Big Buss for Brett

MARLEE WALLINGFORD ’76 and BESS MALTZ ANDREWS ’81 welcomed BRETT PUTNAM ’81 to his thirtieth reunion last May. Brett is the son of the ever legendary Em Putnam, a former longtime administrator here.

Cover: Sydney Greenstreet’s correspondence to Seaver Buck came from whichever city he happened to be appearing in at the time.
REACTION

Giving Mr. Minnerly his due

Regarding your remembrances of the late Bob Minnerly, our headmaster in 1972, in the Berkshire Bulletin: I have communicated with many students from the era on the article and, to a person, we feel that the revered Susan Young’s comments reflected a wonderfully reasoned and balanced view of Bob’s dedicated and insightful leadership for the school.

Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of Mr. [Dwight] Hatcher’s piece. Those of us who lived with Bob as our headmaster wish to say a wonderful goodbye to our father-figure from a tumultuous time and provide a bit more insight into that era.

So, to the era of Bob Minnerly. To speak of Bob, I must speak of the times in which he served. I personally have been waiting for an insightful chronicler of the early ’70s to attribute more to the era other than fatuous criticism of the time as only a messy, overindulgent period of drugs, sex and rock and roll. Change never was, and never will be, clean and neat. And there was a lot of change in America from 1968 to 1976. But I have waited in vain.

Whatever I hoped for, it was not overwrought descriptions like Mr. Hatcher’s “soul-sucking maelstrom of anarchy” or other phrases apparently reflecting that author’s personal regret for actions taken during this time. There was a much richer tapestry of experience for those of us soldiering through becoming adults at the time. And Bob Minnerly had a capacity to reason and to consider an alternative view, even from immature but well-meaning students, and to present the necessary limits for those of us testing the creaky ’50s prep school values we inherited. Bob was in the middle of the radical change surrounding Berkshire at the time. One of the insights he had was that desperately grasping for backward-looking and insular values as the larger world was moving quickly forward, or dividing the students into “good” and “bad” kids, was not going to be a profitable endeavor.

In essence, the ’70s were to take the pre-established values of the time and simply put them on their heads. What were those pre-established values? During my freshman year in 1968, the Big Man on Campus, not surprisingly, was the football captain and prime jock. Those artsy or fringe characters with too much brain power or non-mainstream interests were pushed to the side, or literally dumped upside down into the Memorial Hall second-floor dumpsters by the jock A-listers. Things in 1968 were tweed, rigid, simple, beer, Playboy, Brooks Brothers, Beach Boys, Norman Rockwell, well ordered, old-white-guy, and completely locked into place.

For instance: one day that year, we were called to a small tree in front of the old basketball gym, now the library. A ritual was to occur. John Godman [headmaster from 1951 to 1970]—to us a stern old man others somehow loved—walked into the center of an assemblage of students looking into the tree. An old and well-used 12-gauge, double-barrel shotgun lay across his shoulder. Above his head in the tree lay an intruder: a vermin of some kind (opossum, I think). Although he didn’t seem to be bothering anyone, his days were done. We watched and learned as the headmaster took aim and blasted the creature from about 15 feet away. And then, omnipotent justice delivered, we turned and went about our business. Perfectly pre-1968.

Then came change.

By 1972, the BMOC’s were numerous and not tied to any criteria. They were the smartest kids of them all, with twin 800s on the SATs and a love of Jimi Hendrix and Debussy; an All American jock who loved to play guitar and speak French; and various rock climbers, musicians, religion and philosophy explorers, mind expansion explorers, and, yes, more jocks. “All you need is love” was not just a pop slogan then—it was an actual proposition that led to all kinds of questions about governments, wars and race relations. Live and let live—looking at the world through
different eyes—and change, change and more change, were the order of the day. Anything established must be questioned and challenged. Otherwise, progress in civil rights, in computers, in the arts and music, in all of world culture would be stalled and opportunity missed. Or so we thought.

In 1972, change had been delivered to 1968: fabric was neon with pop art, not tweed; everything previously A-list was suspect; Escher designs showed that inside was actually outside; pot, not beer, ruled; and hemp clothes, Hendrix, post-Beatles, Peter Max, 24-hour art films, “happenings,” Eastern mysticism, civil rights, feminism, very loud music were all ascendant. And dear Berkshire was sitting in the center of all this change, with Bob Minnerly trying to navigate the shoals of these past and future Americas as they crashed together.

And, yes, we students had more elaborate cabins on the mountain. And they often were the sites of beer celebrations, or something to smoke, or substances we thought would help us explore our changing world. So, as young people do, we had great pride in our cabin creations and in the camaraderie it took to build them. In 1972, students were much more civil and appreciative of our personal differences than they had been in 1968. Instead of another beating/hazing of the uncool kid, we kind of admired the weirdness of the kids obsessed with Ospreys, or the Space program, or the INTEL 8008 computer chip. No beatings were required or tolerated by the diffuse leaders of the era.

And, there were times when Bob had to send some of us home. But we knew he cared about us. He demanded that we continue to grow up and mature, but understood we were not there yet. He wanted to hear why our world view was so different from the steady and chosen path dutifully created for us. We tried to explain to Bob that to be “alive” in 1972, we had to explore—and sometimes that caused us to travel out of bounds. Guilty as charged—at times.

He was a very expansive person, and he understood. Others never did. He rejected our narrative at times, but we knew he at least understood our challenge. In the end, I think of him as a very insightful, very compassionate, and very decent man, but also a firm leader of our greater Berkshire.
Memories of Memorial

I made a special trip to Memorial Hall in the spring of 2010 when I heard it was going to be demolished. I walked through the building, which was totally empty that morning. It was an eerie and melancholy pilgrimage. I went to the northeast corner of the then dining room, where for four years I had shared a table with Mr. Stevens. (I never called him Frank in his lifetime, and he never called me by my first name. We had a proper relationship by Victorian standards, which pleased him.)

I spent fifteen minutes in the Common Room, where I could picture Alice Ann Chase sitting at the silver coffee urn at the south end of the long table, asking each person that approached, “One lump or two?” Meanwhile, her husband, Art, was often pounding out on the piano, surrounded by a group of students singing, loudly and off-key, Gaudeamus Igitur. As I balanced my demi-tasse, I would be chatting with Frank Beattie, maybe Peg as well, the Northrups, George or Marj Nevens, the Putnams, Mary or Chat, and various senior students and perhaps even John Godman himself. A cloud of blue smoke hung over the room, but nobody complained, not even non-smokers. I then wandered into John Godman’s office, where in my day so many life-shaping decisions were made. I didn’t go to the second floor; after touring the ground floor, I had had enough angst for one day. I said my goodbyes to Memorial, to those days when, at barely age twenty-two, I had come to teach at Berkshire, as green as green could be insofar as prep schools were concerned.

Today, as an adjunct professor at Norwich University, I see in the eyes of some of my rook students the same uncertainty, both academic and social, that I soon learned to conquer as a Berkshire master. Eventually I “stole” some of John Godman’s best masters and had the unforgivable temerity to open my own prep school in 1958—Sterling School in Craftsbury Common, Vermont—all with John’s blessing and enormous help. That it eventually morphed into the smallest fully accredited college in America is through no effort of mine, but it can trace its beginnings to everything at Berkshire School that I learned from John and the other faculty members living on that Sheffield campus in the 1950’s. Memorial is gone, but nothing ever can destroy the beautiful and powerful memories which the name of that now defunct building evoke in me.

Norman Rioux
Nerioux@aol.com

Norm Rioux taught Spanish at Berkshire from 1954 to 1958.
UNDER THE DOME

Champing at the bit

No one is more excited about Berkshire’s new math and science building than the chairs of those two departments. Of the two, science—housed in the science wing of Berkshire Hall, built in the Eisenhower era—has suffered the most, as Ms. Loose-Brown so colorfully relates below.

Anita L. Loose-Brown

Years at Berkshire: 24, 6 as department chair
Courses teaching this year: Advanced Topics in Biology, Chemistry
Number of other teachers in science department: 10

Difference new math/science building will make to faculty and students:
The faculty will finally all have space: space to set up and run a variety of experiments, space for equipment we have previously done without, space for students to work in varying size groups, space that doesn’t feel cobbled together, retrofitted, claustrophobic or second-rate. It will give us the space to enhance the current curriculum by adding more project-based work and giving us easier access to the stream ecosystem that will now be right

Kurt Schleunes

Years at Berkshire: 6 years, 6 as department chair, 5 as director of Advanced Math/Science Research program (AMSR)
Courses teaching this year: Multivariable Calculus, Advanced Math/Science Research, Advanced Precalculus Accelerated, Trigonometry, Math/Analysis
Number of other teachers in math department: 7

Difference new math/science building will make to faculty and students:
For teachers, the new building will allow us to fully implement a 21st-century curriculum. The state-of-the-art technology integrated into the teaching spaces allows the faculty to seamlessly incorporate and model the use of technology in the curriculum. Students will

continued on next page
outside our door. It will give an outdoor space that we can develop into a laboratory space for biology and environmental science. The new building will give us a central space where we can all work. More importantly, it will give us a communal space, so that the informal discussion and idea swaps that happen whenever two or more of us are in the same place at the same time now will become that much more frequent. And not one of us will be teaching in a converted storage closet with no windows.

Students will benefit from the curricular and equipment upgrades that will come with the new space, obviously. But just as important will be the simple fact that they will be taking classes in a beautiful and functional space, one that clearly says, “What you do academically here matters.” Some of our current students had the thrill of walking into the new Berkshire Hall a few years ago; students were eager to be there and eager to start classes in that lovely space. And while the first look at the new space is always the most exciting, the sense of students walking into Berkshire Hall remains one of excitement, I think, because the space is still beautiful. Students coming into our new building for the first time will get to experience that thrill all over again and, beyond that, will walk into a space that says, “Welcome to a place to do things.”

What excites you most about the prospect of a new math/science building?

Just what I described above: having a really good space in which to work with students, to try to get them to see how cool science actually is.

“The students and teachers at Berkshire will have the finest math/science facilities of any high school in the United States. If a student can dream it, we can do it.”

have a chance to gain real hands-on experience with the latest tools that are currently in use at top science research facilities. Advanced Math/Science Research students will have their own fully equipped research laboratory, which even includes a clean room.

What excites you most about prospect of a new math/science building?

The students and teachers at Berkshire will have the finest math/science facilities of any high school in the United States. If a student can dream it, we can do it.

Sneak Preview!

The first students to avail themselves of the new math and science building will be those who won’t be able to do so next year: members of the Class of 2012. This spring, following a tour of the building, the seniors will attend a ceremonial class in the building’s new lecture hall. Dress code will include hard hats.

Pro Vita Professionals

The following alumni came back to campus to teach a mini-course during Pro Vita Week February 27 to March 3: JOE GEIGER ’56 (The Road to the Top: Entrepreneurial Success), BOB WITOWSKI ’66 (Political Talk Radio in an Election Year), LYNETTE PRESCOTT ’81, mother of Matty Wieczorek ’14, (Ethics and You), and JON WIENER ’08 (The Art of the Mashup and The Art of DJ’ing). In addition to Lynn Prescott, other Berkshire parents contributing their talents were Anna Rubino, mother of Chris Jiambalvo ’13 (The Art of Graphic Design), James Sinkoff, father of Noah ’13 (Health Care for All? Model Clinics in the U.S. and Haiti), and Nancy Steiner, mother of Annie Fraiman’13 (Berkshire by Berkshire).
Legacies

First row: Jake Farrell '12 (sister MOLLY FARRELL '07). Second row, from left: Alli Toffolon '14 (sister ASHLEY TOFFOLON '11), Kat Kelly '12 (brother BILL KELLY '11), Stephen Bell '12 (father STUART BELL '80). Kina Puth '12 (brother COLIN PUTH '10), Serena Menges '14 (mother DEVON SMITH MENGES '90). Liza Berg '13 (mother MEGAN STECK BERG '87, great-grandfather DEL DE WinD '39). Lilly Weil '13 (brother BEN WEIL '06, father JERRY WEIL '73, great-great grandfather DELANO DU WIND '11). Third row, from left: Allie McErlane '14 (brother TIM MCERLEAN '10). Anna Heissenbuttel '13 (mother LISA WARDELL '79), Mike Harrigan '12 (sister EMILY HARRIGAN '08), Luisa Perkins '14 (father CHIP PERKINS '73), Sydney Beldock '14 (brother GEORDIE BELDOCK '11, father GREGG BELDOCK '79), Olivia Mason '13 (brother HANK MASON '10), Addie Bullock '14 (mother BEBE CLARK BULLOCK '86). Julia Reger '13 (brother MATT REGER '11), Charlotte Weil '13 (brother BEN WEIL '06, father JERRY WEIL '73, great-great grandfather DELANO DU WIND '11). Fourth row, from left: Pauline Nomblot '12 (sister EMILY HARRIGAN '08), Gray Riatti '14 (father DAVID RIATTI '77), Matty Wiczkewicz '14 (mother LYNETTE PRESCOTT '81), Seaver Buck (founder and first headmaster), James Funderburg '14 (father ROB FUNDERBURG '80), Mohib Amin '13 (brother MATI AMIN '08). Fifth row, from left: Hadley Provost '12 (brother JEN PROVOST '10), Will McGovern '14 (sister MAURA MCGOVERN '10).

From left: Emma Deitz '13 (mother LIS GOLDBERG DEITZ '80), Jackson Borwick '13 (father JOHN BORWICK '81, mother INGRID VAN ZON BORWICK '83), Royal Daemi '12 (sister ARIANNA DAEMI '10), Gabriela Sinigalli '13 (brother MIKE SINIGALLI '10). Caroline Carey '12 (brother SAM CAREY '11), Madison Vessels '12 (sister CALLAN VESSELS '11). Hayden Provost '12 (sister JEN PROVOST '10).
A runner to remember

Count Chris Bowman ’12 (kneeling), a four-year student from Sheffield, among Berkshire’s cross-country greats: undefeated in dual meets for two straight seasons…second in the 2010 Meet of Champions…first at the 2010 Footlocker Junior New England regionals…and all New England four years in a row, placing 15th, 11th, 6th, and 11th. Chris, who will run for Yale University in the fall, also broke the course record at Salisbury two years in a row. “Chris Bowman is a gentleman runner who leads by example, and his example is awesome,” says coach Bill Gulotta. “Because of his commitment to the Advanced Math/Science Research program, Chris couldn’t run with us on Wednesdays, so he ran every Sunday, which would have been his day off. The coaches with the honor of mentoring athletes like Chris Bowman are the privileged few.”
Ending a drought

Members of the varsity girls’ soccer team celebrated after making the New England championship tournament, the first such team in twelve years to be invited to the show. Alas, they fell to Rivers School in the first round, 5-0.

Ahhh...Ahmad!

On the Duryee Court against Millbrook School on January 22, Ahmad Reid ’12 (pictured with coach Peter Kinne) broke the Berkshire School record for career points in basketball. The three-year student from Port Washington, N.Y., scored 32 points to surpass the 1,458 points scored by Melissa DelValle Salamone ’88, a three-sport star at Berkshire and, in the opinion of Mr. Kinne, Berkshire’s best athlete ever. Ahmad will attend Stony Brook University in the fall. Meanwhile, Melissa, fighting under the name of Honey Girl, went on to be a two-time Gold Gloves boxing champion as an amateur. After turning professional, she won the Women’s International Boxing Association’s super bantamweight title.

Throwback hockey

The new makeshift outdoor rink behind the gymnasium is the creation of Devon O’Rourke ’02, boys’ JV hockey coach. Devon built the boards, levelled the surface, and prayed for freezing temperatures.
Marking that dreadful day

On the tenth anniversary of the attacks of September 11, 2001, Head of School Mike Maher addressed the community beneath the pin oak trees planted in memory of the four alumni who died on 9/11. Mr. Maher’s remarks follow.

Ten years ago today, a lovely late summer morning suddenly turned unspookably grotesque as almost 3,000 Americans died in the senseless tragedy now known simply as 9/11. This afternoon our community gathers to honor their memory.

We do so in the quiet company of these four oak trees, each of which bears the name of a Berkshire alumnus who lost his life that day.

Like you, they experienced their youth under our mountain. They walked where you walk, learned where you learn, played where you play. They felt the same joys and frustrations, and asked the same questions about life that teenagers everywhere ask themselves.

And, happily, after leaving Berkshire, all four went on to lead fulfilling and productive lives in the short time they would have left.

We remember Kris Hughes, Class of 1990, a prefect and captain of both the varsity football and varsity hockey teams who went on to Ohio State University and a career as a securities trader...

We remember Ward Haynes, Class of 1984, a varsity hockey player and JV soccer co-captain who graduated from Northeastern University, worked as a photo editor for Sports Illustrated, and joined Cantor Fitzgerald a month before the attacks. He was the father of three...

We remember Jim Crawford, Class of 1987, a member of Green Key and the activities committee who played JV football and varsity lacrosse, then graduated from Lynchburg College and became an equities trader. His daughter was born exactly eleven weeks after his death.

We remember Pete Goodrich, Class of 1985, an avid chess player who went on to become a six-time All American in track and field at Bates College and then director of production development for a software company. It is thanks to the Peter M. Goodrich Memorial Foundation that Berkshire has been home to four students from Afghanistan.

We also remember those parents or other loved ones lost by those who are members of our community today. And we remember...
all those who gave and continue to give their lives to protect the freedom we cherish.

Immediately following the events of ten years ago, Americans not only felt despair and anguish. We felt helpless, too. What could we do? How could we help? What would be a positive and productive response to the horrors of that day? Many chose service. Not just military service, but service to others. Doing something in their communities that would make a difference, however small, in the lives of others. We must cultivate our own garden, as Voltaire’s Candide told us. That is all we can do. And that can be enough.

Service to others has always been a cornerstone of the Berkshire School experience. And there are plenty of service opportunities here, both on campus and off. So I urge you to talk about the value of service, and to think about service as a way of making the world a better place, garden by garden. What a great tribute that would be to all those who lost their lives ten years ago.

Meanwhile, in Manhattan...

Senior Christa Montano, a four-year day student, was among those at the World Trade Center reading the names of the nearly three thousand people who lost their lives on 9/11 that day. Christa’s father, Craig Douglas Montano, was a US bond broker with Cantor Fitzgerald, which lost 658 employees that day.

In recent years, Christa has attended Project Common Bond, a week-long summer camp sponsored by Tuesday’s Children, an organization providing support and services for the children of 9/11 and others impacted by global terrorism. The sessions, which focus on conflict resolution and peace-building and are attended by teenagers from around the world, have been held in Bryn Mawr College in Pennsylvania, Queens University in Belfast, and Foxcroft School in Virginia.

“It’s fun, not depressing,” Christa says. “It’s easy to make friends, because we’ve all lost someone or, in some cases, multiple people. I’ve made really good friends from around the world.”

Christa is also a counselor-in-training at Camp Better Days, a week-long summer camp in the Catskills that her brothers Lukas, 14, and Liam, 11, have attended for the past four years.

On the morning of 9/11, Christa was seven years old and a second grader at the Forest Avenue Elementary School in Glen Ridge, N.J. She is one of three students currently attending Berkshire who lost a parent that day.

Sponsored by the Mayor’s office, the reading of the names has been an annual event. Readers are sent in advance a recording of the names they will read so that no names are mispronounced. Christa says the readers, including some kids she’s gone to camp with, gathered in a tent and were visited by Mayor Michael Bloomberg. She also saw President and Michelle Obama—“they were holding hands, it was so cute”—after he spoke on stage, as well as George W. Bush, Hilary Clinton and James Taylor—“he’s everywhere.”

continued on next page
After forty-five minutes in line, Christa, alternating with another reader, read ten names starting with the letter D as cameras from the national media whirred and clicked nearby.

“I was so nervous,” Christa recalled. “I hate public speaking—it’s my biggest fear—and I didn’t want to mess anyone’s name up. But I’m really glad I did it.”

Among those watching at home was Christa’s fourth-form English teacher, Linda Bellizzi.

“I thought of Christa that day, though I didn’t know she’d be there,” says Mrs. Bellizzi. “Her voice was clear and she read with a lot of confidence. I was so proud of her.”

After the reading, Christa and her brothers took pencil rubbings of their father’s name, which is inscribed on the 9/11 Memorial—“a nice, spontaneous, personal way to take away a piece of the day,” says her mother, Caren Montano.

Christa plays varsity field hockey and is a member of the varsity track and field team. At the New England championship last spring, she placed seventh in the high-jump event. A high-honors student, Christa is also a member of Kids 4 Kids, in which students from Berkshire mentor children from the nearby Undermountain Elementary School.

Christa says that for the most part, she’s moved on from 9/11.

“I know kids who obsess about the tragedy. But to me, it happened and there’s nothing I can do. Obviously I care that it happened, but I don’t care to look into it. It’s too depressing.”

Does it get any easier as time goes on?

“No. It should, but it doesn’t. I can deal with it, but it’s still upsetting.”

Looking great in the Great Room

The fanciful oil painting of Mt. Everett that, for over eighty years, hung over the fireplace in the Johnston Common Room in the former Memorial Hall, was framed and now hangs in the Great Room in Berkshire Hall. It was painted in 1924 by American artist Walter King Stone, whose illustrations adorn three books by drama critic and naturalist Walter Pritchard Eaton, a Berkshire neighbor and close friend of Seaver Buck. Beginning in the early 1900’s, Stone’s nature illustrations appeared in such then prominent publications as Scribner’s Magazine, Century Magazine, and Colliers’, and two of his paintings are in the Rochester Memorial Museum. At his death in 1949, Stone was associate professor emeritus of the fine arts at Cornell University.
Seeing Pink

On January 7, in what has become an annual tradition, the school raised awareness and money for breast cancer research. Over $1,800 was donated to the Susan G. Komen Foundation.

Girls' varsity hockey donned pink jerseys against Loomis-Chaffee, who spoiled the party, 3-2.

Despite the best efforts of Berkshire's fans, varsity basketball fell to Tabor, 66-61.

The snack bar in the Stewart Athletic Center was manned by fifth-formers Creedy Acosta of Santiago, Dominican Republic; Cam Kaiser of Pelham, N.H., and Jesse Halin of Westport, Conn.
Sunny side up and running

What a great holiday gift: Berkshire’s 2-megawatt solar field, the largest solar field of any school or college in New England, was commissioned in late December. The 8,332 photovoltaic solar panels on the nine-acre site are expected to generate up to 45% of the school’s electricity. Meanwhile, Web-based “dashboards” will monitor campus electricity usage and savings for all the world to see. And launching next fall will be a new elective course entitled Advanced Topics on Energy and the Environment. Taught by veteran science teacher Anita Loose-Brown, the course will cover basic thermodynamics, the laws and consequences for energy use and production, meteorology, and organic chemistry. The solar field was featured in The Huffington Post via Earth Techling. The first paragraph reads: “How it ranks in SAT scores or Ivy League admissions, we have no idea. But in the highly competitive world of New England prep schools, the Berkshire School in Sheffield, Mass., is definitely No. 1 at solar.”

Going $1,000,000,000 green

Berkshire is the only independent secondary school invited to take part in the Billion Dollar Green Challenge, joining 32 leading colleges and universities in investing a cumulative one billion dollars in self-managed green revolving funds that finance energy efficiency upgrades on campus.

The Challenge was launched last October by the Sustainable Endowments Institute to help nonprofit institutions achieve sizable energy savings through the use of green revolving funds. Green revolving funds invest in energy efficiency projects to reduce energy consumption on campus and reinvest the money saved in future projects. They are called “revolving funds” because the funds loan money to specific projects, which then repay the loan through an internal account transfer from savings achieved in the institution’s utilities budget.

Frank Barros, director of sustainability at Berkshire, says the school’s Sustainability Committee recently awarded funds for the first project, insulating the hot water tank and pipes in Eipper. He said $10,000 would be taken from the revolving fund for the project, which will realize a return on investment in three to four years. The proposal was submitted by Allie Bliven, a fifth-former from Laurel Hollow, N.Y.
So long, Brooksie!

After fourteen years of plowing and shoveling and mowing and much more, Tim Brooks ’70 retired last fall as Berkshire’s grounds guy—but not before an early October snowstorm sent him back to the snowplow one last time. The new maintenance supervisor is Gabe Starczewski, formerly director of maintenance at Great Barrington Rehabilitation and Nursing Center. A native of Seattle, he holds a bachelor’s degree in construction science. Gabe and his wife, Marta, live in Great Barrington with their three children.

She has three hundred and seventy-two siblings.

Ask any student: faculty children like Ella Moodey are a big part of what makes Berkshire more home than school. Your gift to the Annual Fund helps us attract and keep the best and the brightest teachers—and their families. Since Ella can’t talk yet, we’ll say it for her: thank you for your support! To give online, visit www.berkshireschool.org/donate
For its efforts in restoring Berkshire Hall, Berkshire School joined Harvard, Tufts, Wellesley, and several other schools that were cited by Preservation Massachusetts for embracing and incorporating preservation into their educational identity.

According to its Web site, Preservation Massachusetts is “the statewide non-profit organization that actively promotes the preservation of historic buildings and landscapes as a positive force for economic development and the retention of community character.”

In a ceremony last spring at the Fairmont Copley Plaza Hotel in Boston, Head of School Mike Maher was presented with a 2011 Paul E. Tsongas Award by Preservation Massachusetts, which noted, “Berkshire School’s building is a Classical Revival style academic building that quickly became the heart of the school’s campus when it was completed in 1931.

“The intent of its restoration sought to solve many programmatic issues while introducing new sustainable design and practices. Exterior stucco was replaced, slate roofing repaired and the interior fabric restored and repaired as well. A new addition with state of the art classrooms, offices and labs was sensitively incorporated into Old Berkshire in a manner complementary to its design. The project has fostered a new sense of community within the school and according to the head of school ‘elevated the spirits and inspired learning.”

Berkshire was nominated for the award by the project’s architects, Finegold Alexander + Associates, Inc., of Boston. After a 15-month restoration beginning in June 2007, Berkshire Hall reopened in the fall of 2008.

**Good old new Berkshire Hall**

What’s the under the Mountain overview? [www.berkshireschool.org](http://www.berkshireschool.org)
Aviation Update

Aviation Science is taking off for the third straight year, with a lucky seven students taking part this semester. Last year’s group was a bumper crop: THEO FRIEDMAN ’11 received his pilot’s license on January 16, one year to the day after his first lesson at Berkshire, while CASSIE RICHARDS ’11 will earn hers this spring. As for BILLY SULLIVAN ’11, he’s going the whole route: he’s a commercial aviation major at the University of North Dakota and plans to fly for a living.

Berkshire’s one-semester course includes ten hours per student of practical training at the Great Barrington Airport in a Piper 140 or 180 and concludes with a test to pass FAA Ground School certification. Among other topics, the course covers aerodynamics, airplane instruments, aviation weather, navigation and navigation systems, and flight planning.

Instructor Michael Lee, father of CHRIS LEE ’94, JOSH LEE ’06 and JACK LEE ’10, is a native of Toowoomba, Australia, who has been flying since joining a glider club as a young teacher in the Outback.

“Flying gives the kids a tremendous sense of accomplishment and makes them better decision makers,” he says. “They realize that flying is the ultimate freedom and the ultimate responsibility at the same time. And then they start applying that principle to the rest of their lives.”

PARKER HANDY ’44C is one of the few surviving members of Berkshire’s wartime Education with Wings program, which was held in 1943 and 1944. Others from his legendary wartime class who participated in the program were RUSTY ALGER, TOM BLAIR, JIM GEIER, RAY Hurley, JOHN SCHOFIELD, LEE WEIL, and TOM WOLF.

Parker recalls dropping Virgil and ancient history in favor of meteorology, navigation and radio while a member of Education with Wings. “My father said it was more wings than education,” he dryly noted.

In the winter, Parker says, wheels were removed from the 225-horsepower Waco biplane and replaced by skis. He recalls flying to an airport in upstate New York but not being able to land because the runway had been plowed. Instead, he had to search for an airport with a snowy runway.

Parker enlisted at age 17 and entered the Army Air Corps before graduating. Although a deficient left eye kept him from piloting, he became a member of the air crew as a radio radar operator. After the Pacific war ended, he returned to the States and got his private pilot’s license, but “got married and gave it up.”

This year’s potential pilots include, from left: Juan Escobar ’13 of Caracas, Venezuela; Elias Krause ’12 of Munich, Germany; Annie Hawkins ’12 of Gladstone, N.J.; Jack Nash ’13 of Wilton, Conn.; and Hunter Luczay ’12 of Sheffield.
2011 Faculty Awards

Who: **Michael Bjurlin**, math teacher, de Windt house head, boys' varsity tennis coach  
*(pictured at graduation with Head of School Mike Maher)*  
What: The Aliis Non Sibi Award  
*Why: Embodiment of the motto “for others, not ourselves”*

Who: **Jasper Turner**, math teacher, Pro Vita Program director, boys' varsity squash coach  
What: Class of '57 Faculty Award  
*Why: Excellence in teaching and tenure of service*

Who: **Kristina Splawn**, director of the Kenefick Center for Learning  
What: The Kellogg-Silverman-Kontos Award  
*Why: Integrity, motivation, spirit, commitment to excellence, mentoring or guidance through small acts of caring, kind words or a listening ear*

Who: **Linda D’Arco**, studio and digital art teacher  
*(pictured at Prize Night with Head of School Mike Maher)*  
What: The Seaver Buck Faculty Award  
*Why: A distinguished record in the classroom and a willingness to help individual students realize their highest potential*
Who: Clay Splawn, dean of academic affairs, history teacher; Maggie Taylor, accounts payable manager (pictured here with Jean Maher)
What: The Kellogg Faculty Travel Grant
Why: Years of service, or helping the students or school in a special way

Who: BEBE CLARK BULLOCK ’86, fifth-form dean and English teacher (pictured with Class of 2011 members John Irving, Jack Hughes, Elizabeth Harris, Cassidy Walsh, Callan Vessels, Annie Ahrens)
What: The Trail dedication
Why: Teaches with passion and overall fills the Berkshire community with a positive and caring energy
Summer makeovers

It didn’t take a wrecking ball long to dispatch the Rovensky Field House, built in 1960...

...which was replaced by a green park for the school community, featuring a large lawn shaded by over thirty trees, a fire pit, and cedar benches fashioned from the massive arches that spanned the former rink.

...and, resurrected, reopened for school just three months later.

The second students left for summer break, Allen Theater was gutted...

...and, resurrected, reopened for school just three months later.
New Trustees

Andrew Drexel Allen ’89
As first vice president (investments) for Merrill Lynch, where he has been since 1994, Andrew Drexel Allen works with private wealth clients. He also serves on the boards of Far Hills Country Day School, from which he graduated in 1986, and the Worldwide Orphans Foundation. A three-year student at Berkshire, Andrew played football, hockey and lacrosse and was a deejay on WBSL. He earned a bachelor of arts degree from Rollins College in 1993. The father of three, Andrew lives in Bernardsville, N.J.

James L. Haskel ’86
Jim Haskel, who joins fellow ’86ers RHONDA BENTLEY-LEWIS and LARA SCHEFLER MCLANAHAN on the Board, is director of portfolio strategy for Bridgewater Associates in Westport, Conn. With over 800 employees, Bridgewater is ranked as the largest hedge fund manager in the world, managing $120 billion in global investments for a wide array of institutional clients, including foreign governments and central banks, corporate and public pension funds, university endowments and charitable foundations. A graduate of Franklin and Marshall College, Jim is married to fellow alum ANNIE ZIMMERLI-HASKEL ’86, a clinical psychologist in Norwalk, Conn. The couple lives in Westport with their three children.

Tracey Dominick Gerber (Chase Gerber ’13)
Tracey graduated from the University of Washington with a B.A. in Political Science. She then moved to New York City to work at Dominick and Dominick, a securities brokerage firm. She met her husband, Scott Gerber, while they were both working at the New York commercial real estate firm of Peter R. Friedman, Ltd. Today, Scott is a founder and principal of the Gerber Group, a leading hospitality brand whose portfolio of 23 properties includes bars and restaurants in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, and Santiago.

The Gerbers and their three children live in Pound Ridge, New York, where Tracey has been actively involved in fundraising for the Northern Westchester Hospital, the John Jay Homestead, and the Boys and Girls Club of Mt. Kisco. She has worked in many capacities at her children’s school, Rippowam Cisqua: co-chairing the school auction in 2004, participating in the annual fund campaign for 10 years, and serving on the Parent Council’s executive committee. She also served as president of the Board for the Northern Westchester Parent-Child Group.

Tracey spends as much time as she can with her family at their cabin in Whitefish, Montana, where she enjoys skiing, hiking, playing tennis, and wake surfing.

We’re hoping $850,000 comes out of the Wood work.

As chair of the Parents’ Committee, Allison Wood (Caroline ’12) has a big job: raise $850,000 for the school’s Annual Fund before June 30. Fortunately, her fellow Berkshire School parents understand that tuition alone can’t pay for all the benefits of an education under the Mountain. That’s why last year 78% of them gave $820,000 to the Parents’ Fund. Allison is hoping for $30,000 more this year—and 100% participation. If you are a Berkshire parent who hasn’t yet given to the 2011-12 Parents’ Fund, please make the Wood work easier: www.berkshireschool.org/donate.
Deep thinkers.

Advanced Math/Science Research students Seyoon Lee ’12 of Kyunggi Do, Korea, and Penny Ni ’12 of Shanghai, China, were among 300 students named finalists in the INTEL Science Talent Search Contest, a nationwide science competition for pre-college students. They were chosen on the basis of research projects conducted with scientists at the State University of New York at Albany: Seyoon’s in nanoengineering and Penny’s in anthropology. Seyoon, who will attend the University of Pennsylvania in the fall, is as gracious as he is intelligent. As an expression of gratitude, he donated his $1,000 Intel award to Berkshire.

Talk about a dream field trip!

Last fall, Rolling Stone founder and Berkshire parent Jann Wenner (ALEX WENNER ’03) hosted students in 20th Century Journalism for lunch and a tour of his Wenner Media’s headquarters in New York City. One popular spot for students like Johanna Nilsson ’12 was the famed “cover hallway,” which features every cover. These included the magazine’s first cover (November 9, 1967)—a publicity photo of John Lennon from the movie How I Won the War—as well as what has been judged the best magazine cover in history: Annie Leibovitz’s Polaroid shot of a naked John Lennon curling up against a clothed Yoko Ono, taken on the last day of Lennon’s life.

What’s the big talk under Black Rock? www.berkshireschool.org
Here’s to Hilary.

During Reunion Weekend this May, the new Adirondack lean-to that sits on a bluff northeast of Black Rock will be formally named Russell Shelter, in honor of longtime English teacher and naturalist Hilary Russell. Featuring a red cedar shingled roof, a native stone fireplace, and a staggering view of the Litchfield Hills to the south, the white-pine structure was built by students in the Ritt Kellogg Mountain Program, supervised by RKMP director Mike Dalton and ROBIN MCGRAW ‘70.

If you bushwhack your way to the new shelter from the north, you might stumble upon this character. He won’t bother you.
I had a babysitter named Lois Ann. She drove a pick-up truck with Carolina Panthers decals. She would not read Harry Potter. But she did teach me how to play the guitar. She kept telling me to get a classical guitar, in fact. Apparently, nylon strings are easier to press down on than metal ones. The neck is also wider, so that your hand can press each individual string without becoming a mangled junction of dismembered joints. Lois Ann is why I started playing actual music.

My parents made me take piano lessons, but I was about as emotionally invested in that as I was in copying the letter G in cursive 25 times over for homework in elementary school. My parents saw music differently than I did; they saw it as a purely academic thing. In their eyes, you had to follow the little dots winding between the lines of the page as the piano teacher breathed down your neck.

When that was how I experienced music, it was no fun, just something I had to do. And though my music lessons weren’t the highlight of my week, somewhere in the back of my head, I always knew I wanted to play drums. After all, drums were free, no notes. You just did whatever you wanted, as long as you stayed within the tempo (and even then you could bend the rules a little). So it wasn’t long before I was in the garage hacking away with hammer and nails until I had built myself a drum set of 100% authentic plywood. I would play with markers or whatever I could find as I sat alongside Lois Ann, who sang her campfire songs praising our dear Lord and Savior. Apparently, it wasn’t as enjoyable for everyone else as it was for me and Lois Ann, since my drum set was thrown away “by accident” a few days later.

It wasn’t until sixth grade that I took my first drum lesson. I had stopped taking viola lessons because I never practiced (though I now regret that – I started teaching myself viola again this summer). As it turned out, I learned drums pretty quickly. I played rock music. Rock is simple: just hit the high-hat repeatedly and count to four over and over. Every time you say “one,” stomp on the bass drum, and every time you say “three,” hit the snare drum. You also have to remember to play really loudly; then people know you’re good.

Anyway, about two years after my first drum lesson, I started playing jazz by accident. And unlike the throwing away of my original drum set, this really was an accident. I was looking for my bass drum pedal when I walked into the middle of another music class. Mr. Miles, the guitar teacher, stopped me, and even though I had never played jazz before, he had me play right then and there. It was uncomfortable. Instead of the snare and bass drum on one and three, it became the high-hat on two and four.

Nevertheless, jazz slowly became something for me. I didn’t listen to jazz on a regular basis before this, but I loved playing it. There’s something about jazz where you feel like the entire song is on the verge of falling apart, and then at the last moment, it always comes back together. It’s like nothing else. And I got comfortable playing jazz. I have gotten to a point where I can play jazz and not worry about making a mistake, and I almost feel lucky I’ve never had any formal jazz training. Training can sometimes warp someone into thinking that they must fit the status quo, so much so that they forget that music is about innovation.

And that was it. That is how I started playing jazz. No defining Miles Davis record. No trip to a jazz club in New York City. I was looking for a bass pedal in the right place at the right time. But thank God I did. Knowing I can just sit down in front of a drum set anywhere in the world and tap (or bang) away for a little makes a world of a difference, especially when I’m not at my finest. Jazz has given me the comfort and confidence to jump into the unknown in every part of life; it has enabled me to find purpose – sometimes, by accident.
Cookie scooper makes good.

By Ruby Fee ’12

Ruby Fee is a four-year student from Nantucket, Mass.

My favorite sandwich is the Lushalie. It’s Portuguese bread with mayo, turkey, tomatoes, onions, salt and pepper, arranged in that same, specific order. I call it that because when I was seven I tried to ask mom for “the usual” and it came out “the lushalie” instead.

Growing up on Nantucket was a long way from the vacationers’ summer beach experience there. While they were surfing or tanning, I was working at Something Natural, my family’s bakery and sandwich shop on the island. I learned a lot about myself working for my father, but I learned more about people, customers and employees both: their behaviors, their quirky habits, how they interact with one another.

I started as a cookie scooper when I was twelve. My friends and I scooped about two hundred and fifty dozen cookies every day: chocolate chip, oatmeal raisin, peanut butter, even raspberry jam dots. As you might imagine, this got old very quickly. I wanted more going on, so I made my dad move me to the front of the shop the very next summer.

Since that first summer up front, I’ve spent the last five years overseeing and directing the whole operation. Here’s what I know: the sandwich customers choose is a reflection of their personality. I like trying to match an order to a face when looking out at the crowd of customers lined up in our shop. Two-or-more-meats-hold-the-veggies is usually a guy. Sprouts Veggie sandwich is most often a girl, a vegetarian, or someone looking to drop a few pounds. Old people eat rye bread. They’re also the only ones ordering liverwurst with onions. Someone trying to be healthy eats whole wheat bread, but I always wonder if they know that they’re eating the same calories as white bread.

People from New York City are easy to spot because, more times than not, they’re the ones yelling at you if you take more than five minutes to finish their order of ten sandwiches in pounds and because they demand the most ridiculous things. All I want to say is, “No, we cannot cut your sandwiches in thirds, trim the crusts, and put individual names on each of them,” but instead I just smile, nod my head, and write “Stephanie” on the plastic wrap. I like to please, and while I sometimes get tired of dealing with meaningless demands, in the end I want everyone to be happy when they leave our shop. I want every sandwich to look as if it’s been hand-crafted—even my Lushalie.

Fulfilling Their Promise.

Director of College Counseling Pieter Mulder reports: “The news on the college front for the Class of 2012 has been particularly strong this year, with 75% of our Early Decision applicants hearing good news in December and with nearly half the class having confirmed their matriculations for next fall.”

As of March 1, these colleges and universities included Amherst, Bates (2), Boston College, Brandeis, California Institute of Technology, Colgate (2), Connecticut College (2), Dartmouth (2), Elon (5), Franklin & Marshall, Gettysburg (2), Hamilton (3), Johns Hopkins, Kenyon (2), Lafayette, Lake Forest, Lewis and Clark, Michigan (3), Ohio State, Penn, Richmond, Skidmore, SMU, United States Naval Academy, UVM (8), VMI, Wellesley, Yale.

“We expect the rest of our sixth-formers will have a number of strong acceptances to sort through come April,” says Mr. Mulder.
The icemen returneth  JANUARY 2012

The 29th annual Alumni Hockey Game was held on January 21, with the old-timers defeating Berkshire’s JV team, whose coach is DEVON O’ROURKE ’02. Picking up MVP honors were TOM CARROLL ’05 and WHITNEY WATTS ’98, each of whom scored a hat trick. ROBIN MCGRAW ’70 was in his 29th game and second as coach. First row, from left: VICTOR HURTUK ’91, MATT SCARAFONI ’89, MATT SPURLING ’09, TIM LOCKE ’82, JEFF PIETRASIAK ’02, WHITNEY WATTS, CHRIS REICHART ’98. Back row, from left: coach LEE REICHART ’64, BUTCH O’SULLIVAN ’92, DEVON O’ROURKE, JASON PAGOTTO ’04, TOM CARROLL, JAMIE CARROLL ’02, ALEX WATTS ’02, SETH BEAMER ’02, coach ROBIN MCGRAW.
Gotham get-together: Alumni Reception  DECEMBER 2011

RACHEL BLANDORI ’08 with Head of School Mike Maher.

ERIK HERMAN ’85 with fiancé Franzi.

HANNAH SHELDON-DEAN ’06 and KATYA BELAKOVSKAIA ’06 with former faculty Hilary Russell.

ROSEMARY FITZGERALD ’82 with ski coach and former faculty Bob Brigham.

Prize Night  MAY 2011

Corey Wisowskis of East Middlebury, Vt., and Kienan Brownrigg of Nassau, Bahamas, named head prefects by Head of School Mike Maher at Prize Night, have run a tight ship thus far.

The Harrigan twins, Mike and Tom, were awarded the Lawrence Thomas Piatelli Prize by Jane Piatelli, then director of parent programs, and sons STEPHEN PIATELLI ’06 and GREG PIATELLI ’09.
1: Members of the Nancy Duryee-As Fan Club, Class of 2006 chapter, include, from left, JACQUI CLOUD, SUE SPERL, KATYA BELAKOVSKAIA, HANNAH SHELDON-DEAN, and THEA MORRISON. 2: NAKIA HOWELL ’96 and NATALIE HOOKER ’01. 3: CHARLIE BROWN ’91 and JEFF KOVEL ’91 eulogized SCOTT MURRAY at the service of remembrance. 4: TWIGGS MYERS HON. ’57 and JERI LANGHAM ’61. 5: Former faculty Fran and ED HUNT ’61 with ANDREW DUNNAVANT ’01 and JOE SEIGLE ’01. 6: Former staff members Gretchen and Jim BALCH ’51 with TOM BOEHLAND ’81. 7: Jean Maher with ALEX KELLEY ’06. 8: HANNAH SHERIDAN ’01 with former faculty and coach Buzzie McGraw. 9: As the oldest returning graduate, ALBERT SHAW ’47 and his wife, Judy, followed by Jayne and GEORGE CHURCH ’48, led alumni into the gala
dinner at the Stewart Athletic Center. (See page 76). 10: What would a Bulletin be without a wacky photo of LAUREN DURYE ‘90? Thanks to SARAH KUHN DANIELS ‘91 for her most able assistance. 11: JARRETT MATHIS ’04 with COURTNEY KOLLMER ’06 and classmate ALI EDELL. 12: The school’s first Fly In, the brainchild of Hans Cantensen ’66, was a hit of Reunion Weekend. The only one casualty: a blown tire on a Beechcraft Baron 658 belonging to JOHN HALPERN ’81. 13: Norm Merrill and BRANDI BLYNN ’91. 14: Trustees president STEVE NORMAN ’60 with BEN SHREVE ’61. 15: Archivist TWIGGS MYERS HON. ’57 discovered a silver plate in the archives inscribed to wrestler Pete Kellogg, captain of the team his senior year. At the Class of 1961 dinner, trophy and recipient were reunited after half a century.
Since he was a four-year student here from Hydeville, Vermont, our next award winner has led a life no one could have predicted and few could have even imagined.

Midway through young Donnie's Berkshire experience, a perplexed and exasperated John Godman wrote his parents:

"His year-long running battle with the rules and regulations and with those who must enforce them has proved of no special benefit to him and has been a source of considerable irritation to the faculty...I very much wish that I could better understand this puzzling youngster. I think that he has both the ability to do a creditable scholastic job here and the promise of considerable future usefulness as a person."

But wait. Just two years later, in recommending Don to college, Mr. Godman wrote:

"In his four years at Berkshire Don has shown a marked capacity for growth and development. Don has emerged as a sensitive, likeable, increasingly mature person, full of potential as a valuable member of any group of which he may be a part. His leadership qualifications are undoubted."

Indeed, Don's Berkshire career had a triumphant close: editor of The Dome, member of the Glee Club and Literary Society, dorm proctor, student council member, and, in his senior year, captain of the varsity football, Alpine skiing, and track teams.

Don readily admits that while he recovered his bearings at Berkshire, he lost them again at Middlebury, where he lasted only two years. No matter, though, because in 1964, he would marry Sally—his beloved wife of 46 years and a dear friend of Berkshire School who died last December—and his life began anew.

The two graduated from the University of Vermont in 1967, Sally pregnant with Pete, the first of three children. Pete would eventually come to Berkshire, graduate in 1985, and become a six-time All-America in track and field at Bates College. On September 11, 2001, he was a young husband and director of production for a software company when he boarded United Airlines Flight 175, which would crash into the World Trade Center's south tower.

In the wake of this tragedy, Don and Sally sought not vengeance, but truth. Ever the lawyer, Don plunged into the facts. He was one of the founders of Families of September 11. Using his three decades of experience as a lawyer, he lobbied for greater improvements to the Victim Compensation Fund as well as various forms of ongoing and potential litigation against organizations whose actions have affected victims’ rights. Don helped develop questions for the online 9/11 Grief Survey and was involved in petitioning Congress for legislation in support of the 9/11 commission. He has testified before Congressional committees and, along with family members of victims of 9/11 and the Cole bombing, met with President Obama. In 2009, Don, a partner in the North Adams law firm of Donovan & O’Connor, was named 2009 Massachusetts Defense Lawyer of the Year.

Shortly after Peter's death, he and Sally had established the Peter M. Goodrich Foundation, which awards scholarships and grants to girls in Afghanistan. Don and Sally moved to Afghanistan in 2002 to establish a girls' school in the city of Kabul. Since then, their efforts have helped thousands of Afghan girls receive an education.

Don Goodrich, whose son Peter Goodrich ’85 was killed on 9/11 and who, with his late wife Sally, responded by building a girls’ school in Afghanistan, received the Distinguished Alumni Award, the school’s highest honor, during Reunion Weekend last May. Remarks by Head of School Mike Maher follow.
Goodrich Memorial Foundation, and, less than five years later, the new school Sally and Don founded in Logar Province, Afghanistan, opened its doors to 520 girls in grades K through 12.

Other causes the Foundation has supported include an orphanage in Wardak...a dental clinic in Kabul...a water distribution system in a village in Kunar...the Afghan Women's Writing Project...and, sadly, families of the victims of a truck bombing near the Lugar School that killed 25 people, 13 of them children on their way to school.

Meanwhile, the Goodriches relentlessly spoke wherever they could—high schools, colleges, churches, service organizations—about the country they had adopted in honor of their son's spirit. It's no surprise that their story has been told across the media. It's an extraordinary, highly appealing story, and Don's role in it is a big reason why Berkshire School honors him today. We are also profoundly grateful for the role that Don and Sally and the Foundation played in bringing to campus four fine young men from Afghanistan, each of whom has made an incalculable difference to our community.

In 2008 Don Goodrich spoke at the World Jurist Association’s conference in Jerusalem. The title of the conference was The Pursuit of Peace through the Rule of Law at Times of Violence. For his decade-long pursuit of peace through the rule of law at times of violence, Berkshire School is proud to present Donald William Goodrich its 2011 Distinguished Alumni Award.

The scoop on Scala.

**JED SCALA ’85**, winner of the 2011 Kellogg Volunteer of the Year Award, had his fingers in a lot of pies here: captain of the ski team, soccer and lacrosse player, WBSL deejay, prefect, winner of the Harvard Book Prize. He was also an honors student.

Jed went on to double major in English and art at Williams, where he was captain of the Division I ski team and photo editor of the Williams Record. In 1993 he came back to Berkshire to teach photography and chair the art department. In 1996 he left for the big city and today is a vice president of American Express.

Along the way he has given his time to Berkshire School in several vital ways: most recently as chair of Berkshire’s newly formed Distinguished Alumni Selection Committee, which chose just the right candidate this year.  *(See accompanying article on DON GOODRICH ’61.)*

Jed has also served as a member of the Advisory Board since 2005...as a member of the Centennial Committee...and as chair of his class’s 20th and 25th reunions, the latter of which he and companion Paula Wardynski hosted at their weekend home in nearby Alford.
Reunion Weekend 2011

Old Guard
From left, DICK WHITTEMORE ’50, GEORGE CHURCH ’48, BOB DOYLE ’49, AL SHAW ’47.

1961
From left, JERRY LANGHAM, LUKE HARAN, ED HUNT, RICH VAN ORT, ED HERRINGTON, ALAN MAURER, BILL DUSCHATKO, AL CRANE, DAVE MAHLER, PETER RICHARDSON, TOM HANSON, STEVE ZUCKERMAN, PETER KELLOGG, BILL KLINGENSTEIN, BEN SHREVE, DAVE HAIDAK, BOB ANDERSON, MEL GROVER, FRANK WADELTON, DICK MEYSTRE, TONY NULAND, GEORGE BEEBE, DON GOODRICH, JOHN ELWOOD, MIKE WALKER, CORKY WHEAT, TIM WARRENER, NED NEWTON.
1966
From left, TIM SWIFT, BILL ROGERS, JAKE THOMPSON, BOB WITKOWSKI, HANS CARSTENSEN, CHUCK SEYMOUR, VERNON TAYLOR, CHIP JAMISON, JEFF JONES, PETER HAMMETT.

1971
From left, DAVID TAYLOR, RICK GARDELLA, DICK BLACKBURN '72, MONTY REIS, JOHN SHAKER, CAROLE MAGHERY KING '72, JEFF REEBIE, BOB SULLIVAN, STAN BRIDGES ’70, BILL CUSHMAN, KEVIN BRUERMER, CHRIS SMITH, BILL SCHLUTER, BOB SHAFTOE, GEORGE COYNE.

1976
From left, STEVE HASSETT, JEAN PISCHE HASSETT, MARLEE WALLINGFORD, KIP ALLARDT, LUCY HAGGERTY.
1981
Front row, from left: NANCY ANDREWS GAINES, BEN GURNEY, VICKY BENJAMIN HOCHHAUSER, CATHY SAUNDERS, ANNIE GODFREY CLYNE, MICHELLE EDWARDS ARNOLD, TONY SCHEINMAN, JENNIFER FOX HARNETT, TOM BOEHLAND, JOHN EIDMANN, JOHN BORWICK. Back row, from left: ALLEN MAXWELL, J.R. HUSSEY, BRETT PUTNAM, BUDDY ONTRA, CHRIS ADAM, BROOKS SLOCUM, ROB SINCLAIR, UNIDENTIFIED, JOHN MARION, TOM HARGRAVE, MARK VACCARO.

1986
Front row, from left: MEGAN MCDONNELL BOYLE, JENA DEL PRETE ALLEE, SABINA CURTI, JIM NOYES, SUZANNE LEEMAN HEIM, BROOKE (ARNOLD) RAU, GABBY KARDON, TRACY WENZELL DAVLIN, LARA GUTSCH DARIO. Middle row, from left: HILARY DOVE, DEB LAPIN WRIGHT, ANNIE ZIMMERLI HASSEL, JIM HASKELL, JEN HAYES JOHNS, TONY CLIFFORD, LARA SCHEFLER MCLANAHAN, STEVE HORD, PETER ALTERNATIVE, VEIT WASSERFUHR, BEBE CLARK BULLOCK. Back row, from left: DIRK JOHNS, DREW SCOFIELD, ERIC ZIMMERMAN, ADAM CUTLER, MAX SQUIRE.
1991
Front row, from left: JEFF ZELMAN, CHUCK BROWN, SUSIE KOSKEY VOGEL, SARAH KUHN DANIELS, AYELET ROSEFELD, DANIELLE PAQUETTE GIBBONS, PAIGE ROBERTSON JASAITIS, GWENDOLYN CARR GRACE, BRIGGS DAVIDSON, TAMMY DAVIDSON, JEREMY PETERS, NICHOLAS INGHAM, BRADY BLYNN COMER. Back row, from left: DAN ALDEN, MICHAEL O’NEILL, RAUN KAUFFMAN, RICHARD HERRINGTON, RICK CONLY, MIMI RAMOS HARNEY, JEFF ZELMAN, IAN LAW, OWEN CAREY.

2001
From left, GEOFF MANCHESTER, TONY WILLIAMS, PETER KEARNEY, HANNAH SHREDRICK, CAITLIN HETTINGER, SPENCER MOORE, PAT JOYCE, ANDREW DUNNAVANT, DARA GOLDMAN, JOE SIEGLE, ALEX BARRETT, NATALIE HOOPER.
Reunion Weekend 2011

2006

Front row, from left: JEFFREY WEXLER, TOM KAER, BEN WEIL, HENRY SWITLIK, SPENCER NOYES, CHRISTIAN THOMPSON.
Second row, from left: JOHN WATKINS, SUZANNE SPERL, THEA MORRISON, KATYA BELAKOVSKAIA, LAUREN GINSBERG, ALEX HANCOCK, ALEX KELLEY, SUMMERLIN KNIFE. Third row, from left: JACQUI CLOUD, HANNAH SHELDON-DEAN, TARA WALSH, STEPH HOLMES, ALI EDELL, SARAH FISHER, ISOBEL FLAKE, COURTNEY KOLLMER, LILY BARKIN, SARAH APPLETON. Fourth row, from left: PAT CULLITY, VINCE LUCIANI, ADAM CAVALERI, ALDEN HULL, STEVE PIATELLI, JOHN BEEBE.

...and now for the 2’s and 7’s!

From Louise Macdonald, Director of Alumni Relations

In just eight weeks, Buck Valley will be a resplendent green, the lilacs will be in bloom, and Glen Brook will be racing down the mountain. On behalf of the students and faculty, I invite you to come spend spring under the Mountain this May during Reunion Weekend 2012.

We are looking forward to welcoming back all alumni, especially those who graduated in years ending with 2’s and 7’s!

We have some exciting things in store for you, among them:

- The dedication of the Myers Lobby in Berkshire Hall, celebrating all the contributions Twiggs Myers has made to our school.
- Tours of the new math/science building, scheduled to open next fall, and the nine-acre solar field commissioned earlier this month—two more reasons why Berkshire is in the forefront of secondary education today.
- The new student-built Adirondack lean-to beneath Black Rock, to be named after English teacher, poet and outdoorsman Hilary Russell.
- Special classes, athletic contests, and dinner and dancing on Saturday night.

So please come back to see your classmates, your teachers, and all the new things happening at your old school today. Register today at berkshireschool.org, where you will find the reunion schedule.

In the meantime, please contact me with any questions about what promises to be a memorable weekend: lmacdonald@berkshireschool.org or 413-229-1309.
ALUMNI AUTHORS

Green Alternatives and National Energy Strategy by PHIL GALLMAN ’58, a wide-ranging primer on energy and the automobile, was published last year by Johns Hopkins University. A four-year student at Berkshire and enthusiastic member of the Trail Squad and the Maple Syrup Corporation, Phil received bachelor’s and master’s degrees in electrical engineering and a Ph.D. in engineering and applied science, all from Yale University. He taught graduate and undergraduate engineering courses at the University of Maryland, then left the academic world for a twenty-seven year career as a defense contractor specializing in analyzing and evaluating radar and digital communication systems. He retired in 2005 to devote more time to sailing and writing about marine radar and current technology issues. His first book, Radar Reflectors for Cruising Sailboats, was published in 2005.

JOE GEIGER ’56 has practically done it all in the retail, service and manufacturing sectors: sold insurance and airplanes, manufactured yachts, furniture and trout flies, run a concession service at a college in Kansas and a food service at a ski resort in Wyoming. (He kicked off his career by distributing copies of the New York Times to his fellow students at Berkshire.) In Entrepreneurial Success: The Road to the Top, he reveals 101 Practical Business Principals gleaned from what he learned as a student at the University of Denver Business School, what he did in the business world, and what he taught at J. Sargeant Reynolds Community College in Richmond, Va. The brother of OLIVER GEIGER ’53, Joe recently shared his knowledge with Berkshire students during Pro Vita week.

UNREQUITED TIME, a memoir by Jim McCurrach ’53, is a candid, engaging account of his complex relationship with his father, his career (banker, squash racquets champion and teaching pro, history teacher), his coming to terms with his homosexuality, and his grief at the loss of his son PETER McCURRACH ’82. Jim, who is also the father of JAMES McCURRACH III ’78, fondly recalls his two-year career at Berkshire, which he concluded as editor of The Green and Gray, school tennis champ, and student graduation speaker.

At age 86, ROBERT RICHE ’43 is still hard at it. His latest literary effort, Days Like These, a collection of poems, was recently published by Plain View Press. He is also the author of two novels, Poppy & Me and What Are We Doing in Latin America? (A Novel about Connecticut). A sampling from his latest work:

The Logging Rig

If I lived in Maine or Oregon the sight of a 40-ton load of pulpwood logs rumbling along on a trailer rig would seem as natural as a kid on a skateboard clattering by on a sidewalk, here, in Connecticut. So rare, this awesome load, massive trunks chained together, a cortège of flashing lights ahead and behind. Cops stop traffic to give it way, as if a funeral were passing by. It comes to me to bow my head, something majestic has been borne away.
As the following excerpted article in a *Smithsonian Magazine* relates, Stirling Dickinson ’27—who taught at one art school in San Miguel de Allende and founded another, the Instituto Allende—was a colorful character. Then the town’s only year-round American resident, he was given a secret assignment by the OSS in World War II. As one who knew Mexico well, he was ordered to travel, on foot, down the west coast of Mexico, ostensibly looking for oil for a U.S. company, but actually hunting for a rumored secret Nazi submarine base. Ironically, after the war he became a target of Senator Joseph McCarthy, and in 1957 *Time* magazine called him “an American Red expatriate” and a homosexual, and talked of GIs plotting “in the jazz cellars of San Miguel.” Half the Instituto Allende’s reservations were cancelled as a result of both the *Time* story and a *N.Y. Herald Tribune* article that was syndicated in 140 U.S. newspapers. Threatening lawsuits, Stirling traveled to Washington and demanded to be heard by the House UnAmerican Activities Committee. Six months after the story, *Time* published a complete retraction and the 140 newspapers all published major articles telling what a great place the Instituto was for visitors and students.

Stirling was one of several Berkshire graduates of the late 1920s who would rise to prominence in the arts and letters. Among the others were photographer George Platt Lynes ’25; impresario and (with George Balanchine) New York City Ballet co-founder Lincoln Kirstein ’28; his brother George Kirstein ’28, publisher of *The Nation* magazine; and George Lynes’ brother Russell Lynes ’28, managing editor of *Harper’s Magazine*.

Special thanks for this tribute to Stirling Dickinson go to part-time San Miguel resident Rennie Spaulding ’55, who sent in the idea for the story and shot some of the photos herein. Rennie’s father, Steven V.R. Spaulding Jr., ’29, was born the same year as Stirling but graduated two years later. Rennie also notes that Stirling first arrived in San Miguel on February 7, 1937—the day Rennie was born.
Under the Spell of San Miguel de Allende

Ever since American Stirling Dickinson arrived there in 1937, the Mexican town has been a magnet for artists and U.S. expatriates. (Reprinted from the December 2010 issue of Smithsonian Magazine.)

By Jonathan Kandell

In 1937, after several months spent traveling through Mexico, a gangly, 27-year-old Chicago native named Stirling Dickinson, who had been somewhat at loose ends since graduating from Princeton, got off a train in San Miguel de Allende, an arid, down-on-its-luck mountain town 166 miles northwest of Mexico City.

Taken from the ramshackle train station by a horse-drawn cart, he was dropped off at the town’s leafy main square, El Jardín. It was dawn, and the trees were erupting with the songs of a thousand birds. At the eastern side of the square stood the Parroquia de San Miguel Arcángel, an outsize, pink-sandstone church with neo-Gothic spires, quite unlike Mexico’s traditional domed ecclesiastical buildings. The first rays of the sun glowed over mountain ridges to the east. “There was just enough light for me to see the parish church sticking out of the mist,” Dickinson would later recall. “I thought, My God, what a sight! What a place! I said to myself at that moment, I’m going to stay here.”

Founded in 1542, the settlement of San Miguel had grown rich from nearby silver mines during centuries of Spanish rule, then fell on hard times as the ore was depleted. By the time Dickinson got there, the War of Independence from Spain (1810–21) and the even bloodier Mexican Revolution (1910–21) had further reduced the town to 7,000 inhabitants—less than a quarter of its population in the mid-1700s. Houses languished in disrepair, with shattered tile roofs and crumbling, faded walls.

Dickinson made his home in a former tannery on San Miguel’s higher reaches and soon became a familiar sight, riding around town on a burro. For the next six decades, until his death in 1998, he would lead a renaissance that would transform tiny San Miguel into one of Latin America’s most magnetic destinations for artists and expatriates, most of them American, looking for a new venue—or a new life.

“Stirling Dickinson is without doubt the person most responsible for San Miguel de Allende becoming an international art center,” says John Virtue, author of Model American Abroad, a biography of Dickinson. Although only an amateur painter himself, Dickinson became co-founder and director of the Escuela Universitaria de Bellas Artes, an art institute that he opened in a former convent only a few months after his arrival.

During World War II, Dickinson served with U.S. Naval Intelligence in Washington and the Office of Strategic Services (forerunner of the CIA) in Italy. Returning to San Miguel after the war, he recruited hundreds of young American veterans to study at Bellas Artes on the G.I. Bill of Rights.

In the postwar years, non-artists and retirees, as well as painters and sculptors, were drawn to the city from its neighbor to the north; today, some 8,000 Americans—one out of ten residents—live there. Eighty percent or so are retirees; the others oversee businesses, from cafés and guesthouses to galleries and clothing stores. Most of these expats—some of whom have Mexican spouses—volunteer at more than 100 nonprofit organizations in San Miguel, including the library and health care clinics.

“This mestizaje—cultural mixing—has profoundly changed and benefited both sides,” says Luis Alberto Villarreal, a former mayor of San Miguel who is currently one of two senators from the state of Guanajuato, in which the town is located. “We owe a huge debt of gratitude to Stirling Dickinson for...”
helping this come about and for raising San Miguel's profile in the world.” Walking the cobblestone streets flanked by stucco houses painted vivid shades of ocher, paprika and vermillion, one passes lively squares full of street musicians and vendors hawking tacos. In the distance rises the Sierra de Guanajuato. In 2008, San Miguel was designated a UNESCO World Heritage site, in large measure because of its intact 17th- and 18th-century center.

While mass murder and kidnapping linked to narcotics gangs have overtaken parts of Mexico, the region around San Miguel has thus far been spared. “The cartels’ violence often centers on ports of entry into the U.S. and involves consolidation of contested border areas,” says Rusty Payne, spokesman for the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency. “San Miguel does not fit these criteria.”

Dorothy Birk—today Dotty Vidargas—was among the first of the young Americans to answer Dickinson’s call, in 1947. Six decades later, at age 85, she oversees a real estate agency and furnishings store across from an 18th-century church.

Vidargas grew up in Chicago, a block away from Dickinson. She says he had three passions: art, baseball and orchids. At Bellas Artes, she recalls, he formed a baseball team that won 84 games in a row and captured several regional amateur championships in the 1950s. He

The Instituto Allende, the first director of which was STIRLING DICKINSON’ 27, features a mural in the reception room painted by David Leonardo Chávez Castañeda. Today, the school has up to 200 students and 20 teachers in different disciplines.
traveled throughout Mexico and the world to collect wild orchids, breaking three ribs in a fall during a 1960s expedition to southern Mexico’s Chiapas highlands. An orchid he discovered there in 1971 was named after him—Encyclia dickinsoniana.

In 1942, in her sophomore year at Wellesley College, Vidargas left academia to enlist in the war effort, eventually serving as a Navy recruiter and, later, as an air controller for the Army Air Forces outside Detroit. After the war, she enrolled at the American Academy, an art institute in Chicago. But in 1947 she decided to spend her G.I. Bill subsidies in San Miguel. “My mother knew Stirling and figured it would be all right for me to go,” she says.

She was one of 55 veterans accepted at Bellas Artes that year. More than 6,000 veterans would apply to the school after the January 1948 issue of Life magazine called it a “G.I. Paradise,” where “veterans go...to study art, live cheaply and have a good time.”

But Vidargas’ first impression was well this side of paradise. Arriving by train in the pre-dawn darkness, she checked into a hotel where electricity and running water were sporadic. Many of the surrounding buildings were near ruins. Burros outnumbered cars; the stench of manure and raw sewage was overpowering. “I was cold, miserable and ready to board the next train home,” she recalls. But she soon found more comfortable student lodging and began her Bellas Artes course work. Between school terms, she traveled with fellow students and Dickinson throughout Mexico.

She even joined the local bullfighting circuit as a picador, or horseback-mounted lancer. “It was after a few drinks, on a dare,” Vidargas recalls. Soon “la gringa loca” (the crazy Yank), as she was becoming known, was spending her weekends at dusty bullrings, where her equestrian prowess made her a minor celebrity.

Meanwhile, some members of the town’s conservative upper class were outraged by the American students’ carousing. The Rev. José Mercadillo, the parish priest, denounced the hiring of nude models for art classes and warned that the Americans were spreading Protestantism—even godless Communism.

In fact, in 1948, Dickinson recruited the celebrated painter David Alfaro Siqueiros, a Communist Party member, to teach at Bellas Artes. There he lashed out at his critics, far exceeded his modest art-class budget and eventually resigned. Siqueiros left behind an unfinished mural depicting the life of local independence leader Ignacio Allende, whose last name had been appended to San Miguel in 1826 to commemorate his heroism in the war. The mural still graces the premises, which today is occupied by a cultural center.

Apparently convinced that Communists had indeed infested Bellas Artes, Walter Thurston, then the U.S. ambassador to Mexico, blocked the school’s efforts to gain the accreditation necessary for its students to qualify for G.I. Bill stipends. Most of the veterans returned home; some were deported. Dickinson herself was expelled from Mexico on August 12, 1950, although he was allowed back a week later. “It was the low point in relations between Americans and the locals,” recalls Vidargas. “But my situation was different, because I got married.”

By 1951, the various controversies had closed down Bellas Artes, and Dickinson became director of a new art school, the Instituto Allende, which soon became accredited and began granting Bachelor of Fine Arts degrees. Today, the nonprofit school, attended by several hundred students annually, encompasses a fine-arts degree program, a Spanish-language institute and traditional handicraft workshops.

In 1960, Jack Kerouac, the novelist who had catapulted to fame three years earlier with the publication of On the Road, went to San Miguel with pals Allen Ginsburg and Neal Cassady. Ginsburg read his poetry at the Instituto Allende, while Kerouac and Cassady spent most of their time downing tequilas at La Cucaracha, a traditional Mexican cantina that remains popular to this day. The trio remained only a few days, but in 1968, Cassady returned to San Miguel, where he died at age 41 from the effects of alcohol, drugs and exposure.

By the early 1980s, Dickinson
had begun to distance himself from the growing number of Americans. “Stirling must have shuddered the day he saw the first tourist bus arrive in San Miguel and disgorge tourists wearing shorts,” wrote biographer Virtue. “These were exactly the type of people he railed against in his own travels abroad.” In 1983, Dickinson resigned as director of the Instituto Allende, where, during his 32-year tenure, some 40,000 students, mainly Americans, had matriculated. Increasingly involved with the Mexican community, he oversaw a rural library program that donated volumes from San Miguel residents to village schools. He also began to support financially the Patronato Pro Niños—the Pro-Children Foundation—an organization providing free medical service and shoes for impoverished rural youngsters.

On the night of October 27, 1998, the 87-year-old Dickinson was killed in a freak accident. As he prepared to drive away from a Patronato Pro Niños meeting held at a hillside house, he accidentally stepped on the gas pedal instead of the brake. His vehicle plunged down a steep embankment; Dickinson died instantly. More than 400 mourners, including foreigners and Mexicans from the countryside, attended his funeral. He was buried in the foreigners’ section of Our Lady of Guadalupe Cemetery, just west of San Miguel’s center. Today, a bronze bust of Dickinson stands on a street bearing his name.

On a sunny November morning at the Guadalupe Cemetery, crowds shuffled through the white-walled entrance. Graves were festooned with orange cempasúchil blossoms, cut only on the Day of the Dead. Photographs of loved ones were propped against headstones. At one grave, a priest hired by relatives led prayers and psalms. At another, a mariachi band belted out the deceased’s favorite Pedro Infante ballads, while relatives feasted on barbecued pork tacos and glasses of tequila that the dead had “left over.”

The foreigners’ section of the cemetery was empty of visitors, except for a small contingent of Mexicans and elderly Americans who clustered around a memorial fountain dedicated to Dickinson. The fountain, near his burial site, commands a view of the other graves. “He is watching over them,” said Jorge Antonio Ramirez, 80, a retired Bellas Artes employee and former Dickinson baseball player, who had brought a cempasúchil bouquet to commemorate his friend. “Just like he always did in life.”

“In the non-Mexican section of the Guadalupe Cemetery is a memorial dedicated to Stirling Dickinson”
Years before creating the memorable characters Kasper Guttman in the *Maltese Falcon* and Senior Ferrari in *Casablanca*, Sydney Greenstreet was Seaver Buck’s golfing buddy. (They also fiercely competed in tennis, croquet, and cribbage, among other games.) The two were certainly temperamentally opposites: the impulsive character actor and the reserved Yankee schoolmaster. Yet this curious friendship would endure from the mid-1920’s until Seaver Buck’s death in 1950.
In the fall of 1934, Greenstreet, soon to join Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne’s Theatre Guild, enrolled his only son John as second former at Berkshire. Shortly after, Mr. Buck wrote a trustee about the new Berkshire parent:

Sydney Greenstreet is a man of about 50, a delightful Englishman and about the biggest man I ever knew. He weighs, when he is in training, about 300 pounds, and looks it. He was formerly a near-tennis champion at Wimbledon. Later, he became a tea merchant in Ceylon, but returned to England and joined the Ben Greet company when that distinguished man first brought his troupe to America about 30 years ago. He is a finished actor and a perfectly delightful person. He has spent three summers here at the school in one or another of our buildings. That was some years ago when his boy was small and his wife was able to be there with him. Since that time she has become what appears to be hopelessly insane, and is now in a sanitarium near Milwaukee. He has had a pretty tragic life, but he himself is a perfect peach, and, incidentally, a pretty good golfer.

During vacations, the motherless John Greenstreet, pictured here in the 1939 yearbook, would join his father in whatever town the latter was appearing. After Berkshire, John attended Hamilton College for one year, served in the U.S. Army, and joined his father in Hollywood, where he began his career as a furniture buyer. Like his father, he was an excellent tennis player and golfer. He died in Tucson, Ariz., in 2005, survived by a daughter, son, three stepsons, and three grandchildren. Classmate Del De Windt, who played tennis with the elder and junior Greenstreets, recalls: “John was a very pleasant guy, very amiable, always had something to laugh about.”
There is no record of whatever became of Dorothy Ogden Greenstreet, Sydney Greenstreet’s wife and John Greenstreet’s mother, whom Mr. Buck described as “hopelessly insane.” (The sanitarium in Milwaukee he referred to may be the former Milwaukee Sanitarium for Nervous Diseases in Wauwatosa, Wis., later called Milwaukee Psychiatric Hospital and today known as the Aurora Psychiatric Hospital.)

Before entering Berkshire, John Greenstreet attended the Collegiate School in New York City, whose headmaster, in a letter to Seaver Buck, offers his own take on Dorothy Greenstreet, the boy’s mother:

John is a thoroughly nice boy; not particularly brilliant or industrious. The son of an actor very frequently has to live his life in the reflected glory of his father. Mrs. Greenstreet is a very calm, capable woman and up to a year or so ago seemed to have the interest of the boy very much at heart; “then she went away on a visit” and that visit extended for a year or more and as far as I know she has not returned. I had dinner at their home about two months before she left on this visit and was of the opinion that she was just a little bit fed up with the brilliance of the spotlight which was focused on her husband by himself.

What follows are excerpts of letters written by Sydney Greenstreet to Mr. Buck while John was at Berkshire—often hurriedly scrawled from hotels in various cities across the country, where Greenstreet was appearing in productions of *Roberta*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Sea Gull*, and *Idiot’s Delight*. Greenstreet is indeed in the spotlight here; charming and cajoling, he virtually cedes total care of his son to Mr. Buck and often implores the headmaster to attend to mundane details. His florid cursive script pays little heed to proper spelling or punctuation.

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235 West 71st Street
New York City
9 August 1934

Dear Mr. Buck,

John and I have just come back from seeing Dorothy. She is still a very sick girl. We saw her every day for a whole week twice a day for the first two days, but the Doctor thought that was too much for her so we only went once a day after that; I won’t go into the many details, you have your own troubles…I think she is having the best of care…everybody seems so nice: on her better days the head Dr.’s wife often takes her out for drives and occasionally in a motor launch. She seemed pleased to see us but she was very fretty and couldn’t express herself much. The mornings she seemed better our second visit very fretty so I thought too we might be setting her back if we saw her too much…This is a laugh; I said I wasn’t going to tell you all my grief and I go rambling on: the penalty of friendship.

Doctor thinks it will probably not clear up until after the menopause which may take another year or so anyhow he gives out no hope for this winter. Now you told me when I was ready to send John to you you would do all you could without making me feel I was encroaching on your friendship…He has many little faults but thank God he has the big virtues honest, truthful, generous, loving: very sensitive, I think he is a good boy.

Love to Mrs. Buck in fact the whole family God bless you all.
Best of luck to you Old man (not so much of the old!!!)

As ever—
Sydney.
Dear Mr. Buck,

Now about John: as a fond Father sees him, he’s a well behaved good boy. Truthful, generous honest and affectionate; against these good points: he lacks concentration apt to loll around which I think is due partly to his rapid growth; he is 5 ft. 7 ½ in. and 138 pounds only 13 years old. He is extremely sensitive will (I think) do better work by kindness than driving...

I feel very thankful he is going to you for I now you will do your best to make him happy and help him in his work. I don’t know yet what he would like to do in business or profession (hope it won’t be acting)...

God bless you & yours

As ever—
Sydney

The Providence Biltmore
Providence, R.I.
16 October 1934

Dear Friend,

Just a line to tell you how happy I am at John’s being with you: I feel very thankful and so at ease about his school life now. I have fine letters from him he likes it too so much. If there is anything he needs that I have neglected in regards to his outfit: would you have somebody get it for him and charge it. I want him to have what the average boy has.

We are having fine houses....

God bless you and yours—

As ever—
Sydney

The Carter Hotel
Cleveland, Ohio
27 December 1934

Dear Mr. Buck,

I got your report and the masters on John’s work yesterday when I went to my matinee which needless to say upset me quite a bit; for I didn’t think he was that bad: so when I came home from the matinee I gave him a good talking to, it went home to him, for he couldn’t eat his dinner. I am probably to blame, I’ve been pretty easy with him; for I know how he misses his mother, that I have tried to keep him as happy as possible. He owned up and said he had been lazy which I thought a good omen for better work next season...

I feel John will do better work next term. If he doesn’t I wish you would have a talk to him; I know he’s very fond of you and respects you. I feel absolutely confident that you wouldn’t use too much pressure, for he certainly is growing.

You know the last two years (for Dorothy has been away two years in January) has been pretty heartbreaking to both of us: none too good for a boy of a vivid imagination. Excuse me opening my heart to you a bit but it’s one of the penalties of friendship.

We had a happy Xmas together: he is very well.

A Happy New Year to you one and all dear friend.

Sydney

Hotel Severin
Indianapolis, Ind.
5 March 1935

Dear Friend,

I’ve been meaning to write to you for some time. I feel so happy that John is with you; you are so understanding, I think he’s showing a little more desire to do better work. I hope so.

I saw Dorothy again Sunday and it was indeed sad, vexed on me terribly, excites her, so my visit helped neither of us; I’m pretty discouraged.

[At this point Greenstreet lists the remaining dates, theaters and cities “Roberta” is scheduled to run.]

Then I think we close. If that isn’t the limit, on account of the moving picture of “Roberta” being released: we have been doing tremendous business the last weeks in Chicago sold out. We could, and we expected to, play this right into June with the business we have done we could have done it easily, it’s been exceptional.

To think that a movie closes a success is startling. What is the theatre coming to?

Nothing is certain yet, but at present it looks like curtains after Montreal.

John has his Easter Vacation the 20th doesn’t he? For two weeks is that correct.

Love to one and all.

As ever—
Sydney

“To think that a movie closes a success is startling. What is the theatre coming to?”
Dear Gentleman, Scholar and Roust-a-bout,

We close here tonight go to New York tomorrow... I have an interview which I think will lead to a job... I don’t care for the part very much and the salary isn’t ‘any better than I am getting in this (“Roberta”): there are a lot of good angles to it however, which I won’t bore you with now. [The job turned out to be a role in Lunt and Fontanne's Theater Guild; the part would be Baptista in “The Taming of the Shrew.” Greenstreet would remain on the road playing various roles with the company until he began his movie career five years later.]

...You certainly are a brick, you have such understanding of John; I’ll leave his school work entirely in your hands, with all confidence...

Yes he is a good boy: I have a letter from him that I am proud of, I am going to inflict it on you when I see you, which I hope will be soon. He wrote it when he went back to school from his Xmas holidays just after seeing his mother: you would never expect a boy of this age to have such appreciation.

I am hoping to take John to England this summer, this is my present castle in-the-air.

Love to you all as always

Sydney.
Hallo Squire,

God bless your heart, I’ve been meaning to write to you for some time. We have been so busy rehearsing every day, playing, traveling, unpacking, that I had had no time for writing too tired after getting through things that had to be done...

I think The Lunts conception of “The Taming of the Shrew” is great, a riot, a farce in the best sense: I think New York will love it, that’s my guess. The audiences do that’s certain. I give all praise to Lyn Fontain [sic] and Alfred Lunt: the director just followed out their ideas...

I am hoping to take John to England. Feeling pretty good a little tired. Dorothy seems a little better. love to one and all as ever

Sydney

Like many actors in the legitimate theater, Sydney Greenstreet disdained motion pictures. But in 1940, while touring in a play in Los Angeles, Greenstreet met director John Huston. A year later, at the age of 61, he made his movie debut as the ruthless Kasper Guttman AKA The Fat Man in Huston’s classic noir detective drama The Maltese Falcon. Although his co-stars were veterans Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor and Peter Lorre, Greenstreet was the only cast member to be nominated for an Academy Award. One reviewer wrote: “The massive yet strangely effete Guttman is a dignified dandy who was, in truth, the very essence of evil.” The next year, Greenstreet once again appeared with Bogart and Lorre, this time in Casablanca, as Senor Ferrari, the owner of the Blue Parrot. He would make twenty-one more films in his eight-year movie career—including two more with Bogart and six more with Lorre.
Hallo!!! Friend,

I sent off John’s trunk today collect because they didn’t know how much it would be: hope you don’t mind.

Love to the whole family

As ever—

Sydney

PS. When you come to “The Taming of the Shrew” the party is on me.

The Hay-Adams House
Washington, D.C.
8 March 1936

Dear Old Top!!

“Fresh” I know. Pardon! John tells me his Easter vacation starts 18 March. I shall be in Pittsburgh, Pa: Nixon Theatre. I want him to join me there. Is there a through train he can take? If not I must arrange for a friend of mind to meet him in New York and put him on a Pittsburg train. Will you let me know all particulars about this as soon as you can?...

Dress rehearsal to-night our fourth; shoot the works tomorrow. I think it’s good.

The whole week here was sold out solid before the box office opened, just mail orders, a record never been known before.

I want to know the train he leaves by and what time it will arrive in New York City and whether he leaves from Millerton or not.

O.K. I am a darn nuisance, always was.

Love to one and all. You can include yourself in that too.

As ever—

Sydney

PS.: Inclosed check for $50 for John for his fares meals, tell him to bring me the balance Thanks S.G.

Sydney Greenstreet in the role that gained him instant fame: Kasper Gutman in The Maltese Falcon and, pictured on the opposite page, as Signor Ferrari in Casablanca (with Ingrid Bergman).
Dear Seaver,

Inclosed check for $700 for half of John’s schooling.
OK? OK!! God! I’ve seen so little of you; I hate driving a car, I fit too tight.

As ever—

Sydney

Hotel Touraine
Boston, Mass.
6 March 1937

Hallo!! Seaver,

I think John’s Easter vacation is about 17th March isn’t it? We shall be in Cleveland Ohio: would you be so kind to let me know what time he will leave and what time and day he will arrive in Cleveland and how much it will cost to get him there. I’m a ______ nuisance I know in every way even in games.

Standing them up every performance here could play here another month to capacity...[Idiot’s Delight]

Keep your head down and follow through for heavens sake.

As ever—

Sydney
Hallo!!! Seaver Old Top how are we?

Inclosed please find $50 entrance fee for my little boy for the year 1937. “Thanks Thanks and ever.”

In Chicago we rehearsed every day we didn’t have matinees and on Sunday I was on the train five and a half hours going and coming from visits to Dorothy. She is decidedly better and very happy to see me but oh dear! A long way to go yet; I felt a wreck after leaving Milwaukee. Had a cold for about two months that just hangs on: I am feeling a little better now. Boy, I shall be glad for my rest in the dear old Berkshires…

This is a sad letter forgive me?

Played to nearly $18,000 in two days here Auditorium packing them in everywhere too bad I haven’t a percentage.

See my eldest brother in Omaha Tuesday, haven’t seen him in ten years, his boy is named Sydney Greenstreet isn’t he the chap that beats you in almost any game you like?

Love to Mrs. Buck in fact the whole family And as for you oh well! What the ___!

Sydney,

Lyric Theater
Sussex, England
June 29, 1938

Dear Seaver,

John has told me what you said about my work as The Trumpeter [in “Amphitryon 38†”], in your commencement address. You dear old chap you will never know how much that meant to me. I consider it the greatest compliment ever paid me. From a man of your standing too. Nothing that has been said or will be said can ever please me as much. To have thought it—Thanks! Then said it “Thanks and ever.”

John had a grand crossing; had the time of his life, met up with some college boys and girls from what I understand they practically ran the ship.

The audiences here are grand to play to. Selling out solid every night.

My health, while I am feeling better, I still have bad days, my five weeks rest I am sure will set me up. The Tragic part about it is, I had to turn down a lot of money for they cabled me would I play my part in “Idiot’s Delight” but feeling I couldn’t quite take it and might collapse entirely I refused but it was hard; too bad!!!

I have taken the cottage; we have a maid; by the sea; near a golf course; very quiet…My love to Anne or Ann all the rest of the jolly family

As for you: look out I’ve got a new game of rummy for you have to change it; for I got such a trimming last time. I can still beat you at cribbage, chess, golf, tennis, wrestling. You must be feeling bad by now so I’ll stop.

love
Sydney,

Hotel Carteret
New York City
3 August 1938

Dear Old Top,

Inclosed please find check for $650 first half of John’s schooling. OK?

Thanks for every letter. Should have answered. Forgive me?

I am at least well, only this last month though. Crossing not so hot but I dance every night; played deck tennis and ping pong Two other games I could beat you at—dear! dear!!

Love to one and all as ever—

Sydney,

The Mark Twain Hotel
Saint Louis
24 January 1939

Dear Seaver,

The only thing that could make this trip pleasant would be beating you at cribbage, old and new rummy, chess or what have you.

Did splendid business in Chicago best two weeks with “The Seagull” complete sell outs.

Best of luck old chap. Love to the family.

Your little pal,

Sydney,

P.S. 12 pair of drawers have just arrived from Cluett and Peabody very satisfactory.
Hallo!

Old Top!!! Too old for me: I associate with your children from now on.

Forgive me for not writing but letters have gone by the board. I’ve been so busy, packing, unpacking, at hotels and theatres catching trains and acting in these plays. Had a tooth out in New Orleans and one out last week. We’ve done good business.

I had a nice offer for a good part with the Playwrights Producing Co. a Sidney Harris play. Rehearsals to start middle of July. I refused it as I am going back with the Lunts. Think in these uncertain times it’s the wise thing to do. It was nice to have the offer.

I am hoping John is doing his job. I have given him some serious talking to. I am keeping my fingers crossed hope he will graduate I shall be up for it if he does.

I’ve got a lot of work to be done on my teeth when I get back: then I think I shall be up in the dear Berkshires. Do you know anyone very good in New York for teeth extraction?

Love to one and all. Best to you,

Sydney

Hotel Carteret
New York City
1 May 1939

Dear Old Chap,

Thanks for your thousands of letters. I am all dated up with Dr.? for extractions May 3rd Wednesday.

Thank you old man for offering me Spurr House. I think that will be grand.

Why not move the seniors out and have them live in your house. You and Mrs. Buck can live in a hotel. Then I can come up next week.

No joking: when will I be able to come to Spurr House? Can I have an ice box and something to cook on. What about sheets blankets towels etc: as all mine are in storage: for I haven’t a darn thing out; that will be an awful lot of trouble but not nearly as much trouble as you will have beating me at cribbage, chess, rummy and golf.

The only thing I think you can beat me at is having more teeth.

Pretty tired. Shall be relieved when I get my teeth fixed.

I have a friend a Scotch woman going to look after us. She played with me in “The Magic Ring.” She’s a lot of fun a great character John and I are both fond of her; about our age, now aren’t you bucked up I put you with me? Because I act at least thirty years younger than you do.

Love to one and all

God love you,

Sydney.

Hotel Carteret
New York City
7 May 1939

Ok if I can’t get Spurr House infirmary will do fine.

Will you let me know if it’s definite so I can make my arrangements – when I can take possession etc etc:

No you haven’t balled things up; bless you old heart, as long as you find me a place it’s ok.

There’s no other place up there available I suppose? Groves House occupied?

Anyhow we shall be very thankful for the infirmary.

I am spending my time at dentist and doctors getting the old engine thoroughly overhauled. Oh! for the Berkshires!!!

Love to one and all,

God love you,

Sydney.
Hotel Carteret  
New York City  
21 September 1939

Dear Anne and Seaver,

Just a note to thank you two dears for all your kindness to me. We all had a grand summer. The only thing lacking was competition in games. Seaver old chap have you ever tried Patience?

I’m hard at it rehearsing.

John’s at Hamilton. Had a lovely visit there….It certainly is a lovely place. Thanks again for recommending it.

Hope we left everything OK at the Infirmary.

Bless your hearts…Hope to see you soon

As ever—

Sydney,

With his son now graduated, Greenstreet’s missives to Mr. Buck end. A year later, he would be in Hollywood’s thrall, on his way to becoming one of the greatest character actors of its golden era.
From Students to Heads

Two alumni give short answers on the headships they assumed last fall

Phil Deely ’65

The Roeper School, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan
Type of school: Grades pre-K through 12
Enrollment: 560

PHIL DEELY ’65 began his long career in education teaching history at Simon’s Rock College of Bard for two years, then chairing that department at Foxcroft School for eight more. Then it was off to Ethel Walker, where from 1980 to 1987 he was academic dean, associate head, and finally interim head of school. From 1987 to 1990 Phil was head of school/principal of Emma Willard, then became associate director for external relations at The Norman Rockwell Museum in Stockbridge from 1990 to 1999. He then began a staggering string of intern headships: Brooklyn Heights Montessori School, The Clariden School, Bay Farm Montessori Academy, Allen Academy, and, today, The Roeper School. Phil holds a BA in modern European history from Hobart College and an MA in the same subject from University of Chicago.

Jeremy LaCasse ’90

Kents Hill School, Kents Hill, Maine
Type of school: Boarding/day, grades 9-12
Enrollment: 250

After earning a BA in history with a minor in economics at Bowdoin College, JEREMY LACASSE ’90 returned to Berkshire to teach history, coach skiing and crew, and direct the Ritt Kellogg Mountain Program. He was also the first recipient of the Shotwell Chair for Leadership and Character Development. In 2001 Jeremy received a master’s degree in educational administration from the Klingenstein Center at Teachers College of Columbia University. From 2004 to 2007 he taught history and global studies and was dean of students at Fountain
Phil continued

Favorite part of being a head of school:
The best part about being a head is, of course, the flip side of the worst thing. When collegiality predominates, it’s like being the captain of winning team: the achievements are shared, each person makes an integral contributions, and any challenges along the way are quickly forgotten!

Biggest surprise:
I am surprised—or rather reminded—every year that the job of being a head is about 90% communication and 10% other stuff.

Most major decision you’ve made so far affecting school policy?
My decisions this year have ranged from reiterating why, in fact, students should wear shoes in our high school building, to working collaboratively with the board and staff to ensure a smooth transition for my successor, to invigorate the Annual Fund and to lay the groundwork for our 75th anniversary in 2016!

Who was head during your time at Berkshire and what qualities did you admire in him?
God, AKA John Godman. A quintessential example of the best in old school leadership. Sometimes reserved, sometimes funny, clear sense of direction, his leadership accepted as a given by faculty, staff, students and parents—not a lot of ambiguity there. He retired just in time to turn over Berkshire to Bob Minnerly and the seventies. I had great admiration for Minnerly, too, though for very different reasons!

Jeremy continued

Valley School of Colorado. He then became head of senior school at Shady Side Academy in Pittsburgh, a post he held from 2007 to 2011.

Favorite part of being a head of school:
Helping students learn, grow, and develop into capable people, ready for the challenges of college and beyond.

Biggest surprise:
That there weren’t bigger surprises. With this kind of job, it is good not to be surprised!

Most major decision you’ve made so far affecting school policy?
That we would start and end morning meeting on time. Valuing everyone’s time is so very important and being prompt demonstrates that respect. Of course, I have also gotten to make some decisions, with the board of the school, to make some significant capital investments that should make a real difference in the experience of our students.

Who was head during your time at Berkshire and what qualities did you admire in him?
Tom Lord, and he’s a great public speaker—a virtue not to be underestimated!
Former Faculty and Staff News and Notes

Former dean of faculty Art Charles recently published *Boots on the Camino*, which recounts his 4-week, 700-kilometer walk from Pamplona to Santiago de Compostela in Spain. Dr. Charles, an itinerate soul who spent five years as president of International College in Beirut, Lebanon, is also author of *Shadow River: a Transcontinental Bike Trek at Age 55*, published in 2010.

Portrait of Pacifists: *Le Chambon, the Holocaust, and the Lives of André and Magda Trocmé* by former head of school Dick Unsworth was recently published by Syracuse University Press. Mr. Unsworth, a senior fellow at the Kahn Liberal Arts Institute at Smith College, was friends with the Trocmés, who led efforts to help save Jewish refugees in France during World War II.

TERRY TWICHELL ‘55, who taught math at Berkshire from 1963 to 1969, returned last fall with his wife, Cricket. The couple lives in Ojai, Calif., where Mr. Twichell taught math at The Thacher School and then was its director of development before retiring in 2002. He is the son of EDWARD TWICHELL ‘22.

Class Notes

39
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SANDY SISTARE, who died in 2008, was posthumously inducted into the New Hampshire Legends of Hockey Hall of Fame last October. His bio reads: “Sistare arrived at St. Paul’s in 1968 as a member of the faculty and spent 22 years in Concord working as an educator, administrator and coach. Sistare was the driving force for starting girl’s hockey at St. Paul’s School. He was the perfect fit as the first girl’s hockey coach, teaching the players the basics of the game and strategy behind the plays as well as instilling in them a love of the game. Sistare’s record was 59-29-3, for a winning percentage of .648%. St. Paul’s won the first Independent School Championship in 1986-87. In all, Sistare coached over 80 players, many of whom went on to play for Bowdoin, Brown, Harvard, Middlebury, Princeton and Yale, and several captained their teams.”

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Mr. Charles K. Elliott, Jr.
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LEONARD SWARTZ wrote: “We spent our 51st wedding anniversary in Virginia Beach with our children’s families. There
were 12 of us. Each family had a separate cottage on the beach. It was glorious.

51
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(413) 528-1528

52
CLEMENT C. WOODHULL wrote:
“Still wintering in Vero Beach with summers in Maine, where I am an active aircraft and yacht broker. Just received the FAA Wright Brothers Master Pilot Award. Joan and I own the nation’s largest nautical art gallery, Art of the Sea (www.artofthesea.com). Retirement is great now that I only work 40 or 50 hours a week.”

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55
Mr. Stephen V. R. Spaulding III
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rensf@yahoo.com

56
TIMOTHY O. AUSTIN sent in an update, “Still involved with archery at the local, state, and national levels. It’s nice to still be involved when you’re getting “long in the tooth.” My brother, TONY AUSTIN, Class of 53, is still in North Carolina teasing fish from the ocean.”

57
WALT HENRION writes, “Our class is starting a new tradition at Berkshire: a formal 55th Class Reunion. The thought of being lumped into a category called the “Old Guard” was not very appealing, since we do not think of ourselves as being that old. I guess that when we reach 80, following our 60th Class Reunion, we might accept the “Old Guard” designation.

“We are not just having a 55th Reunion: we are having a big 55th Reunion. So far 15 of us have made reservations for the weekend. They include: TOM ANDERSON, SPIKE BILLINGS, DICK CASE, JIM COHEN, JOHN DELAMATER, WALT HENRION, BILL KIRTZ, BOB MILLHAM, FRANK MONAHAN, TWIGGS MYERS, MAC ODELL, RICK SCHROEDER, BRUCE SHIELDS, PAUL TOMPKINS, and SKIP WOOD. Subject to health issues, TOM CONWAY and PETE HALL also hope to be with us. “The long weekend, Thursday through Sunday, is going to be great fun with lots of class interactions, i.e., food, booze, and play. One of the main attractions is the dedication of The Myers

Last June some members of the class of 1957 held a preview of their 55th at the Kirtz Mansion. From left: BILL KIRTZ and wife Carol, class president BOB BURBANK and wife Karen, DICK CASE and wife Lois.
Lobby in Berkshire Hall. Twiggs, our honorary classmate, is very pleased that so many of us will be on hand for the dedication.

“We look forward to a great weekend May 10-13 with all of you.”

59
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Mr. Andrew S. Berkman
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If you don’t have your Presidential candidate for November’s election yet, DAVID CLARK would appreciate your vote. He writes, “I was at Berkshire in 1961. I was in way over my head academically and left after a year. I was roommates with DEL DeWINDT. Across the hall were JOE UPTON and DAVE ROGERS. I remember PETER KELLOGG ’61, TONY GOLDSCHIMDT ’61, DON GOODRICH ’61, FRED (THE FARMER) NAGEL ’61 and PETE SAMMIS, among others. A great, great bunch of guys. Anyway, please tell everyone know I am a candidate for President of the United States. My platform is: PAY OFF THE NATIONAL DEBT.” David’s campaign statement was too lengthy for inclusion here.

JAMIE MURRAY wrote, “I have just sent off a petite histoire that was requested for my return to Berkshire in May for our 50th reunion. It seems like yesterday that we were scampering up the hill on Mountain Day or clearing off the lake for hockey practice. Yes, it was before the indoor rink. Life in Wilmington, Delaware, has been very special this year. Coo and I, along with our daughter, Bree, and her husband, John, and their two girls have enjoyed many special moments. My work on the boards of Christiana Care Health System, with almost 1,500 doctors and The Pilot School, one of the first in the country devoted to kids with learning differences, has been very rewarding. We look forward to returning to Berkshire in the spring.” Contact information is: jamiemurray@me.com or 302-656-6625

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Small world, small store: BILL TYNAN ’59 and RYAN BLANCHARD ’06 work together at the Berkshire Co-op Market in Great Barrington, Mass., where Bill is operations coordinator and Ryan the lead meat and seafood buyer.
PHIL DAVIS '69 sent the following letter to classmate K.C. CLOW last fall. One of four post-graduates at Berkshire that year, Phil went on to Hobart College, where he majored in English, then moved to the Southwest, where he led the life of an English major of that era: as a miner, a taxi driver, a warehouse worker and an English teacher. He earned a master's degree in English from the University of New Mexico. He and his wife, Linda, now live outside of Portland, Maine, where he is a practical nurse and home-care giver and she a seminarian at the Bangor Theological Seminary. He has never attended a Berkshire reunion. Why not? “So detached was I while at the school, I fear I would feel a similar detachment. So I visit that beautiful school quietly, on my own safe terms.”

It is around this time of the year that I think about Berkshire School. As I’ve aged, fall—even brown November—has become my favorite season. And, of course, there is no fall like that in the Berkshires.

I returned again to Berkshire School in October 2010 with my sister and brother-in-law. It was a Saturday, a day of sunshine, intermittent showers, and vivid colors. First we headed toward the athletic center. In route, I pointed out the building where Tom Chaffee once lived, from which he would nightly emerge, walking his black Lab and puffing on a cigarette, while I hunkered down squaddishly at the mouth of a nearby culvert, getting my nicotine fix, terrified he would realize my presence and my awful transgression, and proceed to champion my expulsion. I was always in awe of the glb, perfectly tailored, and erudite Mr. Chaffee.

We visited Berkshire Hall, where class was in session. We delighted in a photographic exhibit in the atrium. We chatted with a friendly instructor—or are they still known as masters? My brother-in-law briefly listened to a history class just beyond an open door and was impressed by the level of the discussion. We poked around the library. The musty stacks of the one-time Berkshire Hall library were always my redoubt when I was a student/soldier at Berkshire.

Finally, we had lunch in the . . . cafeteria? Wow, what a place. Good riddance, banana bread and King Kong’s blackheads. We were amazed by the selection and quality of food. (Oh, these kids got it great; now, if we just have some jobs for them when they finally graduate.) Twiggs was there for a meal. I reintroduced myself. I’m not certain he recalled me, but he was charming nonetheless.

After lunch, we climbed Mt. Everett. I’ve climbed a few mountains in New Mexico and Colorado and, so far, two in Maine. Truthfully, the Maine climbs have been less than enjoyable: rocky, wet, muddy, claustrophobic ordeals; I’ve been spoiled by the aridity and distances of my beloved Southwest. I love that ascent up Everett, however, the way it climbs and plateaus and climbs and plateaus; smooth and broad in places, narrow in others; not too rough on the heart and knees; and, of course, that splendid view of the Housatonic Valley and Twin Lakes at the summit.

I periodically return to our class yearbook, Kent, and now am able to laugh at the observation about me that reads, “Never lets you catch him smiling.” (By the way, who the hell contributed that one? Remind me to give him what for.) Ouch. For years it hurt when I read this.

But of course it was true. I was a sad sack at Sunnyme. I was homesick. I wanted to smoke cigarettes. I wanted to be around girls. I wanted to have a beer and drive a car. I wanted to let my hair grow and get high and protest the war in ’Nam. Above all else, I was ashamed to be repeating my senior year, this after graduating with reasonable grades from a public high school. Shame indeed: in one year, I went from being one of the youngest kids in my high school class to one of the oldest in prep school. Sadly, I was incapable of being warm and friendly like JEFF BORGHESE, or wildly carefree and wildly popular like BEN WILLIAMS. Or even quietly stoic like CHIP DENTON. Yes, getting out of Berkshire was one of the happiest days of my eighteen years.

Now, however, I get frankly tearful when I visit Berkshire, tearful with gratitude. I entered the school lonely, paranoid, and defensive, without a close friend during the two previous years in my New Jersey hometown. In Jersey, I had adolescent problems—typical, I suppose—that cost me socially and academically. I couldn’t and my choices were not that lofty. In any event, it was my parents’ idea, and a smart and loving one, that I attend a prep school, to get me back on my academic feet, allow me to mature, and maybe even re-socialize me.

Yes, Berkshire got me into the college of my choice. Far more than that, however, even as I struggled with it, even as I disliked it intensely, Berkshire made me feel, for the first time in what seemed an eternity, like I belonged somewhere, a feeling I rarely had in public high school. At Berkshire, I never got beyond JV cross-country—such was the toll taken by my high school smoking—but I belonged on the team. Basketball was better, although I was always second string.—FRULY WILLIAMS ’69 was my inspiration and airborne doppelganger—but I belonged on the team. And it was pure bliss when, spring having finally arrived, we played pickup volleyball every afternoon in the sunshine and sweet grass on the lap of that mountain; why, I actually had fun. I was grateful that my classmates turned me on to Navy bellbottoms, the Moody Blues, and the MC5.

I’ve lived long enough to realize my gratitude, and this is what so moves me when I visit Berkshire today. I still feel like I belong, and it gets to me.
WILLARD SOPER wrote, “It was great seeing many classmates at the reunion. I am enjoying the challenge as chief operating officer of being part of a great team building The Bank of Maine in Portland. Looking forward to the next golf game with JEFF JONES and CHUCK SEYMOUR.”

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DAVID O’HARA wrote in with some news, “My daughter, Elizabeth Watson, had a baby girl on October 22, 2011, and named her Theodora Eleanor Watson. She is my first grandchild and her first name is my mother’s. They live in Providence, R.I.”

Mr. Robert L. W. McGraw
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CHRIS EDDINGS ’67 recently celebrated his first anniversary as director of publishing operations for The Dolan Company, a public company with newspapers and Web activities in 21 markets and specializing in business, law, and finance. Chris is also president of the (Maryland) Daily Record. Chris began his media career delivering the Berkshire Eagle as a boy and as a reporter for the Green and Gray at Berkshire. He and his wife, Denise, live in Pikesville, Md. The couple has two grown sons.

Mr. L. Keith Reed ’68
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(908) 234-0197
lkreed@eclipse.net

CHASE WOLF ’71 wrote: “After five years of dating, commuting and romancing, Anastasia Iakovenko and I were married on March 26, 2011. We have a daughter, Muz.”

From photographer JIM HOOPER ’69: “Here is my Bee Keeper portrait series. With each package containing 10,000 honey bees, one has to wonder why these people are smiling…”
Mr. John Y. G. Walker III
Brooklyn, NY
(718) 856-6575
jyg3@aol.com

KURT TERWILLIGER writes: "My wife, Peg, and I are practicing law and raising our six-year-old twins, Annika and Derek. Annika was 13-1 in lacrosse last spring while Derek was working on his home run swing in Pee Wee baseball. My father and former Berkshire teacher Donald Terwilliger is living at 21 Washington Street, Wiscasset, ME 04578."

SPENCER WILLETS wrote in saying, "Son PJ is a junior at UC Santa Cruz majoring in math, playing lax, and working on the Santa Cruz Pier at Stagnaro Brothers Fish Market and Restaurant. Daughter Jalawe is attending NYU, freshman, and taking over the city. God help us all. I am learning to live without kids around."

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DMVeschwamb REPORTS HE IS A REAL ESTATE BROKER FOR Robert Paul Properties, a growing boutique firm specializing in high end elite properties on Cape Cod and the Massachusetts South Shore. Wife Andrea is principal of schools at the intermediate level and is currently writing her doctoral thesis in educational leadership. Two sons and a daughter, who is currently at Lesley University.

Mr. Stephen H. Hassett
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THOMAS MORITY wrote: "I just received a Professional Accounting MBA degree from Rutgers Business School in Newark in August. The Professional Accounting MBA, designed for liberal arts grads with no accounting or business background, was a highly intensive, 14-month program, and now I am obtaining a post-graduate certificate in finance from Rutgers Business School in Newark as well. My professional career objectives have changed considerably from those halcyon days as an English major at Boston College, and subsequently, I earned a law degree a decade or so ago. So there you have it, you can still change and learn and get back in touch—I am living proof. Go, Berkshire!"

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Proud father WEB WALKER ’73 at the wedding of daughter JANE WALKER BLAKE ’03 on Sept. 17 in Vero Beach, Fla. Pictured, from left: CHRIS WHITE ’73, Web, Jane, and JOHN WATKINS ’73. For more news about the happy couple, go to the 2003 Class Notes.
The Bag-o-Looter

JOHN SHELLY ’78 writes: “For the past two years I have been busy designing, manufacturing, and marketing a new family card game called Bag-O-Loot. After 35 years of programming computers which started in the little computer room tucked away in Berkshire Hall—remember the one with the telephone hook-up and the ticker-tape puncher?—I am more than ready to do something different for the rest of my life.

“My daughter and I invented this game a few years ago but in November of 2009 I officially decided to bring it to market. It has been a labor of love that has taken uncountable hours to bring it this far. We have sold over 10,000 games with placement in hundreds of specialty toy and gift shops across the country. We have to do ten times that amount before we break even, but we keep getting more and more calls and letters from people telling us how much they love the game so we know that day is coming.

“Our mission statement is to get friends and families off computers, off the phone and sitting around together interacting and having fun. To this we have been true, and in this we have been successful. It is such a joy to teach this game to a bunch of kids and see them totally engrossed in the play and not wanting to stop.

“In 2011 I celebrated my 51st birthday and my 20th anniversary with my wonderful wife, Linda. We have raised four children who are all scattered across the country, and have two grandkids as well. I keep in touch regularly with classmates JOHN LEVENE and STEVE SOFFER with an occasional hello from DOUG YORK or DAVID SACKS. I still listen to Frank Zappa and ski like I did in school, but I add to my list of activities acting, singing, song writing, water skiing, air-chairing, and now wake surfing. We live on a lake in New Hampshire—hence the water sports—and I can’t imagine living anywhere else.”

Check out the game at bagoloot.com

ROB FUNDERBURG ’80, father of James ’14, on campus last spring with former teacher Bob Brigham.

Senior year roommates NANCY SIMSON ’81 and CARREL CRAWDFAORD ’81 in Amsterdam, Netherlands, last Thanksgiving, where host Carrel served up a traditional Thanksgiving dinner with several friends from the United States who now live in Amsterdam. Nancy writes, “Carrel and I have not seen each other since the day we graduated, but through Facebook have reconnected. It was a fantastic time visiting with her and she is still doing her artwork. I live in Atlanta and work for Emory Healthcare as a cardiovascular perfusionist.”

Ms. Sue Ann Stanton
sarsroyale@yahoo.com

ALLEN MAXWELL wrote, “Had a great time at the 30th reunion this past spring—it was great to see everyone and catch up face-to-face. I hope more of us can make it for the 35th!

“It’s been a busy year. In June I had a total knee replacement. My work has been very busy and we’re moving more into Web development projects. I enjoy the change and challenges with some new technologies.

“The family is fantastic although my daughter has been dealing with the results of a severe concussion due to a cheerleading accident last December. That’s been very difficult. My son is playing lacrosse for his high school and doing well: loves the game and is probably going to start varsity as a junior.
Much better athletically than his old man, for sure.

“Hope everyone is well and plans on showing up for the next reunion (and thanks to Bruce for hosting the party, etc.).”

82
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(917) 992-6248
anthony_addison@ml.com

Mr. Thomas B. Fahy, Jr.
Fairlee, VT
(802) 333-4244
bfahy44@gmail.com

Mr. Anthony P. Addison wrote, “All good here. We are looking forward to our 30th. Hard to believe it is coming. I have been in touch with ANTHONY ADDISON, BLAKE, JOHN KUHN, ALEX SUMNER and ANDREW “CHAMPS” CHAMPAGNE. My daughter Katerina is now a sophomore at Saint Michael’s College in Burlington. Nicole is a senior at Ridgefield High School and is in the process of applying to college and George IV is now in fourth grade and playing football, lacrosse, wrestling and hoops. I am trying to convince my band to play up at Race Brook during reunion weekend. We will see. Check out our site if you get a chance. We have fun. www.mojotheband.com ”

83
Mrs. Karen Schnurr Secrist
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(303) 945-4210
ksecrist6@comcast.net

Mr. Lionel A. Shaw
San Francisco, CA
(415) 921-2162
lionel_shaw@yahoo.com

MARY WACHTER sent in the following update, “Friends from the Class of ’85 spent a weekend together in Woodstock, N.Y., in November, hiking, biking, shopping, sitting by the fire, drinking wine and catching up!”

MORGAN DENNEHY wrote: “I am an assistant district attorney and a unit chief at the Brooklyn District Attorney’s Office. I live with my wife, Kristin, and daughters Cate, 7, and Charlie, 4, in Oyster Bay Cove on Long Island. I went to my 25th reunion last year and had a great time catching up with my former classmates, many of whom I hadn’t seen since graduation.”

85
Mr. Lionel A. Shaw
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lionel_shaw@yahoo.com

Steve Kaczmarek wrote: “I sold my interest in Chromatic Technologies Inc. and am now spending time with my kids and wife. I’ve missed a lot over the years and hope to make it up with all of my free time. I plan to start teaching economics or marketing at the collegiate level.”

86
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Mrs. Lara Schnurr McLanahan
Bedford Hills, NY
(914) 234-7199
lsmcl@optonline.net

GEORGE L. RIOSECO III wrote, “All good here. We are looking forward to our 30th. Hard to believe it is coming. I have been in touch with ANTHONY ADDISON, BLAKE, JOHN KUHN, ALEX SUMNER and ANDREW “CHAMPS” CHAMPAGNE. My daughter Katerina is now a sophomore at Saint Michael’s College in Burlington. Nicole is a senior at Ridgefield High School and is in the process of applying to college and George IV is now in fourth grade and playing football, lacrosse, wrestling and hoops. I am trying to convince my band to play up at Race Brook during reunion weekend. We will see. Check out our site if you get a chance. We have fun. www.mojotheband.com ”

KIM WILSON wrote, “I’m still living and practicing law in Helena, Montana, skiing and hiking to my heart’s content. I went to an Elton John concert with Kim and SHELBY HOFFMAN ’77 in September in Saratoga after dropping my daughter at Trinity College—a great mini-reunion.”

DAVID WEINER wrote that he and his wife, Katy, recently welcomed their first child into the world: Ford Joel Weiner, born at 1:23 pm on 11-11-11 in Glendale, Calif. David writes daily for the entertainment news websites ETo- line.com and TheInsider.com in Los Angeles, while Katy is a baking scientist at BakeMark and brings home delicious goodies daily in an effort to keep her husband plump. Of course, we’re looking forward to Ford being part of Berkshire’s class of 2028.
What is your other job?
I am a lawyer. Prior to my election I was chief deputy to the clerk of the Circuit Court for Hillsborough County, Florida. I still do some part-time legal work for the Clerk’s office, but most of my time is taken up by my council duties.

Where did you go to school after Berkshire?
I graduated from Gettysburg College and New York Law School. I moved back to Tampa, my hometown, in 1998 and became active in local politics pretty quickly after that.

Realizing your council seat is non-partisan, will you as a Democrat be involved in Obama’s reelection campaign in Florida? To what extent were you involved during his last campaign?
I supported Hillary Clinton for President in 2008 and I was actively involved in her campaign. I also worked on behalf of the Obama-Biden ticket in the fall. My role this year will be significantly curtailed due to the fact that Tampa is hosting the Republican National Convention. We are all committed to being good hosts for the convention and promoting Tampa in the best possible light. There will be time enough for presidential politics after Labor Day.

What made you run for office?
Any classmate who reads this will laugh out loud if I say anything other than that I have always planned to run for office at some point.

Of what contribution to the Board that you’ve made so far are you the most proud?
When I took office in April of 2011, Tampa had an epidemic of panhandling on our street corners. For a variety of reasons, the former Council had been unable to come to a consensus on what to do about it, and the public was extremely frustrated. Because most of the jurisdictions around us had passed strict prohibitions against roadside solicitations, the City of Tampa was quickly becoming something of a mecca for panhandlers. I worked with the City Attorney and proposed an ordinance that banned most street solicitations but allowed for a limited exception for newspaper sales. It was passed by the City Council, 6-1—and the resulting changes have been very well received. While the problem has not been solved, it is about 80% better than it was, and we are exploring new and creative options for dealing with our homeless and indigent population.

Finally, what Berkshire teachers inspired you in terms of politics, if any?
I was very close to Tom and Susan Young, and the late Jack Stewart and Irene McDonald, to name just a few. I cannot say whether they inspired me politically, but they were certainly great friends and mentors in a lot of ways. Mrs. Young always encouraged me to run for office—she just thought it would be as a Republican!
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ninabclarke@gmail.com

Ms. Natalie Dillon Rinaldi
New York, NY
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natrinald@gmail.com

Mr. John K. Fretz
Union, NJ
(201) 659-4244
john@itoversee.com

Mr. Abram W. Duryee III
Cape Elizabeth, ME
(207) 899-2001
bduryee@clearpoint.com

For the fourth time and the third year in a row, Barrett Tree Service East in Somerville, Mass., whose proprietor is TRUMBELL BARRETT was recently named one of Boston’s 10 Best Contractors by Angie’s List. The Somerville, Mass., company, now in its fifth year, has 10 full-time and 2 part-time employees. Trumble, is the son of DAVE BARRETT ’59 and the brother of WIN-THROP BARRETT ’91, who owns the original Barrett Tree Service in Sheffield. Trumble and his wife, Lia Monahon, have a five-month-old daughter, Cody Grace Monahon.

JOHN O. LUSINS III, M.D., wrote the following update: “On July 28th 2011 we welcomed Isabella Noelle Lusins into our family. She is a happy baby and doing great. I will be finished with my residency in psychiatry at West Virginia University in July 2012 and was just accepted into the Forensic Psychiatry Fellowship also at WVU. My wife Sophia is an attending physician in OB/GYN at WVU. We hope to make it back for reunion this year and can’t wait to catch up with old friends.”

JOHN O. LUSINS III
M.D.

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CEARA PEDRO THREETS and husband Gayle Threets of the San Francisco Bay Area welcomed their second daughter, Nevaehly, on 10/20/11. Their daughter of five years, Khiara, is proud to be a big sister!

AMANDA WONSON CLARK wrote: “My husband and I welcomed a baby boy, Benjamin Walen Clark, on September 7, 2011. He is also the first great-grandchild of CARROLL WONSON ’41, first great-grandchild of RICK WONSON ’68, and first nephew of NED WONSON ’95.”

CEARA PEDRO THREETS
and husband Gayle Threets of the San Francisco Bay Area welcomed their second daughter, Nevaehly, on 10/20/11. Their daughter of five years, Khiara, is proud to be a big sister!

MS. TENLEY E. REED
London, England
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tenley@mac.com

CAROLINE ANDREW ’95 wed Ira Zahler on September 18, 2011 on Fire Island, N.Y.
From left, classmates SVEN TARIANTIK, TOURE FOLKES, and COALTER POWERS.
MERRY SPENCE ’95 was also in attendance.
KRISTIN BURKS wrote: “Hi Berkshire! I am still living in Carbondale, Colo. with my husband and two kids, Inez and Nico. We are looking forward to having our third baby this winter.”

MR. BRADLEY P. HUNT
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(978) 548-7237
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96
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(781) 631-5673
katiecking@yahoo.com

Ms. Tatum E. Vittengl
Somerville, MA
(518) 331-5855
tvittengl@yahoo.com

Ms. Julie A. Lemire
New York, NY
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juleslemire@hotmail.com

SIIRI MORLEY is a principal with Prosperity Candles, which supports artisan entrepreneurs in developing countries. She has worked on poverty reduction and sustainable economic development projects in Afghanistan, Croatia, Ecuador and Kenya, and was a business capacity development advisor with the U.S. Peace Corps in Lesotho. She received her MBA from the Heller School of Social Policy & Management at Brandeis University in 2009. She has consulted on social impact measurement to design firm IDEO, and interned at Preserve, an eco-friendly home products company that promotes socially responsible business practices. Visit www.prosperitycandle.com

MATT BERRITT, a memorable Henry Higgins on the Allen Theater stage, writes: “I am director of operations at Talent Resources, a boutique marketing firm that advances brands through celebrity interaction. In addition, we are also a full-service PR agency.”

JEREMY GREENSTEIN wrote in, “I am actually going to be in Ireland at my wedding during this year’s reunion weekend. I went to my 5-year and 10-year reunions and had a great time.”

AMANDA WHEELER ’97 volunteered at Seaview Lion Park in South Africa for three weeks in November of 2010.

The adorable Ruby Suzanne Viens was born on March 24, 2011, to DIANA ECKSTEIN VIENS and husband Brian.

Here, kitty kitty.
Mr. Jason C. Rano
Washington, DC
(917) 838-9459
jayrano@yahoo.com

CRYSTAL MENDEZ ’98, an occupational therapist for the New York State Department of Education, is headed for the altar this year. “I’m currently engaged to an amazing man by the name of Jason Phillips. We were engaged on 10-23-10 and we will be married on 10-7-12. NAKIA HOWELL ’96 will be one of my maids of honor!”

TOM HUNT ’97 married Julie Lapham Hunt on July 16th, 2011, at Regis College in Weston, Mass. Family, friends and former faculty on hand included, from left, Bob and Iona Brigham, parents Fran and Ed Hunt ’61, the bride and groom, David Rondeau ’74, Nancy Duryee-Aas, brother Brad Hunt ’95, and Bill Spalding ’65. The couple lives in Newton, Mass., where Tom is associate director of financial aid at Lasell College.

GORDON for Alexandria

Voters in Alexandria, Va., next November will find the name of city council candidate SCOTT GORDON ’98 on the same ballot as the presidential candidates. Scott, who describes himself as a moderate Republican, will be one of three Republicans and six Democrats on the ballot, with the top six vote-getters elected. This is serious business: Scott has a campaign team that includes a campaign manager, a communications consultant, and a finance chair. A four-year student at Berkshire and a past member of the school’s Advisory Board, Scott remembers taking one government class there, from Burr Duryee. “The best way to learn about government is to live in Washington D.C.,” he says. Scott, who has lived in Alexandria for 10 years and holds a master’s degree in inter-organizational psychology from Lynchburg College, is a senior vice president of sales and analysis with Mutual of Omaha. He and his wife, Jennie, have a daughter, Ellie. Visit his campaign site at www.gordonforalexandria.com.
Mr. Michael D. Gutenplan
Los Angeles, CA
(646) 241-9052
michaelgutenplan@aol.com

After a year at the Cato Institute and earning his master’s degree in public policy at American University, GEORGE SCOVILLE is now senior campaign manager for CRAFT Media/Digital in Washington D.C. “The job is great—my firm works with a number of clients, ranging from political candidates to public affairs clients and issue advocates. I’m managing a communications team that does research and public relations work on behalf of our clients.”

ALEX CUTLER ’99 was featured in an online NYTimes article written by Simon Romero and published on December 25, 2011. The article highlights his rise to Rio de Janeiro household status in the musical arena of Brazilian funk and explains how Don Blanquito or “Sir Whiteboy,” left behind his American affluence to pursue his dreams of rapping in the urban favelas of Rio.

SARAH SCHEINMAN wrote: “I completed my Master of Library and Information Science (MLIS) from Dominican University in River Forest, Ill., in May and am currently enjoying the ski season in Breckenridge, Colo., while working for the Summit County Libraries.”

VESSELA HRISTOVA wrote, “I recently completed my Ph.D. in political science from Harvard University and moved to Vienna, Austria, to take up a research position at the Institute for European Integration Research.”

Ms. Brooke T. Beebe
Avon, CO
(617) 960-6357
Brookebeebe@gmail.com

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CHRIS REICHART ’98 and his wife, Lauren, announce a new addition to the family: a girl, Allyson Bontecou Reichart, born on May 12, 2011. JESSE BONTECOU ’96 is Lauren’s cousin.

MOLLY FORMEL FERGUSON ’99 wrote, “We added another kiddo to our flock! Once again, John made it home from his deployment just in time! Lucy Ferguson was born Aug 30, 2011. Dean and Sophie (now 3) love being the ‘big’ kids! We’re currently stationed with the B-1s at Dyess AFB in Texas.”
**CLASS NOTES**

01
Ms. Shannon M. Flynn
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Shannismurf@hotmail.com

**NICK EMERY** sent in this update, “I’m living in Verona, Italy, working as the Italy Director for Travel for Teens, a high school summer travel and community service program. I return to Great Barrington and the Berkshires a few times a year and always take a drive over to Berkshire School to see how things have changed or remained the same.”

02
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matthew.sposito@gmail.com

03
Ms. Jane B. Blake
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(772) 696-0855
jane.b.walker@gmail.com

04
Mr. William C. Stern
Houston, TX
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wcstern1@gmail.com

Grilled barbeque salmon, anyone? That’s one of the tasty dishes **PETER COENEN ’04** is serving up at Tribute, a hot Chicago restaurant in the Essex Inn at 800 S. Michigan Ave. The Windy City Times reports: “Peter Coenen—chef de cuisine under Executive Chef Jared Case—certainly has the chops to make top-notch American contemporary dishes. His journey covers everywhere from WWOOF (World Wide Opportunities on Organic Farms) in Europe to working with molecular gastronomy in South Carolina to Chicago, where he cooked at the Lincoln Park spot Boka.”

**JANE WALKER BLAKE ’03** sent in the following update, “I married a Westminster grad, Thomas H. Blake, III ’98, on September 17, 2011 in my hometown of Vero Beach, Fla. My father, **WEB WALKER ’73**, gave me away at our family church and a reception followed at The Moorings Club. We reside in Tom’s hometown Laurel, Miss., where he works at Sanderson Farms and I am a public relations consultant. We are clearly a house divided when it comes to New England prep schools, but I think we all know that lovely school in Simsbury, Conn., just can’t compete with our history of excellence and accomplishment under the Mountain!”

**ISABELLE BERNER,** lucky soul, lives on the Rue des Batignolles in Paris, where she works for a technology startup called Tagattitude. “We propose microbanking solutions for emerging countries that allow unbanked populations to use their phones to access financial services like savings, transfers, payments, etc. The website is: http://tagattitude.fr/en/home.”

The latest from **MIKE HARRISON:**
“Since graduating from Northeastern University in 2009, I have been working at STAR POWER LLC, a boutique NYC-based entertainment marketing agency that specializes in talent procure-

05
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matthew.g.crowson@gmail.com

Mr. Ryan M. Farrell
Columbus, OH
(403) 239-3547
mryanfarrell@gmail.com

Army Cadet **NICCI UNIS** recently graduated from the Army ROTC (Reserve Officer Training Corps) Leader Development and Assessment Course, also known as “Operation Warrior Forge,” at Joint Base Lewis-McChord, Tacoma, Wash.

**KAT KOLLMER ’05** at Melbourne’s Candles by Candle on Christmas Eve. The glowing couple

BEN WEIL ’06 and friend Emilie Arthur toast his grandfather after the memorial service for Lee Weil ’44C.
SUKEY MULLANY ’05 and NICOLE UNIS ’05 will be bridesmaids and COURTNEY KOLLMER ’06 will be the maid of honor. Congratulations, mates!

06
Ms. Courtney J. Kollmer
Mendham, NJ
(973) 813-7314
courtney.kollmer@gmail.com

Small world, small store: RYAN BLANCHARD ’06 was recently named the lead meat and seafood buyer at the Berkshire Co-op Market in Great Barrington, Mass., where he works with operations coordinator BILL TYNNAN ’59. Ryan is also majoring in psychology at Berkshire Community College and a dance intern at Berkshire Pulse, a center for the creative arts. For a picture of Ryan at work, see 1959 Class Notes.

JEFF WEXLER writes: “I am moving from Washington, D.C., to Charlotte, N.C., to take a position as special assistant to the chief operating officer at the Democratic National Convention.”

HANNAH SHELDON-DEAN ’06 on campus last spring with parents Abby and JIM SHELDON-DEAN ’69 and her former teacher Clay Splawn following her address to the Class of 2011 at Senior Dinner.

NIKKI BOUTEILLER wrote, “I graduated from Utica College in May with a Bachelors Degree in construction management and my LEED Green Associate accreditation. I began work as an assistant project manager in June for BBL Construction, Inc. a construction

07
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History teacher R. G. Meade visited GYO EUON BANG ’07 during a tour of Korea last summer with his wife, Anna Romano, director of Berkshire’s International Student Program.
management firm out of Albany, N.Y. Since then, I have been mobilized on site for the construction of a medical office building in Cedar Rapids, Iowa which is where I will be for the duration of the project, completing in June of 2013. When I am not working on site, I am flown back East to be in the office in Albany or to spend time with my family in the Berkshires.”

From LAUREN FLURY: “After several years of dreaming and planning, my handbag line is set to launch in May. It is a line based in a very classic and utilitarian style. All parts will be manufactured and assembled entirely in the USA. Thank you for all your love and support!”

08
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09
Ms. Molly L. Ryan
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gpiatelli@gmail.com

In what has been called one of the most exciting finishes in the Canadian football history, offensive tackle MATT SEWELL and his McMaster College Marauders came back from a 24-0 deficit to beat the Laval University Rouge 41-38 in double overtime to win the Vanier Cup Canadian University championship last fall. A junior, Matt was also named a 1st Team All-Star for the OUA (Ontario University Athletics) and was named McMaster’s Rookie of the Year in 2009.

From ALLISON LETOURNEAU ’07, the pride of Halifax: “After graduating from Berkshire in 2007, TRAVIS VAYDA enrolled at the United States Air Force Academy, where he participated on the Club Division III Ice Hockey Team and received his bachelor of science degree in Management. Travis is currently a 2nd Lieutenant and Pilot Trainee in the United States Air Force. He recently completed his first phase of extensive pilot training for the Air Force (note: it has a 10-25% attrition rate!). Also, Travis is happy to report that he and his fiancee, Amy, will be married after he finishes pilot training at Laughlin Air Force Base in Texas. Great to hear from you, Travis! Congratulations and best of luck!”

08
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MAURA McGOVERN, a sophomore at the University of Vermont, was instrumental in the suspension last fall of the school’s Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity, which had included a rape-related question in a survey. Maura, a Women and Gender Studies/Political Science major and a member of Fed Up, a Burlington feminist group, led a rally on the school library steps and helped organize an on-line petition. The story received extensive media coverage, which included clips of and quotes by Maura.

Former University of Vermont captain KEVAN MILLER ’07 has signed a two-year National Hockey League contract with the defending Stanley Cup champion Boston Bruins. Miller had been playing under a minor league contract with the Providence Bruins, Boston’s AHL affiliate. The defenseman was a two-year captain for the Catamounts, posting 5 goals and 25 assists in 144 career games for UVM.

Former Berkshire teammates BEN CHWICK (left) and KYLE LOCKWOOD squared off against each other in a Colby-Bowdoin game earlier this winter. Four of the starting forwards in the game were Berkshire graduates.
Longtime history teacher and baseball coach Tom Young (right) was parking czar at the annual Author’s Day at the Bushnell Sage Library in Sheffield. Pictured with Tom were patron MALCOLM MCCAIN ’10 and East Campus neighbor Bobbie Glass, mother of JEFF GLASS ’96.

Berkshire parent Dan Benfield writes: “The three Berkshire boys in the photo made it through the fall cuts and are on the Liberty League champion Union College “Dutchmen” Lacrosse Team, playing for National Lacrosse Hall of Fame player and coach Paul Wehrum.” From left are JOE LEVINE ’11, TY ROSELLI ’10, TEDDY BENFIELD ’11. Adds Dan, with a touch of class: “FVI, These young men are doing incredibly well adjusting to and thriving at Union College; thanks to Berkshire School and all of the amazing faculty and staff who ushered these boys through challenging times. Thank you.”

11

Mimi Connell
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Kristy M. Barnes
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barneskd@bc.edu

This matchmaker’s not interested in romance.

But it’s hard not to love an anonymous alum’s offer to match, dollar-for-dollar, every first-time gift of $25,000 or more to Berkshire’s Annual Fund. It’s a proposal our students and faculty dearly hope you’ll consider! Call Director of Development Bill Bullock at (413) 229-1237 or email wbullock@berkshireschool.org
In Memoriam

Following is a list of alumni and former faculty and staff members whose deaths have been reported in the last year. Their obituaries appear in the In Memoriam section of the alumni section of the school’s Web site (berkshireschool.org). To send obituaries or remembrances of classmates, please email bulletin@berkshireschool.org.

Charles Hall Delamater ’30, 
WWII vet, sportsman

Thomas Geddings ’30
WWII vet who taught American literature and history

John Leach Baum ’35
Geologist who prospected all over North America

Harold J. Barnet Jr. ’37

Max Wilk ’37
Humorist, screenwriter

Eugene Amber ’40
Vet, insurance exec, volunteer

Robert Peckett Coffin ’41
WWII pilot

Clinton Deraismes Combes Jr. ’41
Cannoneer who fought through France, Germany

Harrison Goodspeed Jr. ’42
WWII Purple Heart and Bronze and Silver Star recipient, TR3 racer

Jason Morse Gordon Jr. ’43
WWII vet, aeronautical engineer

Arnold Burr Johnson ’43
Legendary English teacher at Choate Rosemary Hall

Leon J. Weil ’44C
Former U.S. Ambassador to Nepal, investment banker, WWII vet

Russell Richardson Dutcher ’45
Prominent geologist and teacher

John G. Irons Jr. ’45
Vt. dentist who owned Old Bennington Country Store and Yankee Notions

William Fiske "Kim" Kimberly ’47
Langtime teacher, photographer at Nichols School

Albert Shaw III ’47
Salesman, father

George H.B. Brockway ’48
Stonemason, ornithologist, English teacher

Robert L. Consolini ’48
Harvard grad, Army vet, longtime Belch resident

Henry Ledyard ’51
Alpine rescue team member, firefighter

Robert Gordon Lister ’52
Lehigh, MIT graduate

Richard Johnston ’54
Firefighter, Army vet

Robert Boyd ’58
Army vet, nursing home administrator

Richard J. Lyons ’58
Criminal prosecutor, antique boat restorer

Walter Buhl Ford ’62

William Douglas Craven Jr. ’63
Vietnam vet, chef

Clifford Warren Stewart ’63
Chef and proud Scotsman

John Von Briesen ’70
Stockbroker

Nicholas Hugh Kapetan ’71
Ad man, teacher, pool champ

David G. Taylor ’71
Yachtsman

Daniel M. Earnshaw ’75

Susan Cook Carnick ’81
Wife, mother

John Peter Maheras ’86

Tracy Marie Cartwright ’89
Gardener, breast cancer fighter and activist

William Baird Duschatko ’91
Outdoorsman, teacher

Former Faculty and Staff

Cynthia White Dixon
Achd accomplished harpsichordist, Berkshire music department head from 1974 to 1978

Fredric Bird
Taught Latin at Berkshire

James E. Masse
Former maintenance department member

Myrt Massafiero
Longtime Berkshire registrar

Michael Cerussi
Former Trustee

Of her late father Bob Consolini ’48, who died last June, Marcella Consolini wrote: “My father had very strong feelings for Berkshire. He felt his time there gave him a great leg up on the rest of his life, and was always grateful for the school’s ‘investment’ in him.”

John Maheras ’86, pictured with son Max, died suddenly on February 15 of an apparent heart attack. “The world lost a great guy,” wrote friend and classmate Jim Haskel.
Au Revoir, Paté de Buerre

Berkshire School lost one of its funniest and most colorful alumni last February when Max Wilk ’37 died on February 19, 2011 at the age of 90. A veteran of over five decades in theater, television and film, Max wrote for and worked with some of the legends of comedy, among them Ed Wynn, Victor Borge, Danny Kaye, Jack Benny, Jerry Lewis, Art Carney, and the man Max considered the funniest of all, Jonathan Winters.

Max, whose nickname at Berkshire was “Paté de Buerre,” graduated from Yale in 1941. He served in the U.S. Army as a member of the cast of Irving Berlin’s soldier show, “This Is the Army,” and later as a screenwriter of Air Force training films. He went on to write for Broadway and then for live television, contributing such programs as “Ford Television Theatre,” “Studio One” and “Philco Playhouse.”

Max wrote numerous Hollywood screenplays, some adapted from his own original novels, including “Don’t Raise the Bridge, Lower the River” with Jerry Lewis. In 1968 he wrote the book for the Beatles film, “The Yellow Submarine,” which has become a cult classic. He was also the author of They’re Playing Our Song: Conversations with America’s Classic Songwriters, which received the Deems Taylor ASCAP prize for best writing on American music, and Schmucks with Underwoods, which took its title from Hollywood mogul Jack L. Warner’s derisive reference to his stable of writers. Other books include The Golden Age of Television, The Wit and Wisdom of Hollywood, and OK! The Story of Oklahoma.

According to his obituary in Daily Variety, for the past two decades Max had been a story editor and dramaturge for the Eugene O’Neill National Theater Center’s Playwrights Conferences, working with playwrights including Pulitzer Prize winners August Wilson and David Lindsay-Abaire.

On November 15, 2000, Max was interviewed by the Television Academy Foundation’s Archive of American Television. A clip from the interview is available on that organization’s Web site.

Cynthia White Dixon, former music director at Berkshire and the wife of longtime teacher and administrator Tom Dixon, died in St. Petersburg, Fla., on December 24 after a brief illness. A 1964 graduate of Oberlin College and an excellent harpsichordist, Mrs. Dixon was head of the music department at Berkshire School from 1974 to 1978. After her marriage in 1978 to Mr. Dixon, she joined him at the Packer Collegiate Institute in Brooklyn, N.Y. In 1980 the Dixons returned to Sheffield, where Mrs. Dixon coordinated Berkshire’s equestrian program and became an accomplished rider herself. She later operated Dixon Antiques from their home across the street from campus.

She donated to Camp Sloane YMCA in Lakeville, Conn., the boathouse used by Berkshire’s crew team. In 1996 the Dixons established the Thomas H. and Cynthia W. Dixon Fund for Performing and Fine Arts, which helps bring to campus musicians, actors, lecturers and artists.

A memorial service for Mrs. Dixon will be held on June 9 at the Dixon House on East Campus.

Mustang man

A great-grandson of auto pioneer Henry Ford and the great-great-grandson of Detroit mayor Frederick Buhl, the late Walter Buhl ’62, attended Berkshire for two years but did not graduate. The Detroit News reported: “He was only 20 in early 1964 when, according to a Time magazine article, he spied a new, yet-to-be-unveiled Ford Mustang in the family garage and decided to take it for a spin. Driving to downtown Detroit, he was among the first spotted driving it — inadvertently revealing the car to the public before it went into mass production. When he parked the car in a lot near the Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel, according to the article, he told the attendant: ‘It’s a hot job.’ Buhl worked at his family’s company from 1978-93. After graduating with a degree in business administration from Cleary College in Ypsilanti, he started his career in the Ford Design Center. He later moved on to several positions in advertising and marketing for Ford and Lincoln Mercury, company officials said.”

With gratitude for the greatest

IN MEMORIAM

Myrt Mazzaferro (right), Berkshire’s registrar of students from 1982 to 1996, died on February 2, 2012. Mrs. Mazzaferro, pictured here with her friend and longtime drama teacher Irene McDonald, is survived by 14 children, 27 grandchildren and 17 great-grandchildren.

David “Harv” Taylor ’71 died of cancer on February 7, 2012. He is pictured here on Black Rock at his fortieth reunion last May.

Berkshire’s sustainability efforts were substantially bolstered by a fund recently established in memory of Baird Duschatko ’91, an artist, teacher and outdoorsman who died suddenly last May at the age of 37. Baird was the son of Bill Duschatko ’61.

The official wording of the W. Baird Duschatko ’91 Fund for the Study of Sustainable Resources follows:

Baird is remembered by classmates and friends as a warm, compassionate, talented and loving person who worked to make the world a better place. Active in the music industry, his interests also lay in promoting sustainable communities. Toward that end, his family chose to honor his memory with a gift to support his alma mater, Berkshire School. The W. Baird Duschatko Fund allows for the expansion of the School’s Center for Sustainability, in the form of student initiatives to substantially reduce the School’s carbon footprint. As the first college preparatory school to join The Billion Dollar Green Challenge, Berkshire hopes to foster in the young leaders of tomorrow a better understanding of sustainability, from day-to-day operations to policy development, through different classes, student groups, independent study, and as a component of important leadership positions.

Reunited again

It didn’t matter whether or not the Class of 1947 was celebrating a reunion. Summer after summer, the two of them came back to campus together, the outgoing Kim Kimberly and the introspective Alby Shaw. In fact, at one stretch the two attended a record fourteen straight reunion weekends.

But Al came alone last May. Two months earlier, Kim had lost his brief battle with pancreatic cancer.

“Al was in tears when he heard about Kim,” recalls his wife, Judy Shaw. “It was more than he could grasp.”

At the time, Al was struggling with leukemia and early Alzheimer’s. He died on December 19.
Head of School Mike Maher delivered the following remarks at a memorial service for Lee WeiL ’44C on October 19 at the University Club in New York City.

Every prep school has its legendary classes, and Berkshire is no exception. Near the top of our particular list is the Class of 1944C, of which one Leon Jerome Weil was a prominent member.

A four-year student at Berkshire, Lee tried almost everything under our mountain: football, hockey, camera club, skiing, the newspaper, baseball, glee club, varsity football, and corridor grouping, some arcane activity that vanished years ago.

In the 1944 yearbook, Lee received votes for biggest socializer, best athlete, and most agreeable. In two categories Lee took top honors. He was voted first to marry. Well, he married at 25, so I’m not sure he married the youngest. But I am sure he married the smartest: Mabel, his beloved wife of 59 years, was a dear friend of Berkshire School. He was also voted most likely to succeed. I don’t think we have to elaborate too much on that point.

A couple of stories about Lee Weil’s days at Berkshire.

Back then students built forts and cabins on the mountain, and Lee and two classmates followed suit. They got their hands on a jug of apple cider and decided it would taste a lot better if they buried it for a couple of months. They counted the days down from sixty and then dug up their stash, only to discover that mice had found their way into the jar and drowned, and were floating around half rotten in the homemade brew.

One more: as a junior Lee had suffered a badly broken nose from an injury on the athletic field that was interfering with his breathing. His family agreed to pay for the surgery to have it fixed on one condition: that Lee not play football his senior year. Well, he made the deal, had the surgery and returned to a bunch of classmates who fully expected him to be part of the starting lineup. Of course, he had to give in, and sure enough, in the first game of the season his nose was rebroken.

That story, by the way, speaks to Lee’s adventurous spirit that would later find him on Outward Bound expeditions, running the New York City marathon, climbing Mount Kilimanjaro, and, incidentally, becoming the oldest person ever to go through Berkshire School’s high ropes course.

Berkshire was well represented at the memorial for Lee WeiL. In addition to Head of School Mike Maher, among those present were, from left, teacher Bill Gulotta, granddaughter Lily Weil ’13, grandson Ben Weil ’06, granddaughter Charlotte Weil ’13, Bill Drake ’73, Carole Maghery King ’72, Alex Wyeth ’73, son Jerry Weil ’73, Paula Pevzner ’73, teacher Peter Kinne, Abbey Tufts ’08, Tom Mullany ’73, daughter Carrie Weil Barnett ’76, and Rex Morgan ’73.
Lee was one of the few to have personally known every single one of Berkshire’s headmasters, starting with the school’s legendary founder, Seaver Buck, who admitted Lee in 1940.

Lee served on our Board of Trustees from 1977 to 1995, and as a trustee emeritus until his death. By the way: one who went from a small dormitory became a barracks, the dining room became a mess hall. The bugler blew Reveille at 0600 and Taps at 2200. I’m not so sure how that routine would go over today. For his service to his country and his unflagging fight for democracy everywhere, in 1989 Lee Weil was named winner of the Distinguished Alumni Award, the highest honor Berkshire confers on one of its graduates. The Weil legacy lives on at Berkshire today. Lee’s twin granddaughters, Charlotte and Lilly, are fifth-formers this year, following in the footsteps of two of Lee’s children, Jerry, Class of 1973, and Cary, Class of 1976, and his grandson, Ben, a member of the Class of 2006 and all-school president his senior year. Berkshire School has lost a dear friend: one who went from a small school in the Berkshire Hills to a tiny mountain during the uncertainty of war. Actually, Lee’s class was supposed to be the Class of 1945. But Berkshire was a year-round operation during the war. The class was split up into three groups, and their graduation was accelerated so they could get their diplomas before they reached draft age. Therefore the “C” in 44C.

In 1943 Berkshire established its Education with Wings program. The school opened its doors to Army Air Corps Reserve cadets and Navy V-5 cadets. At the nearby Great Barrington airport were six Taylorcraft, a 225-horsepower Waco biplane, and five certified pilots. One of our dormitories became a barracks. The dining room became a mess hall. The bugler blew Reveille at 0600 and Taps at 2200. I’m not so sure how well that routine would go over today.

For the students, advanced Latin, music and some history courses were dropped. Side by side with the soldiers, Berkshire students learned aeronautics, navigation, meteorology, and topography, and several of them earned their wings—among them, the sixteen-year-old Lee Weil.

Another thing that bonded the Class of 1944C was the man who became headmaster in the fall of 1943. Delano de Windt was a 1911 Berkshire graduate and, in 1943, the school’s business manager. When the school’s headmaster was called to military service, the trustees turned to Mr. de Windt, not only because of his business acumen, but his close relationship with the students. It was an inspired choice. Del de Windt kept the school running during that economically perilous period when several other prep schools closed their doors.

And so the members of the Class of 1944C became known to the world and to each other as Del’s Boys. They would proudly reunite under that banner almost every year, and at their fiftieth reunion they established a generous scholarship fund.

Lee, who had lost his father at a young age, had a particularly close relationship with Mr. de Windt, and wrote him faithfully after graduation. One letter came from his Navy training station in Newport, Rhode Island, where Lee was awaiting his orders after finishing boot camp.

“I have been here about five weeks, most of the time working in the mess hall, and my future still remains a blank,” he wrote. “I wouldn’t mind being at the bottom of the Navy if I saw a chance of getting somewhere. But every road is blocked.”

Always the headmaster, Mr. deWindt replied. “It is not surprising that your life seems somewhat purposeless now. But you have job to do. A good many million other youngsters have been asked to do the same thing, and some have given their lives in the process. Get the most you can out of it even though it may be in the mess hall, for what you are learning in the United States Navy is as much a part of your training as a Physics course with Mr. Eipper. You are not at the moment training your mind, but you are getting a very clear picture of what democracy consists. Unless I am sadly mistaken, you are meeting many men who haven’t had the opportunities you have, and each one of them can teach you something which will broaden your point of view and make you more understanding of the other fellow’s problems.”

As it turns out, few men had a life with more purpose than Lee Weil, who would go on to become a great husband, father, businessman, and statesman. Lee served on our Board of Trustees from 1977 to 1995, and as a trustee emeritus until his death. By the way: because of his 71-year relationship with the school, Lee was one of the few to have personally known every single one of Berkshire’s headmasters, starting with the school’s legendary founder, Seaver Buck, who admitted Lee in 1940.

Lee Weil made Berkshire a better school in ways too numerous to list here, but I must highlight two of them. He and Mabel established the school’s first departmental chair and built a house for its recipient, Bill Gulotta, who holds the Leon J. and Mabel Weil Endowed Chair of History, is with us here today. The Weil Family Endowment for the Benefit of the Humanities, established through a bequest from Lee’s mother, Lillian M. Rouse, enhances student programs in the fields of literature, art and music.

For his service to his country and his unflagging fight for democracy everywhere, in 1989 Lee Weil was named winner of the Distinguished Alumni Award, the highest honor Berkshire confers on one of its graduates.

The Weil legacy lives on at Berkshire today. Lee’s twin granddaughters, Charlotte and Lilly, are fifth-formers this year, following in the footsteps of two of Lee’s children, Jerry, Class of 1973, and Cary, Class of 1976, and his grandson, Ben, a member of the Class of 2006 and all-school president his senior year. Berkshire School has lost a dear friend: one who went from a small school in the Berkshire Hills to a tiny kingdom in the Himalaya Mountains, and a member of the Greatest Generation who truly made the world a greater place. How proud Mr. de Windt would have been of Lee Weil, and how proud of him his old school continues to be.
When I arrived at Berkshire in September 1941, Lee Weil was in his second year at the school. I spent the next three years—actually, four academic years; we accelerated because of the war—with him at Berkshire, then four years at Princeton, and then the next 63 years being really good friends.

In 2010 when I remarried, Lee was right there with me. When he got sick last summer in Washington, I was able to visit him regularly. Our friendship lasted 71 years—match that!

Lee and I had a lot in common. We were both from New York City, both of our fathers had died when we were six years old, we had no siblings, and both our mothers had sent us to boarding schools before Berkshire in order to get us out of the city and to give us some male influences.

We also looked alike at that stage of our lives. We were the same height and build, same color hair and complexion, and we usually wore the same clothes. People, especially girls, used to confuse us and call me Lee and him Tom. I was amused, but never figured out whether Lee was. There was one girl, Celeste Seymour, from New York City—I met her through her brother, Tony, who went to Indian Mountain with me and then followed me to Berkshire—who I started dating. I introduced her to Lee, who immediately started dating her too. She was a tall, striking blond, ten times as sophisticated as we were, who awed and intimidated both of us, but we stayed friends with her for years.

Most important of all, both of us fell under the spell (read: leadership, example, friendship, guidance) of headmaster Delano de Windt. He was not only our mentor, but he also filled our need for a father figure. He praised us, he scolded us, he advised us, he encouraged us. Without our relationship with Mr. de Windt (never Del), neither Lee nor I would have turned out the way we did. And for Lee, that was a life of accomplishment and achievement.

Lee’s biggest love, after his family, was Berkshire. For 72 years (from 1940 to 2011) he gave of himself to the school as student, alumnus, fund-raiser, donor, advisor, trustee and trustee emeritus, parent and grandparent. He loved the Class of 1944C, and it was at his apartment and later his house that the class reunited at least every five years.

His second love was the Republican party. Lee recruited me into the Young Republicans of New York, then a Rockefeller-oriented group. He later introduced me to Senator James Buckley, who appointed me to the Small Business Advisory Committee and subsequently recruited me, at Lee’s suggestion, into the Nixon Administration, thereby changing my life for the last 38 years. Lee also served his country in many capacities, including as Ambassador to Nepal in the Reagan Administration. We were all proud of him and admired him greatly.

I was at Lee’s wedding to his beloved Mabel. We spent much of our Berkshire holidays together and shared much of our adult lives. Everything about Lee brings back wonderful memories of friendship and affection. I will miss him greatly.
Of Rogers and Heart

Planned gift: Charitable Remainder Annuity Trust
Donors: Wendy and HAWLEY ROGERS ’56

Almost a half century after he graduated from Berkshire and well into retirement in Florida, Hawley Rogers—who had spent twenty-one years as the headmaster of Oldfields School—suddenly got a call: from his old school. Would he be willing to come back to Berkshire as interim head of school?

He would and he did, and, by taking the helm between the death of one head of school and the hiring of another, Hawley kept Berkshire on course in choppy seas.

Talk about giving back to Berkshire. But wait. There’s more.

Four years later, Hawley and his wife, Wendy, gave a gift to Berkshire in the form of a charitable remainder annuity trust. Under its terms, Hawley and Wendy are the recipients of the annuity until their death, at which time Berkshire will receive the principal. In the meantime, they get a stable, predictable income for life and receive a tax deduction for their contribution to the trust.

“It allows us to make a gift larger than we might otherwise be able to make without outlasting our assets,” says Hawley, who is also a faithful contributor to the school’s Annual Fund.

But Hawley’s reason for giving is more emotional than practical.

“Clearly, I have a sense of gratitude for the opportunity I had been given,” says Hawley, a five-year student at Berkshire who was on financial aid. “And my experience as head absolutely confirmed what a wonderful job Berkshire does for kids. Wendy and I were impressed by the faculty and their dedication as well as the school’s emphasis on character, which Mike Maher continues to build upon today.”

Other causes important to Hawley and Wendy include Oldfields, of which he is headmaster emeritus; the Trinity Presbyterian Church in their hometown of Palm Coast, Fla.; and the Humane Society. (Fierce dog lovers, the Rogerses own Julie and Bogie, two Yorkshire terriers who, Hawley recalls, were known on campus as Berkshire terrors.)

Happily, Berkshire School remains high on the list, for both Hawley and Wendy, a graduate of Rosemary Hall. “She often says she wishes she’d gone to Berkshire instead,” Hawley says. “But you’d better get her permission before you print that.”

Permission granted.

For more information on how to make a planned gift to Berkshire School, contact Director of Development Bill Bullock at 413-229-1237 or wbullock@berkshireschool.org
Grant Wood this ain’t

But they do say that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Who are these two farmers and whence did they come? You tell Twiggs and you win whatever item is hot these days at the Berkshire School Bookstore.

E-mail answers to bulletin@berkshireschool.org
or write: Myers Mystery Contest, Berkshire Bulletin, Berkshire School, Sheffield MA 01257
Where the buffalo roam.

After sitting under his portrait in Berkshire’s dining hall for the past few years, three members of the Class of 2011 finally got to meet **BRUCE BENSON ’57**. It was no coincidence: Bruce is president of the University of Colorado, where **SAM SMITH**, **JACK KRUEGER**, and **ERIC ZAHN** are freshmen.