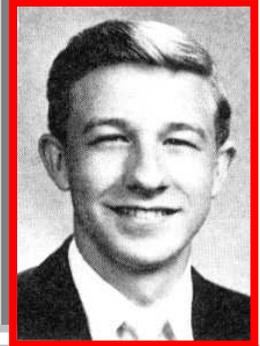


CHS Bio

Jack Siggins Class President



1953



1955

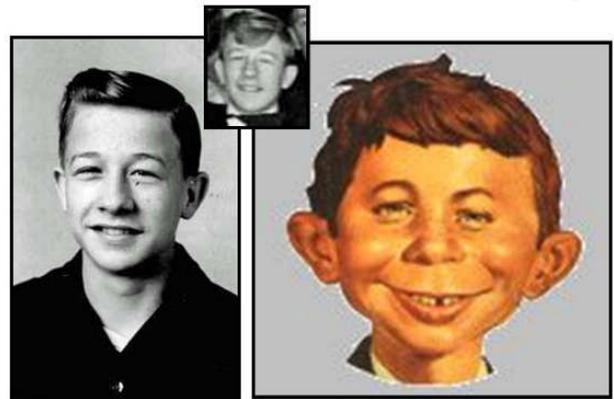
After graduation, I entered Princeton University along with three other classmates: the late **Gary Martin**, **Jim McDermott** and **Mark Holmes**. The four of us joined several other CHS graduates from earlier classes and formed what was the second largest high school representation at Princeton. Tulsans such as **Arch Edwards** (CHS '54) and **Richard Frenier** (CHS '55) helped us become acclimated pretty rapidly.



1954

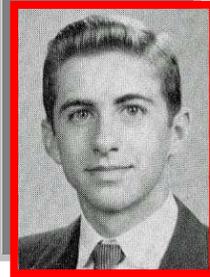
For a boy with less than moderate financial means like me to get a full financial package to such a prestigious school was a blessing, but little did I know what I was in for. Everyone there had very high academic qualifications and most had been class officers, team captains or some other position in high school or prep school. I was fortunate to have won a scholarship to Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, before our senior year at CHS on the basis of having attended a special program there in the summer of 1955 along with **Betsy Martin**, **Gay Hammond**, **Marcia Rodd** and **Patsy Dunham**. I chose Princeton over Northwestern because they offered more scholarship money and because our CHS Class Advisor, **Erskine Stansberry**, urged me to. Boy, was she right! What a wonderful and wise person she was.

At Princeton, I majored in Romance Languages (Spanish and Portuguese) and Latin American civilization. I also studied Russian just for fun. I had a jazz music program on the local FM radio station (Jim was my engineer) and played trombone in the marching band (billed as "The World's Most



Jack Siggins winning his first "**Alfred E. Newman**" "Look-a-Like" contest in 1953

Casual Marching Band”). Gary played base drum, since the bassoon was not a band instrument. Freshman year I got together with **Ronnie Raynolds** and **Paul Edwards** at Harvard when the band traveled there with the football team. I remember three homesick Tulsa boys, with nothing much to do after the football game, going to the movies in Cambridge and appreciating very much the fact that



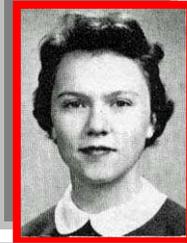
Paul Edwards



Don Milsten

we could be together. The movie we saw? “And God Created Woman,” Brigitte Bardot’s scandalous first movie. Talk about depression and homesickness! Gary and I also invaded **Don Milsten’s** dorm room at Cornell one football weekend and awakened him with a “concert.” The next year when the band went to Yale I missed seeing **Chris Seger** and **Bill Bruckner** for some reason.

After Princeton, I entered law school at the University of Virginia and married **Betsy Martin**. We were joined the next year by **Richard Minshall** and **Sally Howard**, who had married and moved to Charlottesville as Richard entered law school. Sally and Betsy taught at a rural (and I do mean rural!) school north of town. At the end of a year or so, I dropped out of UVa (loved the law; hated the lawyers) and enlisted in the US Army. I was placed in the Army Security Agency (the military wing of the National Security Agency) and sent to the Army Language School (later, the Defense Language Institute) in Monterey, California, to learn Japanese. Betsy and I spent a wonderful year there and, as I recall, ran into **Barry Epperson**, who was also stationed at Monterey.



Betsv Martin

I was sent to Hokkaido, Japan, where I was the only Japanese-speaking American on a small base filled with Chinese, Korean and Russian linguists listening in on intelligence communications. That was when the Viet Nam war was beginning to heat up (1963). The Army was looking for intelligence personnel to fill in until soldiers trained in Vietnamese arrived, so I spent about 2 ½ months in Saigon on TDY working for Army Counter Intelligence, mostly monitoring fraternization between GIs and the locals...of which there was a lot.

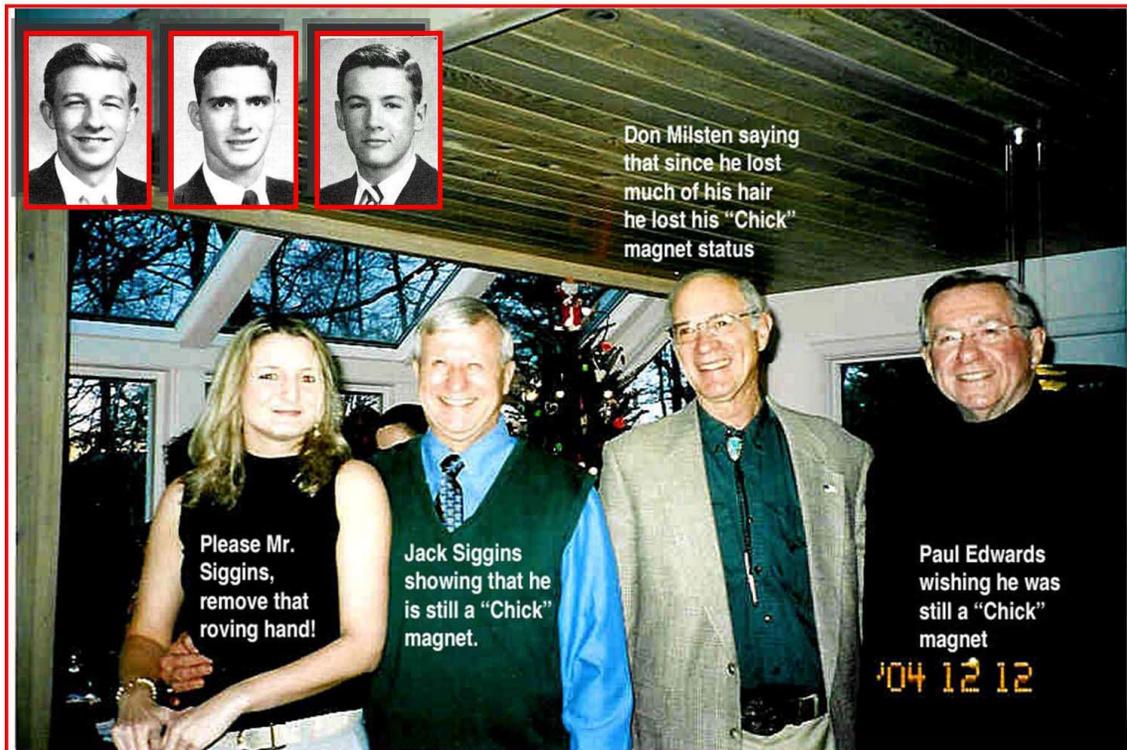
After military service I worked for two years at the Defense Research Division of the Defense Intelligence Agency, using my language background. In 1967, Betsy and I moved to the University of Chicago where I entered a joint doctoral program in Far Eastern Languages and Literatures and library science. I had a great time. Too great, apparently, because Betsy and I were divorced after that.

I took a job at the University of Maryland while I wrote my dissertation, intending to become a professor, but got interested in university library administration instead. In 1982 I left Maryland, where I was by then Associate Director of Libraries, and became Deputy University Librarian at Yale. In 1984 I married Maureen Sullivan, whom I had met at Maryland. She was in charge of personnel at the Yale Library until she decided to start her own consulting and training business in organizational development. Today she has a booming business working with universities, libraries, government agencies and not-for-profits. She is so well known and has such wide-spread contacts around the world that I am usually identified as “Maureen Sullivan’s husband.”

After 10 years, I was pretty burned out from running Yale’s 26 academic libraries, and took a long-overdue sabbatical to do research and writing. I also traveled with and helped Maureen with her consulting jobs. After my sabbatical was over, I never went back to Yale. Instead, in 1995 I accepted the position of University Librarian (Dean) at George Washington University, where I am today. Maureen and I live in Annapolis, Maryland, in a lovely home overlooking part of the South River where it enters the Chesapeake Bay. When we were at Yale, we had a 30-foot Catalina sailboat that we took up and down Long Island Sound. We sold it before moving to the Washington area but, despite our best intentions, have not replaced it in Annapolis.

When we lived in New Haven, I talked to **Diane Martin** by phone and saw her when she came through town. In Washington, **Barry Epperson** and I have had lunch a few times when he was in town on business. There are several CHS ’56 grads in the Washington area. I get together with **Don Milsten**, **Paul Edwards** and **Linda Rowland Christenson** when possible, and just discovered that the former Marilyn Mullin lives in nearby Mount Vernon. **Susan Freeman** and

her husband, **John Evans**, lived in northern Virginia (he taught at George Mason University), but for some reason we couldn't find a way to get together. Betsy lived near Baltimore with her new husband, Hal Piper, before they moved to Seoul, Korea. This CHS reunion has led to messages from old friends, including **Bill Tiederman** and **Jim McDermott**.



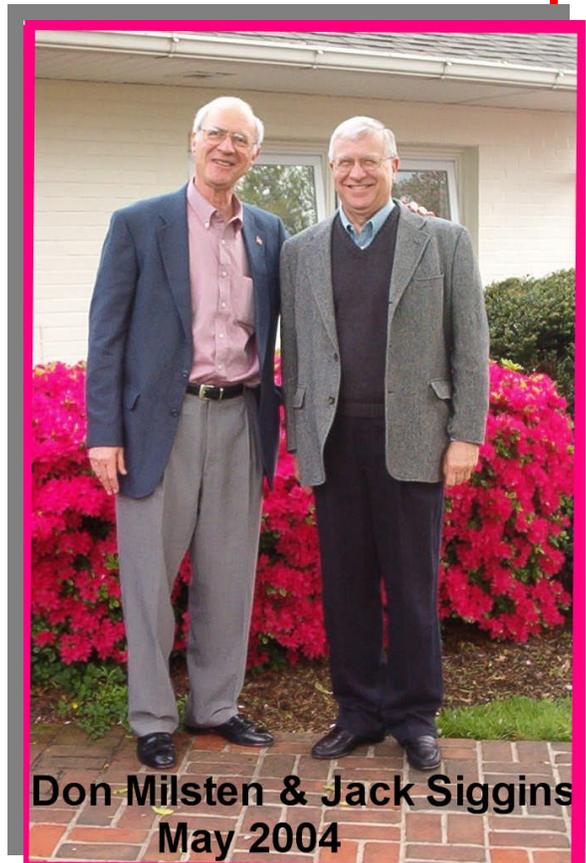
I've traveled a lot, including around the world once. Lived in Japan and went back there several times. Been to the former Soviet Union twice. Took the Trans-Siberian Railroad across the country backwards (from Nahodka to Moscow), with side trips to Tashkent, Samarkand, Baku, Tbilisi and Bukhara, where, quite unexpectedly, I ran into **Clyde Wyant** and his family sitting in a bar in the only good hotel in the city. Clyde generously shared one of two bottles of Danish beer he was carrying (drinking the water was dicey).

Let's see...what else? Since leaving CHS, in addition to the above, I've also been a ditch digger and jackhammer operator on construction; worked as a radio announcer at a country and western radio station in New Mexico; and served as a Japanese language interpreter in the Army and afterwards. I have three academic degrees, read and write five languages (Japanese, Spanish,

Portuguese, Russian and Chinese), speak two fluently. I enjoy running up to Level 5 rapids in a Sportyak on 10-day excursions down western rivers mostly in Utah and Colorado. Personal: Very happily married for 22 years to Maureen. No children (that I know of). We have a vacation place on Martha's Vineyard that we get to pretty frequently. Don't plan to retire for about two years.

I am really looking forward to seeing everyone at the reunion, esp. long-lost friends, such as **Earl Lloyd (Pete) Rowland**, my best buddy at Riverview. Pete said in his bio that his first kiss was with **Jane McGuire**, who moved away after grade school. I can remember kissing her, too (Pete and I were best friends but rivals when it came to Jane), but I think my first kiss may have been with **Donna Owens**. Central was a special place, and the teachers were extraordinary, something I appreciate and reaffirm almost every day. **Laurine Hager, Mary Ellen Bridges** and **Mr. Martin (Gary's father)** were role models, not just teachers.

Also special are the flashes of memories: **Dick Manley** and **Barry Epperson** daring to tell a risqué joke at Assembly; **Bo Mapes** and me swinging from ropes as elves at the Christmas pageant; the talents of **Don Venable, Greta Morris, Joneil Foster, Marcia Rodd, Diane Martin** and **Jerry Green**, among others. And the multitude of friends and acquaintances passing through the halls and classrooms. Great times!



See Ya at the 50th Jack!