and then matriculated to Harvard College, where he earned his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1928, followed by a master's

degree in business a year later. He married Eleanor Brown and they had two children: Eleanor and Howard, Jr.

John Robert Metcalf, CdeP '33, died Sunday, September 10, 2000, of congestive heart failure at his San Francisco home. He was 84. Services were held four days later at St. Mary the Virgin Episcopal Church in San Francisco.



A third-generation Californian, John was born in Oakland in 1916. In 1925, while in grammar school, John started expressing his hopes, many aspects of which were evident later at Thacher, and throughout his life. (These were shared with us by his daughter, Katherine, following his death):

Right Living

When I grow up I expect to be honest, loyal, brave, kind, and useful, so I will follow these rules.

First, I will be honest, which means not to tell a lie, not to steal, and if you know you have something that is someone else's and shouldn't have it, give it to the owner.

Next I will be loyal, to my country, to my home and school.

Then I will be brave and kind both together which means, not to be afraid of anything, especially not to be afraid to tell what's right, or to help someone in trouble. Which is usefulness.

None of these are of much use unless you are healthy.

If I Were a Millionaire

If I were a millionaire I would buy (a lot) about 10 acres of land. Then I would buy a

big house and let my kids have all their rough neck friends they wanted. I'd buy a swimming pool, and have a tennis court for the girls.

I'd buy a shooting gallery for the boys. When the boys grew old enough I'd buy each of them a twenty-two rifle then they could see who was the best shot and see who could hit his mark the farthest away.

When they got tired of that they could put on their bathing suits and dive into the swimming pool.

When they got tired of having swimming races and water fights they could play tennis.

John spent four years at Thacher and excelled at camping, soccer, and track; he showed diverse interests including membership in Committee X, Outdoor, the Gun Board, and he served as President of Bit and Spur in his senior year. During his junior year, he became a Prefect, "A" Camper, and "Honor-man." He matriculated to Stanford University where he graduated in 1937. He then served in the Army during World War II and fought in the Battle of the Bulge. After the War, John went to work for Alexander and Alexander Inc., where he rose to the position of vice president. After retiring in 1976, John served on the boards of directors of the United Way, the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, the San Francisco Opera Association, and the Cow Palace.

John is survived by wife of 63 years, Catherine Jane Rolph; three daughters: Katherine Nelson of Seattle, Elizabeth Metcalf of Selma, Oregon; and Mary Metcalf of Redwood City, CA; and five grandchildren.

Seeley Wintersmith Mudd II, M.D., (CdeP '43), died at his beloved ranch in Big Sur, California, on Thursday, September 21, 2000. He was 75. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, raised in San Marino, California, and lived on the Monterey Peninsula for the last 38 years.

Seeley attended Thacher for his freshman and sophomore high school years. He graduated from Stanford University, both the undergraduate program and the Medical School. He served in the U.S. Navy during the Korean War, and practiced urology on the Monterey Peninsula for over 20 years.

He was an original supporter of The Big Sur Land Trust, a member of the Capital Club,

the Cypress Point Club, and the California Club.

Seeley is survived by his sister Elise Marvin; five children: Elizabeth, Katherine, Seeley III, CdeP '73, John, and William; five grandchildren; and one great-grandchild. He was preceded in death by his wife Virginia Shaw Mudd.



Lewis Palmer Lane II, CdeP '47, died on Thursday, August 17, 2000, at his home in Tucson, Arizona, after a four-year battle with cancer. He was 71.

Lew was born and raised in Long Beach, California. While at Thacher for two years, Lew dazzled his classmates with his avid interest in radio. "The intermittent buzzing of Morse Code is commonly heard issuing from his equipment-filled room," reported the 1947 *El Archivero*. "Lew excels in the scholastic field too, particularly in the math and science departments." He was active in athletics, playing on several teams including Baseball and Soccer. When time permitted, Lew was spotted frequently on his well-mannered steed "Prince" on the nearby trails or showing off his tricks, including shaking hands with all four feet.

Lew won a Navy Scholarship to Stanford University, where he received a Bachelor of Science degree in 1952 and a master's degree in 1956. He spent three years on active duty with the Navy during the Korean War. Highlights of Lew's career include 15 years as a contractor in Menlo Park; eight years as a construction engineer with Bechtel Corporation, including three years on the Jubail project in Saudi Arabia; and ten years as a Project Manager with the Stanford University Utilities Division staff, where he retired in 1997.

Survivors include his former wife, Marilyn Lane of Tucson; son Lewis Lane III, daughters Laura Lane and Susan, stepson David Simpson; and four grandchildren.

Michael C. Head (CdeP '48) of Ojai, died November 1999. Michael attended Thacher for only his sophomore year. He attended college at the Vienna Institute of Technology. He is survived by his son Randolph C., CdeP '74, who is a professor of history at the University of California, Riverside.



Walter Morris Hart Noble, M.D., CdeP '50, died Friday, July 28, 2000, at his home in San Francisco. For three decades, Morris taught medicine and maintained a successful practice that began in association with his father, Dr. Charles A. Noble, CdeP '19. Born in San Francisco, Morris was a fourth-generation Californian and a descendant of physicians and educators.

According to the 1950 *El Archivero*, "Morris has added more to the school life than any other two boys. 'Chuckie's' sense of humor and good common sense make him an extremely likeable and competent person. Teachers' trust in him and boys' respect for him are evident from the positions he has so creditably held": as a senior, he was "School Chairman, School Prefect, Head of the Committee of X, President of the Bit and Spur, Sports Editor of *The Notes*, and a principal player in the Dramatic Club. In scholastic work and athletics, he also stands at the head of this class. 'Chuckie' works hard for his grades and, as a result, has received at least three commendations for his grades and effort every year. He is a four-year letterman and captain of this year's undefeated Tennis Team. He has also made the varsity teams for several years in Soccer, Basketball, and Baseball. With the mind and good sense Morris has, he will never have to trust to luck."

Morris matriculated to Harvard College, where he earned an honors degree in history. He went on to Harvard Medical School and postgraduate training at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and at the University of California, San Francisco. He served two years in the U.S. Army Medical Corps, mainly in Korea.

Morris received a resident teaching award at Children's Hospital in San Francisco, where he briefly served as chairman of medicine and for many years was on the board of directors. He established an endowed teaching chair in internal medicine at California Pacific Medical Center to memorialize the contributions of his father and brother, Charles Edward Noble, CdeP '48, who died in 1993. In addition, Morris served for many years on the Board of Directors of Town School in San Francisco (his school prior to Thacher) and Thacher's Board of Trustees. He served as director and president of the Pacific Union Club and a director of the California Tennis Club. He was a member of the Society of California Pioneers and the Frontier Boys.

After retiring from medical practice in 1995, Morris continued to teach as an emeritus clinical professor of medicine at U.C.S.F. He and his wife of 37 years, Winifred Brady Noble, also traveled extensively. He is survived by his

wife; his sons Morris Hart Noble of Marin County and William Leet Noble of San Francisco; and one grandchild.

James Barton Preston, CdeP '64, died July 18, 2000, just 13 months after speaking at Thacher's 1999 Reunion (see page 61 in the Spring/Summer 1999 issue of *The Thacher News* for text). At that time, he said, "When my own time comes to leave this planet as we know it, it will be with ineffable sadness, but also with the knowledge that this is something perfectly natural in the way of the world...I will have satisfaction in knowing that my life has touched others, and others have touched mine. And it will be especially satisfactory, to know that my name will be added to those who have gone before at Thacher. Our ability to touch others, and be touched by them, and hold memories precious, may be one of the very few intimations of immortality any of us can enjoy."



While at Thacher, Jim served on *The Notes* Board, as the Business Manager for *El Archivero*, and as Editor of *Ethos* (Thacher's literary magazine). He also participated in the Mop and Broom Club, Third Soccer Team, Intramural Tennis, Book Committee, and Religious Committee. He received the Short Story Award for *The Notes* in his junior year. He matriculated to Union, but transferred to the University of California, Santa Barbara, where he attained a bachelor's degree in English and a master's degree in English Literature.

Jim worked as an Editor, Publisher, and Owner of Special Child Publications; he also published Jack Huyler's *The Stamp of the School* in 1994. Jack reported in his book that "during the 1961-62 school year, Tony Power, Stu Erskine, and Jim Preston (all CdeP '61) occasionally took leftover pancakes and French toast from the Dining Room. After suitable curing on the Middle School roof, the three boys would bring them in, varnish them, stick address labels and stamps on them, and mail them to friends, as "genuine souvenirs of The Thacher School." Part of Jim's submission for the time capsule buried in Thacher's Centennial Year (1989) that is to be opened in 50 years read: "What matters [for making our lives count for something] is how we think and feel; how we conduct ourselves moment to moment; how we treat our fellows; what can we learn, and someday teach, that has enduring rather than ephemeral value...Knowledge of this sort is not handed out like so much candy...It is not so much transmitted, as it is earned...By attending Thacher, I think you have a slight edge." In 1998, he founded Charter Investigations, a private detective firm. Jim served as a loyal Class Representative for Thacher for over 20 years. Jim is survived by

his wife Sheila Bruseth Preston of Seattle, Washington, and daughter Kayla.

Thacher Friends

Rosalind "Roz" Murray Boswell, wife of James G. Boswell II, CdeP '41, died in mid-August, 2000. She is also survived by their three children: Jody, James, CdeP '70, and Lorraine; and many grandchildren, including Elizabeth, CdeP '95, and Cam, CdeP '97.

John E. Cahill, Sr., a construction contractor whose family-owned firm helped build San Francisco's skyline, died Saturday, September 23, 2000. He is survived by his wife Helen, of San Rafael; three sons, John, Jr., of Kentfield, Gerald of Mill Valley, and Edward of Stockton; a daughter, Ann Fidanque of Eugene, Oregon; two brothers, Richard of Ross, and J. Peter, CdeP '42, of Woodside; and 12 grandchildren including Kimberly, CdeP '99, Kevin '01, and Chris '03.

Florence Ehrhardt, widow of Thacher's Music Director from 1946 to 1977 C. Michael Ehrhardt, died on August 10, 2000. She is survived by their four children: Gina, Michael, CdeP '62, Modena, and Rebecca.

Helen I. Lochrie, who for many years worked as Thacher's admission secretary, died Saturday, August 12, 2000 at Acacias Care Center in Ojai. She was very detail-oriented and assured that "all loose ends were tied," according to Jack Huyler. "She could deal efficiently with almost anything that had to do with college counseling, admission, or assistant headmastering." She is survived by her brother Arthur Lockrie, Jr., of San Diego and sister Elizabeth Hoag McGlynn of Monterey.

Carmen Robertson, mother of Sydney Robertson, CdeP '80, died on Tuesday, September 26, 2000, following a traffic accident in which her husband, Jack, was also injured. She's credited for organizing the art in Ojai, and making it the artistic mecca that it is today. She is survived by her husband; four sons: Nick, Drew, Winslow, and Cullen; one daughter, Sydney, who is presently working for School Year Abroad in Rennes, France; and five grandchildren.

Helena Duryea Thacher, wife of George B. Thacher, CdeP '20, died on June 27, 2000. She is also survived by sons: Philip, CdeP '54, and John, CdeP '57; and grandchildren: Nara, Jeffrey, Peter, CdeP '84, Sherman, and Thomas, CdeP '87.

Virginia "Murps" Wheaton, wife of the late former Trustee George S. Wheaton, CdeP '23, died Sunday, September 17, 2000. She is survived by two sons: George S. III, CdeP '51, and John R., CdeP '56; five grandchildren; and four great grandchildren. A memorial service was held at Casa Dorinda in Santa Barbara on Friday, September 29, 2000. 🌿



Calendar

Thacher Gatherings and Events

Winter 2000 – Spring 2001

Saturday, January 6

Winter Alumni Day

Friday, February 16-18

Departmental Weekend

Sunday, March 11

Boston Gathering (Brunch)

Sunday, March 25

Los Angeles Gathering (Brunch)

Tuesday-Wednesday, April 17-18

Grandparents' Days

Friday-Sunday, May 4-6

Gymkhana Weekend and Auction

Saturday, June 2

Commencement

Friday-Sunday, June 8-10

Reunion Weekend