



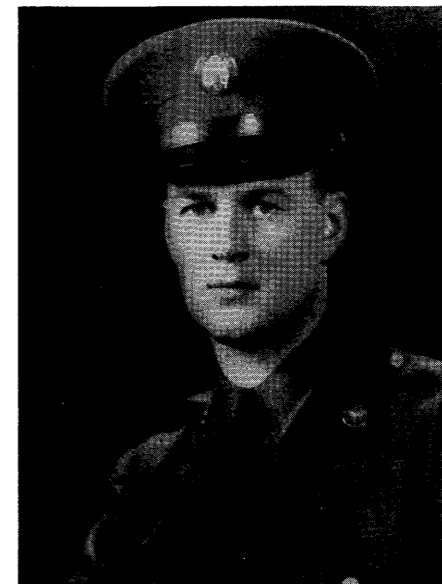
EDGAR FELTON RULON-MILLER

1930

Edgar Felton Rulon-Miller entered on active duty as a First Lieutenant in the Army of the United States, January 13, 1941. He was killed in an automobile accident in Haverford, Pennsylvania, December 28, 1941, the first Alumnus of St. Paul's enrolled in the Armed Forces to die in the Second World War.

Rulon-Miller entered the Third Form in 1926 and graduated in 1930. He was a good scholar and he won his S.P.S. in football, hockey and baseball. The football coaches described him as "one of the best ends the School has had." He was one of the officers of the Athletic Association, and during the first half of his Sixth Form year he was a Supervisor in Foster. At Princeton, where he graduated in 1934, he played in the backfield of the 1933 championship Varsity Football team.

A former member of the First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry, Rulon-Miller helped recruit the 166th Field Artillery from suburban Philadelphia. At the time of his death he was Commanding Officer of that regiment's Headquarters Battery.



JOHN COTTON WALCOTT

1930

To remember John Walcott as a boy at St. Paul's, of quite unusual strength, playing in the Old Hundred line, rowing powerfully in the waist of the Shattuck crew, writing stories for the *Horae*; to remember him as a young Alumnus returning full of ideas and interesting talk; to think of his studies and travels in Europe, of his happy marriage, of his work as an editor, of his writing interrupted by the war, of his service in the army, of his death: all this is to see more clearly the great disaster that befell our world, to know more deeply what our uneasy peace has cost.

Graduated *magna cum laude* from Harvard in 1934, he went for a year as Fiske Scholar to Trinity College, Cambridge. The next winter, he and Cornelia Sage, married in 1935, spent in Paris: she painting, he working on a novel and taking courses at the Collège de France. Then the Spanish Civil War broke out and Hitler invaded the Rhineland. In Europe, the lights were going out. A German, whom the Walcotts had met on Mallorca, wrote after his return to Germany: "All I can pray for now, Cornelia and John, is that *you* write good books, paint good pictures and lead good, happy lives."

In 1937, having returned to the United States, Walcott joined the *Atlantic Monthly*. "John was one of the most promising editors I have known," wrote Edward Weeks. "He had the instinct for it, he had the power of decision and the high standards to back it up. And, most important of all, he had that sensitiveness that enables one writing man to judge, and, if necessary, to reshape, the writing of another."

In 1940, he left the *Atlantic*, and, with his wife and two small children, Suzanna, aged two, and Henry Sage, just born, he retired to Maine to complete a novel, his second, the writing of which he had been trying for two years to combine with his editorial work. When he was inducted into the Army in June, 1941, the book was still unfinished, and it so remained, although he worked on it in every leave he had until his departure overseas in 1943.

In North Africa and Italy, he served in the Military Intelligence. A fellow-officer wrote that "he had a great knowledge of the people we deal with" and that he was "exceptionally mild and gentle, quiet and reserved, but yet keen." Some phases of the work evidently went against Walcott's grain, for he once exclaimed in a letter that he would have to learn to tell the truth again when he got home. Thinking of the war's causes, and consequences, he wrote in August:

"I try to read Dante. . . . You say to yourself, 'This is mine, I feel it and understand it' and the centuries are gone between. Today is very hard to comprehend and politically more confusing than his day, so that his opening clarity is wonderful and we understand how he stood at the gate in his 33rd year, I think, and commenced his long journey with a sense of sin. We have it very strongly and I'm glad I knew that when I tried to write my book. I understand it better now. We are morally obligated."

Thinking of America, he wrote in October to his mother:

"It seems strange to me to realize there will be no point in looking at once to see what damage has been done to your house and mine and places known and lived in. We've been lucky more than we deserved, and perhaps we shall pay just as dearly in the peace we make after the war."

In the early days of the assault on Italy, he served successively with three different divisions, learned "the sounds of various guns, managed to get through with a whole skin" and "in our own line of business to hit upon some first-rate material." "Coming back into the army again for a rest," he was recommended for a captaincy. On November 18, 1943, near Caserta, while changing a tire on a car, he was run over by a truck and killed.