There were some really memorable school characters. Eva Cooper, who worked in the office, was about 4’6” tall. Each day we could see her from the Common Room window standing outdoors, eyes closed and face tilted toward the sun. We said she was trying to stimulate her growth. “Sleepless” was better known by the boarders. He was the watchman and seemed to be everywhere at once. There was the wonderful Good Humor man who parked on Piping Rock every day. Fruit Popsicle’s were 7 cents. Chocolate covered ice cream bars were 12 cents. I think I must owe Jimmy Castleman $10.00 in 7 cent loans for Popsicles!

Being a senior and sitting on the facing bench during weekly Meeting was a special experience. Many faiths were represented in our student body. All were comfortable with the hour of silence and contemplation. Sometimes the Spirit did move a student to speak. Many of my classmates have said that never again did they ever have the feeling of closeness, togetherness, and caring for any group of people as they did while they were at Friends.

Margaret Whitney Shiels ’52
The first thing that comes to mind when I think about Friends’ Academy is the wonderful friends I had throughout those years. I’d like to name them but fear I may forget someone. As I look back it seems as though I shared sometime special with almost everyone - male and female. I also remember my home, which has probably been demolished by now. It was the Headmaster’s house, on the right as you entered the campus from Duck Pond Road.

Escapades come to mind, such as the night all the Junior and Senior boarding students snuck out to go to the estate next door (I think that was what we had planned) only to find ourselves locked out of the building upon our return. We were marched dutifully to the Common Room to await our fate.

So many wonderful memories - the teachers, Sunday evening vespers, laughter, waiting to see which table you were assigned to in the dining room. For me, the years passed too quickly and unfortunately my parents moved to Moorestown, NJ the following year. I lost touch with all but a few and I never got back to a reunion.

Jean Hiatt ’53

“retired.” It was 8:00 am.) Not until we turned on the TV did we find out what terrible thing had happened. Thank you Donn Sullivan for calling to check on us. He has been to our house and knows how close to the debris trail we are.

Blessings on all of you. It was the best of times...even suffering through being a teenager was made easier by friends like you. The welcome mat is always out.

Steve Fisher

There has been some interest from a few of our ’53 classmates in reuning for our 50th this year. That is good news. Bad news is the time is short. But the Alumni Office is willing to help us out if we would like to gather at the school in October during the Fall Fair Weekend (October 17-19). There is always the possibility of gathering elsewhere - NYC for instance if the October date would not work for some.

Clare Coss, Joe and Linda Ferro Fletcher, Steve Fisher, Dave Fox, and Bruce Nichols have all thought that we must do something this year. Call or e-mail Steve or me. Steve is your best bet as his organizational skills are far superior to mine. (SGF0077@aol.com) or (timbuck2@wiand.net)

Steve sent a note saying that he has not even grown up yet but now has four grandchildren - how did this happen? His daughter, Toya, is back home in Rhinebeck having joined his companies, which allows Steve more playtime in his beloved Hudson Valley. Much of his time is devoted to canoeing, hiking, and acting. Clare and I have been checking on each other pretty consistently. She and Blanche have been busy: Clare with her therapy practice and play writing (both of which are full-time careers). Her partner, Blanche Cook, is finishing her third volume on Eleanor Roosevelt. Jim and I have had great fun visiting with them both in St. Louis and NYC.

I had a great telephone visit with Bruce Nichols. Bruce is still globe trotting as a financial consultant for central and development banks in order to support his avocation: raising and training racehorses at his farm in Galena, MD. He is fluent in Spanish and probably a few other things he didn’t tell me about.

Cathy Campbell aka Kate Tebodo is alive and well (contrary to FA Alumni Office info) in Puerto Rico most of the year. When I contacted her, both of her sisters, Nancy and Jaime, were visiting. I hope she will be thinking positively about reunions.

Nancy Ellsworth Brandauer lives in Boulder, CO. She has retired from the Boulder Co. Aids Project. Most of her family lives on the East Coast. This may be the best impetus to get her to Locust Valley in October.

Ilona Hornick Sena is also in the retirement mode and perhaps leaving NYC as she says that New York is for the young and rich. She has had a psychotherapy practice for all these many years.

Your scribe is continuing to do all the things she has always done, but it just takes longer. Jim retired five years ago and we have traveled a great deal. Our four kids are scattered and have produced nine (!) grands. My 97-year-old mother is soldiering on in Freehold, NJ. Lots of excuses for travel but with all that is going on in this world right now, the desire is fading. Let us hope for peace. We only have one planet.

The Meeting House Spring 2003 34
The Golden Age of Friends Academy

I will always remember Friends Academy with the same kind of fond memories that one has of their family and home where they grew up. Indeed, as a boarding student from 1949-1954, Friends was my home and the faculty was my extended family. Whenever I think back to those years, I am engulfed with nostalgia partly because of how time miraculously enhances good experiences but mostly because I was truly happy there and was able to realize my abilities. I know this is not a fantasy because my brother Bob '32 and I share the same feelings and we are fortunate to have lived there during those Golden Years of our “dear old FA.”

It’s hard to believe the 125th anniversary is at hand and that 50 years have passed since we were all celebrating the 75th anniversary with pageants, parades, costumes, and games. Just the thought of this ages me a bit even though I still think of myself as young. The years at FA were magical for me. Whether it was earning 12 varsity letters, singing in glee club, or heading the Student Council, I was justly rewarded for these efforts which were fun and enriching. There was a fire there that sparked many of us and I have often wondered if it was lighted by the dedicated faculty, an unusual number of gifted students (check the top colleges they attended) or perhaps the post war environment. In fact, it was probably all of these together with the sense of kindness and civility fostered by the Quaker spirit.

Although only a handful of the faculty or student body was Quaker, I can’t help but believe that the simplicity and fundamental goodness of that faith was always present and exerted an influence on our daily lives we were not even aware of at the time. As for memories, who could forget the undefeated football team of 1951 or the undefeated basketball team of 1954 as the highlights of many athletic events...or the Halloween gauntlet in the musty tunnel, the sledging at night on the front lawn down to Duck Pond Road, the pranks in Study Hall, the Christmas Carol Concert and the seniors singing carols through the dorms at 6:00 am, the Common Room, the sneaks to Glen Cove at night for pizza or to Bayville Beach on warm weekends in May and June, the water fights in the boys’ dorm, the cheerleaders, the Candy Store in the Rec Room, waiting on tables in the dining room which had table cloths and was decorated with Jim Stockton’s sports murals - and of course, the mystery meat which appeared like clockwork for Wednesday night dinner, the wake-up bell at 7:15 am, the girls sunbathing on the roof, the proms and victory dances, Oliver Jones (the best teacher I ever had), George and Jean Stubbs, Headmaster Merrill Hiatt and his family (especially Jean), Victor Haughton and family, the Andre family, Henry and Olive Wilt, Ed Paine, Lou Roper, Rod Pellett, John and Bertha May Nicholson, and Henry Greene eating an earthworm to raise $1 for the French Committee. The faculty lived in “genteel poverty” but were all devoted to our fulfillment. I only hope today’s teachers could know what dedicated teaching was really like.

We owe them our gratitude, and every time I hear of one of them passing away, I feel as though I have lost a part of my family. The 1940s and 1950s were truly the Golden Years at Friends. It was a very small school (35 to an entire class) with limited facilities, and yet it excelled in academics, sports, and extracurricular activities. When I compared secondary schools with my Dartmouth classmates, I always come away knowing how lucky I was to have been at Friends. Although it was not an easy transition to go from such a small coed school to a relatively large men’s college, I was academically prepared. I know it is quite different now as it was in 1983 when my daughter Jennifer graduated. In many ways, it is probably a better school with so many excellent facilities. When I started the Alumni Association in 1964 there was no endowment and the school faced a very uncertain future. Our first Annual Giving raised but a few thousand dollars. There was no “Meeting House” magazine (named by my brother) and we had no class secretaries. What an evolution! Yet, when I think back to that Golden Era and the Age of Innocence we shared, I am grateful. In the words of our Alma Mater: “We will ever prove most loyal to thy memory.”

Ward Burian ’54
programs are in compliance with state federal regulations. In June, she went to England with Bates’ friends and saw the gardens at Bath and the celebration of the Queens Jubilee in London. In July, she enjoyed a few weeks in Maine visiting friends. Peter Klinge sold his summerhouse in Interlaken, NY and moved closer to the ocean in Florida near his son and daughter. Another daughter lives in Rochester and a son in Salt Lake City, New York, and Paris is in advertising worldwide. Peter has heard from our French exchange student Jean Claude Aubourg in Thailand and says he likes Florida in August. Peter’s book is being published. He hears from Donn Andre ‘54. Peter hopes to see Scandinavia and St. Petersburgs next.

Gordon Linder is glad his healthcare provider treats his Parkinson’s in one place. He might enjoy a friendly call at 301-262-5431.

Sandra Conklin Wakefield is teaching Bikram and senior yoga in athletic clubs and senior centers. She was in a dance performance and likes to build community through dance with adults and children. She also tutors adults in English as a second language. She misses Gene DePolo who died last year. She loves Denver and has a relationship with Hal. Her son is a 38-year-old fast food tech and she sees graduate Will, 5, every Friday afternoon. She says, “Keep the children happy! Keep joy!”

The best part of this job is hearing from our teachers. Miriam Taylor Sajkovic who taught us American and English literature and Bible. Sadly, she lost her husband Vlada and had a hip replacement. She had Alexey and her sister Replacement. She had Vlada and her sister Rose and friends over for Christmas. She says life is very different now. She will edit and publish Vlada’s theological manuscripts. She says, “Drop by when in South Hadley!”

John Nicholson, our Bible teacher, and Bertha May sent Christmas greetings from Crosslands, a Quaker retirement center. “As John says, we are in a supportive community, offering independence, good food, a caring staff, and a beautiful setting. We are happy to have grandchildren nearby, to hear about college and sports and school assignments, and to be invited to concerts and grandparents’ days.” Bertha May was asked to give a talk on 9/11 to the Crosslands Interfaith Fellowship and was able to share recollections of her trip with John to the West Bank and Israel in 1981, new facts and ideas learned from reading about Islam, and reflections of the biblical message of love and forgiveness, a subject requested by the group.

The skein of memories is enticing: gold and pewter fall days eating green apples on the fields by Cherrywood. Max Putney’s Social Studies class (alas, I wasn’t in it) wherein frolicsome students built a snowman without Mr. Putney noticing. Going up to the dorm with Jane Rayle and Mary Griffing. Going with Reverend Lowell to hear evangelist Billy Graham in Manhattan. The magic of Miss Taylor and her appreciation of the English language. Afternoons of slanting rain, sitting on the tower steps, talking about immensely important things with Pat Rauch. (Still do that, just a different venue.) The miracle of rich silence which sometimes burned in Fourth Day Meetings.

The Meeting House Spring 2003 34

John Nicholson

5701 E. Glenn #104
Tucson, AZ 85712

It all began with: “We ought to do this in New Zealand.” And we did. Picture Dave, Jimmy, and me riding motorcycles on the South Island of NZ for 18 days. Varied, magical scenery created a kaleidoscope of images and memories that “live in dreams.” On a lighter note, we had the time of our lives. I can still see Jimmy at the wheel of an America’s Cup boat and the expression on his face when he bungy jumped off the original bridge outside Queenstown.

1956

Morley and Anne Wauchope Smith
297 London Drive
Beaconsfield
Quebec, H9W 521 Canada
E-Mail: awsmith@total.net

Lynn Chapman-Adler writes, “Michael and I have slipped quickly into Phase Three of our lives with our move to Virginia last year. It was a year of intense activity, which has shaped us up physically and mentally despite ourselves. We are on the Northern Neck, five minutes from the Chesapeake and two hours from everything else. Just delightful! Part of our Phase Three is importing and distributing feathering and folding propellers from Europe. Finishing the restoration and launching of our Allied Seabreeze will occupy us for the current year. Then, we look forward to some extended cruising along the East Coast. Hopefully, we will find Margo Hicks and Alan Newhouse out on the bay - the one we live across the Potomac from us in Maryland. Looking forward to a 50th Class reunion!”

1958

Peter Javsicas
1316 Church Road
Oreland, PA 19075
E-Mail: pjavasics@earthlink.net

I received notes from the following: George Weckel: “Judith and I are on our boat “Sea Bonds” and in Beaufort, SC. We are headed to Florida and the Bahamas for the winter and early spring. Home in May.”

Judy Liste Irons: “Not much earth-shaking news here, but the world is certainly a bit shaky! Husband Alden retired after 40 years in government and loving it. I love my part-time nursing job. We both enjoy our 6.6 grandchildren, who are scattered in Virginia, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. And we just added two small gray kittens to our lives. In September, we had a fabulous trip to Provence where the food was divine and the sun did shine the whole three weeks. Lovely, historical perched villages everywhere.”

Dee Ann Dice: “It was so good to get the FA Meeting House. I’d lost contact with so many people. Congratulations to Debbie Burling Rouze and Mike on their grandsons. I have four, three of whom are in Boulder, CO, and what a pleasure! I worry about Debbie and Mike when I hear Charleston area is having hurricanes, etc. Judy Liste Irons is the consummate nurse, I am sure, but am glad to hear she is not working full-time. At our age, we have earned the right to rest and enjoy life. And, Art Miller and Ginger left me stranded here in Colorado! St. George, UT is not far away, though. I’m looking for slightly warmer climes myself. Living near a ski resort at 10,500 feet tends to give one long winters, especially now that Denver is seeding the clouds! I’m getting buried in the white stuff! Makes for a good ski season, though. Finally, George Rand an actor??!! Of course, and I am, too. George. Doing lots of work at the Breckenridge Backstage Theatre; i.e., my sixth role with them this February as the Peasant Woman in Hollinger’s Incorruptible, a very non-politically correct farce. If anyone mentions type casting...I’d love to hear from any of you who feel like ‘catching me up’ on your doings. I trust life has been good to you, too, at least for the most part.” E-mail: deebabes@colorado.net

Leslie Wilcox Serenyi reports: “I retired from teaching about a year ago and now just do real estate full-time which I continue to enjoy. This job also gives me greater flexibility. Both my parents died over the past couple of months so I have been dealing with all the things that go along with their deaths and one begins to realize how very temporary our life really is on this earth. My daughter Alice graduated from Pitt School of Nursing with a BSN about two years ago and works at UPMC in Pittsburgh in the cardio-thoracic ICU and loves it. I am looking forward to doing a lot of traveling in the next year, places I have always wanted to visit but just never had the opportunity. My e-mail address is als218@westol.com”

1959

John Froehlich
5701 E. Glenn #104
Tucson, AZ 85712

It all began with: “We ought to do this in New Zealand.” And we did. Picture Dave, Jimmy, and me riding motorcycles on the South Island of NZ for 18 days. Varied, magical scenery created a kaleidoscope of images and memories that “live in dreams.” On a lighter note, we had the time of our lives. I can still see Jimmy at the wheel of an America’s Cup boat and the expression on his face when he bungy jumped off the original bridge outside Queenstown.

Dee Ann Dice ’58, right, as the peasant woman in “Incorruptible.”