JOHN HARVARD’S JOURNAL

(Here William B. Rogers IV deviated: most of his male ancestors graduated from Harvard College, and he is a direct descendent of its fifth president, John Rogers, who served from 1682 to 1684.)

At Stanford, Rogers honed his role as family maverick by studying drama before dropping out in 1971, midway through his junior year, to travel south; he fell in love with Colombia’s natural beauty and stayed put to learn Spanish. One day, he recalls, “a swarm of bees landed in my backyard and I thought that might be a good way to get my hands on pure local honey. I knew nothing about beeckeeping and had always been a bit nervous around bees, but I found a local beekeeper who helped me hive the swarm,” he says. He ended up running a commercial honey plant for five years with friends he met in Bogota. “There is something miraculous about what social insects bees are and how they’re organized and work together with remarkable intricacy,” he says. “They are wonderfully efficient and completely in tune with nature and highly motivated and directed— it is the kind of thing I find intellectually appealing. And, I happen to love honey.”

In 1976, with Africanized (“killer”) bees moving toward Colombia, he sold the business and moved, with his partners, to North Carolina to operate a “mail-order queen bee” company. During the winters, as a change of pace and to earn more money, Rogers put his carpentry skills to work in San Francisco doing construction and redevelopment projects—which triggered an interest in the business of real estate. After an 11-year hiatus, Rogers returned to Stanford, graduated in 1983, and moved east for business school. “Having been self-employed for years and having experienced firsthand my own lack of knowledge and skill when it came to management and other business-success factors,” he says, “I was convinced an M.B.A. would be very helpful.”

After graduation, he did construction management and urban development in Chicago and in San Francisco until the market bottomed out. By then he and Weese were married, with young children, and she told him, “The heck with spec real estate. You need a job.” He found TPL through contacts and was hired in 1991 as the western regional director; he became president seven years later. The job has held his focus longer than any other occupation save beeckeeping (which he still does in his backyard).

Since its inception, TPL has helped protect more than 2.2 million acres of land—half of it under Rogers’s leadership. He more than doubled the size of the organization (and its volunteer corps), founded its conservation finance program (led by Ernest Cook ’76), which has helped 294 communities design and pass ballot measures for more than $19 billion in land conservation funding; and created new lines of business and programming to connect people to the land and their heritage. Current projects include:

- a $25-million initiative with New York City’s Department of Education to build 25 school playgrounds in the city by 2010 (the first opened in Harlem in April);
- the pending conservation of the 1,700-

Harvard Citizen

With the death of Robert G. Stone Jr. ’45, LL.D. ’03, on April 25, the University lost a rare friend. The longtime member of the Harvard Corporation (1975 to 2002) co-chaired two major capital campaigns, led the search committee that chose Lawrence H. Summers as Harvard’s twenty-seventh president, chaired the Committee on University Resources, and served on the board of Harvard Management Company. His prowess as a fundraiser was legendary; in a tribute to Stone at Memorial Church on May 4, Neil L. Rudenstine, Harvard’s twenty-sixth president, described him as “warm, candid, imposing, direct, and virtually unrefusable.” The captain of Harvard’s record-setting heavyweight crew in his senior year (he graduated in 1947, having given two wartime years to the army), Stone in 2001 endowed the position of men’s heavyweight crew coach; in addition, more than 500 scholarships have been awarded to serving undergraduates from the Stone Fund since 1979. Along with improving international studies and athletics at his alma mater, undergraduate financial aid was at the top of Stone’s to-do list.

A shipping-industry executive who made his home in Greenwich, Connecticut, and in Marion, on Buzzards Bay, he nonetheless made more time for undergraduates than any other senior University official, traveling to the Yard every other week to have breakfast at the Faculty Club with students—many of them Stone Scholars—because he was genuinely interested in them and their Harvard experiences. Gregg Stone ’75, J.D. ’79, reflecting on his father for an obituary in the Boston Globe, summarized him thus: “He was a man of commerce, and he loved people.” Many grateful members of the Harvard community, much the richer for the life of Robert Stone, loved him back.