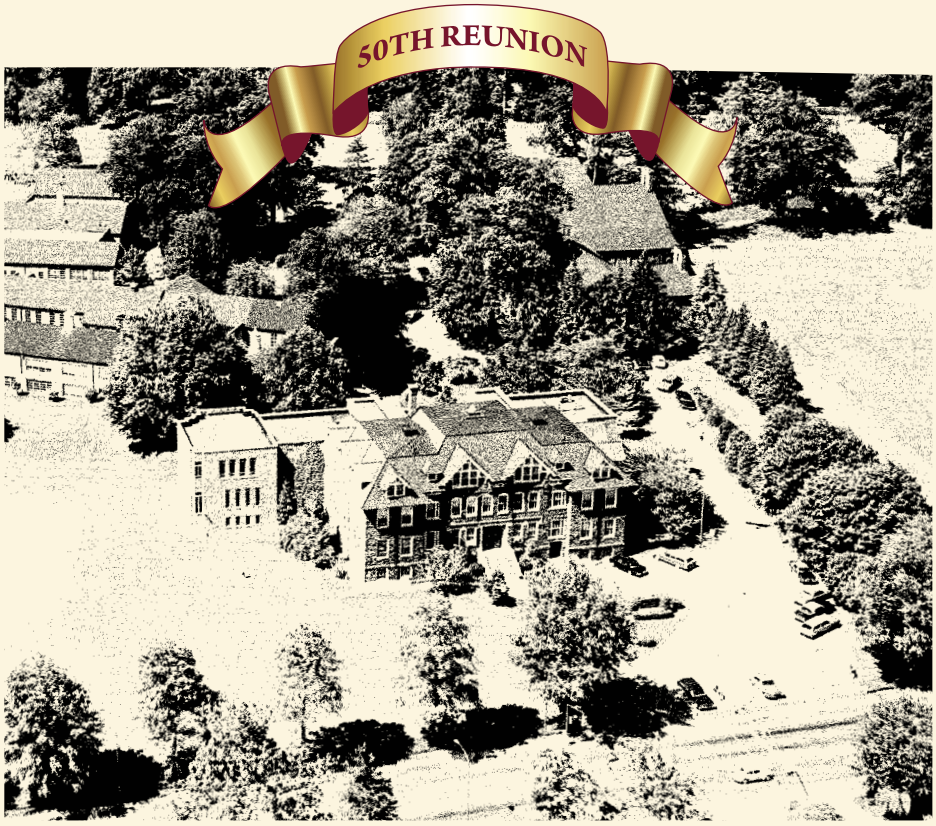
The Class of 1972
50th
Reunion



THE HALIGOLUK

1972

THE HALIGOLUK



THE HAVERFORD SCHOOL

Haverford, Pennsylvania

The Class of 1972 presents this edition of *The Haligoluk* in order to capture the spirit and record the events of the entire school, and especially the Senior Class, during the past 50 years. We hope this book will bring pleasure not only now but also in future years, when we look back upon our days at Haverford.

©2022 The Haverford School. The Haverford School retains sole copyright to this book.

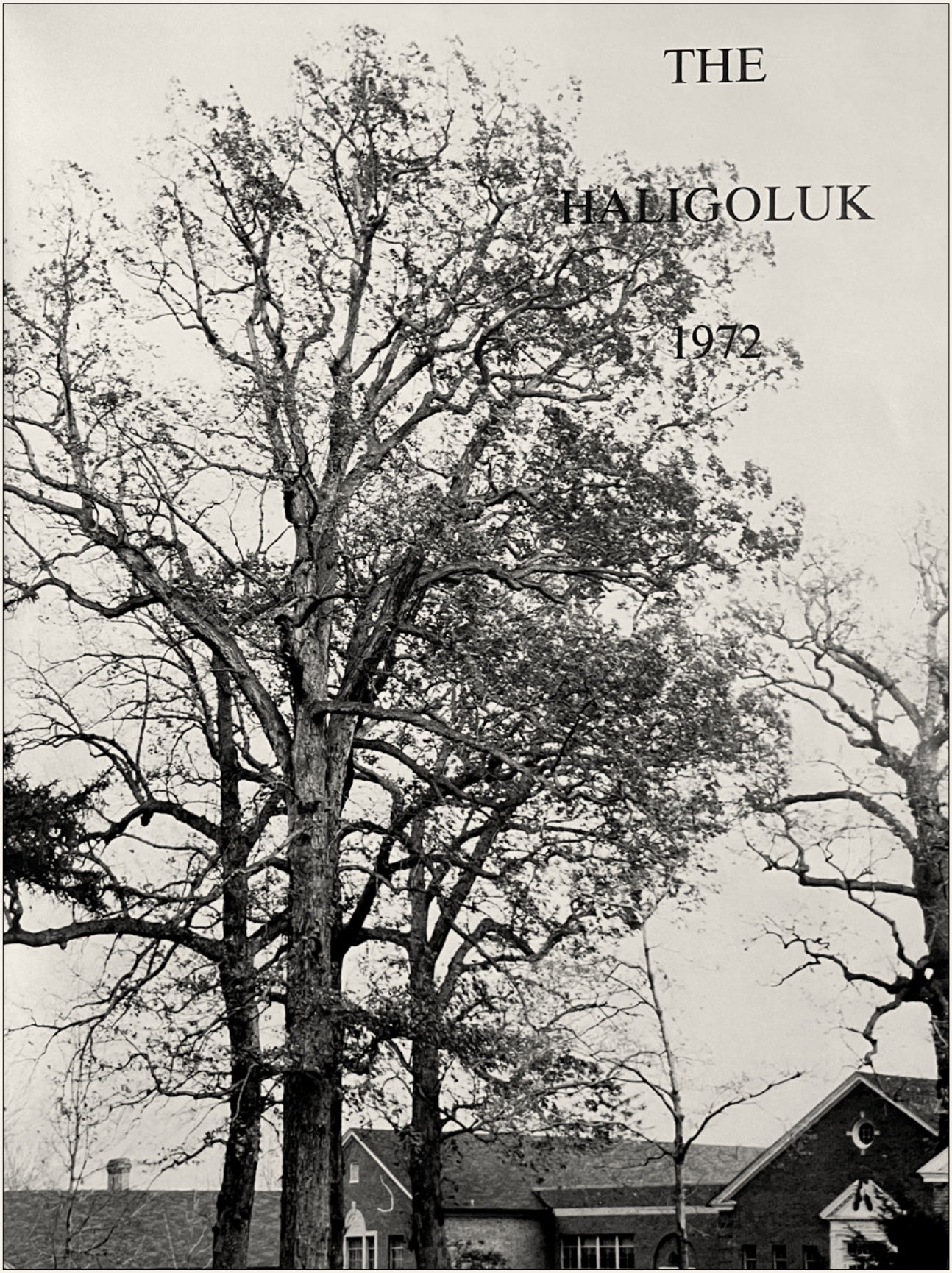











THE
HALIGOLUK
1972

THE HAVERFORD SCHOOL

Alma Mater

O Haverford, dear Haverford

Thou guide of tender days,

To thee within these honored walls

We lift our hymn of praise

Here on the threshold of our years

With all the future free,

Our youthful hearts and powers we bring

And dedicate to thee.

The List

E. Russell Allen Jr.* 6
Christopher M. Arader 6
Gary D. Aronson 7
Harold A. Ball III 12
Steven P. Bentley 13
John B. Berringer 14
Peter L. Blank* 14
Anthony L. Bove 14
Robert F. Boyle 16
Robert L. Burch 16
Philip L. Byrnes III* 18
James D. Christen 18
Jonathan P. Coffin 18
Dr. Merritt T. Cooke 19
Alan Crawford III 20
John P. Crozer Jr. 21
Richard D. Custer 21
Henry D. Evans Jr. 21
Dr. R. Wayne Frost 22
Peter R. Ginsberg 22
Mark S. Gordon 22
Seabury S. Gould 24
Stephen P. Griffing 25
John S. Haldeman II 25
Henry R. Hallowell III 27
Anthony S. Hannock 27
Sean J. Hartley 27
David H. Heller 27
Dr. James T. Hopkins 28
F. Allen Itgen 29
Eugene A. Jaeger Jr. 29
Dr. Bruce N. Janson 29
Dr. Roger W. Jones 30
F. Russell Kirkland Jr. 31
Jacob J. Kohlhas Jr. 31
Scott L. Kuensell* 31
Scott C. LaForce 31
John E. Lieberman 31
Dr. David I. Lubin 32
Dr. William C. Lucas 33
Michael L. Madden* 34
Harry A. Marsh III 34
John C. Marshall 35
Robert J. McCafferty Jr. 37
Francis E. McCann Jr.* 38
Robert D. Mesnard 39
Dr. William J. Mesnard 40
Edward C. Meyer Jr. 40
C. Richard Morsbach 42
Laurence M. Nipon 42
David O. Northrup 42
Scott K. Pickett 42
A. Hobart Porter 44
Richard W. Power Jr. 46
Corbin D. Riemer 46
Dr. John B. Rose 47
Robert G. Rowe III 48
Robert H. Roy Jr. 49
Rodman W. Smith 50
Henry C. Stahler III 52
Nils-Eric S. Tedgard 53
Manrico A. Troncelliti Jr. 53
Philip R. Voluck 54
Benjamin L. Weiser 54
David L. Williams 54
William E. Wilson* 56
Dr. Paul Winsor IV 56
The Reverend Theodore B. Witmer 57
Howard P. Wood Jr. 59
Thomas D. Wood III 60
John B. Wright II 60

*IN MEMORIAM

E. Russell Allen Jr. 64
Peter L. Blank 66
Philip L. Byrnes III 70
Scott L. Kuensell 73
Michael L. Madden 76
Francis E. McCann Jr. 76
William E. Wilson 79

E. Russell Allen Jr.*

*See p. 64, IN MEMORIAM

Christopher M. Arader

chris@aradertree.com



I look back fondly on my 2 very brief years at Haverford. As a newcomer, I was readily accepted by all I ran with in what was to become the greatest class in Haverford's history. We were in the right spot, at the right time, and exposed to more possibilities to pursue than anyone could possibly imagine.

I went on to the University of Pennsylvania studying Business and Landscape Architecture and graduated in 1975. My land lady, at Penn, was Lillian Chance, a brilliant individual and an early and big supporter, and Bill Lucas' mother, small world.

My first conventional job out of college was with a commercial mortgage company. Great experience but became tenuous when interest rates exceeded 20%. However, it gave me a great leg up on a lifetime of buying and selling real estate.

I incorporated a tree and landscape design company in 1979 and started building a very satisfying career, providing full-service tree care in the tri-state area. We have built a large tree and nursery operation which allows me to exercise a passion as a farmer and equipment operator. It is a big, family run shop with 75 wonderful employees with 100 trucks and support equipment. I am lucky enough to be able to still be active and hands on. I have no exit strategy except to say that I have no plans to ever retire, still having way too much fun.



Chris and Paige

I have had the pleasure to be able to mentor many Haverford graduates and sons of classmates and other young men into this field. Many usually hate me after a summer internship, but 10 years later they occasionally come back to tell me it was the best summer of their life. I have been equally blessed to be able to continue great friendships with many from Haverford. Dick Morsbach is currently on his fourth house project and is re-building an 1820 farmhouse for us. He has maintained his genius in problem solving, engineering, incorporating great design as well as working with the trades. I will stop buying real estate when and if he retires.





Jim Wilcox and Chris

Finally, I got it right in 2012 when I met Paige Roberts and married her. I have never been happier. We currently live in a very cool 1948 Louis Kahn mid-century modern home, in Conshohocken. Coincidentally, he was one of my professors at Penn. Funny how the wheel of life spins. Over the years, I have surrounded the house with a collection of rare tree specimens that give great seasonal interest and joy. As I write this, Edgeworthia Chrysantha is in full bloom outside my kitchen window.



Hobbies: Jim Wilcox, a lower grade classmate, has been a lifelong friend, fishing companion, and creative flats guide in the Florida Keys for four decades. We have had an awful lot of fun. Tennis with Hobie has covered the same amount of time, but bad knees, sore shoulders, and old sports injuries has curtailed that activity. Other hobbies include tending 20 beehives, raising chickens, and growing Christmas trees and rare dwarf ornamental Evergreens on a 90-acre farm in Collegeville. Call me at Christmas and we will give you a ride on a tractor to cut your own Balsam, Fraser, or Douglas Fir tree for you and your family.

Gary D. Aronson

garonson@aol.com



As I write this summary of my thoughts and doings, I am overcome with their triteness and irrelevance. Especially in the face of the current Russian invasion of Ukraine.

The war in Ukraine is not merely of peripheral importance to me, as I presume it is, for most Americans. Over the past 15 years, I have spent 10 summers in Ukraine. I have lived in Kyiv, Kharkiv, Odesa and Mykolaiv, as well as visiting Kherson, Ivano-Frankivsk and L'viv. I recognize many of the buildings destroyed. I walked there many times with my wonderful Labrador, **Dasha, who accompanied me. She loved everyone in the whole world. She made friends everywhere she went.**



Dasha meets her first horse.

I have no natural children, so I have adopted my company staff as my family. I am also blessed to have many nieces, nephews and great nieces and nephews.

Most of the people in my current biotech company, **Rejuvenation Therapeutics Corp.,** hail from Ukraine. I hired them because they are very smart, accomplished, hard-working and I could afford them. Several lived there up until just a couple of weeks ago. I tried to get everyone out early, to a flat I keep in Amsterdam, just in case. But nobody in Ukraine believed that Putin would actually invade. Until buildings started blowing up.

One friend and former staff member, O., told me that, as she made her way to Poland, a helicopter right over her head was struck with a missile. The blast knocked her to her knees. She was with her wonderful 11-year-old son and their 13-year-old friend. How will that affect their young psyches?

I still have one friend, V., outside Kyiv, who is too sick to travel. I hope to get her out ASAP.

I was able to help one staff member, H., a young woman with degrees in Law and Medicine. She, her 19-year-old niece and three children, 1, 8, and 10 years old, are now safe at my flat in Amsterdam. Her husband, an MD, is still in Ukraine, treating the many wounded.

In Russia, where Putin is also attacking liberty, I have several good friends and 1 staff member, D. He has a little girl, with another baby on the way. He is an MD/PhD who cares for his elderly parents there.

I have offered all of them help, should they wish to leave Ukraine or Russia.

One staff member, N., another MD/PhD, and now my VP, lives in south Miami Beach. We brought her to the US several years ago. She will soon apply for Permanent Residency. Among her many talents, she is a swimming champion, who now gets to swim twice a day in the Atlantic, near her house. She has published 5 books of poetry and written the lyrics for many songs, including the Golden Song of Ukraine, several years ago.

Another staff member, A., is on sabbatical and has been my houseguest for the past 6 months. She lives on Level 2 of my house, while I isolate on Levels 3 and 4. She is tested frequently for covid at her school and we dine together weekly. She is very pleasant and brilliant. She is studying Biology and Management at UCSD. Her parents are still in Kyiv. Her father is not yet 60 and thus may not leave Ukraine, under the terms of martial law.

Helping these people out has been the most important thing in my life. I am glad I could do it.

Ok, a bit about my career. Since I was 6, I have devoted myself to helping people, including me, live as long and as healthfully as possible.

I never understood why people just accept the process of aging. It always seemed crazy to me. I do not understand why the NIH Budget ($52 Billion)[1] is not higher than that of Defense ($995 Billion)[2].

But, still. the science of Biology is exploding, as are the number of new companies to develop new things.

I have worked on ~10 companies, all designed, in some way, to further my goal of avoiding or reversing aging.

One, originally called Chimera Biotech, merged early to become GenPharm International. It was acquired in 1997 by Medarex, which was itself acquired by Bristol Myers Squib in 2007. Chimera Biotech had several illustrious Scientific Advisory Board Members, including **Mario Capecchi, PhD.[3] of the Howard Hughes Medical Institute branch at University of Utah.**



Mario Capecchi, PhD

In ~1987, Dr. Capecchi figured out how to replace any gene of a mouse genome with a modified, similar ("homologous") gene. This turned out to be exceedingly useful for two broad reasons:

1) It permitted the creation of thousands of different mouse models of human disease. Most experienced Drug Developers will tell you that if you do not have an animal model of a disease, don't even try to make a drug for it. This invention led to the development of many new drugs, especially in the field of cancer.

2) It also permitted the substitution of the mouse genes that make antibodies with human genes that do the same thing. This permitted scientists to inoculate mice with human disease-related antigens far too dangerous to administer to humans. The mice then made fully human antibodies! Made in scaled-up manufacturing systems, these could be used directly as drugs. Several important drugs have been made using this technology, including leading anti-cancer drugs Opdivo[4] and Yervoy[5].

As the only consultant to the VCs on this project, I was sent flying around the country to interview individual SAB Members (who were very competitive and unlikely to disclose their latest ideas in front of their SAB peers). I was one of the first people anywhere to hear about this marvelous new technology. I thought it was GREAT!

In 2001, I happened to be at the American Society for Clinical Oncology (ASCO) Annual Meeting where Dr. Capecchi was publicly given the Lasker Award for his work in front of ~3,000 oncologists and Medical Scientists.[6] But, apparently, nobody knew him there! Except me! He was a basic Cellular and Molecular Biologist and they were cancer practitioners and drug developers. Different worlds. After the ceremony, I was pleased to be the only person to walk up and congratulate him and talk about his achievement. I feel like I got to be present at the Creation. Twice.

The Lasker Awards are frequently referred to as the "American Nobel Prizes" and often Lasker winners get Nobel Prizes. **In 2007, fully twenty years after his ground-breaking invention, Dr. Capecchi was awarded the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine.[7]**

In ~1986, I was working as a finder (now called "scouts") for a major venture capital firm, B. with a lot of interest in Biotech. I brought to them a really cool company in the field of structure-based rational drug design, Agouron Pharmaceuticals, spun out of a La Jolla non-profit, Agouron Institute. Structure-based rational drug design is kind of CAD/CAM for drugs, using structural information about pharmacological molecular targets derived from x-ray crystallography and nuclear magnetic resonance data.

I had become really interested in Molecular Modeling after seeing the end credit roll of one of the Star Trek movies, that featured such computer graphics. I went to many technical presentations on the subject.

After taking my Economics, MBA and JD degrees from UCLA, I returned to UCSD to study Biology, Molecular Biology, etc., and eventually learned enough to understand advanced Biology. Biology is a really cool and wonderful thing to learn about. If you start out as an atheist (as I did), you might even come to believe in a Creator, because everything is so fantastically marvelous, that the odds of it occurring purely by chance seem (to me) to be incredibly slim. I got the same feeling about my wife and did not see how she possibly could have been created by chance. From both experiences, I came to the conclusion that there must be a God.

B did not invest, perhaps being overwhelmed by so many good deals that I brought them. A few months later, they were shown the deal again, and decided to invest.

"Ok, fine. Where's my 2% finder's fee, please?"

B refused to pay me and I was reluctant to sue. B offered me, as a sop, a $2,000 bonus plus the opportunity to start my own company in the field, which they would back. I accepted that and worked on setting up my own. I found a great scientific CEO/CSO and got him to draft a Business Plan, of which I later parts, myself.

With B's permission, I later showed my work to another VC firm, X. that proceeded to do the deal, but shut out B. X tried to push me out, too!

This kind of stuff goes on all the time in the VC world. Massive greed, shoving out little guys, all in a day's work.

This time, though, I demanded my piece and was sued by X. After a 2-week trial, X was found to have breached its contract with me and was ordered to pay me what was then a lot of money. The company was Vertex Pharmaceuticals (VRTX) and eventually became a major biotech firm.[8] It still is. It took about forever to become a success.

X's head, to this day argues that he prevented my performance, rather than that I had any real role in the company's founding. Who cares? He lost. I won. I got paid.

That episode ended my career as a finder for VC's. I worked as founding President of other companies and as a biotech investor. On the strength of a Term Sheet from O, a leading VC firm, I invested in a cellular therapeutics company, **Advanced Cell Technology** (eventually ACTC, later OCAT).

The stock market crashed, O pulled its Term Sheet, the company got involved with some unsavory investors. The bridge loan I and my co-investor had made them was not repaid. I then spent *15 years* in litigation trying to get what I was owed. Along the way, I cleverly drafted a quizzical "ratchet clause" that did not really ratchet at all.[9] **I owe my entire fortune to drafting this one paragraph.** Lawyers hate numbers and never try to figure out what paragraphs with numbers or formulae in them mean.

To raise money, ACTC did some financing deals with unsavory sources (one of whom later went to federal prison over an ACTC financing, etc.) and issued a huge number of shares at a very low price. My ratchet clause kicked in. After more legal wrangling, I became the largest shareholder in ACTC, renamed Ocata (OCAT). Ocata was bought out by major Japanese pharmaceutical company, Astellas. My multiple of returns vs. investment amount was >40x, yielding a good return, even after 15 years.

Lately, I decided to not have VCs in my company, just to try to grow it organically. I set up, own and run **Rejuvenation Therapeutics Corp.** (rejuvenation-therapeutics.com). RTC sells Dietary Supplements that we think will help people live longer, but we have not yet done the clinical trials to prove or disprove it. We are also interested in using combinations of natural compounds to treat cancer.

I think extending human lifespan will be a slog of solving one problem after another, one company, one disease at a time. I think that Aging has multiple causes, not just one, so a lot of things have to be solved to reverse it. I could be wrong about this. H**owever, just 4 proteins, the Yamanaka Factors** (Sox2, Oct4, Klf4 and c-Myc) **seem to reverse aging in mice.**[10]

<u>We'll keep working on it. It's something to do.</u>

After I graduated from Haverford, I went to Princeton, where I studied Honors Chemistry, Honors Physics, and Honors Math, the last of which I found especially boring and completely useless, an opinion I have kept to this day. It was designed for future professors and featured only proofs, no numbers, except the Quite Amazing $e^{a.\pi} = -1$, aka Euler's Identity11, which every mathematician marvels at and nobody has ever explained. You'll probably be pondering this fact and will ignore the rest of my commentary. Oh, well. It's worth it.

Also, I had a great Princeton class, Engineering 101, where we were among the first persons to visit inside the then-brand-new World Trade Center Twin Towers in Manhattan, and the attached high-speed subway under the Hudson to Jersey. The Twin Towers greatly impressed me then as being ridiculously small and inefficiently designed for the space, a realization eventually shared by those who replaced it with a much bigger building. Rents in lower Manhattan were low at the time, and the owner, the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, rented 1/3 of each building to itself, so it would not seem so much like the overpriced, Rockefeller-led political boondoggle and self-monument that it was.12

Untrained by Haverford in the inter-gender Social Arts and facing a 3:1 M:F ratio at Princeton, I felt socially unfulfilled and over-intellectualized.

"Results from the highest quality studies…do not support the view that SS [single-sex] schooling provides benefits compared with CE [Co-Educational] schooling."[13]
The whole premise behind Haverford seems to me to be an Eton College wannabe.

"The wars of Europe were won on the playing fields of Eton."[14]

Hence, Haverford's over-emphasis on macho sports, like Wrestling, Lacrosse and Football, and its recruitment of impecunious youth who happen to be good at those sports.

Why should not Haverford INSTEAD recruit and give scholarships to the best science students, writers, and artists?

Haverford has an illustrious history in the Arts and Sciences.

Why not establish a Haverford School Hall of Fame for Achievements in Arts and Sciences, Public Service and Business?

I nominate Maxfield Parrish and Prof. Britton Chance as the first Members of such a Hall of Fame.

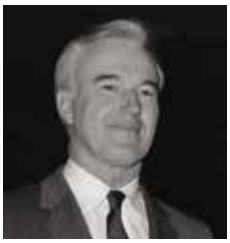


[1]Daybreak", by Maxfield Parish, The Haverford School, Class of 1888 [15]



"Dream Garden", glass-mosaic mural by Parrish and made by Louis Comfort Tiffany, exhibited at the Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia[16]

"Britton Chance ForMemRS [Foreign Member, Royal Society] (July 24, 1913 – November 16, 2010) was the Eldridge Reeves Johnson University Professor Emeritus of Biochemistry and Biophysics, as well as Professor Emeritus of Physical Chemistry and Radiological Physics at the University of Pennsylvania



Britton Chance, PhD, PhD, The Haverford School, 1931

School of Medicine. He received the National Medal of Science in 1974.[1]

He won a gold medal for the United States at the 1952 Summer Olympics in the 5½ Meter Class, alongside Edgar White and Sumner White.[2][17]

Dr. Chance was the stepfather of our own Bill Lucas '71. Bill was kind enough to introduce me to Dr. Chance and I should have followed up more with him. Haverford should have allowed more time in my schedule to do so."



I also want to nominate from our class Bill Lucas for the Haverford School Hall of Fame of Arts, Sciences Public Service and Business.

Bill has developed and patented in many countries of the world, new inventions for purifying run-off of agricultural water contaminated with Nitrogen and Phosphorus.[18] [19]

His inventions can help lower water pollution worldwide. This will be huge. Pure water is the most important public health measure that we can take. Bill really is a Megabrain!



I also want to nominate Sean Hartley for the Arts and Sciences Hall of Fame.

Sean is a composer and lyricist and producer of numerous Broadway shows. I hope he remembers us.[20] [21] [22]



Lastly, I want to nominate Page Wood for his graphic arts accomplishments.[23]

At the same, time, I want to gratefully recognize the excellent and committed members of our class who joined the military services, Admiral (Ret.) Ron Henderson, Phil Byrnes, Rusty Kirkland, Bob Boyle and some others, perhaps, about whom I do not know. They should be considered for the Public Service Division of the Hall of Fame.

I think Bob Burch should be considered for the Hall of Fame for his accomplishments in Business.

I encourage others to self-nominate and to nominate others.

Back to my story:
Princeton was just not as much fun as I had hoped or expected college to be. I sailed in Lake Carnegie and overturned the boat, sticking its mast into the mud and finding out, a bit too late, that there is a difference between a tack and a jibe.[24]

I also continued my hobby of small-plane flying, soloing at the Princeton Flying Club. I remember landing in a cross-wind and going bouncy-bouncy, and thinking back to an educational film I had seen, which suggested that this was a precursor to going up on two wheels of the tricycle landing gear, careening uncontrollably off of the runway and crashing. Fortunately, I also recalled that the antidote was RUDDER! This worked. I have never landed a plane since.

Though my Economics grades were good, I dropped out of Princeton to avoid the after-effects of too much beer and too little appetite for the endless problem sessions of Killer Classes (i.e., beginning(!) classes intended to weed out wimps, like me.) in Electrical Engineering, Civil Engineering and Multivariate Calculus. Gimme a break!

It may sound funny now, but it was very stressful then. I think there is a reason that we lost **Bill and Peter and Scott** too early, all Princetonians. Princeton was really all about teaching people to work themselves to the breaking point. And beyond. **Phil, Tom and Russ** were lost, I fear, to the unrecognized dangers of bad football helmet design. Both problems remain unsolved. I miss all of them greatly. They were all Great Guys and Friends.

I was out of college for a semester and found it hard to find decent work. I decided to return to **Princeton** and it waived the typical extra-year waiting period, in view of my perceived potential in Economics and readmitted me. My parents, however, concerned that liberal Princeton Economists were turning me into a Marxist, insisted that I go to **UCLA**, instead.

"But it's a Party school!" I whined. No, they said, "It is a good school." and much closer to our new family home in tiny Dulzura, CA, an hour outside San Diego. (This was before UCLA became the numerically hardest school to get into in the country.) So, I went to UCLA and my parents were right. It was a good school. Nonetheless, I had to work only half as much and my GPA rocketed from 2.3 (which seemed ok to Princeton Engineering nerds, since it was pretty much in the middle between 0.0 and 4.0, and they had no regard for Biz or Law School Admissions requirements) to 3.6. Dean's List, Honors. Cool! Good enough to get me into Biz and Law Schools. Double-cool!!

The year I had lost by dropping out was made up (almost) by my APs, for which UCLA gave me BOTH placement and credit, unlike Princeton, which did not want anyone to graduate in less than (or more than) exactly four years. I wish that Haverford had let me take the AP in French, in which I excelled, and regarded it as high-handed that it could prevent me from doing so.

But I was right, too. UCLA was a Party School. I lived out on the motel-like wing of Theta Delta Xi Frat House. Its founders had had the tremendous foresight to buy the House a double lot, so it had room for a pool plus a big back yard. Shortly after arriving, I walked out my front door and instantly noticed that the pool was filled with beautiful, young women in bikinis! There was a soda machine 20' away, stocked with beer. I grabbed the door frame as my head swam. Had I died and gone to Heaven?!

No, this was typical, my Bros explained to me. Some Bro had a sister who was in some sorority across campus and she and her friends just naturally came over to swim and play ping-pong at our House. *It was a normal thing in the (unreal) real World of UCLA.*

You see, UCLA had been co-educational since its predecessors' inception in 1881, even before the creation of The Haverford School in 1884.[25]

After the incredible sexual repression (vacuum, really) of The Haverford School, and Princeton, which had only recently (and inefficiently) been gender-integrated, well, THIS WAS OK!!! Better than OK, actually. NOW, THIS was what college was supposed to be all about. All the stuff the Media had fed me, Beach Blanket Bingo, Hey, Hey, We're the Monkees! really was real and it was HERE! Just step outside your front door. OMG!

I was obviously starved for female love by my 9 ½ years at the Haverford School.



I even saw the actual, live Annette Funicello[26] at an ice cream shop in the Valley one evening! Her husband wore blue jeans with a Rolls-Royce patch on his rear end.

My record at Princeton had had ruined my undergrad GPA, but UCLA Management and Law schools only considered Upper Division GPA, since so many students had matriculated from the huge California Community College System, and all had very high and thus indistinguishable GPAs there.

Why would I *ever* consider going anywhere else? I enrolled in the joint MBA/JD Program and the party rolled on. I volunteered for UCLA Student Government and went on the Food Service Committee and then was eventually elected VP of the Graduate School of Management, President of the Management Council

and Member of the Board of Control (now Board of Directors) of **Associated Students, UCLA (ASUCLA)**. While incredibly popular with undergrads, hardly any grads were interested in Student Government. It was too much like High School, unserious, diversionary, puerile, childish.

Ah, but ASUCLA was different. Its Board was *majority* students. It was a mini-conglomerate with 82 different business operations, including 4 major restaurants, merchandise stores, photography, copying, sports equipment rentals and on and on. Today, it generates >$72 Million in Revenues plus $36 Million in UCLA® Bruin®

Bearwear® licensing sales across 80 countries. (Yes, they're all registered trademarks, of course.)

Even back in 1977-1979, it was a big deal, with similarly substantial revenues, reflecting the commercial operations of a city with a daily population of >50,000, plus big international logo wear licensing. Just serving on the Board waived my tuition. Where else can a middle-class kid get experience running a conglomerate? Finally, some news you can use. I recommend that you mention the opportunity to all of your kids or grand-kids. Student government may be a joke to most grad students, but for Management students, Associated Students is very legitimate business experience.

Before closing, I absolutely must mention that my friend, Scott Pickett from Haverford has been and remains my best friend to this day. We see each other often, usually for cycling or hiking. He was my Best Man, as I was his.



Andrew Pickett, Scott Pickett and Gary Aronson



Gary Aronson, decked out for cycling.

<u>So, to conclude, my recommendations for The Haverford School are:</u>
1) Recognize the essential importance of women in today's modern World. Admit Girls on an equal basis with Boys.
2) De-emphasize competitive macho and team sports like football and basketball and emphasize sports that can be done individually and throughout one's life to enhance one's health, like hiking, jogging, biking and skiing.
3) Recruit great students in the Arts and Sciences, rather than solely in sports like football.
4) Create a Hall of Fame to honor lifetime accomplishments of Haverfordians, especially in the Arts and Sciences, Public Service and Business.
5) Admit Maxfield Parrish, Britton Chance, Bill Lucas, Sean Hartley and Page Wood to the new Haverford School Hall of Fame.

Harry Ball

haball55@gmail.com



Steve Bentley

spb2002tii@aol.com



Some stories are just too long to tell here but ask me about...

- Bike trip to Hawaii 2 weeks on the big island, 2 weeks on Maui and 2 weeks on Kauai
- Driving off a cliff at Big Sur in my new BMW 2002tii – (Or you could ask Mark Gordon)
- Sailing against Billy Lucas in 1967 (LEHYC versus Mantoloking)
- Setting a world record in 1982 (made it into Guinness in 1984 + '85)
- Winning the 1984 US Open Frisbee Golf tournament
- Trip to Sweden in 1986 for the World Disc Golf Championship – finished 10th (total choke)
- Back to the bike – ask me about my crashes! (broke right hand road biking and my left hand mountain biking)
- Taking a wrong turn with Bill Mesnard in the Adirondacks
- Yet another bike crash - 34 mph over the handlebars (June 2019 -have some nice pictures for this one)

Hobbies:
As noted above: biking, Frisbee (disc) golf, free weights, photography, sailing (don't get to do this much anymore)

Personal Life:
Basically, a train wreck for the first 29 years after Haverford with not one but two failed marriages. I ended up living with my Mom in Haverford after my Dad died from 1991 to 2001

Met a woman on a blind date set up by my sister in law on Friday April 13th, 2001 who ended up becoming wife #3. Took three tries but I think I finally got it right!

Ended up with a family!!!!! A wonderful, beautiful wife Johanna and two great sons Kain and Parry both of whom are currently going to college. Now I understand what you all were so happy about at previous reunions. It just took me a little longer I guess...

Haverford memories:
I will always cherish the incredible teachers and the lifelong friends that I made at Haverford.
Also, I have fond memories of my van, the Glutton Club and trips to Longwood Gardens.

Aging and the future
I am planning on not aging (which is not going perfectly I must say.) Still, I am trying to stay active by biking three days a week and using free weights three days a week.









During the pandemic my son and I built a power rack so now I just need to go downstairs to workout (less excuses to be had)

Of course, I am old enough now to know that everything can change in an instant, so make plans but be ready to change them!!



Photos from top (left to right): SPB | Johanna Bentley
My son Parry, me, and Bill Mesnard in the Adirondacks
Parry's last finish line as captain of the Cross-Country team | My son Kain and Johanna

John B Berringer

jberringer@reedsmith.com



Thinking back on my years at Haverford, I realized that two lifelong avocations developed there: a love of travel and a love of community service. While at Haverford, I spent several years as a tutor in a program for Inner City kids at Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church and was an AFS exchange student spending a summer with a Turkish Cypriot family in Famagusta, Cyprus. In my four years at Williams, I was on the Lehman Service Council and a volunteer at a Help Line in North Adams, Mass. After Williams, I won a Thomas Watson Fellowship to do independent study in London. My topic was Voluntary Social Services and I worked as a volunteer at a Settlement House and in a drop-in center in Earl's Court where I worked with homeless adults and teens. When I returned to the States, I spent three years as a law student in Chicago, where I volunteered at a legal aid clinic. This three-year stint prepared me for life in NYC, where I moved in 1980 and married my wife Bonnie, who I met through a Williams friend.

Since then, Bonnie and I have traveled all over the world, with numerous trips to Italy, France, England, Scotland, Wales, the Caribbean and Japan. We also found the time to raise two city kids, Ben (now a lawyer in NYC) and Katie (now a PhD candidate at the University of Michigan). I have also continued my work as a volunteer, for about 15 years at a homeless shelter run by my church (surprisingly, I joined the Episcopal Church in 1983, and Bonnie and I between us have served almost 18 years on our Parish vestry!) and over 7 years in a project for tutoring at-risk 5th and 6th graders from the Lower East Side. As for my paying job, I have been suing Insurance companies since the late 1980s, a target rich field that has taken me all over the USA. One of the highlights was a jury trial in New Orleans which took me to the Big Easy for nearly a month. I have no plans as of now to retire.

Recently, I have reconnected with my football teammates at Athletic Hall of Fame inductions, the funeral of Don McBride, the memorial service for Mike Mayock and the recent 50th anniversary celebration of our rout of Malvern. I am particularly happy I got the chance to tell Mr. McBride, Coach Truman and Coach Mayock how much they meant to me as coaches and teachers, and how I got to explain to Coach Truman how Art Garwood secretly conferred the nickname Mel on him from

Thinking back on my years at Haverford, I realized that two lifelong avocations developed there: a love of travel and a love of community service.

a character on the Dick Van Dyke show. It has also been great to reconnect with Haldy, Bob McCafferty, Peter Lindquist, Rodman, Peter Unger, Jimmy Nesbitt, Tommy Hipple, John O'Connor, and Hank Evans, as well as Russ Allen and Frank McCann before their untimely deaths. These reunions brought back fond memories of post-victory parties at Roddy's and Peter Lindquist's houses and reminded me of what talented athletes I had the privilege to play ball with. (When I told Coach Mayock that his championship teams were the best-run organizations I ever was associated with, he was so thrilled he called over his wife to have me repeat it. Seeing recent photos of our offensive line from 50 years ago also made it painfully obvious that I was the shortest starter on the team.) I look forward to seeing old friends and classmates at our 50th, assuming a hip replacement on St. Patrick's Day—I've already had a new hip and knee—is successful.

Peter Blank*

*See p. 66, IN MEMORIAM

Tony Bove

tony@tonybove.com

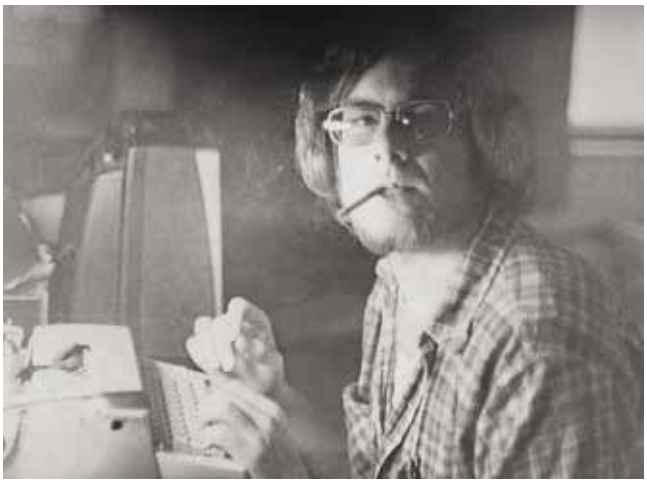


What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?
I could sing that song "I've Been Everywhere, Man" (my favorite version is by Johnny Cash), but I would add that "I've done everything". I've been an office painter, shipyard worker, nerf ball maker, taxi cab driver, UPS loader, technical writer, publications manager, magazine publisher, author and novelist, journalist, columnist, newsletter editor, multimedia producer, app developer, content strategist, harmonica player, rock music historian, live music band member, and the father of two.

Besides my children, I am particularly proud of the Haight-Ashbury in the Sixties CD-ROM, Desktop Publishing magazine (which became IDG's Publish!), iPod and iTunes For Dummies (Wiley), Just Say No to Microsoft (No Starch Press), and The Experiment (Rockument). I'm also happy with my performances with the Flying Other Brothers and special guests. (For more, see www.tonybove.com.)

What have you done since Haverford?

My Haverford experience spanned the last three years of high school. At the time I started Haverford in the latter part of 1969, Woodstock and antiwar demonstrations dominated the news cycle. Haverford students were caught up in the social struggle, and many of us participated in the nationwide Moratorium antiwar event. The values I learned at that time, of peace, love, and justice, still guide me today. They indirectly influenced my calling to help people learn the mysteries of technology.



At my writing desk after Haverford graduation

My journey through the early years of the personal computer led me eventually to produce the Haight-Ashbury CD-ROM documentary, which brought the experience to life with music, narration, and imagery, including video. The Summer of Love in San Francisco in 1967, centered in the Haight-Ashbury district, was far more influential than people realize. The generations that followed took for granted the social and political changes wrought during this period. The civil rights movement, the free speech movement, the ecology movement, the psychedelic movement, black power, women's liberation, and gay liberation — all forged in the crucible of the Sixties — are the foundations for today's social and political environment.



Today in Kauai. Live it or live with it.



Playing in the band with Mickey Hart of the Grateful Dead

Today we refer to a fun gathering as a love fest. We talk about being in a groove, or uptight, or burned out. We tune in to the media, and cool gadgets turn us on. We drop out of the rat race from time to time, but we can still pass the acid test. What a trip! All this terminology is rooted in the Summer of Love. Our ultra-casual dress in our high-tech offices — everything from headbands and blue jeans to caftans and sandals — echo the style and culture of the hippies. We were steeped in the culture of the late Sixties as the youngest members of that generation. From 1969 to 1972 I learned about hippies, yippies, and other radicals of the liberation movements, thanks to my friends and peers at Haverford.

What are your favorite Haverford memories?

Overall I enjoyed my time at Haverford, although I never quite fit in as a newcomer. Before Haverford I had gone to private Catholic schools. When I joined in the summer of 1969, I had to attend summer school to catch up to the Haverford curriculum. Haverford's teachers were like college professors compared to my previous education. History professor Donald Brownlow had *The New York Times* delivered every morning to every desk in his class, and he would launch impromptu quizzes on it. I felt challenged to perform better and to adopt a certain discipline about studying.

I put the Haverford discipline to good use in my senior year, when those of us already accepted into college were allowed to finish our final projects from home. I got a typewriter and wrote my first short story. By honing these disciplinary skills, I was able to "work at home" (remotely) for decades — way before it became a thing during the recent pandemic. I wrote books, started magazines, and produced music and videos, all from my home.

I was not particularly athletic, but I doggedly attempted swimming, rowing, and marksmanship before settling on tennis. My favorite activities were ping-pong in the new student union, and Crosbee on the lacrosse field with the Space Angels.



With the Flying Other Brothers

One important life lesson directly related to my Haverford experience is learning to think for myself about huge topics like philosophy and religion. I had rejected many of the ideas of Catholicism before arriving, and what I learned at non-sectarian Haverford solidified my thinking: that no one knows more than myself about life itself.

Steve Jobs, who was the same age as me and had a similar outlook on life, once said in an interview: "Everything around you that you call life was made up by people that were no smarter than you and you can change it, you can influence it, you can build your own things that other people can use."

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?
My plan is to continue to live a balanced life of work and play, hoping to age gracefully. When I'm not working or playing the harmonica with friends in a bluegrass band, I'm swimming and snorkeling on a Kauai beach and playing ball with my Irish Wolfhound.

If I were to give a commencement speech to this year's crop of Haverford graduates, I'd once again quote Steve Jobs (not that he's such an exemplary role model; at dinner with him in one of his favorite restaurants he returned his pasta dish three times!). The following is from his address to the class of Stanford University in 2005:

"Your time is limited, so don't waste it living someone else's life. Don't be trapped by dogma — which is living with the results of other people's thinking. Don't let the noise of others' opinions drown out your own inner voice."

And I would add, from the Firesign Theatre, "I say live it or live with it."

Robert F. Boyle

robboyle1@aol.com



Robert Burch

rburch@redbadge.com



What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?
I look back 50 years and try to remember the person I was when I graduated from Haverford. I barely recognize him. I recall how sure I was about things I didn't really understand and how little I questioned what I was taught. I suppose a great deal of the brash and confident side I tried to project was related to my uncertainties about damn near everything then – especially girls. I ended up at Denison University – only because I didn't get into Amherst (thank you Jim Christen) and never got motivated to look at many other schools. I arrived there in September having never visited and having no idea what I wanted out of college – other than to play lacrosse and get out as quickly as possible.

College was nothing like Haverford for me. I never joined a fraternity at a school where 90% of the men did. I wasn't much of a party guy and the academics were pretty easy so I kind of slid through without a lot of effort. There was the constant hunt for a girlfriend though. I managed to fall in love a couple of times, got dumped once or twice and learned that I was the opposite of cool. I suppose I averaged out about the even which was pretty good in the mid-seventies.

While I was at Denison, I often went to visit Ox, Harry Marsh, Dickie Power, Dave Williams and Phil Byrnes at Ohio Wesleyan

about an hour away. We have remained great friends to this day – although Phil has passed away, and no one can seem to find Dickie. On one visit there, I found Ox was selling sweaters to girls on campus and he convinced me to give it a try at Denison. Needless to say, I have sold a few sweaters since that day. Out of college in 1976, my brother Chris and I started our little company – Eagle's Eye – with a sweater shipment arriving in June from Scotland. I had no aspirations to run a company and I certainly wasn't interested in women's clothing, but it turned out we had a knack for it, and we spent the next 25 years building our business.



Bob and Susan

We grew the business to a respectable size, made a lot more money than I ever expected, and I learned a lot about running a company and a lot about myself. I didn't really love the business but as I said, we were good at it, and I was working pretty hard. It turns out that I had solid creative instincts and was a good and detailed operator. I also found myself interested in a broad range of things and was constantly amazed at all the opportunities that presented themselves to me. Life became very interesting. I'd had a series of girlfriends – mostly serious relationships that lasted 3 or 4 years and it wasn't until I was 35 that I married my wife, Susan Brown. That's when my life really began. Susan and I had our first child Neely within a year and two more – Chloe and Roby – quickly followed. This was truly one of the greatest times of my life – I loved being married and loved being a Dad and while I probably didn't say it often enough, I knew just how amazingly lucky I was. Susan and I have been married for 33 years now and have 5 children – Dewey and Amelia were our second wave some 15 years later. I am loving being a Dad on this second round too and we're expecting our first grandchild in April this year.



Burch Girls



Haverford Boys

Since I left Eagle's Eye in 1998, I've been involved in many kinds of businesses – had a bunch of fortunate successes and several pretty crushing disappointments. When I was in 10th grade at Haverford, I spent the summer at the XH Land and Cattle Co as a ranch hand. 20 years later we bought our own ranch - the Hobble Diamond in Big Timber Montana. I got to play cowboy for 3 months a year and there's still nothing I'd rather do than chase a cow on horseback. All of my kids can ride and rope and brand a calf, and I think that's a good thing.

I have stayed very involved at Haverford – was on the board for many years, ran the building committee and led the campus redevelopment projects in the 1990s. My son Roby graduated from Haverford in 2013 and my son Dewey is expected to do the same in 2028 – 56 years after all of us walked from Wilson Hall to Parker Gymnasium for our graduation ceremony.

I have been a lucky person these past 50 years. I've continued to learn how little I knew when I left Haverford as an 18-year-old, but am very aware that Haverford taught me how to learn and how to accept and embrace change in my life and attitudes. I truly love my friends from Haverford School and speak to many of them weekly. Approaching 70 I feel confident in the future, still ready for a few new projects, and excited for this next stage in my family life. I think of the class of 1972 often and marvel at the amazing collection of individuals and personalities. I feel terribly fortunate to have been part of such a great class and to have shared your friendship for these many years.

Bob

Philip L. Byrnes*

*See p. 70, IN MEMORIAM

Jim Christen

jdchristen@hotmail.com



Jonathan P. Coffin (Jock)

jcoffin@optonline.net



What experiences and/or events have shaped my life?
My parents were clearly the strongest influence in my life, followed by my 3 siblings. (Dad was actually offered the headmaster's job before Davis Parker which had he taken it, we would have gone to EA.) Haverford was certainly significant, though I felt it had a mixed bag of teachers. I had a great deal of respect for many though, most notably Bo Dixon and Don McBride. I attended Amherst after HS but had no clue what to do after graduation. Dad prodded me to go to law school but though I enjoyed it, I didn't really want to practice. Fortuitously, a friend of my brother's whom I played paddle tennis with and who ran the Kidder Peabody office in Chicago talked me into joining the firm as its first institutional trainee. My timing was good. With Volcker as the new Fed chairman and interest rates exploding, the nature of the bond business changed dramatically from a quiet, buy-and-hold model to a much more dynamic relative value one. People who could understand bond math (which isn't that hard) prospered. By my third year I was the third highest producer in the fixed income area. After being lured to other firms and moving to NYC, I ended up at Lehman Brothers in the mortgaged-backed securities business (the area which essentially put them out of business in 2008). I was put into management and held a number of jobs including co-head of the mortgage business, head of fixed income research and sales, and later the firm's operations. I reported to the CAO until one day I didn't. I never went back to a salaried job, essentially trading my own account. That has worked out okay and I haven't blown up yet despite my wife's expectations. This gave me a tremendous amount of flexibility in my life which I feel I've taken advantage of.

What activities are you involved in?
Sports have always been a big part of my life. At Amherst, I played 4 varsity sports which was probably too much. After college I played pick-up basketball for quite a while, though I essentially gave up the soccer and tennis. I have played at a competitive level of paddle tennis for years though my AFib, pernicious anemia, and ankle arthritis (recent replacement) have made that nearly impossible now. I'm left with golf.

Information about your family
I met my wife, Nancy Baker, spring break junior year at a rugby tournament in Florida. She was our year at Baldwin, a boarder, and attended Mt. Holyoke. While we hadn't met before (though I was in her math class during our senior exchange with Baldwin) we had a lot of "small world" connections. We married in 1977 and will celebrate our 45th this June. We have 3 children who attended school in Greenwich. The oldest, Peter, went to Princeton and now is in Miami. Jamie and Sara went to Dartmouth and married classmates whom we adore. Each has two children - two 3-year-olds and two less than a year - and live nearby. I am babysitting for the 7-month-old as I write this (she's asleep).



Coffin Family

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?
While in a sense I retired a long time ago, it really hasn't felt that way to me. I stay very involved in the markets, do some trustee and volunteer work, but essentially enjoy my free time. I saw almost every one of my kids' high school and college athletic contests and have travelled extensively throughout the country and world. I read constantly and have been pleased not to feel the stress I felt for so many years on the Street. We have recently bought a small condo in Gulf Stream (FL) and are considering leaving CT where we've lived for 36 years. I have a house on some family property in RI which I love, but it's hard to leave kids and grandchildren who are nearby.

What are your favorite Haverford memories?
Several sporting events and the senior lounge. The craziness of Taylor Schoettle's 9th grade bio class. Staying after school to watch so many games when I was little. We lived right next to the school, so I essentially lived there. Classmates.

Terry Cooke

mterrycooke@gmail.com

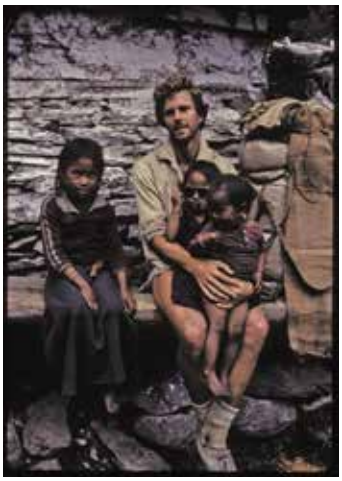


1959, Newtown Square

What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?
The seven years I shared with my mother before her death in 1961 were magical. She taught me my abiding love of nature, my fascination with foreign cultures (through countless, vivid stories she told me about China, India and Africa, places she had only visited in her imagination) and instilled her boundless curiosity in me.

What activities are you involved in?
Directing ReGen250's three main programs: (1) a sub-national initiative, competitively selected for seven years as an official U.S.-China EcoPartnership awardee, to help Chinese national-level industrial parks de-carbonize; (2) working with international partners to bring COVID-safe indoor air solutions to disadvantaged communities in the Greater Philadelphia tri-state area and (3) Planning an experiential program focusing on horticulture, gardens and arboretums in Philadelphia history (1776, 1876 & 2026) to be launched during the U.S. Semi quincentennial on July 4, 2026.

What have you done since Haverford?



1982, on the way to Manang Valley, Nepal

1968-72: Phillips Exeter Academy'
1972-76: Princeton University (majored in comparative religion)
1976-78: Travelled overland from Europe to Thailand (via Iran and Afghanistan) between language-learning stays in Germany and Taiwan
1978-85: MA & PhD in Cultural Anthropology at UC Berkeley (incl. 30 months of fieldwork at 11,500' in Manang, Nepal)
1986: Married Grace Sharples Cooke, Glamour Magazine fashion editor
1988-2003: U.S. Foreign Service with postings in Shanghai (1988-90), Tokyo (1991-95), Berlin (1996-99) and Taiwan (1999-2002)
2006-8: World Economic Forum, Director for Asian CEO Engagement
2010 & 12: Senior Policy Scholar Appointment at Woodrow Wilson Center (DC) & publication of book Sustaining U.S.-China Cooperation in Clean Energy
2012- Current: Founder, Chair & CEO of ReGen250 non-profit (formerly China Partnership of Greater Philadelphia)

Information about your family
My wife Grace went to Cornell, raised our family overseas, and currently is Director, Office of the President, Science History Institute in Old City, Philadelphia
Older son Todd was born in Hong Kong, attended the University of Chicago for his BA and recently got a joint MA



1997, Berlin



2021, Willowstreams (Bryn Mawr)

in Design and MBA at the Illinois Institute of Technology. He works for Kaiser Permanente.

Younger son Phil graduated from Princeton University and is entering the Wharton MBA program this fall. He has been working (remotely) during the pandemic for a family office in Boston.



Circa 1965, Cape May (fishing on Rod Smith's boat)

What are your favorite Haverford memories?
Definitely the friendships and the sports in that order.

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?
Have no plans to step down from my non-profit work anytime soon. Am concurrently working on a book project called Genealogy, Genetics & the Fabric of Humanity.

Looking forward to spending Christmas and New Years with family in Cornwall and Bath England and, after Grace's retirement, to picking up the pace with more domestic and international travel with Grace.

Stewardship of our property, conserved by Natural Lands Trust and crisscrossed by Darby and Ithan creeks, is a highly rewarding daily feature of our lives. In that connection, I serve on the board of the Darby Creek Valley Association.

Alan Crawford

acrawfordiii@gmail.com



What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?
Growing up in a country setting, surrounded by nature; Summers at camp (two seasons at Bill Prizer's Chimney Point and five at Pasquaney); Hiking, skiing, and birding with family and friends; Volunteering with colleagues.

What activities are you involved in?
Still working. Outside of work, I served on the Haverford School Alumni Board, the boards of Radnor Hunt and the Beach Club of Cape May, and the Council of the Society of Colonial Wars (PA), each for several years. I continue to serve on both the Environmental Committee and the Bird Conservation Committee of Willistown Conservation Trust, as well as the Environmental Commission of the Borough of West Cape May. I also volunteer as a field trip leader with Cape May Bird Observatory. I get outside as much as work allows, which is one of the reasons we moved to Cape May, a great spot for running, walking, biking, boating, and yes, birding. (Running, you say? Crawford doesn't run! Well, yes, actually, I do now, for limited distances anyway: 5K, 10K, etc.)

What have you done since Haverford?
I bounced around a handful of colleges before I realized that I hadn't a clue what I wanted to do. I ended up getting a computer programmer certification and have spent the last



Robin and Alan in Panama, November 2021 (Panama Canal in background)

40+ years as an IT professional, providing software and services first to hospitals and physician practices for 10 years and then to the news media industry (primarily major newspapers) for over 20 years. I had a lot of fun with newspaper systems, and I was part of the small team that created the NewsLibrary, the first consumer-facing online newspaper archive. It was too good to last, though, and with the newspaper industry crumbling, I made the move to staff IT at a financial services company in 2011; I'm now leading a migration team as we stand up a new insurance company and separate it from my prior employer.



Latest family wedding - June 2021

Information about your family

I married Robin Thomson in 1984 and over the next 8 years we had three daughters, all of whom are EA grads. (The family joke is that we alternate family generations between Haverford and EA!) We've since added two sons-in-law and a granddaughter to the mix. We lived on the "family compound" for over 30 years but sold the farm – where we had our 5th and 10th Class of '72 reunions – after my parents died. (Already empty-nesters at that point, we were ready to downsize, not "up-size".) We spent a couple of years in downtown West Chester, which was fun, and then moved to Cape May at the beginning of 2020.

What are your favorite Haverford memories?

As one of a number of 13-Year Men in the class, I have a boatload of memories – some better than others! Suffice it to say that the things I enjoyed most were, in chronological order: Drama Club (4 years); Organic Chemistry with Ron Brown (Summer '71); "Bomb Squad" at home games (Fall '71); Europe with Don Brownlow (Summer '72)

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?

Thinking about retiring, trying not to think about aging. Planning to do more traveling and more birding.

Price Crozer

pricecrozer@outlook.com



Rick Custer



Hank Evans

hevans@fbm.com



Wayne Frost

wfrostrxconsulting@yahoo.com



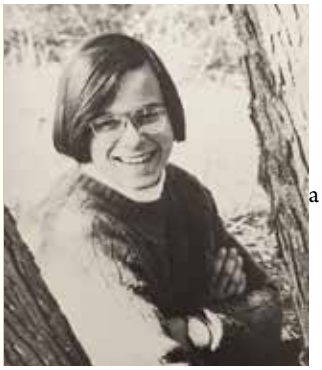
Peter Ginsberg

pginsberg@prglaw.com



Mark S. Gordon

msgordon@earthlink.net



After graduation from Haverford in May/June 1972 I was looking forward to summer trip to Hawaii followed by freshman year at Middlebury College. I was escaping an overbearing father, work in the family vineyard and winery, and two households from divorced parents. That summer trip was with Steve Bentley, a fellow Haverford alum. Three of us drove his new BMW 200 tii across the USA, often at 95 mph, since he was to attend college in California. It was a memorable trip. Backpacking in the Grand Tetons, an overnight in Carmel by the Sea, driving off a cliff at Big Sur (I was in the suicide seat), and a month in Hawaii complete with stolen backpacks. I made lifelong friends freshman year at Middlebury and accumulated enough gonzo material to rival a Hunter S. Thompson tome. I majored in Political Science and had time for studio art, history, art history, and electronics (in the Physics Dept.).

Flying lessons, a pilot's license (Single Engine Land), and a stint repairing and installing avionics in general aviation aircraft followed. Had fun with the radios but didn't want to be a technician so I looked into grad school. I lacked hard core engineering courses so did a year of Physics, Electrical Engineering, and Computer Science course work at the University of Pennsylvania while fixing radios and working as a tuxedo-clad waiter in a French restaurant. It was a busy time. I had the California dream so applied to grad school there. A professor who was to write a recommendation fell ill and ran late so the application window closed at Stanford, and Caltech. But Berkeley, with rolling admissions, was still open and accepted me. I drove across the USA in a 1968 Chevy Impala with body putty all down one side and a peeling vinyl roof. I'd bought the car when my Toyota blew a head gasket. I replaced that gasket and sold the Toyota before departing, using knowledge I'd acquired in college rebuilding VW Bugs and replacing a busted dirt bike gear (with the help of a fellow freshman who is now a critical care doc at the Mayo Clinic).

During that second trip across the USA I backpacked for seven days in Glacier National Park, bear bell tied to my pack to notify the grizzlies. I wore rain gear daily because it never cleared and then coped with a freak storm that dumped ten inches of snow on me at 7,000 feet. I was better off than Socal boy (no rain gear) and the newly-married couple from



Wet Bike Trip Along the Great Allegheny Passage

Wisconsin who'd run out of food. We survived though as I cooked my extra meal for the couple who zipped their two sleeping bags together so they plus shivering Socal boy could stay warm overnight. On the hike out Ranger Rick was headed in, .45 caliber in a shoulder holster. He regaled us with tales of his stint in Florida pulling up marijuana plants as the snow melted in the warm sun.



With Daughter Laura and Plane She Helped Build at Harvey Mudd College

At Berkeley I lived between two parlors (massage and pizza; my needs were met!). From my window overlooking Shattuck Avenue I marveled at the convertible red Cadillac Eldorado parked daily in the no parking zone in front of the parlors. I observed that a tall black man owned it and assumed he had an arrangement with the meter maid management. Berkeley was intense because I had no technical degree like my fellow students. But I got through and even earned good grades, worked as a summer intern for a division for Hewlett-Packard, and landed a job designing microchips in Silicon Valley. I was living the California dream.

I decamped from the dueling parlor and pimpmobile environs to a roommate situation in Silicon Valley. One roommate used to talk about the sex workshops he attended some weekends (he was hetero in case you are wondering) and the other designed bipolar memories (or "bipolar mammaries" as he used to say). That living situation lasted two years then I ended up in another roommate situation, this time with a soon-to-be-married couple.

The chip design job was before PCs so product designs –the intellectual property of the company – were drawn in pencil on paper and stored in a locked room. Grunts like me tasked with modifications sought out the clerk responsible for that room - a diminutive Kiwi – and checked out the relevant sheets. One day that Kiwi told me, "I took a trip overland from London to Delhi via Land Rover." I was hooked, and thought, "I want to do THAT!"

I soured on the chip design business so was en route to another organization when a colleague called to ask me to join the company he was founding. I became the token white boy working with three Chinese guys. We got a product to market but then along came the IBM PC and "Poof", our product was instantly obsolete. I had left the company by then anyway after tiring of a boss who said to me, "I know you don't think I'm competent."

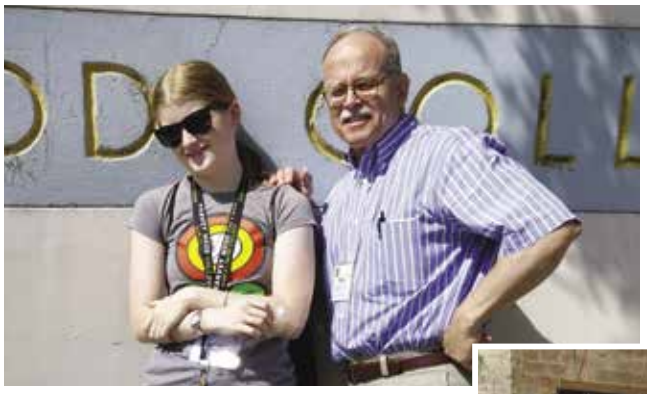
The dream of that Land Rover trip had never gone away so I began to plan a trip circumnavigating the globe. The centerpiece was to be a trek in Nepal; I'd always been drawn to mountains and wanted to see the Himalayas. Information was sparse about trekking in Nepal (the Internet and online search hadn't happened yet and there were few books that detailed trekking routes), but finally, in August, 1984 I put my 1982 BMW 320i onto blocks in a garage and departed for Europe.

The ensuing year took me through Europe, Egypt, the Indian Subcontinent, Southeast Asia, and mainland China. I landed in New Delhi the night of Indira Gandhi's funeral to a curfew, stopped trains nationwide, and a food shortage. My trek in Nepal included altitude sickness, lemon-yellow eyewhites that gave way to apricot-colored skin, dodging crevasses for three days on a glacier, an avalanche, a harrowing seven-day trip on foot back to the road, then another journey, ill as hell, of 12,000 miles to an American hospital bed. Six weeks later I was back on a plane to finish the trip. A friend at the time quipped, "Gordon almost dies in Asia, goes back for more." The second half included six plus weeks in India, a week in Burma, six weeks in Thailand, eight in mainland China. Took second class trains everywhere



Kelsy & Peter with Davey's Baby, Charlotte

With Son Albert at Sequoia National Park





Above: *With Daughter Laura at Harvey Mudd College*
Right: *With Son Albert, the Ballet Dancer as Golden Idol*

in India (and in the last few years I've been working on braking control gear used by Indian railroads), rode around Burma in a mini-truck, smoked opium in northern Thailand, slept in a baggage rack on an overnight Chinese train, learned enough Mandarin to ask for hot water (to fill my drinking bottle) and inquire, "Does this bus go to Dunhuang" (my pronunciation was bad so many people couldn't make out what I was saying). Hitchhiked across the Gobi Desert and back from the Chinese side of the Nepalese border, watched a sky burial in Lhasa, Tibet and saw firsthand Cultural Revolution damage to Tibetan monasteries, rode 57 hours on a train to Beijing while chatting with a People's Liberation Army colonel, visited Shanghai before skyscrapers overtook its skyline in the past 30 years.

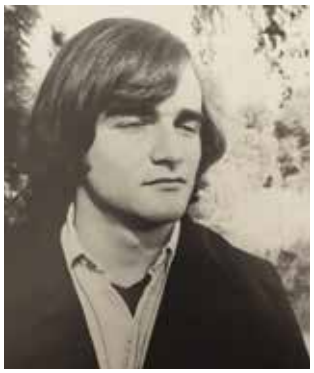
Back in the USA I went to work as a self-employed consultant in Silicon Valley. I wrote product documentation, white papers, analyses, marketing literature, trade journal articles and software, tested computers, and did whatever was needed to keep the doors open and occupy plus pay the employees I'd hired. I bought a 1901 Victorian in San Francisco and renovated it; word eventually got around and I was written up in "Old House Journal" in the late 1990s. Nineteen ninety-four saw me married to an international banker and living in London. More travels ensued, including a road trip from Paris to Sicily and back with our 18-month-old son in tow. In Naples, the leased car with French license plates was not, in fact, stolen from its parking spot while we toured catacombs. And the love hotel (with front and back doors as well as windows that had latching wood covers on the inside and openings too small to permit human passage) in Southern Italy didn't offer up hints of Mafia goings on; we joked that such hints were likely secreted in the concrete walls, concrete being one of that dusty backwater town's few industries.

After returning to San Francisco, I plied the consulting trade again. One memorable stint involved documentation, a parts database, and cooling water corrosion for a hazardous waste furnace used to cleanse contaminated earth at a German military base where poisonous gas had been tested from WW I through WW II. Our second child was born in San Francisco and several years later (2002) I started what was ostensibly a one-month consulting engagement in Virginia near DC. That gig grew in scope to a full-time job and became my ticket out of California with family in tow.

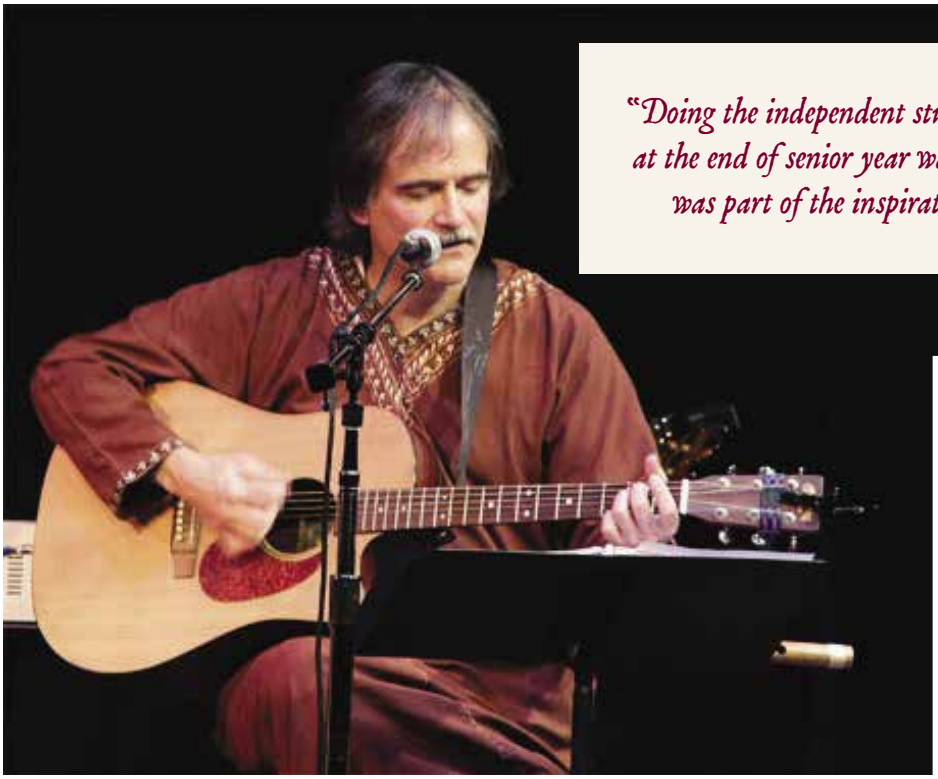
The years have flown by, just shy of twenty now, in suburban Virginia. Tech and management consulting, raising two kids, sale of that San Francisco Victorian, subdivision of 153 acres of land 2 hours north of San Francisco (bought with the intention of building a house on a dirt road) then sale of the resulting parcels, invention, patenting, manufacturing in China, and now sale on Amazon of a mechanical hand tool, complete renovation of seven historic row houses in Baltimore (two with collapsed roofs), and a divorce. One kid is now a professional ballet dancer in Hong Kong and another a newly minted engineer working in the semiconductor business down the road from my old haunts in Silicon Valley.

Seabury S. Gould V

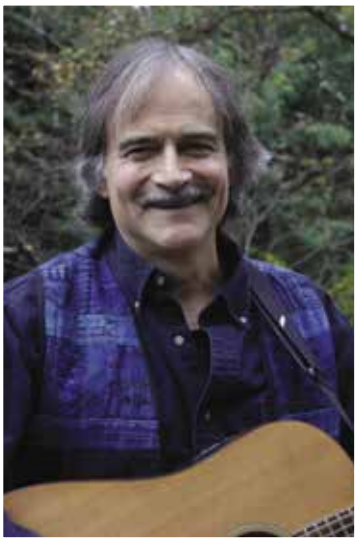
seaburygould@hotmail.com



Experiences & events:
As a teenager I was able to go to amazing concerts in Philadelphia. Those live performances were powerful & inspiring: Jimi Hendrix, Cream, Simon & Garfunkel, the Who, Yes, etc. Also, at the folk music coffeehouse, the Main Point in Bryn Mawr, I attended concerts that shaped my life (Doc Watson, Dave Van Ronk, etc). Doing the independent study music recording project at the end of senior year was very exciting for me & was part of the inspiration for my life's work. In 1974 I went to south India on a junior year abroad program. My studies of Indian music were profound. Becoming a father with the birth of my daughter in Pondicherry, India in 1979 profoundly shaped my life!



"Doing the independent study music recording project at the end of senior year was very exciting for me & was part of the inspiration for my life's work."



Above: *Seabury performing in a performance of music with the poetry of Rumi in Arcata, CA*
Right: *Seabury, 2014, Eureka, California*

I've been involved with a variety of endeavors, many of them musical. I've hosted singalongs (or "Song Circles") at libraries, an art center & outdoors in parks. I host Irish/Celtic music sessions. I've participated in many men's gatherings & have been in men's groups for many years. I've been doing research & work in community building with our local Health Freedom Network. Going for beautiful walks in nature is an activity I do regularly.

Since 1972: I attended Kenyon College in Ohio & majored in Religion. I finished my M.A. work in Music & Spirituality at Antioch (in Marin County, CA). I've been a world traveler, with Mexico, Guatemala & Thailand being the countries I've visited in recent years. I've been a music teacher since my late 20's, both at schools & privately. My specialty is children K - 4th grade. As an eclectic multi-instrumentalist, I've played a huge variety of different gigs. I've produced 13 albums of diverse music, much of it being Celtic music & a lot of it being original music. I was musical director for a community theater group in Ojai CA.

I am thankful to live with my wife Teri in Eureka, Humboldt County, CA. My daughter is married & they have had 2 precious children. I love being a grandfather! I also have 3 older sisters living in Ohio.

Memories:
I appreciate how Mr. Taylor Schoettle was so patient & supportive to me.

I fondly recall stimulating & thoughtful English classes with Mr. Bo Dixon.

Music classes with Mr. Roman Pawlawski deepened my appreciation & connection with music.

In the spring of senior year, I was very happy to develop a friendship with the inspiring music teacher Mr. Sean Deibler.

I enjoyed participating in Philosophy club & acting in theatrical productions both at school & outside of school.

I also recall special times at the Haverford College duck pond..

Future:
I'm semi-retired & am still a musician looking for gigs. So far I don't foresee a time when I might retire. I'm fortunate in many ways. Apart from dental problems & hearing loss, I am in good health. Aging means that thankfully, I'm continuing to live life. Future plans: to continue living on the "Redwood coast" & see things as they are. As the song "End of the Line" says, ".. I'm just glad to be here, happy to be alive.."

Steve Griffing



John Haldeman

jshaldeman@gmail.com

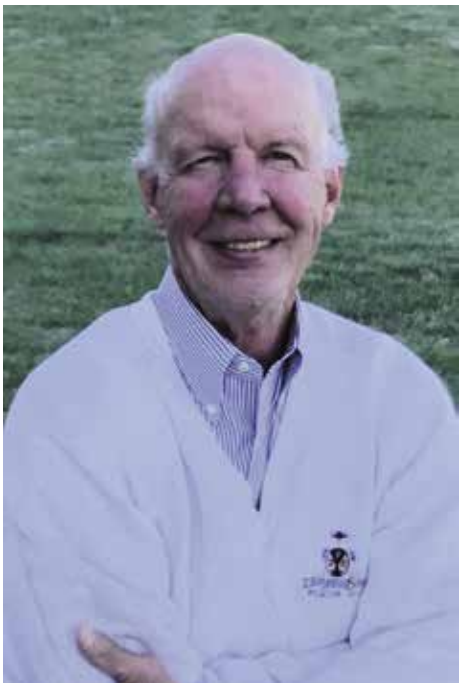


What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?

In 1965, at 12 years old, at a try out for The Little Quakers, I had the luck and good fortune to meet a teacher-coach named Don McBride! Needless to say, at that time The Haverford School was nowhere on my radar - I did not know it existed. But meeting Mr. McBride led to my sitting for the entrance exam for The Haverford School. I have had had many mentors that have influenced and shaped the trajectory of my life - most important my parents, but many others as well. It was the willingness of those individuals to take the time and make the effort to help and teach a young man.

What have you done since Haverford?

After leaving Haverford I attended Duke University. Had an up and down experience at Duke. Met some wonderful people, still great friends today. But I was especially fortunate to meet Sue Lundahl during my sophomore year - I told her I wanted the person I married to be my best friend - she laughed. We've known each other 48 years now and have celebrated 45 years married. A great partnership and the journey continues. After graduating Duke, I was miraculously hired by Bo Dixon and returned to The Haverford School as a middle school social studies teacher and coach. The three years I devoted to teaching and coaching at Haverford opened my eyes to the intellectual



challenges and emotional roller coaster that teachers face. To be a great teacher is probably one of the most difficult jobs there is! Had a rewarding, challenging 37-year career as a reinsurance intermediary - I will not bore you with the details. Now very happily retired, living in the foothills of the Blue Ridge mountains a bit south of Asheville, NC and just north of Spartanburg, SC.

Information about your family

Sue and I have two terrific grown children. Michael is a musician living Brooklyn, NYC. He has toured the world playing guitar and various other instruments with a couple different bands. If you're into guitar and music, check out the link to an article about Michael Haldeman https://www.fretboardjournal.com/features/daw-power-plugging-into-guitarist-mike-haldemans-unique-digital-rig/. Our daughter, Caylin, works in the nonprofit world, lives nearby in Charlotte, and is getting married in June!

What are your favorite Haverford memories?

Over the years I have always been reminded of the incredible diversity of interests and talents of the Class of 72. My exposure each of you, however limited or extensive, has certainly impacted my worldview. Thanks

"Over the years I have always been reminded of the incredible diversity of interests and talents of the Class of 72. My exposure each of you, however limited or extensive, has certainly impacted my worldview. Thanks"

Hank Hallowell

gotmoose101@aol.com



Tony Hannock



Sean Hartley

shartley@kaufmanmusiccenter.org



What activities are you involved in?
Currently writing the lyrics for a musical based on the play "Prelude to a Kiss" which will premiere at the South Coast Repertory Theater next spring.

Lecturing various places nationwide on musical theater.

Also playing a lot of tennis.

What have you done since Haverford?
I have worked in various roles in the areas of music, musical theater and education. Writing musicals is probably my favorite.

Information about your family
My husband, David Hughes, and I have been together for 44 years.

What are your favorite Haverford memories?
Chorale trips

The gourmet club

Drama club

Mr. Jameson

Dave Heller

dheller@whyy.org



Jim Hopkins

jhopmd@gmail.com

What activities are you involved in?
I enjoy playing jazz guitar or some rock and roll in a doctor's free benefit band, the Dysrhythmics. You may have heard of us. The rest of the time I spend sailing or more accurately working on the boat which is currently a 33-foot trimaran.

What have you done since Haverford?
I went north to Brown University and returned to Philadelphia for medical school at Jefferson. I have practiced interventional cardiology in Pittsburgh briefly and then have been in Delaware since 1990. I spent years primarily doing coronary artery interventions (balloons, stents, etc.). For the past 20 years I have focused on structural heart work (closing holes in the heart, dilating valves & vessels, replacing and repairing heart valves with catheter-based techniques). It is remarkable how many cardiac surgical procedures can now be done less invasively with various devices in the catheterization laboratory.

Information about your family
I either choose wisely or more likely just got lucky and have spent 40+ years with my wonderful partner in life, Kathy. We were fortunate enough to have 3 children who all went to the Wilmington Friends School in Delaware and have subsequently moved on. We are proud of their accomplishments. We enjoy 2 grandchildren and look forward to more.

What are your favorite Haverford memories?
I was not quite a "lifer", but I was fortunate enough to enjoy at least 10 years at Haverford with my younger brothers Leigh and Doug. My brother Leigh also had 2 sons, Thomas and Christian, who also graduated from Haverford more recently. Too many memories to relate. See you 4/30/22. I am of biased, but I have always felt the class of 72 was a very special group of friends. I regret being "busy" too many hours a day for 50 years, but I very much look forward to reconnecting with all.

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?
Keep on trucking.











From Top/Left to Right: *My partner in life since 1981 Kathleen Anne | Our three children and their significant others after a plunge in the Pacific Nov 2021 | My 2 brothers, Leigh & Doug, and I all enjoyed our time at Haverford | I spent a lot of the last 40 years in a cardiac catheterization laboratory doing coronary and structural heart interventions | I am looking forward to more time on Karma sailing the Chesapeake Bay*

Frank Allen Itgen

allen.itgen1@rcn.com



What activities are you involved in?
I'm working parttime for a small landscaping business and help out at my church a number of ways. I enjoy reading and taking long walks.

What have you done since Haverford?
After military service during the Summer of 1972, I attended Hampden-Sydney College, graduating in 1976 with a BA in Humanities. Over the years, I've been employed managing business records. Also, I've travelled to various parts of the United States and once to the United Kingdom. At one time, I was active in a hiking club.



Information about your family
My sister, nephew, and two grandnephews live in Vermont.

Bunker Jaeger



Bruce Janson

Bruce.Janson@ucdenver.edu



Greetings from Colorado where Maria Riva and I have resided since 1990. After graduating from Cornell BS '76 and Penn MA '77, I began my doctorate at the University of Illinois PhD '81. Maria had recently finished her Master's degree and we met at a bar in Urbana, which was really a set up by some friends. We moved to Pittsburgh in 1981 where I joined the faculty at Carnegie Mellon University and married in Heinz Chapel in 1982. Maria completed her doctorate at Pitt in 1989, and it was off to somewhere else for two professor jobs. We landed here in Denver, where Maria is a Professor at the University of Denver and me a Professor Emeritus at the University of Colorado Denver. For 32 years, Maria and I did all the expected academic



Alzheimer's Walk Maria Riva and Bruce Janson

stuff while also being department chairs or associate deans along the way. Both of us are semi-retired now, but still teaching and quite involved with our schools.

We adopted two wonderful children Hasan and Olivia back in 1995 and 2000 who are now 26 and 21 years old. They are engaged in a mix of academic and experiential activities enriching their lives and giving back to others. They are of course the most significant and rewarding involvements of our lives.

I've kept up with the Haverford news and met George Wood in Denver three times for baseball games between the Rockies and the Phillies. I have not been able to attend any reunions for all these years because they always happen in late April when our university semester activities are at their max. Looking forward to that changing with retirement!

Roger Walton Jones

rjones@rangercollege.edu



What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?
attended Kenyon College and majored in English. I decided to go on and get my Masters and Phd in English. I moved to Texas where I did my dissertation on Larry McMurtry. It was published by Texas A&M press under the title Larry McMurtry and the Victorian Novel.

What activities are you involved in?
I teach English at Ranger College and divide my time between a home near the college and an Art Deco home we bought in Dallas.

Information about your family
I married my wife Sue who is originally from Taiwan in Pennsylvania and held our wedding reception at the Pearl Buck Estate. This August will be our 20th anniversary!



My wife with our dog Exxon in the building where I teach

What are your favorite Haverford memories?
I spent my junior and senior years at Haverford. I remember lunch time with the likes of Joe Hartley, Allen Crawford, Corbin Reiner, and others. I remember singing in the school male chorus and being in the the play *As You Like It* directed by Joe Hartley. (I played a shepherd of all things!) I also remember doing illustrations for the school literary magazine. Haverford gave me confidence in my ability to write and be creative. I will never forget English class with Mr. Jameson and how he encouraged me to overcome my inherent shyness.



My wife and I in our backyard in Dallas

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?
Can't picture retiring yet. Enjoy my work too much!

Rusty Kirkland



Jock Kohlhas



Scott Kuensell*

*See p. 73, IN MEMORIAM

Scott LaForce

slaforce@aol.com



John Lieberman

johnlieberman@liebermanearley.com



What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?
My life in pictures.

What activities are you involved in?
Golf, racquetball, and single malt scotch

What have you done since Haverford?
I graduated from the Wharton Business School at the University of Penna. I lived in San Diego after graduation for 3+ years working in the real estate business. I returned to Phila. in 1981 and joined my father's commercial real estate company. In 1982 I married my lovely wife, Julie, and we moved from the city to our house Devon, where we live today.

Information about your family?
Julie works at Temple University, and we have three wonderful children; Jerre, 36 (also a Haverford School graduate), Matthew, 35, and Grace, 30. Grace is married and lives in Long Island City, NY with her wonderful husband Kurt.

What are your favorite Haverford memories?
The Class of 1972, a wonderfully diverse group.

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?
Just keep on "trucking".







David I. Lubin

Dlubin54@usa.net



What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?
The education I was able to receive at Haverford played a role.
Practicing medicine played a role.
Getting married and raising children played a role.

What activities are you involved in?
Golf when the weather is nice.
Reading.
Playing piano.
Travel when we can as my wife is an outstanding planner

What have you done since Haverford?
Graduated Villanova University.
Graduated Philadelphia College of Osteopathic Medicine.
Completed a residency in General Surgery,
Practiced as a surgeon for 12 years. Herniated a disk in my neck and transitioned to Emergency Medicine for the next 22 years.
Retired in 2017

Information about your family
Wife Doreen. Married in 1984. Two children, Emily 1986 and Stephen 1989.
Stephen married Madeline in 2019.
One granddaughter, Berkeley Katherine, born in 2020.

What are your favorite Haverford memories?
The Don Brownlow trip to Europe is number one.
The day the Capybara got loose from Mr. Schoettle's room and ran all over the hall, ending up in Mr. Austin's room. He was not amused. I wish I had that on a video.
The day Mr. Sensenig drove up Lancaster Ave. blaring his horn to demonstrate the Doppler Effect.
The invention of Crosby and how much fun we had playing it at recess.

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?
Retirement is good after you get adjusted to it. I still cannot believe how many years I got so little sleep.
Aging is a plus/minus experience. My grandmother told me to approach life in decades. Each decade has joys and sorrows, and you have to accept both with calmness. I try to remember that during the sorrows.
Future plans are to continue on the path we are on.



Happy Grandparents on my 68th birthday.

William Lucas

wlucas@integratedland.com

Hi guys, great idea to have a little blurb on each of our lives from Haverford till now to better catch up. Me, I am now on my sixth career, hopefully with greater success than my previous five! That said, I am going to go with the bullet approach. So here goes:

- After getting into Penn, and leaving you poor schlubs here, I took off for Afghanistan and Nepal, which transformed my life.
- But I got the worst case of giardia ever recorded at HUP. Lost 80 lb and looked like one of those starving babies in Africa with a huge belly and arms like sticks.
- However, quickly regained most of the weight and was able to play some spirited Crosby with Heller, Hannock, Hallowell, McCafferty and Mesnard (Bill). Not subject to dress codes anymore, but still pretty skinny:



- After getting biology degree at Penn in '76, became an inveterate trekker, returning 3 more times, in '73,'77 and '78.
- Hiked the high altitude (20,000 feet) routes from Kangchenjunga in the east to Dhaulagiri in the west. Was there for over a year and around 1000 miles of trekking. Didn't speak English for weeks at a time. Best investment of half my trust fund I ever made.
- Finally figured I had to actually work for a living, so invested the other half in Colorado real estate in 1980. Sold at huge profit to major developer putting in a ski area and two PGA golf courses.
- Looked like a great deal as selling dirt to wealthy Texans was easy as falling off a log then. At least until the Saudis flooded the oil market they heretofore dominated, driving them all into bankruptcy.
- Problem was, the developer had floated a $40m bond to build all this stuff. So that took first lien, wiping out our second position, and I eventually had to leave the high country and move back east.
- Silver lining was I met and married my wife Sue in 1983 and inherited her 3 daughters. Wedding was an epic party (ask Arader!). Then Sue had our daughter in 1985. Best day of my life.
- Back east, Worked for builder/developer in tristate area as director of Land Development. Coordinated engineering and permits for ~3,000 units.
- Got into Land Planning and Landscape Design for the company, starting career no. 2. Laid out 1,000s more units.
- Meanwhile, the financial fallout from Colorado followed me back east in the mortgage recession of 1989 and I finally had to bank. Not fun times.
- As a planner, I realized I needed to know water engineering to plan properly, so became an engineer, based entirely on my Haverford math and physics. Career no. 3.
- Since self-taught, no way to get a license. So I formed my own company and hired a retired engineer to stamp my plans. Also worked for other engineering firms to learn the craft properly. Designed and engineered another ~15,000 units.
- When the recession hit, work dried up, so entered Penn's City and Regional Planning Masters program. Graduated in '93 with Honors.
- As part of the program, got tied in with lecturers from the Stroud Water Research Lab. Again, using my Haverford skills, taught myself Hydrology and HydroGeology. Now up to career no. 4.
- Ended up talking my way onto the Chesapeake Bay Riparian Workgroup, a collection of the world's most recognized scientists in the field established by EPA to develop the state of the science synthesis
- In 1995, we published a seminal EPA paper and corresponding paper on how riparian buffers work. I wrote how the hydrogeology of the Piedmont source waters enters riparian buffers and how well it can be treated. Paper cited almost 500 times by now.
- Then went on to write the relevant chapters in the Chesapeake Bay Riparian Manual in 1997.
- Meanwhile, the advanced engineering I was doing got the attention of Delaware Environment folks, who invite me to develop and draft their Low Impact Development (LID) Stormwater Manual.
- This got me started in the science side of stormwater, as I presented my findings and modeling at numerous ASCE conferences.
- Ran into my eventual PhD supervisor at one conference, and I ended up doing a PhD program in Brisbane Australia. This was all research, no courses, that I developed and paid for out of my pocket. So now starting career no. 5.

- In 2007, I discovered a better mousetrap for removing nutrients, and promptly patented it, thanks to my brother Jerry ('68), who was a very successful financial analyst.
- I finally finished my PhD in 2013 and got the parchment. Meanwhile, since I did all this stuff in my spare time, my paying job was to develop the advanced LID modeling methods used as the basis for Philly's $5B Green Infrastructure program.
- By this time, I had published a 12 of papers on hydrology, hydraulics and biogeochemistry. All told, up to 1,400 citations. Not bad for a shade tree operator.
- Meanwhile, after getting burned out on working in US due to idiotic paperwork, started to develop projects in China and Singapore in 2011. Designed a LID research facility and many interesting projects.
- In 2016, joined forces with former client to design massive ultra-urban LID projects. Over 2 years, designed and engineered projects worth north of $80M. Which were built within a year, illustrating how fast China moves. But we all ended up getting stiffed on the last payment.
- So in 2017, my boss, his buddy and I formed the Sustainable Water Infrastructure Group (SWIG). We locked up my patents and got a nice little $6M project up and running in Jacksonville in 2020.
- Following that, we got another two projects, now worth north of $40m which we have to finish in the next 18 months. Career no. 6 here we come!
- One of these days, I might even make money…

Michael Madden*

*See p. 76, IN MEMORIAM

Harry A Marsh III

h_marsh@juno.com



What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?

Being a "Lifer" and son of a "Lifer" at Haverford layed the groundwork for the rest of my life. The school fostered an environment that allowed me to develop incredibly strong friendships. I also saw this same theme for my father's lifelong close friends.

Joining the military was also pivotal and again Haverford was part of that as Ken Kingham, Neil Buckley, and George Miller all wrote recommendations for my initial application as a Naval Aviator.



2 week expedition with my father in the Adirondacks

What have you done since Haverford?

For the years after college I worked in the Executive Search Business until I decided to join the Navy and go through flight school. Six year later I had paid back my initial commitment for wings, seen the Mediterranean, served in a foreign country, and saw the western pacific. I then transferred from Active Duty to the Reserves to continue serving in a front-line Reserve Squadron. Moving to the Reserves turned out to be a major boone as I was able to fly many more hours each year and stay in the cockpit years beyond my contempories. I was



WWII Crew Chief pins new wings on his son



Leisure activities during Desert Storm

stationed at Diego Garcia, B.I.O.T. Indian Ocean during the Gulf War as the "Search and Rescue" support for the B-52s used in that campaign. I was an exchange pilot with the Brit Navy and developed a flying relationship for a number of years post squadron with a base in Hawaii. When not flying as a reservist I was hired by a number of civilian contractors and became a Subject Matter Expert (SME) for the Sikorsky H-3 helicopter. This dovetailed with being a H-3 simulator instructor for 10 years, rewriting, for three years, the H-3 ground school curricula used for training pilots and finally I wrote, recruited, and presented the depot level government contract submission on the Navy's H-3 fleet for Saberliner, Inc. My reserve time culminated with my command tour followed by serving for several years in a number of various fleet command exercises around the world until final promotion. I stayed around until required retirement at 30 years.



A young Lieutenant and his future bride

For my next career I flew for 13 years with the civilian medical helicopter industry and flew at a number of bases in the Northeast. This worked out well as it allowed me to relocate back to the Philadelphia area, run the aviation bases in Delaware for a number of years, and finally retire in 2017.

Information about your family
I married late but the relationship with my wife encompasses more than 50% of my life. My parents passed and Haverford acquired my childhood residence adjacent to the Baseball Field

What are your favorite Haverford memories?
The lifelong friendships developed from my Haverford years have amazed me when I converse with other people. These friends and running are my fondest memories.

It seems much more common for other individuals to have never remained in contact with schoolmates, collegemates, and workmates. Lifelong friendship seems a more common theme for many other Haverford alumni.

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?
Aging sucks; one gets older and fatter.

Retirement seems to be a temporary period until sorting out and developing further plans to engage with life. Fortunately, my health has been good and I'll be able to continue moving forward, eventually move to Florida, and possibly return to flying in a voluntary position possibly with an Angel Flight program.

John Marshall

marshallj@jmsearch.com



What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?
50 years since graduation. Doesn't it go by in a blink. I would have to say my job, family, Camp Pasquaney, Cape May, and my consistent group that I have had for 40-55 years have made my life a full one. I spend time with people I enjoy, have a family that cares, and have gotten to the point where I feel I live life somewhat on my terms. Its not overly exciting but very consistent which suits me just fine. I have developed a better understanding of DE&I and our company is very proactive in this initiative.

What activities are you involved in?
Other than partying, a little golf, walk/running, betting on football, and work not much. One of my favorite activities is the pleasure of working with our class. I can't tell you all how honored and appreciative I am to stay in touch with so many of you. I love seeing all the names and so many of the memories of all of you are fun to think about. I may be one of the worst because I will never be a good fundraiser. I hate bugging people for money. I always thought our class was incredibly special and the more learn I recognize how special it was back then and how it has become even more so. My greatest regret at Haverford was my obnoxious immaturity and not getting to know more of you back when we are all together. The newer friendships that I have developed subsequently have been so worthwhile. Thank you!

What have you done since Haverford?
I have probably led the most boring life of all our classmates. I

have lived and worked in a five-mile radius which suits me just fine. I am a partner in a search firm that I founded in 1980 and go To Cape May in the summer on weekends. Pretty much just grind it out but I love it. I wouldn't change a thing. Same group of friends with some great additions. One major loss in Phil Byrnes that I spent a lot of time with. I think about Phil daily.



With my daughter Carly



Dave Williams '72, John Marshall '72, Jack Marshall '16 and Brad Williams (Dave's son)

Information about your family
I am married for 28 years to a wonderful wife who gives me flexibility and freedom and have a 26/24 girl boy who are finally maturing. They are fun and of course live in Wayne. Will finally be an empty nester when my son moves out this week. My daughter takes care of 4 families and my son works for a competitor. Most people don't believe he is my son as he is a 6' 6" athlete (He was captain of HS basketball team senior year" although his obnoxiousness and teasing ability give some credence to being my son.

What are your favorite Haverford memories?
I actually have many fond memories. Our JV soccer team junior year coached by BO Dixon had to be one of the greatest teams ever and could have competed in the Interac. Steve Dall's Latin classes with Brothers Mesnard classes and Steve Bentley. George Miller's, Jamison, And Orbell classes. The season ending football parties. The 1971 soccer team.

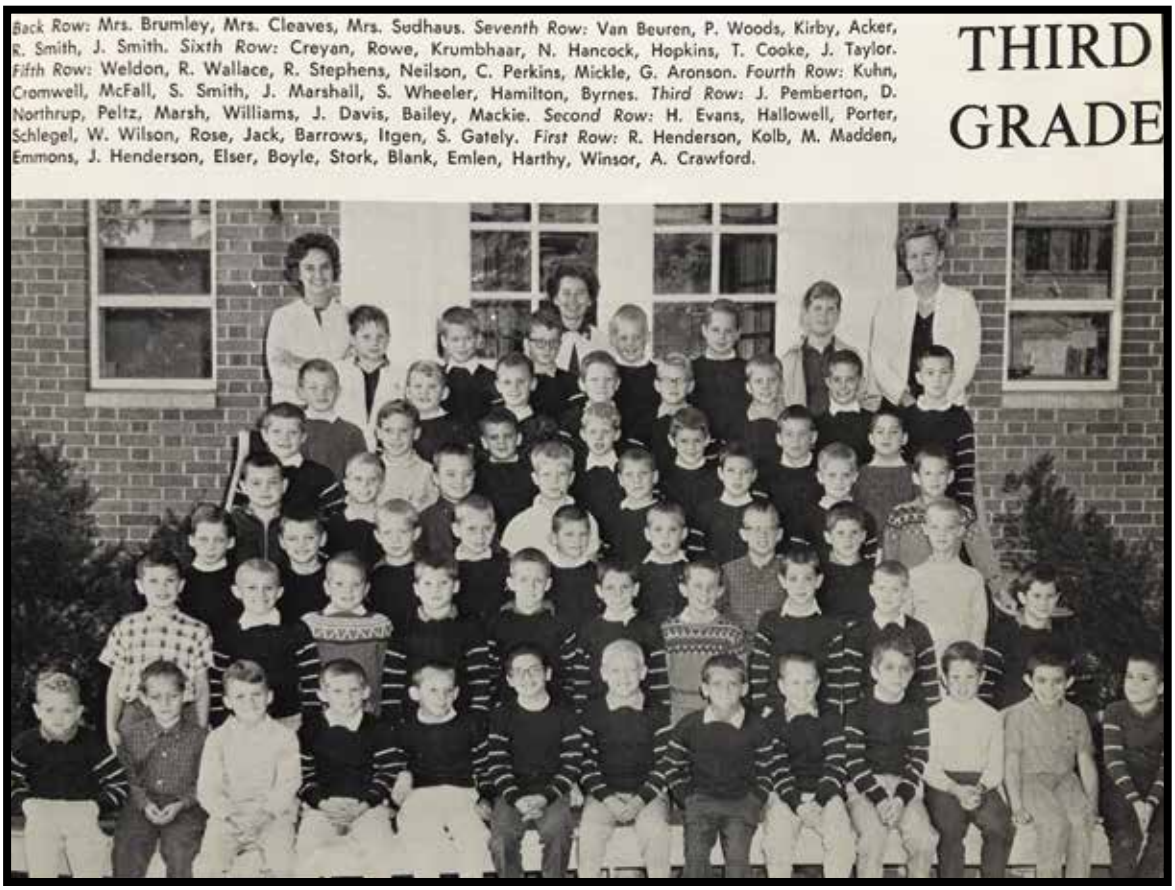
Information about your family
I am married for 28 years to a wonderful wife who gives me flexibility and freedom and have a 26/24 girl boy who are finally maturing. They are fun and of course live in Wayne. Will finally be an empty nester when my son moves out this week. My daughter takes care of 4 families and my son works for a competitor. Most people don't believe he is my son as he is a 6' 6" athlete (He was captain of HS basketball team senior year although his obnoxiousness and teasing ability give some credence to being my son.

What are your favorite Haverford memories?
I actually have many fond memories. Our JV soccer team junior year coached by BO Dixon had to be one of the greatest teams ever and could have competed in the Interac. Steve Dall's Latin classes with Brothers Mesnard classes and Steve Bentley. George Miller's, Jamison, And Orbell classes. The season ending football parties. The 1971 soccer team.

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?
I have never really given any thought about retiring. I love running and building JM Search and am fortunate to work with some of my best friends and a team that is far more talented than I ever was at their age. In regard to aging don't really think about although I do appreciate every day I am above ground I still feel there is a lot to live for and enjoy. To be very clear international travel will never be my thing. I love the USA!



Rough afternoon of partying in Cape May



3rd Grade Class

Robert J. McCafferty, Jr

rjmc5000@aol.com



What experiences and/or events have shaped your life? After Haverford School I attended the University of Pennsylvania. It was a very enjoyable experience. The dean thought perhaps I was finding it a little too enjoyable. He suggested I take a walk and collect myself. I wandered down to the Hilton hotel where I began an illustrious career of gracious servitude as Bicentennial Bellman Bob. When the Bellevue Strafford Hotel on Broad Street reopened, I moved downtown and worked there in various roles eventually serving as Concierge.



From the 35th Reunion Show

During that time, I became more and more active the burgeoning local music scene in Philadelphia. One day I got the crazy idea that I should form a theatrical rock band. I sold my Corvette, enlisted the help of some musical friends and booked studio time. I thought, "We'll get this out of our system". Well, it was really fun and it sort of worked. For almost ten years Beru

Revue enjoyed moderate local and regional success. As the saying goes, "we did everything but make money"

After Beru Revue, I wandered back to Penn to collect my degree. I worked in Cabaret nightclubs promoting live music at five nightclubs and at the Main Event entertainment complex.

Somewhere in here, Colleen and I were married and we have been blessed with three wonderful children, Katie, Jack and Bobby.

Next stop was The Media Theatre for the Performing Arts where I headed up subscription sales and ticket operations. The Media Theater was owned by the Strine Family of Media and at some point, I transitioned over to Project Manager for Walter M. Strine, Jr. I picked up an MBA at Widener University and I have been with Mr. Strine's companies for over 27 years. Currently my varied responsibilities include a position on the board of a captive insurance company and oversight of Thrive Enhanced Care Pharmacy, a closed door LTC Pharmacy.

Occasionally we still "get the band back together" for some reunion shows of Beru Revue which are great fun. Thoughts of my retirement are well off in the distance. I am blessed with good health and my growing family responsibilities have not lessened.

I delight in my memories of The Haverford School. That schoolboy experience was quintessential in my adult development and certainly a highlight in my life. I loved the championship athletic teams, the cork board, sneaking to Nick's, the Space Angels, and everything in between. I thank the wonderful teachers, the great coaches and my dear classmates of the Great Class of '72 who taught me to enjoy all individuals and to strive to be a gentleman.

You have my gratitude and my affection forever.
Your Buddy Bob







Top: *Too much?*

Center: *King of England*

Bottom: *Jack, Colleen, Bob, Katie, Bobby*

Francis E. McCann*

*See p. 76, IN MEMORIAM

Robert Mesnard

robertdmesnard@gmail.com



During my upper class years at Haverford, I achieved the improbable: I learned how to give my best (The Haverford School's "Pursuit of Excellence"). More importantly, learning to give my best, more than any other aspect of my long education, put me upon a path that I can now say (particularly at our 50th class reunion) provided me with a life of fulfillment and real happiness. Thank you, Haverford.

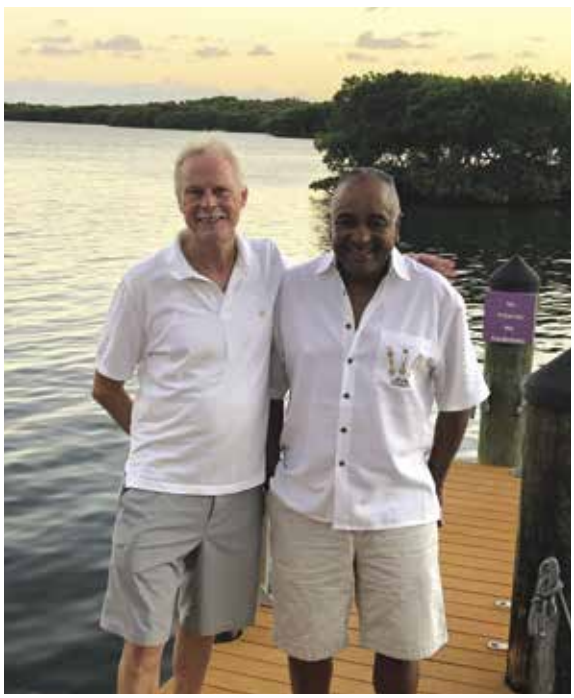
Briefly, I'll try to touch upon how Haverford unlocked the secret to my good life.





Our class size of 70 was part of the secret sauce to our educational success. The class was large enough to contain a remarkable collection of personalities and backgrounds; but also, it was small enough to showcase our individual strengths, weaknesses and quirks.

The high quality of The Haverford School classroom experience taught us much more than just our ABC's. When combined with the wide range of extracurricular activities, we saw our classmates in a wide range of situations. We learned where we excelled and where others excelled or crashed & burned. Seeing our familiar classmates in this variety of circumstances and outcomes, we learned who they really were, and by extension, who I really am.









"Our class size of 70 was part of the secret sauce to our educational success."

Simultaneously, we unknowingly completed a trial run of the real game of life, which prepared us well for our next 50 years.

The competitive spirit at Haverford helped me to dig deep within to put forth my best. By giving my all, by putting my heart & soul into my endeavors, made and make me feel connected to life, and part of a greater whole. Thus, gaining a feeling of successfully being connected to the web of life, regardless of whether or not a trophy came my way.

The number of championships and awards presented to our class of '72 is remarkable. For me the big reward today is seeing how the bright personalities I knew 50 years ago are still here, shining bright with the softer glow of life's many lessons. It's a joy to see each of us together again. Thank you for being here to mark our super class's super milestone together. You are Super, and we were and are Super together.

Let's give a cheer for the Class of '72,
Hip. Hip. Hooray!
Bob Mesnard



Bill Mesnard

bmesnard22@yahoo.com

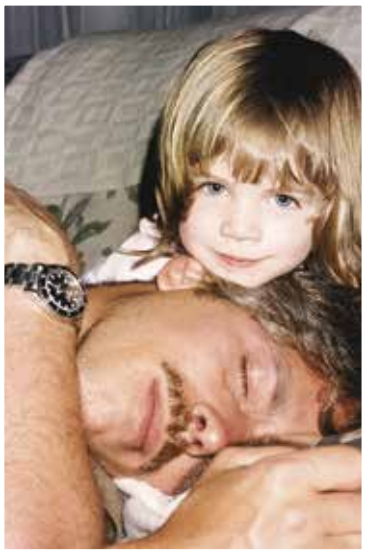
Kip Meyer

kip@kipmeyer.com



What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?
The experiences and events which have most shaped my life are my education and family. Both of those led me to becoming the person and photographer that I am. My father loved photography and as a Thoracic Surgeon managed to have a small darkroom at home and the time to develop and print family photos. He once told me that "you are a lucky person if you get up every day loving what you do." He died in 1979 at age 48. Haverford taught me reading comprehension. I'm essentially a self-taught photographer and love my profession.





Above: *Lili and Dad June 1990*
Left: *Home after a long assignment*

What activities are you involved in?
My main activity is my job as a photographer. That has allowed me to travel the world, meet and photograph celebrities, musicians and models. I also love to play golf.

What have you done since Haverford?
In 1976 after graduating from the University of Pennsylvania I did some local photography and assisting work. I started in NYC as an assistant in 1980 at a large catalog studio. In 1982 I was offered a position as one of their photographers. This gave me credibility as a professional photographer as I was shooting for major companies which were their clients. By 1985 I opened my own business in NYC and was traveling back and forth between Milan and home. After five or so years of the Milan route I began working in London. My work has been pretty evenly split between studios and location assignments. I have spent years in warm climates all over the world.

Information about your family
I've been with my wife, Pat, for 43 years. married for 34 of them. We have one daughter, Lili Anna Meyer, who is 32. We raised her in NYC, she went to The Brearley School, an all-girls school, and graduated from Georgetown University in 2012. She is an associate partner/principal at Oliver Wyman a consulting firm. Before Covid she was one of the weekly travelers, but now



St Barths Lili's 30th Birthday

works remotely. Pat has been my agent and handling most of the daily business which has allowed me to travel and concentrate on my assignments. Before her role as photography agent, wife, and mother, she was a model with The Ford Modeling Agency based in NYC.

What are your favorite Haverford memories?
My favorite Haverford memories are my classmates and many of the teachers. Mr. Jameson showed that "constructive criticism" didn't hurt anyone's feelings. I vividly remember the comment on one of my papers "My what a summers vacation can do to one's writing!" The point was made. The required sports ended up being a wonderful life lesson. By being extremely busy with sports and schoolwork, there wasn't much time to get into trouble. It also showed the value of being part of a team. My work is all about teamwork.

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?
I love what I do, most likely I'll die with my boots on, so to speak. We moved out of NYC in 2009 and now live in Downingtown, PA. I don't need to be in NYC everyday anymore and I'm close enough to get there. Now that my industry has been digital for many years, I no longer need to live near a photo lab.



Left: *Covid porch portrait series*
Below: *Ireland with my brother and nephews*



Dick Morsbach

richeloub@aol.com



Larry Nipon

larrynipon@gmail.com

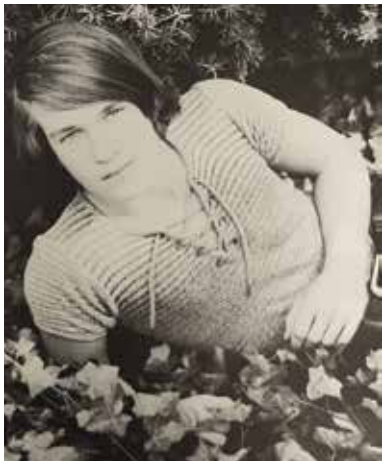


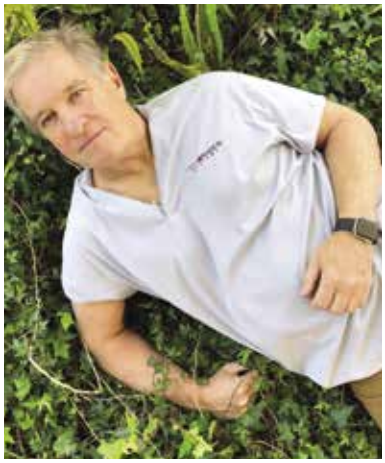
David Northrup



Scott Pickett

scotpick@gmail.com





Fifty Years and Nothing has Changed

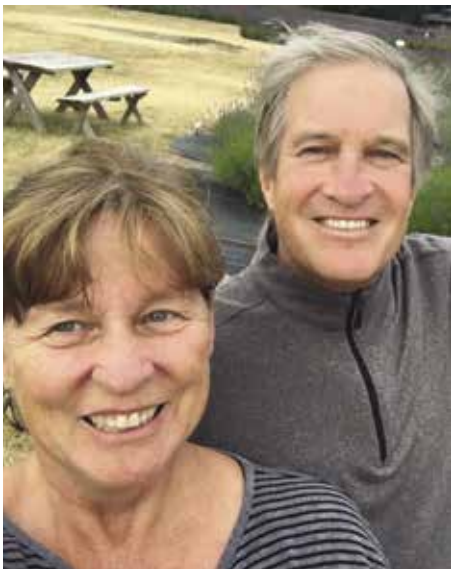
What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?

1. Computers

Remember the computer lab at Haverford? I never used it. I was never exposed to any computers until I took Computer Science 101 a required course for Electrical Engineering majors. The first day of my first CS course, I was hooked. I went to the Dean and insisted on changing my major that very day. Strangely, I found one of the results of one of those career-interest tests I had taken much earlier. The results scored me at 100 on a 0-100 score for computer programming. I had no recollection of even taking such a "silly" test.

2. Trading

Another surprise turn in my life came when I was on a road trip with Gary Aronson. We stopped in San Francisco and stayed at the house of a friend of his who turned out to be market maker on the Pacific Stock Exchange.



I was immediately enthralled and again made a life-changing decision that same day. I wanted to learn the business and talked a trader in to hiring me. I moved to San Francisco and worked half-time as a clerk to learn the business, and half-time writing software to help him, and later me, calculate and present information about his risk exposure based on theoretical stock option values. For the next few years, I worked as a floor trader on the Pacific Stock Exchange and later moved to Chicago to work on the Chicago Mercantile Exchange.

3. Family. But hey, it gets its own section.

What activities are you involved in?
Most of my activities are sports related. This is probably surprising based on my lack of interest in sports at Haverford, but it's true. I've been playing a sport called Underwater Hockey for many decades now. Google it. It's very fun if you like being underwater.

Back when UWH was my only sport, I had this friend who said I was only into weird sports. I took up Ultimate Frisbee for about 30 seconds. Predictably, he wouldn't accept that as a valid sport. So, when I discovered and fell in love with soccer, I couldn't wait to report in. Amazingly, he would not accept soccer as a mainstream sport. Grrr! Apparently, it's baseball, football, and basketball only.





Top: Married in 1987 | Bottom: The Next Generation

I also like doing whatever hardware/software projects happen to pop into my mind. It's mostly to amuse myself.

I usually seem to create some kind of prototype and drop it when I find something else that interest me more.

What have you done since Haverford?
I've primarily been a software developer my entire career. I worked at large companies on mainframes my first few years but became a contract programming on microcomputers as soon as they appeared. I alternated between contract programming and the floor trading I mentioned earlier through the end of the 1980s.

In 1989, I wrote a consumer mapping/routing program (Street Wizard), created a company around it, and worked at for the next 10-15 years. Then the internet appeared, along with free mapping applications, and that was it for selling maps. Today everyone uses automatic routing without a second thought, but back then it was a radical concept.

For the last 10 years or so, I've alternated between being a regular employee and contract programming, mostly doing machine control software. Currently I work about a quarter of the time and have recently decided I'm going to fully retire later this year.
In the non-work realm, I lived on a sailboat for a couple of years. Most people keep their boats in a slip. My boat was anchored out in a free anchorage in San Diego Bay. It was an interesting community of people, providing plenty of interesting experiences.

Information about your family
Married Marianne in 1987.
Andrew born in 1994, living and working remotely from the San Juan Islands.
Brad born in 1998, living at home and attending Mira Costa College.
Trevor born in 2000, attending University of California, Santa Cruz.
Apparently, we're incapable of creating daughters.

The bare facts don't convey the contribution family brings to my life. They are a large part of my joy. I can write a couple of thousand words to paint you a picture, or I can use, well, pictures. Your choice. Ah, I thought so. Have a look.

What are your favorite Haverford memories?
I liked the physics lab. It's where I to to know Gary Aronson who became a life long friend. We spent a lot of time figuring out how new ways to launch projectiles, then creating those contraptions. Testing was important, of course. Lots and lots of testing.

It surprises me which teachers pop into my mind. I was interested in the sciences more than the arts, so I'd think those would be the more memorable teachers, but no. Like many others, Mr. Brownlow comes to mind. But Mr. Jamison is right up there and I'm not sure why. He did go to Quaker meeting out in Phoenixville where I lived and it's the one and only time I've attended a meeting, so maybe that's it. And a final, surprising entry is Herr Eddy. He was an quirky and unusual teacher, but there he is occupying a corner of my mind. Danke.

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?
Well, let's look back on the ledger of my life:
Number of times arrested: 0
Number of times thrown out of a bar: 0
Number of full days of school skipped: 0
Wow. Not good. I need to start planning a bank heist.
Thank you Haligoluk for giving me this opportunity to reflect on my life! Thank you very much.

On the plus side, I have been thrown out of a casino for counting cards.
Another plus, a mid-life crisis at 68 years old makes me a shoe in for Class of '72 last man standing. (Small ceremony expected.)

The reality is, going forward, I'll hopefully do more traveling, mostly domestically in the near term. When COVID settles down, I'll be able to expand my run area. I'll continue playing sports as long as I can. And, I'll always have some quirky project holding my attention.

Hobie Porter

hobieporter76@gmail.com



Serving as host for Haverford School 50th Reunion Classes from 1991 through 2004 remains among my fondest memories of my "second hitch" at our alma mater. Listening to those curmudgeons exaggerate, recalling their prowess in conquests of EA while they compared notes on families, medical conditions and career accomplishments, I was lucky to witness the affection they had for each other and for the teachers and coaches that influenced them, and the sadness they felt for those they had lost.

So, the Class of 1972 is now convening to celebrate its 50th reunion and I appear to be part of it. How did that happen? Are we curmudgeons… who exaggerate… talk of aching body parts… recall notable teachers and coaches with nicknames… and remember our own huge roles in conquests of church mice? Afraid so. The clocks on the walls in Haverford classrooms always seemed to move so slowly, but the calendar has sped by remarkably fast to get us here.

Our template called for separate sections on "Experiences that Shaped Our Lives… What We've Done since Haverford… Family Info" but I can't see how these can be separated. Family is the first and most significant influence, and each segment regarding what I've done (further education, career path, extracurriculars such as travel, sports, volunteer activities) has, I'm sure, done some shaping.

Family first: Pam and I are fortunate to have just celebrated our 38th wedding anniversary (went to Jamaica). We met late in December of 1982 while working at Morgan Guaranty Trust Company and were engaged within a few months and married just over one year later in January of 1984. We bought a co-op on the Upper West Side of Manhattan where Andrew was born, moved to Summit, NJ where Molly was born, moved to Rosemont, PA where Becky was born. Haven't moved since and no additional children. Who knows what might happen if we move again? Andrew is doing consulting in the ESG space and keeps up his fluency in Mandarin Chinese (started at Haverford!) and studying French. Molly is teaching Lower School art at a school for boys between Bryn Mawr and Ardmore (yes, we have a daughter at Haverford), and Becky is a Resident in family Medicine at Walter Reed Hospital in Bethesda, MD. The influence these four have had on my life is immeasurable. Pam and I have partnered and supported each other as we both have had rewarding careers and been actively involved with each of our very independent children, including travels worldwide – often to see one of the children off on an adventure.

Since our last reunion, both of my parents have died (Heathy died in 2017 at 91 and Andy in 2019 at 94), but their individual and combined influence on me could not be overstated. We also lost my younger sister, Amy this year. Born with Down Syndrome, she lived to be 59, more than double the life expectancy of someone with her challenges. My older sister, Banny Ackerman, is a retired teacher, incredible care giver, and she, her three children and their families are a key part of our extended family.

During our lifetimes, great efforts have been made to having people live longer and stay healthy, but we seem to have been far more successful in achieving the first objective.



Clockwise from top left: *Reducing our carbon footprint* | *Rooftop graduation celebration* | *Lakehouse escape* | *Covid beard* | *Our Lake Escape*

"Done Since Haverford" sounds like a resume, but here are the highlights:
Trinity Class of '76, Spanish major (thank you Senor Laserna), lettered in Soccer, Squash, Track and Tennis, and dove in a few swim meets. Needless to say, I was more familiar with the gym than the library, and to this day, some of my closest friends are from Trinity.

Wharton Class of '82, Finance major. Worked a few years in banking after Trinity and realized I needed more education. No sports teams at Wharton so I studied a bit more to avoid boredom. Morgan Guaranty Trust Company from 1982 through 1987. Promoted to VP after 3.5 years and met Pam at the office working late one night.

PNC Merchant Bank late 1987-1990… Not a great fit but prompted our move to Rosemont and an opportunity to reconnect with Bo Dixon. Fortuitous.

The Haverford School Director of Institutional Advancement 1990-2004. Over 14 years worked with three Heads, four Board Chairs, lots of great people while we renovated the campus,

built the gym, issued bonds and grew the endowment almost tenfold. Even taught a class in AP Economics and coached some Middle School soccer and JV squash. Fun to see some of the faculty that taught us still there. Being an employee, an alumnus, a parent, a legacy, and primary booster for the school defined "24/7" for me before cell phones were ubiquitous. Rather than 10 more pages, ask me about this if you are interested.

The Glenmede Trust Company, Director of Business Development, 2004-2020. Fundraisers talk to people about worthy causes and what to do with their charitable capacity; Wharton Grads who are Wall Street alumni have a handle on investment management, tax and retirement planning. This was a pretty remarkable fit for my Third Act.

I retired just before Covid hit (bad timing for our travel aspirations), but I continue to play racquet sports and allow golf to crush my athletic ego (how can it be so hard to hit a ball that isn't even moving?). The kids, travel, sports, and supporting causes we care about are our future plans. Our favorite escape is to the "cabin in the woods" we built by a lake in the Poconos.

Haverford Memories are surprisingly vivid. The 1971 soccer team, senior prank at Baldwin wearing tunics, fourth grade when JFK was assassinated, nine-swines in Bermuda Philip Bishop Days, Crosbee during study halls… I remember the names and faces of many more teachers from Haverford than from college or grad school, and our remarkably diverse class has mellowed allowing the jocks, nerds, freaks and other subsets to convene with genuine affection. Amazing how I even recall so many classmates who didn't graduate with us. It wasn't right for everyone. We've lost too many already, and I hope the reunion offers time to connect and remember.

Dick Power

pyc@plymouthyarn.com



Corbin Riemer

Corbinriemer@gmail.com



What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?
Fly fishing.

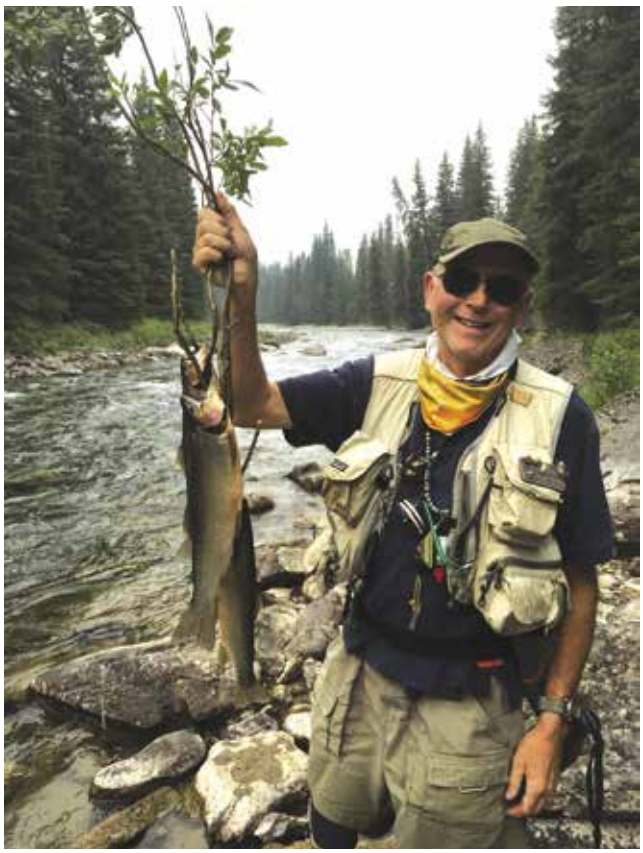
What activities are you involved in?
Fly fishing.

What have you done since Haverford?
Fished.

Information about your family
We raised three fly fisher people.

What are your favorite Haverford memories?
Too many to list.

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?
Retirement creates more space for fly fishing.



John B. Rose, MD

johnb.rose@yahoo.com



What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?
Haverford School certainly shaped my life. I spent 13 years there and have many memories of the friendships, teachers (Brown, Ewing, and Jameson especially), and coaches that were important to me then. Those of you who knew me, knew my sister Meg and she is responsible for the direction my life took after Haverford.

What activities are you involved in?
Outside of my work, I enjoy spending time with my family and friends especially outdoor activities such as hiking and trout fishing.

What have you done since Haverford?
I attended Haverford College (1976) and then the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine (1980). I then completed a pediatric residency, anesthesiology residency and fellowship in pediatric anesthesiology and intensive care medicine. I just retired as Professor of Pediatrics and Anesthesiology from Cincinnati Children's Hospital and the University of Cincinnati



Western Safari 1968 with Bob Burch, Charlie Williams, Lonsdorf and others.



Mary Jo and I with brother Charlie '70 (back left), his wife Debbie (front left), and our sister Susan (middle back)



Family reunion on the eastern Shore of Maryland at Susan Wagner's House.

College of Medicine where I have been for 11 years. Prior to this I was at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia for many years.

Information about your family
I have been married to Mary Jo for 30 years. Mary Jo is a nurse and has recently been a leader in the Cincinnati Public Health Service Nursing response to the COVID pandemic. We have 2 daughters Annie and Meg in addition to my 3 children from my first marriage: Emily (married with one son), Charlie and Gordon (married with 2 sons). I have 3 grandsons (Robbie, Charlie, and Oscar). Gordon is a Salmon Fisheries Biologist who lives in Olympia Washington with his family. Charlie is an Archeologist and lives in Rhode Island. Emily is a Pediatric Cardiac ICU nurse at Cincinnati Children's Hospital. Meg is a Social Work Fellow at the University of Cincinnati and Annie has left a brief career at Fidelity to pursue premedical studies at the University of Cincinnati in hopes of going to Medical School.



Above: *Friends and I last weekend during a 10 mile hike at Bright Creek.*



Right: *Fishing at Bright Creek in Pennsylvania.*

What are your favorite Haverford memories?
The many friendships I had throughout my years at Haverford, the western safari, and the sports.

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?
I have just retired a few weeks ago and have plans to travel with my wife, to be with my family and friends as much as possible, and to pursue all of my interests mentioned above.

Rob Rowe

rrowe@aba.com



Rob Roy

bluefish1954@comcast.net



What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?
Rob, Robbo, Coach, Boca Bob, August West. Past and present aliases. It could not have possibly been 50 years because I'm still wondering when I'm going to grow up! I'm also still trying to figure out what I want to do when I do grow up. Talk about a late bloomer! Well, let's not.

My time at Haverford taught me a few skills that I'm very thankful for. First, I learned to think and express myself on my feet. The second is the ability to take two separate and different ideas and find the commonality, if any, between them. I have found that there are many clueless folks out there in the real world, and these skills have helped me navigate my way through society!

What activities are you involved in?
Although I've held a number of jobs, and have actually been successful at a few, due to the times we lived in, I had absolutely no preparation for the job I held the longest and was by far the most rewarding. I ended up being a stay-at-home dad for my two children, Amanda and Bobby. What a blessing. There was never a thought sitting in Herr Eddy's or Mr. Brownlow's class that changing diapers and watching *The Little Mermaid* over and over and over and over was in my future. But it was and being able to look at life through the eyes of a one-year-old, not only once but twice, was one of the most profound experiences I have ever had.

What have you done since Haverford?
I left Haverford and went to Denison University and what an eye opener! Beautiful women everywhere, the drinking age was 18 and there were other varied and exotic items available. Talk about a situation that socially played right into my strengths and weaknesses. I was clueless about the the first, so the other two helped ease my pain. I actually graduated in four years, thanks in part to those lessons I learned while at Haverford. Oh, and there must have been some personal transformation that occurred concerning women, because I met my first wife and was married less than a month after graduation. Totally clueless! We lasted three years together and after that it was eight years of doing my best not to grow up. And, I did pretty good!

"It could not have possibly been 50 years because I'm still wondering when I'm going to grow up!"

Information about your family
I met my second wife who I had the aforementioned children with in 1988. Although we're married by paper only, we're still best friends. We moved to Boca Raton, Fl. in 2001, in a move that turned out to be better than expected. We bought a condo 7 miles from ocean and 4 miles from the Everglades and I live there with my son Bob. My daughter Amanda lives with her husband in Seattle, Wa. and they gave us our first grandchild, August Louise in July 2021. Life doesn't get any better than that.

What are your favorite Haverford memories?
As far as what I've done hobby-wise since Haverford, I buy and sell sports cards and I've seen The Grateful Dead @ 100 times including their offshoots. So, music and cardboard! It's a full life!

In 1977, my brother-in-law Thos. Leonards, class of '65, and I resurrected The Haverford School fastpitch softball team. I believe it is still going on today. Rod Smith played in the very early years, and since then we've had teachers and and many outstanding alums play with us. John Lieberman was a stalwart 2nd baseman for us for many years. I played for 27 seasons and knew it was time to hang it up when we had our first players who weren't even born when I graduated from Haverford.

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?
In 1993 I was fortunate to be a member of The Phila. Green Sox, put together by Haverford grad Mark Reillly. We barnstormed around Ireland for 10 days holding clinics with the purpose being to set up the first Little League program. Major league baseball and Louisville Slugger each donated $30,000 worth of equipment and today I'm proud to say the program is flourishing. My 15 minutes of fame!!

Living in Fl., I was the Cubmaster of my son's elem. school for 3 1/2 yrs. At least I had done some camping. I also coached 23 seasons in West Boca Basketball, our local rec league. Also, 9 years on their Board of Directors. I'm running out of space so I should finish up. Thank you, Gary A., for inspiring me. I think back fondly of the many friendships I made, and that faded away. I'm sorry i can't attend and would welcome anyone who would reach out. Finally, for Ben Weiser, didn't we invent fantasy football in the Sports Club? Where oh where are the royalties? Thank you, all my friends - Rob

Rodman (Rod) W. Smith

rodmanws@comcast.net



In 1980, I caught the NJ State Record Blue Marlin out of Cape May, NJ 680 lbs.



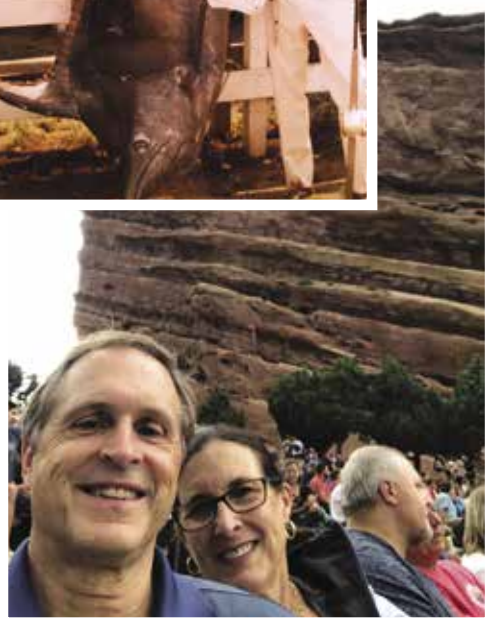
What have you done since Haverford?

Upon leaving Haverford as a 13 year lifer, I moved on to Bucknell University where I had too much fun as a FIJI (Phi Gamma Delta) yet still managed to graduate with a BS in Business Administration. While playing some football and baseball, my collegiate athletic glory came from coaching the sorority flag football champions.

My business degree propelled me into the family distribution business which kept me busy for 37 years with 20 of those years as President and CEO. Eventually our Company, Stull Enterprises, Inc. ran out of quality brands to sell so sold off some business and liquidated the rest. In turn, I was hired by one of my prior suppliers, Hustler Turf Equipment which is where I work today but was recently purchased by Stanley Black and Decker. We will see how I do in a public company and any guidance is welcome.

Information about your family

My wife, Amy and I will have been married for 40 years in June 2022. We have a son, Chad and daughter, Elizabeth both living in Philadelphia along with my stepson Aaron who is married and living in Newark, DE.



Amy and I at Red Rock Concert in Colorado.



The starting offensive line for the 1971 undefeated team, 50 years removed

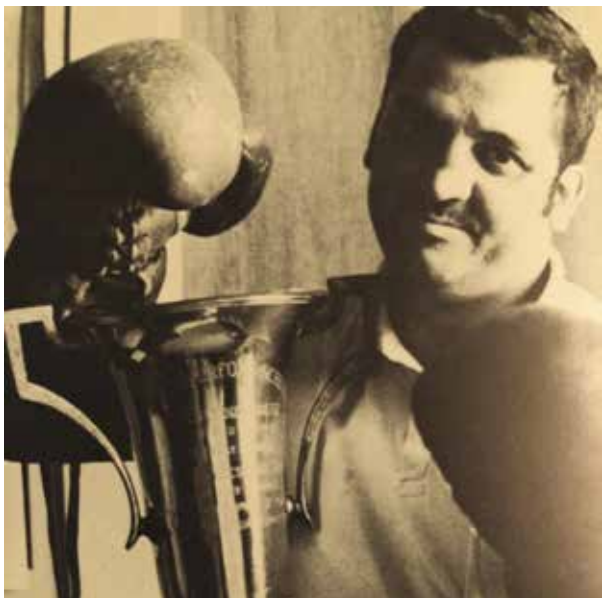


Sixth Grade, fun trying to guess who's who.

My parents have moved on to greener pastures and brother, Scott, nicknamed Toc at Haverford, Class of '69 is retired in the Berkshires.

What are your favorite Haverford memories?
The one memory that I continue telling to anyone who listens is the special "deal" that our teacher-student group made with Mr. Brownlow. If the students bought breakfast at each of our meetings, then Mr. Brownlow would take all of us to the Playboy Club in New York City. Mission accomplished and try to envision 17 and 18 year olds being allowed to ride a train to NYC, cabbing to the Playboy Club and returning after midnight. The rest of the story is simply too good to tell.

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?
While I'm still carrying a bag or should I say looking at a computer screen, retirement is in my future plans. The new ownership could accelerate them for me but I'd like to keep going past 70. Selling stuff is still fun plus we have not been blessed with grandchildren to fill the time.



Bill Deano, Gymnasium Custodian Extraordinaire! The Class of 1972's mentor, friend and honorary classmate.

Henry C. Stahler

fokish@citlink.net



To this day I feel fortunate to have spent formative years with five dozen guys all of whom I admired for one reason or another. If anything, I came away from Haverford with a positive and constructive attitude, eyes and ears wide open to the purpose and pursuit of doing good things in this world.

With a subsequent art school education, absorbing creativity not simply as a strategy for addressing a present problem, but as a way of life, I learned the language shared by music and visual art and gained some level of confidence.

All blown to hell of course by the precept that 'truth' is great but 'interesting' is better...setting me up for a crazy ride.

Travel
A time traveling through northern Italy while living and working at an ancient monastery vineyard.

As Operations Director, Registrar, and Exhibition Designer for the PS-1/MoMA Contemporary Art Institute producing large traveling exhibitions in the U.S., Finland, France, and Spain. Including domestic shows produced over 1000 contemporary art exhibitions.

A travel scholarship allowing me to pursue archaeological investigations leading from London, Paris, Athens, and the Greek Islands, to Crete.

Summers on an island off the west coast of Sweden with my incredible and beautiful wife Katarina. We visited Soviet, Eastern Bloc, and European museums and art expositions, cathedrals, and friends.

Colorado on a State/Easter Seal Society project designing and building a wheelchair accessible trail and out camp up into the Rockies while training crews of troubled teens. Opened a gallery and recording studio in Denver.

Hawaii to propose a similar trail.

Music: bands mostly
NYC to Maine, throughout Colorado, Hawaii. The beginning of Talking Heads with the Artistics rehearsing at my apartment creating tunes found on early TH albums including, 'Psycho

"To this day I feel fortunate to have spent formative years with five dozen guys all of whom I admired for one reason or another."

Killer'. Still have rehearsal tapes (see Hugh Roberts '70 and Page Wood for details).

The Chameleons and the Pathetics (with Kat) in NYC. Still playing with a hot band in upstate NY.

Other Projects
While at RISD nominated for a Prix de Rome and offered an exhibition at the Gardner Museum in Boston.



Long before 'Men In Black' there was...

Hunter College for a master's degree in sculpture where I met my wife who works in large steel and later taught at Hunter for many years.

Exhibition Director at a large multimedia gallery in SoHo, NYC. I was there on 9/11.

Worked with architects and the NYC Department of Cultural Affairs to redesign, renovate, and manage construction at PS-1 on a budget of $8.1M.

Bought a pre-civil war farm in the western Catskills and raised two Viking sons, Oskar Tor and Kalle Frey, both remarkably talented. We're farming organically, offered a CSA for a while, and helped found the local Farmers Market. Presently offering a full line of organic breads and sweets. Demand is overwhelming. 'Fokish' is all of our initials.

Meanwhile, a fourth book will be published soon mentioning my contributions to rock 'n roll.

Q: So then, what's more important, the story or the truth?

A: Nobody knows the full backstory of either. You're on your own.

Nils-Eric Tedgard

tedgard@telia.com



Manrico A. Troncelliti Jr.

rtronce@gmail.com





A vintage school picture, probably in 6th grade

What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?

The entire experience at Haverford has shaped my life in many ways. The daily commute on Red Arrow Lines (now known as the Route 100 Rail Line) and the Lancaster Avenue Bus (the Paoli bus) provided fantastic experiences learning about life outside of the cloistered world of a Main Line all boy's school. The rigorous demands of the daily life of being a student there left one well prepared for college and life thereafter. The mentors that we had at Haverford like Mr. McBride and Mr. Kingham, had major effects on my life going forward.

What activities are you involved in?

I am still working and that occupies most of my time. I still like to play golf although the ball does not go as far nor as straight as it once did. I like to read, travel a bit and still enjoy following all of our local college and professional teams.

What have you done since Haverford?

Four years at Brown with my best friend Remo Butera (Haverford 1971), then three years at Villanova School of Law (with the great Hank Evans. I spent a lot of years as an elected official (a township commissioner) and in that role, I had the great fortune to spearhead a renovation of the Jeffersonville Golf Club. The renovation helped it to become the finest municipal golf course in Pennsylvania and one of the best in the country. Most of my time has been spent practicing law, in my hometown of Norristown. I spent a lot of time after Haverford with the late Scott Kuensell and I miss our discussions. We lost classmates like him, Russ Allen, Frank McCann, Peter Blank and Phil Byrnes far too soon.

Information about your family

I have been married for thirty-three years to Suan, who is the rock of our family. We have been blessed with three wonderful children. Rick (Manrico A. Troncelliti III) graduated from Haverford in 2010, where he played a prominent role on two league championship teams in baseball and ice hockey. He went on to graduate from the University of Chicago where he played four years of baseball. He now lives near Oakland, California where he works in the tech industry. Our daughter, Caroline currently lives in Wilmington, North Carolina with her husband, Connor Mahoney. I had the great fortune to watch her become a fabulous field hockey player while in high school and college (Northwestern). Our youngest, Kathleen, lives in Manhattan while working in the fashion industry.



Our family at Caroline's wedding June 2021



Haverford allows the proud alumni fathers to present the diploma to their graduating senior. Rick and me in 2010

What are your favorite Haverford memories?
Some of my favorite Haverford memories revolve around our soccer team while watching Phil Voluck imitate the booming voice of Coach Harry Smith, but mostly it is the little things. Study halls in the Big Room as students attempted to lodge pencils into the ceramic ceiling tiles. Playing in spirited games of crossbie on the Round Field or table hockey in the Senior Lounge. Watching John Marshall torture Mr. Vaughn in English class and then throwing Mr. Austin's hat out the window, not realizing it was Mr. Austin's hat. Editing *The Index* at the printer's shop in Bryn Mawr with the late Scott Kuensell and Sean (Joe) Hartley. Of course, no discussion of Haverford memories would be complete without reflecting on the important, but non-academic life lessons learned in Mr. Brownlow's classes.



Our 5th Grade Class . How many of these munchkins can you identify?

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?
Retirement is something that is out there on the horizon, but not something I think about a lot. I expect to be going about my business for a while longer, then maybe playing some golf and traveling throughout the United States. When you are a cardiac arrest survivor, you tend to take it one day at a time and consider every day a blessing.

Phil Voluck

pvoluck@kdvlaw.com



Ben Weiser

benweiser@aol.com



I spent only three years at Haverford, entering as a sophomore, but the experience was transformative. In public high school, I couldn't even make the school newspaper, and I had been asked to take Mike Mayock's summer remedial algebra class.

What a wonderful teacher and human being he was, and I now understood math. And as I look back, it was our uniformly superb teachers – in my case, Dixon, Brown, Jameson, Parsons, Barnett, Vaughn, Labeyrie and McBride, to name a few — who had a real impact on me, particularly with their emphasis on writing.

And at one point, our dear friend Scott Kuensell got it into his mind that I should join *The Index*, inviting me to be an editor and helping start my journalism career. I also worked as a summer intern at the *Philly Chamber of Commerce* newspaper, where the chamber's president, Thacher Longstreth ('41), and I shared a love of baseball.

At Brown, I reported on local news for our radio station, and after graduation, I moved to D.C. and worked as a researcher for Bob Woodward on the book "The Brethren," about the Supreme Court.

Since 1979, I've been a reporter – 18 years at *The Washington Post* and 25 years at *The New York Times*. I've long covered criminal justice and have done investigative reporting and longform projects. One Post article led to a book — "A Secret Life: The Polish Officer, His Covert Mission and the Price He Paid to Save His Country" (2004) — about a great espionage operation of the Cold War.



Courtroom illustration of Ben Weiser speaking with two prosecutors in a federal trial in Manhattan.

I love the work and I've been fortunate to have awesome editors, colleagues, and mentors.

A Haverford moment at my newspaper: During the last election season, many candidates visited our newsroom to be interviewed, and one day I looked up from my desk and who do I see walking by? John Hickenlooper! I introduced myself and we had a great chat.

David Lawrence Williams

david061954@gmail.com



What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?
The friendships that I formed at Haverford - some of which are almost 60 years. Even those that I run across and haven't seen in a number of years, the bond and commonality that was created at Haverford makes it easy to reconnect.

What activities are you involved in?
Golf, tennis - still a member of Merion Golf & Cricket Club, Country Club of Virginia, in Richmond
Children's Hospital of Richmond

What have you done since Haverford?
70s - still a blur. Not too serious other than having some serious fun.
80s - Finally got serious about my career - worked in the financial services industry.
90s - My firm was acquired by another firm and relocated to Richmond, Virginia. Became a division president and grew the business that became a major competitor of the Wall Street firms.
For the next 20 years I went through five mergers/acquisitions which resulted in becoming part of very large organizations; First Union, Wachovia and eventually Wells Fargo. I survived all of them and actually thrived in a very competitive environment. We became one of the largest clearing firms in the industry building relationships with over 200 brokerage firms, many of which are household names.



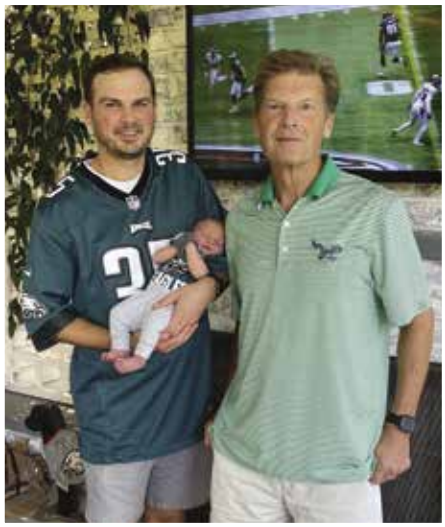
My wife, Tarah

Information about your family
My wife, Tarah, and I live in Richmond and have been here for 32 years. Our family consists of my son, Brad and his wife Megan and our grandson, Ford (short for Bradford), daughters - Alaina & Katherine, stepson Christian.

What are your favorite Haverford memories?
3rd grade Mrs. Sudhaus smacking Harry Marsh upside the head with hymnal, 4th grade not getting fractions converting to decimals (now we call that basis points), 6th grade Mr. Boenning & Old Cypress, Note - Corporal Punishment was very acceptable in the 60s, middle school, JV Soccer - Mr. Dixon, Rafael Laserna, Upper School - Mr. Brownlow's class drinking Saki on Japanese Day, Varsity soccer lnterac Champs.

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?
Two years ago, I thought I had officially retired from Wells Fargo after 34 years. That lasted about 1 month. When COVID hit, my wife, who is COO of a wealth management firm in Dallas, began working out of our home and she made it clear I needed to do something (translation - get away from her). I joined a consulting firm in Richmond, Oyster LLC, and now I am a partner and enjoying my second career. I don't think I will ever retire.
I still get to Philadelphia a fair amount to see Ox, Harry and Bob. I really miss Phil Byrnes (your typical Haverford School preppy). He was one-of-a-kind.





Above: *Family*

Left: *Son/Grandson*

William E. Wilson*

*See p. 79, IN MEMORIAM

Paul Winsor

pwinsor@comcast.net



Ted Witmer

ted.witmer@crossworld.org



What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?
Becoming a Christian at age 12. Being honed by the amazing teachers at Haverford, age 12-18. Being mentored in faith and challenged to become a missionary at Princeton, age 21. Getting married to my lifelong love, age 25. God's clear direction to serve in Congo, age 31. Being a war refugee and losing "everything" and then finding that, though traumatic, "things" do not matter so much, age 43. Going back to Congo and continuing to serve there, age 52.

What activities are you involved in?
I continue to be Director of Development for Shalom University of Bunia, ranked in the top 10 universities in the Democratic Republic of Congo. Now based in Virginia, Dana and I have made three trips back to Congo since "retiring" in June 2020 to teach and keep development moving forward for the university. It has a full-time staff of over 100 and trained 1300 students in 2021 in Administration and Management, Agriculture, Computerized Systems of Management, Development, Environmental Science, Medicine and Theology including PhD level training in Biblical Theology and in Missions.

What have you done since Haverford?
My first stop was Princeton University to study mechanical engineering where I met Dana, a pre-med English major from California.



From top: *Ted teaching Hebrew syntax*
Ted in the university IT office with two coworkers
Dana equiping students for clinical work
Dana with medical students
Ted and Dana Witmer in Africa
The oldest building on campus recently renovated





Top: *Christmas dinner in Virginia*
Bottom: *Son Greg and family in California*

We graduated in 1976 and I went to Grace Seminary (Indiana) for theological training while she went to McGill University in Montreal to study medicine. We were married in 1979 and I became a pastor for five years while she finished her internship and specialty training as a pediatrician. We then attended Biola University (California) where we both studied theology for two years. A further nine months in Europe for Tropical Medicine (Dana) and French immersion (both of us), we finally arrived in the Congo in May 1987. We spent the next 33 years mostly in Congo, but during the Congo war our house was looted and we spent 9 years in Kenya while our children finished high school. I have mostly been teaching Old Testament and Hebrew language in French to students who already speak four languages including Swahili and Lingala. In addition, I have helped with designing buildings, water systems, electrical systems, telephone systems, LAN and Satellite connections while raising funds to keep the university functioning through multiple crises including 10 years of war, Ebola, prolonged ethnic violence and now the Covid pandemic. The school has grown from a Bible college and seminary with 37 students to a Christian university with 1300 students

Information about your family

We have three married children. Paige, a CPA from Deloitte, works for Nemetschek in the AEC/O software industry doing international financial reporting. She is married to Cameron, an IT Engineer. They have two children and live in Florida. Luke, a PhD from Penn State in Energy Engineering, works for Wartsila designing computerized control systems for integrating megawatt renewable energy sources with gigantic battery backups into traditional power grids. He is married to Sarah, a nurse, and they have three children. They live in Virginia just a mile from us. Greg, a Product Design Engineer from Stanford, works for Amazon's Lab126 and led the mechanical design team for the Kindle Oasis and the new Astro robot. He is married to Rebecca a schoolteacher. They have two sons and live in California.

What are your favorite Haverford memories?

I remember really enjoying making music and going on tour with Messrs. Battaglia and Pawlowski. I remember Mr. Jameson spending 20 or 30 minutes with me in VIth Form to explain very briefly but so clearly the basics of phonics which had escaped me during 13 years of schooling and thus revolutionized my ability to spell correctly. I am so grateful to this day. But mostly I remember the science teachers, all six of them from Ist to VIth form: Barton Sensenig, Taylor Schoettle, Bob Rugg, Mr. Greenwood, Ron Brown and Ernst Schneck. They involved us in experiments that amazed and infected me with excitement for science. How well I remember in 7th grade calculating the power of a boy by running up three flights of stairs as fast as possible. I was not the most powerful, but just the fact that we could calculate a "boy power" like a "horsepower" was a huge revelation. These were not arbitrary units but real-world measures that explained to me what "power" was. Then we felt the power of static electricity with a Van der Graff generator creating

an electric shock that went around the whole classroom of clasped hands when Mercer Barrows touched the key to the big ball (is that experiment still allowed?). We even measured the force of gravity by moving a 32 kg ball from one side of an angular pendulum to the other side to make a reflected laser light deflect just a bit more than it did before. I'm sure we all remember the first day of Chemistry class, but the awesome demonstrations and experiments did not stop there. In October we were treated to the amazing changing of colors of a chemical solution from clear to orange to black on Halloween even though Hollowell could not get the names of the "Halloween colors" out at the right time. I still gravitate to science articles such as the future of fusion energy and the possibilities of providing energy for the world that is plentiful and safe. This love of science was nurtured at Haverford.

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?
In February 2020, we bought a house in Fairfax, Virginia, our first house purchase, as a base for our next phase of life. But we still have a home in Congo and even from Virginia there are many ways to serve Shalom University. So, with the measure of strength that God gives to me, I am glad to be able to use the experience and wisdom gained over a lifetime to continue serving the people of Congo. We spent five months in Congo in 2021. We traveled back and forth despite the difficult travel protocols of Covid according to their needs and our desires. It keeps us active and thinking. In the near future we hope to be able to spend the winter months on the equator and the rest of the year casting a vision for a growing university in the heart of Africa on the hearts of supporters in the West.

Howard "Page" Wood

pmwood@aol.com



I started Haverford in Kindergarten but didn't actually make it all the way through. I left to go to Penn Charter because I felt I needed the authentic experience of a Quaker Educat--- no, I played drums in a band and wanted to grow my hair long; now I don't have any - that's how that worked out. Only lasted there a year, so now I'm a high school drop-out, but I did get into art school. Didn't graduate from there, either. But I was able to get work in the Big City, starting at the bottom: porno mags. Then I painted a cover for National Lampoon and the skies opened; I got into the closed world of Broadway Show art- and probably should have stayed there- but there was a Revolution in the air: Digital.

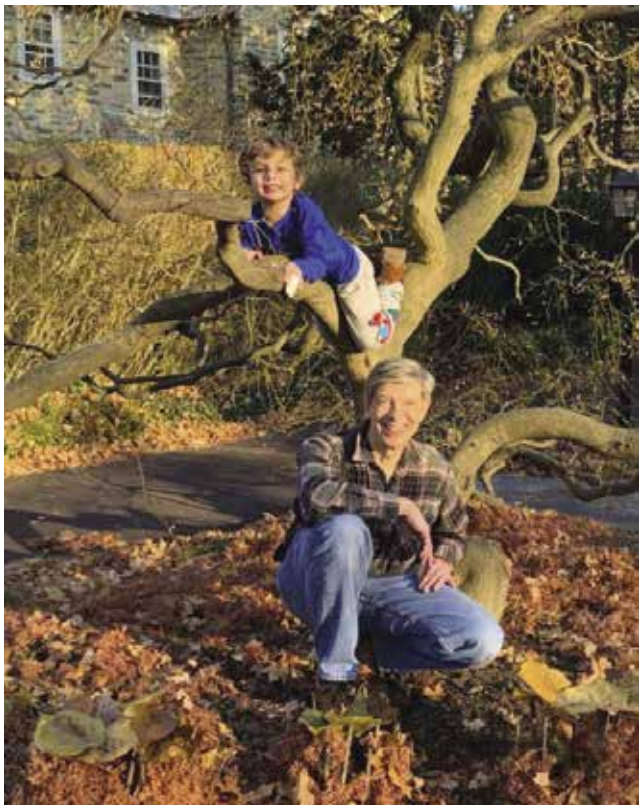
Out in California, movie posters were made by taking photographs, blowing them up, cutting them out, pasting them together, then you re-photograph that mess and paint out the cut lines with an airbrush. My wife and I had a better idea: convince every studio art director to jump ship on that and spend $700 an hour working on a computer that was nowhere near as powerful as your iPhone. They bought it, and pretty soon we were working on major campaigns out of our house on Macs, and the smartest thing I ever did was to sell that house before it burned up in a mudslide during an earthquake.

So, I came back. I live in Haverford again — yes, Haverford- not the old Delco where I walked to school — I live in Montco now, where all my Haverford School friends lived. Revenge. Not crazy about the whole winter thing, though.



Thomas Wood





Aidan and Granddaddy with some dinosaur stick houses

John Beckley Wright, II

jbwright2@gmail.com



What have you done since Haverford?
Life has been very good to me. Not without challenges, but I'm the better for those I've had.

Princeton was a pivotal experience. After eight years aiming for medical school - inspired by teachers like Taylor Schoettle and Ron Brown - I (short version) changed my mind and used electives to explore alternatives. Meanwhile, I engaged in activities in music - great courses, a year of Glee Club, voice lessons - but most significantly, singing close harmony with The Princeton Tigertones, providing lifelong friendships, two years as Music Director, travel opportunities and general growing up.

After a year off to consider the next step, I entered Villanova Law School with a full head of steam. I loved it more than I expected, and embarked on a career that, for all its twists, proved more challenging and rewarding than any I envisioned. After a Federal District Court clerkship, I started practicing business law at Philadelphia's largest law firm, Morgan Lewis, working with a fantastic array of great lawyers. In 1989, a rapidly growing, venture capital backed client invited me to become their first general counsel, a ride that included going public. Next up was a stint at Safeguard Scientifics



Brenda and I on our Post-Pandemic Return to the Met - October 2021

in Wayne, PA, which during the 90's was The Place to Be in Philadelphia venture capital - until it wasn't. To my surprise, in 2000, I was invited to become a partner at Ballard Spahr, another fine Philadelphia firm. There I did some acquisition and governance work for Triumph Group, Inc., a New York Stock Exchange traded aerospace company headquartered in Wayne, which led to the opportunity to become their general counsel. I had an amazingly interesting run of nearly 15 years, working with a great leadership team and board, experiencing most of the challenges a public company general counsel can face. When it ended, I returned to Ballard, only to run into the pandemic, and after a couple of years dealing with that, decided enough was enough, and retired from Ballard at the end of 2021.



The Family (or much of it) - Thanksgiving 2021

Alongside the substantive work, I became active in the Philadelphia Bar Association, which led to chairing the Securities Regulation Committee, and then the Business Law Section, as well as programming and teaching Continuing Legal Education courses, which I still do as a Course Planner for the Pennsylvania Bar Association's annual Business Lawyers' Institute. I was also honored to receive a few professional awards, topped off by a Burton "Legend in Law" Award (like the understated title?) recognizing general counsel, conferred in a day of events at the Library of Congress attended by several members of the Supreme Court. That was pretty cool.

It hasn't all been a cakewalk, but why carp when overall I've been so fortunate?

What activities are you involved in?

In the early years of my career, I focused on my new marriage and, when he came along, my son, John, born in 1983. But much good that did, as that marriage ended in 1985. So, a year later, I returned to my interest in singing, first joining The Savoy Company to perform Gilbert & Sullivan - a love kindled at Haverford with Ed Battaglia's production of H.M.S. Pinafore in our 9th grade year. Shortly thereafter I joined The Orpheus Club of Philadelphia, the oldest men's singing club in the country, now celebrating its 150th season. Singing with Savoy led to several lead roles, the highlight being singing the role of the Mikado in a performance at the Gilbert & Sullivan Festival in Buxton, England, in 1995. I started studying voice again shortly after that, and still take lessons regularly - hope triumphing over experience. Now I will enjoy Savoy vicariously through my soprano niece, who is enjoying her first season as a member, but I am in my 36th year with Orpheus, including a term as President. Indeed, this Spring I will perform in my 20th Orpheus Club Revels show (performances of which will unfortunately prevent me from attending our 50th Reunion dinner at the Burches'). On the side, with the pandemic and retirement, I've been playing the piano again and started learning to play the guitar.

I've enjoyed working with several nonprofits over the years, leading the boards in three. Currently I chair the board of Astral Artists, which over 30 years has mentored more than a hundred emerging classical music artists as they move from places like Julliard and Curtis into their careers, including several artists who have sung at the Met or otherwise have successful careers as concert performers and recording artists. Another treat is service as a Trustee of The Presser Foundation, which supports music organizations in a broad area around Philadelphia and music teachers and students across the country.

For diversion, Brenda and I have long enjoyed subscriptions to series at the Metropolitan Opera and the Philadelphia Orchestra as well as attendance at lots of other shows and concerts. Somehow, I converted my Canadian wife into a Phillies fan, and we have had partial season tickets for years. For exercise, I've been swimming regularly since 1985. Except in the cold, I also cycle. As a proven non-athlete, I'm very proud that my other niece, a Division I swimmer out of Dick Shoulberg's program at Germantown Academy, somehow managed to teach me flip turns after 60! Add golf, books, some language study, travel (pandemic permitting), alumni work for Princeton, and I have plenty of stuff with which to enter whatever "retirement" is. And who knows? Maybe something new will appear.

Information about your family

Brenda and I met in the early 90's through my first stint as a general counsel, where she ran one of the companies we acquired. After I left that gig, she moved to Philly with her son, Andrew, and we married in 1997. Andrew and my son John may be two different people, but they regard each other as brothers, and Brenda and I have enjoyed a truly good marriage. I introduced her to opera and baseball and she retaliated with golf. Andrew lives outside of Boston, and has a son Aidan, now 4, who is a great little dinosaur-mad kid. John and his wife Emily live nearby in Haddonfield, NJ, and have a son Charlie, who will turn 2 in June. Playing Grammy and Granddaddy is a great joy. We sadly lost my brother Edwin (Haverford '74) in 1993 to complications of AIDS, but my sister Louise and her husband are close by and we enjoy seeing her daughters as noted earlier as well as her son Alex and his wife. And as Brenda is one of 8 kids, all living, we never lack for family. We are very blessed.

What are your favorite Haverford memories?

There is no arguing how lucky I was to have spent seven years at Haverford. Picking out particular fond memories is tough - there were a lot. But here are some:

- Enjoying great teaching - or bull sessions - with Messrs. Austin, Boning, Brown, Buckley, Dall, Dixon, Eddy, Jameson, Miller, Schoettle . . . who have I forgotten?
- My senior project with Dr. Britton Chance and Dr. Toshio Asakura at Penn
- Hockey in the Senior Lounge (Peter Blank: "Bobby Orr, from the blue line . . . ")
- Brahms's Ein Deutsches Requiem with Shipley, Upper Merion and full orchestra in 1971, and Sean Hartley singing the baritone solo like the pro he became
- H.M.S. Pinafore with Shipley School in 1969
- Watching two years of undefeated football so lopsided, we brought back cheerleaders and the Pep Band (not to mention the Bomb Squad)
- Studying voice with the late, excessively talented Sean Deibler
- Sixth grade Williamsburg trip; Glee Club trip to NY and Canada





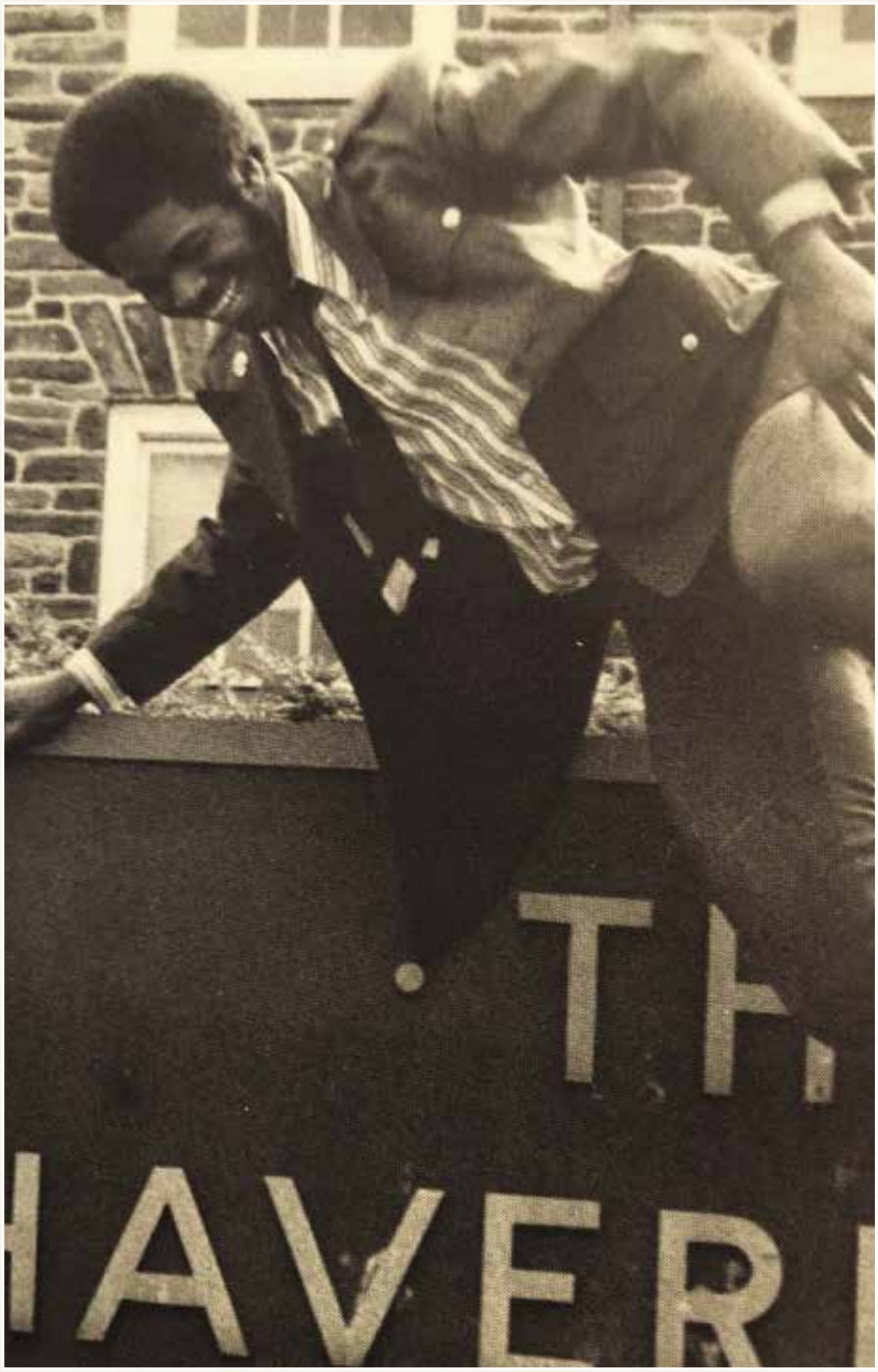
Top: *Son Andrew with our grandson Aidan*

Bottom: *Son John with wife Emily and our grandson Charlie*



IN MEMORIAM

E. Russell Allen Jr.



E. Russell Allen Jr., who tore up the football and track fields and the basketball courts of The Haverford School and Colgate University, then became a Navy flight engineer patrolling the West Coast, died after a short bout of cancer on Christmas Day 2008 in St. Mary's Hospital. He was 54 and lived in Lexington Park, Md. He was a joyful, energetic person with a zest for life. He coveted his family and friends, and enjoyed coaching his daughters and their many friends' sports activities.

Russ leaves to cherish his memories, his wife of 30 years, Constance J. (Smith) Allen; two daughters, Anica Allen and Danielle Allen; his mother, Ellen Allen; two brothers, Mark Allen and Phillip Allen; two sisters, Ellen Richardson and Lydia Allen-Berry; and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins and many other relatives and friends.

Russ, as he was called by family and friends, grew up in Ardmore. He was one of the first African-Americans at The Haverford School, and as a running back was instrumental in the school's undefeated teams in 1970, '71, and '72.

He attained all-InterAc in football, basketball and track. He held state records for the low and high hurdles.

Russ was offered a football scholarship to Colgate, but turned it down: He wanted an academic scholarship, and he got it. He continued his winning ways at

Colgate, scoring three touchdowns against Bucknell as a senior. He later tore an Achilles tendon that put him out of athletics in his final year of college.

While undergoing rehabilitation, he took courses at the University of Pennsylvania to earn credits toward his eventual bachelor's in history from Colgate.

As a freshman at Colgate, he played with Mark van Eeghen, who went on to star for the NFL Oakland Raiders and the New England Patriots, and roomed with Mark Murphy, former president of the Green Bay Packers.

Before his injury, Russ expected to be drafted by the Dallas Cowboys. But that was not to be.

After graduating in 1975, Russ joined the Navy and took officer training at Pensacola, Fla. He became a flight engineer on the Lockheed P-3 Orion, a maritime patrol aircraft.

He estimated that he flew 3,000 missions, mostly from Alameda Naval Air Station in California to Alaska, making sure the coast was clear. He retired from active duty with the rank of commander in the mid-'80's, but remained an active member of the Naval Reserve.

In 1977, Russ married the former Constance Lowry, whom he had met at Colgate.

In the late '80s, Russ became a defense contractor testing software for the P-3 Orion at the Naval Air Development Center, in Warminster, Bucks County. He spent weekends on Reserve duty at Willow Grove Naval Air Station.

When the base closed, he relocated his family to the Patuxent River Naval Air Station in Maryland.

"Russell Allen was a joyful, energetic person with a zest for life," his family said. "He coveted his family and friends, and enjoyed coaching his daughters and their many friends' sports activities."

Russ was a member, participant, and coach in many organizations, including the following: Member of the Board of Associates Hood College 2007-2008, Board of Trustees The Haverford School 1993 – 1998 serving as the first person of color, Commissioner of the Upper Gwynedd Township Pa. Summer League, Girl's Basketball Coach Upper Gwynedd Township Pa. Summer League Girl's Basketball Coach - Towamencin Youth Association (TYA), Basketball Coach - North Penn Squires Girl's Soccer Coach - Montgomery Soccer Assoc (MSA), Girl's Soccer Coach - Towamencin Youth Association (TYA)

Both of his daughters, Danielle and Anica, were outstanding athletes at Abington Friends School. Danielle went on to play basketball at Hood College, in Frederick, Md., and amassed 1,500 points and 1,500 rebounds. Anica was a member of the Rutgers University crew.

"Russ' love for the Navy and the P-3 never waned," his family wrote. "His experiences with the people he knew in the Navy were so rich he always had the material to relate a poignant story that brought a chuckle to his listeners and a warm smile to his own face."

"Russ' love for the Navy and the P-3 never waned," his family wrote. "His experiences with the people he knew in the Navy were so rich he always had the material to relate a poignant story that brought a chuckle to the listeners and a warm smile to his own face." Our memories of CDR Russ Allen will be those moments of joy when we shared smiles and the comradeship of Navy life. Russ was totally devoted to his family, his friends, the Navy and his country.

Russell Allen could have ruled the world and flying jets in the military, he may have flown around it. Hard to find a better person or a bigger smile.



Peter Lawrence Blank



Peter was a devoted husband, father, son and friend. He was a lifelong Philadelphia sports fan despite living in the Washington, DC area for 38 years. He proudly displayed his Philadelphia sports news clippings and memorabilia on his office door much to the annoyance of his coworkers at The Kiplinger Washington Editors in DC.

He was ingenious in many ways, most notably the invention of the sport, Crossbee, an amazing combination of frisbee and lacrosse. He was far more competitive than anyone would imagine.

Peter was a graduate of Princeton University, Delaware Law School and the Georgetown University Law Center with a L.L.M. in Taxation. He was employed for 34 years by The Kiplinger Washington Editors, Inc. and was editor of the Kiplinger Tax Letter for 16 years. He loved his job at Kiplinger.

In his early forties, he became an avid runner and race walker later competing in the National Senior Games. He was active in the Potomac Valley Track Club where he coordinated relay teams, setting some U.S. and world records, and where he made many friends. He passed on his love of running to his daughter, Beth. He was also a longtime member of the National Press Club.

Peter died peacefully on November 7, 2017 following a hard-fought battle with cancer. He is remembered by his wife Georgiann and daughter Beth for his fortitude, hearty laugh, willingness to help others and aptitude for numbers. He is greatly missed. He was a proud graduate of The Haverford School and spoked fondly of it and his classmates throughout his life.

Tributes to Peter Blank

by John Wright

Peter and I were roommates for three of my four years at Princeton after having been classmates at Haverford School for 7 years. Peter was always unusually quick with math, which surely played into his career in tax law. He wore his passions on his sleeve: Philadelphia sports (especially his beloved Flyers), 50's oldies, his friends at Tiger Inn, among others. As an example, while rooming together in a Pyne Hall double Freshman year, we watched his Flyers on TV make it into the playoffs for the first time. It was announced that tickets would go on sale the next morning. Without hesitation, Peter pulled his clothes on over his pajamas, took the train to Philly, and camped all night outside the Spectrum, where he passed the time in part by helping a cop with math homework. Later on, he learned to skate just well enough to play goalie for TI's intramural ice hockey team. He made up in guts what he lacked in grace. I was always sorry he didn't make it back to reunions. Although we were two different people, he was a great roommate and a very good guy, and word of his passing hits hard.

My Haverford memories of Peter are equally vivid. As Jock noted, Peter was central to the push-pull hockey games played in the Senior Lounge, calling the plays: "Bobby Hull, from the blue line – shot – sc-o-o-o-r-r-e!" I believe it was he who curved the sticks of the tin players, which made for some great scoring plays. I believe he also codified the rules of Crosbee, and made a stalwart goalie. Two particular memories that bring a smile to my face are hearing him sing – in sixth grade, I think – Dylan's refrain "Everybody must get stoned" over and over and even more off-key than Dylan, and watching him harass Taylor Schoettle's South American Trumpeter in Biology class by rapping the bird on the head with his pencil when Schoettle wasn't paying attention.

Peter was a great guy, whose enthusiasm for his passions was infectious and endearing. The affection rekindled by his loss has already reconnected me with two of the six of us who roomed together, who both remember Peter warmly. He was well-liked at college, and it sounds as though he was well-loved afterwards. It's a shame we saw so little of him.

by Hobie Porter

So very sad. My two most vivid memories of Peter are on the Crosby Field (in goal with baseball shin guards, mask and chest protector) and in the squash court with a remarkable two-handed stroke. The word intensity does not do justice to "Peegot", the competitor, but always a true sportsman, and one of our smartest classmates. His family is in our thoughts and prayers.

by Bob Burch

Makes me feel sad and vulnerable, and reminds me to remember that we don't have forever in front of us. Time to take that trip you've been putting off, drop all old grudges and tell your wife/partner and kids you love them. I remember Pegott(?) as a funny, smart and super high energy guy. Hard to believe he became an Olympic quality race walker – probably got his start in winter track.

by Jock Coffin

I also was very sorry to see this, though I was told this spring that he'd been dealing with cancer for some time. Peter was in every class with me from 4th grade when I came to Haverford until upper school and most from then on as well, so I spent a lot of time with or around him, particularly in mornings before the bell. I won't pretend I knew him that well as I never saw him outside of school or post-graduation, but Peter was a real character that I always enjoyed immensely. Much of that is reflected in the Princeton classmates' comments and John Wright's contribution on Legacy.com. I was always disappointed that I never saw him at reunions. Pee-got (someone's lower school nickname taken from his father's Peugeot which dropped him off in the mornings) had strong points of view which never came off as that contentious. I have many memories ranging from our days of putting tacks on erasers to have races on our slick desks to his ice hockey game in the senior lounge with Dion's "Runaround Sue" playing on his phonograph and his fanatical love of Crosby where he first donned his goalie gear. Peter was a serious student and the life he led as depicted in the comments on Legacy and his obituary do not surprise me in the least – a worthwhile life. Sad to see another one leave us.

by Rick Troncelliti

Peter was a great guy. We spent a lot of time together from 5th grad on at Haverford. I remember he and his father taking me to the first Flyers game that I ever saw in person. He was brilliant, but was not one to let others know that fact. After high school, I remember seeing him at a Princeton Ice Hockey game. I was working for Brown and he was doing statistics for





Princeton's team. We greeted each other and the Princeton Sports Information Director, who was a friend of mine says to me, "You know that guy?" I said words to the effect that we had gone to school together for a long time and were good friends. He was an enthusiastic fan of Princeton Ice Hockey, which in that year (1975-76) was not a great team. I remember the Princeton SID just sort of shaking his head and warmly commenting that Peter and his crew were enthusiastic fans and very much into the team's success. Throughout our professional careers, we occasionally corresponded about tax law and proposed changes in the law or regulations. I was a regular reader of The Kiplinger Tax Letter for many years, and was happy and proud that I knew the editor, who did his job so well. RIP Peter.

by Jim Christen

Peter was my best friend at school ever since I arrived at The Haverford School in the fifth grade. We did sleepovers at each other's houses. I still remember the ham and cheese sandwiches his mom made for us and the Cokes I was allowed to drink at his house. Peter had two real passions that I recall. One was his love of cats and the other was for that new fledgling sport in Philadelphia, ice hockey – the Flyers. In the sixth grade, he would take current popular songs by the Beach Boys or Jan and Dean, or even commercials and replace the lyrics with his own "cat" lyrics. He actually sang the songs for us in Mr. Miller's English class. Does anyone remember "Purr Up!" (Kellogg's Corn Flakes) or "two cool pusses purring side by side" (Beach Boys – 409)?

Peter and I both loved ice hockey and the Flyers. We'd play hockey wherever we could. Sometimes we'd even play hockey in the squash courts with our racquets and squash ball.

I remember once catching him in the groin area with a shot that took him quite a while before he could speak again. That didn't deter him any less from playing the next time.

Peter recently told me, after I relayed the conversation from our 45th Reunion about ice hockey in the Senior Lounge, that his secret to his success in Senior Lounge hockey was curving the players metal sticks so he could lift the puck over the goalie's pads. He also recently sent me a picture of himself defending the goal in Princeton ice rink, which I am attaching. We both became managers of our college ice hockey teams and tried to play as often as possible in intramural leagues. Hockey was a way of life.

I remember Gary Aronson getting under Peter's skin by always hiding his briefcase. He would hide it in various places, like the oven in the physics lab. When Peter reached his boiling point over wanting his brief case back, somehow the briefcase would appear, or Gary would indicate where it was. The point was made in the short paragraph in the Yearbook about ourselves, where Peter's stated "Blank mixed with Aronson produces explosion".

Other memories are of working on a clay lion sculpture in Art class with him. We ultimately flipped for who would keep it. I was the lucky one and still have it with his initials on it sitting on my dresser. Unfortunately, Peter and I did not reconnect after college until about two years ago, and then only by email. He told me at that time he had cancer.

I will sorely miss you my dear friend. Those were special times at Haverford. A part of me goes with you.

by Gary Aronson

I am very sorry to hear of Peter's passing. He was my friend at Haverford and at Princeton. At Haverford, he, along with me and Jim Christen were among the most interested (geekiest?) students in Chemistry, Physics and Advanced Placement Physics. In AP Physics, along with Scott Pickett and "Giba" Kolhas, we really enjoyed solving tough Physics problems in Ernie Schnenck's class. Peter was our Scribe; he used to keep detailed statistical track of the favorite phrases and individualistic behaviors of his favorite teachers, like "Thumper" (Mr. Austin, American History) ("That made him about as popular as a fart in church." was a rare one). I'd love to see again Peter's list of those hilarious sayings! and the frequency of Steve Dall (3rd year Latin) (e.g., "shaving" with the model Roman column). When we would come upon an odd Latin grammatical construction in Cicero (or "Kissero" as Hank Evans preferred), it would almost always be Peter who solved the problem ("Aha! Hortatory Subjunctive!!!").

"For how long, oh Cataline, do you mean to abuse our patience?!!!" It was Page Wood who thought up the Peegot moniker, based, as correctly recalled by Jock, on the Peugeot driven by Peter's Dad.

I did visit with Peter a couple of times at his place outside Washington, DC. He told me that had worked out a detailed algorithm of rapid pit stops at optimally located gas stations etc., to absolutely minimize elapsed driving time from DC to Florida. I recall seeing him hold his little baby daughter and carrying her everywhere he went. Peter liked sports and stats, but he surely loved her and his wife more than anything in the World. Peter will indeed be sorely missed.

by Ted Witmer

Just a PS on the note below: The line "Blank mixed with Aronson produces explosion" was actually on a Mr. Brown April 1st (I think) test in Chemistry to check our knowledge of the periodic table. The original question was something like "Blank mixed with Argon + Oxygen + Nitrogen etc.…." It might have had atomic numbers or some such approach, but I blurted the answer out loud thinking that it was not possibly the answer, just surprised at what seemed to be an anomaly. Mr. Brown had to point out to bewildered students such as me that it might be the correct answer. I was trying to solve for "Blank" rather than for Aronson. I'm now glad to learn that the line made it into the yearbook.

I appreciate reading the stories and do wish comfort and peace for Peter's family

by Page Wood

I'm seeing the notices – yes, I'm pretty sure it was me he sat behind me in 5th or 6th grade, and I got to know him somewhat. He was a unique, funny guy. His father picked him up at school in a Peugeot- I had never seen such a thing, and asked him, "What's a Pee-got ?" He indignantly informed me it was "poozh-oh", which I found hysterical and "Peter Peegot" was born...

by David Lubin

Well, there is no way not to feel saddened by this news. Peter Blank, aka Peegot, was a class act in every sense of the word. When I came to Haverford in sixth grade, he already had the nickname and from that point on I could never look at a Peugot without thinking of him momentarily. I have read all the threads from our class and honestly cannot think of one thing that was even a little bit off from my own memories. He was just that kind of person that people remember distinctly forever.

All of the Princeton memories rang true as well. I sat next to him in Austin's class and saw him pull out his little quote notebook a hundred different times and make his entries. I listened to him rave about the Flyers so many times I became a fan even though I knew nothing about ice hockey. I heard him argue with just about everybody in the class at one time or another and cannot recall a single time when he did not make his point clearly and I don't remember him ever losing. Watching him and Kuensell go at it was one of my secret pleasures. Aronson had his number with the ever-vanishing briefcase and it was really funny to watch him react to Peter's increasing rage until he knew, somehow just knew the right time to make it suddenly reappear so that a smile would replace the rage and all was well.

I did forget about Brown's test question until I read it and thought, OMG, how do we remember these things?
My memories of him on the Crosby field, like everyone else's, are vivid but my favorite was when he came into class one day after lunch, soaked with sweat, red in the face, heavily sighed and sat down, still with the catcher's pads on, like a Viking warrior after a raid. He somehow converted our little game into a professional sport not just in his own mind, but in mine.
I remember when he bent the blades of the table hockey and can still recall my disappointment when I got to college and bought a new set for our dorm and the players were PLASTIC...how could you make the shot without a curve?
Bob Burch nailed it, guys. We are in a rough decade right now and losing Scott and Peter so close to each other should make us all take stock of the people we love and the things we want to do.

I really haven't stopped thinking about Scott since his passing. I missed an opportunity there to have maintained a friendship. So, know that I really value the time we spent together as students and want you all to know that I will cherish the times we had. Peter Blank will be missed by all who knew him and that includes me.

by Ben Weiser

Pete and I were very close – he was my really closest friend in our class – and I'll miss him – particularly his humor and spirited optimism. In an email to me in October, recounting his medical difficulties, and they weren't few, he ended with this: "And yet, I keep on ticking, like a fine Timex. I remain resolutely positive about the future." That's what I'll remember!

by John Haldeman

I am saddened by another loss of a classmate (I remember Peter Blank as an intellectual giant), but I am awesomely inspired by all of your recollections and memories of Peter and our time together.

Notes from a Princeton friend

Andy Nigolian remembers: "Most students probably know Peter by his nickname, The Bopper, especially his Tiger Inn brothers. I can vividly recall our first meeting. Days before classes started Freshman year, Pete was sitting on the steps of 6th entry Pyne, reading a Physics text book so he could hit the ground running. That was "the Bopper" – intense and all-in on everything he attempted.

That Freshman year, living across the hall from each other we became good friends playing Strat-O-Matic baseball, playing hallway hockey, watching the 3 Stooges most afternoons and of course listening to Oldies. Bopper won us many a pitcher and pizzas on Oldies trivia night at The Pub. That first year started a long friendship resulted in us rooming together through graduation along with Bill Cooksley and Greg Smayda and stints with Jim Tompkins and J.B. Wright.

Bopper was a Philly sports fanatic., especially the Flyers. When they made their first Stanley Cup playoff, Peter burst into the living room minutes after the clinching game with pillow and blanket in hand ready to take the train to Philly and camp out at the Spectrum so he could get tickets. I focus on the fun times but Peter was also one of the smartest, wittiest people I have ever known."

FINAL OBITUARY *for* PETER BLANK

Passed away peacefully on November 7, 2017 at his home in Annandale, VA with his family at his side after a two-and-a-half-year courageous battle with cancer. Peter was born on October 19, 1954 in Philadelphia, PA, the son of the late Samuel and Adele Roberts Blank. He was predeceased by a half-brother. He is survived by his wife of 37 years, Georgiann Williams Blank, beloved daughter, Beth, of Philadelphia, PA, brother in law, Joseph Williams of Houston, TX, cousins and many friends.

He was a graduate of Princeton University, Delaware Law School and Georgetown University Law Center with a L.L.M. in Taxation. He was employed for 34 years by The Kiplinger Washington Editors, Inc. and was editor of the Kiplinger Tax Letter for 16 years. Peter was a devoted husband, father, son, and friend and lifelong Philadelphia sports fan. He enjoyed vacationing in Maine with his family. Peter was a long-time member of the National Press Club. He was an avid runner and race walker and won three Senior Olympic race walking medals. He was the treasurer and relay coordinator of the Potomac Valley Track Club. He had more pleasure watching the relay teams he coordinated win, than winning himself. Of the teams that he put together, one set seven American records and four world records.

Peter will be remembered for his fortitude, willingness to help others, hearty laugh, and aptitude for numbers.

Philip L. Byrnes III



Philip Livingston Byrnes II of West Caln Township Philip Livingston Byrnes III, 63, passed away peacefully at home on Friday March 10, 2017 with his wife Janet and dog Sparky by his side. Philip was born December 25, 1953 to Philip L. Byrnes, Jr. and Joan DeLong Byrnes. He was a proud graduate of The Haverford School in Haverford, PA, class of 1972. He was Captain of the Inter Ac Champion wrestling team and was runner up in the National Prep School finals. 1970 Wrestling Team (2013) and 1970 Football Team Inducted into 2007 HOF. He and longtime friend John Marshall, whom he thought of as a brother, loved arguing about sports and remembering the good old days. Philip loved spending time at home, feeding the birds, taking care of his property – lovingly known to him and Janet as 'The Chicken Ranch', and was an avid political and sports aficionado. He is survived by his wife Janet, his stepmother Doris B. Byrnes, sister Susan of Virginia, sister Jennifer of California, sister Rebecca of Texas, brothers David Byrnes of North Carolina, and Bradford Byrnes of Hawaii.

Phil Byrnes was tough as nails but gentle at his core. A loyal friend to classmates and always with a gregarious greeting.

Tributes to Phil Byrnes

by Bob Boyle

It is with a heavy heart that I regret that I am unable to adjust my flight schedule and will not be attending the remembrance and celebration of Phil's life at John's house.

His passing hit me very hard. There was a time in my life that we were practically inseparable brothers and I felt the loss of that time as it was ripped away.

I remember playing at his house in third grade and the nonstop crazy life at his house and when his Mom died suddenly that year everything changed for Phil or Pip as few dared calling him. He struggled a lot with her loss and spent a lot of sleepovers at my house. His Dad, Bear, had his hands full with his business and a brood full of motherless children. They all had adjustment issues with their new step Mom, Doris, especially Phil and Susan. But they all hung in there. But he and I spent a lot of time upstairs in his room or at my house listening to his beloved CCR and pretending to solve the angsts of teenage hopes and dreams. And he wore the grooves out on my Quicksilver Messenger Service album.

I have a zillion Kodak moments in my mind of our times together. We grew up together. He was a guy you could always count on at any moment.

He was tough but he loved a good hysterical moment. So many crazed years together in my MG or his Jeep. If I had to describe one pure Phil moment was at my house senior party when McCafferty made his iconic entrance in a helicopter and Phil was completely in his moment racing under the hello, cackling in roaring laughter, utterly fearless, utterly alive. At that is how I will always remember him. I lost touch with him; with all of you. But perhaps in a way there is, at this moment, a blessing because I will only have that memory of Philip. Totally alive, young and strong.





We played together, we fought together, we laughed, worked and generally spit at the world together. He was my friend and I was lucky to have him in my life.

Semper Fi brother. I'll see you one of these days.

by Dick Morsbach

I am profoundly sorry to say I cannot attend the remembrance of Phil this Saturday.

Here's an amusing tough guy story that is typically Phillip: Ninth grade biology class with Mr. Rugg Phil and I were lab partners. We dissected grass hoppers, sharks, fetal pigs and pithed live frogs and then dissected them too.

One exercise we had was to determine our own blood type. To do this we had to prick our fingers, express a drop of blood onto a glass slide put a drop of something on it and look at it through a microscope. Phil was procrastinating – doing everything except the blood typing – like chatting up different lab tables, walking around the room.

Mr. Rugg exhorted him to get the assignment done. Phillip gets back to our table and scoots his chair up close to mine, leans in and asks me if I can prick his finger for him – he just can't bring himself to do it. I say sure no problem. So much for the tough guy persona but hey, no judgement. I know he is no wimp. He's a guy who lost the end of his left index finger in a biking accident in a chain sprocket and suffered a spiral fracture of his leg in seventh grade wrestling in a match at TE Middle School.

To prick our fingers we were given what looked like a thin blade in a sterile band aid like package. The blade was about a quarter of an inch wide and about an inch and a half long. At one end it came to a scimitar like point. Phillip looked away and just as I jabbed the blade into his right index finger he pulled his hand away tearing a 3/8 inch long cut on the end of his finger. Blood is now gushing. Bravado back – Phillip gets up and starts walking around going up to different lab tables asking something like "Dude, you need any blood? Your sample looks weak".

Many great memories with you all. Sorry and sad we have lost another classmate.

by Bob Burch

I was surprised at how heartbroken I was to learn that Phil had died. Upset enough to leave work and to head home to think – mostly about Phil and all the things we'd shared so long ago.

We were both skinny little shits when we met in seventh grade. It turned out we didn't live too far apart and we'd end up on the bus together going to and from Haverford.

We started wrestling for Joe Tatta and I think we might have played 90-pound football together. In those days, middle school was little more than a rugby scrum and Phil gave more than he got. He was outspoken, aggressive and determined to win. His survival sense was finely honed thanks to his ongoing effort to get away with as much as possible without being caught by his Dad – Bear – a sentiment we all shared.

His house was big and rambling and wide open. Lots of bike riding, forts, pretend professional wrestling and a little Kung Fu as an excuse to whack each other around.

In 9th grade, Phil and I both made the varsity wrestling team – a bigger deal than you would expect. Wrestling would have a material effect on who we became as men. Half of the visitors who came to see Phil in the hospital the past few months were on those wrestling teams and they all came because of what it meant to be part of Haverford wrestling in the sixties and seventies. Endlessly long hours in the gym, cutting weight and the real prospect of getting pinned in front of 500 people made you take the sport seriously. Phil wrestled at 95 lbs. in ninth grade and I was at 105.

We both had to lose an enormous (and unhealthy) amount of weight. For three months we ate little other than candy only bars and jello. We looked like skeletons but always made it onto the mat and some days after a match we'd gain as much as 10 or 12 pounds from an overnight gorging.

Phil went on to be a really terrific and intimidating wrestler and Captain of the team, with an intensity that would occasionally spill over into his other interactions.

1969 was the year we were invited to our first wrestling party – can you say underage. After 4 months of losing weight and 6 day a week practice it was our first real exposure to beer and to girls. Phil found two things he really liked that night – girls and beer – but I think the beer got the better of him. For the next four years Phil led the charge on the recreational side – cigarettes, beer, and when everything was going well, girls.

We all chased the same group of Agnes Irwin girls around with varying levels of frustration and the odd success. Phil settled in on LH (in her cute red Ford Pinto) and they were a couple for a while – I haven't heard about Liz in many years. There were lots of adventures in cars – the most liberating thing that could ever happen to a 16 year old boy.

I had a Ford Econoline van that I fancied as makeout perfect, while Phil started driving an overpowered jeep – no seat belts and terrifying to ride in. He wasn't all that interested in academics but that didn't mean he wasn't smart. I learned not to argue with him – as he usually knew his stuff and if the discussion went too far, Phil was always ready to use a little physical intimidation to make a point.

by Ox

Fifty six years. Hard to believe it has been that long. Seems like only yesterday since we were at Strafford School then going into third grade together with Mrs. Sudhaus at Haverford. How can I forget the salads on Hedgegrow Lane and all the good times on Louella Avenue. Punting contests on the side of your property, the big pines in front and of course spilling soda on the sofa and dealing with Bear.

688-2544. Who can forget that phone number. Then of course there was Avalon and baseball down the street and running bases. I think the dads were just trying to wear us out. There were a lot of great times. The wrestling at Haverford College and keeping track of all the brackets. Amazing that we saved some of that stuff. We are probably the only ones in the country to still have them.

So many conversations-Betting analysis-You went out a winner. Phillies-You know you loved them deep down. Callison, Taylor, Bunning, and your favorite Clay Dalrymple. Eagles-Timmy Brown, Bob Brown, Sonny Jurgenson. Although you always reminded me of Kenny "The snake" Stabler. And of course who will ever forget some of your epic wrestling matches-Luff, Manganaro, and Klinefelter.

We had a lot of laughs over the years. You are smart and funny and most importantly a caring kind person with a heart of gold. I always knew you had my back. I am going to miss that and will probably ask you for a big shout out that I can record to save forever.

The most important thing is all the memories and they will never be forgotten. Just be prepared someday and who knows when for that call on Christmas morning reminding you how old you are and wishing you a happy birthday.

by Rod Smith

The day of our Senior prank when we switched places with Baldwin , I remember our prank and a photo of Phil making the front page of the Evening Bulletin. Never bashful, Phil showed some leg to the camera person while sporting a tight and short, Baldwin uniform. Glory days to everyone, Roddy

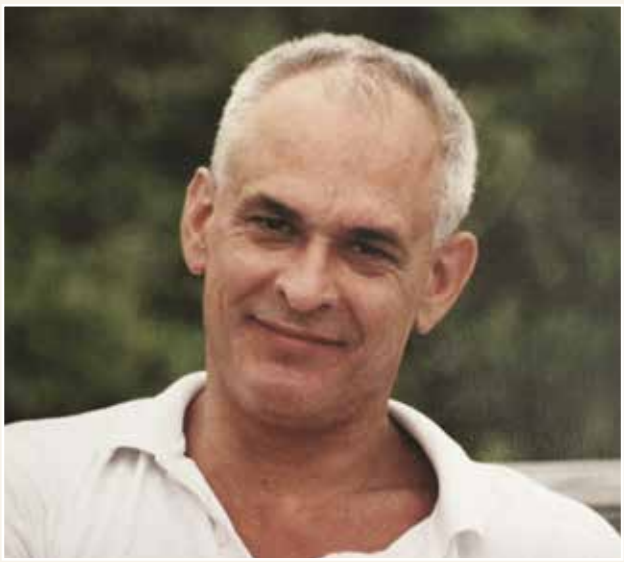
by Rick Troncelleti

I am sorry to hear of Phil's passing. I am sorry that I did not know he was ill. I have known Phil since 1964, and he was one of the all-time "rocks". RIP Phil, and my deepest sympathy goes out to his family.

by John Haldeman

My recollection of Phil - me and many of you, sitting in the packed bleachers in the wrestling room watching another Haverford win. There were many great wrestlers on those teams during our years at Haverford, but Phil was a stud. You could feel the intensity in the air, created by Phil, when he burst through his teammates and came running onto the mat for his match. I am thankful I wasn't his opponent!





Scott L. Kuensell



Scott L. Kuensell of Haverford passed away on Saturday, October 14, 2017 following complications after a recent heart procedure. Beloved husband and father, Scott was born on May 15, 1954 to Clare Burtch, and the late S. Lee Kuensell. Scott attended The Haverford School and graduated from Princeton University in 1976 where he was a member of The Cottage Club. In 1979 Scott joined the firm of Wertheim & Schroder where he eventually ran their Philadelphia office until 1995. From 1996 on Scott was a Managing Director of Brandywine Global Asset Management Co., also based in Philadelphia. In addition to his professional career, Scott took great pride in his volunteer work. The H.M.S. School, based in Philadelphia, which specializes in care for children with cerebral palsy, was deeply important to Scott. He was involved with the school for over 15 years and oversaw their investment portfolio. He also served on the Board of The Haverford School from 1983-1992. When not working or volunteering, Scott enjoyed pursuing gardening, reading, and playing croquet. He had a quick sense-of-humor and was so well read that he often welcomed a good debate. Scott's favorite time was spent either in Maine or in Florida where he loved being by the ocean. If you could include a cold malt beverage, and a little Frank Sinatra into either of those settings, you couldn't find a happier person. Scott is survived by his wife, Elizabeth, and his children Clare and Bayard '11.

Tributes to Scott Kuensell

by Price Crozer

Even in a class such as ours, full of unique and talented young men, Scott stood out. He was not one to blend in, determined to leave his mark on the world and clearly he did so, particularly in the hearts and minds of those who knew him. My heartfelt sympathy to his family.

by Ben Weiser

Just reading these emails for the first time. What heartbreaking news! I wasn't that close to Scott but I considered him a friend, and he treated me like one. For some reason he named me news editor of The Index when he took it over and I promptly misspelled – like a dozen times in one article – the name of some state official who had visited the school. Happily, Scott didn't fire me, and I've now been in journalism for over 40 years. He's gotta be partly responsible. I will miss him. Thank you, Scott!

by Dave Northrup

I had a chance to reconnect with Scott at the 40th. By the end of the conversation I felt like we had been close friends forever. I will miss him. I am sorry that I will miss his memorial service but I will find time to listen to Sinatra.

by John Haldeman

Scott was one of a kind in our class. Truly unique in so many, many ways. We celebrate that unique and special life as we remember Scott. Sinatra? :)

As I think about Scott, I am also reminded of our other classmates that have passed. Frank McCann, Russell Allen, Phil Byrnes, and now Scott. I think about how unbelievably awesome, totally diverse, and uniquely talented each of those dudes were!! What a wacky collection of individuals made up the Class of 72!! Bob Beru, as usual, put it so well. Sorry, but likewise will miss the service. Will be thinking of Scott and his family.

by Kip Meyer

Gary a wonderful remembrance of Scott. So so sad that in today's medical world he died of a heart valve problem! Scott and I were in World Lit together with Jameson. He always had a wry point of view which brought out a smile in the entire class. My wife Pat and Scott hit it off famously at our 15th reunion, which was at his home. She is a diehard Sinatra fan and was thrilled to meet another. We actually had dinner with Frank in Atlantic City a couple of times, as her best friend was his god daughter. I think that came after our 15th though.

He had this magnificent fig tree in his Haverford yard, which he hated and planned to chop down. He called me to come down from NYC to pick figs before the removal, which we did, and picked it practically clean. Unfortunately, I will miss his service. My thoughts and prayers are with him and his family. All the best guys. Good health to all.

by Bill Lucas

Bob, you hit it on the head. We were all so different, yet we got along so well. Outside of Crosby, Scott and I were in totally different orbits. So, it was a real kick for me to read the recollections of everyone here. I learned more about Scott. Thanks guys. All I can add is that I really enjoyed seeing him at

all of our reunions. He was unfailingly gracious, glad to see all of us, and treated us with great consideration. I will miss seeing him again.

Thanks Class. Haverford was something special. I enclose a pic of some of the Space Angel reprobates, along with two of my Haverford siblings. Carry on team!

by Tony Hancock

Thanks for the post Bill, yes different orbits sums it up for me top. Except I remember well-being fascinated by Scott's mind. As the understated prankster/disrupter and brilliant debater of ideas. Remembering fondly.

by Bob McCafferty

Saddened to hear the news of Scott's passing. I liked Scott, good man. We were so different, that we got a kick out of each other. Scott like those who left before him will forever be framed as 17 in my mind and heart. God bless. YBB Your Buddy Bob

by Peter Blank

Jock, you are right about Scott's lack of athletic genes. He was our teammate on the Wing Nuts, our championship Crosbee team. But even if he lacked in ability, he more than made up for that in PR. He nicknamed his shot the Karate Whistler, and heck, anyone with a shot named that had to be a good player. May he rest in peace.

by Jock Coffin

I also was saddened to hear of Scott's passing. I haven't seen him since our 2011 reunion at Bob's house where he seemed very much like the Scott I remember though more muted as I guess we all have become. While I don't really have any anecdotes to relay, what David and Gary have said does jog some strong memories. Reagan and Sinatra are the main images that pop in my head when I think of him. He was on the Reagan bandwagon long before the masses and frankly got some ribbing for supporting such a ludicrous choice. The Sinatra adoration in our era speaks for itself. But I think he relished the agita he created. I know three people here in CT who were in Cottage with him at Princeton, each with different but strong reactions to him. I gather he had a successful business career and supported his alma maters generously. His two children were excellent squash players, playing at Princeton and Dartmouth. He clearly married well as anyone who couldn't outrun Aronson must not have any athletic genes. He was a very bright and clever fellow. Another great loss.

by David Lubin

I got this news early afternoon and have enjoyed reading some of the things that have been written about Scott. Gary Aronson accurately recalled what happened in Barcelona. I remember that incident as well. I didn't go to Yugoslavia, though. I forget what I did that day.

Brownlow's trip was a great experience and having Scott as the ringleader didn't hurt. He was energetic, personable and funny. He and I roomed together at first but got on each other's nerves and we decided to switch roomies. Gary and I roomed for a week or so and I also roomed with a non-Haverfordian named Sam. Gary handled Scott a lot better than I did. Gary was also a lot of fun on the trip and I still recall how incredibly bright he was. So was Scott.

I took a lot of classes with Scott and he was able to get along with every teacher better than I ever could. He made Jameson smile, Austin laugh, Maenak stutter and Laberie forgetEnglish. He seemed to do this effortlessly. He was completely unselfconscious, a skill I still have not learned.

I still recall the History test where he blurted out to Mr. Austin, "How do you spell Fuchs." Only he pronounced it as a vulgarity. Cracked the entire class up. Including Austin.

I will be forever grateful for his undying loyalty to Frank Sinatra. It started a lifelong love for his songs in me as well after he carefully explained what made the man so special. He was right. Coming out of the Amalfi coast on the '72 trip, I had a fever and a sore throat and felt lousy. Everyone on the bus was quiet for a while as we drove the highway (the Autostrade) to Venice. Scott started singing "My kind of Town" and when he got to the part where you sing "Chicago is...," he suddenly stopped singing and pointed his finger at me and I dutifully screeched it for him. I was terrible but it was funny and since everyone on the bus was laughing, he kept it up and I tried my best to stay with him. Scott was someone I could love and someone I could hate... often in the same hour. But he was someone you were never ambivalent about.

He will surely be missed. I was saddened by the news and will think of him often over the next few days. Take care all.

by Tony Bove

So sad to hear about Scott. My thoughts are with his family. I'm sorry that I can't make it to the services. I didn't know him well,

but I remember him vividly, in classes and on the field. He had something smart and witty to say about everything.

by Rod Smith

Sad news. Unfortunately, I will not be able to attend the service. Great stories from Gary and Sam, reminding us of Scott's quick wit.

Scott always carried himself with a maturity beyond most of us. We certainly relied on him to manipulate Parker, Kingham and the rest when we veered off course.
A "Key" man.

by Sam Corliss

Gary's recollection, highlighting Scott's humor and political persuasion, prompted a memory I have of Scott and his quick wit. It transpired in Paul Austin's AP history class. John Berringer was extolling the virtues of Edward Kennedy as a leader of the Democratic Party, prompting Scott's immediate, and somewhat sneering, retort that this was readily understandable since if the Senator kept driving cars off bridges it offered the prospect of greater employment for the important auto worker constituency. I suppose it is not surprising that someone who could come up with that hilarious remark on the spur of the moment was a great debater.

I join in expressing condolences to Scott's family. I am sure we are all grieving the passing one so young.

by Bob Burch

Great remembrance Gary – I wish I could match you story for story but I was a quintile or two below you and Scott at Haverford and although I was accepted at Princeton, like John Marshall, I chose to not attend. I can confirm one thing however. George Miller never did get over that story in the Thindex. He took it personally and it bothered him for years afterward. I suspect that he and Scott will have to settle that score in front of the big guy. I will be unable to attend the funeral but will be thinking of Scott next weekend. Another good man gone.

by Gary Aronson

I recently was saddened to hear of the passing of Scott Kuensell. I suppose that I knew him as well as most of our classmates, or perhaps even better. We were friends at Haverford, on the Brownlow Europe Trip and at Princeton. At Haverford, Scott and I regularly horsed around together and drag-raced, as both of our Moms had hot cars that we could use. His Camaro Z28 was faster. Scott and I were on the Debate Team together.

Scott was a superb debater. He regularly won championships and represented Haverford at higher levels, including the Pennsylvania State Championships, which he won.

Scott was Editor of the Index. His most memorable publication was to re-run, in the annual joke edition, The Thindex, an earlier article from the Index, completely unedited. I believe it was entitled Mr. Miller Named Chair of Haverford School English Department. I recall rereading the article a couple of times, looking and looking for the joke edits. Thinking of it still makes me laugh.

During Brownlow's Europe Trip (which included Alan Crawford and David Lubin, as well as Haverford Teacher Carl Maenak, Scott and I were roommates and went off on adventures together. In Franco's Spain, we were accosted by Fake Policemen with obviously Fake ID's. I said: "Let's double-time it on out of here!!!" We escaped by sprinting back to the hotel, a block and a half away. At least, I did. When I arrived, and looked over my shoulder, Scott was gone! I creeped back out, to encounter Scott finally catching up with me. To hear it from him, Scott was not quite as fast as I was and was re-grabbed by the Fake Policemen, one of whom pulled out a gun on him, which Scott knocked to the ground, where it shattered. Fake Police, Fake Gun. (Possibly a Fake Story, too!)

I remember going with Scott on side trip in a car rented by Mr. Maenak and his daughter to the Austrian border with Red Curtain Hungary. We had a drink at a charming country cafe, while overlooking the barbed-wire border and looking up at the ominous Communist machine-gun guard towers.

Scott regularly thought up great Goofs on people whom we met on the Trip, in which I enthusiastically participated. One hotel owner had been, many years before, a famous opera singer. Scott asked him to sing for us, which he gladly did. We got to hear some rusty opera singing, while the hotel owner ordered free champagne for everyone. It was a fair trade.



Michael Lee Madden



Michael Lee Madden of Gloucester, Massachusetts, died on September 3rd, 2016, at Kaplan Family Hospice House in Danvers, Massachusetts. He was 62 and born on December 16, 1953 in Beverly, Massachusetts. He attended Haverford School, The Fenn School, Brooks School and graduated from Harvard College in 1976, where he was a member of the A.D. Club. He served as Vice President of the A.D. Club from 1996-2009 and co-chaired the extensive renovation of the club in 2000. He was an owner of a series of restaurants, most notably Harvard Square's Club Casablanca and The Wayward Duck in Beverly Farms. Michael was a hands-on proprietor who is well remembered by his patrons for his dry sense of humor and unique perspective. He later built an independent health insurance business on the North Shore where he was a pioneer advocate for equitable care of AIDS patients. Michael was a Board member of NUVA in Gloucester, an addiction and treatment program, and later served as its President. Michael was instrumental in forming the North Shore Health Project. A unique soul, Michael, who majored in American history at Harvard, was the keeper of his family's history in which he was a 7th generation direct descendant of Thomas McKean, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and a Governor of the State of Pennsylvania. He organized numerous get-togethers and reunions for his 'clan' of cousins and relatives. Michael was at peace after a long and courageous struggle with cancer. His scathing wit, mischievous ways and exceptional intellect will be greatly missed. Michael was predeceased by his parents James and Pauline, and is survived by his sister Anne Wieschhoff of Brookline, his brothers James of Bozeman, Montana and Paul of Newport, Rhode Island.

Francis E. McCann



Francis E. McCann on March 7, 2012, age 58, of Limerick, PA. Beloved husband of Tina L. McCann. Father of Megan Lukitsch. Son of Theresa D. McCann and the late Francis E. Sr. Brother of Sharon Reardon (Joseph Scholes), Letitia (Paul) Mallory and Theresa Scott. Also survived by his niece and nephews.

Frank McCann was the ultimate athlete, smooth as glass and fast as lightening. Four sports a year were not enough to capture all his skills.

Tributes to Frank McCann

by Rod Smith

Everyone's comments and stories have rejuvenated many of my memories of Frank. He was the mild-mannered Clark Kent of our class who, upon putting on a uniform, transformed into the super athlete that many of you appreciated. In addition to all the crazy stuff, what I will remember most about Frank was his laugh. When it came, it was full and complete. No halfway chuckle. You knew his level of enjoyment right away. Great guy, great family.

by John Lieberman

Very sad to hear that about Frankie. Great competitor and great guy on top of that. I still remember when he hit me with a snowball in the cheek from 100 feet away outside his house during senior year. All I saw out of the corner of my eye was this streak coming at me. What an arm he had, and my cheek still hurts! Not as much as his family and friends hurt right now, though.

by Bob McCafferety

Oh Frankie. Please pray for Frank and his family. One more remembrance from Mr. McBride's class: Frankness McCandor (with the embellishment) The man with the plan for strawberry jam in June. I met Frank on the 8th grade football field. We were in some Parade of Champions tourney. I remember the opposing team had this stud athlete at quarterback. Frank was by far the best player on the field. At every opportunity I tried to take Frank's head off. I distinctly remember Frank handing the ball off and routinely I would come under his helmet and try to decapitate him. It didn't faze Frank. I remember thinking, "What a tough skinny kid". Frank was a tall drink of water in 8th grade. Of course, I was to learn how gifted and tough Frank really was, and what a sweetheart. Truly he was one of the cornerstones for our schoolboy days. God bless you Frank. Everyone stay in and block. Frank, You go long. May God keep you. Your Buddy Bob.

by John Berringer

Frank, Tina and his family will be in my prayers. All my memories of Frank are fond ones. For old time's sake, I'll sign this one Numby.

by Bob Burch

I was sorry to hear that Frank is struggling so badly. I would guess that my relationship goes back further than anyone else in the class – in that Frank's Dad was my little league coach in 3rd grade. We played in North Wayne (I wasn't much of a baseball player) and I'll never forget that even at that age Frank was something special. He had an old timey athleticism – never seemed to be making too much of an effort, but he always got to the ball first or caught the pass that was uncatchable.
Like so many in our class a special man.

by Seabury Gould

I fondly remember Frank and wish him peace and ease.
I recall that special athleticism of his that Bob mentioned.

by Larry Nipon

It's funny how some names and faces just stick with you. Frank's is one. As I remember Frank from many years ago, my memories are of an incredible athlete that made it look easy, and as nice a guy as he was a great athlete. He always had a smile on his face, and never a bad word for anyone. Based on the volume of messages going back and forth, he's carried those characteristics with him as an adult, husband, and father. I'm sorry he and his family are going through this.

by Jock Coffin

I played many a basketball and baseball game with Frank who, as has already been noted, was a special, graceful athlete, a wonderful competitor and a genuinely nice man. I spent a long time with Frank at our last reunion, which was the first time since perhaps our 10th that I had seen him. It was one of many highlights of that reunion for me. Another was the time talking to Russ Allen and his family. I'm very saddened that the two of them won't be at Bob's house in May. My thoughts are with Frank's family at this unhappy time.

by Hobie Porter

Allowing non-track team members to compete in the All Inter Ac Track meet provided a great recollection of Frank's phenomenal talent.

Here was this slouching kid wearing a tee shirt, ill-fitting shorts, borrowed shoes (because his baseball cleats would have dug up the track) and that smile.

Nobody took him too seriously until he wandered over to the broad jump runway and without even measuring his steps took off and upset the 2 year defending champion and record holder from Episcopal for first place. He may well have won the 100 and 200 meter sprint races that day as well, and knowing Frank, he left in time to make the end of baseball practice. In the same meet, Dave Williams and I got to see Russell Allen's back in the high hurdles. For all the talent and opportunity to be justifiably cocky, here were two of the genuinely nicest guys you could ever hope to meet.

by Dave Lubin

I have been digesting this news and reading the e-mails and can think of nothing else to add. Frank always had an easy manner and a mischievous smile and was a true gentleman.
My condolences to his family and all of us who knew him.

by Tony Bove

My heart goes out to Frank's family. It's a tribute to his character, and to Russ's character, that we all remember them. May we all find peace.

by Scott Kuensell

Sad, sad news.

by Ben Weiser

I, too, have been out of touch over the years, but the news about Frank is truly sad and a reminder of what's important about friendship in the 40 years since we left school.

by Harold Ball

All: I never really ran in that crowd but I always remember that Frank seemed to be a kind and decent person with incredible gifts, full of life, fun, and good humor. Our thoughts and prayers are with Frank and his entire family.

by John Wright

He was always friendly and pleasant, and certainly a joy to watch play any sport. My one Frank McCann story, however, took place years later, when I took my son, then maybe about 8 or 9 years old, to a batting cage in Exton. There was Frank coaching kids. He spent some time with my son, and was a model of skill, patience and encouragement. I can't tell you that story ends with my son's signing by a major league club, but I was always grateful to Frank for his generosity of spirit and simple kindness to a kid who really, really wanted to be better.

To be honest, I envied my son having the opportunity to work with someone like Frank – even if only that once.

Very sorry to know that he's no longer with us.

by Hank Evans

Frank was such a great person and was just always at his best. Two stories if I could. We were playing Penn Charter in football and the game was actually close. A Penn Charter receiver juked our cornerback (No, Halde, it wasn't me that time) and took off up the sideline with a long pass going towards him. Frank saw this from his free safety position and somehow ran all the way over to the sideline to intercept the pass, and THEN somehow ran the ball all the way back for a touchdown. No end zone celebrations then – Frank just turned around, glanced at all the Penn Charter players who tried to catch him, handed the ball to the ref and trotted off the field. Game over. Varsity basketball practice with Coach McBride – one day a week we'd start practice with dribbling back and forth the length of the court. Practice always started right at 3:15, and that one day there were only 5 of us on the court at that time. So McBride tells us to start and the five of us are doing double duty up and down the court while our other teammates are filtering into the gym. A few minutes later Frank comes strolling into the gym in his ugly DiMaio Landscaping shirt and his black high Chucks sneakers untied. He sees what's happening, says "Damn" and w/ out tying his sneakers takes the ball out of my hands and starts dribbling down the court. When he gets to the other end one of his shoes comes off as he goes up for the layup – so he picks up the shoe with his left hand and starts dribbling back down the court. I would have laughed if I had any air in my lungs. McBride sees this, stops everything and has one of his patented cows about how stupid that is, etc. That was fine with me b/c I caught my wind during the tirade.

by Phil Byrnes

It was Spring and Frank was finishing the broad-jump. We were one leg short for the 4by 440 yd. Relay. George Miller asked Frank if he wanted to fill in, of course the answer was YES. Now, we knew Frank could run, catch, jump and hit but the quarter mile, even with training, is a nasty, punishing event. It requires a combination of speed, power, stamina and attitude. The relay started and as Frank and I were standing at the start/finish line I turned to him and asked him if he was OK, did he have enough gas in the tank, he just turned and without saying a word flashed that McCann smile. My eyes rolled. The leg came in, Frank took the baton and around the track he ran. By the time he handed the baton to me the lead was so large that even I could not have blown it. We missed Frank at the Penn Relays, but alas, he was involved that day in another activity: Baseball. Go Frank Go. God Bless the McCann family.

by Bill Lucas

Not being either a football, baseball or basketball player, I never really got to see Frank in action up close and personal as a teammate. But I sure remember him as being one of the most congenial guys I have known. So to me, his character was even more special than his talent, remarkable as that was.
A truly outstanding guy.

by Rick Troncelliti

I have many fond memories of my time at Haverford School with Frank McCann. Anything from four years together in Spanish class listening together as Bill Wilson tried so hard to impress Senor Laserna with the knowledge of Spain and Spanish that he obtained on a summer trip there to watching his exploits in all sports(especially basketball), Frank was a very friendly guy who was also a fabulous athlete. He was a true Haverford legend and will be missed. It is hard to believe that both he and Russell Allen have both passed away.

William E. Wilson



Bill Wilson was sneaky good at everything he did, be it soccer or schoolwork. Wish we knew more back then.

(Bill wrote his own obituary and submitted it to the Class of 1976 as he entered hospice on November 15, 2020. Here it is below, at his request in his own words.)

Bill Wilson, retired management consultant and corporate executive, died December 6, 2020 at the age of 66 after a two year-long tussle with rectal cancer which had metastasized in his liver.

Bill graduated from Princeton with a Basic Engineering degree and from New York University with an MBA in Corporate Finance and International Economics. After graduating, Bill served as Treasurer of the Class of '76 for twenty years between our 5th and 25th Reunions.

His professional career began in NYC with Bankers Trust and TIAA-CREF before spending a decade with (then) Coopers & Lybrand as a management consultant. Leaving C&L, he and two partners started a new consulting firm in NYC, merged with a West Coast firm, and grew to about 40 partners and around 150 consultants. Bill specialized in corporate process reengineering working with some of the largest corporations around the world. He ended his professional consulting career by taking in-house corporate executive positions with GMAC in NY/NJ and a real estate company owned by GMAC in the San Francisco Bay Area.

Bill was an avid tennis player and competed in USTA league tennis as well as local tournaments in both men's and mixed doubles. He also continued a life-long passion for undertaking "projects" around the house including re-building an entire backyard porch, patio, and hot tub venue.

He is survived by the love of his life, Kim Camp who, after 14 years he married in early 2020, his brothers, Court and Bart, his sister, Julie, and his sons, Tyler and Christo (with wife, Sandi, and two granddaughters). His love and regards go out to his friends from tennis and to the entire Portsmouth Lane gang – easily the finest group of neighbors Bill and Kim have ever had the privilege to get to know. Bill also sends his best to the Princeton "Bill Wilson Retribution Committee (you know who you are)" and wants all of them to know that he has shared that story with most of the people he has ever known. Thank you all. – Bill

Tributes to Bill Wilson

by Gary Aronson

I knew Bill fairly well from 4th grade (3rd?) through my time at Princeton and after, through Princeton alumni events. He was always a Great Guy!!!

I recall that he read ALL of the Tom Swift novels over the summer and ALL of the summer reading books. preceding 6th grade. He was always a hard worker and good student, as well as an excellent athlete, as Jock pointed out. I remember he and Jock often leading the way up the field in soccer.

At Princeton, Bill shared a suite with Scott Kuensell in Wilson College, quite close to my room, so I would visit with them often. On one occasion, Scott and I were talking in the living room. Bill, who had a girlfriend, emerged from the bedroom, fully and immaculately dressed, looking just like the cat who ate the canary. Scott and I were positively rolling on the ground with laughter! :)

I saw Bill frequently at Princeton Alumni events. He prospered and became a senior consultant at a major consulting firm. Later, he was recruited to be CEO of a company, which he built up and sold off.

He was very well liked by all, both at Haverford and Princeton. He was one of the central members of our Princeton alumni

class and knew pretty much everyone in the class.
He always looked fit, athletic and in the best of health. He was successful, but never overbearing.

Like the rest of our class, I wish I had taken the time to know Bill better. He will certainly be missed by all who knew him.

Cancer is a terrible disease, potentially attacking even the healthiest of us. It is a problem on which I and my company are actively working every day. With many thousands of researchers working on it, it is starting to yield to Science and I hope will be conquered in our lifetimes. BioNtech, creator, with Pfizer, of one of the leading Covid vaccines, was actually focused on cancer vaccines prior. I hope that something good comes out of the worldwide Covid nightmare. Perhaps it will be new vaccines for cancer, more rapid development of drugs and vaccines and faster consideration by FDA and other authorities.

I wish all of you the very best health and happiness.

by John Wright

The news about Bill is sad indeed. While he and I were never truly close, I remember him as unfailingly genial and gregarious, with a smile and a ready greeting. I was fortunate to have been a classmate at college as well, and would see him from time to time at Princeton Reunions for years afterwards. My wife and I had a warm conversation with him at one recent Reunion, although we didn't have time to dig very deep. His dad was also a very good guy, and long after Bill had moved away would still make the time to speak to us if we crossed paths at church. So I guess the apple didn't fall far from the tree.

The one story related to Bill I'd share was of party held at Bill's home our senior year – one of the type held when the parents were away. It was lively – lots of laughs and beer. All at once there was a "crack" and the dining room table leg gave way as Gary Aronson was leaning on it. Well, it kind of put a damper on things. If Bill was capable of the "teeth" story, perhaps he came up with a good explanation for his folks – I never did hear how it came out and – shame on me – I never thought to ask Bill. I probably thought that was something he'd rather not discuss with a mere bystander.

Anyway, it's a shame to lose such a good guy from our class.

by Hobie Porter

If others share remembrances of Bill I would love to see them. Bill, Rusty Kirkland and I were close friends at Haverford, and we kept in close touch with John Pemberton, who finished at Radnor. Soccer and squash were priorities for Bill, but injuries stole some of his joy participating in sports.
He suffered a leg injury on the soccer pitch, and missed much of our senior season as inter-ac champs, and a wrist injury forced him to play squash with his opposite hand, and he still managed to make the varsity squad. Like many of us, he took full advantage of the outstanding teaching of Rafael Laserna and became close to fluent in Spanish while at Haverford. He had strong opinions and wasn't shy about sharing them. I wish he had maintained stronger ties with his Haverford roots, but he accomplished much and I am sad to learn of his death.

Best wishes to all in the amazing class of '72.

by John Lieberman

I did not know Bill well, but always found him to be a really nice, pleasant, and friendly person, in addition to being a great athlete. After hearing he went through chemo for 2 years, the words courageous, brave, and tenacious further define Bill's character. God bless you, classmate!

by Jock Coffin

Sorry to hear of another fine gentleman and classmate passing. Bill was a lifer at Haverford and someone I knew from 4th grade on when we both started playing soccer with Mankin as our coach (I think). Most of my connection with Bill centered around our playing next to each other as forwards throughout those early years then later on the varsity. Bill was a fine athlete who played 3 varsity sports (soccer, squash, and lacrosse) at Haverford – in soccer, first team all-InterAc his senior year and the team's leading scorer his junior year, his first on the varsity. He wasn't big and intimidating but he was deceptively quick and had a real scorer's feel for the game. He always seemed to be in the right spot and knew how to finish. He missed the end of our season with a knee injury which I gather was followed by a wrist injury forcing him to switch hands on the squash team.
He only fell from 3 to 7 playing with the opposite hand. In a class of many noted athletes, Bill was perhaps too unsung. I struggle to think of many anecdotes for Bill as he simply wasn't that kind of person. No dancing on tables, carousing, getting in trouble. He always seemed to be a very chipper, solid guy. I went to his house a few times over the years, an environment which always seemed very relaxed and congenial – almost 50's sitcom like. His parents were very nice, Bart was a good older brother, and I think he may also have had a younger sister. I do remember one party which started out as a small one, but ended when the police were called to chase away the Lower Merion High throngs who invaded it.
I haven't kept up with him over the years and was disappointed that he didn't respond to our HOF weekend a couple of years ago. Clearly his life was in a good place as his Facebook comment says. I will always remember him as a very good person.

by Rick Troncelliti

Other than his mastery of the Spanish language, my most poignant memory of Bill wilson was when his leg was broken while playing soccer late in our senior year. Mrs. Wilson, told me when I called his house that night that just about everyone on the team had called their house(no cell phones or emails in those days) to inquire as to his condition.Until he was injured, Bill was one of the stars of that team and scored a lot of goals. Harry Smith always referred to him as "Willie". I am not sure how that would have played today.



Endnotes from pages 7-12 (Gary D. Aronson)

[1] https://officeofbudget.od.nih.gov/
Lately, I have become concerned that nobody will believe me, so I have taken to documenting everything I say, e.g., in footnotes or endnotes. ***It doesn't help one bit.***

[2] https://www.usaspending.gov/agency/department-of-defense?fy=2022

[3] https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mario_Capecchi

[4] https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nivolumab#History

[5] https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ipilimumab#Clinical_trial_history

[6] https://laskerfoundation.org/winners_name/capecchi-mario/

[7] https://www.nobelprize.org/search/?s=cappecchi

[8] https://finance.yahoo.com/quote/VRTX/

[9] 9 If, at any time (and on each time) between May 1, 2005 and January 15, 2009 (the "Pricing Period"), after the exercise of any or all of the Warrants hereunder, the Company issues any Equity Units other than Excluded Units (as defined below), and the effective per share purchase price of Common Stock represented by such Equity Units (the "Effective Price") being issued is lower than the Warrant Purchase Price paid in connection with such prior exercise, then the Company shall issue to the Holder sufficient additional Equity Units (of the same security(ies) that was (were) previously issued to the Holder upon the previous exercise of the Warrant) such that the total number of Equity Units issued to the Holder equals the number determined by multiplying 375,756 by a fraction, the numerator of which is $2.20 and the denominator of which is the Effective Price, as the same may be amended.

[10] • Published: 07 March 2022
In vivo partial reprogramming alters age-associated molecular changes during physiological aging in mice
• Kristen C. Browder, Pradeep Reddy, Juan Carlos Izpisua Belmonte
Nature Aging (2022)Cite this article
Abstract
Partial reprogramming by expression of reprogramming factors (Oct4, Sox2, Klf4 and c-Myc) for short periods of time restores a youthful epigenetic signature to aging cells and extends the life span of a premature aging mouse model. However, the effects of longer-term partial reprogramming in physiologically aging wild-type mice are unknown. Here, we performed various long-term partial reprogramming regimens, including different onset timings, during physiological aging. Long-term partial reprogramming lead to rejuvenating effects in different tissues, such as the kidney and skin, and at the organismal level; duration of the treatment determined the extent of the beneficial effects. The rejuvenating effects were associated with a reversion of the epigenetic clock and metabolic and transcriptomic changes, including reduced expression of genes involved in the inflammation, senescence and stress response pathways. Overall, our observations indicate that partial reprogramming protocols can be designed to be safe and effective in preventing age-related physiological changes. We further conclude that longer-term partial reprogramming regimens are more effective in delaying aging phenotypes than short-term reprogramming.

[11] Where e=root of natural logarithms and i=square root of -1. **Basically, it means that the Universe is a big joke that *YOU* dreamed up for your own amusement.**

[12] https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/World_Trade_Center_(1973%E2%80%932001)

[13] **The Effects of Single-Sex Compared With Coeducational Schooling on Students' Performance and Attitudes: A Meta-Analysis Pahlke, E., Hyde, J. S., & Allison, C. M. (2014). Psychological Bulletin, 140(4), 1042–1072.**
https://doi.org/10.1037/a0035740
https://www.apa.org/pubs/journals/releases/bul-a0035740.pdf

[14] "The battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton" is popularly ascribed to the Duke of Wellington, who was a graduate of Eton College and commander in chief of the British and allied armies at Waterloo. The famous quotation is really only a polished-up version of what the Iron Duke said. Ten years after the Battle of Waterloo, while watching a cricket match at Eton, the Duke of Wellington was overheard to say: "The battle of Waterloo was won here." Of course, the man who defeated Napoleon at Waterloo did not mean literally that Eton men had won the battle. **He meant merely that the games and sports at British colleges developed those qualities in men that…made good soldiers. Most of our popular games and sports are merely mimic warfare… Eton College, one Of the oldest and most famous schools in England, was founded about 1440 during the reign of Henry VI.**
https://stimpson.allfunandgames.ca/informationroundup/who_said_the_battle_of_waterloo_was_won_at_eton.php

[15] https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Daybreak_(painting)

[16] https://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/0/09/Max_Parrish_Dream_Garden_Philly.JPG

[17] https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Britton_Chance

[18] https://www.linkedin.com/in/bill-lucas-05772a14

[19] United States Patent 8,048,303
Lucas November 1, 2011
Bioretention system and method

Abstract

A bioretention system and method are provided for removing phosphorus, nitrogen and other materials from effluent such as wastewater and stormwater. The system and method can include a filtration media comprising water treatment residuals and other fill such as soil. Plants can be growing in the soil. The system can also include a drainage system to regulate outflow, to function during both low and high throughputs of water.

[20] https://www.facebook.com/KaufmanMusicCenter/videos/sean-hartley-performs-i-dont-remember-you/354424499435298/

[21] Broadway Tomorrow: Sean Hartley - Millennium Stage (November 19, 2016)
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UPcW6qnzrME

[22] https://www.kaufmanmusiccenter.org/lms/faculty/sean-hartley/

[23] https://www.mutualart.com/Artwork/Working--Broadway-Musical-Poster/B826CA6AAC58B275

[24] Still not sure which is which, but one of them will definitely turn over a small boat in a "fresh breeze", which is macho sailor-talk for one step below a raging gale.

[25] https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/History_of_the_University_of_California,_Los_Angeles#Early_years

[26] https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Annette_Funicello#Beach_party_series


O FORDS - BEAT


THE
HAVERFORD
SCHOOL


THE HAVERFORD SCHOOL
50TH REUNION
MDCCCLXXXIV