

# 1965

## BOYS FIRST BOAT (8-6)

Bow	Sean Crombie Connor '65 (Captain)
2	William Hutton Starbuck Jr. '65
3	William Frederick Scoggins '66
4	Robert Fuglestad '66
5	Brian Arthur Steckley '66
6	Gifford Thomas Foley Jr. '65
7	Wallace Blythyn Reynolds '65
Stroke	Grosvenor Nicholas Farwell '66
Coxswain	Robert Benedict Davies '66



*Williams, Perry, Connor, Starbuck, Scoggins, Fuglestad, Davies, Steckley, Norwood, Foley, Reynolds, Farwell, Clarke*

First Boat Shell: *W. L. Chapman '47* (Pocock, 1961)

Coach: William Hartwell Perry Jr.

Manager: William Harrison Williams '65

Assistant Manager: Steven Kent Clarke '65

Yale 150lb. Varsity one and three-quarter lengths ahead of Kent

Phillips Academy Andover one and a quarter lengths ahead of Kent

Kent one length ahead of Washington-Lee High School

Kent one-half length ahead of Lower Merion High School

Fathers' Weekend: Kent three-quarters of a length ahead of Princeton Second Freshmen

Harvard Second Freshmen 6 seconds ahead of Yale Second Freshmen

Harvard Second Freshmen 2.5 seconds ahead of Kent, who were classified second of 4

Fourth of 8 in New England Interscholastic Regatta (one and a half lengths behind Phillips Academy Andover)

Henley Plate: Wallace Blythyn Reynolds '65

Bishop's Oar: William Hutton Starbuck Jr. '65



The year 1965 was the first as Head Coach for **William Hartwell Perry Jr.**, a member of the younger generation of American coaches and Tote’s school-picked successor.

Hart immediately made changes that would take time to deliver results. The loss to **Andover** was the first ever between the two schools in a dual race.

program, the younger Starbuck would spend a postgrad year in Northern Ireland at Portora Royal School at Enniskillen, stroking their First Boat and competing in the 1966 Henley Royal Regatta thirty years after his father had represented Kent in the 1936 HRR.

The elder Starbuck and his Kent team had traveled



**Charlie Whitin '68:**

*Kent Rowing now had its third-ever permanent coach—Hart Perry—and under Karl Adam’s influence [see 1962], Hart was rapidly changing everything in the technique, technology, and training of crews.*

*“Creep it up . . . creep it . . . creep, creep, creep . . . slowly . . . Catch!”*

*That had been Tote’s style. The old American Conibear style. Suddenly the rhythm of the stroke was entirely opposite. On the recovery, instead of slowing the slide as we approached the stern, we accelerated it.*

After Hart had succeeded in putting his own stamp on the team, Tote came out in the launch to see the result. He took one look at the First Boat rowing Hart’s own personal interpretation of the Ratzeburg Style, and all that Tote could manage to gasp was, **“What have you done to my crew?”**

True story.

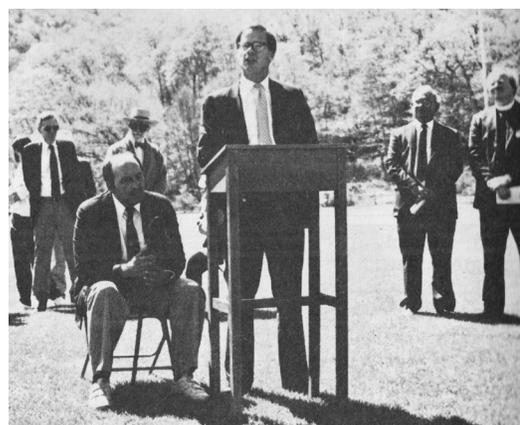
**John Arthur Norwood '65**, who raced part of the season in the First Boat, was also awarded a varsity letter.

First Boat 2-oar **William Hutton Starbuck Jr. '65** was the son of 1936 First Boat 6-oar **William Hutton Starbuck '36**. As a part of the ESU exchange student

to England in 1936 on the maiden return voyage of the **RMS Queen Mary**. In fitting symmetry, the younger Starbuck returned to the States in 1966 on one of her last transatlantic voyages. Soon after, she was retired to become a floating hotel and tourist venue in Long Beach, California.

Young Bill lived only to the age of forty-seven, felled by multiple sclerosis. His brother, club rower **Peter Shepard Starbuck '69:**

**“I accompanied Bill to his last Kent reunion in 1991. He was already confined to a wheelchair, but he was absolutely ebullient to again be surrounded by his classmates and teammates.”**



*Bill Starbuck (seated)*

## GIFF FOLEY

### Bill Pickard '67:

First Boat 6-oar **Giff Foley '65** and I had started at Kent at the same time, the fall of 1962—me in the Second Form and Giff in the Fourth. Our first Dining Hall assignment was at the same table, and we remained friendly even when, years later, he became a prefect and confiscated my skateboard—which he then proceeded to use regularly until the end of the term when he gave it back to me.



Giff Foley

In a school culture of upper-form bazing, Giff was always nice to us. He would look out for us when others did not.

Giff was big, strong, and rough. His real sport was football. He was a punishing defensive lineman at Kent and rowed in an awful First Boat in 1965, Hart's first year as Head Coach. Then he went to Dartmouth, where he joined Hart's old fraternity, played football really well, and made himself into a legend.

My mom loved Giff because he was so big but so well-mannered and gracious. When we showed up in Hanover on my summer tour of colleges, Giff was hobbling on crutches up the street by the Hanover Inn. He'd injured his leg during August football practice. When we got out of the car, he recognized me and crutched right over, called me by my first name, and immediately introduced himself to my parents. He had my mom at hello with his "How do you do, Mrs. Pickard. My name is Giff Foley."

Giff was amazing. He could read a room and talk to everyone in the way they wanted to be talked to. Adults loved him. Teammates loved him. Younger people (including me) loved him.

Giff was very intelligent and got good grades when he cared to—which wasn't often. He partied hard and did some historically insane things. The Dartmouth dean's office and Giff were on the closest of terms. Giff was at the center of everything that was both fun and out of bounds.

Things came to a head at the end of one term when in his three courses he got two "Flagrant Neglects"—to get a Flagrant Neglect you had to fail to show up, turn nothing in, and kick the professor's dog—and an "E" . . . and the E was a gift!

That did it. Giff was "Separated" from Dartmouth College. If you got suspended, they assumed you would be back. If you got Separated, they never wanted to see you ever again.

So Giff left Hanover somewhere near the end of his junior year. This was 1968, so the war in Vietnam was going full tilt. Without a college deferment, a 6-foot-4-inch, strong, fast, athletic, smart guy was going to end up in the military, so Giff volunteered for the Marines.

Even in basic training, Giff stood out as obvious leadership material. He wasn't interested in sucking up, but he respected people who deserved it. He was everything that a "real" Marine should be, and his superiors admired him. They made him the leader of his training group, and he continued in leadership positions for his entire time in the Corps.



His fraternity brothers would get letters and pictures from Giff in Vietnam. One note described a firefight. Giff and his unit were surrounded and pinned down in a remote location with only rocks for cover. Most of the men in his group, including Giff, were wounded, and many of them had been killed. There was barely space inside their perimeter for a single helicopter to land through intense fire, load wounded, and get out again. Giff was one of very few even able to move around much, so he would fire at the surrounding enemy, pick up a wounded soldier, carry him to the helicopter, and run back out to the perimeter

where he would shoot more enemy and pick up another guy. By himself he took out a machine-gun nest. This went on for a long time until everyone living was rescued and all the bodies had been taken out. Giff flew out on the last helicopter.

Giff won the Purple Heart and Silver Star. If you look at Giff's portrait in the lobby of Foley Hall at Kent, he's wearing those medals. There was some contemporaneous chatter (but never from Giff!) that he should have won the Medal of Honor.

When Giff mustered out of the Marine Corps, he returned to Dartmouth, entered the dean's office, all 6-foot-4 of him, in his Marine uniform with his medals, stood in front of the dean, and said, "Please, sir, may I return?"

What were they going to say?

So during my senior year, Giff Foley became my Dartmouth classmate. He played on the football team, but never regained his speed—getting shot will do that to you—but he was so inspirational that Dartmouth instituted an award for the best, toughest guy on the football team. It has an official title, the Swede Nelson Award, but everyone knows it as the **Giff Foley Award** because it was created for him, and his is the first name on it.

Giff had won seven letters at Kent in football, wrestling, and crew. A prefect and captain of the football team, he was awarded Pater's Mug and the Robert G. Howell '24 Plaque as the outstanding male athlete in the school.

For his accomplishments in three sports, First



Boat 6-oar **Gifford Thomas Foley Jr. '65** would be inducted into the Kent School Athletic Hall of Fame in 2005.

See 1991 for additional Giff Foley stories.