

UNSOLVED MYSTERY: **THE GEORGE SNOW STORY**

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THE DISAPPEARANCE OF george SNOW

In 1980, a Boca Raton businessman piloted a news helicopter to a remote island in the Bahamas to cover a story that ultimately helped to topple a government. What happened to him remains a mystery that haunts his family to this day.

By **GASPAR GONZÁLEZ**

The drift chart that Tim and Jeff Snow keep shows the ocean currents around the Bahama islands, how they might carry a piece of flotsam from just off the coast of Williams Island a couple of hundred miles north, to Grand Bahama. To the casual observer, it's interesting enough to look at, a reminder of the wondrous workings of nature. For the brothers, however, the chart represents something entirely different—a riddle with no answer. *What happened to their father that day he took off from Andros Island in his helicopter?*

It's been more than 30 years since George Snow, a prominent Boca Raton businessman-turned-chopper-pilot, transported an NBC news crew to the Bahamas to

cover a story involving shipwrecked Haitian migrants. Snow and his crew got their story—and then became part of it, when their helicopter, on its return trip to Miami, disappeared somewhere over the water, never to be found.

What happened to Snow and his three passengers is the subject of enduring speculation. Was it an accident, or, as some believe, the work of drug dealers? Did the Bahamian government, angry at what the newsmen had uncovered, have something to do with the disappearance? His sons say they'd give anything to know the truth.

But the truth, like the currents, can be hard to read sometimes.

AS SEEN IN THE DECEMBER/JANUARY 2011-2012 ISSUE OF BOCA RATON MAGAZINE



November 1980: George Snow stands in front of his helicopter at Cayo Lobos. Snow and three passengers would disappear on the return trip to Miami—never to be seen again.

MAN ON A MISSION

George Snow was always looking for the next frontier. Having grown up in western Pennsylvania, where the winters can be harsh, he thought Florida seemed like a good place for a young man to start a career. In 1958, he packed his bags and headed south to become, at 23, the new math teacher at Seacrest (now Atlantic) High School in Delray Beach.

Teaching angles and coefficients to teenagers, though, was only a nine-month occupation. While having the summers off was nice, it didn't provide the kind of income that would allow Snow and his young wife, Susan, to support the big family they were planning. So Snow, working with a friend in the construction business, started using his free time in the summers

to build homes. Within a few short years, he had his own company, Snow Realty and Construction.

"That was before FAU and IBM moved to Boca Raton," says his son, Jeff. "So he was able to ride that wave." Older brother Tim adds, "With IBM, he built the plant manager's house."

The two men are reminiscing inside Tim's office at the George Snow Scholarship Fund, the nonprofit that has honored their father's spirit since 1982 by providing need-based college grants to students in Broward and Palm Beach counties. "He was very driven," Jeff says. "He had the reputation in business as being a tough guy." Around the house, too. "Jeff and I had crew cuts back in the 1970s—when that wasn't cool," jokes Tim, whose neat beard and bald pate recalls the former Miami Dolphin, Bob Kuechenberg.

George Snow was ambitious, so much so that he didn't mind selling his own house, if it was the one that a client wanted. "It happened quite a few times," remembers Tim. "He would tell my mom, 'We're not moving again,' but then he'd have somebody over to dinner and sell them the dang house right then and there." Says Jeff: "Around the dinner table, he'd ask them, 'What kind of house are you looking for?' And the guy would say, 'Well, one like this,' and we'd just get up and start packing."

Snow would eventually build more than 2,000 homes in the area, as well as nonresidential projects like St. Gregory's Episcopal Church. By 1970, his company was grossing a reported \$6 million a year. The family grew right along with the business. In addition to Tim and Jeff, there were two daughters, Jennifer and Lisa.

Instilling a strong work ethic in his children was important to Snow. So was making sure other people's children had the same opportunities as his own. His sons like to tell of the time, in the early 1970s, when black students being bused to high school in Boca Raton from Delray Beach were denied the opportunity to participate in extracurricular activities because they had no way of getting home if they stayed after school. Snow lobbied the school board for a special bus service for the students. "When they said no," recalls Jeff, "he helped buy the bus, and [he occasionally] drove it himself."

Nothing, it seemed, could slow down George Snow—until one night in 1973. "I almost died hemorrhaging from an ulcer," is how he explained it to *The Boca Raton News*.

Brothers Tim (left) and Jeff Snow scan the drift charts that they used to try and locate the remains of their father's helicopter.



The episode convinced him that it might be time to cut back on the day-to-day grind of construction and concentrate more on overseeing his real estate holdings. Not yet 40, Snow eased into a kind of semiretirement and took to spending more time with the family, traveling, boating and skiing.

He'd made his name and his money and now could look forward to enjoying the rest of his life. George Snow, people said, was one lucky guy.

HELL OR HIGH WATER

Cayo Lobos, or "Wolves Key," is a deserted speck of land, an outlier in the Bahamas island chain, only 25 miles off Cuba's north coast. It's doubtful anyone ever would have heard of it, had it not been for the 100 or so Haitian migrants who turned up there in late 1980.

This was during the regime of dictator Jean-Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier. Baby Doc and his father, François—Papa Doc—had ruled Haiti since the late 1950s with the help of a secret police force known as the Tonton Macoutes, or "Uncle Gunnysacks," after the bogeyman of Haitian legend who steals children in the night. The Tonton Macoutes cracked down on political dissidents and generally kept the inhabitants of one of the world's poorest countries in check, while the Duvaliers lived in opulence.

By the late 1970s, the situation for many in Haiti had grown desperate. "People," says Jean-Baptiste Obas, a longtime Haitian activist in Miami, "would get themselves a little boat, without knowing how big the ocean was. The United States was *La terre promise*." The promised land.

The vessel that left Haiti in September 1980, packed with 113 Haitians (possibly more), was a 33-foot wooden sailboat. After six days, the passengers ran out of food. It took another week for a storm to sweep the sailboat onto the beach at Cayo Lobos. In the interim, several migrants succumbed to hunger, heat exposure and the effects of drinking salt water. At Cayo Lobos, their luck only got worse. As easily as it had been washed to shore, the sailboat was washed back out to sea, leaving the Haitians stranded. At least that's one version of the story.

Another is that the boat was likely operated by smugglers. In 1981, a 19-year-old named Atlis told the *Palm Beach Post* that he had paid \$350—an exorbitant amount by Haitian standards—to go on the



Above, from left: The Snow family (Wife/mom Susan, Lisa, Tim, Jennifer, George and Jeff. **Below:** The lone piece of helicopter wreckage recovered by the brothers.

"[George] got into helicopters through some friends who were also into boat racing," Tim says. "It began as a hobby."





AP PHOTO BY KATHY WILLENS

This page: Bahamian police storm the beach at Cayo Lobos. **Opposite page:** Haitian refugees were stranded at Cayo Lobos for more than a month.

Snow, his sons remember, was concerned about his helicopter's flying range—and his access to fuel once he got to the Bahamas.

trip. Had the boat encountered trouble that forced it ashore in Cayo Lobos, or had the migrants, relieved of their money, simply been put there by smugglers who weren't willing to risk interception by the Coast Guard? And what of those who perished before making landfall? Had they died of natural causes, or had they proved too difficult to control, been murdered, and dumped at sea?

Under the Tonton Macoutes, Haitians had become experts at keeping secrets—and at dealing with life as it is, not as they would like it to be. The facts of how they arrived in Cayo Lobos are, in many ways, irrelevant. It matters only that they got there. It was weeks before they were discovered living in the shadow of the island's only other inhabitant, an abandoned lighthouse.

Concerned that an increasing number of Haitians fleeing Duvalier might find the Bahamas an attractive destination, the Bahamian government was not inclined to hear asylum requests. Instead, it simply ignored the migrants. Eventually, the U.S. Coast Guard began dropping basic supplies—bread, water, toilet paper—but the situation on Cayo Lobos remained dire.

UP IN THE AIR

By late 1980, George Snow had more changes in his life. For one thing, the father of four was a bachelor again. "He had that hard-charging personality—you know, had a checklist for everything," says his son, Jeff. "By 1976, he and Mom were divorced." For another, he had taken up aviation, specifically helicopters. "He got into them

through some friends who were also into boat racing," says Tim. "It began as a hobby."

The hobby became an occupation in the spring of 1980, when the Mariel boatlift—during which more than 100,000 Cubans were allowed to leave the island by dictator Fidel Castro—made international news. "There were only 20 or 30 helicopters in South Florida," Jeff says. "So when Mariel came along, there was more work flying news crews than they could handle." Everybody, it seems, wanted aerial shots of boats full of Cubans coming into Key West.

Once again, George Snow seized an opportunity. Day after day, he flew news teams down to the Keys—and discovered he liked being part of the team.

"The crews loved to fly with him," says recently retired Telemundo president Don Browne, who, in 1980, was the NBC bureau chief in Miami. "He had that sixth sense. He was a photographer's pilot; he was always in harmony with what they were trying to do."

No surprise, then, that Browne hired Snow and his Bell Jet Ranger helicopter to cover the Cayo Lobos story.

"Everyone knew the Haitians were marooned there, but they couldn't get to them," explains Browne. "We had the logistical creativity [to figure out a way]."

Browne's plan was to send Snow and the network's technical people—cameraman Randy Fairbairn and freelance soundman Dan Cefalo—to Congo Town on Andros Island, about two-thirds of the way between Miami and Cayo Lobos. Congo Town would serve as the crew's base of operations for the duration of the story.

The remaining member of the team, on-air correspondent Ike Seamans, would commute to Andros every morning on a Learjet. Once he got there, fuel from the jet would be pumped into the Jet Ranger, and Seamans and rest of the crew would scramble onto the chopper and fly to Cayo Lobos. At the end of the day, they'd return to Andros and put Seamans on the Lear back to Miami. He'd land just in time to package the day's footage for broadcast that night.

It was going to be a tough assignment for everyone involved, but Snow, as the chopper pilot, had his own set of worries. The initial jump from Miami to Congo Town would be about 200 miles. The distance from Congo Town to Cayo Lobos

was another 120 miles; that's 240 miles round-trip, every day that coverage of the story continued. Snow, his sons remember, was concerned about his helicopter's flying range—and his access to fuel once he got to the Bahamas. "Congo Town was a landing strip with no facilities," says Tim. "The transfer of fuel from the Learjet into the helicopter ... It was real makeshift."

The second leg of the journey posed an entirely different problem. "Cayo Lobos is very close to Cuba," says veteran Associated Press photographer Kathy Willens. "It's on the edge of Cuban airspace, and that was a concern of the pilots who were going down there." Willens, based in Miami, was also on her way to Cayo Lobos. She would see Snow there.



A FITTING TRIBUTE

According to his sons, George Snow once went on a cruise and was so impressed with how hard one of the cabin boys was working, he made sure to stay in touch with him, and later sent him money for school.

"He was a self-made man, and he valued people who had a good work ethic," Tim Snow says.

After the disappearance of their father, Tim and brother Jeff decided the best way to honor the former schoolteacher was by creating a scholarship fund in his name, so that other hardworking kids could make something of themselves.

The George Snow Scholarship Fund was launched in 1982. "We started with a couple of thousand dollars," recalls Tim. "We gave the first scholarships to a student going to Lynn [University] and another to FAU." The annual fundraiser in those early years was a Kentucky Derby party, just like the one the elder Snow used to host.

It was a heartfelt effort, but, by 1990, the fund was sputtering. "We didn't have an endowment," says Jeff. That's when big brother Tim decided to step in as the organization's full-time president.

Under Tim's leadership, the fund—which gives four-year, need-based grants to college-bound students in Broward and Palm Beach counties—has grown spectacularly. Thanks to events like the Golf Classic at Royal Palm Yacht and Country Club (held in September) and the annual Caribbean Cowboy Ball (Jan. 28), the fund hopes to top the \$400,000 it awarded in 2010.

"There are so many kids out there who have a need," Tim says. "Kids who come from single-parent families, who've worked hard, who've shown they're really worthy."

For more information about the organization, visit scholarship.org or call 561/347-6799.

AP PHOTO BY KATHY WILLENS

"We prefer to die rather than go back to Haiti," the refugees shouted at Bahamian immigration officials.

SHOWDOWN AT CAYO LOBOS

Events in the Bahamas, meanwhile, were moving quickly. The Bahamians had known about the Haitians on Cayo Lobos for several weeks and had tolerated their presence there while figuring out what to do with them. Now, however, the Haitians were becoming a story, and not one that the Bahamian government wanted known. On Nov. 11, authorities dispatched a 135-foot supply tender named *The Lady Moore* to Cayo Lobos to evacuate the Haitians and return them to their homeland.

When they reached the island, Bahamian immigration officials were met with resistance. Some of the Haitians brandished

sharpened sticks. Others threw rocks. "We prefer to die rather than go back to Haiti," they shouted. The Bahamians retreated. News crews, including Snow's NBC team, were there to capture the scene. Everyone wondered how the Bahamians would respond.

They got their answer the next day.

It was 3:45 in the afternoon when Kathy Willens and her AP colleagues saw "these Bahamian soldiers with clubs and tear-gas canisters jumping out of open skiffs" and storming the beach. What followed was gruesome—and barbarous: The Bahamians began clubbing the Haitians, who this time offered no resistance. Some Haitians ran into the water in a futile effort to get away. Those who didn't were subjected to tear gas. And anyone in the way was verbally threatened. "This isn't a movie—get out!" a Bahamian soldier barked at Willens, who was snapping pictures from the ground.

Nearby, Seamans, Fairbairn, and Cefalo were doing their jobs. Snow was behind the controls of his helicopter, waiting for them to return. Gunshots rang out. The news crews on the ground ran back to their respective choppers, which then climbed and hovered just above the lighthouse. The Bahamians continued beating the Haitians. The soldiers then started waving their rifles in the direction of the choppers. Snow and the other pilots got the hell out of there—fast. They'd seen enough. They were also transporting the lead story for that night's newscast. The Haitians, they knew, would eventually be rounded up, put onboard *The Lady Moore* and returned to Haiti, where Duvalier would deal with them.

All the choppers made it back to Congo Town for refueling. The air was thick with electricity—a storm was rolling in—and apprehension.

"We had shot some controversial scenes that the Bahamian government wasn't going to like," says Willens, who made a point of pocketing the film she'd shot in her clothes and loading a blank roll, just in case someone tried to open her camera and expose it. Everyone was anxious to get out of the Bahamas. Seamans took the remarkable footage shot by his crew and hopped the Lear back to Miami to make the tight broadcast deadline. Joe Dalisero, an ABC news video technician in need of a lift home, took Seamans' place aboard the Ranger.

Willens would return to South Florida on a commercial flight out of Nassau. "See you in Miami!" she shouted to Snow, Fairbairn, Cefalo, and Dalisero as she took



AP PHOTO BY KATHY WILLENS



off for the airport. Says Willens: “No one expected that they wouldn’t come back.”

WITHOUT A TRACE

Tim Snow, 24 and working in Fort Myers at the time as a project manager for a construction company, will never forget the phone call: “He was due back that night,” Tim says. “Dad’s housekeeper called to say he never made it home.” George Snow’s helicopter had disappeared somewhere between Andros Island and Miami. The Coast Guard was dispatched.

Conflicting reports about the fate of the chopper’s passengers began to surface. Jeff Snow was a business undergrad at the University of Florida. When he got the phone call that his father was missing, he jumped in his car and headed to Boca to meet his brother. He turned on the radio and heard a news report out of Nassau—the wreckage had been found, along with three bodies; there were no survivors. “Back then,” says Jeff, reliving the moment, “you had no cell phones, so you had to drive to the next pay phone before you could call anyone to get more information.”

Meanwhile, Tim recalls hearing a Miami

radio news flash: The crashed helicopter had been spotted off the coast of Andros Island; one person had died and three had survived. Neither report proved true.

The Coast Guard would intensify its search. The Navy and Air Force joined in. So did the Snows. Both Tim and Jeff had pilot licenses by the time they turned 20—the Snows always seemed to follow in each other’s footsteps—and they organized their own rescue mission. They were going to find their dad.

They called on pilot friends to help, and the response was overwhelming. “The family and friends put up more planes than ABC or NBC,” Jeff says. Everyone, it seems, was looking for George Snow and his Bell Jet Ranger. There was even help from Capitol Hill. At the time, Lawton Chiles was a U.S. senator from Florida. Tim Snow knew his son. Because of that, according to Tim, Chiles “kept the Coast Guard out a little longer than normal” searching for the crash site.

For six days, planes, helicopters and boats combed thousands of square miles of ocean, from the southernmost edge of the Bahamas to the Southeast Florida coast, over to Naples and even up to St. Augustine. But there was no sign of the wreckage. On Nov. 18, the

This page: Haitian women, in desperate need of medical treatment, wait for help inside a lighthouse at Cayo Lobos. **Opposite page:** An armed landing party of Bahamian soldiers and police used nightsticks to forcibly round up the more than 100 stranded Haitian refugees.

Coast Guard called off its search.

But not the family or its friends.

“We continued flying for two weeks,” Jeff says. The Snows had set up shop in their father’s business office (just two blocks up North Dixie Highway from where the George Snow Scholarship Fund is today). A large map of the Bahamas and surrounding area covered what had once been George Snow’s desk. More maps and charts lined the walls.

Tim was doing most of the flying; Jeff stayed back at the office to coordinate the effort. But not for long. “I got this feeling that [my dad] was waiting for me,” Jeff says. So he took his plane out and joined the search. That’s when the enormity of the task really hit him: “I realized what the searchers were going through. You stare at nothing but blue water for three or four hours straight.” Even now, Jeff Snow can’t finish relating the story without breaking down.

From left: NBC producer Don Critchfield, George Snow, NBC cameraman Randy Fairbairn, NBC soundman Dan Cefalo, ABC correspondent David Garcia, ABC cameraman Steve Stanford, ABC soundman Joe Dalisero, and an unidentified pilot. Fairbairn, Cefalo and Dalisero were on the chopper with Snow.



THE MYSTERY DEEPENS

The search sputtered to a close around Thanksgiving. Then, on Nov. 29, there was a break: A piece of debris was found on West End on Grand Bahama Island. Three feet long and 2 feet wide, the tan-colored hunk of metal included the numbers “069.” The missing helicopter’s registration number was N10696. It was a piece of Snow’s Bell Jet Ranger.

Rather than confirm what most already believed—the helicopter had gone down in the water—the discovery only fueled speculation. The brothers thought it an odd coincidence that the only piece found would contain portions of the helicopter’s registration number. The number appeared only four places on the chopper.

Then there was the location of the discovery. According to the drift chart the brothers still keep, for a piece of Snow’s chopper to have made its way to West End, the Jet Ranger would have had to have gone down near Williams Island, just off the coast of Andros. No trace of the wreckage was ever found there, despite relatively shallow water. In fact, no other section of the helicopter was ever found anywhere.

Adding to the mystery: The U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration claimed a drug informant told agents that he had been aboard a marijuana-smuggling boat off the coast of Andros the night Snow’s chopper disappeared, and he’d seen what had happened. The helicopter, the man said, spotted the drug boat and swooped down to get a better look. The drug smugglers opened fire on it and shot it down. It was an amazing story, one neither the Coast Guard nor the DEA could confirm. Drug informants, the agencies noted, were not reliable sources.

But the question hung in the air for the brothers: Could the debris that turned up in Grand Bahama, one of the only pieces that could identify the helicopter, have been *placed* there to bring the investigation into the crash to an end? It even got Jeff thinking about the radio report he had heard after his dad’s disappearance, on his way to Boca from Gainesville. It seemed strange that there would be a sighting of the crash, complete with a body count, only to have the whole thing turn out to be unfounded. Had that been an attempt to divert rescuers away from where the crash had actually occurred, and maybe give the smugglers time to sink the shot-down chopper?

Certainly, the Bahamas were popular with drug runners. Says Tim: “I remember flying over Williams Island and seeing an airstrip

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

MORE THAN 30 YEARS AFTER CAYO LOBOS, SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO COVERED THE ACTION LOOK BACK.

DON BROWNE: As NBC bureau chief in Miami from 1979 to 1989, Browne hired George Snow to fly to Cayo Lobos, then coordinated what one colleague calls “an armada” of choppers and planes to search for the missing helicopter. According to Browne, the episode remains one of the most difficult experiences of his career, “something that was beyond tragic.”

Browne went on to become executive vice president at NBC News in New York and, in 2005, was named president of the Spanish-language Telemundo network. He retired this past June.



IKE SEAMANS: For more than 40 years, Seamans was a correspondent for NBC News and a fixture on South Florida airwaves—though, under different circumstances, he knows it could have all ended for him in Cayo Lobos. Some people thought it had. “One of the wire services called the day after the crash, wanting a comment on ‘Ike Seamans’ death,’” he remembers. “*The Miami News* had reported that I’d gone down with the helicopter.” Seamans retired from NBC in 2007. Today, he works as an actor, model and spokesman. Check out his YouTube channel at [youtube.com/user/ikeseamans](https://www.youtube.com/user/ikeseamans).



KATHY WILLENS: One of the first female photographers at the Associated Press—as well as one of its most respected—Willens says covering the Haitian community in Miami was “the highlight” of her career.

Cayo Lobos, in particular, is memorable. The AP didn’t think enough of the story to assign a writer, so, in addition to shooting the action, Willens provided the news service with its only written, eyewitness account of the Bahamian government’s attack on the migrants. “The initial idea was just to get photos of the Haitians who were stranded,” she says. “The story evolved from there.”

Willens still works for the AP, and lives in New York.



with abandoned DC-3s. That was clearly one of the places they were flying drugs from.” The brothers decided to go to Grand Bahama to get some answers for themselves. When they arrived there, they attempted to speak with the man, a German tourist, who had found the piece of the chopper on the beach—but he was less than cooperative. “The guy took off running,” Jeff recalls.

There were a couple of forays into the Bahamian underworld—meetings in restaurants with suspicious characters—but nobody knew anything, or, if they did, nobody was talking. The brothers grew wary of pressing their luck. “There comes a time,” says Tim, “when you ask yourself if it’s smart to be snooping around that stuff.”

There was more strangeness. A crackpot mercenary with “intelligence” connections offered to continue the search for \$10,000. Psychics, say the brothers, “started coming out of the woodwork.” There were phone calls in the middle of the night. “One told us that [Dad] was in a white house in a horseshoe-shaped island,” says Jeff. Another quack, the brothers thought, but they still got out the maps and looked for anything resembling a horseshoe. Nothing.

WHAT HAPPENED?

The fate of George Snow and his passengers would remain shrouded in uncertainty. There had been bad weather on Nov. 12, thunderstorms with 20- to 25-knot winds. Perhaps that was a factor.

Snow had left Congo Town around sundown. Without the horizon to guide him, he might have become disoriented and flown his chopper into the sea. There was even a thought that the Bahamian authorities, unhappy with the news coverage of the events on Cayo Lobos, had played a part in the disappearance.

The most persistent theory, and not only among the Snows, is that drug smugglers were somehow involved. John Spatuzzi, a retired Coast Guard helicopter pilot who was friendly with George and who participated in the search mission in 1980, reports that two years after Snow’s disappearance he heard from a DEA agent that a group of smugglers had echoed the drug informant’s version of events: One of them had fired at the helicopter and downed it.

The smugglers also corroborated Tim and Jeff Snow’s suspicions of just how the piece from the helicopter had made its way to Grand Bahama. “Their story,” Spatuzzi



The Snow siblings today. Standing (from left): Jeff and Tim. Seated (from left): sisters Jennifer and Lisa

says, “was that, in the days following the disappearance of the helicopter, there were so many Coast Guard helicopters in the area that they could not get any smuggling done. So one of the smugglers took a piece of the missing helicopter and placed it on Grand Bahama Island to draw off the search aircraft.”

Not everyone buys it. Ike Seamans insists that pilot error is the more likely explanation, adding that it became apparent to him and his crew early on that Snow “wasn’t a big-time helicopter pilot.” That assessment is contradicted by both Browne and Spatuzzi—who says he saw Snow do some fancy flying when filming a Coast Guard rescue one time—but Seamans is adamant.

“The theory that they were flying around and drug dealers shot them out of the air?” Seamans says. “I thought that was bullshit.”

The truth lies buried somewhere between Andros and Miami.

What is often overlooked—and shouldn’t be—is the impact of the images that George Snow’s NBC crew sent home from Cayo Lobos. The footage of Bahamian soldiers clubbing defenseless Haitian migrants was broadcast locally in Miami and nationally on

“The Today Show” and “NBC Nightly News.” The images sparked outrage and fueled the movement against the dictatorship in Haiti.

“For Haitians in Miami, Cayo Lobos helped us prove to the United States what Duvalier was,” Jean-Baptiste Obas says. “Haitians were willing to die on the seas rather than live in Haiti. It was proof that Duvalier couldn’t stay in power, even if it still took a little time for him to go.” [Duvalier fled Haiti in 1986. He returned in January 2011 and promptly was arrested on charges of corruption during his presidency. At press time, he was awaiting the conclusion of a government investigation and possible trial in Port-au-Prince.]

All these years later, Tim and Jeff Snow continue to build on their dad’s legacy as a businessman, educator, and philanthropist. Jeff runs the family business, Snow Realty and Construction. Tim is president of the scholarship fund. “You accept that he’s gone,” says Jeff, “and you try to do things that would make him proud.” Tim, sitting nearby, nods: “The next thing you know, it’s 30 years later.”

Life, the brothers have learned the hard way, provides no map for moving on, other than the one we carry inside. **159**



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