

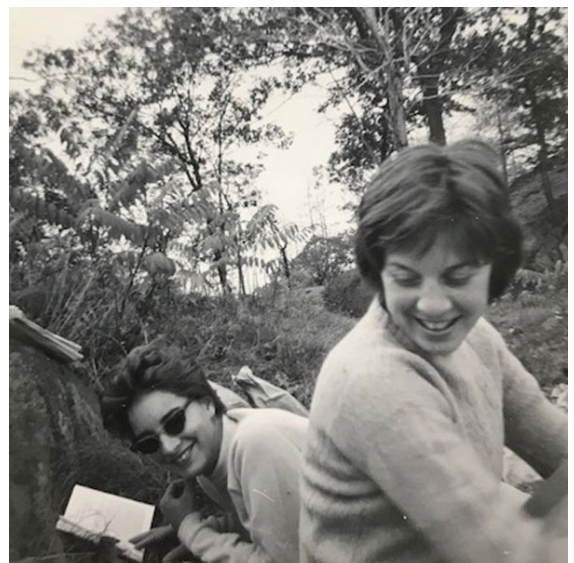
## Mount Holyoke College Class of 1965 In Memoriam

### Sally Tubbesing

It is poignant but also really a privilege to write about my dear friend and college roommate, Sally Capps Tubbesing. I have added a bit, mostly about her college days, to the wonderful obituary written by her dear husband Carl:

Sarah Louise Capps Tubbesing, known from birth as Sally, passed away on December 14 at her home in Freeport, Maine. She was 74. That morning, she and her husband Carl listened to Maine Public Classical, as they often did throughout the day, but at noon she turned to Carl and said, "Play some jazz." Twenty minutes later she had passed to where Bill Evans plays nightly in a club around the corner, Ella Fitzgerald scats her way through the Great American Songbook, Glenn Gould hums along as he interprets and re-interprets the Goldberg Variations and Gustav Mahler infuses the majestic Resurrection Symphony with his personal, impulsive style.

Music, whether classical or jazz, was only one of Sally's many abiding passions. She reveled in her granddaughters, Hannah and Ainsley McIver, and her step-daughter, Laura Tubbesing McIver. She showered similar affection on dear, life-long friends, including Lynn and Chuck Mills and Susan and Peter Betzer and their families. Mt. Holyoke College, the institution and the indelible friendships she made there, was a defining feature of her life. Chebeague Island was in her DNA (her parents met there as children) and, after she retired from her professional career, Sally devoted unstinting energy to many of the island's non-profit organi-



zations. She was an inspirational leader of the Chebeague Library, recognizing it as the indispensable resource it is to the Chebeague community. For over ten years, Sally was the piano accompanist for The Whalers, the island's choral group, helping lead it with her musicianship, administrative skills and good humor. Her cookie baking brought acclaim, not only on Chebeague, but throughout Casco Bay. Of all her Chebeague activities, though, perhaps most cherished were the early morning hours spent on the family cottage porch, drinking coffee, watching birds and chatting with her husband. Sally was an enthusiastic volunteer for Maine Public Radio, relishing the 6:00 a.m. shift during its fund-raising Super Thursdays. She was devoted to her family, including her parents, dear sister, brother and to her husband Carl, the love of her life. A friend wrote to him, "So many people lost a friend today and your loss is beyond imagination."

Sally was born in Ft. Wayne, Indiana, the daughter of Stephen Reid Capps III and Katharine Rose Swenarton Capps, and spent her childhood in Ft. Wayne and Tiffin, Ohio. She graduated from Mt. Holyoke College in 1965, later earning Masters degrees from the University of Chicago (MBA) and the University of Michigan (MSW). At Mt. Holyoke, she was involved in numerous leadership activities and was dedicated to the college throughout her life through her involvement with the Alumnae Association. Her mother, known as "Kit," was a member of the Centennial class of 1937, and as class songleader had led the singing of the Alma Mater at the celebration of the 100th year of Mount Holyoke in 1937, with both Mary Woolley and Eleanor Roosevelt among the dignitaries in the audience. Several other '65 classmates were also daughters of '37, including Carol Meschter, whose mother Barbara was President of the Alumnae Association from 1982-1985, so there was a special bond with that class.

Sally came by train to South Hadley in September of 1961, to Pearsons, where she roomed with Betsy Fish and joined a rollicking group of 40 freshman (now known as "first-years") who immediately bonded. We elected Sally to be our dorm rep to the freshman Nominating Committee and she immediately put to work her nascent political skills, succeeding in having three of the Pearsons freshmen





on the slate for class officers: Cleo Griffith for Treasurer, Nancy Stagner for Secretary, and me for President. If I am not mistaken, all were elected.! --So Sally's career in politics may have been launched right then (though I don't know whether she started honing her considerable skills in Ft Wayne!). We roomed together for the next three years.

Sally majored in history and spent many hours on long reading assignments. A skilled knitter, she was able to create many sweaters for friends and family, knitting while reading! She loved music and played piano through college, working on the Beethoven First Piano Concerto during Senior Year, even as she was very busy with classes and Judicial Board. She was a member of JB both sophomore and junior years and was the Chair our Senior year. This meant that she and I had one of the TWO student phones on campus that year! It also meant that she spent innumerable hours on student rule-breaking/judicial issues with the all-powerful Dean of Students in what we all remember as a hide-bound oppressively rule-driven era. She was able to forge a good relationship with Dean Ruth Warfel, who arrived our senior year. The rules got a smidge more humane, and Sally was a wonderful leader, with balance, thoughtfulness and humanity. She maintained complete discretion in her work, and I never knew about what individual cases she was grappling with.

Sally epitomized the spirit of generosity, giving , and caring for others. Her impact on my life can't be overstated: she was the one who came up with the idea of my going to medical school when I was over 30 -- a wonderful life changing step for me -- and for at least the next 10 years she would ask to make sure I was happy with the decision. She enjoyed staying connected with MHC and our class -- working with Cleo Griffith to create the in-depth survey for our 50th Reunion.

Sally's early career included positions with the School of Social Services at the University of Chicago, Arthur Young & Co., and the Center for Social Policy. Later, she served for 18 years as the Executive Director of the Legislative Council of the Maine State Legislature, helping it through an intensely productive period of modernization. She gained the respect of her peers in other state legislatures through her work with the National Conference of State Legislatures. Through her membership on the Board of the NCSL she met her wonderful husband Carl. Sally concluded her professional career as a consultant to the Annie E. Casey Foundation.

Sally is survived by her husband, Carl D. Tubbesing of Freeport and Chebeague Island, Maine; her step-daughter, Laura Tubbesing McIver and granddaughters Hannah Claire McIver and Ainsley Caitlin McIver of Los Angeles; sister Rosemary Capps Merchant of Oakland, California and her husband John and their extended, blended family; Stephen Reid Capps IV of Mt. Airy, Maryland and his wife Linnea; nieces Katharine Cahill and Jennifer Capps and grand-nephew Michael Cahill; brother-in-law Kenneth Tubbesing, sister-in-law Julie Tubbesing of Tecumseh, Nebraska, and nieces Tara, Leah

and nephew Isaac Tubbesing.

A service will be held on Chebeague Island during the coming summer. Contributions, in lieu of flowers, may be made to the Chebeague Island Library, 247 South Road, Chebeague Island, Maine 04017.

(Posted Jan 2018)

Read More: <https://www.chebeague.org/obits/tubbesingsally/index.html>



A Celebration of the Life of  
*Sally Capps Tubbesing*

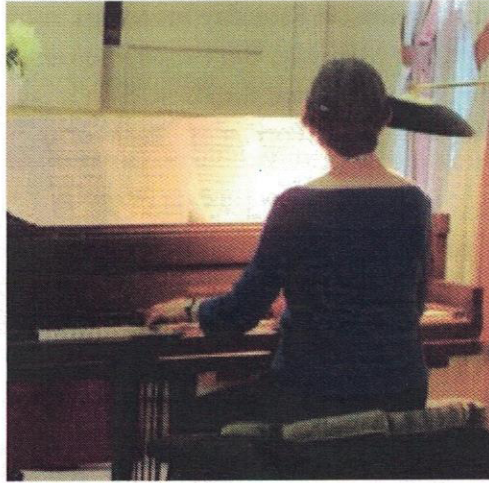


Chebeague United Methodist Church  
Chebeague Island, Maine  
Saturday, August 11<sup>th</sup>, 2018

A Celebration of the Life of  
**Sally Tubbesing**

August 11<sup>th</sup>, 2018

Prelude	Recorded Classical Selections
Opening Words	Pastor Melissa Yosua-Davis
"Let Evening Come" <i>Jane Kenyon</i>	Laura Tubbesing McIver
Prayer	Pastor Melissa Yosua-Davis
Selection from the Goldberg Variations <i>J.S. Bach</i>	Martin Perry
Remembrance	Lynn Mills
Remembrance	Rosemary Merchant
Prelude and Fugue, No. 5 in D Major <i>Dimitri Shostakovich</i>	Martin Perry
Remembrance	Deborah Bowman
"Simple Gifts" <i>Elder Joseph Brckett</i>	The Whalers
Remembrance	Ellen Goodman Robert Levey
"Out Here" <i>Sheila Jordan</i>	Sheila Jordan
"Peace Piece" <i>Bill Evans</i>	Herb Maine and John Howard
Benediction	Pastor Melissa Yosua-Davis
Postlude	Recorded Jazz Selections



### **Liner Notes: A Musical Love Letter**

#### **Prelude**

Classical music moved Sally deeply. Leaving a Sebago Long Lake concert on Chebeague, she would look up at the stars and exclaim, “Aren’t we lucky to have this incredible music on our little island?” A Portland Symphony Orchestra concert would end, Sally, not wanting to break the spell of the music, would reach for my hand to hold us in our seats for a few minutes longer. In Wuhan, China, we were treated to a performance on traditional Chinese bells of the Ode to Joy from Beethoven’s Ninth Symphony. I knew when I looked at Sally tears would be streaming down her face—and they were. At home, we delved into our classical CD collection every day. Often, it was in the background while we cooked or read or puttered. Once in a while, a piece or a movement or a passage would get her attention. It might have been one of the selections you are hearing now, all favorites of hers. Sally would pause, listen intently for a few minutes, then turn to me and say, “Oh, Carli, just listen to that!”



## Service

J.S. Bach, Goldberg Variations, Selections. Our listening at home was a bit regimented—jazz in the evening, classical during the day, Ella Fitzgerald and Frank Sinatra on Saturday mornings, morphing into Gary Burton, Chick Corea, Pat Metheny, Bill Frisell and others during the afternoons. Sunday mornings were for Bach, Sally's favorite. The Goldberg Variations were her favorites of her favorite.

Dmitri Shostakovich, Prelude and Fugue, No. 5 in D Major.

Shostakovich was moved to compose his 24 Preludes and Fugues after listening to a young pianist's inspired playing of Bach's Well-Tempered Clavier. Given this lineage, it is hardly surprising that Sally was completely smitten by them.

Elder Joseph Brackett, "Tis the Gift to be Simple." On a dreary February afternoon, Sally could be counted on to ask to hear Copland's Appalachian Spring. What better way to conjure up a warm sun, fields of daffodils and the songs of warblers in the woods? There is so much music on Chebeague but, alas, no symphony orchestra to play Appalachian Spring. We do, thankfully, have The Whalers to sing the Shaker hymn upon which Copland's work is based.

Bill Evans, Peace Piece. Sally and I met through our jobs, seeing each other a few times a year at meetings around the country. We were friends well before we became an item, as they say, in that most romantic of cities, Tulsa, Oklahoma. Within six weeks of that fateful night, we were on the Cousins Island dock waiting for The Islander for the trip to Chebeague so I could meet Sally's parents for the first time. ("Shall I bring flowers to your Mom?" I asked. "Oh, no," Sally said, "We have plenty of flowers on Chebeague. Bring peanut butter. She loves peanut butter.") I was shy and nervous, being eyed by all of Sally's friends on the dock. Just as the ferry was pulling up, Sally took me aside and said, "Carl, there's one thing you need to know before we get out there. Everyone needs to make their own peace with Chebeague." "Holy Cow!" I thought. "What does that mean? What kind of place is this? What am I getting into?" It took me a long time, probably years, to figure out what Sally meant, but I learned she was right. Each of us does

need to make our own peace with Chebeague. Sally did. Something to contemplate as you listen to this beautiful and peaceful Bill Evans tune.

### **Postlude**

"Lotus Blossom," Duke Ellington. The album, "And His Mother Called Him Bill," is an Ellington masterpiece. It is a musical eulogy for Duke's dear friend and collaborator, Billy Strayhorn. Grief and loss are evident in nearly every note. The full orchestra had already recorded "Lotus Blossom" for the album, but when the session was over, Duke went back to the piano and, alone, began to play "Lotus Blossom" again. Harry Carney unpacked his baritone sax and joined in for the second chorus, their anguished tribute then to their friend, Billy, and now to our friend, Sally.

"The Single Petal of a Rose," Ben Webster. I played this lovely Ellington tune for Sally one evening not far into our courtship. "Where did that come from?" she growled. Actually, his tenor growled and Sally nearly swooned. Ah, the romantic possibilities of a seductive jazz ballad. Ben Webster from then on was her favorite saxophonist. Mine, too.

"Blue Moon," Ella Fitzgerald. Sally believed that Ella was truly incomparable. No other jazz singer, no matter how esteemed by others, came close. Sarah Vaughan? No. Carmen McRae? No. Billie Holiday? Not really. Nancy Wilson? An emphatic, uh-uh! Karrin Allyson? You've got to be kidding! Whether singing the Cole Porter songbook backed by the Nelson Riddle orchestra, recreating Porgy and Bess with Louis Armstrong or in an intimate conversation with pianist Paul Smith, it was always Ella, hands-down. "Blue Moon" was the first song Sally ever sang to me.

"The Peacocks," Bill Evans. Watching birds, whether from our porch on Capps Point or on safari in Krueger National Park, was one of our great shared pleasures. There currently are no peacocks on Chebeague, but this beautiful tune, written by Jimmy Rowles, evokes memories of the birds we saw and the joy they brought.



"The Wedding," Abdullah Ibrahim. Sally and I only discovered South African composer and pianist Abdullah Ibrahim eight years ago when he released a new album, "Sotho Blue." It immediately moved into my personal list of the top 25 jazz albums of all time. Sally, who bordered on the obsessive about making lists, but not necessarily of jazz albums, liked it as much as I do.

"Django," Modern Jazz Quartet. Sally's next career would have been as a vibraphonist. Often, before Christmas and at other more random times, she would say, "You know, I'd really like to have a vibraphone." I am pretty sure she was serious; regrettably, it never happened. Sally adored the elegant, but swinging playing of the Modern Jazz Quartet and its vibraphonist Milt Jackson. They were our Portuguese-lobster-chowder-dinner-at-home-on-New-Year's-Eve music.

"These Foolish Things (Remind Me of You)," Brad Mehldau. Sally's preferred sub-genre of jazz was the piano trio. "What shall we play tonight?" I'd ask. "You know, you haven't played Bill Evans or Keith Jarrett in a long time. Or, how about Fred Hersch or Brad Mehldau?" Mehldau was a particular favorite. Why "These Foolish Things (Remind Me of You)?" Because they do.

"I'll Be Around," Marian McPartland. When I first started coming to Maine to see Sally, Marian McPartland's popular Piano Jazz program was on Maine Public Radio on Sunday mornings. We'd have the New York Times spread out on the living room floor, coffee by our side and Marian on the radio. We had such admiration for her interviews with other jazz musicians and her improvising with them. There's a special, well-stocked section in our CD shelves for her albums.

"The Song is You," Dave Brubeck Quartet. Because the song is you, Sally.



Two constants throughout Sally's life were music and warm, enduring friendships. This service celebrates Sally through some of the music she loved and through the reflections of friends and family who loved her. Music defined her, whether for those closest to her or for the many others who knew her throughout her life through her playing, singing and throwing her music on the floor during a Whalers' concert. The insert to this bulletin explains how the selections played before, during and after the service had meaning in her life.



*"The Song is You"*

Service Participants:

Officiant: Pastor Melissa Yosua-Davis

Pianists: Martin Perry, Herb Maine, John Howard

The Whalers; John Howard, Director Emeritus

Readers: Laura Tubbesing McIver, Sheila Jordan

Remembrances: Lynn Mills, Rosemary Merchant,  
Deborah Bowman, Ellen Goodman and Robert Levey



*Thank you for attending this morning's service.*

*Please join Sally's family for a reception at the Island Hall.  
You are invited to leave at the direction of the ushers, but also  
encouraged to stay to listen to the postlude pieces.*