

Principia College Class of 1969 Stories

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Jan (Harrison) Abrams (US '65, C '69)

My story is like many of yours—with a life time of learning guided by spiritual insights, and recognizing the many blessings of life’s joys, compassion, and creativity.

Things I have loved doing in very early career years include fearless travel abroad alone doing garment research in Europe, and living awhile in New York City and Dallas. Then, returning to my roots in North Carolina to design textiles and garments for several vertical companies in the Charlotte area. Charlotte is also where I met Barry (at church) who was my best buddy for about 10 years, and still is my best buddy and now husband for the past happy thirty-six years.

As the textile industry began to shrink I was needed in another direction—to research and find new solutions for aging buildings, and helping a community and a senior population. They became “my children.” And the community began a new life with many upgrades and inspired renovations.

Charlotte church has always been our extended family where we continue to serve with great joy a diverse congregation, with a wonderful Sunday school, and some new faces finding their way to our open door and to generous expressions of love.

Close family lives in Charlotte and the Carolinas now, including Brevard, in the North Carolina Mountains. Kayaking at the family’s VRBO house in New Bern is a favorite activity when we can get to the NC inner coast. And during summers we continue to enjoy Principia Summer Sessions, where acrylic and watercolor painting have been my joy!

Really looking forward to being together for our reunion time!



Carol (DeWindt) Agle (US '65, C '69)

After being one of two female math majors (with Marisue Dodd Wells) at Prin, I started teaching math at Beverly Hills High School, very “90210”. I got the job because a bigwig with the California schools loved Howard Marston’s math education; think about the probability of that happening. First kid I flunked there was Dean Martin’s daughter; last parent conference was with ... During that time, I married Dell Fuller, best buds with Susi Newbold, my first roommate. We bought and sold a few houses during that real estate market run up, and got to have two beautiful

daughters, and moved to Park City, Utah. I started my own real estate career, where I continue to be active today, having received many accolades, success, learning lessons, growth.

Park City has enabled me to become who I am today, with its outdoor life, direct women, involved citizenry. After 15 years, Dell and I split up. We remain partners in parenting and grandparenting. I have since married Alan Agle, and got to have one more child. Three grands...as most of you report, joy of my life.

The part of Prin life which most touches on my daily life is Mrs. Morgan's "Whole Man" concept, with time and energy and joy devoted daily to the spiritual, the mental, the family, etc. I serve actively in our Park City church, along with Marisue Dodd Wells, Bitsy (Elizabeth) Beal, Bonnie Bower, Community causes call, from Library Board to Trails Foundation to a kinder politics. Trying to say "yes" to any request as a first answer has landed me in an open water swim with Gail Osherenko, lots of SCUBA diving in the South Pacific where I got to try to understand my dad's WWII service there, and taking up the ukulele. Life is messy and demanding and sunny. I am currently obsessed with skiing back country, with an ice ax and climbing skins; life keeps surprising me.

I have done many gnarly things, but signing up for this reunion may be among the bravest for me. I have loved being on social media with many of you.



Dave Anderson (C '69)

Uncle Sam had an influence on the beginning of my story when I came up #13 in the draft lottery even before graduation. So, I signed up for Army OCS under the delayed enlistment program with a report date of 17 Oct 69. Prior to leaving, Warren Bolon and I spent part of the summer backpacking through Europe. Then it was off to Forts Dix and Leonard Wood. In April of 70, Nancy (Retzke) and I were engaged and I left for Fort Belvoir, graduating just in time to be married in October. We were fortunate to have a duty assignment in Germany, coming home in 1972.



My work career has taken many twists and turns. We decided to "start out" in Nancy's home area of Oak Park just west of Chicago – and stayed for 36 years! I first went to work for Texaco and then went back to school at Elmhurst College to obtain a teaching certificate and taught in Chicago for 5 years. At the same time, I went back into the Army, starting a 23-year career in the Army Reserve. After teaching, I moved into international banking operations with First Chicago for seven years, and then spent a few years in commercial real estate. And finally, I found my last home with a manufacturing company in Chicago, where I became Human Resources Director and a lead quality auditor (which I'm still doing today, albeit for only about 4-5 weeks per year). It's interesting to reflect that almost every opportunity was found through friends, family and neighbors.

We were blessed along the way with three wonderful children – Amy (now a graphic designer in Chicago), Glenna (working in HR for a major shipbuilder and living in Mobile, Alabama), and Sam (in graphic design for Kohls and living in the Milwaukee area). All graduated from Principia – and two are married to Prin grads! And we now are joined by three grandchildren – Lily and Jack in Alabama and Oliver in Wisconsin.

In 2007 Nancy retired from 15 years as a Teacher Assistant and in 2008 I retired from full-time employment and we built a home up in the north woods of Wisconsin, where we're happily learning to be rural folks. I've served on the Boards of Cedar Ridge and Clearview Home, Christian Science facilities in Wisconsin, and we both keep busy reading and serving in various capacities at the Oconto Society (about 50 miles from us). And we are, of course, Packer fans (it's required for residence up here).

Last year I went to my 50th reunion at my old High School back on Long Island – out of curiosity mostly, as I didn't really know many people in High School – it was an absolute blast! So, I'm really looking forward to our event down in Elsau.



Linda (Lowe) Asmar (C '69)

Lately, I've felt a kinship with my great great grandmother who had the last two of her eleven children in her 40's. I skipped the first nine and had my son George and my daughter Jamile when some of my Prin classmates were already anticipating grandchildren. Having children late in life has been an adventure.

Career wise, I taught French for 36 years. Monsieur et Madame Bradley would be proud. The best part of teaching was organizing trips to France and Québec, La Belle Provence. It was a little crazy at times but Winter Carnival in Québec was particularly amazing!

Since retiring in 2009, I've been able to travel to several unusual destinations. As a family, we've celebrated each graduation from high school and college with a family trip. Traveling with George and Jamile as young adults has been a pleasure.

More recently, I've become an "empty nester". George is pursuing a career in L.A. while Jamile is teaching Art in Keller, Texas, near Dallas. At home, I'm busy with church, gardening, duplicate bridge, and planning the next family trip.

I'm looking forward to our reunion this summer.



Hilary (Hamilton) Barner (US '65, C '69)

WORK & MARRIAGE

Fall 1969 - entered the Upper School dorm as a housemother. Initially terrifying to find myself substitute parent to 150 teenaged girls at the age of 21. (I shared this job with 4 other women old enough to be my mother or grandmother). Soon knew this was my calling, became Assistant Dean of Girls my third year, and stayed on for 10 more - loved every minute of it.

Married Bill Hunt in June 1970. After 10 years, we decided to part ways. In 1982 I moved to Southern California (Pasadena area), married Jonathan Barner and have been happily married for 35 years. No kids of our own but a lifetime of work with young people at Prin, at the school where my husband taught for 33 years, at church, and with children of friends and family - tutor, mentor, friend and confident. I love babies, and have been privileged to be on hand for the birth and first two weeks of four newborns – born to women who feel like sisters although we are not related.

In 1984, I jumped into learning desk top computing, starting on a portable Compaq running DOS that had a screen that was about 5x5. It was purchased for me by my CS Association when I became secretary. That was part time work, so along the way I also did a few jobs helping various non-techie friends run their businesses using my new computer skills - a mail order bookstore, an English Tea shop, a realtor and a door hardware provider for commercial construction. In 1987, became clerk of my church, another part time job which I only just retired from after 30 years. In 2001, I was project manager when we sold a large church property (475 seats, 2 buildings and a huge lot) and bought land to build a new, more practical and efficient church. A steep learning curve but fun to see it all from purchase of land to final touches. Should have gone on to build two or three more to utilize my newfound knowledge!

TRAVELS

For many years we had a VW Van (Westphalia) and loved to travel the US and camp, especially in the Rockies. While my husband taught middle school, he lead several trips including canoeing on the Colorado River and three wonderful adventures to England and Scotland. We always flew over early and spent two or three weeks traveling before the kids arrived. For 12 years, we spent a couple of weeks in a cabin on a lake 45 minutes outside of Ashland, Oregon, canoeing and enjoying the quiet beauty of water and forest. We also loved theater in Ashland. We have family on Vancouver Island (and the islands off of VI) and have enjoyed trips to the Northwest.

OTHER INTERESTS

We grow tomatoes and basil (copious amounts of both) every year, occasionally adding other vegetables. We have an apricot tree and make lots of jam. I have lately become fascinated with Monarch butterflies and at this very moment have two exquisite chrysalises in a container on my kitchen table and am expecting to witness the addition of two new Monarchs to the population in a day or two! Life is good!



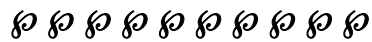
Elizabeth “Bitsy” (Ward) Beall (C ’69)



Have a wonderful reunion...I’ll be at my Association.

With love,
Bitsy

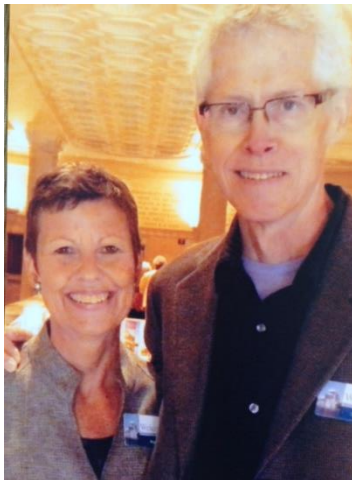
Elizabeth Beall, C.S.



Holly (Wheeler) Bolon and Warren Bolon (passed in 2011) (C '69)

Gosh, where to start? I graduated from Prin with a double major in sociology and art, Warren with a degree in history. While I was on a Prin Abroad as a post grad in the fall of 1969, Warren met up with our group in Florence after traveling in Europe with Dave Anderson prior to their induction into the U.S. Army. We wrote letters, wed in December of 1970, and began married life at Ft. Hood, Texas. We liked to say we only went on five dates, the fifth being our wedding!

Warren received his Masters in Journalism/Communications at the University of Illinois at Champaign/Urbana, where we both also took courses in Art Museology. That led to yearlong internships at the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago. For the next few years, I continued as a designer at the museum, and Warren was an editor for the Urban Systems Lab at the U. of I. Chicago. I had my own freelance graphic design business as well.



In 1977, we moved to Boston when I was hired as art director for the Christian Science periodicals, and thus began our many years of working at The Mother Church. My jobs have also included administrative assistant to the editor of The Christian Science Monitor, and special projects for the Clerk's Office and the Board of Directors. Warren worked in various capacities, mostly in the Clerk's Office and for the CS periodicals. He made two trips to West Africa for the Church, trips that were deeply meaningful to him.

We took a break from Boston twice during those years. In 1996, we moved to a small town in northern Vermont to devote our time to thinking, writing, making art, and investing in our spiritual education. We returned to Boston when Warren was asked to again work for the periodicals. In 2006, we felt called to move to Chicago. Warren continued to write and edit from there, and I did volunteer work, until 2009 when Warren was asked to return to Boston to become managing editor of The CS Journal.

In the fall of 2010, Warren surprised me with a trip to Italy, a 40th anniversary celebration of our marriage. I continue to love and appreciate Warren's gentle nature, humor and wit, goodness, clear thinking, and deep love of Christian Science. He expressed these qualities through poetry and painting, and through his many articles for the Journal and Sentinel.

I've had a wonderful 49 years since college, and can't be grateful enough for all the good in my life. I have had stimulating jobs, fun travel adventures, been blessed by membership in several branch churches, made precious friends, and shared many happy years with a wonderful man. We were active in the arts community wherever we lived, and I still am. I continue to do volunteer work, as well as special projects for the Church. Currently I'm working for the Board of Education, and also doing audio recording of the weekly Bible Lessons. I look forward to new experiences and adventures, and hope they include building my own little energy-efficient house!

My time at Prin was full and happy and spiritually strengthening, so I'll be thinking of you all joyfully on reunion weekend!



Buz Brewster (US '65, C '69)

After graduation I married Joanne Worsley and then tried out for the Washington Redskins coached by Vince Lombardi- amazing time playing on his last team- he passed in 1970. Eventually got cut and we headed to Calif- took a wrong turn in Grand Jct, Co and wound up driving around Lake Tahoe- my 1st time. Loved it there but we went to LA where I worked with Dave Brooks on a construction job 1 day- took me 2 hours each way commuting from Pasadena to the beach, got home that 1st night and said we're outta here & going back to Tahoe. Moved up there, our 1st daughter was born in November 69- Pam. I worked all night in a casino and we skied every day at Heavenly Valley and toured that gorgeous area.

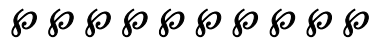
Then I got a real job & we moved to LA for a couple years then moved up in the mountains to Idyllwild where Doc Wanamaker got me a job and I coached girl's bball at Desert Sun School where again- Dave Brooks was a teacher & wrangler. 1st son Josh was born there in 73. Thanks to Bill Farwell- my roomie in South- I got a teaching/coaching job at The Army Navy Academy on the beach after he left there for a public school job. Spent 3 years there teaching, coaching and playing in bball, softball & volleyball leagues and surfing as much as possible. Jacob was born during our time there in Oceanside.

In 76 we moved North to help Joanne's Mom run the family businesses in Williams & Colusa. Loved N Calif with its slower pace, less people and close proximity to Tahoe, San Francisco and the Redwoods on the coast. Jessie was born in Colusa in 1980 and Zachary was born in Chico in 1983. We waterskied, skied Tahoe, surfed Ft Bragg/Mendocino, had an awesome racquet club, camped & fished up in the mountains North of Tahoe on Hwy 49 & the Yuba River. We got into the Amway business in late 70's and had a good business and traveled a lot but that all changed when I lost my son Jacob. I was pretty much a home body after that and having kids is the best adventure I've ever had. Our business was going well but we over expanded and the wheels started to come off in the late 80's- first the business and then the marriage.

In 92 I moved back to Maine to care for my ill Dad with my 2 youngest- Jess & Zach. We bought a house on Moosehead Lake and I took care of my Dad, coached girls' sports and started appraising real estate. We loved the lake, boating, skiing, fishing, snowmobiling and the wilderness of Northern Maine. After my Dad passed I relocated to SoCal in 98. Zach attended Corona Del Mar high school on Jon Jarvis's recommendation, Jessie was in college in Colo and I appraised all over SoCal. And every Thurs night we played golf, tennis, swam, hot tubbed & dinner at Jarvis's with Mark Courson & Jack Mathis. Love SoCal, the beaches, mountains, all the sporting events & concerts, trips to Catalina Island, ski trips to Mammoth and visiting my kids who all live in Calif. Joined the Newport Beach church and I remarried in 2008- Terri- who I met in Greenville in the 90's. Then we lost both Courson & Jarvis to cancer.

So in 2015 we moved back to Maine and settled in Moosehead Lake. Fortunate to attend Coach Crafton's burial in Arlington Nat'l Cemetery that summer with former teammates & friends. Grateful to be home in my favorite place on the planet-Moosehead Lake but miss my kids & grandkids in Calif. Granddaughters Abby & Claire attend Newfound, the kids visit every summer & I take off April & May & see them all in Calif- Pam in SF, Josh in Sacramento, Jessie in Tahoe & Zach in Newport Beach. I am super busy appraising all over the state, seeing places I've never been and all the drives are scenic here in Maine.

I am most grateful for all my good friends through the years from Principia and Owatonna/Newfound. I enjoy traveling and seeing them wherever they may be. I look back on my college years with great admiration for all the hard work & support of my teammates & friends. I've been fortunate to attend Homecomings and reunions over the years and visit with Coaches and old friends. I am looking forward with great anticipation for next summer's combined 68/69 college reunion. 2015 was a combined '65 & '66 upper school reunion that was epic. I'm anticipating more of the same.
Buz 949 378-2964



Sandy (Boone) Brooks (C '69)

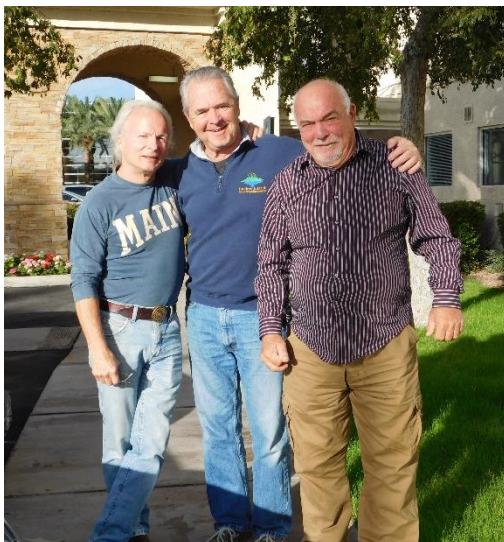
My life, so far, has been simple and blessed. After graduating from Prin I took my first teaching job in North Haven, Connecticut, where I met my husband, Ken. We moved back to central Illinois to settle and raise our family: our son, Geoff and daughter, Amy. I taught Kindergarten for 24 years and then ended up my 34 year teaching career with fourth graders. I loved every minute of teaching! After my husband passed and I retired from teaching, I decided to move to southern California to be near my daughter and her family. Today I live in Rancho Cucamonga (don't you love that name!), CA and help care for little Vivi, my youngest grandchild, two days each week.

I have been involved with church all of these years and as most of you, have performed every job, from Sunday School teacher to Reader. I have also been a dorm hostess at Prin Summer Sessions for over 20 years, so I am very familiar with the campus and have enjoyed reconnecting with many Prin friends over the years.

I won't be able to attend the reunion, but will think of you all and wish you the best.



Dan Camp (US '65, C '69)



It was the month of assassinations, June 1968, and the end of my junior year at Principia College. I was dating Ann Muenta and we decide she would accompany me to San Diego. We hooked up with Jack Mathis who was also going to California and somehow a car was available (Jack and I both can't remember the circumstances of the car since he insists he didn't have a car). That summer, which turned quickly into a summer of heartbreak, was spent taking a local watercolor class, practicing that craft, and getting in shape for the fall soccer season. Bought a yellow 56 VW Bug with leopard headliner and a barrel cactus in the ashtray and in August headed to Prin.

As a side note: Having attended Prin Upper school and College during the sixties, it seems memory of those 8 years is marked by the major national events that happened. During my sophomore year at the Upper School. I was in American Backgrounds class

team taught by Mr Phil Edwards and Mr Robert Fisher. Todd Hoffman. David Beardsley and myself were chosen by Mr Edwards to be in a play, The Patriots, a play about a conversation between Washington, Jefferson and Hamilton about the founding of a nation. We were assigned class-time to rehearse in the audio/visual room. We of course commenced to start goofing off. All of a sudden, Mr. Fisher burst into the room and we thought we were busted. He turned on the TV and there was Walter Cronkite taking his glasses off and saying the President had been murdered. That moment, and I dare say our friendship, was forever etched in my memory. And, ever since, I've been focused on what really happened that day- our republic, the one layed out by our founding fathers, started to die.

My senior year, besides having a great season on the soccer team, was to consist of all advanced studies under James Green studying art-I had fulfilled all other requirements. Mr Green awarded me the small studio at the bottom of the stairs in the art building. I was a member of Buck House. For that whole school year, my routine was to get over to the cafeteria early to have breakfast, pick up a sack lunch and head out into the Illinois landscape to paint. After a while I discovered an abandoned farmhouse which seems to have been vacated very quickly and most of the furnishing etc were still there, and I channeled Andrew Wyeth in my subject matter and style. I would return to campus by dinnertime then go to the Pub with friends where I would recruit someone to come to the Art Building to pose for a portrait, after which I would unload, workover the days' attempts, and prepare for the next day of doing the exact same thing all over again. I remember the little bed in Buck on the parking lot side as the most comfortable sleep I would ever have. That experience of total immersion in art would be the perfect example of how I wanted to live my life. Ha Ha Except for graduate school which came close-while having a family to support- I would have to wait many years to have %100 time for my art again.

I headed to Philadelphia to attend The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts where I became engaged to the sister of my senior year roommate David Lubin. However, the Vietnam draft called all too quickly, so Carol and I were married one week before I was to report to Quantico Virginia for Marine Corps Officer Candidate School. During my three years in the service my two daughters were born, Sara and Abigail.

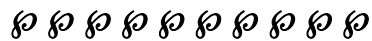
Upon release from the service, I attended University of California, San Diego to get my Master of Fine Arts degree in painting and film-making. My first job out of graduate school was teaching art to inmates at the State Prison in Florence Arizona. While in Arizona I applied for a full time position at Mira Costa College in Oceanside California and miraculously got it. My skills in watercolor and the ability to give a demonstration of making a painting in under an hour-taught by Mr Green put me in good stead during the 13 years I taught there. In 1990 I felt I had given enough to the teaching profession and that it was time to spend %100 of my time developing what I really wanted to express in my art.

I was able to maintain a studio in Sorrento Valley, an industrial area just east of Del Mar, California for almost 23 years. It was a 1000 square-foot space where I was able to develop a body of work, many in large, mural sized canvases involving the human figure in mythological or psychological situations. This work can be seen by visiting my website: www.dancampstudio.com. Or you can see more by visiting my Facebook page, Dan Camp.

Upon graduating in June of '69, I was awarded by the Art Department The Kathryn Cogswell Maule Award for artistic achievement. Two paintings were selected to be in the permanent collection. They are on view in the School of Government Building.

I'm bringing to the Reunion some samples of the "plein air" watercolors I did while I was teaching watercolor at Mira Costa College. Most will highlight my forte in the medium, the figure in landscape. I'm hoping to set up an extremely informal exhibition somewhere on campus

during the Reunion. Stay tuned as to where that will be. Also looking forward to the Glenn Felch exhibition in the gallery. See you there!



Christie (McFerren) (Alt) Clarke (C '69)

Magical Mystery Tour!

Time flies when you're having...4 daughters and 7 grandkids; living in 10 states; visiting 15 countries; moving 24 times; being married twice; finally living singly ever after with a rescued dog, cat and fish in a tiny house in Naperville (west suburb of Chicago)...near 2 daughters and 3 grands

The day after graduation I married Rick Alt (C' 68), and was sucked into the Vietnam conflict peripherally. I followed him for a 2-year accompanied tour courtesy of the Navy...braving typhoons, snakes, riots, sharks, fires, mud slides, monitor lizards, earthquakes, and bomb threats in Olangapoo, Philippines. With my conducting services in a quansit hut as CS minister, we saw dozens of Navy "Prinos" passing thru Subic Bay on their way to "country." We explored Asia on R&R's and returned stateside with a brand new baby girl who was born in a military hospital during a bomb threat. We were together for 3 more beautiful daughters and 24 years, spending 18 of them in St. Louis where our kids went to Prin (one graduating from the college). Rick started a new life on his own in '93 and sadly passed away in 2007.

Our 4 daughters are making the world a better place as a CFO, IT consultant, engineer manager, fitness instructor/wellness coach - and moms!

My jobs?

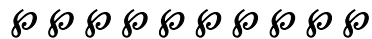
- 10 years running an aerobics company
- 10 years managing a landscaping firm
- Coordinator for TMC SS
- Teacher at Chicago junior School
- 10 years founder Out-A-Box Parenting Inc. (training parents and teachers in "Love & Logic")
- An abundance of church and volunteer and yard work

Having used my Principia ed/soc major in public, private, and Naval base schools, detentions centers, elem-jr-sr high schools, lock-downs, etc., I'm now subbing daily at a huge public high school AND LOVING IT!!

Of course with this big family, I fly A LOT to LA, Philly, Cleveland, NJ, Phoenix, Salt Lake City.

P.S.: Those of you who know my mom from all the spring breaks at our home in Ft. Lauderdale will be tickled to know that, after outliving 3 husbands, she was wooed and won by a wonderful man who'd "loved you since the second grade." She and Dick married at 81 and were very much in love for 12 years until his recent passing. She's now living in AZ with

my brother Doug and his sweet family, enjoying frequent rides in his new Z-06 corvette! As she says, "Life is good!" I concur!!



Keith Collins (C '69)

Unfortunately, I am not able to make the reunion, but Todd Hoffman is a persuasive guy, and he asked me at least to contribute my story. I'm glad to oblige. Here goes:

I ended up at Principia because it seemed the most natural place to go to college for someone who had lived basically in a Christian Science world since he was born and was nervous about venturing out. But looking back, it was the perfect place for me to mature at my own speed.

As I saw it at the time, Christian Science was just something you did because that was how you grew up. But when I took Devon Beaver's creative writing class, for the first time I realized Christian Science was a tool to open up thinking and explain reality in thrilling ways. (My writing at that point was atrocious, but somehow she managed to be both encouraging and challenging.)

The best part of Prin by far, for me, was Prin Abroad. I did an independent study my senior year under Hosmer, and I met up with Bill Cross (who was doing the same thing) in London. But we quickly discovered we had very different ideas of what we wanted to do, so we split up, and I spent three months in Germany, Italy, Switzerland and Czechoslovakia, writing papers and meeting kids from other countries. It was an exciting time, especially being in Europe toward the end of "Prague Spring" when, for a while, Czechoslovakia and its leader, Alexander Dubcek, seemed to be finding some sort of independence from the Soviet Union ("socialism with a human face"). Unfortunately, it didn't end well, and by the time I got to Prague, Soviet troops had invaded the country. On November 7, the anniversary of the Russian Revolution, the government was forced to hang Soviet flags along the main street of Prague, and my new friends, in defiance, climbed flagpoles and set the flags on fire. I got a piece of one as a souvenir, but as a naïve American who was used to the mostly harmless anti-war protests in the US, I was glad I listened to my friends, who told me I should stop seeing the action as entertainment and get out of sight. Westerners in other cities were arrested.

After graduation, I spent three months as a copy kid (the basic entry-level position for a young journalist at the time) at The Christian Science Monitor. It was a good way, I thought, to combine an interest in Christian Science with an interest in world events. But I quickly got bored with running errands and making copies. A lot of good journalists have gotten their start that way, but I was too impatient and impressed with myself, so I quit and soon got drafted into the army. I decided to make a trade-off: Give the government an extra year of my life in exchange for language training (Russian). It was a good decision. I know it sounds fanciful, but some of my best memories are of basic training, running through the early morning fog at Fort Dix in New Jersey, thinking of the wonderful passage from Isaiah, "For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

I got married after Basic and went to Berlin, which really felt like the center of the Cold War. I would sit in a “listening post” on the top of Teufelsberg (Devil’s Mountain), a man-made hill created from the rubble of World War II, and listen to Russian tank commanders give orders. The most interesting part, though, was when, late at night, enlisted men talked about their girlfriends back home, or about the joy of harvesting mushrooms. I also got to know the Christian Science community in Berlin, which was, and is, energetic and a joy to be with.

After the army, I decided I wanted to be full-time in the Christian Science practice. I got a quick lesson in how demanding that work is. Surprise: Having parents who are famous in the church doesn’t guarantee you a free ride when it comes to demonstrating Christian Science. After about two years I decided to take an editing job with the Journal, Sentinel and Herald editorial department at The Mother Church. Being a staff editor for The Christian Science Publishing Society made me realize how much discipline goes into clear writing, and how much I enjoyed helping people express their ideas clearly.

After four years I wanted to go further with my writing, and I still dreamed of getting back to the Monitor as a reporter. So I enrolled in a master’s program in journalism, and it was fantastic – I learned to work on a deadline (which really helps with the concentration) and cut, cut, cut, until the real idea shines through. It’s true what Mark Twain said, that shorter is much harder to write than longer. (“I didn’t have time to write a short letter, so I wrote a long one instead,” he once said.)

I got an MBA in media management as well, thinking I could also help the Monitor in management, but at that point (1984) the Monitor was going through hard times, and there was no obvious place for me there. So I went to Washington and started in the communications consulting and grassroots lobbying business – basically, lobbying Members of Congress by way of voters and the media. Slowly my naiveté was dissipating. Washington is its own world with its own rules, which I found simultaneously fascinating and shockingly amoral. I sympathize with those who see Washington as a swamp. Unfortunately, the swamp seems only to be getting deeper these days. Whenever it really comes, reform will be more dramatic than most people realize.

Ten years in lobbying was enough. This was the 1990s, and I became interested in Russia’s struggle to adapt to the post-communist world. I put a consulting venture together (with a young Russian colleague) and began helping American companies that were trying to figure out how to do business in Russia. It led to five years of commuting back and forth from Washington to Moscow, and working with some very interesting projects and people. But when Putin came in, the ruble crashed, and most of our clients left Russia (or greatly reduced their involvement), and my business became unsustainable.

I refocused my work on Washington again but in the international arena and headed international communications for several organizations. Meanwhile, I remarried in 2000, had a daughter (are older couples better at parenting?) and wrote a book on the history of the Monitor, with invaluable help from Todd Hoffman, Dave Els, Dave Cook and other Principians. I’m more

convinced than ever that the Monitor can be a powerful healing force for the world if it's managed well, with courage, vision, the right people at all levels and creative use of Christian Scientists around the world.

When my wife got a job in Geneva, Switzerland, in 2009 we moved there and have been there ever since. Wonderful, calm, beautiful country, although not without its own issues. I teach communications at a local university, sometimes do consulting, write articles for the Christian Science periodicals and am trying to produce another book (these things take a LONG time!). I also make a poor attempt at helping our daughter with her pre-teen issues. Living with two very active and opinionated women, I've discovered the value of the pre-dawn hours for thinking and writing, when I can be alone. Also the importance of keeping your mouth shut.

Everything I do is built around Christian Science – observation, decisions, relationships, as well as teaching and writing. I've found that Science provides a very intelligent way to deal with the world and its issues.

So, there you are, folks. I'm happy to be in touch with anyone who's interested –
kscollins@gmail.com.

Hope everyone has a great time.



Robin (Scott) Collins (C '69)

Themes in my experience since graduation from Principia College include a sweet marriage to Andy Collins, living in and loving the suburban foothills of the San Gabriel Mountains north of Los Angeles, a little teaching, a couple of years in grad work (botany) and office work for a landscape architect, partnering with Andy to raise up five firmly independent children, volunteer work in classrooms and employment at our neighborhood public school, active membership in a branch Church of Christ, Scientist (1950s vintage storefront), a deeply engaging public practice of Christian Science, and the overarching joy of sharing life with neighbors, family and friends through the years.

Considering Andy's passion for planetary science, our family grew accustomed to sudden (un)organized forays into the night, to view asteroid showers, comets, satellites, Space Station passings... In the daytime, hastily en masse, for a double rainbow or such. Unsurprisingly, he was chief expedition leader for camping and backpacking trips—until the Younger Generation took up adventuring—both soloing and organizing others. Cross-country skiing, a delight of our early married years, also made its mark on the YG. Andy specially valued the capacity of growing children to think originally, make decisions, problem solve together, and spring for new experiences—which suited my hopes, elicited my full support and fostered life-lessons. He was a faithful, loving, generous, appreciative good guy.

My house is a sort of nest—generously windowed among trees—but not what I would call empty. I have three British-American grandchildren and a closer by SoCal granddaughter. To build relationship with them and other visitors is a simple pleasure, to which I will add, to walk, read, sweep, rake, lift, schlep, travel a bit, and commune with the (very local) flora and fauna of my garden.

Special appreciation for my Principia education and experience. A smile of thanks for Dr Paul Kilburn, who saw “no reason why not” allow me to change my major from English to Biology in the fall quarter of my junior year. Medium fast forward to the day I agreed, due to a special need at our local school, to take on a year of teaching sixth graders—yup—English and Science. Before attending college, I had been shy, in some ways timid. The embracing atmosphere at Principia well nurtured my decision to make a fresh start towards being more out-going, and this has served me well in life.

A few lessons learned—well, being learned. Don’t be so attached to what I think I know. Look deeper for what I don’t see. Find my own another’s good.

Love to all, here, there, everywhere.



Dave Cook (US ‘65, C ‘69)

I hope to attend the reunion but that may not be possible since our third grandchild is due to be born the same week, and my wife and I want to be on hand in the hospital waiting room to greet the new arrival, as we did with grandsons Greyson (now 3 1/2) and Walker (now 1 1/2). Given the unpredictable demands of a career in journalism, I was not always as present as I should have been with our three much-loved sons – Matt (US ‘03) and twins Tim and Chris (both US ‘05, C ‘09). I am trying to do better with the next generation.

The elevator version of my story is that after graduation, I drove my ancient Ford Falcon to Boston, where I had lined up an entry level job at the Christian Science Monitor. The Monitor would be my professional home for most of the next 48 years. I shuttled between assignments in Boston and Washington, first as a writer and then in a variety of management roles. In December, my wife, Linda, and I retired and moved to a villa at The Willows, a lovely, non-judgmental CS senior living community in southern California, to be closer to family and to enjoy life in a snow-free zone.

My post-college story begins with the effects of a low draft number. In November 1969, I found myself enjoying the frigid charms of Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri for Army basic training. I had ignored the athletic portion of Prin’s “whole man,” so running miles in combat boots in the dead of winter was a challenge. Most of the remainder of my military career was spent as a researcher at the Pentagon in an office that lobbied Congress.

I returned to the Monitor in late 1971 and specialized in business and economic reporting, first in Boston and then in Washington. During that period, I married Laurie Knights (C ‘73).

After a couple of years in Washington, the Monitor helped me land a year-long fellowship in business and economic journalism at Columbia University. I repaid the paper’s kindness by leaving the staff after the fellowship in search of a higher salary. I ended up at McGraw Hill,

where I was a Detroit-based correspondent for Business Week and later transferred to the company's Chicago bureau. While in Chicago, my marriage to Laurie ended in divorce.

In one of life's ironic moments, after the divorce my former mother-in-law kindly introduced me to Linda Markarian, a DePauw graduate and recently minted MBA from Loyola University. Her unflinching kindness, integrity, humor, and faith have brightened our 37 years together. Marrying Linda was the best decision of my life, a view our sons would heartily endorse.

I returned to the Monitor in 1981. Shortly afterwards, Linda and I were sent to Washington, where I covered economics before leaving the print staff to become a correspondent for the Monitor's newly launched weekly TV program "Monitor Reports." Our sons were born during this tour in DC.

Despite the best tutorial efforts of some talented producers, my on-camera presence remained decidedly wooden. So in 1988, I was called back to Boston for an off-camera job, serving as managing editor of a nightly cable TV news program "World Monitor." When the Monitor's TV operations were shuttered in mid-1992, I ran Monitor Radio, which produced programming for public radio stations.

In 1994, I was named editor of the Monitor, overseeing both print and broadcast operations. Serving in that role for seven years, I got a close up view of the courage, talent, and unselfishness of the Monitor staff including Pilot colleague and fellow '69 classmate, Ron Scherer. Ron led our New York bureau for decades.

One memorable moment of my time in the front office came in 1995 when international editor Clay Jones (C '73) and I greeted correspondent David Rohde at Boston's Logan Airport on his return from being held captive for nine days in a Bosnian Serb jail. David was captured while uncovering the suspected mass graves of thousands of Muslims killed in Srebrenica, reporting that won the Pulitzer Prize, the Monitor's sixth.

Less somber memories include a lunch President Clinton hosted in the State Dining Room honoring Monitor Breakfast founder Budge Sperling. Dessert was a cake decorated with scale models of our newspaper made of chocolate, thus uniting two of my great loves.

In June 2001, the CS Board of Directors named Paul Van Slambrouck, later a Prin professor, as the Monitor's new editor. I was dispatched to Washington as bureau chief and host of Monitor Breakfasts, a forum where reporters from major news organization question key public officials.

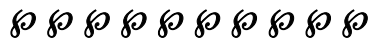
I missed being editor, but it is hard not to be grateful for a job where you are paid to eat and talk to interesting people. Between 2001 and 2017, I served as moderator for 672 breakfasts and the occasional lunch. Quick impressions include then-senatorial candidate Barack Obama's being mobbed by hotel workers on his way into our lunch; John McCain's rapier sharp observations; Colin Powell's quiet dignity; then Senator Hillary Clinton's awesomely detailed responses to questions; FBI Director Robert Mueller's "just the facts, m'am" presentation style; Nancy Pelosi's gracious remarks about the Monitor; and John Boehner's wry humor.

Walking away from breakfast hosting was not easy, but Linda and I wanted to begin retirement while we were still in shape to enjoy it. I hope my story's next chapter includes reconnecting with many of you, whether at Prin or in California.



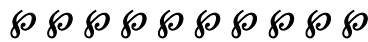
Peter Cooper (C '69)

Masters in Secondary Education & Earth Science 1974 at Bridgewater State College, Mass. 5 summers as a Ramger-Naturalist with the US National Park Service. 14 years with the Per Capita Tax section of The Mother Church Treasurers Office. 18 years in public education teaching Biology, Algebra I & Plane Geometry. Several seasons assisting my mother as a Motor Coach Tour Guide for Boston, Southeastern Massachusetts and nearby Rhode Island. Several trips to Finland with my wife to visit her parents and tour a little of the country. A trip to England to visit my cousins and relatives on the Cooper side of the family. Serving in various posts at First Church in Hyannis, Mass. Hobbyist Beekeeper & vegetable gardener. Enjoy with my wife cross country skiing, bicycling & swimming.



William (Bill) Donaldson (C '69)

I was a police officer in New York City and Boston for thirty years, and retired in 1999 as a lieutenant. I am presently single; divorced with no children and a grateful Christian.



Daniel A. Dyck (C '69)



After graduating from Principia College, I received an invoice of \$25 to \$50 from Prin for leaving a “messy” room. I personally thought this was the work of John Schlueter, one of my roommates – but I also thought Prin would have a hard time finding me – especially since my draft board was just waiting for me to graduate.

I ended up serving in Viet Nam from 1970-71 in the 27th Combat Engineers. We were attached to the 101st Airmobile at Camp Eagle near the old imperial capital of Hue. This area was known as “I Corp” and considered a “mean area.” They didn’t allow the press in this area without special clearance etc. I served in S-3 or battalion operations and wrote the daily and weekly situation report (sitrep). So I basically knew what was rumor and what was fact. Later for promotion, I also served as a surveyor staking out bridges etc. Our largest operation was when they

reopened Khe Sanh and let the ARVNs go into Laos (which proved to be a disaster for the ARVNS and our helicopters).

I came back from Viet Nam and married Linda Heider (class 71). Linda and I moved to my last duty station which was Ft. Belvoir located in Fairfax County, VA. At this time I was a buck sargent in a mean outfit the 11th Eng. Many having served in a correctional brigade at Ft. Riley. Here, among other details, I served as a “riotor” for demonstrations put on by the army – basically to train police, FBI, INTERPOL, and others serving and guarding the Capital Area during anti-war demonstrations. Then I received a 6 months early out. I enrolled in a computer school and learned the fundamentals of computers – working with the IBM 360 Hasp.

For job interviews (reread first paragraph), I needed my college transcript – which Prin denied giving me till I paid my fine for cleanliness. This I promptly did – telling myself that I would deduct the fine from “alumni giving” which I promptly fulfilled. I had a computer stint with Potomac Electric Power Co. in their rate dept. Pepco was located 2 blocks from the White House on Pennsylvania Ave. However, I soon learned that I enjoyed outdoor work better. Thus I became a surveyor for Hunsberger, Mori and Monaco and later Holiday Corporation where I was a field engineer staking out a shopping center just west of George Mason University near route 236.

In 1976, we had our first child, Marilla, and an invitation to go back to Kansas and help dad with farming operations. This we did, moving to Hutchinson, Kansas. The family had tracts of farmland which we crop shared with local farmers. In our part of KS, we grow wheat, corn, soybeans and sorghum (milo). We also had two more children, a boy, Tony, and a girl, Heidi.

Marilla did a year at the Upper School and the college. She as an art major. Tony did one year and a quarter at the college – participating in the “football experience,” Todd Small being his coach one year. Heidi did 3 years at Prin and one at Hutchinson C.C. where she excelled in softball.

My farming career has included drought, hail, and one major tornado which was a half mile wide known locally as the Hesston tornado. I crop-share mostly with Mennonites who have beards and scarfs, but who are not Amish. We have a good relationship. We irrigate a good portion of our crop ground and this year, as many others, have aerial spraying.

Linda and I have done church readership, SSchool, prison work, and I’ve probably conducted over 40 funerals.

Linda and I are grateful for our many blessings.



Marsha (Mallett) Gaster (US '65, C '69)

Well, here goes with a short recap of the last 48 years...a combined 20+ yrs of teaching from pre-schoolers to adults, 14 of those in Montessori pre-school and elementary settings;

an MEd in Reading from UNC, still tutoring early readers for the joy of it; 45 years of marriage to a kind, unselfish and respectful husband and golfing buddy; two strong, energetic and bright daughters who have shared 2 grandsons and 2 granddaughters with



us and the world...nothing better than those smiles and hugs; a variety of opportunities to serve with fellow church members including 2 1/2 years working at the Christian Science Center in the early-mid '70's; and, finally, fun travel experiences, many golf-centered...Scotland, Ireland, Hawaii, Monterey Peninsula, and the great array of venues in Raleigh and Pinehurst area, one hour away.

I'm filled with gratitude for the educational and spiritual base a total of 6 yrs at Principia provided.

Just caught a one-liner that sums up the years since graduation: "There are three constants in life: change, choices and principles."

Principia definitely reinforced the principles that have enabled me to deal with many changes and have informed my best choices.

Looking forward to catching up with each one of you next July.



Harley Gates (C '69)

As I look back - and maybe you have found this, too - there were some really key decisions that paved the way forward, and although I did not know how pivotal they were at the time, there were clues...



After graduating in 1969 I enrolled in Northwestern U's Evening MBA program in Chicago while working days in cost accounting at a subsidiary of Inland Steel Company. Eventually I became a junior participant in the early days of computer modeling, specifically of our plant's production of steel pails and drums.

This got me noticed and promoted to Inland's HQ at Monroe and Dearborn downtown in the Loop where I was responsible for pulling together the financial results of Inland's steel business and its subsidiaries into a monthly Board report. Unbeknownst to me this was Clue #1 on where the journey would lead... a "career path" and more as you will see.

In 1972, I attended the Biennial College meeting in Boston at The Mother Church (TMC) and filled out an application with no particular job in mind, there being no openings. But later that fall, the Personnel Dept. of TMC called and offered me a Budget Analyst position in the

Treasurer's Office. I hadn't finished my MBA but TMC was willing to wait until I graduated which would be spring 1973. Journey Clue #2

This was an especially major decision because I lived at home with my mother and sister, a high school senior at the time. I had been "the man of the house," for four years, my father having passed in 1969, so could I just leave? With a generous spirit my home team encouraged me to answer this call, and with much Soul searching and their blessing, I accepted the offer in Boston and arrived on April Fool's Day, 1973.

April Fool's Day aside, with buff spreadsheets and my 10-key calculator (later the Bomar Brain), I launched into cash flows, departmental budget meetings, and yes, prepping Board reports. In Boston during that time were Warren & Holly Bolon, Karen & Rich Gould, Dave Cook, Mike Tupper, Peggy Bort, Todd Hoffman, Edith Walker, and no doubt others of '69 that I should name! After college, sister Clare and later my Mother eventually moved to the Boston area.

I worked and prayed hard at TMC, did not take things personally and was able to be solution oriented. As a result (and telescoping 32 years) my responsibilities gradually evolved to Budget Manager, Controller, then Assistant Treasurer. I served under seven Treasurers from Roy Garrett Watson to Ned Odegaard. In 2005, I was "repotted" to Real Estate Senior Management working with an amazing team to plan and execute a long-range strategy for TMC's underutilized assets and improve the CS Plaza with the financial goal to make real estate self-sustaining. Although I have left that job, the plan is ongoing with 80% now in place (my assessment). What a 40 year ride this was, and the stories I could tell that time and space does not permit!

In 1975, I met Amy Winterbottom at the Employees Tennis Club at TMC. Clue #3. She worked in Monitor Editorial at the time, had a big forehand crosscourt, and we served and volleyed our way to marriage six months later. Imagine my analytical self-making such a BIG life decision in a short time! But right it was, and we both knew it. Amy being from a wonderful family of five siblings had a generous, creative, nurturing spirit (and yes with a backbone!) which taught me much about sharing and real teamwork. Allison and Heather joined our family (both home births!) in the years following. They are married now. Allison is a financial manager (could be my fault) at ExxonMobil in Houston, and Heather is a high school art teacher in Natick Massachusetts (definitely Amy's creative influence). So far, I am blessed with a grand dog and grand cat AND a grandson due January 2018

In 2011, we both were still working and thinking about retirement and visiting more moderate east coast climates. After a couple of difficult years, Amy passed on in 2013, but did not surrender her quality of Life. I have learned much about this from her and this experience, such as the substance of what we really love about someone. Her courage and consistently positive outlook buoyed me as I expanded my horizons in the home department including being marginally successful in the kitchen - growth spurts which continue to serve me on many levels.

In 2014, I retired and moved to St. Michaels, Maryland on the Eastern Shore of the Chesapeake. I volunteer at our Community Center, for Principia, branch church, and I sail, golf, bicycle, hike and kayak. Not playing tennis now although I haven't ruled out another of my many "comebacks" after big gaps of not playing.

My newest adventure is that with business partners I own a two-unit vacation rental property in St. John, USVI. The island is amazingly beautiful and 2/3 National Park — as unspoiled a

Caribbean island as you can get — and the free access to public land and beaches is exceptional. Of course, we use the cottage for our vacation time; and when we don't, others have the opportunity to enjoy this special place. Hurricane update: We are unspeakably grateful that our cottage was not affected by the recent hurricanes Irma and Maria. Although there was widespread damage all over St. John, it is — like Houston, Florida, Louisiana and its island counterparts — on the restoration and rebuilding trail.

This is my story so far. As I found out at my 50th HS reunion (Arlington Heights, IL), everyone has a story worth hearing, and I look forward to learning about your travel through life.



Tim Glass (C '69)

I met my future wife, Debbie Fulkerson, at Adventure Unlimited a month after graduation. She was a riding counselor and I was a horse wrangler. Uncle Sam tried to draft me in my first week at camp, but came up short. We became engaged that summer and were married in 1972.

In 1970, I became a licensed real estate salesman. By 1974, I was a broker. My interest shifted from sales to appraising and in 1981 I formed a full service real estate appraisal shop. At one point, I had more designated real estate appraisers than any shop in the State. Now, I am the man. Last year, I performed appraisals for more than 30-banks, numerous individuals and organizations.

Prior to Merritt being born in 1982, I was a horse breaker, horse trader, cattle trader, ran a lot of cattle on several leased ranches, leased saddle horses to the Ute Trail summer camp in Lake City, Colorado, boarded 15-20 horses, leased a pecan grove with 175 paper shell pecan trees, baled hay, fed over 50 tons of hay each year, roped and doctored wild cattle of all kinds, and rode some outstanding ranch horses. All in all, I had a lot of fun and made no money. My accountant and Deb told me I needed to get serious with the money deal. I did.

Johanna was born in 1987. Both of my kids graduated from the Upper School. Johanna was given the Home Ec award her senior year. Her senior project was a runway show of her fashions. It was amazing. Johanna earned a degree from Oklahoma State University in Fashion Design and Production Management. Her first jobs were in NYC with Mara Hoffman and Betsy Johnson, major fashion designers. She wanted out of NYC and was offered a job in Dallas with Fossil, where she has been the past six years.

Merritt graduated from OSU with a degree in Construction Management. He worked two summers at AU and two summers with Pankow Builders in Honolulu. They hired him three months before he graduated. He has been with them nine years on ten major projects in Honolulu and LA. He is now a Sr. Superintendent on The Edition, a 17-story luxury hotel in LA. Check them out on LinkedIn.

Both Deb and I are Class taught, have served as First and Second Readers in our branch church, served as chairman of the board several times, served as SS teachers, served as Prin Club

officers, AU chapter advisors. Our love of Christian Science and the movement is 100%. I have had a lot of fun working and still work 50 hours per week and I am a good story teller. See you at the reunion!



Sara "Sally" (Simonson) Gray (C '69)

The first year after college I helped my mom sell our house in Dayton, Ohio and move to Houston, Texas in order to help my aunt with the care of my grandmother. While there, I was hired by Pan Am as a flight attendant. In Houston I worked for a construction company monitoring inventory and keeping salary records for the construction workers. I left there in April to go to training in Miami and was then based in Washington D.C. From Washington I flew to the Caribbean, London, Paris, and Frankfurt. In 1973 Pan Am laid off many "stewardesses," and I ended up commuting to New York where I flew to South America for the majority of my trips. After 4 years of flying, I took a job as a travel agent booking other peoples' vacations. Then back to Pan Am after another 4 years, where I started in reservations and ended up as a supervisor of a government ticket office at L'Enfant Plaza in D.C. (SATO Office for those of you who might know). I have vacationed in Japan, Hong Kong, Singapore, Thailand, Italy, Russia, China, and Rio. It was such an adventure!

I married my first husband in 1972, and we travelled the world on our vacations. We divorced in 1984. I met my current husband in 1985, and we married 2 years later. Bob was a Navy Commander whose specialty was EOD (Explosive Ordnance Disposal). In other words, he took bombs apart. He was responsible for most of the Navy ordnance shipped to Iraq during the first Gulf War. Since we were older, we decided to have children as soon as possible, and Rob was born in 1988 after we were married 11 months. Then we added our daughter, Laura in 1992. I left Pan Am after Rob was born to be a stay-at-home Mom, and Bob retired and took a job with a consulting company. The company he worked for was opening an office in Dallas, so we ended up moving to Texas in 1993. Bob retired from Bank of America 2 years ago where he was a VP of network security. In the interim, I have had many part time jobs from nursery school teacher to preparing tax returns for H&R Block, which I still do from January to the end of April.

Since I love to travel and Bob's family lives in California and mine in Ohio, (Mom moved back to Dayton after my grandmother died.), we bought a travel trailer and stopped at many locations in the U.S. on our trips back and forth to visit relatives, plus our own vacations. We continue to visit our children, and now take our 5th Wheel when we head out to see them. Michael, my stepson, is a Major in the Army stationed at Ft. Hood outside of Austin, TX. Currently, he is on his 4th deployment in Poland. Our son Rob is in the Navy and is stationed in Norfolk where he is completing his training as a helicopter pilot. Laura went to Texas Tech in Lubbock and ended up staying there. She is a 3rd grade teacher in the public school system, and her husband is a fire fighter. All of the kids married their college sweethearts, and all of them bought new homes this last year. Currently, Michael and his wife are the only couple that have children. In fact, we just returned from celebrating our oldest granddaughter's 8th birthday. All of the kids purchased new homes this past year, and we have traveled the country this year helping them move. We feel we are experts at this point.

Life is good, and we look forward to seeing everyone next week



Beverly Greenley (US '65, C '69)

My career path after graduation took off in the opposite direction from where I thought it might! While seeking a permanent job, I met St. Louis attorney, Charles McCarter (US 44; C 50), at the wedding reception for our class-mates, Normie Andrews and Bob Keasey. With my short-term job ending, I was pretty desperate for a job. Charles was very desperately looking for office help – desperate enough to scrape the bottom of the barrel and hire me as his assistant. This was notwithstanding the fact I assured him that I knew nothing about office work, and it took me typing 60 to 70 pages in order to get a 10 page term paper having fewer than 25 white-outs! I agreed to help Charles temporarily with the full intention of finding a “real” job elsewhere.

Long story short (45 years long), this amazing attorney realized that, with the assistance of the precursor to a word processing computer, I could help him draft Wills, Trusts, Corporate documents and do other legal work. He became my mentor. After working with Charles for several years, he encouraged me to attend law school, invited me to be his law partner the same day we learned that I'd passed the Missouri bar exam, encouraged me to take the Illinois bar exam to become an Illinois lawyer as well as a Missouri lawyer, encouraged me to obtain an advanced law degree in Taxation, and was my law partner for over forty years.

Our law practice provided me over the years and still provides me the opportunity to help many Prin families and many former Professors of our class – what a switch to be counseling professors what to do! Speaking of professors, I too became one. In the early 1980s, I had a ball teaching income, estate and gift tax courses, as well as estate planning, at Stetson U. Law School in St. Petersburg, FL.

I must add that Charles and his dear wife of many years, Clarice Blanchard McCarter (US 46; C 50) and their two children, Kevin McCarter (US 74; C79), and Cheryl McCarter Hoffman (US 77; C 81), became family to me over the years. Yes, Cheryl Hoffman is the wife of our very own Todd Hoffman. Of course Todd and the children of Todd and Cheryl, Danny and Teddy Hoffman (C 14) are a part of my family as well.

Several years after the passing of Clarice, Charles and I were married in the living room of our St. Louis home with my sister, Carol Greenley (US 69; C 73) and Todd, Cheryl, Danny and Teddy Hoffman participating in the joyous occasion. Unfortunately, our marriage ended after a couple of years with Charles' passing, however, I'm very grateful that my close relationship with Kevin and the Hoffmans continues. I am continuing to practice law full-time and enjoying it.

Can't wait to see everyone at the reunion!



Robert Hillman (C '69)

In the fall of 1969, having lost my college deferment from military service, I entered the Air Force, in the field of air intelligence. During my 4-year enlistment I lived in several locations in the U. S., including San Antonio, Denver, Clovis (NM) and Colorado Springs. Rather than being sent to Vietnam, I spent a year in Thailand at a base from which B-52 bombers and KC-135 refueling aircraft were launched. Except for the hot and humid climate, I enjoyed my time in

Thailand: its friendly people, interesting culture, exotic locales and slow pace of life. My time there inspired me in later years to amass a collection of Southeast Asian artifacts, including lacquer ware, textiles, bronze ware and wood carvings--which now fill my condo.

Somewhat at loose ends after my discharge from the Air Force in 1973, I lived for a year in my hometown, Bloomington, Illinois, and then for another year experiencing the exciting sights, sounds, culture and diversity of New York City--where my sister Beth also lived. From there I moved back to Illinois--specifically Springfield--to enroll in graduate school at a new institution then known as Sangamon State University. I imagine that I am probably the only person ever to move from New York City to attend Sangamon State University! I earned a masters degree there in a program I designed myself, entitled "Cultural Research"--don't ask! I then spent the next eight years working as a researcher, writer and development specialist with Southern Illinois University.

During these years I developed an interest in historical research--specifically local history--and also genealogical research. Because I spent much of my free time engaged in these pursuits, I thought that there might be a way to forge a career different from the course I was on. So, in 1986, I enrolled at Brigham Young University, in Provo, Utah, in the field of library science, with the intention of becoming a genealogy librarian. Upon receipt of an MLS degree, and wanting to live in Salt Lake City, I found employment there, not as a librarian, but as the corporate archivist for an engineering company.

While I enjoyed the mountains and natural wonders of Utah, the sunny and dry climate, and the research facilities available there, I returned to the prairie state, the Land of Lincoln, in 1989, for a position on the faculty of Eastern Illinois University, in Charleston. I spent the next 25 years there as the University Archivist and as a reference librarian. My work provided me daily opportunities to help students, faculty and members of the public with their research. Also, because my facility housed a collection of permanently valuable courthouse records from East-central Illinois, many of my patrons at the University Archives were genealogists. So, I did, at least in part, realize my goal of becoming a genealogy librarian. Over the years I also had a chance to pursue some of my own research interests. I retired from my position at EIU in 2014, and two years later moved to Asheville, North Carolina, where my sister and our mother also now live.

As a resident of Asheville, I purchase an annual membership to the Biltmore Estate, one of the largest private homes ever built in the U.S. I enjoy the ambience of this 125,000 acre estate and the activities available there each year. Among my other interests, I enjoy artsy and independent films, and, fortunately, Asheville has two artsy theaters, with a total of five screens. In addition, I attend each year the Roger Ebert Film Festival, in Champaign, Illinois--Roger Ebert's hometown. At this festival I spend time with some of my best friends and former colleagues. Here in Asheville, I enjoy taking classes at the local college for seniors, and also attending various musical and theatre events. While at Prin, I contemplated briefly becoming an art historian, and traveling the world regularly as part of my career. Well, over the years I have experienced precious little foreign travel--the most recent being a trip to Italy two years ago. However, as part of my job as a librarian and archivist, I have travelled all over the U. S. attending

conferences and exploring. I look forward to our 50th reunion, and the chance to enjoy time with some of my former classmates.



Todd Hoffman (US '65, C '69)

Almost three months after graduating from Prin College, I found myself one dark near midnight hour looking up at a big sign as I stepped off a bus at Fort Dix. “Welcome to the Home of the Ultimate Weapon”.

For several days I wondered around the question “how is the US Army going to make me, a draftee — this good Christian boy — into a weapon?” The Army had that technique down: first make him mad; then scare him to death; finally — give him a gun.

More than any successes I had at Prin, I think my many failures provided me with clues on how to forge ahead through this dark experience. And while I conscientiously objected to the war in Vietnam — what I was being trained to violently prosecute — I found that I could fulfill my duties and faithfully serve my country without becoming a weapon. Answered prayer: I served out my time as a First Lieutenant at Fort Riley, KS — home of the Seventh Calvary — where they awaited Custer’s return.

After the Army, I married a wonderful woman and moved to Hermosa Beach — “coolsville” California. With the GI Bill’s help I went back to grad school — USC. While getting a teaching certification — I still loved history — I was recruited into a masters program. During an interview with the Dean of the School of Education, I expressed my *dyslexic* doubt about academia . The Dean looked at me disapprovingly but smiling — “Todd — what’s the worry — I’ve been to Principia — *I know Principia* — and therefore, I know that you can write.” Thank you Principia.

After three years we moved back East, but my wife decided to leave —family and kids were not going to be her journey. With a recession going full bore, I thought I’d try to make a go at being a documentary photographer in Boston. “*History*” of a sort.

I freelanced at photography for almost ten years.

Henrietta Buckmaster, a wonderful author and political activist who was Editor of the *Home Forum* page of **TCSM**, published my first photo in 1976. She became my mentor and champion. Ten years later, another strong woman, Kay Fanning, the Editor of **TCSM** hired me as The Photo Editor of the paper. Being a small cog in the great winding wheel of that team at that time was such a privilege. And a joy. Thank you Henrietta and Kay.

From 1975 — ’89 I lived in the South End of Boston — a wonderful Victorian neighborhood “south of the tracks”. I loved and learned a lot as a *minority* white guy in the rich mix of humanity of the South End, and I bought an old 18th Century house on Shawmut Avenue. I put a lot of sweat equity and love into the place. This house would be where I got married to my current “Ticket to Ride” in life — Cheryl McCarter. And too, we had our first boy — Danny — on the second floor there at 463 Shawmut — the same room as bff, David Els, rented while first working for the **CSPS** several years earlier.

After **The Monitor** blew up and Kay Fanning and her senior editors left the paper, Cheryl, Danny, Gus (our Golden puppy) and I moved to a pot-holed dirt road in the woods of southern Maine, where we still live today — in a circa 1774 Cape. We keep our dried cord wood and hay for the winter in our barn. And there is the John Deere tractor and bush hog, my chain saw and

weed-whacker and chipper and a generator, along with Cheryl's 4 horses and our barn cat, Miss Hobbs. A new Blue Heeler puppy is the Sheriff. (Who'd have thought I'd end up on 100+ acres, cutting wood for a lot of our heat, fixing endless pasture fences, bring in the hay for the horses — and too, taking a lot of horse-puckey out each spring to feed the hay field?)

But most importantly on the farm — in 1992, we had our second boy, Teddy — the fourth Theodore on the Hoffman side.

While I was professionally at a loss when moving north from Boston — **The Monitor** job was the only job I ever really wanted — Cheryl was working with the Filene Center — a public policy think tank at Tufts University. It was a great job for her, but horses, it turned out, were her future. Gratefully, I was quickly offered a teaching job in the Journalism School at BU. It was a long commute — but not daily. Then, a year later, **Salt Institute of Documentary Studies** in Portland, Maine offered me a job. I was Director of Photography there for almost ten years.

By the end of '99, I decided to take a rest from my professional documentary work and follow new paths for a few years. I became first reader at church. I wanted to continue as chair of our town planning board. And too, I was newly recruited to the board of a six town land trust in southern Maine. There seemed many new and different ways to get into trouble.

Happily — our town planning board won some big satisfying judgements against Verizon and US Cellular — keeping those unsightly towers out of our view sheds.

Our land trust has conserved over six thousand acres over the last 25 years and Cheryl and I will be putting a conservation easement on our property as soon as I can get off the board.

One last observation for now. As I pull my photo work together and into shape for whatever its next life will be, I've learned a long overdue lesson. In 1978, I was invited back to Principia College to show 35 of my framed images in Brooks Gallery, give a talk, and participated in urban studies workshops with the Sociology Department. At the last minute, I was invited by the Art Department for a luncheon seminar. Jim Schmidt, the Art Department Chair, opened the session asking me which Principia art courses had informed my photography? Silence. Then, I explained that I was a self taught photographer. (Full disclosure — both older and younger brothers are convinced they taught me all I know.) I had never taken a graphic art course in my life — let alone a photography class. That "chuckle" led to a fun exchange of ideas and experiences. But now — 40 years later, looking at my work — now as *history* — I am humbled to realize — ***I should have said*** — "what informed my work were all those Dr. Hosmer slide shows in his classes documenting America's architectural history — "*the presence of the past!*" Thank you Doctor Hosmer. I'm still learning to see.

And too, I thank all the class of '69 and others, for all the sharing and patience over the decades you've passed my way. Even those gifts I was not *consciously* aware of at the time — like our Doc Hosmer's. I am grateful.



Herb King (US '65, C '69)

In 1969 a few days after graduation I headed to NYC. My ride was with my then girlfriend, Sally Miner. She dropped me off and I started my short lived career in banking, as a trainee for Irving Trust Bank in lower Manhattan. Five months later

I resigned and went to work for the CS Monitor in space sales calling on advertising agencies. Six months later I moved on to work for Hearst in their King Features Syndicate division. I always wanted to work for a syndicate. LOL! In 1970 Sally and I got engaged and married and she moved to NY and we took an apartment in Scarsdale. She taught elementary level in Ossining NY while I worked at King Features as their youngest sales person selling filler material to newspapers throughout PA and Ohio and all of New England. Five years later I transitioned into broadcast tv time sales. But before I got the job I was told I had to have broadcast sales experience outside of NYC, but I decided I didn't want to move or take the time to get the experience so after 53 interviews and 18 months I got the job I wanted.

Sally worked in teaching as she did before marrying me, but then worked in retail clothing as we tried to begin our family. Finally, lol after four years of marriage we had the first of our five children! Katy, Peter, John, James and Molly...all named after books of the Bible. This is the Herb King version of the King James Version. I always thought women were short changed. So Katy and Molly are my two favorite women's book names.

We lived in Scarsdale, Poundridge NY, Greenwich, Cos Cob, and Darien, CT. Then transferred to Jacksonville FL for eight wonderful years growing the tv broadcast business in FL and developing an awesome group of CS and business friends, that remain very special to me and my kids today. Then it was back to NYC again for four years till I resigned and we moved back to Sally's home city of St Louis and put all five kids into Prin where they all attended and graduated from the college...never guessed that'd happen. But so grateful in retrospect.

Bought my Dad's fledgling company and grew it over the next thirty years, King Innovation. Then four years ago three co-founders and I joined together to start a software business. It's now working with the world's top tech companies introducing Presence detection using radio frequency and replacing motion sensors. It turns lighting and other devices on and off as you request, HVAC as well. Saves enormous energy as well as provides security and data at very little cost. It won the BEST OF IOT award at this years 2018 Consumer Electronics Show in Vegas where the world's largest companies premiere their latest tech.

My greatest accomplishments are what Sally and I did together...our five kids! Katy King McKinney started her own school last year as an affiliated school to Hillsdale College in Michigan. Peter is a web designer, motivational leader, coach and small business owner and like his sister, Katy, lives in St Louis. John King lives in Denver is single, owns his own fitness and weightless company. His sister Molly

lives in Frisco CO and skis in the winter and travels the world in the summer...LOL and works from her laptop for several startups specializing in web design and content. James lives in Jacksonville, FL with his wife and two children and owns his own financial planning company.

At 71 I'm blessed with five children, two with spouses, seven grandkids and tons of opportunity to give back to the world. It's most gratifying to make memories with my kids and grandkids and have them join me in finding ways to create value for others.

Feeling grateful and anxious to see my fellow classmates at this year's reunion. So many happy memories!



Toni (Vecchione) Kyriakakis (C '69)

I'm still living on Long Island which is somewhat of a surprise to me...

After college I spent nearly ten years teaching, getting a Master's degree, living for several years in Manhattan, and traveling on school vacations.

I met my husband while on vacation in Palm Beach, Florida. He is Greek and has owned several small diners on Long Island. We raised our two daughters here, yet have taken innumerable trips to Greece over the years, particularly to the island of Crete. On other school vacations we headed south to Hilton Head, SC where my mother, grandmother, and sister and her family lived for many years.

Amelia, a Prin grad, has lived and worked in France since college, most recently at a University in Lille. She visits several times a year and we have joined her in Europe at other times. Katerina, her boyfriend, and our grand dog live nearby. She went to Pratt Institute and teaches art on Long Island. Both daughters have Master's degrees. They are very different, but both lovely young women.

I left teaching after twenty-nine happy years, helped my mom move nearby, and we all enjoyed having her with us. I played bridge with her, and started painting classes during that time (a hobby I have grown to love). During this life-adventure I've been very involved with church work and practicing Christian Science ...which has been at the core of everything.



Doug Lyons (US '65, C '69)

Wow, what I didn't know at Prin graduation in 1969 about what was yet to come in my life (or still is yet to come, for that matter). Like every other graduate, marriage, career, family, and future geographical locations were a mystery. So, here's a quick overview of how those things unfolded for me.

My wife Barbara, an educational publishing consultant and French literature Ph.D., and I will celebrate our forty-seventh wedding anniversary in June. Our son, Robert, a senior IT developer for the Maricopa County Superior Court, lives in Phoenix about a half-hour from us. We have a lot to be grateful for and proud about regarding our family.

After receiving an MBA from Northwestern University (along with Prin classmates Harley Gates, Rich Gould, and Chuck Marien), I spent my career in banking, credit, corporate financial consulting, and commercial lending. This required some relocation and job reinvention to compensate for changes in the economy, mergers, technology transformation, and big organization politics affecting the industry. During my career, I worked for eight banks and the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation in nine cities ranging from London and New York west to Montana. The longest stints were in New York, and Columbus, and Cleveland, OH. I was fortunate to be able to retire in 2013 on my own schedule as Chief Credit Officer for a family owned community bank in Montana, which required assistance to recover from 2008-9 recession.

Now I am president of our condominium homeowners' association here in Scottsdale, AZ, and dealing with getting our twenty-four buildings re-roofed and painted. I am active in the local Rotary Club and enjoy singing in community groups and taking courses through Osher Lifelong Learning at Arizona State University. I have also done some adjunct teaching at local colleges. Barbara and I are enjoying together the flexibility retirement offers, including interesting opportunities to explore local cultural offerings and expanded opportunities for travel in the U.S. and abroad. Of course, I am especially excited to see what opportunities are yet to come!

Doug Lyons
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Barbara (Neumann) MacDonald (C '69)

Here's my story, one that has taken my family and me from one coast to another, including years in the Midwest. After graduating from Principia and spending one year teaching 2nd grade north of Chicago in Wilmette, Illinois where I grew up, I headed to Southern California where I'd dreamed of living since high school, influenced by the Beach Boys and frigid Chicago winters. Soon after, I met and married Craig Simmonds, an Upper School graduate born and raised in SoCal, and found myself, living the life! For the first seven years of marriage, we traveled some, and I taught grades three through six in Burbank, California before we started our family, which includes a wonderful son and daughter. At one point, Craig said, with great satisfaction, that they were the best thing he ever did! Both of them have two young children and are my reason for traveling to Seattle and OKC.

After nineteen years of marriage, sadly, Craig passed on, and I decided to leave sunny Southern California and head to St. Louis where an aunt, cousin, and Craig's sister lived, and where I knew the kids would benefit from the educational opportunities at Principia. The few years prior to moving from California had been rough, and the next few years, adjusting to life in a new state away from my supportive mother-in-law, were not easy either. But there were many bright spots! The move relocated me closer to my parents who had retired to New Hampshire. After taking some classes, I earned a Missouri teaching credential and was hired to work at the Principia Lower School teaching third grade. The children blossomed at the Middle School and Upper School!

Seven years later, things changed once again! This time the circumstances were happy ones! I married Scott MacDonald, a Principia College graduate, who I had met during summers

in New Hampshire. He moved from the East Coast to join me in St. Louis where we lived for a few years before moving to southern New Hampshire where we have been for the last sixteen years. I really enjoyed the continuation of my teaching career for twelve more years in a public school in a rural New Hampshire community.

When Scott and I married, my little family of three expanded to eight! All six children were grown at the time, and soon we were planning lots of weddings! Last fall, we welcomed our tenth grandchild into our growing family fold!

One of the constants during the years that took me across the country, was my elementary school teaching in Illinois, California, Missouri, and New Hampshire. Now, I'm in my third year of retirement, allowing more opportunities for travel to St. Louis, OKC, and Seattle where our out-of-state families live. I love having evenings and weekends to call my own!

Islands have become an important part of our life! Scott and I honeymooned on Nantucket, and now we spend our summers at our "camp" on an island on Lake Winnepesaukee, accessed only by boat. It's a place of quiet and peace, void of street noise and screen time. The grandchildren entertain themselves running around the woods, climbing rocks, swimming, and boating. It's unadorned playtime, bringing out creativity in the kids and locking in close family relationships

Monhegan Island, ten miles off the coast of Maine, is also a special place to us where Scott proposed, and his family has had a home since his parents retired there. This is a spot that also gives us that sense of peace you can't get on the mainland.

Through the years, I've stayed in close touch with some supportive Prin friends whose friendships continue to enrich my life, and Scott and I have been very involved in church work.

So that's my story - not what I would have outlined or imagined, but full and satisfying. I look forward to sitting down with some of you during our reunion and recalling events of those treasured college years!



Ann (Carr) Mackey (C '69)

After graduating from Principia in 1969, I spent the summer in Boston living with Sharon U'ren and Toni Linnig in Back Bay and working at The Mother Church. In the fall Toni and I started school at Katherine Gibbs. The next school year I was back at Principia working in the Admissions Office, and the fall after that I started law school at Washington University in St. Louis. I practiced law for a couple of years in Mt. Vernon, Illinois, and Springfield, Illinois, and since 1987 I have been a lawyer in Indianapolis, eventually specializing in employee benefits. I am retiring at the end of 2018.

I have two grandsons, ages 1 and 3, who are such a delight.



Jack Mathis (C '69)

1969 Went to work for Security Pacific Bank in and around Newport Beach, CA

1971 Married to Jenny McDowell (C '71)

1973 Moved to Laguna Niguel, CA

1975 Completed MBA Pepperdine, obtained real estate license, and switched to Community Bank, Anaheim

1977 CFO and CEO Phoenicia Furniture Mfg
1979 Stephanie Joy, our precious daughter born
1980 Formed Uni-Source Financial, then Omni Source Financial, Inc. and associated with financial firm in Beverly Hills; CEO of Pension Properties Trust, an REIT specializing in real estate loans
1982 Opened private office in Laguna Niguel
1997 Stephanie off to Wellesley College
1999 Separation and divorce
2000 Moved to Aliso Viejo, CA
2001 Stephanie graduates from Wellesley Summa Cum Laude and goes to work as consultant in Boston
2005 Moved part time to Miami Beach; Stephanie to Philadelphia for graduate school
2007 Stephanie graduates Wharton MBA and goes to work for Unilever in New York City
2010 Married LeChi Huynh and became residents of Florida; Stephanie moves back to Boston to be with boyfriend and work for Nestle subsidiary
2012 Moved to Pauma Valley, CA
2015 Stephanie married Jeffrey in St. John, USVI and Alexander (the Greatest) Mathis Schwartz born in November; moved back to Orange County, CA
2016 Many trips between Boston and California so Alexander can visit Pop and Baba

Apologies in advance... some of us, while not trying to be erudite, cannot think or write about life without waxing philosophical and borrowing liberally from our literary/metaphysical antecedents (readers will know who they are).

Human history: Under revision.

A simple chronology of events doesn't really describe a life. The story of Love's forgiveness is the real story of Life, but we cannot tell it in a few paragraphs. The true story lives between and outside the lines of human history, so we write down a few highlights (and lowlights) and allow the real story to tell itself in other ways. It seems a story needs to have at least some kind of universal message, even if hidden, or it may not be worth telling, but each of our days and all of our lives are pieces of an unfolding prayer.

When beginning this chronology, it was somewhat upsetting, reviewing and trying to summarize and make any sense of the human experience because a lot of it seemed like an old discarded dream, not really relevant any longer. Of course, the love was real, but everything else was just a series of course corrections to get back onto the straight and narrow, out of a false ego and back into right consciousness.

Searching for new harmony...

The anticipation of graduation from the citadel above Elsay could not soften the shock as the outside world came rudely knocking. Staying on the strangely quiet campus through the summer of '69 with Mark Courson, reviewing and hanging onto the past while contemplating the future and painting ghostly dormitories, only postponed the inevitable student loan payments looming just months ahead. It took those several months to completely recover from graduation, but Southern California, though not eastward, was the chosen Mecca. The VeeDubya was loaded with the few worldly belongings of a neophyte graduate and pointed westward for a non-stop run that ended where the I-10 loses its pavement near the Santa Monica pier. A motel was rented, sleep was welcomed by reddened eyes, and the following morning a serendipitous career was chosen in the LA Times want-ads, second column... "B" for banking. An interview was set up by a headhunter who made fun of the cheap suit in frightening downtown La La land, and the Security Pacific banker who somehow knew and liked Principians had only one question, "where do you want to work?" Without hesitation, "Newport Beach!" was the answer. Happy memories were still lingering of those warm nights and beachy days spent on and around Newport's Balboa Island during 1967's "Summer of Love", including the seemingly obligatory journey to Haight-Ashbury along Ventura Highway in Courson's flowered, wallpapered VW with Sgt. Pepper as background music. Our strongest drug had been our own illusions.

So where's the kingdom?

That was easy. Some things got harder after that, but living on Ruby Street on Balboa Island with Bob McCollom, who also worked with the same bank (they even paid 50 bucks for the referral), and hanging out nights and weekends with Mark Courson and Jon Jarvis helped postpone the pressure to begin growing up. Bob did his best counseling, but soon married Sandy Wendland, so marriage to wonderful college sweetheart Jenny McDowell in 1971 seemed the next logical step toward an illusive maturity.

His will be done...

Jenny taught school and after we moved to a newly developing beachside community called Laguna Niguel in 1973, new educational processes were undertaken with a crash Master's Degree from Pepperdine while working at the bank as well as a series of courses with the Free Enterprise Institute (FEI) that changed the direction of life. Soon after and as a result of that, a Jerry Maguire moment and letter to management at Security Pacific Bank led from consumer banking to commercial banking and then into a CFO job at a waterbed manufacturer. That was a bizarre, but short-lived three years, and contacts made at FEI along with the further impetus of a seemingly innate entrepreneurial urge led to an independent contractor gig in 1980 with a diversified financial firm in Beverly Hills for several years. However, the rigorous commute, elastic ethics and challenging relationships at Wilshire and Linden (one floor below Harvey Weinstein and two floors above Michael Milken) resulted in the opening of a more sane and solitary office near home in Laguna Niguel in 1982.

Grace and affection...

Most importantly during this time, the Joy of our lives, Stephanie Joy, was born while curtains were being hung in our new home in Laguna Niguel in July, 1979. She seemed to come effortlessly into our world and has never disappointed. Her nurturing and education became a paramount concern of ours, but most of the good, hard work was done by Jenny.

Finding forgiveness...

Business had its ups and downs, but even though Orwell was a few decades premature, our 1984 ended in a nightmare descent into uncertainty with a phone call during Thanksgiving at dinner on a hilltop in Virgin Gorda informing us that an important financial endeavor was unbeknownst to us a huge Ponzi scheme.

Much prayerful work and class instruction was followed by a financial windfall that more than righted our ship. A period of serving on the boards of our local church, CS Association, and the Willows Foundation, as well as teaching Sunday School, followed while building our dream home in 1989, literally "Casa de Sueños", on the bluffs over the Pacific.

Lead us not...

Though Reality ever prevails, all dreams eventually end, and after divorce in '99, ten plus years of single life followed. Our daughter was away at Wellesley College at the time and has been an East Coast resident ever since... Boston, Philadelphia, New York City, and now back in Boston. Stephanie spent her Junior year at Aix-en-Provence, and a highlight was spending Christmas Eve with her in Vatican Square and welcoming in the 21st century on New Year's Eve in Paris.

Stephanie married a wonderful guy named Jeffrey on St. John in June, 2015. We love to visit them in their Back Bay brownstone where we can see the Mother Church dome from the patio. More importantly, Alexander Mathis Schwartz (Alexander the Greatest to me) soon arrived on the scene, and he loves to fly JetBlue to visit "Pop and Baba" in California.

But deliver us...

Backing up in the narrative, an incidental trip to a favorite gourmet luncheon at Taco Bell in 2004 led to an answer to a prayer disguised as a chance encounter with an angel named LeChi (the future "Baba"). She was initially put off by the sometimes aggressive side of nature, but four years and the gradual revelation of a kinder, gentler side led to a "yes" to a date and a diviner relationship, which two years later became a marriage of concepts in 2010. Though still untamed animal spirits and unresolved faults have resulted in a few minor bumps in the road, that ascending highway has become smoother and with challenges met, love has deepened.

Toward the Kingdom...

The road toward the setting sun that began in that VW so many lifetimes ago continues as we pursue that glorious unending light that illumines our universe.

We will turn eastward this June, not from weariness of the journey, but to reunite with old friends who, though they may not have taken parallel journeys, share our destiny and our common destination.

Amen



Bob McCollom (C '69)

Career

After graduation I returned to my hometown, San Diego. At the time, I was clueless on a career, but thought Uncle Sam would come knocking on my door and I would be drafted into military service. That would give me a couple of years to figure out life and a job. While I waited for my "Uncle", I worked, traveled east to visit Prin friends and had an epiphany along the way that I wanted to pursue a career in banking. In October 1969 I was hired by Security Pacific National Bank for their management training program. Held various positions in both the retail and wholesale divisions of the bank and 34 years later retired. However, retirement only lasted 3 months as I transitioned from the corporate world into an entrepreneurial role. Once a hobby designing home entertainment systems, I decided to start a part-time consulting firm servicing the low voltage industry. In 2004, it evolved into forming a full service custom audio/video installation company servicing Orange County, CA. Closed the company down in 2012 and have been fully retired ever since.

Family

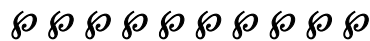
Sandy Wendland C'70 and I married in August 1970. We were together for 18 years and had one son, Mark who is almost 44 and lives in Oregon. He owns a ServiceMaster carpet cleaning business and is still single. I, too was single for most of my 40's, but reconnected with an old friend and former neighbor, Susie Foss. While some told me not to marry a woman with 3 teenagers living at home, I chose to take the plunge and help her raise her kids. Lindsay is now 41 with a 9 yr old son and works in public relations; Byron is 37, works in commercial real estate and married with 3 children: Lilly-7, Evie-5 & Bennett-16 mos. The youngest is Erick, 35 who developed a passion for grapes and now works for a winery in Lompoc, CA. Being a parent/grandparent has been challenging at times, but a wonderful experience.

Military

Back in the early 70's, the Selective Service System finally tracked me down and wanted to draft me. As I had a good job and a spouse, I chose to enlist in the US Army Reserve with only 6 months of active duty. Being a "Weekend Warrior" was a way for me to serve my country at home. I started as a private, rose through the enlisted ranks and in 1979, President Jimmy Carter "Direct-Commissioned" me to 1st Lieutenant. I spent 14 yrs in the active reserve and retired as a Captain in 1991.

Retirement

Since retiring from the business world in 2012, I have spent my time playing golf, listening to good music, helping our daughter raise a son who lost his dad, spending time with family and helping my wife with her real estate business. Life over the past 50 years has been exhilarating, challenging with the bumps we all experience along the way. I cherish the 4 years I spent in Elsayh and look forward to seeing many of you at 50th Reunion in June.



Doug McCormick (C '69)

Biggest influences on my life? Principia is definitely one of them, but also my stint in the Navy, my experience with technology companies, and now working with the homeless. I'm finding the thread that ties them all together is learning more about "growth in grace".



Prin is where I met Kristen (Friberg) and we were married shortly after I got out of the Navy. Both our children went to Prin and they loved it as much as we did. Prin was where I began to love Christian Science. And living in Buck House with some truly great guys holds many treasured memories and taught me many lessons. After Prin, I started my MBA

at UCLA but I was led to enlist in the Navy. Good idea ... because I received my draft notice one day after I was accepted into the Navy. Officer Candidate School (OCS) in Newport, RI was transformative for me. I was frustrated because my plan for my life was to start my career in Information Technology. From the outset at OCS they told us to forget our plans and that we were there to learn to drive ships – nothing else. So after much prayer I finally accepted that I wasn't in charge of my "plan", and began to truly appreciate all the people around me and the school. Turns out my class at OCS graduated at the same time as Annapolis, and those new officers took all the ship jobs. I mentioned to my detailer that I had a background in computers, and much to my surprise ... he sent me to the R&D lab in San Diego where information systems were developed for the fleet! So I lived on the beach in La Jolla and worked in Point Loma – I was in Nirvana.

I eventually became a Lieutenant and when I got out of the Navy I finished my MBA. My first job after that was in '74 as a management consultant with what is now Accenture. Later I became Director of Information Systems for Packard Bell, and then VP of Information Systems for Xircom – until it was acquired by Intel. After that I became CIO for Panavision. The growth for me during those years was not only in constantly learning new technologies, but more importantly in learning from some brilliant leaders.

I expected in my retirement that I'd be gardening and playing golf every day. That's not quite the way it has been working out. I thought about getting a Landscape Architect degree but instead I found myself learning about sustainable landscape design from various designers. Who knew there's a whole biosphere in the ground that we need to learn about in order to think more largely about? Who knew that learning about the characteristics of each plant (let alone the botanical name) was so complex? But in the midst of this work I was asked to lead a Task Force on Homelessness in our part of Los Angeles, namely Pacific Palisades. As we all know, there is much to learn about trying to solve the homelessness issue. However, our work over the past two years has resulted in finding housing for over 75% of the homeless who will engage with us. The growth for me in these last few years has been more satisfying than I ever expected. It has been in learning how to motivate a community – not to *complain* about a problem – but to work together to *solve* a complex problem.

And all this growth in grace may have started at Principia. :)



Kristen (Friberg) McCormick (C '69)

What a humbling exercise! To collapse forty-nine years of life into a few paragraphs . . . is that a lesson or what?! I guess there's a perfect parallel in a revelation I had some years ago as we were driving away from our house with two carloads of belongings in voluntary evacuation in the face of the nearby Malibu wildfire of 1993. I asked myself, as I looked back, "If this is what is dearest to us, what the heck is all that we're leaving behind!?"

So, from one viewpoint, here's what's gone on in my life since 1969.

June, 1969 – August, 1972 – Returned to California after a 7-week post-graduation camping trip through Alaska with Gail Osherenko and Carol DeWindt Agle (both C69). Toyed with staying there, but returned to St. Louis. Took a variety of temp jobs then, in Spring, 1970, rendezvoused with Robin Jurs (C71) in Tel Aviv and Eurailed through Europe for three months following the sun north – during which adventure one day I turned around in Syntagma Square in Athens and literally tripped over a baby stroller pushed by . . . Karen Anderson Kistler (C68) who was port-hopping southern Europe following John (C?) as he and the US fleet toured the Mediterranean! I L*O*V*E these small-world experiences!

Went straight to work for Adventure Unlimited on my return and continued there (St. Louis headquarters and Colorado camps) through August, 1972.

Fall, 1972 – Spring, 2012 - Moved from Colorado to Santa Monica, California. Roomed with Susi DeWindt Talkington (C71), three blocks away from Carol DeWindt Agle (C69). That Fall I began work as an Assistant Registrar at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art (LACMA) handling the administrative details of traveling exhibitions (both those organized by LACMA and those shared with other organizing institutions). Not long after Susi and I found a great rental with an ocean (six blocks away) view, Doug McCormick moved in nearby to attend UCLA and get his MBA on the GI Bill. We married in April, 1974.

I continued to work at LACMA until Spring, 1978, when I left pending our daughter Kate's (C'00) birth that summer. Our son, Todd (C'03) was born in 1981. For five years I loved being a stay-at-home mom – so grateful to have the support of a baby-sitting co-op of mostly other CS moms (including Carol DeWindt [Fuller] Agle, Susi DeWindt Miller, Ginny McCormick Kehe, among others).

I returned to work in 1983 for an LA commercial real estate brokerage (church connection). Started as receptionist, then admin assistant. Was introduced to Wordstar (!!) and Lotus123 (!!). In 1986 I moved to The Macerich Company as executive assistant to the founder and chairman of the board, as well as office manager. They went public in 1994 and grew from 35 people on one floor to 200+ on four floors. Getting to know each one as they joined the company reminded me of my camp counselor days, minus the clipboard! I do recall asking myself early on, "Do we really need a fax machine?" And, 27 years later, asking, "Do we *still* need a fax machine?"

2012 to date – Our son, Todd, married in July, 2012. Sadly, our daughter Kate, passed on in September, 2012 in northern California. We think of her daily with great love.

In the Spring of 2013 I retired from Macerich after 27 years and began working two days/week for my boss's daughter at her home office, continuing to handle her personal office work and the closing of her father's estate.

In March, 2015, our granddaughter, Skye Katherine Savren-McCormick was born. Doug and I are now blessed to be able to spend three days a week in Ventura with Skye and Todd (her stay-at-home-Papa whose wife is a teacher) - just an hour away from us.

Ongoing

- Doug and I are both deeply involved in church. We've both been 1st Readers, teach Sunday School, love taking part in a weekly discussion of the Bible Lesson (something we couldn't do until we retired), and serve on all the committees that everyone else does. I/we would love a pub/round-table conversation with others about church/SS/Bible translations . . . ???
- L.A. Phil – We coordinate our season tix with Gail Osherenko and her husband so we can be sure of seeing one another at least every month or so during the concert season.

- Gardens in general, and English gardens in particular – three trips so far (two with Ron Krisel (C70) and his wife, Nancy)
- Reading (lots), crossword puzzles (my boss’s fault, who did the NYT and WSJ in ink)
- Getting rid of all the stuff we’ve accumulated while living in the same house for 37 years (see paragraph one.) Guiding principle (thank you, Marie Kondo): **“Does it spark joy?”**



Mike McCreary (C '69)



As a techie adolescent with long term techie plans, little did I predict that I would end up going to Principia College, nor the benefits it would later bring me. My interest in science began in grammar school. It was the era of the space race and I was especially fascinated by the space launches and scientists who made them possible. As a Georgia youth, I had set up a laboratory in our dirt basement with my chemistry set, batteries, wires and a microscope. I received “Things of Science” kits in the mail and even followed directions to make my own working solar cells by assembling a small brick diffusion furnace in the backyard, buying hydrofluoric acid for etching at the local drug store, and soldering on the electrical leads. HF is outrageously dangerous unavailable to consumers today, but luckily I survived this phase.

In high school, I developed an interest in photography and became the yearbook and newspaper photographer, developing and printing all of the B&W pictures myself. My parents had picked the best Georgia public high school district, and I was able to cram in two years of physics, two of chemistry, electronics, biology, and math through calculus. But my expectations were dashed when I was put on the waiting list for my first college choice Princeton. My older sister Judith had such good things to say about Principia, I decided to abandon my backup school Georgia Tech and attend Prin.

In retrospect, it turned out to be the best pathway I could have chosen to prepare me for my future career. Instead of a narrow technical education, I learned to think broadly and appreciate other cultures and religions. Rackham West enforced academic discipline and teamwork, but also broke out from the norm with ample adventures that pushed the rules to the limits. It was excellent training for a later transition from a scientist to management in a startup company trying to change the world. I gained a stronger sense of discipline and teamwork from sports (swim team), but perhaps most importantly, the excellent technical academic training I needed for success in graduate school. Thanks go especially to Profs. Gene Shultz in chemistry and Tom Holzberlein in physics.

After graduation, I left Prin to attend graduate school at MIT. Cambridge MA was very different from Elsah Illinois! It was a tumultuous time with multi-hundred thousand person antiwar protests on the Boston Commons, Harvard Square store windows smashed, MIT dormitories tear gassed by the police, and having to sneak back to my apartment from the labs at midnight to

avoid being arrested for breaking the town curfew. I had decided to go start MIT during the summer of 1969 to get a head start before the fall courses. In August, fellow Westie Larry Groce came by in his VW bug to visit and invited me to join him at a music festival. I was feeling overwhelmed with what I needed to get done and declined. Thus I missed.... you guessed it... Woodstock.

The graduate work went well, even resulting in a patent for a commercial chemical product, and I even received modest royalties from the Institute. I completed my PhD in Physical Organic Chemistry in 1974, and as the special bonus I met my future wife-to-be Carol only a few months before completing my degree. The first several dates included running, biking on Martha's Vineyard, and white water canoeing in NH. So she knew what she was getting into and still did not run the other way. A good sign, and we have continued our adventures even to today. Upon graduation, I only considered two choices for employment: Polaroid and Kodak. Either one would combine my love of chemistry, science, and photography. I had walked past Polaroid to the MIT lab every day for 3 years, but they were not hiring, so I was very relieved when Kodak made me an offer since I did not have plan C. Carol joined me in the move to Rochester NY, and we were married a year later in her home town of Cape Elizabeth Maine.

It was 1974 and I started work at Kodak in its heyday as a photographic scientist in Ektachrome, and later in the development of the Kodak Instant Photography system. However Polaroid filed a patent lawsuit against Kodak. I was an inventor of some of the instant photography patents and was deposed, but Polaroid won the lawsuit in 1985 and the whole project was shut down. Thus after only 11 years at Kodak, I was again forced to think about my future career. It was the dawn of the revolution of digital imaging, and I decided to go back to school for extra courses at the Rochester Institute of Technology in electronics, solid state physics, and device physics. I then started over as an engineer in the Charge Couple Device laboratory at Kodak, which were the CCD chips that replace film in a digital camera. A couple years later I ran the microelectronics R&D laboratory, then I was asked to develop the marketing and sales force for the devices and took some training at the U Penn Wharton Business School. Eventually I became General Manager of the CCD business. The chips we made were used in the commercial satellite that discovered the Pakistani nuclear effort, for digitizing many of the Disney animated movies including Beauty and the Beast, Lion King, for capturing the images from the first Mars rover, and the CCDs that enabled the first professional Nikon and Canon digital cameras.

It was a fun time for Carol and me, with invitations to space launches, Disney movie premiers, and other fun events. Carol worked as an ergonomist at Kodak and gave birth to our daughter Michelle and our son Kevin. We learned, we travelled, and we grew as a family. But, with the growth of digital photography, the Kodak film business was in trouble. Coffee mugs at Kodak with slogans like "silver halide forever" no longer forecast the future. It is ironic since Kodak inventors have since been inducted into the Inventors Hall of Fame for the invention of the digital camera and OLEDs. But the technology was not leveraged into the new era and in 2000 I decided to accept an offer to head up R&D for E Ink, an MIT spinout and early startup that was developing electronic paper displays. After 27 years in Rochester, NY, we moved to the Boston area. It was a gamble but also a great new adventure for all of us.

After almost failing and spending over \$120M of investor money, E Ink gained real traction when Oprah went on TV and endorsed the Kindle with Amazon's CEO Jeff Bezos. After that sales skyrocketed. Today, E Ink daylight readable displays are used in the Kindle and pretty much every other electronic reader as well as for electronic shelf labels, watches, architectural applications, signs, and smart suitcases. We sold E Ink in 2009 to a Taiwanese company who has continued to invest heavily in the US operations. Today I am still working full time as Chief

Technical Officer, but now shifting my focus to the future from the everyday operations. It is time intensive with frequent travel to Asia, Europe, and Silicon Valley and while I try to twist Carol's arm to join me, she is selective when she agrees. But I am now also carving out time for vacation adventures with Carol each year including recently diving on the Great Barrier Reef, walking with the Penguins in Antarctica, up close to Komodo dragons in Indonesia, whitewater rafting in Chile, and seeing the ruins in Petra Jordan. Sadly, we take many pictures but we no longer contribute to Kodak profits for each film roll we buy and the pictures they print. The world moves on.

Some of the best times today are those when we are able to get the whole family together for holidays and time off now that our daughter Michelle and her family is in Florida. It is special just to relax and watch our grandson grow and develop. Or relax with Carol's Maine and NH family members at our family camp on an island in Lake Winnepesaukee NH.

Since my 5 siblings are now spread out across the country, it is rare that we are all together at the same time and place. They include three other Principians: Judith McCreary Felch (C'67) in Maine, Suzanne Shepard (C'71) in St. Louis, Patrick (C'73) teaching in New Mexico, Terry in Brighton Illinois, and youngest brother Tom in Hemet CA who just retired as Chief of the California Highway Patrol. Carol and I love New England and are here for the duration. We live just west of Concord MA and would be happy to see Principian friends when you are in the area. Best Wishes to you all and your loved ones.



Anne Corbett Moore (US '65, C '69)

When I first got the email asking me to tell my life story my reaction was "Good Grief!" My story? My life? Yikes! How to be honest and yet not offend everyone or humiliate myself at the same time. Mine has not been the traditional trail through life. But I do want to do this. Here goes.

The high school reunion three years ago also gave me a lot of trepidation – but it was WONDERFUL. So many ancient questions and hurts and quandaries got answered and explained and I felt so much love and support from all of the reunion classmates who had attended the Upper School and showed up in St. Louis in 2015. I know I will be glad I attended the class of 69 reunion at the college, too, but I face it with the trepidation that everyone will see how OLD I am!

To explain what happened to me after Prin college I have to dip into a bit of pre-history about the High School. At the high school reunion three years ago, several retired housefathers and teachers from mid-60's were enlightening and supportive about what had befallen the infamous young women of the Upper School class of '65. "You girls were amazing" one of them told me and Laura Shepard. "You were reflecting the broader thought and freedom for women coming but you did not even know it. You were embodying the spirit of 1968 and 1969. You were ahead of your time. You drove Mr. Bole nuts. Mr. Bole was constantly haranguing the housemothers and holding meetings over their inability to get you girls under control." Well good – because he drove us nuts with his bent towards public humiliation and punishment for speaking our mind. What is interesting to me now as I reflect on events of fifty years ago is how we Prin girls were actually so respectful and thoughtful when we did cross Mr. Bole. We were innocent young girls, but he wanted us to be Stepford Wives. The worst crime we committed (coming in a close second to the mud fight the afternoon of the Prom) was the sleep-out on the lawn in complete and obvious sight of every single person who cared to see us there.

The punishment for the mud fight was a lecture delivered to about 18 seniors standing at attention like rookies at boot camp while Mr. Bole speechified about how young women on the afternoon of their senior prom were supposed to be doing their hair and nails. This was our preparation

for life ahead by the man Principia had entrusted with our care and guidance. But he outdid himself with the treatment he gave Gail Osherenko and me after the sleepout the night before the awards ceremony. My whole life Gail is the only person I ever had to speak to about this because my parents sided with Mr. Bole. "Let's just not talk about it" was the only conversation I was allowed to have with my mother about it all. Mr. Bole basically mentally water-boarded us the day before graduation. Determined to find out who was the mastermind of the Great Sleepout of 1965, old Bole called us in separately to a room filled with aging and frightened witchy housemothers who were so unfriendly to us girls I never even knew their full names. Bole screamed at us (I remember it as screaming but I imagine it was a statement delivered in Oxbridge tones he polished and impressed people with). Here was the basic statement: "If you do not tell me who the mastermind was – the organizer – of last night's prank, I will see to it that you never enter any college in the United States." To a 17-year-old girl who had tried her hardest to be a good Christian Scientist and Prin citizen and who was chosen by her classmates to give the graduation speech the next day, this sounded like no joke to me. I was petrified and terrified. The very interesting fact was that former Housefather from our high school days was right – we girls had no mastermind or little red book or Marxist statement of how to behave. That sleepover was a mass group decision on the spur of the moment to emulate what the boys had done – a senior prank that would be adored and laughed at by the adults in the room. Neither Gail nor I could pin the deed on anyone because there was no one. About fifty girls had met in the basement of the dorm – the Rec Room I guess – and yelled out a few ideas...Some voice I will never remember - or voices – had said – "Sleep out on the lawn!". From there it was a matter of minutes for the plan – suggested again by a group of voices – just climb out the windows on the ground floor. So we did. What we had not thought about is that we humiliated Mr. Bole in front of about 500 visiting parents and relatives there for graduation. We had shown them that old Bole had no control over us although he had done his best with his five hundred rules and demerit system and humiliations. We had done the crime before the school donors and we threatened to perhaps cause some of them to not give old Bole and Principia the money they depended on.

So you are wondering right now why I am yakking on and on about a high school event? Well – it was the entire stage set for the rest of my life. It's the reason I transferred from Prin College after my Junior year to Berkeley, graduated later from law school, became a lawyer and left Christian Science for Buddhism. The Dalai Lama was once asked if George Bush had done the right thing going into Iraq and killing two hundred thousand Iraqis. The Dalai Lama said, "Too soon to tell". What he meant was we can never know the good that might come from a very bad act. Tibetan Buddhists think this way because they see the Chinese invasion and genocide in Tibet as bearing the blessing of forcing Buddhism into Western culture in America and Europe.

I entered the college with Bole's cloud over me – the public humiliation and threats Mr. Bole had very effectively offered me in return for a lie he wanted me to tell. I am proud I held my ground. He should have apologized to me the following year when I saw him at my brother's soccer games. He did not. But Gail and I have had a couple conversations where we have thought we probably owe it to Mr. Bole for the reason we both got ourselves through law school. We wanted to figure out how to defend ourselves the next time we were tortured and wronged by an authority figure.

Principia College was a trial by fire for me, and yet.... the bond we classmates established was incredible and strong and not something to take lightly. It was the administration and the rules and the housemothers and deans and board members (all of them stuck in 1942) who were my nemesis – not my classmates or my dear friends in the classes above me. For some reason many of my dearest friends were older – Crissy Daly and Carole Rees, especially. There were many professors who are also dear to me. They did no harm.

My sophomore year at the college I began noticing that all the people I really loved and admired were being punished and kicked out – along with several professors I loved and admired. This gave me pause. Some were told they could not graduate with their class because they had beards. Many were given a word or two for wearing sandals in the chapel or classroom. Several were told they were looked down upon because they wished to be conscientious objectors to the Vietnam War. Some were

admonished for being members of the Democratic Party. A sign with Jesus' bearded face appeared at midnight on a few trees saying "Wanted for Wearing Sandals and a Beard – Jesus of Nazareth ". Perhaps the classmates responsible will out themselves at the reunion now that it is safe to do so fifty years later. It was all nuts. I left. Best decision I ever made.

So the quick look at fifty year goes like this: Berkeley, married an employee of the CIA for ten years (I realize now he represented PROTECTION), divorced, law school, move to Vermont, Gail introduced me to my future husband Andy – a lovely man. We had 20 years together but very sadly he died of leukemia at 51. We never managed to have children – some things have to be left for my next incarnation! I ran my own law office in Stowe, Vermont and joined a firm in Burlington later. Andy and I became International School teachers for ten years and worked in Saudi Arabia and Indonesia. I have been single since Andy died – sixteen years. I also have moved every six months for the fifteen years before I got to Maine. Not my choice – just what happened. Lived in Australia, Jordan, Japan, France (joined a Buddhist group for three years there). I bought a gorgeous sailboat, hired a captain and sailed from Vermont to Florida. Later bought land in Nicaragua. Was planning on creating a surfer camp and boutique hotel there, but everything is up in the air now with a revolution threatened. Our U.S. Embassy has been closed for the last two weeks. I am hoping right now Daniel Ortega will be talked into leaving office. He is a mad dictator. The best religions and political movements and countries somehow run amok after a while. Spent a year in Costa Rica and Nicaragua writing a memoir about my life.

Thanks to Meg Weeks Sideris I have found a safe haven in Maine. Meg (formerly Margie Weeks) helped me get established in Camden. When I saw her at the high school reunion I told her I needed to find a place to go where I could stop travelling and moving. I now live in Rockland, Maine – a sailing and lobstering town - and I work for a law firm. I am a real estate and bankruptcy specialist. What I hope to be is a published author.

There it is...My life after Prin. It has been busy. One final word. I was raped by a nice Christian Science boy the summer after my freshman year at the college. My mother drove me to my rape. What I have recently figured out is that this sexual predator raped many young women at the high school and college. Mr. Bole is responsible in this way: he threw this boy out of the Upper School for being too "friendly" with girls...but neither Mr. Bole nor any other Prin administrator ever warned the parents that this boy was a predator and threat to their daughters. If such a warning had been sent, I would have been spared a trauma which has haunted me every day of my life. I believe what happened is the result of prizing boys over girls and men over women. I am quite sure this boy and now man of 72 raped many young Christian Science women. I was only one of many. I encourage any other Principia women who were raped by this predator between 1962 and 1969 to contact me at corbettmoore@gmail.com. Thanks for listening. Love, Annie.

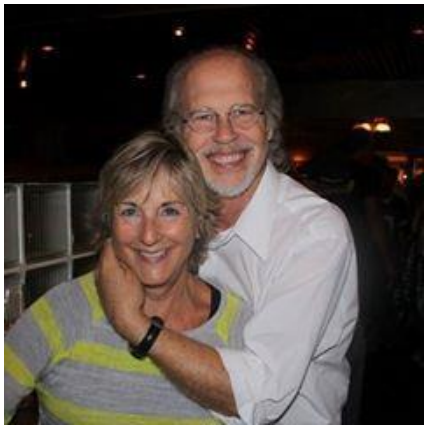


David Lindsay Neal (C '69)

My early memories include Mom and Dad driving me and my four brothers to church, 30 miles one way to Greensboro, NC, as we sat in the back of our white '59 Pontiac station wagon. Every week we went down the hill on our way home where 20 years earlier while taking my Mom home after a late date, my Dad had gone to sleep at the wheel. The 41 Chevy rolled a couple times breaking his collar bone and putting a gash in my Mom's thigh that left a scar I could still see as I helped her in the shower almost seventy years later because she could no longer bathe herself.

She drove me every Saturday morning to Greensboro for my piano lessons. In the 9th grade she wanted to broaden my horizons, so she sent me to a boarding prep school for Christian Scientists. I continued the piano at the Daycroft School in Greenwich, Ct. Even though I felt like a southern Holden Caulfield, I learned a lot and lost my accent. I met Toni Vecchione and her younger sister Teri there. I tried to go to

Harvard and Yale but couldn't get in. Very competitive at the time- (that's my excuse.) I did get into Principia, though, and got to play football with many fine friends. Jim Crafton was our coach and mentor. My freshman or sophomore year I sprained my ankle pretty seriously during a scrimmage and hobbled off the field. I had a series of four plays before the offense would be called back in. I looked down at my right ankle, pushed the sock down- hmm... all black and blue and swollen like half an orange. I could barely walk on it, I prayed. I thought it was right for me to be on the field; we were short in some positions that day and it would disrupt the scrimmage if I couldn't go back in. I don't remember exactly what I thought but, "I was God's child" and "my right place, no accidents; in the arms of Love" were probably going through my head. When the whistle blew I decided to go back on the field, and next thing I knew I was in the huddle and the play was to me. Doug Linton handed me the ball and I ran 60 yds (I counted them later)- for a touchdown. In the end zone, I looked down at my ankle and pushed the sock down. It was normal. That has really stuck with me...



Fall, 1965, I was in love with Mrs. Devon Beaver, my English Professor who was only a couple years older than us. I cannot for the life of me remember anything else in that class except when she asked me a question and I froze. I was also in love with my Daycroft high school sweetheart who went to another college. A week after graduation we married, had three girls and a son- all remarkably normal, brilliant and well adjusted, despite the divorce, which scattered the family across the country like a great depression dust bowl.

I received a BA in Business Admin from Principia. I should have majored in History. My Daycroft history teacher Robert Merritt and several Principia professors, especially Drs. James Belote and Charles Hosmer taught me the importance of going to primary sources. Dr. Belote put one of my papers in the golden Book – I don't know if they still have that.

After college I taught at Daycroft back in Greenwich. I was teaching seniors (only a few years younger than me) American History when Scholastic magazine sent out the report of the My Lai massacre. At the time, 1969, I was at a loss as to how to handle that in class. I did the best I could but even now I can see the faces of my students. That event made me question a lot of things, especially the nature of history, America and the world. As years went by that skepticism only deepened the more I read, researched, attended conferences and got to know researchers and witnesses, especially concerning the assassinations of the '60s.

After two years of teaching and coaching at Daycroft, which gave me a deferment from the draft, I rambled around the east and north east selling insurance, working in a die making machine shop, hammering nails, digging ditches trying to support my little family. I finally ended up working at Planters Bank on the Outer Banks of North Carolina. It soon became clear that me and the corporate life were ill matched. After a couple years I quit and got a job with a framing crew. It was a good fit and in a short time I passed the tests, got my license and became a General Contractor in 1979 and built mostly coastal second homes, for the next 40 years.

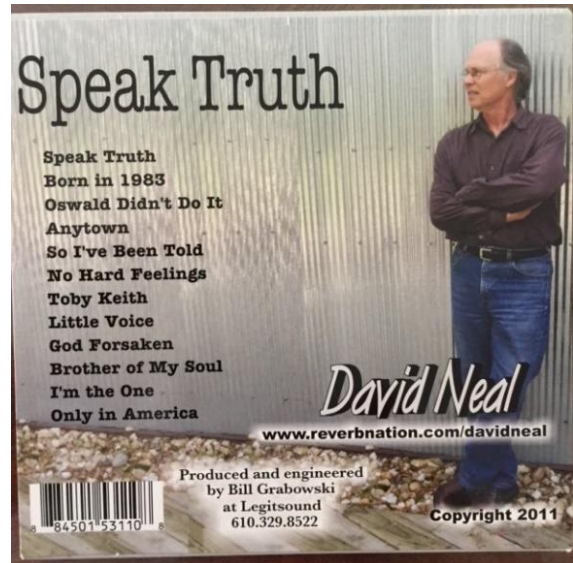
Back around 1984 my Dad and I began developing an oceanfront hotel, but he became ill and passed away before it was finished. Looking back that seems to be the beginning of a lot of changes in my life. I can still see him on the sidelines at Homecoming games at Prin. He had been my rock, and his loss, way too early, upset more than just my moral compass. I was eventually able to put a partnership together to finish and run the new 173 room Ramada Inn, but I got out of it in a few years- it was not the same without him.

Also, during that 40 years I continued to pursue my personal research in to the assassinations of the 60s, and the history of our wars. As a songwriter I would try to reduce some of my understanding of historical

events into three minute songs. In 2011 I put out a CD called “Speak Truth”, a collection of original tunes about America, loss and love. Last year at a JFK Conference in Dallas I was able to sing my song “November 63” on the grassy knoll at Dealey Plaza to a crowd of several hundred people.

I learned to play the guitar as a Freshman in Buck House by obnoxiously and loudly strumming chords from a Beatle song book. Jim Lojo, an upper classman, would come down the hall and slam our door, almost breaking it off the hinges. But I kept at it with Rick Onderdonk and Tom D’Evelyn until I learned a few chords- even started writing songs back then. Dan Camp drew a picture of me in a coat and tie lounging on my bed strumming the guitar – I still have the pencil drawing somewhere.

I have been to several reunions at Prin. In 1989 when I was between marriages Alex Smith and I drove from Richmond Va to Elsah, and I met an old friend. We hit it off and fell in love. We had a wonderful couple of years and got engaged. She broke it off, as gently as she could, but I took it hard and tried to save it. I didn’t, and being broke and broken, headed back home to NC.



So, one day I was driving down the bypass here on the Outer Banks, alone and lonely, and I said, “God just let me meet a good woman I can love.” A couple nights later this cute little thing comes in to the bar where I was standing at the door and we started dancing.

Been dancing ever since. We’ve been together almost twenty years and she tolerates me nicely. She can dish it out and take whatever comes- and always wins. Bj and I have seven grown children between us, and 16 grandkids. All our kids are doing wonderfully-successful, artistic, smart and all those beautiful grand kids from 2 to 20.

As a Rotarian, and a member of the Planning Board locally I have kept my foot in the business of our community and recommend that everyone should get involved- there is nothing better than having your words written up in a newspaper article to make you more careful about what you say in public!

I’m looking forward to seeing many old friends at the reunion, especially my freshman roommate Mike Osborn whom I haven’t seen since 1965. davidnealobx@gmail.com (252) 202 6325



Rhonda (Ruick) O'Brien (C '69)

I arrived at Principia in the fall of 1967, after two enjoyable years attending what was then West Valley Junior College in Campbell, California, temporarily housed in the old Campbell Elementary School. (A pre-Silicon Valley side note: Dr. Wallace Hall, its President, was a member of our Christian Science Church in Saratoga until his retirement in 1970).

My first-ever room at Prin was a triple in Sylvester, my first roommates Robin Walter and Joanne Worsley, and from my first days, being part of the Prin community was like growing up as a younger member of an impressive and nurturing family. I've stayed in touch with several Prin friends, have run into many over the years and have thought fondly of many others, hoping to catch up with them someday.



Last fall, on our way back from a wedding in Vancouver, BC, my husband and I and a friend from England stopped in Lynnwood, Washington, to catch up with Robin Walter Dresser (C'69) and her husband Herb, who were clearly as active in their local branch church as they had been when they lived in the Boston area years before. We especially prized that visit, when I heard from Herb in early March that Robin had passed on two days before, unexpectedly but peacefully. Robin and Herb had invited our friend Ellodie to stay with them the day after we drove on toward home, and took her to see the newly redesigned public library in Seattle (on her wish list), and to the Dale Chihuly glass exhibition--then drove her that evening to her airport hotel for her early morning flight.

After graduating from Prin in 1969, an idea evolved that Bobbie Levinson, Rosalind Beasley, Robin Dresser and I would work for a year and save enough money to travel to Europe together. As it happened, Roz and Bobbie got an early opportunity to go over, and were on their way. Next thing you know, Robin had fallen in love with this fellow, Herb! My next travel was actually to Baltimore where I happily was part of their wedding festivities. I wasn't sure, at that point, where Europe would fit in. But--as I'm sure we've all experienced regularly in our lives-- there is good waiting for us that we couldn't have imagined.

Just before my parents were to move to Colorado Springs with my grandmother and two younger sisters, I received a surprise call from my Aunt Barbara, whom I rarely saw. Her husband John was going to be working on the movie "Fiddler on the Roof" in London, and she wondered if I would be interested in going over with them, to help take care of my three younger cousins.

It took no time to decide to quit my job at AAA, get packed, and fly to L.A. to stay with my cousins so my aunt could get things set up in London. The 15 months I lived in Kensington-Chelsea were a marvel to me: I looked up fellow Prin alumna Jenny Hedin (C'70), explored Carnaby Street, Hyde Park, the antique markets; museums, Harrods, the Tube, helped my cousins in French and even some math homework (Thanks to Cynthia Gerber's class, I had actually learned what the heck a Venn diagram was). The Royal Horse Guards could be seen sometimes clopping down our street.

Upon our return to the USA, I flew to Colorado Springs to be with my family and enjoyed being in such a beautiful and outdoorsy place that felt like real "cowboy" country to me. I worked, hiked, skied, ice-skated, and dated. I enjoyed attending the local branch church, where I became friends with Kris Wienecke (C'68) and Walt Hieronymous and their budding family.

A year later, I moved to Boston to be a "junior correspondence clerk" with the Clerk's Office, then located in the old Administration building, soon to be demolished. It wasn't long before we moved to the 17th floor of the new Admin Building, with a lovely view of the new Church Plaza. Boston was a beautiful city, full of young people, many working for The Mother Church. The red brick buildings, mature trees, and its unique history were so different from the fast-growing suburbs of California. I enjoyed being a "local member" of The Mother Church, attending services in the Extension, and with Annual Meeting at your doorstep every year. My roommate and I had an apartment two blocks from Symphony Hall. You could get a ticket, first row, center balcony for the Boston Pops for less than \$4!

I next worked in the secretarial office at The Christian Science Monitor. There were four of us, next to the newsroom, which hummed with activity. One of my duties was to be sure the editors' typewriters, including some vintage manual ones on rickety stands, got properly repaired. John Hughes was Editor then; Harley Gate's soon-to-be-wife, Amy Winterbottom, was his secretary.

In April 1976, I married Ed O'Brien, a fellow Californian who had worked as a copy kid, for the COP, and then as a security guard during the years I was there. A few months after we our wedding, Ed and I left Boston for Los Angeles, where he attended L.A. Trade Tech on the GI Bill to learn cabinetmaking. I worked for two temp agencies, which afforded me a real overview of companies in L.A. Our apartment was a few blocks from downtown Beverly Hills, and I got a seasonal position in the silver department at Geary's on Beverly Drive, during and after Christmas season, which was quite fun. They still used the old pneumatic tube system to send the cash and checks upstairs. The stockroom in the basement smelled heavenly, too, infused with the Agraria potpourri they carried in the store.

As Ed finished school and got a job in a cabinet shop, I wanted to have regular employment with no weekend hours. I thought: Magazines! Scanning the yellow pages, was quite surprised to learn that Sunset Magazine, which I'd long admired, had an office in downtown L.A. I phoned immediately. A woman named Peggy Bernal took my call, heard my request--and told she had just emerged from an editorial meeting, where the four of them had decided to hire a secretary. It was a wonderful job; I was a happy fish in a small pond.

We usually attended Beverly Hills church, and ran into Prin friends such as Doug and Kristi Friberg McCormick (both C'69), and Lyn Kendrick (C'70??)

Following the birth of our son Peter (C' 01) in 1979, we started house hunting, and ended up in Ed's home town of Davis, California, where we have lived ever since. I became a day-care mom so I could stay home with Peter. Our daughter Laurel (US '02) was born in 1984, and by 1985 I began working part time as a temp at the University of California here, eventually taking a long-term position in Plant Pathology, followed by 18 years in the Department of Environmental Design, providing many satisfying years in a vibrant atmosphere on a beautiful campus.

My mother now lives in our former home, a mile from the home we now live in, where Ed grew up. She and we are active members of our branch church here in Davis. Come visit us if you're ever visiting in the Sacramento area!

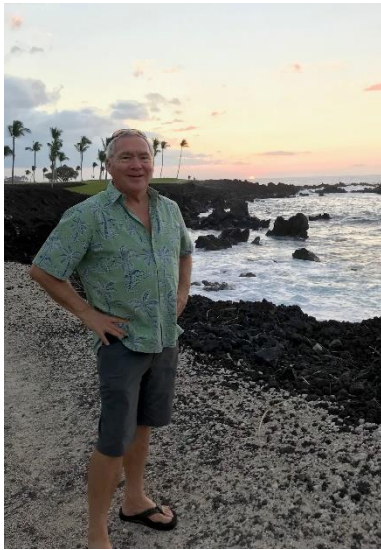


Mike Osborn (C '69)

Harley's been persistent in asking for "my story", so here goes. It seems, upon reading, very "I" oriented, so apologies in advance...

Absolutely loved my Prin experience. I was a shy introvert when arriving, but Donnie Dickenson, a Senior in Buck House, was my first roommate and helped me adjust quickly. He gave me the gift of letting me replace him as quarterback of the Buck Flagball team, which really gave me a boost in confidence, to say nothing of having a lot of fun (we won the trophy for the next three years!). Loved the professors, and my fellow Buckies, and the whole damn package. Tried to get my sons to look at Prin, without success. Argh. Haven't been able/willing to get back for reunions, this one included, but wish I could be two places at once to see all you wonderful folks...in late June and early July, my gal Judy and I will be in

our RV touring/hiking in the Grand Tetons, Yellowstone, and Glacier National Parks...too good (with camping reservations required a year in advance) to pass up for a trip to Elsalah.



After graduation, I got married to Sue Black (we were a couple at Prin) in Quebec, then traveled on our honeymoon for two weeks down to San Antonio, Texas, where I began my 4 year enlistment in the Air Force. Funny story: as we left for our honeymoon, I left all my pants behind. Her Mother had to deliver my pants to me in the parking lot of a Best Western in Plattsburg, New York the morning after our “luxury” honeymoon night. Talk about an exchange of contrasting glances with me and her Mom (who never liked me): me: I just deflowered your daughter, and thanks for the pants; her: you are a bastard and I’ll hate you forever... Ah, well.

We made our first home in Great Falls, Montana, where I served as a Deputy Combat Crew Commander and Instructor at the 341st Strategic Missile Wing, part of the Strategic Air Command. I really enjoyed (and did very well at) my Air Force experience, and was happy to serve (and, frankly, avoid combat in Vietnam, although I suffer survivor’s guilt to this day). We had a blast exploring Montana and the Western states, and

I became a “Westerner”, never to return (except for graduate school). The West is unique and achingly beautiful in so many ways (mountains, great stretches of skies and grasslands and prairies, wildlife, wildflowers and clear streams, and the joys of backpacking above tree line with forever vistas). Love it to this day. I live in Bend, Oregon (middle of the state, high desert, in a home with a nine-mountain view). Lucky me!

It was a good experience, serving our Country for 4 years – I think all 18 year-olds should do a year or two of public/military service...our young people stay young too long these days! In the Air Force, I was one of those guys trained to wage nuclear Armageddon, sixty feet down in a launch control capsule beneath the Montana prairie. It was fascinating work, and necessary (still is!), but somewhat limited in building marketable skills for life after the service...

After my service obligation was concluded (as a Captain), I applied to a number of business schools, as I had concluded that I had no skills for business and needed some training (my Dad did not have much to contribute to my business career, as his career was with the CIA, half of which was covert). I got accepted to Harvard Business School and got my MBA two years later. I think the only reason they accepted me

was good test scores and an application so thick with B.S. that no one wanted to read it... 😊 My first year was terrifying, as I was totally intimidated by everyone else’s smarts and expected to be tapped on the shoulder and told: “Sorry, dude, it was a mistake...you’re outa here!”

Got it figured out and ultimately had a good time. I was married and so lived off campus and so missed the parties in the dorms and making some more friends. By the way, our President Bush (the younger) was in my class, but not my section. I knew who he was because at the time his Dad was the CIA Director and my Dad worked for his Dad. Small world! After graduation, most of my classmates left for Wall Street and I moved to Seattle, taking a financial analyst job at a crummy salary just for the opportunity to get back to the West Coast (and, frankly, away from my hideous Mother-In-Law...).

I discovered in short order that I didn’t like working in large companies and started my career as a CFO working for a subsidiary of the Bank; I never worked for a large company again. My career – now 45 years long and STILL not over! – consisted of bouncing back and forth between successful gigs as a CFO (including taking a tech company public) and then using my proceeds to start a company on my own...and when that didn’t work (twice...how awful...and how expensive), bounding back to working for others

again. Love the entrepreneurial world. It's the best way to work, but it doesn't always pay too well. On my last gig now, and hope to retire by 75. Yes, I know... But, salaried and working an average of a day per week...not too bad!

Marriage. Ah, marriage. I was married to Sue for 32 years. We had two sons who grew up to be marvelous young men, now 37 and 40, with families of their own and successful business careers. I'm up to five grandchildren (three boys, two girls), all a delight; all, unfortunately, up in Seattle, a seven hour drive away. I visit often.

The marriage collapsed once the kids were gone and we discovered that we did NOT want to "re-up" for the final 30 years. We had a great marriage for 2+ decades, and survived a truly horrific set of teenaged years from our oldest. Kids take it all from you, and then take some more... But they are my greatest single accomplishment in life.

I left Seattle in 2000, the marriage gone, my last entrepreneurial venture a failure, broke. I moved to Bend and started over at 53... It worked out fine. Lots of praying, lots of prayerful support. Got a nice rental, got a good job, eventually met my second wife, Andie. Made some CFO money and build a modest home with a great view. Was deliriously happy with a really wonderful woman, for five years. Following that was the worst five years of my life, as my dear Andie suffered through five years of degenerative, early-onset dementia that robbed her of speech and all that she was, a day at a time, inexorably, cruelly, fatally.. About half way through that nightmare, I made the decision to live for my sons rather than die a sympathetic death, got a lot of help (in-home care workers are angels on earth), and survived her decline and passing. I grieve still.

So then, the next chapter. I have met Judy now, a wonderful woman with a great family. We're living together and will be married at some point. Third time's the charm, I expect. She gave me back so much of what I'd lost (joy, laughter, optimism, companionship, love, and all the rest of it...), and she seems to be happy with me, too. So, fingers crossed it will be smooth sailing until we get the opportunity to meet God for real...and ask Him (or Her) a few pointed questions about being dealt some really lousy hands in life... 😊

So, good times. I've never left Christian Science, and God's never left me. It has – literally and figuratively – saved my life. I don't go to church here as yet, but subscribe to, read, and pray over the periodicals and the Lesson every day. Can't imagine living without the truths taught to us about God and man. Am grateful for that blessing.

Love to you all, and best wishes for happy reunions and partying – have fun! The picture above/enclosed is from our last trip to the Big Island of Hawaii...our "adopted" island away from the cold of Bend winters.

Drop by anytime. Love to see ya! M.

Mike Osborn / mosborn@bendcable.com / 541-460-3861 (mobile)



Gail Osherenko (US '65, C '69)

After graduation in June 1969, Carol DeWindt (now Agle), Kristen Friberg (now McCormick) and I took off that summer for Alaska after Carol found a coffee table book about Glacier Bay. We had to see those glaciers. After maybe the most memorable trip of my life, sleeping in a tent and hearing the glaciers calve all night, cooking crabs on the Homer spit where colorful starfish were a foot in diameter, flying in tiny

private planes over the tundra to see moose and visiting an Athabaskan village, we finally returned seven weeks later, much changed.

Little did I know then, that in 1981 I would move to Vermont with my husband Oran Young to work at a tiny independent research and education institute - the Center for Northern Studies, and my life would be focused for 2 1/2 decades on Arctic and Subarctic environments and societies. I taught "Law of the North" (a combo of environmental, indigenous rights and international law) and wrote academic articles about wildlife co-management, indigenous and environmental rights. In 1987, Cambridge University Press published AGE OF THE ARCTIC: HOT CONFLICTS AND COLD REALITIES, coauthored with Oran. It's still available in paperback! Oran and I also co-taught "Conflict and Conflict Resolution." Some of our star students are today leaders in Arctic science and research. Oran, who was already "required reading" when I met him in 1977 will be receiving a major Arctic Science Award this June from the International Arctic Science Committee. As CNS was tiny, I became Development Director and Financial Aid Director for a time in hopes of saving this amazing non-profit educational institution. Meanwhile I served on the Board of the Vermont Natural Resources Council and learned tons about non-profit management.

But let me back up, because you remember that in 1969 Philip Martin Matricardi (C' 71) and I were an item. After failing to find a suitable job close to home in Los Angeles, I moved to St. Louis where Kristen and I shared an apartment in midtown. I worked in the urban renewal department of East St. Louis. My job was to promote East St. Louis as a great place to relocate businesses. Unfortunately, before I could succeed (has anyone in decades?), my father became ill and my mother sent me a ticket to come home quickly. He passed away 3 weeks later. My sister Carol (it's really her 50th this year C'68) had come home from practice teaching at a US Air Force base in Germany. Both Carol and I stayed with my mother after my Dad passed. He left 2 businesses with 120 employees, some of whom I'd known my whole life. I became chauffeur, check book balancer, and quasi financial advisor to my Mom, Margo Frankel Osherenko (C'??), while selling advertising for one of his newspapers, Style for Men, Carol ran the household.

On April 22, 1970, I spent the day at UCLA listening to speeches at the FIRST EARTH DAY, and decided I needed to go to law school to "save the environment." But first Philip and I went to Boston (he was a "copy kid" at the CS Monitor). In the fall of 1972, I finally started law school at UC Davis (one of the few law schools with an environmental law program). After graduating in 1975, then state Senator Anthony (Tony) Beilenson hired me to work on the California Coastal bill. Yes, we all had great opportunities for important work right out of law school in those days. I got to work alongside amazingly talented folks who had been fighting for coastal protection for decades. When Tony was elected to Congress in 1976, I went with him as a legislative assistant and worked to create what became the Santa Monica Mountains National Recreation Area. Then I moved on to work for the Department of Justice as an appellate attorney in the Land and Natural Resources Division. Drawn more to policy work, DOJ "loaned" me to the Council on Environmental Quality (CEQ), a vital center of biodiversity work under the Carter Administration. In Washington I met Oran through my Upper School "big sis" Cathy Hawes (US'63, C'67). People thought Oran and I were quite prescient to announce we were headed to Vermont just before the election of 1980. You'll remember Reagan winning that election (to my shock and horror).

So, Vermont. Oran is a Vermonter. I'm a Californian. So, we have a mixed marriage – but it has worked – for 38 years. Our son Jamie was born in 1984, and Oran's daughter Linda (then 15) moved in with us 6 months later. Both of them now live within easy walking distance of each other in Montpelier, VT. Linda is a talented musician who plays the celtic harp and sings traditional music with a trio "Larks in the Attic". Her day job as a systems architect is with Charles Schwab. Jamie is married and works as a pastry chef for the large and upscale Hunger Mountain Coop. For me, 25 years living in Vermont, was a good try. We lived in Norwich, VT for 10 of those while teaching and writing at Dartmouth College. Oran started and ran the Institute of Arctic Studies at Dartmouth; it is still going strong.

In 2003, we moved to Santa Barbara. Oran joined the faculty of the Bren School of Environmental Science and Management at UCSB; I became a lecturer for Bren and for the Environmental Studies Program,

teaching Ocean and Coastal Law and Policy, and a Research Scientist at the Marine Science Institute. But my real community centered around the non-profit law firm Environmental Defense Center; I've been on their board since 2004.

It was 2006 when my first film, ARCTIC EXPEDITION (16 min) premiered at the Santa Barbara International Film Festival winning us 2 platinum passes. Eventually film making became much more fun than hunting for research funds and writing law review articles with 300 footnotes. We still return to northern Vermont every summer, and that's where I began to film DARK SIDE OF THE LOON (2011). And this year I completed my first feature length documentary – BROKE: THE SANTA BARBARA OIL PIPELINE SPILL OF 2015. Do take a look at the trailer. There are 2.6 million miles of oil and hazardous liquid pipelines across the US and a significant spill every 2 ½ days. The film tells the story of just one moderate spill and how the community responded and an oil company went broke.

Although I'm no longer a CS and haven't been for decades, I am grateful for my Prin education both at Upper School where I learned about ecology, ornithology, and world problems (all essential to my life work) and Prin College where I almost became a biologist but instead studied English, read Shakespeare, encountered *On the Road* by Kerouac and got credit from Dr. Colin Campbell for reading *The Electric Kool-Acid Test* by Tom Wolfe. 1968 and '69 were times of ferment at Prin as well as in the wider world. The Vietnam War was raging, and the guys were facing the draft and lottery. We almost didn't have a "Soph Prod" because of the war and fears that men wouldn't get good grades while distracted by producing a musical. The Women's Board, meanwhile, was battling the administration over the dress code, finally winning the right to wear pants to dinner! It was an era of change and change we did in the following decades.

Looking forward to seeing all of you and how you've grown and changed in half a century.
Gail Osherenko



Rob Ostenberg (US '65, C '69)

With Principia College in my "rear view mirror", I realize the years have flown by with much activity and many twists and turns.

The first turn occurred during the summer of graduation when my draft notice arrived in the mail. Leaving a working adventure in Martha's Vineyard, I entered the Army as a Private in October of 1969 and became a Combat Engineer. I was selected to attend Infantry Officer Candidate School at Ft Benning, GA, and graduated six months later as a 2 LT, and chose to become an Armor Cavalry officer and was sent to Ft Knox, KY for training. It was there that eight months later, I volunteered to go to Vietnam. Upon arrival, I was back in the infantry as a platoon leader. My understrength platoon worked in a "free fire zone" (there were no friendly villages or people in the area) in the mountains near Chu Lai in the north. If you saw the movie *Platoon*, that is how we operated. Unlike what was depicted in *Platoon*, we did many random drug tests and in my platoon, and I never had one soldier test positive. When the Infantry Division returned to the US, I was reassigned as a platoon leader to a Cavalry unit further north. The fire power was awesome and the missions were frequent. I had a very loyal and trusted Kit Carson Scout. He was a North Vietnamese soldier that we captured and he agreed to work for us...like the Indian scouts during the western expansion here in our country. My Cav unit

redeployed back to the US in April 1972, and I was released from the Army after processing out in San Francisco, California.

It was a sunny day with temperatures in the high 70s, and in Colorado, where I was headed, there were ice storms. My brother was in San Francisco and encouraged me to stay awhile. So I did – a fortuitous decision.

For it was here in California that I met my wife, Gretchen Troster (US '67, C'71) found a satisfying and challenging civilian career and rebooted my Army career.

My civilian career began (and as it turned out ended) at a life insurance/ financial services company, my thinking being I would stay perhaps a year – a good resume builder I was told. It turned out to be a very good fit – 33 successful and satisfying years with one company. But generally speaking, and most importantly as it turns out, this job allowed me the time to move forward in the Army.

In the fall of 1972, I decided to join an Army Reserve unit in my area. You know the drill: one weekend a month and two weeks in the summer. Yeah, right! Not exactly as advertised. But I was happy and moving up the ranks. I was promoted to Brigadier General in 1998 and assumed the responsibilities of Deputy Commanding General of a Division of 9,500 soldiers. Twist of fate: I was to be promoted to Major General and take command of a Division of 14,000 soldiers on September 11, 2001. The promotion was postponed for a month due to the terrorist attacks that day. My soldiers were trained and ready and soon thereafter, I had soldiers deployed in nine countries. I, myself, saw duty in Kuwait 3 times; Afghanistan twice, Uzbekistan, Qatar, Iraq and Guantanamo twice.

In 2005, I was preparing for retirement and looking forward to discovering other activities.

Twist of fate part two: I was asked by General Myers, the Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff, to take a position in the newly created Homeland Defense organization, United States Northern Command (USNORTHCOM) and North American Aerospace Defense Command (NORAD) in Colorado Springs. I arrived just before Hurricane Katrina hit. From the Federal side, USNORTHCOM ran the entire operation from assisting civilian authorities with provisions and security to installing huge pumps to drain water from New Orleans, and establishing communications, and searching for survivors.

During the three and a half years I was there, it was immensely gratifying to see that many threats were negated both here and abroad due to the inter agency cooperation and the incredible analysis and intelligence gathering of our military organizations. During my second year at NORTHCOM, I was appointed as one of five Domestic Attack Assessors (DAA). The Chain of command was the most direct ever in my career. From USNORTHCOM to the Secretary of Defense (SECDEF) to the President (POTUS). For any suspected or actual attack in the US, USNORTHCOM is the lead agency. The DAA manages the information coming in from over 80 agencies, briefs SECDEF and POTUS on the threat (who, what, where, when, why and any amplifying information) and gives recommendations on courses of action and Quick Reaction Forces available.

In 2008, my life took a new turn when I retired from my civilian and military jobs. Family- both immediate and extended- and Army activities continue to be my passion along with a bit of golf, good tennis, intermittent Harley riding, and lots of travelling. I enjoy volunteer work which includes serving as the Northern California Association of the United States Army President and occasionally, when asked, giving speeches and talks on Memorial and Veteran's Day and other occasions that demand a military presence. In addition, I serve on the Emergency Preparedness

Committee for the town of Woodside, CA where we live (south of San Francisco) and am active on various committees at our church.

My wife and I especially enjoy the proximity to our daughter Daisy (US 99, C 2003), her husband Rick Holland (C 2001), and our three grandsons ages 7, 4, and 9 months. Who knew grand parenting could be so much fun! I hope to continue on this program indefinitely!



Bill Palmer (C '69)

My 50 years include marriage, 3 daughters, the Army, Army reserves, production management, sales, teaching Jr high and high school, sailing, divorce, retirement and now substitute teaching part time.

I graduated from Principia and married Mary Lou Palmer C69, on June 7th. I worked as an inside sales rep for Rodman Oilfield Supply Company in Odessa TX until I had to go into the Army in December 69, and ended up as an instructor at USATC Infantry at Polk LA., where we sent a Brigade to Vietnam every 10 weeks. During this time in Louisiana While Mary Lou taught at an Elementary School I became an instructor and was promoted to sergeant.

In October 1971 I took a position as a production supervisor for Frito Lay Inc. in Arlington TX. Our first child, daughter Tiffany was born November 71 in Arlington TX and our 2nd daughter Ashley was born in April 1974. I worked in several production startup situations and a few turnarounds. Our third daughter Brittany was born in January 1980 in Logan UT where I was the Production Manager of the Southland Food Center.

I became a salesman, first with direct mail advertising, which went very well for 3 years, then a recession hit. I became an outside sales representative for VWR Scientific with a territory of the state of Utah from Salt Lake City to the southern edge of the state. I sold Laboratory supplies, glassware, equipment, furniture, and chemicals to production facilities and laboratories, from aerospace, medical, mines, smelters, power plants, and other clean rooms. I took a territory from two million dollars to 2.75 million in sales when another downturn caused the company to lay off four of the five sales representatives (including me) and close the office and warehouse in Salt Lake City and consolidate several locations back to Colorado.

We moved to Phoenix AZ in 1986 where after several temporary positions I began working for MERABANK (a savings and loan) in Operations. After a few years I noticed MeraBank was losing lots of money and the Officers kept giving themselves six figure raises. I realized they were cashing out, so I started taking graduate courses in Education and the same month I received Teacher certification, MeraBank fell in the Savings and loan Scandal 1988.

I taught Junior High School Technology and Computers for seven years and then moved up to High School where I taught Business and Economics and some social studies. I was an advisor for Future Business Leaders of America and had many

students earn state and national awards. I moved to a Career and Technical High School, Metro Tech where I taught from 1999 to 2012 and then retired.

During the high school teaching years I also served on the Board for the Arizona Business Education Association including two years as President of the organization. This organization held conferences for Business Educators which included professional development training, state curriculum updates, strategic planning, and student conference planning, as well as sponsoring several Scholarships for teachers.

Since moving to California I have started substitute teaching in the Grossmont and San Diego School Districts. I would love to hear from all of you.



Ruth (Brittain) Raymond (C '69)

After graduation, I thought about going to UMD for graduate school, but instead, Dave Hansen (69) got me a job in his mother's office on Capitol Hill. She was a congresswoman from Washington State. From there I became Ethyl Kennedy's social secretary/housekeeper and between the two jobs decided that politics wasn't for me. I then went to work for a patent law office and taught piano lessons on the side. That quickly became old. In the meantime, I acquired two horses. After a year at the patent law office, Ann Wheeler (Davis) C73 introduced me to Michael Raymond, who was renting space in her mother's house. He had been awarded a Post Doc Fellowship at Carnegie Institution of Washington. He asked me out and at the end of the evening asked me to marry him since we both liked horses, music and had the same birthday. We were married 3 months later.

I stayed with patent law for about 9 or 10 years, but, after lots of prayers, decided I needed to do something different, only I didn't know what. So, I asked God for guidance. The thought came very strongly to me to pick up the phone book and start calling high-tech companies. The second call, I told the personnel manager that I wanted a job with chance for advancement, salary unimportant. I just wanted a challenge. She placed me in the contracts department of SAIC., a job I loved and stayed in 7 or 8 years.

When Michael and I married, we both had horses, so we moved to Virginia horse country. We purchased a 200 year old farm house in a small village, Hume. In 1985 our only son, Bobby, was born. I quit my job and became a stay-at-home mom—the best job of all!

When Bobby turned 3 all he wanted for Christmas was a Mickey Mouse umbrella and a violin. My mother purchased a violin which was too big. We couldn't find a teacher, but a year later we found someone. My mom bought me a violin, too – I had played while still in school - and we started learning together. This turned out to be quite a journey. By the time he was 5 he was practicing a couple of hours a day. We had to travel to northern VA for lessons and later on to U of MD, so it took a lot of time. He also studied piano at Shenandoah Univ. I took some Suzuki Teacher Training classes and the Shenandoah Univ. Arts Academy program asked me to teach

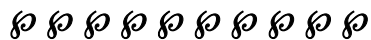
Suzuki violin. By this time Bobby was a teen and he sometimes came along and helped me out with my group classes. When he was in 7th grade it became obvious that conventional school was not a good match for him, so Michael and I started homeschooling him until he went to college. My mother moved in with us when she was 83 and lived with us until she passed on at almost 94.

Bobby had the fortune to study with some incredible teachers and ultimately chose to go to Eastman School of Music (U of Rochester) where he majored in violin performance and did the equivalent course work for viola. During this time my studio at Shenandoah expanded, and he continued to help me out when he was home from school. After Eastman he went to graduate school at Northwestern where he majored in violin performance. He was married to another violinist in August after graduating with his masters. In December that year he was killed.

I am so blessed to have my teaching job with my wonderful children. They have helped me keep going.

I have been active in the Warrenton CS Church all these years. I played the piano for church services and did a long stint as soloist, having taken up voice after graduating from Prin. Now I am in the Sunday School where I teach the younger students and play the hymns.

In my spare time I do a lot of gardening, have 3 horses, 5 cats, and one dog. I would like to be able to come to the reunion, but it is hard to get someone to watch my animals.



Bob Rees (US '65, C '69)



Fall of '69, moved to NYC for grad school, NYU Stern. No student housing; roomed with Herb King for a while. He was making money; I was eating "Mac and Cheese" with chopped up hot dogs. Thanks, Herb, for throwing an occasional piece of steak my way. Cambodian Crisis and draft lottery forced me to find an Army Reserve unit and defer my second year at Stern. Basic training at Ft. Leonard Wood; then finished active duty in Ft. Carson as clerk typist, thereby avoiding Vietnam. But, was required to attend 6 years of monthly drills and summer camps through 1976. Married M'liss Honegger in January '71 and returned to Prin College to finish her degree. Were told we were only the second married students Prin had accepted. We lived in Elsay. I worked at

Laclede Steel cleaning electrostatic ovens, and volunteered for the Elsay Fire Department. M'liss took extra classes and graduated in June. Then, back to New York to finish my second year at Stern while M'liss worked for a women's magazine.

Followed advice from "The Graduate"- "Plastics, plastics, plastics" and launched a career with the Plastics Division of Mobil Oil near Rochester, NY. Trying to "climb the corporate ladder"

required lots of travel and moves, especially in sales and marketing: Long Island, San Antonio (our son Rob was born there), Temple (TX). Then: Louisville, KY (our daughter Holli born there) with a startup, as Director of International Sales. Christian Science Class Instruction (1977) with Neil Bowles. And: Evanston, IL with return to a big company, Tenneco Packaging, as Director of Sales. Another corporate acquisition and too much travel after 13 years!

1985- Oklahoma Called: Family Oil and Gas Business struggling. Can you help us diversify into other things besides O&G? No more travel... Started OKC Innovation Center incubator which founded and funded three companies. Daughter Holli found talent in ballet and began study in San Francisco in 1988, living with grandparents. Son Rob began study at Dartmouth in 1993, and we moved to San Francisco in '94 when I joined Woodside Fund, a venture capital firm. Right after move, M'liss filed for divorce, and I lived alone for the next six years. Hardest time of my life! Lost pretty much everything except my kids but was forced to examine myself and my faith in God. Lots of hard work, and not much joy. Daughter quit ballet and went to Prin College. Saw Chris Shays, Herb King, and lots of old friends at that time. During 1998 Parents Week-end, ran into Debbie Leith Master, who called me two months later suggesting I meet a friend of hers in Michigan, Eileen Hahn. Eileen and I long-distance dated for a year and were married in 1999. Life and love renewed because of Eileen. Both of my kids were in our wedding. Now they are married, and we have five grandkids. Rob and Merry Jean live 5 minutes away here in San Francisco, and Holli and Mike live in NYC. After raising over \$100 million and forming three VC firms, (funding about 75 startups), I retired from Startup Capital Ventures at the end of 2016. Now, Eileen and I do lots of hiking, travel, visiting grandkids, and just enjoying life. I also do volunteer work: Arden Wood, Albert Baker Fund, and of course, Prin. God has guided me every step of the way, and I am very grateful for the restoration and renewal that has always resulted from my reliance on Christian Science.



Brad Renner (C '69)

A written assignment from Principia College after 50 years! During my four years at Prin I learned never to wait 'til the last minute. This will not be a press-out. I'll begin immediately. Right after my daily 2pm 20-minute power nap.

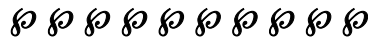
Refreshed, but before I begin writing, I need the correct tools: I head down to our basement (AKA "the bilge") and retrieve my 1966 Smith Corona Galaxy 12 typewriter. Unfortunately, my White-Out from senior year has dried up. A quick trip to the stationary store for White-Out and carbon paper, and I'll be able to begin.

My bad, our neighborhood stationary store closed five years ago. The good news is that we're Amazon Prime members. My supplies will arrive tomorrow and after another power nap I'll be ready to begin. If I can find and wear my "wheat jeans" and scroggie while writing, it will be like old times.

My career has taken right, left and u turns: Photographer, banker, retail furniture manager. After receiving my MBA, I became a telecommunications executive in San Diego, then later a retail furniture owner in Seattle. Eleven years ago, we sold our Ethan Allen furniture stores in the Pacific Northwest, I retired and took my first golf lesson. My goal has been to work diligently to become a mediocre golfer. I haven't yet reached my goal.

I'm married to Kathy, a non-Principian (oh, the horrors!) We met at 6th Church, Denver, where I arrived during the first hymn and she offered to share her hymnal. We have two children. Our son is turning 40 this year, which seems impossible. Both kids live thirty minutes from us, which we love. No grandchildren, but a great BBQ on our deck followed by cards or a game of Mexican Train (thanks for teaching us, Jack Schlueter!) and we end the evening satisfied, happy and grateful. Church-wise, the honor of having been First Reader at 4th Church (La Jolla, CA) remains a highlight. For the past 45 years I've been buying and selling classic and collectible cars. From Packards to Mustangs and Mercedes, there have been too many cars to count. Buying and selling one at a time, I love the hunt for just the right vehicle and the many stories and histories that come with old cars.

A high point each year while working in the Pacific Northwest was planning, then going on kayak camping trips with fellow Eastie Tim Brooks. Taking enough food and water for a week, we kayaked the San Juan Islands in Washington, Vancouver Island, Canada, and the Florida Everglades. (Mosquitos!!) We even took our two-person folding kayak to the Exuma Islands in the Bahamas, and to the Sea of Cortez in Mexico. Advice to anyone thinking of long distance kayak camping: Always carry duct tape, lots of duct tape. It can fix almost anything.



Elizabeth (Richards) Richards-Martinez (C '69)

Following graduation I was employed for five years by The Mother Church in the Armed Services Activities Department, leaving there to become secretary to my Christian Science teacher and assistant to her husband, a real estate appraiser. After several years, I ventured into my first secular (!) job working for the Oklahoma City Housing Authority. When I became their legal officer, I filed cases and appeared regularly on their behalf in district court. This led to my decision to enroll at Oklahoma City University School of Law, from which I obtained a juris doctor degree in 1987. I met my future husband, Jorge Martinez, a native of Guatemala, while I was in law school and we married in 1994. I have been a practicing attorney for the past 30 years.



Wendy (Nordvik) Roth (C '69)

As I write this, I'm about to take a 3-week trip to Norway to celebrate "that" birthday with my Norwegian family, my children and grandchildren; then I'll move on to England to see friends. It's been snowing forever (believe me, it *seems* like forever) here in Vermont, my home since 2003, and though I long for sun and a beach, it feels right to be in the place where I was born on Easter Sunday 70 years ago. Home is 3 hours from Boston, 15 minutes from "downtown" Burlington, and 10 minutes from an airport. There are 35 acres of woods behind my duplex. Owls at night; deer at dusk; and squirrels all the time, a great annoyance for my Lab-Poodle mix.

Last week, Marianne Hansen Hedges C68 and Edith Walker C69 car-pooled up from their respective homes in NH and Boston so we could discuss plans for a "GRT" (Girls' Road Trip) out

to Prin for our reunion. Other Prin alums are right here in Burlington: Susan and David Els. I'm not sure I'd survive without them and our weekly jaunts to the local art film house. Susan and Edith, by the way, joined me on a tour of New Zealand in February 2016. Definitely, friends like these are precious!

So, my 50 years in a nutshell: Fall of '69 went to Bologna, Italy, for first year of a 2-year Masters' at Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies. Completed the degree in DC, was accepted into US foreign service but got married instead, and a year later went to Ann Arbor for 3 years (attended church with Shelley and Bruce Rankin and Betsy Slee Kolovos) while my husband (later ex) went to U of Michigan Law. I worked for various law professors and for Virginia Nordin at the U of M Commission for Women. Had baby Elsa in '74 and we moved to Evanston IL in '75. Sold display advertising for the CS Monitor there (as I did in Ann Arbor). Son Justin was born in '76. Moved back to DC in '78; did volunteer work until '83 when (you're probably thinking "well, *finally!*") I took on a full-time job. First at defense contractor BDM, working on site at the State Department, then moved into corporate travel management; which led to business travel management consulting. After a few other government contractor gigs, I spent 10 years at Vance International, a security firm led by Secret Service veterans, where I was responsible for marketing. Next was year at a national law firm marketing various practice areas (quit to settle my Dad's affairs when he passed), and finally a year managing a modern dance company headed by brilliant Venezuelan dancer/choreographer.

In search of peace and no traffic, I moved to Vermont, where I spent the first year managing a dozen hiking tours ranging from Bhutan to Greece. In the years since, it's been ad hoc consulting jobs for DC clients and occasional writing. I'm now essentially retired (and honestly, a tiny bit bored with that). Just completed a wonderful term as First Reader here – a special privilege, as Second was Rob Warneck (author of *MBE, Christian Healer*). Yes; still practicing CS and grateful for it!

On the personal side, I divorced in the mid-80s and have been more or less single ever since. My kids and grandchildren are super. Daughter Elsa and her husband Sam Huxley live on Capitol Hill with their daughter Amelia (12) and son Harold (7). My son Justin lives in northern California; works in tech.

I've had some wonderful opportunities for travel and adventure. Though not the career some of my SAIS peers enjoyed, as I look back on my crazy diverse work years, the extraordinary people I've known, and the friends – many from Prin – who've prodded, encouraged, supported, and inspired me along the way, there is a LOT I'm thankful for. Just now, I've enjoyed reading about classmates' lives and I sincerely hope to see many of you at this reunion. We came to adulthood during "interesting times" and survived. Let's celebrate that fact together.

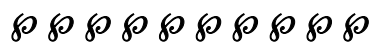


David Rothman (C '69)

Fall, 1969 I entered the PhD program in Chemistry at Michigan State University. Met my future wife there, where she received an MS in Speech & Language Pathology. Married Ann in 1971, we'll celebrate our 47th anniversary this year.

Summer, 1974 I accepted a postdoctoral research position at University of Georgia. Summer of 1976, I joined The Dow Chemical Company in R&D, where I spent 20 years in analytical chemistry research and 13 years in research information management and computer science. Since joining Dow, my home has always been in Michigan. My work took me to the East, West and Gulf Coasts of the US, Canada, Mexico, Europe, Australia, New Zealand and India. I also edited a professional journal, chaired a Gordon Research Conference and enjoyed some collaborations with the National Science Foundation and NASA. While working, I also spent 15 years on my city's Zoning Commission. I retired from Dow in 2009. In retirement, I am on the Boards of a local utility, a lake association and a sportsman's club.

Michigan is a great place to live if you enjoy fishing and boating! I live 20 miles from one of the Great Lakes and 120 miles from another. Thinking back, the only place I ever lived and did not fish was when I attended Principia- too busy doing other things.



Jack Schlueter (US '65, C '69)



It started the fall after graduation when it got too cold to live at Camp Owatonna without windows. I came back to ST. Louis, went to a wedding, met a man from the neighborhood who said he had a job for me. I informed him I was 1A and was just waiting to be called up. He said, that didn't matter... go see the principal, Ward Parker. I went.

Ward asked me where I went to school and then we talked tennis. He is in the Missouri Hall of Fame and knew all the Prin players like Phil Edwards, Boyce Meyers etc. So I got the job that day teaching 42 7th graders, all subjects in the inner city. I got a deferment

for teaching in the jungle, not as bad as 'Nam but there were some moments. After I paid my fine to Prin to get my transcript due to debris left under Dan Dyck's bed, I started on my teaching career.

After 3 yrs in the inner city, I had my teaching certificate for art and moved to public high school where I taught and coached for 21 yrs. In the mean time I continued to work summers at camp as boating master. I met a girl at a rodeo, found she went to a CS church in the county, so I switched churches and we married in '78 with Dan Dyck as best man. Obviously I forgave him.

I built a house in the woods in '80 and our daughter Tracy (us'00 C'04) arrived in '82. (She now lives in Billy Palmer's old town, Midland TX with her husband and our 6 month old grandson, three dogs and a cat.) I moved from Owatonna to work as the tennis pro at Camp Androscoggin in the next summer so as to be close to the cabin that I was building on Toddy Pond in Blue Hill, Maine. I found the property from an ad in the Monitor. Once the cabin was finished, we began to spend every summer since in Blue Hill. The public high school was heading south and I was ready to move. When in '92 the Prin Upper School Art teacher told me she was retiring and I should apply. So for the next 21 yrs, I enjoyed life at a small private school, no badges, no blood, it was great. I even had a key to the studio! It was also fun teaching at Prin because it seemed that Buzz or Dan or someone else you knew was always showing up to visit their kids. Tracy's mom Terry passed in '06 and Rebecca (Rymer C'74) came to Prin from Houston to teach preschool in '06. We were married in '09.

When I turned 66, I found out it was the law that you had to retire and move to Florida, so we did. We have been in Naples 5yrs and love it. Rebecca has a jazz trio and I continue to paint, (do plein airs and have works in a gallery in Maine), play tennis (went to nationals 55+ doubles) and fish (kayak in the gulf). I teach Sunday school, Rebecca plays the piano and Jim and Lynne Evans (both former Prin teachers) do everything else. We spend the summers at Toddy Pond, days on the water and nights without internet or TV watching Netflix and playing games like card golf (Thanks Brad). So that's it in a nutshell. Everything works out when you are willing to listen, right? Check out my website especially the Bluffs and Willie K in the section under the 'misc' tab.

My apologies to Paul O Williams. 101 didn't take.
www.schlueterarts.com



Valarie (Barchenger) Showers (C '69)



50 years! Where did they go? After graduating in 1969, I spent a year studying at the American Academy of Art in Chicago. Through that experience I found a job as a commercial artist with Sander/Line Graphics in Chicago. On the weekends I was showing my horse in Illinois and Wisconsin.

In 1971, I met David H. Showers. We met because of our love for horses. We were married in 1972. Dave was from Janesville, WI so that's where I have lived ever since. We purchased a very small farm that same year about 10 miles East of Janesville and established Breezy Three Quarter Horses. During the early years,

I took in young horses to train and gave riding lessons. I also worked with the 4-H Club horse project in our township.

Dave became interested in Christian Science, and we eventually joined the Janesville church. I served a year term as First Reader (1977-79), and we both served on the Board at different times, taught Sunday School, and served on various committees. We both took Class (from different teachers).

Dave was a certified auto mechanic working for the Chrysler dealership. In 1981, after almost 20 years with them (Dave was 6 ½ years older than me), we purchased the old fire station in Milton, WI (a nearby community) and started our own automotive service and repair business. We usually had 2 or 3 mechanics working for us. I handled the office and bookkeeping. In 1997 we were voted the best automotive service business and Dave the best mechanic in the Janesville area. In 2007, after 26 ½ years, we closed AutoWorks.

During this same time, we were breeding, showing, and selling Quarter Horses. I kept one of the best colts for myself – as a 3 year old he was year end Grand Champion Hunter Under Saddle, and as a 4 year old, he was year end Reserve Grand Champion Western Pleasure with the Quarter Horse Assoc. in Wisconsin. I still have this horse. Dave rode a few horses to year end championships as well. And Dave's last show horse had earned a Superior Western Pleasure rating from the American Quarter Horse Assoc. We were truly blessed with many wonderful horses through the years.

In 1995, I was asked to take a part-time job as a receptionist at a veterinary clinic – they were short handed. I'm still there after 23 years! I am now the bookkeeper in charge of accounts receivable and payable, and keep client and patient records up-to-date.

I am a Life Member of the Sons and Daughters of Pearl Harbor Survivors (my father was a Pearl Harbor Survivor), and I served one year as the Wisconsin State Chair.

Throughout all of these years, I put my "art life" on hold. Although, I did do a few commissioned works for people who were aware of my background in art, and have done some projects for my employer at the veterinary clinic.

Dave passed away in 2013. I have stayed on the farm and still have 2 horses and my dog to care for daily. We never had any children – our family consisted of the many horses, dogs, cats and birds that we cared for through the years.

In 2014, I decided that it was time to take up my art work again full time. I had 2 paintings accepted for a juried art exhibit at a local gallery in 2016, which led to having my work accepted for a membership in the gallery. Having gotten interested in colored pencil art, I have attended a colored pencil workshop for the last 3 years (and will attend this year as well). It is a great 4 days spent with other artists. I have been using it as my week's vacation from the clinic.

Basically Dave and I were pretty much tied down to home (as I still am) because of the horses and running a business, but we did manage to get away once in a great while to do some traveling. I'm sure that some people think that I have led a fairly dull life, but that is the life style that we chose, and we thoroughly enjoyed our modest home and activities

together for 41 years. And I am still enjoying that lifestyle today! I have now lived in the same house for 46 years, and after traveling extensively as the child of a career Naval officer as I was growing up, that is definitely quite a change. I have many things and memories, and experiences to be grateful for through the last 50 years, to say nothing of the opportunities for spiritual growth!

Unfortunately, I will not be able to attend the reunion, but I will be thinking of you all and remembering the years we shared at Principia.



Linda (Danielson) Slaughter (C '69)



I have loved reading all the classmates updates. It does seem daunting to condense almost 50 years of life events into a few paragraphs that someone might be interested in reading, but here goes...

Chris (Slaughter '68) and I married right after my graduation. We lived in Athens, Georgia for a few months while he finished Navy Supply Corps School. His first assignment was to the naval base in Charleston, SC. We were grateful that he was nowhere near Viet Nam.

In 1971 Chris got an early out and we moved to Dallas. I loved being a part of his large extended family. Emily arrived in 1972 and Michael in 1974. Chris was transferred to Houston in 1976. We loved our life in Houston and being neighbors with Willard and Corde (Helms) Hanzlik, but 2 years later he had completed his assignment and we returned to Dallas.

I have enjoyed being a part of the myriad of interesting activities here – fundraising for the arts, various volunteer work, PTA, planning community events and lots of church work. I went to work for Chris for a few years in his wholesale flooring business. It was enjoyable getting to learn about what he did every day.

In 1994 I was asked to help a friend's new husband from South Africa start his African wildlife documentary film business. He had made a film that had been sold to the Discovery Channel, but needed help with the business side of his company. I didn't know anything about films or African wildlife, but it sounded like an incredible opportunity. We started with one film in a tiny office with no money and in a few years grew into a multiple award winning company with over 12 films distributed by The Discovery Channel, National Geographic and on worldwide television. I loved going to the international wildlife film festivals and meetings with our distributor in London. A couple of years later many friends began asking about travel to Africa from our "expert". This looked like a new business opportunity, so we formed The African Experience (now Khashana Travel). We planned and I took the first sample trip to Africa and Botswana by myself. (What was I thinking?!) We wanted to make sure the ladies of Dallas could handle the level of excitement that a man who grew up in the bush had planned. It was the beginning of another new adventure including several trips to Africa – one with our whole family and 3 other families. Word spread and soon we had clients from all over the country. It was an amazing 6 years doing things I could never have imagined myself doing.

I retired in 2000 to help Emily plan her wedding. She had just gotten 2 Masters degrees from SMU and was starting to work in New Orleans where her fiancé lived, and needed help with planning in Dallas. She had met Marshall as one of Michael's good friends at Colorado College. Emily and Marshall live in New Orleans and are the busy parents of 2 teenagers and a 12-year-old. They are such cool grandkids, and we wish we could see them more often, but teenagers have busy lives!

About that time, Michael reconnected with his Upper School girlfriend – Michelle Lampmann, daughter of Bill and Christina (Taylor.) Michelle and Emily were friends at the College – a trend here! Very happily they were married in St. Louis in 2001. Shortly after Michael started grad school, getting his MBA also from SMU. Since then they have lived close to us and we love being a part of their lives with their adorable kids 10, 8 and 4.

In recent years I have continued as a community volunteer and had an event planning business. I dearly love Dallas and consider it a privilege to live here. I'm currently (for the past 10+ years) a professional organizer. Every job, every client, is unique (and yes, I even tried to "cure" a hoarder!) and I love the challenge of creating orderly, peaceful environments for people who are desperate for help. And I have made so many new friends. The best part is seeing them live differently afterwards. It is hard work but it keeps me in shape!

I had run off and on for years, but a church friend encouraged me to join her for half marathon training. Since 2011 I have run almost 3 dozen half marathons, trained up to race day for 3 marathons – one was cancelled for an ice storm – ran the New Orleans marathon in 2014. Big bucket list check off! My distance running has tapered off but I still run for fun.

Chris and I wear multiple hats at church. We've both been Readers, Board presidents, SS teachers, etc. Right now we are the fund raising chairmen for our new organ. Our original organ was almost 90 years old and a challenge to play. This has been a lovely opportunity for our church family to come together and see God's abundant goodness and infinite supply. The organ is due to be installed this fall and ready to play in time for our annual Christmas Concert.

Chris retired at the end of December but it has taken a while for the wheels to stop spinning! We are starting to play golf again, spending more time with the grandchildren and are looking forward to some great trips later this year. It feels like a new beginning!

Really looking forward to reconnecting with the Class of '69!!



Bobble (Nysewander) Sniderwin (US '65, C '69)

I loved my college experience at Principia. During my first year and a half, I began as a religion and education major which I enjoyed, but was not sure where that would lead me in career choices. I prepared to go on Prin Abroad early, during my sophomore year so that I could travel with the group led by Frank Parker. This had always been a dream of mine. I continued my study in languages, specifically French. I had also followed another interest, music, thinking that I might enjoy teaching that in schools. It was not until my junior year did I realize, that my true passion would be involved in the visual arts field or some related career that might incorporate a combination of what I had been introduced to involving art history and world cultures. The first job I applied for was at that time, a new course of study that did involve language arts, history, music and art, where I would be writing curriculum and teaching in High School. It took me a few more years of educational experience and a move to another state before I was able to do that work teaching both adults and younger students. During those 40 some years, because of

the desire to become better at my craft I was led to become an artist. I have loved watercolor painting, printmaking and photography. As an educator I had to develop other artistic knowledge along the pathway.

I have always continued to enjoy active sports. Field hockey was a favorite of mine during my Principia years. I played soccer into my forties and continued weekly tennis matches into my sixties. Now I get my 15,000 steps each day hiking with my young dog companion, often squeezing in some water related exercise and work in my flower gardens.

When I married a man who was extremely talented in opera, I was able to enjoy that part of my background, both in music and travel. After spending a year in Montecito, CA at a music conservatory, most of those years were based near Dallas, TX. Then during a 10 year span, we took a break from our chosen fields to open a successful restaurant, Holy Cow Desserts Lettuce Delight You. Our 40's were filled with many delightful experiences including multiple locations, which was an exhausting time. We created delicious foods and my husband, Pat entertained those customers with his singing.

After retirement from our restaurant adventure, Pat traveled throughout the eastern part of the U.S. training agents in most major real estate companies. Years later he decided to stay in the DFW area with residential sales. When I retired from full time teaching, we became the realtor SniderwinTeam which still occupies the majority of our energies. This still allows us some time to travel with friends and family. I do get to Olympia, Washington frequently to see my brother, Dave Nysewander - also a Principian.

Nearly everything we embark upon is a result of our love and fulfillment through the creative arts.



Laurie (Fraser) Stanton (C '69)

I so remember after graduation driving my red Rambler down the road to Elsay heading back south to enter that fall in the University of Tennessee graduate program in history. I then returned home to Memphis to finish my MA at the University of Memphis, marry Russell Stanton and begin what would become an enriching career in education at an independent girls' school. Teaching history was a joy as I incorporated so many strategies I lifted right from Dr. Hosmer - from putting a simple outline of a day's lesson on the board to honoring students' individual voices and interests. And, yes, I was glued to the Watergate hearings...

After teaching for eight years, we moved to St. Louis so Russell could complete an LLM at Wash U. As he finished his degree we traveled to D.C. where he was interviewing for a position with the Treasury Dept. We stayed with Marilee and David Muchow and were so excited at the prospect of living in D.C. That very week-end Carter issued a hiring freeze....so back to Memphis. I returned to teaching and soon moved into administration serving over the years as middle and then upper school division head and now overseeing the academic program PreK2-12. Russell focused on corporate and estate law and a multitude of other interests.

My interests over the years have varied from being active with the League of Women Voters, teaching Sunday School and serving in every possible position at church, quilting, gardening, fly-fishing with Russell, and loving time with family. We fished from the Cascapedia in Quebec to the Rio Grande in Colorado. My siblings, nieces and nephews and their families span from Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Tennessee, Colorado, Arizona and Missouri. Russell passed on nine years ago; I continue to serve my school and church. In 2015 I spent 10 days in China with the Confucius Institute visiting schools from Beijing to Wuhan - an amazing experience.

Recently I had the opportunity to visit the St. Louis Campus and walked the lower school hall for the first time since 1958 when our family moved to Memphis. The feeling of genuine warmth was still there; recent renovations and program are inspiring. Thanks to the reunion committee for pushing and pulling us all together. I love the connections that social media has allowed over the last ten years. I look forward to our reunion as it will be my first since we graduated... Y'all, that's a lot of catching up!



Don Steckler (US '65, C '69)

Right after college in the fall of '69, I went into Teacher Corps - an inner-city teaching program. 13 years later I taught at a public high school in the Bronx (NY City) - and taught there for 20 years. In between (for 5 years) I was in the athletic department at Principia College. I commenced the first (and I'm sure last) ski class at the college. Back in the 70's, Pere Marquette decided that one of their hills would be good for skiing - so they put in artificial snow guns and a chair lift - and cut out one or two trails. What was missing was consistent cold weather because you can't make and retain snow with fluctuating frigidty. I 'taught' 2 ski classes one winter quarter - but because there was virtually no snow, one class never met, the other class met only twice, and each student got a PE credit! (was that a popular class or what?).

FAMILY

- Wife Libby is an artist - her paintings are full of whimsy and are really, really good. As a teacher, she taught ESL and elementary through high school. According to Libby, her least mature students were her middle schoolers. Also according to Libby, living with middle schoolers was and is no different than living with her husband.
- Daughter Rebecca lives in Austin, teaches Sociology two nights a week at a community college, and is a passionate guitar player. Dog Reed and cat Tucky think she's the greatest (and they're spot on).
- Son Sam lives in Utah and has not made life easy for himself ever since we adopted him from Lithuania . . . Go Sam, go!!

These days I'm teaching ESL and citizenship classes for immigrants who want to become US citizens. . . I'm reading books that my college advisor (Dr. Hosmer) would have loved - - i.e. books by David McCullough, Doris Kearns Goodwin, and Candice Millard.

I hope everyone who reads this will come to the reunion. . . I'd love to see you!!

Donald H. Steckler

22 Old Club House Rd. /Old Greenwich, CT 06870

[203-249-2040](tel:203-249-2040)



Jennifer (John) Strom (US '65, C '69)

It's hard to sum up a life in a page or two, especially for someone who--like so many of our generation--is still trying to figure out what she wants to be when she grows up.

I was lucky to start out in the woods of Massachusetts. Then, college at Principia with Junior year in France, feeling like a foreigner in both places. I married classmate Carl Strom, thanks to Soph

Prod, my once-in-a-lifetime gig as a talking tree. For a honeymoon, we ran off to (South) Korea with the Peace Corps. We ended up staying there off and on for seven years, a life-changing experience. I learned to be comfortable as a foreigner wherever I am, to value differences, and to forge bonds across the gaps.

Grad school followed, then law school in Ann Arbor, and several years of lawyering. My favorite part was negotiating contracts for the computer software firm where I worked. But after the birth of two kids, I got tired of 60-hour work-weeks. I cut to part time, then quit, to focus on my kids.

We arrived in southern California in 1992, and settled in the hills of Topanga. It was a great place for our kids to grow up, where instead of worrying about crime we kept alert for rattlesnakes and poison oak. Even though Topanga is gentrifying, the owls and coyotes still serenade us at night.

As our kids got older, instead of going back to law, I started writing. I have a novel based on my translation of a Korean myth, which I'm hoping to publish, plus several other projects cooking.

In 2008, when we should have been thinking about retirement, we started up a company to market an industrial product Carl patented. It's been exciting and sometimes hair-raising, but the product is beginning to catch on. (It's at C-Sert.com) Not what you'd expect from a couple of old English majors.

We have one child in the Bay Area and one in Mexico, and we're considering our next step. Though we love the energy and diversity of LA, we hope to settle down somewhere less congested, cooler, quieter.

Love to all our classmates, whether you're at the reunion or not!



David P. Toppin (C '69)

After graduation, my Principia education (BS Math) allowed me to get into the IT field as a computer programmer while serving almost 4 years in the Air Force (all of it stationed in Tampa FL).

During USAF basic training requested exemption from immunizations and was told by a CS chaplain that I was the first Christian Scientist in the Air Force to be officially granted the exemption (took over 2 years). I am still a member of the Christian Science church and have had class instruction and served as First Reader (still sub regularly), as well as a number of board positions over the years.

My Prin education also provided great preparation for graduate school (right after the military) at the University of Kentucky (MS in Accounting), and I was able to teach undergrad accounting to work my way through.

After graduate school, worked for four years with Arthur Andersen in Charlotte, NC (a premier public accounting firm at the time) and earned my CPA.

From there, moved to Winston Salem, NC to take a financial management position in the Hanes division of Sara Lee Corporation (at the time \$15 billion sales of consumer products). After 5 years was offered the opportunity to move to Chicago with Sara Lee (corporate headquarters) and spent almost 15 years in total with them in a variety of senior financial positions including running Sara Lee's Corporate Internal Audit group for 6 years (set up first international audit

function), 2 years as chief of staff for the President of the corporation and a year as the CFO of the Sara Lee Bakery division. Was also involved in numerous acquisitions and divestitures, which I really enjoyed.

After Sara Lee, I spent another 15 years as Chief Financial Officer for three different privately held consumer products companies all in the Chicago area. When that last CFO job ended, we moved to Hilton Head, SC (no more snow and bitter cold !!!) and have spent the last 13 years doing interim CFO assignments in a variety of different organizations.

Married Pam Bokelkamp (C-68) shortly after graduation and we split 30 years later. Have two children from that marriage (Kim Henderson – UVA and Wharton graduate and Executive Recruiter in DC and JD, at U of Illinois graduate who is in San Francisco working with computer systems for large utilities).

Three years after the divorce, I met Lois Meyers (on Match.com) and we have been very happily married for the last 14 years. I have two step children (John, an ER doctor – U of Illinois and Rush Med school - in Salt Lake City and Britt, who has a language disability, but lives on her own near us).

We live in a golf community and I am active in both our tennis and golf programs, as well as bike regularly. Am still licensed CPA and enjoy doing some consulting work, while Lois runs a successful EBAY/Amazon consumer products business.

One of the life lessons I learned was to be a care-giver, as Lois was involved in a major auto accident in December of 2014 (someone ran a red light, hit her broad side and she had to be helicoptered to the nearest trauma center, which saved her life – broken bones, pelvis, and other injuries.). After 7 surgeries, a month in the ICU and 6 weeks in a rehab facility, she was able to come home and continue the rehab as I became her primary care giver. It has been a long road, but after 3 years she is still making progress and both of us are very grateful for all that she's accomplished getting back to close to "normal"

Am an Audi Car Club member and now own my 3rd S4 (have done track events with my car at Road America and Road Atlanta among others)

Also enjoy traveling and was fortunate enough to visit Japan, Australia, NZ, Singapore, China, Thailand, Kenya, Indonesia, Philippines and most of Western Europe, UK and many of the States (have 3 to go for 50).

Overall, although there have been many challenges, I wouldn't change or re-live anything and am very content.



Karen (Erickson) Van Nort (US '65, C '69)

I went on to Prin College and graduated in 1969. The following December I married Ron Stryker (class of 67) and we began our married life in Aschaffenberg, Germany until December of 1971 when Ron got orders for Thailand. We loved living in Germany and had our first daughter, Jennifer, in Frankfurt in Jan. of 1971. Come Jan. of 1972 I was back in the states and Ron went to Thailand to finish up his term of service. We moved to Downers Grove, Illinois and lived there until 1977. We had our second daughter, Jorie, in 1974.

Fast forward 20 years, Ron and I were divorced and I remarried in 1992 to Peter Van Nort, a fellow C.S. association mate. We have been married for 23 years and have 5 children between us and 12 grandchildren from 3 -16 and are best friends. We live in Glen Arbor, Michigan and live 2 blocks from Lake Michigan and 2 blocks from a beautiful inland lake called Glen Lake. Several years ago I started my own company called Staged to Sell/Live which helps home sellers ready their homes to put on the real estate market. It is my "retirement" job and I love it. I have a wonderful web page, Staged™ to Sell-Live.com. My husband, Peter, is retired from the construction industry and helps me with my business! He's been building power plants, roads and airports, so helping me is sort of small potatoes! I also do project management and remodel condos and second homes for owners who own seasonal properties here. We play golf, bike and hike and lead a very active outdoors life. We've been very active in building and helping fundraise for a 27 mile bike trail in the National Lakeshore! It is almost completed and a wonderful ride through the sand dunes and woods! Winter brings snow shoeing and other various outdoor activities. Living in northern Michigan is a special part of the country to live in and we love seeing friends from all over when they come to visit and sharing these fun activities with all our grand kids.



Charlotte Wallace (C '69)

Everyone's postings are awe-inspiring - the courage, adaptability, wisdom, grace, and honesty of my fellow classmates make me feel humble. I also see unexpected connections. Here is my story.

After Prin, I headed straight to New York City, and Greenwich Village. Days I would walk up to the NYPLib, study all day, and nights take classes in Russian on Russian Literature, my passion, with émigrés who could recite every word, and Americans who later taught at Ivy League colleges, or "sold out" to become stockbrokers on Wall Street or Park Avenue lawyers. There were great parties, including at our tiny apartment, where someone arrived who had just swum the Black Sea to freedom. Heady times! I passed the Master's, and was headed toward a Ph.D., but the stresses of life in NYC pre-Giuliani got to me, and I moved up to Cambridge MA to recover. A year later after much good prayer, I landed a job teaching Russian and French (my major) in one of the top high schools in the country, Lincoln-Sudbury.

LSRHS was a progressive high school. The little old lady who taught drama, a friend of Al Pacino's, directed an amazing version of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, casting the faculty! A guy taught a course called "Things Russian," where the goal was to have an epiphany, and from it, create an icon. The language faculty shared a great open space, inspiring musical, linguistic, and culinary as well as pedagogical exchange. My students cooked borsch, danced, and traveled to the USSR. One created Russian exercises on a computer (in the early 70s), and now a lab is named after him at Duke.

Although granted tenure at LSRHS, my chair and I both agreed I would be happier teaching in higher ed. So, I headed across Canada in my VW bug, staying with Paul Wesman's first in-laws in Winnipeg, then loading my car on the CN train to cross western Canada by rail - breathtaking! At the US border, I was asked if I had a profession - Teacher! -then told I had "come to the wrong place," since another school levy had just failed. Undeterred, I proceeded to Seattle, falling head over heels in love with what was then a rustic lumberjack-fisherman-folksinger town. I lived in a beautiful house on Capital Hill with two guys, got to know folksingers and dancers (Celtic and Slavic), taught French at UW, and ultimately married a Slavic Alaska fisherman, staying for 20 years more or less.

One day a friend told me about a job I thought would be a great way to improve my Russian, so I could get a teaching assistantship and finish the Ph.D. I studied every article in the *Christian Science Monitor* for a week before the interview, and amazingly was hired, one of 22 Russian-speaking guides for the U.S.I.A.

traveling photography exhibit in Kiev, Alma Ata (now Alma Aty), and Tbilisi, USSR. This was the experience of a lifetime! Many of the group are still dear friends, including the first woman Deputy Secretary General for NATO, the CEO of the first American-Russian joint-(fishing) venture, and the son of the ambassador to Moscow during Nixon, now a Boston Globe columnist. We would construct the pre-fab photography exhibit in each city, then become instant superstars just by telling our life stories to the 10-20,000 visitors a day in that news-barren country. Decades later folks in Alma Aty told Rose that the exhibit had changed their way of thinking. After that, I could not fully settle into the monastic life of a scholar. Our son Alex arrived, and I worked as academic counselor in the UW Slavic Department. When the Department was threatened with elimination due to budget cuts, I organized students and alumni, and successfully testified (along with the department chair) before the Board of Regents.

That propelled me to law school! Not accepted by the UW, who were later successfully sued for age discrimination, I was accepted to Washington University in St. Louis, primarily for my international background, certainly not for my legal skills! I deferred a year to teach Russian at Prin (as I had done in 1983 and 1986) and enrolled in law school in 1998. It was HARD. My Russian literature background was constantly interfering with the straightforward search for issues and rules. Hiding the ball was immensely frustrating. The language was entirely new and baffling! I could not imagine myself a lawyer, but merely wanted to learn how this country worked, since most of my life had been focused on trying to understand the former Soviet Union.

Graduating by the skin of my teeth (my then former husband having the grace of spirit to come unannounced with our son-then at Prin-to my graduation!), and having published in an international law review, I landed a one-year judicial clerkship with the Maine Superior Court, hoping to return permanently to my New England home. Maine was a hoot! The governor, Angus King (now an Independent US Senator), rode motorcycle around the state with the Chief Justice, who would send stories back to the Judicial Branch about how Mrs. S had brought them blueberry muffins in a small Maine town. My co-clerk and I worked crazy hours for multiple judges. I really did not have a clue, but she was brilliant and funny (outspoken) and helped me a lot. At the end of our year (2001-2), neither of us had jobs. "It's too late for you," a clerk on the Supreme (Law) Court told us, "you weren't born here!" At that, the internationalist in me cringed! I prayed practically without ceasing, watching my retirement money dwindle, as I tried to pay law school loans and live. Church members brought me vegetables.

Finally, a member of the dear Portland Church, said her daughter in St. Louis (a Prin prof) needed a cat-sitter for the summer. My best friend Bente Morse was here. In addition to my two alma maters, a lot of people had known and loved my son, Alex Broz, captain of the soccer team inducted into the Blue & Gold Hall of Fame, among other distinctions. The Midwest was not my choice, but it was God's. I sold an heirloom chair that had been in my family 200 years to a knowledgeable buyer in Portland, rented a small van, and headed to St. Louis. I am still in that apartment in the ever-hipper Central West End.

Just blocks away in Forest Park, my son married Kelly Dearborn, as our dear friend Judge Tom Russell presided. They then headed east to Washington DC and ultimately New York (Brooklyn) where they now thrive, with my grandson, 4-year-old soccer-striker Felix. Alex continued beyond NYC Teaching Fellow, garnering Best Teacher and Best Coach awards, teaching everything under the sun, coaching boys' soccer and baseball, and girls' tennis and volleyball-undefeated last fall, their first season! Kelly is an artist with home studio and works as personal assistant (costumes) for theatre and HBO. All three are blessed with the friendship of Kat Andrews (Jim's niece?), who has a farm two hours away, where they often visit, a wonderful alternative to the city grind.

After mindless document reviews (and three horrific years teaching French in the inner city), I successfully argued pro se to have my Sallie Mae loans discharged, learning tons in the process. I now teach legal writing to international lawyers (mostly Saudi and Chinese) in a two-year LLM (Masters in Law) program at WashU Law. I have had wonderful success, love my students and rejoice at their success. English country and contradancing provide occasional fun. The music scene in STL is amazing! First Church is walking distance from home. Hoping for a kinder and gentler next stage... and to see you! Love to all!



Paul Wesman (C '69)

When you sit down to summarize what's happened in your life for the past 50 years, it's a sobering task, at least for me, as evidenced by the length of time I've been procrastinating. At first I thought my classmates would be writing brief little highlights and anecdotes, but then I started reading some of them and saw we were getting more into full-blown autobiography territory, so I procrastinated some more. I could use the excuse that we're getting ready for a move and putting our house on the market, or that we still have kids in school, requiring lots of attention, all of which is true, but I won't do that. I have a thing or two to share and this is my chance to say Hi to everyone and let you know what I've been up to.

During our senior year, I had a choice to make. As an education/drama major, I had put out feelers for teaching jobs, namely a position teaching in the high school in Minnesota that I had graduated from four years previously (for some bizarre reason I told my teachers when I graduated that I'd be coming back to teach there). They offered me a contract and it arrived in the mail while I was still finishing my last quarter at Prin. But, I had also applied to go to acting school in New York at the Neighborhood Playhouse, and had been accepted there, as well. Oddly, I didn't talk a lot about this decision with anyone, and can't recall exactly how I reasoned it through, but I chose to teach, and off I went. For three years, I taught in what would normally have been called the English department but this was the late 60s and it was called just communications, and we taught theatre, poetry, creative writing, film making and other cool stuff. This was fun but it was not a perfect fit, and I decided to leave, after teaching three years and achieving tenure (my colleagues told me I was crazy).

For the next few years, I tried spreading my creative wings in a variety of ways—working on the crew of an independent feature film, doing freelance photography and writing, acting as an extra at The Tyrone Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis for a summer. Then I met someone at a CS youth meeting, we got married and lived for a couple of years in Seattle, where I produced audio-visual training programs.

The next chapter was an important one, a move to New Jersey in 1976 to work at Tenacre Foundation, where I learned a tremendous amount about Christian Science and how profoundly it can operate within organizations as well as in individual lives. We produced video training materials for the C.S. Nursing field, but I also had the privilege to research the Tenacre archives and do some writing about their unique experience in applying C.S. to everything from management to fund-raising and benevolence. This laid the foundation for further work I did for them several years later.

In 1983, we moved to Boston, where I worked for four years in the Speech Services Department, supporting Lecturers, Readers and others through workshops and individual coaching and editorial help. I attended graduate school at Emerson College and earned an M.A. in Communication Studies. This was all deeply rewarding work and I loved living in Boston. When our department was phased out, I took a job at The Monitor, shortwave radio operations, writing and delivering news on the air, and then producing feature stories for shortwave. Around this time, my wife and I parted ways after 14 years.

While working in Boston, I met Joan Toohey, who had recently joined the Monitor's radio staff after working in Paris for several years. We were married in 1988, and three months later we were laid off, along with a lot of other people. Not long after, we moved to Philadelphia, where Joan began a long career as a producer on the NPR program, Fresh Air with Terry Gross. I started doing freelance

writing work, mainly for Tenacre again, and we stayed in Philadelphia for 22 years. During this time, we adopted two beautiful daughters from China, Julia (21) and Isabel (17), who are now entering their senior years at Principia College and the Upper School, respectively.

Over the same period, I entered an unexpected career in the business world (hard to believe, right?) as director of corporate communications at an HR consulting firm based in Philly, with offices all over the world. This was not easy for me, but it taught me a lot of great lessons in writing and editing, public relations, management and ethics. I stayed there seven years, then took the company with me as a client and launched my own communication practice, which lasted ten years. I wrote marketing materials, worked on branding campaigns, conducted research studies, and ghost-wrote seven business-related books for busy executives and entrepreneurs.

In spring of 2010 I got a phone call that changed all this. I heard from a friend about a teaching position at Principia College in the Mass Communication Department. They needed someone who could teach public relations, speech, and several other courses. Somehow it seemed like an intriguing idea, and I applied the same day. Within a few weeks I was headed for Elsau, with Joan and the girls remaining in Philadelphia. Joan's job and the girls' schooling were going well and it seemed best to wait and see how the teaching went. But by the following year, Joan had been hired to teach radio, in the same department, and our whole family was in Elsau and the girls were attending the St. Louis campus.

I just completed my eighth year teaching at the College and Joan her seventh. For most of these years, we've lived in St. Louis to be closer to the girls' school activities—and our two hours of commuting to Elsau each day have often turned into a department meeting, not something we recommend! It's been an interesting challenge to keep work and family separate; still it's been a blessing to be able to share our teaching experiences, support each other's work and discuss continually the huge question of what it actually means for Principia to serve the cause of Christian Science.

Especially in our area of communication, with all that's transpired in technology and its social impact, it seems more important than ever to ask what Principia can and should be doing for its students to support their constructive and creative use of the media as well as their ability to think wisely and critically about its messages.

Well, without meaning to, I've just created something way longer than I planned to. As Keith Collins says in his story, it's truly easier to write something long-winded than something short and substantive (not a direct quote). But, in short, we are happy and grateful, we love our girls and watch with great interest as they grow in unexpected ways. I am also grateful for my Principia experience—both my time as a student and my second time around as a faculty member. This is a noble experiment and Principia is a laboratory doing some very interesting work, and there is still much to be done.



John (Jack) Zimmerman (C '69)

After graduations, I travel in Europe for two months. On return to US, I went to the annual meeting and then moved to Honolulu where my family moved a month earlier. I lived in Hawaii for ten years, enjoying the beaches and mountain, getting a master's degree in Urban and Regional Planning (MURP) at the University of Hawaii, joining the Hawaii National Guard, working for the Hawaii Environmental Simulation Laboratory for three years, teaching at Leeward Community College for three years, and meeting my wife Diana. After a year spending

part time in Houston working on her post doc analyzing the chemical composition of moon rocks for NASA, Diana got a job in the San Francisco Bay where we have lived for the last 38 years. I got a job with the University of California's Office of the President that oversees the 10 campuses and 5 medical centers of the UC system. I was the UC planner for twenty years and the Director of Planning, Design and Construction for ten years, which included establish the tenth campus, UC Merced.

We had our son Jay in 1983 and daughter Lea in 1985. Jay and wife Celeste went to Sweden for graduate school in 2010, had fraternal twins Luke and Oliver in 2011 and Audrey in 2014. Jay works for tech company and Celeste teaches High School in Sweden. Lea and husband Steve live in the SF Bay Area, having Lilly in 2015 and Miles in April 2018. Lea works for a Geotech firm and Steve is a nurse practitioner. We lost our house in 1991 during the Oakland fire storm and moved to Moraga which is about 10 miles from the Oakland/Berkeley hills.

Since retirement I have enjoyed travel by doing two new countries each year, hiking, swimming, photography, reading, classes in music appreciation and photography, and volunteer work. I am sorry that I won't be seeing you at the reunion because we are going to Greece and then Sweden during the reunion dates to see my son's family. Have a great time.

Tributes For Our Classmates We Love & Miss

We looked for relatives and friends of our departed classmates to find someone who might share their Story with us as a Tribute to them. Below are the ones we were able to obtain. All those we know have passed are listed with a page number by the names of those we have a Tribute for.

Danny Aardal	70	Nancy (Broome) Lovejoy	
Bill Armbruster		Ken Lyon	
Pam Baker	70	Scott MacIntire	
Warren Bolon	71	Jennifer (Flowers) McRoy	
Chris Cole		Nancy (Downing) Mitchell	77
Andy Collins	72	Inga (Pranaja) Monaghan	
Mark Courson	73	Kort Peters	
Andy Cummins		Jean (Carnegie) Rainwater	78
Terence Dobson		Jack Rainwater	78
Robin (Walter) Dresser	74	Dee Dee (Gelinas) Rich	78
Mark (Finkelstein) Fairmont		Janet (Nicholson) Roll	
Julie Fowler		Carolyn Sage	
Lance Garrett		Diane (Treacy) Treacy-Cole	
Rich Gould		Diane (Cutforth) Van Horne	
Bob Gustafson	75	Denis Van Patten	
Alan Haas		David Walker	
Peggy (Bort) Imrie	75	Claire Waterson	79
John Kuriger	77		
Mildbrey Leighton			

Dan Aardal (C '69)

Submitted by his wife, Sharon.

After Dan left Prin, he graduated from the University of Denver. This was the time of the lottery drawing for military service in Viet Nam and his number was a low one which meant he would be drafted for sure. So instead he enlisted in the Army's Officer Candidate program and we married in February of 1970 before he had to leave for boot camp at Fort Leonardwood, MO.

We were then assigned to Fort Benning, Georgia, where our first daughter was born. As the War was winding down, fewer Officers were needed so the Army gave Dan the choice of an early out if he opted out of the program which he took. We returned to Denver where he enrolled in the University of Denver's Law school. He worked his way through school, we had our other daughter, and Dan graduated with honors (Law Review).

Then our California adventure began---Dan got a job offer from a law firm in L.A. (O'Melveny and Meyers). So he practiced corporate law there until he switched careers and joined Security Pacific National Bank in their legal department. That career lasted until the bank was purchased by Bank of America and he would have been transferred to San Francisco which we were not willing to do at that time. He held a couple of other legal positions at different firms and finally, ironically, was hired by Accenture's legal department in Palo Alto, so we moved to the Bay area after all! Dan worked at Accenture until he retired in 2014; it was a great set-up as he was able to work from home a lot which cut down on the commuting. Dan passed away in 2015, just short of 45 years of marriage. Our grandson, Dan Wagstaff, is currently a junior at Prin and plays on the tennis team.

Pamela Mehl Baker (US '65, C '69)

Submitted by her friend, Helen Ostenberg (C'69).



What can I say about Pam Baker? Those of you who knew her understand my quandary. Because Pamela was one of those people whom, if we were lucky, we got to hang out with for a while. Unique is putting it mildly.

I got to know Pamela because Principia College did not accept all her credits when she transferred in from Louisiana State University. It's still shocking to me that she was not accepted when she applied to Prin as a freshman. She was so smart. But the College was bursting at the seams in 1965 and turned others away as well. So while she should have graduated with the College class of 1969, she stayed for two more semesters, fall and spring of my freshman year, to make up the credits she lacked. And my life was forever altered. I know that

sounds dramatic, but other than my mother and my CS teacher, no one had more of an influence on me with regards to my love of Christian Science and life in general, than Pam.

I was working at the Monitor the summer between my senior year at the Upper School and freshman year at the College. As I walked across a parking lot near the church center, Pam approached me and asked if I were Rob Ostenberg's sister. She then encouraged me to request Clara McNabb, the newest dorm on campus. The only problem was McNabb was not finished in time for the new school year. So those of us who were the new MacNabbies were farmed out to the rest of the women's dorms for the 3 or 4 weeks it took to get our dorm habitable. I'll never forget the night Pam and Bevi Neitman stormed into the single room I was sharing with Ruthie Rhodstrom in Anderson East, I on the portable

cot, and demanded that I accompany them on a “run” as though I were a sorority pledge. Ruthie objected of course, as it was well passed Sign In. But Pam charmed her into submission and away I went, traipsing after the seniors gleefully laughing.

Pam was nothing if not an instigator. Always dreaming up adventures on which I was more than happy to accompany her and which usually involved putting the top down on her little TR4 Triumph sports car. She introduced me to the great movies of the late 60s as we would drive into St. Louis for the latest Ingmar Berman flick and then discuss it for hours. Remember those days? After my freshman year, she talked about 8 of us into renting a house in Aspen, Colorado, for the summer. We were the go to place for the A/U camp counselors on their days off. After my sophomore year, she talked a bunch of us into working as counselors ourselves at Camp Newfound in Maine. And then there was the bike ride down the Great River Road, the same road that passes Principia College. Only we started in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and ended in New Orleans.

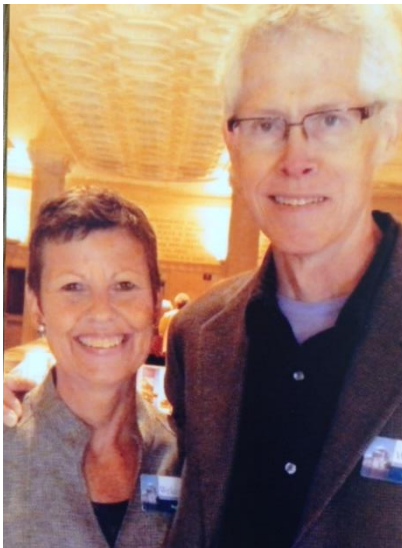


Over the years, Pam was always a part of my life. We met in Maine for the fall leaves, in London where she was attending Oxford and I was a governess for a French family. We both lived in New York City at the same time and she talked me into going to law school. It seemed like a good idea, as the acting thing really wasn’t working out for me.

Pam had gone into the CS practice, following in the footsteps of her beloved grandmother, Booboo. So it was a shock when she passed. I miss her to this day. I bet you do, too.

Warren Bolon (C '69)

Submitted by his wife, Holly (Wheeler) Bolon (C'69).



Gosh, where to start? I graduated from Prin with a double major in sociology and art, Warren with a degree in history. While I was on a Prin Abroad as a post grad in the fall of 1969, Warren met up with our group in Florence after traveling in Europe with Dave Anderson prior to their induction into the U.S. Army. We wrote letters, wed in December of 1970, and began married life at Ft. Hood, Texas. We liked to say we only went on five dates, the fifth being our wedding! Warren received his Masters in Journalism/Communications at the University of Illinois at Champaign/Urbana, where we both also took courses in Art Museology. That led to yearlong internships at the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago. For the next few years, I continued as a designer at the museum, and Warren was an editor for the Urban Systems Lab at the U. of I. Chicago. I had my own freelance graphic design business as well.

In 1977, we moved to Boston when I was hired as art director for the Christian Science periodicals, and thus began our many years of working at The Mother Church. My jobs have also included administrative assistant to the editor of The Christian Science Monitor, and special projects for the Clerk’s Office and the Board of Directors. Warren worked in various capacities, mostly in the Clerk’s Office and for the CS periodicals. He made two trips to West Africa for the Church, trips that were deeply meaningful to him.

We took a break from Boston twice during those years. In 1996, we moved to a small town in northern Vermont to devote our time to thinking, writing, making art, and investing in our spiritual education. We returned to Boston when Warren was asked to again work for the periodicals. In 2006, we felt called to move to Chicago. Warren continued to write and edit from there, and I did volunteer work, until 2009 when Warren was asked to return to Boston to become managing editor of The CS Journal. In the fall of 2010, Warren surprised me with a trip to Italy, a 40th anniversary celebration of our marriage. I continue to love and appreciate Warren's gentle nature, humor and wit, goodness, clear thinking, and deep love of Christian Science. He expressed these qualities through poetry and painting, and through his many articles for the Journal and Sentinel.

Andy Collins (C '69)

Submitted by his wife, Robin (C '69).

As a boy Andy had a passion for planetary science and exploration. He dreamed of working some day at Jet Propulsion Lab in Pasadena, CA—a NASA facility run by CalTech. To his surprise and delight he was offered a temporary position there, beginning the Monday after our college graduation. That summer job would turn into 38 years as a planetary scientist/engineer. We had married in December 1969. In the early 70s the proposed "Grand Tour of the Outer Planets" would first enchant him, and then, as a member of the Imaging Team for Voyagers 1 and 2, engage his professional attention happily and fruitfully for twenty years. For his part in their discovery, Andy was given the privilege of selecting names for two newly discovered moons of Saturn—Prometheus (that "shepherds" the Saturn's F-ring) and Pandora. Among his co-workers he was known for being a patient, calming influence in the room, when interactions were rugged. He often credited his liberal arts education for preparing him to be effective in the world. He liked people, and had a way of reaching out to people disinclined to being sociable.

As a husband and dad, Andy is appreciated for his love, wisdom, reason, fidelity and practical advice. And he was fun! (And, okay, oddball-ish at times.) After one of his fine-tuned, off-the-wall witty asides, usually involving a pun, I mused aloud, "You probably think up a lot more of those than you ever say." Within a split second he responded, "Yeah, I only say about 10% of them." He liked being a dad. He valued his kids—and other children and teens—as important individuals who should be listened to and respected. He had a fearless confidence that they were capable of problem solving for themselves, even at a young age, when on their own, and he coached them to work together if they didn't know what to do in a difficult situation. Andy was steadfast in love for me, and my family. In fact, he liked the idea family, and families, in general. A very good man.

Andy volunteered as Scoutmaster of the JPL Boy Scout troop, keen on providing an environment in which the boys developed leadership skills through their own experience—through their mistakes, as well as successes. He was steadily active in our branch Church of Christ, Scientist, and fulfilled a term on the board of the local Educational Foundation. For several years he kept records and wrote news releases for our local high school cross-country runners, by whom he was affectionately dubbed, "Stat Man". He enjoyed photographing beautiful natural scenes and kids in motion. He was a lifelong news (and weather! and Olympics!) junkie. Distinctly not conventional, yet approachable, friendly and kind. One of a kind. Aren't we all!

Marc Courson (C '69)

Submitted by his friends, Buz Brewster and Jack Mathis.

Jack – “Mark and I go back a long time, and I for many years, starting at Prin College in 1965, considered Mark my best friend, house brother, roommate, teammate, confidante, fellow traveler, summer buddy, tennis partner, and vacation weekend buddy. We stayed close after college, lived near each other on Balboa Island, hung out on weekends and served as best men in each other’s (first) weddings. Although our married and family lives and careers eventually took us in different directions and to different cities, we stayed in touch over the years, playing tennis at Jon Jarvis’s and at college reunions. I now wish, of course, that I had spent even more time with Mark, especially in his last years here, because I miss him.”



Left to right: Chris Hardwicke, Jon Jarvis, Jack Mathis, Buz Brewster, and Mark

Buz – “I met Mark my senior year at the Upper School where we became good friends through sports. That continued at the college and after graduation, when I married Joanne Worsley, we lived in Lake Tahoe where my daughter Pam was born. Mark would come up to visit and became Pam's godfather. On one trip, he rescued a dog and named it Tahoe. He loved that dog, and it was his constant companion for many years. He loved it so much that he could never bring himself to try and replace it when it passed. Mark has always been close to my family. He and daughter Katie came to Maine many times where he loved golfing, boating, fishing, eating lobsters and exploring Maine. Katie eventually attended Camp Newfound for many summers." Mark was a truly unique character and a “man’s man,” while at the same time he was sensitive and caring. Here are just a few of the qualities mentioned by many former students and friends on his Memoriam page that attempt to describe this wonderful man:

Caring, warm, comfortable, there for people, self-effacing, a good guy, sense of humor, passionate, a dedicated teacher, friendly, funny, cool, loving, a mentor, sports fan extraordinaire, knowledgeable, precise, dependable beyond words, a great heart, supportive, competitive, a great friend, great athlete, great father, spiritually aware, winning ways, good, kind, even-tempered, true, inspirational, reliable, interested in others, helpful, open-hearted, connected, a motivator, a glint in the eye, a smiling face, witty, strength of character, a loving husband, humanitarian, charitable, good story-teller, talkative, admirable, compassionate, unforgettable, a huge heart, sensitive, giving, a gentle gruffness.

Mark's first marriage to Nancy in the early 70's lasted only a few years. No children. He got his teaching credential during that time and taught and coached in the Santa Ana school district, a very tough district, for his entire career, but the kids loved him. Judging from his Memorial page, it seemed he was one of those unforgettable teachers that some of us were lucky to have had. Several of his students, at least one of whom became a best friend of Mark’s, stayed in contact with him his whole life and is still close with Mark’s family and friends. Mark retired from teaching some years before he passed.

After his divorce, Mark lived on the beach with his dog as a bachelor for many years. In the late 80's he built two houses on a lot his late father had left him right across the street from Newport Harbor High School. He met and married a fellow teacher, Sharon Courson, in the early 90's, and had a daughter, Katie, whom Mark doted on. Katie became a champion at crew and

won a scholarship to Loyola Marymount where she graduated in 2016. Katie is currently getting her California Fire Fighters credential.

Mark could be demanding at times, but even in his demands he seemed only to be calling for more light and more love. Although he was sometimes disappointed, he was never discouraged. He kept on “keeping on” as long as his legs would carry him.

For many years, Mark, Jarvis, Chris Hardwicke, Bob McCollom, Jack, Buz and occasionally other fellow Principians would do an annual "men's long weekend in Palm Springs" playing golf, tennis, Frisbee and sometimes bowling if Mark's thumb was not acting up (that's a story in itself). Thinking about Mark's bowling motion, humorously surpassed only by his dancing style, can always make us smile and is the main reason we begged him to play.

Jack – “Mark and I had some good talks about some deep things before he passed. I even got to say, ‘I love you, man’, a few times. All of this made me somewhat more pensive, forgiving and understanding, and that is a gift he gave to me. It reminds us all, that in the end, it is only the love that matters. In what were to be his final days with us for now, I asked Mark what more I could do for him. He said simply, ‘Just be my friend.’ It was in Mark’s ever trusting nature to leave it up to me just how to do that.”

Mark, with courage you have led the way leading to the light. We will one day follow, and cannot wait to see your smiling face, glowing with the beauty that was always there, just behind your blue eyes.

Robin (Walter) Dresser (C '69) (1947-2017)

Submitted by her husband, Herb Dresser.



After graduating from Prin, Robin worked briefly for a silk screener in her home town of Baltimore. A few months later she took a job in Boston at the Christian Science Publishing Society in the Monitor advertising business office.

In March 1970 she married Herb Dresser, whom she had met two years earlier. He was a teacher in Baltimore at the time. Their first daughter was born in 1972. That same year they moved to Boston, where Herb took a job with The

Mother Church. Their second daughter was born in Boston, and Robin, a stay-at-home Mom, was soon volunteering in the local elementary school library and in Girl Scouts.

When the girls got older, she became a guide at The Mother Church. Later she became the Front Desk Manager at the Chestnut Hill Benevolent Association. Robin’s oldest daughter, Jen, graduated from Principia College in 1994. In 2006, when Herb retired, they moved across the country to watch their three grandchildren, then babies, grow up in Washington State.

Being a grandmother was one of Robin’s delights! She played with the kids, read to them, did art projects, music-making, cooking projects, swimming, etc. Gardening was one of Robin’s other favorite activities. She transformed the land around her house into a beautiful garden and grew vegetables. And the church was her continuing interest . At various times she served as First Reader, member of the Executive Board, Sunday School teacher, Music Committee member, and usher. But her favorite was the Reading Room. She served as

Librarian and developed window displays and decorated, as well as taking care of all the business.

Robin was a wonderful wife, mother, grandmother, cook, and homemaker. In addition, she lived Christian Science.

Robert Gustafson (C '69)

Submitted by his former wife, Lynn, with contributions from a mutual friend.

After graduating from Principia College, Bob taught History at Chicago Junior School. He was a wonderful teacher because of his innovative teaching style and his eagerness to get middle school students to think about their learning and translate that into a life-long quest for knowledge.

While he was teaching he, himself, was a life-long learner. Because of his economic courses and Business degree from Prin, he became fixated with learning about the financial markets. It wasn't just the stock market that held his interest, it was commodities or the futures markets that intrigued him. While still teaching school, Bob would spend his vacations taking classes at the Chicago Board of Trade. Eventually that led him to apply for a brokerage job at Merrill Lynch in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Once accepted, he spent time in New York City going through their intensive futures training program. He was exhilarated and happy to be working in a field he loved and was passionate about.

While loving his life in Minneapolis, the climate drew him and his wife, Lynn, to relocate to southern California where he began working for Paine Webber in Newport Beach. During the course of his career, he eventually moved to other national firms located in Southern California while still keeping his interest in the futures markets. He began working on his own trading system, which he developed after many hours of research and dedication.

Bob was always generous and helpful to those in need. He cared about his friends, some of which he had since his early teaching days.

Margaret "Peggy" (Bort) Imrie (C '69)

Submitted by her husband, Gordon Imrie.



Berkeley, California native Margaret ("Peggy") Bort Imrie (C'69) passed away in 2012. She was married to Gordon Imrie and had three children (sons John, Parker and Milo Imrie).

Many of Margaret's Prin classmates, who knew her at college as "Peggy," will remember her interest in vocal music and her wonderful solos at the Prin Chapel. After graduation, she earned her Master of Music from Boston's New England Conservatory, followed by a career as a soloist spanning six decades, two thousand performances, and for churches and weddings of many different faith traditions. Following her marriage in 1976, she lived for twenty-two years in Manhattan, renovating an 1884 brownstone and raising her three sons while pursuing a music, performing and teaching career.

Amusingly for a classically-trained vocalist, her Broadway and Los Angeles engagements with the three-person hit show *Mummenschanz* were as . . . a mime. (Her Manhattan mime mentor is now Principia's Richard Morse.) Her first union performance was as the lead in *Show Boat* at Oakland's (CA) Woodminster Amphitheatre. She toured the US and Canada as a Community Concerts soprano (Columbia Artists Management), and performed her own recitals in Boston (Harvard and elsewhere) and New York City (Harvard Club and nearby) emphasizing "art songs" in various languages.

Margaret's talent as a church soloist received a surprise assessment by James McCracken, a legend rated in his own 1988 *New York Times* obituary as "the most successful dramatic tenor yet produced by the United States and a pillar of the Metropolitan Opera during the 1960s and 1970s." He penned a letter to Margaret's Park Avenue Christian Science branch congregation in the early 1980s with his wife, herself a Met mezzo through the 1970s:

"To the Board of Directors: For some time now my wife Sandra Warfield and I have wished to express how impressed we both are with your young soloist. We travel throughout the world and have attended Christian Science churches in most all places, but we have seldom enjoyed the soloist as much as at this church. Would you be kind enough to convey this to her for us, and particularly how impressed we are with the delicate balance she finds between conveying the emotions of the music and her clear, precise diction. Last week's solo prompted us to express our appreciation in writing."

Among her other interests, Margaret was very active in urgent landmark issues for major urban edifices in Manhattan (Central Park West) and Berkeley (the Maybeck masterpiece at Dwight and Bowditch). She spent a year running a store to raise funds for preservation of the old Hinsdale Theater near Chicago. This, after working five years for home design and furnishings firm MacKenzie-Childs, Ltd., managing its Manhattan Madison Avenue store with three million dollars of annual sales and up to fifty employees. She was a director on the firm's board for most of that time, and later its consultant.

After moving to the Midwest to deal with elder-care issues, Margaret joined the national board of the Asher Student Foundation, served in the Illinois Committee on Publication office for several years and for many years worked with the Chicago Chamber Choir as an alto and frequent soloist. She showcased comedy and romance in a popular Chicago cabaret (Davenport's) and was comfortable singing many kinds of music and in various languages. An inspirational CD of Margaret's singing produced by Prin's Peter Link was released September 11, 2015, including selections from five hundred recorded works spanning six decades. Details at: <https://watchfiremusic.com/profile/margaret-imrie/>. Her husband is providing copies for all who attend our reunion. A Facebook celebration of her life may be found at <https://bit.ly/2uypPzP>, including many Prinmates in photos and links. (One need not be registered with Facebook to gain access.)

John Kuriger (US '64, C '69)

Submitted by his former wife, Gail Kuriger.

John arrived at Principia in 1963 as an Upper School Senior. It wasn't long before he discovered that the rules imposed on the boarders by the school were much less restrictive than what he'd experienced at home. He loved being at Prin! Herb King, Frank Sanders and Jeremy Carper, among others, became friends of John and "partners in crime" in dorm pranks and other fun times.

Moving on to Principia College brought more friendships, (Don Wallingford and Dan Prichett), fun (and occasional study) as a member of Brooks North. John was House Manager. And in addition to dispensing the linens and reporting floods in the showers, he enjoyed making "real" coffee and home-made donuts for those who wished to indulge.

He was an accomplished pianist. And during his College years added pipe organ lessons with College organist, Wilhemina Nordmann. His natural talent and love for the instrument continued throughout his life. And he was forever grateful for what he learned from Ms Nordmann.

After college he married fellow Principian, singer, and elementary teacher, Gail Meyer (C'65). They settled in St. Louis, and raised 2 boys. In addition to teaching, Gail was soloist at Christian Science churches, where John joined her as organist. And they were a team for many years at several congregations.

Professionally, John earned an MBA from St. Louis University, worked for Bank Building Corp., Edward Jones, and then as Financial Manager for Peace Haven Association, a Christian Science nursing facility. The role of church organist continued and included the position of organist at Congregation Temple Israel in St. Louis, Treasurer of the local branch of The American Guild of Organists and providing piano or organ music for weddings and other local events.

John's enjoyment of family, friends, his quick wit, and sharing of his God given talent blessed many during his life experience.

Nancy (Downing) Mitchell (C '69)

Submitted by her sister, Susan Downing Greenbaum (C'67)



After graduating with a BA in Sociology from Principia College, Nancy taught 4th grade for a short time in Naples, Florida where she spent all of her elementary and most of her high school years. While married to Prin grad, Jeff Mitchell (C 68), she moved to Portland, OR area for nearly 35 years. Nancy spent time as a teacher, professional singer in a group, and real estate agent... but she was best known for her interior design work and involvement in ASID and NWSID. In her thirty years as an interior designer, she decorated a handful of Street of Dreams homes and was awarded Best Overall Home (Professional Selection) in 1989. Among Nancy's loves were traveling,

boating, music, and, of course, sharing a glass of wine with friends and family. She and Jeff had an all-star athlete daughter Michelle Mitchell White and an artist/writer son Kent Mitchell. Nancy was involved in both of her children's weddings and then three grandsons, but missed the birth of that little granddaughter she had been longing for. Nancy was a lot of fun and always ready with the listening ear to help a friend or someone she didn't even know. Her passing was in 2007 and while she had not remained in Christian Science, she was always a very spiritual thinker-- expressing the power of that early learning and practice.

Jack Rainwater and Jean (Carnegie) Rainwater (C '69)
Submitted by their son and daughter, Tuck and Sarah.

After graduating from Principia, Jack enlisted in the Navy and entered the Officer Candidate School in Pensacola, FL. He trained as a pilot and flew P-3s. Following graduation, Jean continued her French language studies in Tours, France and soon began her teaching career in the U.S which eventually included teaching high school French, elementary general education, and music while working in schools in Florida, Chicago, Houston and St. Louis. Jack and Jean married in June 1970 and lived in Milton Florida while Jack was based at Whiting Field Air Station. In 1971, he was honorably discharged with the rank of Lieutenant and they moved back to the Chicago area. Jack worked at the Northern Trust until 1981, when he joined Bank of the Southwest in Houston, Texas, as Executive Vice President. The family which now included a son, Tuck, and a daughter, Sarah, relocated to Houston and enjoyed connecting with many Principians there. After Jack retired, the family moved to St. Louis in 1989, in order for Tuck (US93, C98) and Sarah (US94) to attend The Principia School. In St. Louis, Jack focused on philanthropy and joined the board of the St. Louis Symphony. He also was a devoted supporter of The Principia and was instrumental in a number of projects there. He also continued to pursue his love of fishing, birding and gardening. Jean was an active volunteer at church, Principia, the SLSO, Peace Haven, and in the community. She was also a talented pianist and organist. Jean passed on in 1996, and Jack passed on in 1998. They remained deeply grateful for and devoted to Principia throughout their lives.

Dee Dee (Gelinias) Rich (C '69)
Submitted by Barbara (Neumann) MacDonald.

I knew Dee Dee when we were freshmen at the college but lost track of her until she wrote to me in 1998. I've written what I know about her from her letter to me.

In May 1998, Dee Dee wrote me out of the blue and shared the following brief information about her life. At that time she was still recovering from a coma period after an accident she'd had in 1976. She attended school at UC Santa Cruz, where she achieved a Certification in Legal Assistantship. After a more complete recovery from the accident, she was able to work as a certified nanny, specializing in children from infants to those 4 or 5 years old. Working with young children at this formative state was very important to her, and she was proud of her "exceptional" kids, all of whom she still kept in touch with. Her other children were her animals, those she owned or supported. I remember Dee Dee as a unique young woman, full of life and enthusiasm, - a bit of a rebel, with a winning smile and a great sense of humor.

Clair Waterson (C '69)

Submitted by his wife, Patty.

Claire graduated from “earth’s preparatory school” (as Mrs. Eddy puts it) in early 2010. However, he accomplished much in his career and never lost his enthusiasm for cars and sailboats. After graduating from Prin, he soon decided (because of a low draft number) that it was best to enter officer’s training school in the US Coast Guard. After serving his three years in the Coast Guard, he then went on to Harvard Business School and earned his MBA. After that he worked in the financial and marketing areas of such companies as Ford Motor Credit, Citicorp Acceptance, and Sears Payment Systems. Along the way he married Patti Clarke (C71) and they raised three wonderful children. After his career in the profit sector, he then worked for The Mother Church for eight years, serving the majority of those years as Committee on Publication for Massachusetts. Those who knew Claire best saw him as a visionary and creative thinker, compassionate friend, adventurous spirit, and loving dad. So grateful for all the good he expressed and accomplished!