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This is *Sports Illustrated*'s hockey exhibit organized with material sent from the School, which was shown recently in the Northwest and along the Pacific Coast. The caption at the upper left, illegible in this reduced reproduction, reads:

*Probably the first hockey games in this country were played by the students of St. Paul's School. In 1870 they played a game called "shinny" with crude equipment and casual if any rules. In 1884 the St. Paul's Athletic Association established the first set of formal rules for the game. These early rules set the team's complement of players at eleven, which resulted in a wild and woolly game. Present-day teams have been cut to six with considerably less pandemonium.*

*Shown here are some early skates dating back to just before the turn of the century, a hand-hewn hockey stick, and the hockey stars of the St. Paul's team in 1896. After more than fifty years, St. Paul's still produces some of the best hockey players in the country and certainly some of the game's most avid fans.*
THE RECTOR'S LETTER

DEAR ALUMNI:

There are three elements wonderfully present in St. Paul's School and all who have been a part of it. They might be stated as content, community, and commitment. All of us would have our own figures to describe the content, but all of us would doubtless include in our description of its content the rich mixture of the Chapel and Chapel Services with satisfying academic stimulus and the warm affection between those who come and go with the years, men and boys alike. These components comprise much of the content.

At the same time it is a community, a town somewhat unbalanced for want of girls, but even that lovely quality is from time to time added in charming and attractive numbers. One gets the feeling of what the medieval community must have been like, with the Chapel, the Infirmary, the Schoolhouse, the business affairs, the dining halls, and the communal living all wrapped up in what appears to be an almost self-sustaining domain of ponds and woodlands, of buildings old and new, with undeviating schedule and unexpected surprise holidays. It is this community which is always with us wherever we are, and its dramatic changes with the seasons of the year create a sense of newness in each season. The content and the community are wonderful elements, and no one should ever attempt to live in this world without clear appreciation of them — we of St. Paul's School above all others.

But then there is also the element of commitment, and this carries the burden of demand, of loyalty, of inward sacrifice and surrender, without which content is empty and community is vacant.

As we begin the spring, we look forward to the return of many of our alumni and their wives and children to renew us and we hope themselves in this pleasant and busy and demanding place. The School and its graduates and friends all have in mind our content (the schoolness of the School) and the community (the relationships we share and are strengthened by), and we are made continuous by the commitment of those in past years now gone and those who abide with us now and those who are yet to come. In a world that is often conscious of having lost some of these important elements it is important that we cherish them and be faithful to them and promote them, and it is good to know how many feel this way without and within.

Faithfully yours,

MATTHEW M. WARREN, Rector

March 14, 1958
THE SCHOOL IN ACTION

The belief — certainly a tradition — persists that the winter term drags on slowly, that it is something that has to be endured until the coming of spring days. Actually it is probably in the minds of masters and boys the swiftest term of the three. In it a very solid part of the year's scholastic work is accomplished. Sixth Formers meet their College Board Achievement Tests at its end; the Societies carry out their programs; plays abound from the formal performances of the Dramatic Club and the Master Players to the Sixth Form Revue, Be Specific, and the twelve plays presented by different houses in competition for the Fiske Cup finals. As one Fourth Former said, "It starts off Monday morning and the first thing you know it is Friday afternoon." School life is fortunate in being divided into periods so that a boy looks forward to something just ahead. And then there may come, as it did on February 11th, the ecstasy of an unannounced holiday. Much is brought into the life of the School in the winter from the outside world — lectures, concerts, informal talks from men who are experts in some field of work and who are quite happy in talking to a group of interested and questioning boys even though they never would be caught giving a formal lecture. The life of the School has steadily grown richer in every way. And perhaps for that reason everyone, masters and boys, feels need of the spring holiday.

At St. Paul's the weather has an important role. So much of the life of each day is out of doors that all are conscious of what New Hampshire weather can do. The 1958 winter weather has played all of its tricks — mildness, extreme cold, warm rain, heavy snow. In this variety, ice, the S.P.S. constant, failed. Up to the second of January there was open water on the School ponds; then some black ice, and on January 8th fourteen inches of snow. The ice was not thick enough to support the snow removal machines. With great effort by the boys, two rinks were cleared in addition to the artificial rink, and that was all the ice for a winter's skating. Yet the School Hockey Team of 1958 was one of the best ever. It came through a difficult schedule undefeated and untied — the first time since 1948. It scored an average of 5.83 goals in each game: Taft School 8-2; Dartmouth Freshmen 5-1; Yale Freshmen 5-3; Exeter 7-1; Andover 5-0; and finally the Harvard Freshmen 5-1. What more could a hockey team do? The other winter teams had good seasons. The Basketball Team defeated Governor Dummer, and the Wrestling Team won from Groton and defeated an Exeter team. The Isthmians won the hockey series with eight points, the Delphians making four and the Old Hundreds none.

It is always interesting to watch building and development, especially on your own property. This winter there has been much to watch, and every day groups of "superintendents" have surveyed work on Gymnasium and Cage. These buildings are near completion and will be in full use shortly. One of the most charming additions to S.P.S. buildings is the new Skate House, finished and dedicated in time for winter use. The Skate House is a memorial to Jedediah Huntington McLane of the Form of 1954, given by his parents. It overlooks the Lower School Pond. The three rooms of the House provide comfort for skaters. Part of the building was constructed from handmade brick preserved from the old Skate
Hou se. A memorial Steuben glass sculpture, the gift of Jed’s friends, will be set in the wall near the door toward the pond.

To watch the development of the crew course at the two Turkeys is almost like being in at the construction of the Panama Canal — two bodies of water connected for navigation. Progress has been steady; water has been flowing over the new dam. But one obstruction stands in the way of free navigation — the completion by the State of the bridge for the new “thru-way.” But there is rumor — and hope — that the channel will be ready for Race Day this spring.

To measure the scholastic work of the term is difficult; however, it would seem to be high. Boys are busy with term papers, extra reading assignments, all the activity that goes with meeting a rigorous schedule of studies. Announcement has been made that again next year the Sixth Form program will offer four elective courses: Art, Earth Science or Physiography, Concepts of Mathematics, and Revolution in History. These electives are designed to give Sixth Formers a wider choice of subjects for their curriculum.

Announcement has been recently made of the appointment of Mr. Austin D. Higgins of the English Department as Head of the newly created Art Department. Mr. Higgins is presently spending a sabbatical year in Spain.

In the preliminary choices of college made by Sixth Formers these are the rough figures: Harvard 29; Yale 21; Princeton 17; Stanford 8; Trinity, Cornell, Michigan, Williams, Colorado, two each; Dartmouth, Pennsylvania, Colorado School of Mines, Amherst, Union, Virginia, one each. Because of the difficulty of admission to college these days, some of these figures will change. However, the St. Paul’s percentage of successful first choices was high last year.

A recent prize for Latin has been given in memory of Mr. Charles S. B. Evans, for eight years a teacher of Classics in the School. The donors are Benjamin R. Neilson, ’56 (who incidentally won the Jacob Wendell Scholarship at Harvard for outstanding scholastic achievement) and John C. Wilmerding, ’56. This prize will be based on an examination in translation of Caesar.

During the winter the Classics and English Departments invited scholars to meet with them, discuss problems, take some of the classes, and give talks. Professor George E. Duckworth, of Princeton, a distinguished Latin scholar, spent three days meeting with the Advanced Greek and Latin classes and confering with members of the Department. Earlier Mr. H. Darcy Curwen, Head of the English Department at Exeter, and Mr. Louis Zahner, Head of the English Department at Groton, made a survey of our English work and were kept very busy during their three-day stay, meeting teachers and boys. These visits are valuable to the departments in that they bring new ideas and differing points of view.

St. Paul’s won a debate with Exeter, on February 19th, defending the rather discouraging proposition: “Resolved that progress in human affairs is an illusion.” Despite the team’s success, the world does seem to move on.

The play chosen for presentation at Mid-Winter Holiday was Sheridan’s The Critic, and it was directed by Mr. Buckney, the visiting master from Rugby. The play, a satire in the form of a play within a play, was produced with marked finish and able interpretation. It is one of the best — if infrequently given — social comedies of the
Eighteenth Century. The Master Players chose this year an Agatha Christie crime mystery drama, full of suspense, Witness for the Prosecution. Mr. Trenchet ably directed, and the acting of long and difficult parts by Mrs. Cowles and Mr. Tracy, plus the excellent support of all the cast, brought tremendous applause from the Saturday night audience. The Sixth Form's Revue was a study of the effect of making St. Tom's School at Apathy, New Hampshire, co-educational. It was hilariously done. And as this is being written, twelve houses — or groups — four of them in the Lower — have presented short plays towards the final competition next term for the Fiske Cup. No one may complain of lack of drama at St. Paul's.

Probably the high point of the winter was the Mid-Winter Weekend, with the Saturday holiday, “Mish” Fair, and Mid-Winter Dance. The weather turned wild that Saturday — it was the day of the blizzard. Many of the girls who planned to arrive on Friday night could not get through until Saturday. The “Mish” Fair was — well, very much like all “Mish” Fairs. You spent your money and you had a good time.

As was said earlier, the winter term is marked by lectures and concerts. This year the second Birckhead Lecture was given by Karl H. Maslowski on Earthquake Lake. A discussion of world affairs, especially in the Near East, was the subject of the talk by James H. Powers of the Boston Globe; Gordon D. Hull spoke on Patriotism on the Far Right, and Eric Newton on Art criticism. A popular Saturday evening was the lecture and concert with Herb Pomeroy’s Orchestra — A Living History of Jazz.

Then there were the quiet times — when Dr. Lefebvre gives short organ recitals after Evensong, and the magnificent concert on March 2nd by the Concord Music Club plus the tenors and basses from the School Choir. Bach’s Magnificat was superb. Mrs. Cowles sang the second soprano solo and Mr. Flanders the bass, Mrs. Ruth May conducted, while Dr. Lefebvre gave the very difficult accompaniment on the organ. The program included Bach’s Song of Destiny and a spirited singing of Dr. Lefebvre’s Te Deum. This was one of the great evenings of the winter term.

And so the term draws to its end. The pattern of activity is somewhat the same year by year, but the changes within that pattern are great. No two terms can ever be alike. And the reason of course is that the tremendous vital energy of four hundred and fifty boys will constantly find new and interesting and unexpected modes of expression. To direct all this — to guide, to encourage, to restrain — is the schoolmaster’s task. And as Ian Hay says in The Lighter Side of School Life, “A man who can run a great school can run an empire.”

E. S. Wells Kerr

SUNDAY IS A FEAST DAY

There were at least forty people in the library of the Rectory, a large room by any household measurement. Several times a week the room swallows one hundred people at one gulp, so forty is not a large mouthful. The noise that floated out was a characteristic noise of the U.S.A., as characteristic as change-ringing is of England, a cacophony that you can escape by traveling abroad if you avoid American embassies: the noise of the American Cocktail Party. The sound is not as loud as the unled cheers of a club game at the Lower Grounds,
but it is as multi-voiced, staccato and legato fighting each other as does the
swearing of a red squirrel on a stone wall and of a gray squirrel in a pine tree
above. Because the drinks that were being served were only sherry and dubonnet
the sound waves should have been muted, but the pleasure of seeing a formu-
mate, or an old friend, or a couple you didn’t know had a boy in School, pitched
the sound higher.

For the Rector’s wife the party was only one in a series of gatherings for
Sunday. It was also dance week-end, and at 9:00 A.M. six young men and their
six dates had had breakfast at the Rectory. Mr. Warren and I had had our
breakfast at the usual hour (7:00 A.M.), but that was early to waken the week-
end visitors. Observation would lead me to believe that the young ladies would
prefer to sleep through the morning if the lateness of their arising and the small-
ness of their appetites are indications of inclination. The boys ring the doorbell
before nine, present their fresh faces and insatiable appetites, and eye the stairs
for an appearance of their drowsy girls. I have knocked on the doors of the girls’
rooms at eight-thirty, not ceasing until I have had a clear-voiced reply. I know
they are awake. If there is too long a display of female slothfulness I start the
boys on their breakfast. They may have consumed their orange juice, a bowl of
cold cereal, then a bowl of hot cereal, then cinnamon buns, and be filling their
plates with bacon, eggs and toast before the girls appear. Breakfast goes on in
this fashion until the Chapel chimes begin ringing and all flee, crumbs on chin to
Morning Prayer.

The super-highway or through-way has altered many American ways of
life. Those in residence at St. Paul's recognize the ways it has affected school
life. In Dr. Drury’s day all parents coming to see their sons, or alumni who came
to School, were expected to call at the Rectory and have tea. Concord was an
out-of-the-way place, attained by an overnight ride on the “State of Maine.”
Sometimes, I'm told, there were as many as twelve persons and they had tea in
the front sitting room of the Rectory. In the latter part of the 1950’s, with planes,
U-drive-its and turnpikes, it is nothing for one hundred parents to appear at
St. Paul’s over most week-ends. One must add to that figure the people we are
pleased to call “prospective parents,” those parents who are looking at the
School as an educational institution for their siblings. The number of “prospec-
tive parents” mounts every week-end every year with the country’s rising
school population. Since our calendar days are divided into twenty-four hours it
becomes mathematically impossible to have calls from 125 adults over each
week-end and physically impossible for the Rectory to have tea for them. The
best the present Rector's wife can manage is sherry after Chapel.

Dance week-end boys encourage girls, not parents, to come to S.P.S.; so
one can account for the small number of persons at sherry on this particular
Sunday. Knowing quite well who they are, I have introduced Mr. and Mrs.
Sawyer to the room full of people only to realize at the finish that the handsome
couple are Mr. and Mrs. Sayre, not Sawyer. The student son accompanying the
next couple is Smith, so I greet the three Smiths warmly only to find that the
parents are Wilsons; or again, I remember the parents are divorced and the couple
have both a son and a stepson in school, but is it Mr. and Mrs. Jones or Mr. and
Mrs. Miller? As for tongue twisters, one Sunday in succession came Mr. and
Mrs. Blakely, Mr. Berkley, and Mr. and Mrs. Bleckley. A smartly clad “pro-
spective parent” inquires: “Is this your house, Mrs. Warren?”
“Heavens, no,” I reply, “This is a School house!”

“Where do you live then?”

“Oh! I live here,” I hear myself answer.

After a morning like this, when parents come at a time other than the sherry hour, saying, “We knew there would be a crowd so we came when we could see you alone,” they find a shattered Mrs. Warren, as shattered as icicles around the Lower School on a sunny February day.

Every Sunday I climb the steps to the Infirmary, a hazardous undertaking all winter, for they remain coated with packed snow and ice, resembling the ski jump rather than a flight of stairs. The work crew, for some reason, never shovel that set of steps. My aim is to go to “The Cooler” every day, but if I make it three times during a week I feel virtuous. However, on Sunday I must go. Masters’ wives are scheduled to make Infirmary rounds each day to impart comfort and cheer, to discover what boys are bedfast, what they need by way of assignments, books, errands, and clothes, and then to see that the necessities are procured. I am scheduled for Sunday. It is an impossible day for faculty wives with small or even large children at home. For me Sunday is only another work day with a preaching husband to cope with, so the Infirmary may as well be included.

If I cannot get to “The Cooler” before Morning Prayer (because it is dance week-end I can’t) I go after Chapel and before sherry. Fall dance week-end this year brought Sputnik II and “flu” at the same time. After Chapel, I went to the Infirmary and found over twenty-five boys, eyes brightened by fever and Mutt-nik and bursting with excitement. By the time I had seen them all, got such assignments as they needed, talked about Sputnik II and the dog, I was late for my own sherry party — it was in full voice when I got home and that’s how I know what it sounds like.

There is still school to be kept. Sherry is frequently followed by a Sunday lunch party for visiting preachers, dignitaries, lecturers, and occasionally, if I have the strength, even friends. Friends come so far down on the list of people to be entertained that they are almost non-existent. The telephone rings. A boy’s parents are trying to reach him, he is not in his dormitory, will we please locate him? After half an hour’s sleuthing I find the boy has gone on a picnic with a master and a group of boys and cannot be reached. A delegation of boys are at the front door. After much discussion among themselves they feel there is great enthusiasm for a new literary magazine in the School, will the Rector underwrite the cost? Another bell ringer wants to know if it is possible to have a speaker at the Sixth Form meeting on Thursday morning. Two boys, much wire, and a pair of pliers want to make a tape recording of Reports. A parent wants permission to take a group of boys to the movies in Concord. A master has a problem that cannot wait; he must see the Rector. The bells go on ringing through what should be a long Sunday siesta.

It is customary for the Rectory to have tea at five o’clock on Sunday. Under the present regime only boys are invited to tea. Quickly I discovered that if parents came to tea, they took over; the conversation was between the adults, and the boys retreated to the outer edges like an outgoing tide. On weekdays tea is by invitation only, but on Sundays the door is open to any boy — in school language, an “open tea.” It is the one hour in the week when I see the boys relaxed, full of talk and everlastingly hungry. I discovered I had to limit to twenty the number of boys I could take on one Sunday, and also limit the time.
of arrival. If I permitted boys to come to tea at 4:55 one Sunday, the next they arrived at 4:50; the following week the bell rang at 4:45; boys must not ring the bell until the Chapel chimes 5:00. This results in my having a long line of dark-clad figures beginning at my front doorknob and extending in crooked fashion down the walk. The Rectory has the appearance of a box kite with a long tail shifting in the wind, the elm trees in front of the house repeating the motion with their hanging boughs. Every boy who drinks tea has three cups, and at least two lumps of sugar in each. When I asked the ones who came to tea and didn’t drink it why they came, the answer was, “We come for the party.”

Here I am at the end of Sunday with a breakfast, sherry, lunch, and tea party behind me. All that faces me is a full school week. The face I present to anyone who rings the bell has an idiot’s grin. When Evensong is over I totter home to an armchair. Having had a glimpse of the Rectory’s Sunday, one graduate’s wife inquired, “Does one cook do all this?” One cook and one Rector’s wife! I am put in mind of an epitaph on a tombstone:

Here lies the body of ...........
During his sojourn here on this earth, what follows is to be recorded of him:
He ate 150 prime head of cattle, 225 lambs, 26 sheep, 310 swine, 2400 chickens, 26 acres of wheat and 50 acres of the sundry fruits of the field.
He drank of sundry drinks sufficient to make a great lake...

In this armchair lies the body of the Rector’s wife, having served on one feast day: 36 cups of coffee, 160 cups of tea, 4 quarts of orange juice, 3 quarts of tomato juice, 4 quarts of milk, 1 quart of cream, 4 bottles of sherry, 2 bottles of dubonnet; trays of sandwiches and cookies; eggs, butter, bacon, cheese, peanut butter, jam, marmalade, bread, crackers, cereal, sugar, ham, chickens, ice cream, and sundry vegetables. The only creatures I am unconscious of having fed are mice.

Monday will revive and restore me, Tuesday will put me back in the full swing of School life, Wednesday will find me anticipating with pleasure the coming Feast Day. Let Sunday never be a Fast Day!

Rebecca Warren

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DESK

Richard Rush, ’23, a master at the School since 1934, on sabbatical leave at Harvard during 1956-1957, wrote the following article, which we reprint from the November 1957 issue of The Independent School Bulletin with the kind permission of the editor.

Having been a teacher of mathematics in an independent boys’ secondary school for over twenty years, I had the privilege of sabbatical leave during the past year. I returned to college to refresh myself professionally and to learn something of the new approach to mathematics. I did that, taking regular courses; but I found my mind always conscious of the teaching. I think I have had some success as a teacher, but I learned much from sitting on the other side of the desk. I am not talking about the methodology, or the techniques of teaching mathematics, but about good old-fashioned
classroom manners—"teacher-pupil relations," if you will.

For one thing, I shall never again keep a class even one minute after the bell, no matter how important my words of wisdom may be. I did not realize how much resentment it raises in the pupil, who can't do a thing about it. A student may have things to do between classes, as obtaining a book, handing in a paper, a necessary call to the lavatory, or even a long trip to the next class, where a strict teacher is waiting. Students felt that keeping them showed disrespect for their rights, and they rarely paid much attention to what was being said. From now on it is my job to keep track of the time.

I had one professor who always ran over the time. His class ended at noon, and the room was close by the tolling bell. But no one ever had the nerve to tell him that we could not hear his final words. In this connection, I was struck with the difficulty that some pupils must experience in coming from hard concentration on one subject to proper orientation in an entirely different subject five minutes later. Some teachers seemed to realize this and led up to full pitch with some review. This was most helpful. But most students want to get on with the work at hand, and quite irritating was the man who spent five minutes "being funny" at the beginning of every class. Certainly a sense of humor, and particularly an ability to laugh at one's own errors, is appreciated, but it should come naturally. As it is difficult for an adult to understand youthful humor, so the reverse is also true.

The matter of answering questions raised in class is a hard one. I found long explanations deadly—even in response to questions of my own. If a long explanation is needed, it must be made part of the course. Usually a brief answer will suffice and is better appreciated; often another student can frame the answer better; and certainly some questions should not be answered if the student can get the information on his own.

I had forgotten how important is the obvious matter of organization of material—particularly important for the students to realize that there is an organization. One of the best courses I had was one in which what we were going to cover and how we were going to cover it were clearly outlined, with occasional restatements of how the material fitted into the whole. It gave the class a tremendous sense of making progress and getting somewhere.

I found my belief in the value of examinations and periodic tests greatly strengthened for just this reason. The preparation for them forces students to think things out and organize facts and conclusions. It forces lazy students to get more out of the course. I found it quite possible to do the daily or weekly work without comprehending the whole. Cramming is said to be an old evil—but is it always so? I think not.

I was interested in my own reaction to marks. Not being a candidate for a degree, marks were of no importance to me, yet I found that they were a definite help, because they showed me whether I was on top of the work or not. I had always felt that an honest student knew when he had a clear grasp of the material; now I think I was wrong. It is not easy to be sure, and marks serve as a guide against which a student can measure his achievement.

In one course we had homework, but we corrected it ourselves. It was never graded or handed in. We were regarded as sufficiently mature not to need marks. It was remarkable how easily I put off that work, or did it sloppily. Students are, or should be,
busy people, and if their instructor does not attach enough importance to their work to look at it, they will act accordingly. I did.

An almost obvious bad practice (but not uncommon) is that of not marking papers as soon as possible. It was frustrating not to get a test back at the next class; papers returned two weeks later had lost their interest. Students who are keen to know how they did, and they react as lack of respect for their work if papers are not returned promptly. This may not be logical, but I can assure you it is how they react.

Although I did not have such a course, I learned that students think little of a teacher who follows the book almost exactly. They expect more. Yet it was not good to have no text: pupils often feared they had missed something, and had no place to dig it out.

As cleanliness is next to godliness, so I would put clarity next to knowledge in teaching. I found that courses where the concepts were clearly put, and well illustrated with analogies and examples, were the most interesting and inspiring. I heard the Theory of Relativity explained in simple terms which made sense; I have heard much less complex notions completely befogged by a too great desire to be precise, or by the use of jargon. Mathematicians and scientists, especially, are guilty in these respects.

Most of what I have mentioned can apply to any subject, but there are a couple of other bad habits which seem to be particularly found in mathematicians. One of these, frustrating to a serious student, is that of writing something on the board which is concealed as it is written by the body or arm, and then (horribile dictu) discussing it while the students are trying to copy it down. It is such an obvious fault that one would not imagine that any teacher could be guilty of it. Not so. In the future I shall take pains either to write high up on the board or to give the class a chance to copy before I start to talk.

Another bad habit is that of simplifying an algebraic expression by erasing a term and substituting for it, as in cancelling. Students with pencils or pens can’t do this; if they can, then they can’t follow their notes later on. I found it most confusing.

A show of numerical dexterity is annoying; it seems like magic and is not understood. If you want to multiply 79 by 81 mentally, give the students a chance to see how it is done. (And if I ever write a mathematical textbook it will not contain the words “clearly,” “it follows immediately,” “one sees at once,” etc.)

I have had some fine teaching during the year, some that was less good, and I have been trying to seek out the important qualities. Every teacher is different, for we cannot escape from our own personalities, but we can develop qualities in our own ways. Knowledge of one’s subject is of obvious importance—I did not meet the lack of it; in fact, the enormous learning was sometimes frightening. Enthusiasm for interesting students to go further seems also self-evident. There was one young man who seemed to feel that his only duty was to instruct; that the students should supply the interest. It was a dull class. Clarity I have already mentioned, and it takes a conscious effort on the part of a teacher to make ideas clear to pupils whose minds are less well versed in the subject of the course. But what a thrill the students had when a devious matter was really straightened out!

Finally, and perhaps I should put this in first place, there is respect on the part of the teacher for the pupil and his problems. It seemed to me that the
teachers who assumed that their students were people who wanted to learn, and who consequently took the trouble to make their material clear and interesting, yet who recognized that students had other courses and interests besides, gained the respect of their students both for their subject and for themselves. As in all fields it takes many qualities to make a good teacher. I believe, from my experience as a student, that among these knowledge, enthusiasm, clarity, and respect for the pupil are indispensable.

A TOUR THROUGH THE NEW GYMNASIUM

Now that our new Gymnasium is nearing completion, impatient and eager boys are constantly besieging us for permission to go through it. With such interest and enthusiasm evidenced by the present boys, it was thought that perhaps the Old Boys, parents, and friends might also enjoy a similar, though verbal and pictorial, guided tour.

If you drive down the Dunbarton Road past the entrance to the Lower Grounds, just beyond the Tolland Path and directly across from the Old Upper you come upon an imposing building partly screened and somewhat minimized by the many large trees which were carefully left for natural landscaping. The Cage with its graceful flying buttresses rises at the east end, and is joined to the main building by means of a glass-fronted lobby.

We climb the few steps, cross a terrace, and enter:

**The Lobby**

This spacious, two-story, wood paneled room has stairs on one side which lead to a balcony built over the two physical education and athletic offices at the back. Light streaming through the enormous front windows will reflect on the athletic trophies and plaques displayed on the walls and in cases. The lobby will be used for the entertaining of visiting teams after contests, as well as for dances and other social occasions. To make this feasible, kitchen facilities have been provided with a direct "pass through" under the balcony stairs.

Our guide now takes us through the coat room to a central corridor, turns left, and continues to the end, where we enter:

**The Cage**

This is a hangar-type structure, 162 feet square, with a dirt floor. The trusses that arch the top are natural laminated western fir, stretching from 14 feet at the side to 45 feet in the center. Both end walls have translucent plastic windows, which allow maximum natural light. This large area will lend itself to almost any activity: it is the answer to the School's need for a covered play space during those periods of the year when New Hampshire weather does not permit outside activity. Huge nets will enclose an area of 19,600 square feet, which in turn, by the use of other nets, can be subdivided into quarters, in order that different activities may be carried on at the same time. Some of the activities planned for the Cage are volleyball, badminton, tennis, track (both running and field events), baseball, lacrosse — plus informal fun. With
the use of the rowing room (described later) and the Cage, we shall be able to start the entire spring program when school reconvenes in April, even if weather and ground conditions keep us indoors. It is very obvious, I am sure, how invaluable the Cage will be.

Returning now to the central corridor, we stop at the first door at the left, and enter:

The Masters' Locker Room

Here is a medium-sized, sunny room with thirty-two lockers, plus showers and lavatory, designed for the convenience of the men who coach and supervise the afternoon athletic program. The transition from playing field to 4:35 class will lose some of its unpleasant rush!

The next door opening from the central corridor is:

The Laundry

A fifty-pound washer, an extractor, and a dryer, plus tables and shelves for sorting and storing, fill this small room. These facilities will enable us to offer our boys clean personal equipment and towels twice weekly. We are all convinced that this service will not only improve standards of personal cleanliness but be less expensive as well.

The next room on the left we shall pass, since it is the janitor's storage room for all supplies of a custodial nature. Our steps have now brought us to the entrance of the southeast stairwell. Here we leave the central corridor, bear left, and go down to the basement.

In addition to the necessary utility rooms, the basement houses:

The Rifle Range

A combination club and instruction room, plus storage space, extends across one end. A door from these rooms leads out to the ten-station firing range. It would be difficult to find any boys' preparatory school with Rifle Club facilities equal to these.

Returning upstairs to the first floor, we cross the central corridor, and pass through a door on the right into:

The Equipment Rooms

These are three connected storage rooms: two, lined with metal shelves, for the storage of all off-season equipment, and one commodiously equipped for storing and dispensing not only the in-season uniforms and gear but also the twice-weekly change of clothing and towels. We have a work bench and sewing machine here which will reduce the amount of necessary repair with that stitch in time, and eliminate the need to have all repairing done professionally. Further storage space is provided by rows of suspended pipes for hanging all football and lacrosse helmets. These rooms will have constant use.

Returning to the central corridor, we look diagonally across to three doors, all leading into:
The Rowing Room

This name, however, is misleading since the rowing machines will be set up only during the latter part of the winter and the beginning of the spring term. The rowing room will have other and various uses. For example, to outfit 300 boys with football equipment during the opening days of school is a task requiring a great deal of space; and this room will be ideal for that purpose. To make this area easily convertible to other uses, we have installed two plastic folding doors which divide the room into three sections, each with its own door opening on the central corridor. At times, these will be our visiting team dressing rooms. (Showers and toilet facilities are directly across the corridor.)

Leaving the rowing room by the west door, we cross the corridor to our next point of interest on this tour, namely:

The Locker Room and First-Aid Room*

On our way in, we pass on our left the first-aid room, which has been equipped with a modern whirlpool bath, infra-red lamps, tables for taping and massaging, etc. The light, well ventilated and spacious locker room containing 460 lockers is really the heart and pulse of the whole building. The double rows of lockers (18 by 18 by 72 inches) have twin benches in the aisles between. We selected the larger size locker so each boy can store all athletic equipment in his own locker. All odors will be removed by means of a forced ventilating system which will circulate air through every locker and exhaust it on the roof of the building. To avoid confusion in the showers at peak hours, there are two combination shower and drying rooms plus two lavatories—one of each at either side of the first-aid room. Each of the tile shower rooms will contain 18 shower heads, a total of 36 in all. In the future, all boys will dress and shower at this building for their afternoon activities, and the dormitories will no longer have to serve as both living quarters and locker rooms.

Let us now retrace our steps to the central corridor, and turn right. As we enter the southwest stairwell, we find:

The Ski Room

This is situated directly opposite an outside entrance to avoid snow tracking. The room will be used primarily by the boys who elect skiing as their winter activity as a place to repair, wax, and store their skis.

We now go up the west stairs to the second floor and look at: (See next page.)

The Wrestling and Boxing Room

Here again we have one large room divisible into two smaller ones by means of a plastic folding door. The nearer half will be equipped with mats for wrestling. The farther one will have a boxing ring, and punching and training bags. For exhibition matches or other purposes requiring more room, the dividing door can be opened.

*The first-aid room appears on the plan as the “training room”.

15
SECOND FLOOR PLAN

- LADIES' ROOM
- REMEDIAL GYMNASTIC ROOM
- BOXING ROOM
- WRESTLING ROOM
- BALCONY
- LOBBY
- END OF TOUR
- MAIN GYMNASIUM FLOOR
- GYM EQUIPMENT ROOM
- APPARATUS ROOM

BALCONY OVER CAGE

GYM EQUIPMENT ROOM
APPARATUS ROOM
From these rooms it is just a step to:

**The Main Gymnasium Floor**

This is another large play area similar to the Cage but with a maple floor. The room measures 106 by 83 feet, a space which allows for two cross basketball courts separated by a large net, or one large court running east and west when the net is removed. Two of the walls are lined with folding bleachers, and this helps to make the room more generally useable. The use of plexiglass in the windows on three sides provides maximum light and eliminates the need of window screens. Additional badminton and volleyball courts can be set up on this floor, or it can be rearranged for boxing, wrestling or gymnastic exhibitions.

At the west end of the gym we have two rooms. Of these, the smaller is:

**The Gym Equipment and Team Room**

This room will be used to store equipment necessary for the gym proper and as an instruction room for coaches and their teams. For the latter purpose, one wall is to have a blackboard and we hope also to have a movie projector for showing various instructional sport films.

Adjacent to the gym equipment and team room is:

**The Apparatus Room**

The apparatus room is outfitted primarily for those boys who enjoy gymnastics and tumbling. Besides the mats, such equipment as a horizontal bar, flying rings, climbing ropes, trampolene, parallel bars, will be available.

As we leave the apparatus room, we cut diagonally across the main gym floor to the southeast stairwell and just at the head of the stairs we look into:

**The Remedial Gymnastic Room**

This is the location for all our classes in physical fitness and body mechanics. Essential remedial equipment will include stall bars, wall weights, shoulder weights, leg weights, mats, and mirrors.

Now, instead of returning to the first floor we shall go around the corner and down a few steps to the balcony. At this height we see the lobby, our initial introduction to the building, from an entirely different perspective, and realize too the importance of this available extra space for entertaining large groups.

It must be apparent that a large group of our masters have spent many hours helping the architect, Richard A. Kimball, plan an efficiently functional building which would be closely related to the School's existing athletic and physical education programs and integrated with the rest of our athletic facilities. These plans were also most kindly and helpfully criticized by the Athletic Directors from five of our leading Eastern Boys' Preparatory Schools where similar buildings are in use. Here is the result. Please come to see the new gymnasium being used and enjoyed by both masters and boys.

E. Leonard Barker  
Director of Athletics
THE SCHOOL'S NEW STATUE OF LINCOLN

From the *Pelican* of January 22, 1958:

A bronze statue of Lincoln, given by Mr. August Heckscher, '32, was placed in the Chapel, Saturday, January 18. It is two feet four inches along the base, one foot eight inches high, and weighs about one hundred pounds. The statue was done by Mr. Gutzon Borglum, who was the sculptor of the faces on Mount Rushmore...

ON LOOKING AT THE BRONZE OF LINCOLN

The bench of bronze where Lincoln looks
At home, his hand reposing there
As strong and sensitive as books

Describe, has room for one more, where
The sculptor left an empty place.
A daring balance, bronze and air—

As if the greatness and the grace
Of Lincoln were a match for men,
Now boys, to learn from his sad face

The look of all their heroes, when
They weigh, between the future and
The past, today, and count to ten;
And counting, call their loved, lost land,
And search its peopled, dreaming air
For what the moment may demand:

The understanding, seated there,
Of how decision looks in bronze,
Of how its balance looks in air.

D. W. R., '40
February 12, 1958

THE CHURCH SERVICE IN NEW YORK

The annual St. Paul’s School Church Service was held on Sunday afternoon, March 9th, at the Church of the Heavenly Rest. Although the School was still in session and the boys were unable to attend, there was a fine congregation of Alumni and Parents.

The Rector of the Church, Reverend John Ellis Large, welcomed the congregation. Calvin W. Farwell, President of the Sixth Form, read The Lesson, Matthew 11: 2-9, from which our Rector, the Reverend Matthew M. Warren, took his text for a forceful and interesting sermon.

The hymns included “Saviour, Source of Every Blessing” and “Love Divine, all Love Excelling,” and during the offertory the church choir sang beautifully “O, Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem.” The collection will be presented to the St. Paul’s School Camp at Danbury, New Hampshire.

After the Service, a reception and tea was held in the Church Auditorium, giving everyone the opportunity to greet Mr. and Mrs. Warren and Dr. and Mrs. Large. Mrs. Percy L. Hance was hostess, assisted by Mesdames Rowland Stebbins, E. Sanderson Cushman, Asa B. Davis, Harold N. Kingsland, and John Ellis Large, who helped pour tea.

The Association is grateful to Dr. Large for permitting us to hold this service at his church, and to Percy L. Hance, ’09, who served as Chairman of the Church Service Committee. It was a source of great regret that Mr. Hance, after devoting himself so enthusiastically and generously to all the arrangements, was at the last minute prevented by illness from attending the Service.

E. SANDERSON CUSHMAN, ’11

CLOSING EXERCISES AT THE SCHOOL

On the evening of Thursday, June 12th, at six o’clock, there will be a supper in the New Upper for the parents of Sixth Formers. That evening at eight o’clock, in Memorial Hall, prizes will be given out to boys below the Sixth Form. The Last Night service will be held in the Chapel immediately after the presentation of prizes.

The following morning, Friday, June 13th, at nine o’clock, the graduation exercises—including the presentation of prizes to members of the Sixth Form—will take place on the Chapel Lawn, if the weather permits; otherwise in Memorial Hall.
THE NEW SKATE HOUSE

It is difficult to have no regrets for the passing of the old Skate House, which has served the School so long in so many ways. Yet it must be allowed that the functions of its last years are now much better fulfilled by the new building that stands on its site. As the mosaic plaque (made by William P. Abbe) states, "This skate house has been given in memory of Jedediah Huntington McLane, '54, by his family and friends." It was designed by Richard A. Kimball to specifications furnished by a committee of masters.

Simplicity and durability are its most obvious characteristics, yet it has features that have interest and attraction beyond their mere usefulness, such as a circular, hooded fireplace standing in the center of the main room. Three sides of the building are sheathed in wood; the fourth is covered by handmade bricks from the old Skate House. The pond side is mostly glass, which will allow it to be used by spectators at S.P.S. games who do not wish to stand out in the cold north wind. "Duke's" workshop fills one end of the building; in the other is a goalie room and an open alcove that can be closed off for the use of a visiting team between periods of a game. A case set in the wall beside the door to the pond contains the glass sculpture that was given in Jed McLane's memory by his friends.

PERCY PRESTON, '32

THE FORM AGENTS' DINNER

The Rector, Mr. Lewis N. Lukens, Jr., Chairman of the Parents' Committee, and Henry A. Laughlin, '10, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, were the principal speakers at the annual Form Agents' Dinner held at the Racquet and Tennis Club in New York on the evening of January 14th. The dinner marked the beginning of the 1958 Alumni Fund drive.

Colton P. Wagner, '37, presiding as Alumni Fund Chairman, greeted the thirty-three Form Agents present and welcomed the guests, who, besides those already mentioned, included Rowland Stebbins, Jr., '27, and John V. Lindsay, '40, officers of the Alumni Association, Mr. William A. Oates, Vice Rector of the School, and two former Alumni Fund Chairmen, Francis D. Rogers, '31, and Marshall J. Dodge, Jr., '29. Paying tribute to his predecessors, Mr. Rogers and the 1957 Committee, Mr. Wagner pointed out that they had raised the third largest amount in the history of the Fund. He expressed thanks for Mrs. Ruby L. Sheppard's assistance to the Form Agents during her first year as Executive Secretary of the Alumni Association. His discussion of current business included this year's Fund drive, details of the "inactive" alumni list, and memorial gifts.

Before introducing the first speaker of the evening, Mr. Wagner announced
that this was the 90th birthday of Malcolm Kenneth Gordon, Form Agent for the Form of 1887. A cake (with ten candles) was accordingly presented to Mr. Gordon as everyone joined in singing "Happy Birthday."

The first speaker, Mr. Laughlin, expressed the Trustees' gratitude to the Form Agents for their continuous loyal service. He spoke of them as second only to the Rector in importance as emissaries of the School.

Mr. Lukens explained the aims and purposes of the newly-formed Parents' Committee. He reported the Committee's appreciation of the response so far to the drive for the new Parents' Fund, but felt it was still too early to predict the degree of success this first year.

The Rector reported progress on the new rowing course and on the new gymnasium, and spoke of the usefulness to the School of the artificial rink. He paid special tribute to Mr. William A. Oates, Vice Rector in charge of Administration, and to Mr. Ronald J. Clark, Vice Rector in charge of Studies. The outstanding work of these gentlemen had enabled him to devote more time to the problems of individual boys. He spoke at length of the pressure being placed on the present generation of St. Paul's boys by the unsettled state of the world.

At the end of the dinner, Mr. Oates showed a twenty-five-minute color film taken at the School. He commented throughout the showing, pointing out new buildings and describing new activities which have come to St. Paul's since the graduation of many of those present at the dinner.  

LAWRENCE HUGHES, '43

THE 1957 NEW YORK HOCKEY GAME
ST. PAUL'S 8—TAFT 2
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, DECEMBER 18

The 1957 Christmas Game, played against Taft School on the first day of the vacation, resulted in one of the most decisive victories to be won by an S.P.S. hockey team in New York. (It was also the beginning of an undefeated, untied, season for the S.P.S.) St. Paul's led 3-0 at the end of the first period, 7-0 at the end of the second, and the final score was 8-2. The net proceeds of the game, which as usual go to the School to help pay the expenses of the Camp at Danbury, this year totaled $6,081.50.

The McLane Skate House
ALUMNI HORAE

CALENDAR OF SCHOOL EVENTS

(At the School unless otherwise noted)

1958

Monday, April 7 . . . . . . . Beginning of Spring Term
Sunday, April 13 . . . . . . Third Form Tea, Sheldon Library, 5:00 P.M.
Wednesday, April 16 . . . . . . Curtis String Quartet, Sheldon Library, 5:15 P.M.
Saturday, April 19 . . . . . . Dramatic Competition 8:15 P.M.
Track: Exeter Relays (at Exeter)
Monday, April 21 . . . . . . Science Department Lecture: Dr. George Dimitroff 7:20 P.M.
Thursday, April 24 . . . . . Cadmean-Concordian Joint Debate
Saturday, April 26 . . . . . . Track: Milton (away)
Tennis: Governor Dummer
Thursday, May 1 . . . . . . . Cercle Français Dinner
Saturday, May 3 . . . . . . . Track: Mount Hermon
Tennis: Deerfield
Concert: S.P.S. Orchestra 8:00 P.M.
Monday, May 5 . . . . . . . Library Supper
Wednesday, May 7 . . . . . . Tennis: Andover (away)
Thursday, May 8 . . . . . . . Literary Societies Dinner
Saturday, May 10 . . . . . . Track: Concord High School
Spring Dance
Wednesday, May 14 . . . . . . Tennis: Exeter
Rowing: 1st and 2nd Club Crews vs.
Andover 1st and 2nd Crews
Thursday, May 15 . . . . . . Scientific Association Lecture: Mr. Kenneth Jackman
La Junta Dinner
Saturday, May 17 . . . . . . College Board Examinations
Interscholastic Track Meet (at Andover)
Rowing: 1st and 2nd Club Crews vs.
Dartmouth 2nd 150's and 2nd Freshmen
Tennis: Mount Hermon (away)
Lacrosse: Governor Dummer
Monday, May 19 . . . . . . Sacred Studies Department Lecture: Dr.
Krister Stendahl 7:20 P.M.
Wednesday, May 21 . . . . . . Tennis: Dartmouth (away)
Rowing: 5th and 6th Club Crews vs.
Exeter Club Crew (away)
Baseball: Penacook High School
Lacrosse: Andover (away)

Saturday, May 24
Rowing: Interscholastic Regatta (at Worcester)
Track: Governor Dummer
Tennis: Kimball Union
Baseball: Governor Dummer (away)
Lacrosse: Mount Hermon
Glee Club Rehearsal 8:00 P.M.

Sunday, May 25
Lower School Tea, Sheldon Library 5:00 P.M.

Wednesday, May 28
Lower School Boat Races
Baseball: Noble and Greenough

Friday, May 30
Memorial Day Exercises
Anniversary Track Meet 3:00 P.M.
Glee Club Show 8:30 P.M.

Saturday, May 31
Baseball: Concord High School 10:00 A.M.
Lacrosse: Alumni 10:30 A.M.
Alumni Association Meeting and Luncheon, Memorial Hall 12:00 M.
Boat Races at Big Turkey 3:00 P.M.

Sunday, June 1
Anniversary Service 11:00 A.M.
Alumni Luncheon 12:30 P.M.

Wednesday, June 4
Lower School Track Meet

Thursday, June 5 through Wednesday, June 11
Final Examinations

Thursday, June 12
Sixth Form Communion 8:00 A.M.
Sixth Form Supper, New Upper 6:00 P.M.
Presentation of Prizes, Memorial Hall 8:00 P.M.
Last Night Service 8:45 P.M.

Friday, June 13
Graduation Exercises 9:00 A.M.
School Departs 11:00 A.M.

Saturday, June 21
Advanced Studies Program begins

Saturday, August 2
Advanced Studies Program ends

Tuesday, September 16
New Boys arrive
The School's One Hundred and Second Anniversary will be celebrated Friday and Saturday, May 30th and 31st, and Sunday, June 1st. Coolidge M. Chapin, '35, is in general charge of Anniversary.

The Forms holding reunions this year, with their chairmen, are:
1898—60th Anniversary: Thomas N. Troxell, Route 1, Concord, N. H.
1903—55th Anniversary: E. Laurence White, 149 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.
1908—50th Anniversary: James Somers Smith, 37 West Springfield Avenue, Philadelphia 18, Pa.
1923—35th Anniversary: Oliver A. Pendar, Box 20, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.
1933—25th Anniversary: Zeb Mayhew, Stanwich Road, Greenwich, Conn.
1938—20th Anniversary: Richard G. Blaine, 119 East 64th Street, New York 21, N. Y.
1943—15th Anniversary: Lawrence Hughes, 5210 Congress Street, Fairfield, Conn.
1948—10th Anniversary: C. William Timpson, Jr., Box 33, Peapack, N. J.
1953—5th Anniversary: Marshall J. Dodge, 3d, 320 East 72nd St., New York 21, N. Y.

ANNIVERSARY PROGRAM—(Daylight Time)

**Friday, May 30**

12:10 p.m. Memorial Day Exercises at Library
3:00 p.m. Track Meet and Presentation of Prizes
8:30 p.m. Glee Club Show

**Saturday, May 31**

8:45 a.m. Morning Chapel
10:00 a.m. Baseball Game: St. Paul's vs. Concord High School
10:30 a.m. Lacrosse Game: St. Paul's vs. Alumni
12:00 m. Alumni Meeting at Memorial Hall
12:45 p.m. Alumni Parade
1:15 p.m. Dedication of New Gymnasium
1:30 p.m. Parents and Alumni Luncheon in Cage
3:00 p.m. Boat Races at Turkey Pond
*Ceremony at the Flag Pole, with Prizes

**Sunday, June 1**

7:45 a.m. Holy Communion
11:00 a.m. Chapel Address by The Rev. Matthew M. Warren
12:30 p.m. Luncheon at the New Upper

*Forty-five minutes after races end.*
SPECIAL PULLMAN SERVICE FROM NEW YORK

(Daylight Time)

May 15th is the deadline for making reservations. After that date, we are positively informed, reservations for the special St. Paul's car cannot be made.

In making reservations, it is important to state that they are to be in the car reserved for the "St. Paul's Party." Otherwise, space will be reserved in other cars, and inconvenience will result.

Owing to the holiday, the Friday night, May 30th, State of Maine Express may have no sleeping car.

The times given below are tentative and should be checked at the time of making reservations. Changes may occur when Daylight Saving Time goes into effect.

Leave Grand Central Terminal, Thursday, May 29th and Friday,

May 30th (see above) ........................................... 10:15 p.m.

Arrive, Concord, Friday, May 30th, and Saturday, May 31st .......................... 8:45 a.m.

Leave Concord, Sunday, June 1st .................................. 9:00 p.m.

Arrive Grand Central Terminal, Monday, June 2nd .................................. 7:30 a.m.

Reservations may be secured by either writing or telephoning Mr. E. J. Colgan, Manager, Pullman Distributing Bureau, Grand Central Terminal, New York 17. Telephone: Murray Hill 6-5960.

All fares shown include 10% Federal Transportation Tax:

One-way trip in sleeping car .................................... $17.62

Round trip in sleeping car ..................................... $35.24

Pullman occupancy charges (one way)

Lower berth ....................................................... 6.38

Upper berth ...................................................... 4.84

Roomette .......................................................... 8.91

Single bedroom .................................................. 11.99

Double bedroom .................................................. 14.03

(There are no Family Plan Fares this year.)

1958 ALUMNI FUND INTERIM REPORT AS OF MARCH 21, 1958

Our goal this year is $100,000. This was set by your Committee because it reflects the needs of St. Paul's — where costs are rising faster than income. It should be possible because it is only $10,000 more than we raised in 1955, our record year to date.

Before saying how we think the goal may be reached we have two points:

First, we have always rightfully prided ourselves on the large percentage of donors among our Alumni. The small gifts, thoughtfully made, are an inspiration and a bulwark to the Alumni Fund and to the School.

Second, we are, of course, mindful of the many wonderful gifts made to the School and to the Fund each year by many of our Alumni.

To attain our goal we have set out to show some of our Alumni that St. Paul's needs and deserves a larger share of their annual contributions to charities.
Since we know that the need is there, we speak with conviction. Since other comparable schools do better than we do in various aspects of alumni support, we feel sure that our goal can be reached.

We urge every Alumnus to consider carefully what he can do for annual giving to St. Paul’s.

The Form Agents who do such wonderful work each year have gotten off to a good start on the 1958 Alumni Fund. The results of their labors to date follow:

1958 ALUMNI FUND COMMITTEE

1958 ALUMNI FUND INTERIM RECORD—MARCH 21, 1958

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<th>Form</th>
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<td>1930</td>
<td>J. Randall Williams, 3d, 69 East 42nd St., NYC 17</td>
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<td>Norman H. Donald, 3d (Princeton)</td>
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<td>Robert Dean Palmer (Yale)</td>
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*Reunion May 31-June 1, 1958
IN some perplexity as to what had best be the subject of this editorial, we began re-reading recent issues of the School's newspaper, The Pelican. One thought occurred to us almost immediately: The Pelican is an excellent publication and more people should read it.

The Pelican is intelligently planned and it is extremely well written. In quite limited space, it succeeds in presenting a rich and diverse account of what has been going on at St. Paul's School. Sports and athletic contests receive due attention in clear, brief reports; they by no means dominate the paper. Careful attention is given to such matters as speeches and lectures delivered at the School, and to news relating to art, music, new books, and to curricular, as distinguished from extra-curricular, matters. One gets an idea from The Pelican of what is going on in the many clubs and societies, one hears about debates, dramatics, writing, new courses of study. The editorials occasionally scold a bit more than we think they should, but they pick some of the best things to scold. There is an occasional short article and once in a while a humorous poem. Of The Pelican's many fine qualities—good sense of proportion, wide coverage, good taste and good humor—perhaps the most striking of all is its excellent, clear, simple style of writing, perfectly appropriate to the subjects being dealt with—no hackneyed words and phrases, no lame or overburdened sentences, no tedious repetitions of anything already said. Such ease comes only from painstaking labor.

We have no reason whatever to suppose that The Pelican wants or needs more subscriptions than it has, or encouragement or commendation from us or from anyone else. Quite the contrary, that newspaper is most evidently in a highly flourishing condition. But we did notice a statement in one of its editorials to the effect that one-third of the copies printed go to subscribers outside the School, and from this we deduced that the number of outside subscribers is about two hundred and fifty. The sense of The Pelican's editorial was that there were a great many outside subscriptions, but in our opinion, this figure of two hundred and fifty represents less than one-tenth the number of people who would enjoy reading The Pelican if they had it. For any friend of St. Paul's School, the combination of interest, brains, and hard work which the production of each issue of The Pelican represents is a recurring source of encouragement and pride.

SUMMER JOBS

As is well known, many of the boys now at the School earn part of their expenses by working in the summer. Alumni and other readers of the ALUMNI HORAE with jobs to offer boys for next summer are asked to communicate with Mr. Percy Preston, at the School.
BOOK REVIEW

A PADDLING OF DUCKS, by Dillon Ripley, '32. Harcourt, Brace and Co. 1957

This book, the third that Dr. Ripley has written, is a fine illustration of a schoolboy's hobby, ornithology, growing into a life work. Like the present volume, Dr. Ripley's other two books are about birds—The Trail of the Money Bird and Search for the Spiney Babbler.

The heart of the present book is the author's family estate in Litchfield, Connecticut, where twenty-six years ago he dammed a stream and made a little pond for breeding ducks. During the War it was inevitably neglected; so, when he came back from the Service, instead of rebuilding it, he devised and built a larger one nearby. Both have been the scene of what Sir Winston calls Triumph and Tragedy, the Triumph all of one kind: the successful hatching of the eggs of wild fowl and rearing the young birds to maturity; the Tragedy of as many kinds as there are enemies of birds—weasels, snapping turtles, rats, dogs, great horned owls, hurricanes and floods, enough to discourage any but the confirmed optimist. As Dr. Ripley puts it, "There is a sort of resilience of spirit in aviculturists."

Obviously, too, they are a big-hearted fraternity, these breeders of wild fowl, with more members scattered round the world than the uninitiated would imagine. Far from restricting his story to his Litchfield ponds, Dr. Ripley, with ducks everywhere uppermost in mind, takes the reader to various parts of the United States, to South America, to England and Holland, to Islands of the South Pacific, to India and Ceylon. But even with such a broad hunting ground, our author remains unsatisfied. Here is what he has to say on the subject:

"What unknown species, what strange sights and creatures still await the naturalist along all that massive series of unexplored ridges and deep hidden valleys that lie on the India-Burma border and beyond, northward to Tibet? To a naturalist this whole area is one of the most intriguing parts of the world." But since the War all this territory, for a variety of reasons, has been taboo to the explorer.

Nothing scares your true ornithologist—or if he does feel a chill now and then, it fails to deter him. One of the most vivid parts of the book is the account of a trip which the author took, with two other St. Paul's boys, Hugh Bireckhead and Henry Hoyt, to Old Man Island off the coast of Maine, in search of eider ducks' eggs. They remained undaunted by a solid gray wall of fog that confronted them as they chugged off-shore in a lobsterman's boat, piloted by a local fisherman, and their courage was rewarded; in the course of the day they collected twenty eggs. Then, in their Ford, they headed for Litchfield, driving all night and arriving in the small hours of the morning, their eggs safely packed in a big box lined with cotton and heated by an electric pad. These were put under three setting hens, and in due time five of them hatched. The others had become rotten.

Some may find the picture of Dr. Ripley and his friend Bireckhead clinging to the sheer face of the slippery cliffs of Bonaventure Island, off the Gaspé Peninsula, 250 feet above the sea and surrounded by a cloud of clamorous, nesting gannets, more thrilling; and who will contradict them? A close shave from an encounter with water-buffalo while innocently hunting tree-ducks in Ceylon, and a run-in with an anti-social elephant, provide excitement of another sort. These adventures came during the War. When on leave from his headquarters in Cey-
lon, Ripley relentlessly followed the trail of the almost (perhaps quite) extinct pink-headed duck of India, with interesting results.

"Perhaps," writes Dr. Ripley, "all unwittingly the last pink-head in the world has already graced a maharajah's table. How many species have similarly expired? The last two great auks were hit over the head by a pair of fishermen off Iceland in 1844. Someone, perhaps a Dutch sailor, probably clubbed the last dodo to death on Mauritius in 1679 or thereabouts. Someone must have shot the last Labrador duck, perhaps in Long Island Sound, along about 1875. What an especially exquisite gustatory pleasure these final sacrifices to appetite must have produced! Or did they? Probably not. Maybe they were even tough and perhaps overcooked."

In England Dr. Ripley was delighted to see a flock of ashy-headed geese from Tierra del Fuego take wing from a little pond on the grounds of Woburn Abbey, where the Duke of Bedford had a very fine assortment of wild fowl as well as herds of rare animals.

Avculturists, like diamond-merchants, know where the gems are to be found. One of Ripley's English friends, Terry Jones, who presides over a noble array of ducks, geese, and swans on an elbow of the Test River in Hampshire, was in distress for want of a mate for his lone female Australian chestnut-breasted teal. Dr. Ripley knew a man in California who had a male, and arranged for the bird to be flown to England; it was mated with Jones's female, the ducklings were shared between the owners, and now Australian chestnut-breasted teal are no rarity in captivity.

And so it goes, hands across the sea, one generous enthusiast to another. In the final chapter of his book, Dr. Ripley brings the reader safely back to the starting point, his pond in Litchfield, Connecticut; but it is a pond now peopled with a far wider variety of birds than at the outset. May Dr. Ripley's professional duties at Yale never keep him too long away from its shores, and as its population grows, may we have more books about them from the same graceful, enthusiastic, and erudite pen.

HENRY C. KITTREDGE

LETTERS

DEAR MR. EDMONDS:

In reading through the article on the Advanced Studies Program in the Autumn 1957 ALUMNI HORAE I noticed one error which I think it is worthwhile correcting in your next issue. It is an error for which you are in no way to blame, may I point out to your readers.

The length of the periods during the summer session will be at least fifty minutes, not fifteen as appeared in the Autumn issue.

Sincerely yours,

ALAN N. HALL

Director

Advanced Studies Program
DEAR MR. EDMONDS:

And so we are come to the season when for the past few years you have done me the honor of permitting "A Lower Schooler in the year 1909" to send a word to the younger alumni.

In this guided missile era, it would seem that the traditions and teachings formulated and handed down by the Rectors at St. Paul's for the past hundred years assume a greater value and become increasingly applicable.

When the Coits extolled the philosophy of the Brotherhood of Man, few of the boys in the Old Chapel, after a surreptitious swim in the quarry, grasped the strength and wisdom stemming from the faith of these inspired brothers. When Dr. Drury discussed the application of the message in the Sermon on the Mount in the New Chapel early in this century, few of the Delphians on the Lower School football squad had the experience and judgment to comprehend the logic founded on his great sincerity. But, somehow—and I would not try to explain—the sincerity left its mark. As we grew older, the application of the teachings of these inspired men became increasingly clear.

If in our formative years we had little concern for our ultimate destination, somehow we knew that the sincerity of the Rector, although beyond our understanding, was a force and logic to be reckoned with. I like to think that it has remained with us and that it will continue with you.

As we move on in the second half of the century, the wisdom of those men becomes increasingly important. Last year I wrote that those headmasters were a generation ahead of the leaders of industry who established economic procedure in the world of trade. If Dr. Ferguson ever referred to the Wrath of God, and he may have while my mind was occupied with the thickness of skim ice on an out-of-bounds pond, he could not state that in the distant hydrogen missile era multitudinous cinder ash heaps were a definite possibility on the horizon of a pagan world. His inability to see into the future diminished his sincerity not one iota.

If the very existence of the world is now contingent on the teaching of these men and of inspired men like them, the welfare of all of us is also economically at stake. If business administrators are selfishly blind to the just rewards of workers, they are no less to blame than labor leaders who selfishly preach the usurpation of unjust rewards—at the cost of handicapping the efforts of their own children who would otherwise through thrift, industry, and imagination fortify a strong free-enterprise world against domination by communism.

"FATHERS AND SONS"

The School has about a hundred copies of Dr. Drury’s book, “Fathers and Sons,” presented to it by the Religious Bookshop in Concord, which recently went out of business. Alumni who would like a copy may obtain one by writing to the Schoolhouse Bookstore, St. Paul’s School, and enclosing fifteen cents in stamps to cover postage and handling.
A year ago, Mr. Warren, the present headmaster, stated in his message to the alumni that a St. Paul’s boy was of no particular type. He did not define the word “type.” I like to think that because of the influence on their lives in their formative years by those inspired priests like Mr. Warren, a St. Paul’s boy is somehow set apart from some of his contemporaries. As I grow older I observe that my hope is not unjustified. A St. Paul’s boy’s outstanding trait, if there be one, I believe you will observe is an extra sense of democracy and humility. The influence of those priests has rendered St. Paul’s the most democratic society that it will ever be your privilege to encounter. I do not take issue with Mr. Warren that St. Paul’s has no type, but possibly I realize better than you or he that his influence on you through the School will be one of the dominant forces in your later life.

The School and the alumni are truly blessed in the influence of these men. If St. Paul’s continues as one of the great schools in the next hundred years, its greatness will continue to stem from the influence of its great headmasters.

You will find in later years that some critics of the School confer on it the kiss of death by describing it as a “smart” school. They little know that Millville is founded on the great truths expounded by inspired priests.

Some day you will be humbly grateful that you were exposed in your formative years to that influence.

A LOWER SCHOOLER IN THE YEAR 1909

Holbrook B. Cushman, ‘14

The following letters refer to Mr. E. Leonard Barker’s article in the Autumn 1957 Alumni Horae, “Athletics at St. Paul’s School.”

324 W. Springfield Avenue
Philadelphia 18, Pa.
December 15, 1957

Dear Mr. Edmonds:

I have been reading with interest my copies of the Alumni Horae and the SPS News, both of which arrived recently. In each, reference is made to the fact that the School has not played any outside football games in twenty-five years. If memory serves me correctly, there were three outside games in the fall of 1943, albeit not very formal ones. I believe the SPS team played Concord High and beat them pretty decisively. Also the Third Isthmians and Third Old Hundreds each played a game with St. John’s of Concord.

Perhaps you could check the archives for the exact details. I’d be interested in finding out whether or not I’m right.

Sincerely,

Charles L. Borie, ’47

St. Paul’s School
Concord, N. H.
January 20, 1958

Mr. John B. Edmonds
Andover, Massachusetts

Dear John:

Charles L. Borie is both right and wrong in his interpretation of our outside football.
His statements about the games in 1943 are correct. The S.P.S. team did play Concord High School and the Third Isthmian and Third Old Hundreds did play St. John’s.

However, this is where I feel he is wrong: these games were not planned in advance as regular outside contests, but rather as something that was squeezed in for that particular year, and had all the qualities of informality. As far as I can gather from George Smith, there was no established policy at that time but just one of those things that seem to happen every once in a while. Someone had the idea that a couple of games would be nice and that was it.

I feel our situation now is entirely different; that we have established a definite policy, in relation to outside football, that games are scheduled one and two years in advance, and that our club system is geared with this particular program. This was not true in 1943, since George told me that the game with St. John’s ruined entirely the Third Team series.

I am enclosing Boré’s letter, for I thought maybe you would like to have it for your records.

Kindest regards,

Bunny
(E. Leonard Barker)

Stonington, Conn.
Feb. 13, 1958

DEAR MR. EDMONDS:

Two items, or rather one item once repeated, in the Autumn 1957 Alumni Horae have put me under severe moral strain. At the bottom of page 127 a discussion of SPS football mentions “the 6 to 6 tie with Groton in 1952.” On page 129 the same contest is mentioned, with the same score.

The truth is that the Grotties beat us by two (I hope) or three (I fear) touchdowns. We were of course the better men, and such redoubtables as Gil Lea, Bull Fried, Mone Donald, Jim Mills, and Luke Loomis are no doubt as ready as I am to prove it, if those Grotties will only play it over. But somehow the score went against us.

As I say, this service to History tries my soul, but the cold and clammy truth should be known. It points up how hard it is for eleven hurriedly assembled players to compete with a team that has played as a team throughout the season.

Yours in sadness,

Dick Baum
(Richard Baum, ’32)

Stonington, Conn.
(undated)

DEAR MR. EDMONDS:

I sent a copy of my recent letter to you to Luke Loomis, thinking it would amuse him. Here is his reply — and I hope we can forget the whole thing.

[No! Editor.]

Yours in shame,

Dick Baum
Richard F. Baum, Esq.
Stonington, Conn.

My Dear Richard:

Truly, the years rush by and the mental abilities of us ancient debilitate. It so happens that baseball and love and graduation take place in the Spring. Hockey is played in the Winter and football is experienced during the Autumnal season. In 1932 I was playing on the Yale freshman team while you were drinking and gambling yourself to death at Harvard. Furthermore, Jim Mills never played S.P.S. football. I am embarrassed for you, dear friend, and my face is a dull red to think of the reply you are about to receive from Mr. Edmonds. You may be an author of sorts, but you are one hell of an historian. Yours in the bond,

Luke (Luther Loomis, '32)

Editor’s Note: As a former instructor of Mr. Baum’s, we rejoice at his devotion to the truth (even if it did cost him some effort). We also rejoice, as Editor, that this time the Alumni Horae was not wrong. As is perhaps already clear from Mr. Loomis’s letter, the contest referred to by Mr. Baum took place in 1931 (in the autumn term of 1932’s Sixth Form year). The 1932 game with Groton ended, as Mr. Barker correctly stated in his article, in a 6-6 tie. Our own scrupulous devotion to the truth compels us, most reluctantly, to add that the number of touchdowns by which Groton won the 1931 game was not two (as Mr. Baum hoped), nor three (as he feared), but four.

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINE MONTHS

Dear Alumni:

At the end of February last year I was completing the twenty-fifth year of my very pleasant work as executive secretary of the Alumni Association of St. Paul’s School at the New York office and at the same time making plans for a trip around the world with my brother, Earnest. Making plans, however, is hardly the expression for we made no ship or hotel arrangements in advance, except for the Pioneer Myth of the U. S. Lines, leaving New York for the Orient early in April. Two cousins from Virginia, Mrs. Carroll Kidd and her son, James Dickenson Kidd (Jim Diek), decided to go as far as Japan with us and we four were the only passengers on the mariner-type cargo-liner for the 49-day trip, reaching Pusan, Korea, early in June. (The officers told us that the mariner-type
ships, built for war use, are capable of the greatest speed of anything on the seas except the United States.) We were glad that the Suez situation had caused us to cancel previous reservations on the Hikawa Maru and the President Wilson in favor of the Myth with its wonderful officers and crew, as it offered several more ports than the other ships and gave us comfortable accommodations of large state room and private bath for each of us. There was not a boring day, and one very exciting one when we encountered the tail end of a typhoon just before we reached the Marianas; otherwise, the Pacific was beautiful and smooth and worthy of its name. This was the start of our really fabulous trip which ended just before New Year's when we reached New York on the 100th gala voyage of the Independence with June weather all the way across the Atlantic.

In the intervening nine months, we travelled more than 50,000 miles covering the following route from New York: Charleston, S.C., Panama, Hawaii, the Philippines, Hong Kong, Formosa, Japan, Korea, Viet Nam, Singapore, Thailand, Cambodia, Malaya, Indonesia, Ceylon, India, the Vale of Kashmir and the Himalayas, Pakistan, Aden; through the Suez to Port Said, Cairo and Alexandria; thence to Lebanon, Syria and Jordan; on to Turkey and Greece and by ship to Brindisi, Italy, skirting Albania; through Italy and France to Spain and Malorca; then to New York from Algeciras, Spain, with stops at Casa Blanca and Madeira.

It gave us a very carefree feeling to have no schedule and to decide where we wanted to go and how long we should stay as we went along. The only place where no hotel rooms were available was on our second visit to Djakarta, Indonesia, and there a friend at our embassy kindly took us in. Also, when we arrived at the beautiful new Hilton Hotel at Istanbul, we were told we could not get rooms until the next day. We were fortunate in getting ship reservations when we wanted them on twelve ships under the following flags: American, Japanese, French, Malayan, German, Indian, British, Greek and Spanish. Our varied transportation also included planes, trains, cars, buses, pedicabs, betjaks, tongas, rickshaws, ox-carts, jeepneys, calesis, ox-sled, ponies, camels, elephants (long enough to take a picture), not forgetting the mildly exciting sled-ride over mossy cobblestones in Funchal, Madeira.

People are wonderful! Ours was not only a sight-seeing trip but we had countless visits in homes and clubs with old friends and relatives and newly made friends all over the world. Several times in India and other countries, before we realized it, a perfect stranger had paid our bus fare or breakfast or tea check just because we chatted a little. One man in Japan helped us with our baggage at a remote porterless station then telephoned ahead to our next change to have a porter meet us. In Turkey a young engineer, whom we had met on the train coming from Ankara, became our all-day guide for our first day in Istanbul. There was not an unpleasant incident—well, there was that taxi man in Alexandria! We decided that Americans are liked everywhere (despite reports to the contrary) and also that just about everyone wants to come to America, for a visit at least. I have even promised to find American wives for a young Iranian doctor and a young business man in Barcelona!

Due to the fact that my brother had lived for many years in the Orient as teacher, missionary and in government service, our visits in Japan, Korea and the Philippines were outstanding for hospitality. While a visit to a Japanese inn is a must for every visitor, to be a guest in Japanese homes is even more intriguing.
I shall never forget a week-end with the Yuns at the mountain resort of Karuizawa and another visit at Ochi with friends whose family had made sake for three hundred years and whose home was about that old. For our drive through the palace grounds in Tokyo with their thousand-year-old miniature trees, Count Naito (Earnest's former pupil) sent one of the imperial cars, lined with gold and red brocaded silk! At a dinner given for us by a discussion group of college boys and girls, I had a glimpse of young Japan. Current topics were discussed in excellent English and the dancing afterward was in true Western style.

Our six weeks in Japan gave us ample time to enjoy the scenic beauties, the art treasures and the varied entertainment of this country, so different from our own yet becoming more Western every day. We visited most of the famous places: Nikko and Mount Fuji; Nara and Kyoto, the center of old Japanese culture; the Inland Sea with beautiful Miyajima, the “Hells” of Beppu and Hiroshima with its Peace Museum. An eventful weekend with the “Three Musketeers,” old students of my brother’s, took us to the southernmost island of Kyushu, much like Florida. At Himeji the “White Egret” castle, the only original feudal castle remaining in Japan, left an indelible impression of airy grace and beauty. Minakami Spa, with its luxurious hot springs, took us completely away from Western people. There our inn overlooked a deep gorge through which a river rushed while mountains towered in the background. Japanese trains are wonderful — in fact, Japan has made a great recovery in every way. While we were there the papers announced that Tokyo is now the largest city in the world.

I must not leave Japan without mentioning that I ran into our popular ex-
treasurer of the Alumni Association, Mr. Martin J. Keogh, Jr., '03, who was chatting with friends in the Imperial Hotel just before returning to the States, and that we saw something of another interesting and delightful S.P.S. alumnus, Lawrence B. Sperry, '37, who is now head of International Bendix in the Far East. He gave a lovely dinner party for us at the American Club in Tokyo and was one of those who drove down to Yokohama to meet us at the ship. Larry is the right type of representative of America in Japan and has many friends among the Japanese as well as in the American colony.

Poor Korea! Our bishop there told us that people are still eating grass and the bark of trees and I believe we saw more poverty and suffering there than in any country we visited. In Seoul we were taken to see one of the orphanages for the children of American soldiers and Korean women. Of the thirty-six children there, two-thirds had Negro fathers and it was amazing to see that they looked entirely Negroid, with no trace of the Korean strain. Some are being sent to Negro families in America. Yet, Korea with its war-devastation and its post-war problems, still has its lovely old palaces and many evidences of its unique culture and art. We were fortunate to see the exhibition of Korean Treasures at the National Museum just before it was to be sent to America where I have just seen it again, arranged with great charm, at the Metropolitan Museum. And did you know that Korea has the largest women's college in the world? Ehwa, a Methodist missionary college in Seoul, has 5,050 students.

On our first evening in Seoul an amusing incident occurred. As we were leaving the guest house, I asked people in the lounge if it were safe to go out at night, as we had heard so much of watch and purse snatching. After being assured that nothing ever happens, we four started out on the dimly lighted streets, — Earnest in front, I next, with Jim Dick following and Mrs. Kidd bringing up the rear. With my eyes glued to the strange shop windows I suddenly felt an arm around my shoulder in the darkness and, thinking it was Jim Dick (as we had walked arm in arm on our "private yacht"), I slipped my arm around him. Suddenly Mrs. Kidd said, "Why, Olive!" I turned to look into the face of a smiling young Korean soldier. As my brother turned to swing into action, the soldier ran staggering up an alley as fast as he could go. Too much sake! As you see I could fill the entire issue of the Alumni Horae without leaving the Orient, but on to

Luncheon given for us by Korean friends at Diplomatic Club, Seoul. L. to r.: E. H. Kim, Mrs. Kidd, J. D. Kidd, O. Fisher, A. Yun, J. E. Fisher, Dr. H. Cyn
Thailand! I am jumping to Bangkok because that is where another S.P.S. "Old Boy," James H. W. Thompson, '24, is a national institution. A visit to Jim's silk shop on Suriwongse Street is a must along with the visit to the Emerald Buddha and the trip on the canals. He has revolutionized the silk industry of Thailand and was called on to furnish materials for the gorgeous costumes of "The King and I." While we were there, he received an order for an "important personage" in London who was soon to visit the Jamestown Festival in Virginia. Jim is as charming as he must have been in S.P.S. days and was most hospitable.

Next, skipping to Athens, the only other alumnus we met on our trip was Eugene Vanderpool, '25, who is to be congratulated on the valuable work he has been doing for many years at the American Institute of Classical Studies. He was most affable and we enjoyed our short visit at his home. Unfortunately we reached Greece too late for the trip around the "Isles of Greece," as the last ship leaves on October 21st, but, on the Simplon-Orient Express from Istanbul (and not a spy was seen!), we fortunately ran into three "friends of friends" from Kentucky and Virginia with whom we rented a car and drove to Epidaurus, Corinth, Mycenae, Delphi and other classical spots. On our trip to the Temple of Poseidon at Sounion, it was my brother's turn to receive an unexpected embrace. As we were passing an outdoor cafe, an attractive girl ran up and threw her arms around him. He reciprocated wholeheartedly although I am sure he had not had time to recognize her. An old friend of his was going around the world in the opposite direction and we happened to run into her at the one spot where our paths crossed.

Backtracking to Singapore, I am sorry I did not see two S.P.S. friends there from whom I found Christmas cards on my return to New York. Paul Hurst, '35, is evidently somewhere on his yacht in that vicinity — when last heard from he was in Tahiti — and Harry and Pat Rulon-Miller's mother, Mrs. Lindley W. Tiers, is also living there now. Singapore is most exciting and we had a wonderful time with old and new friends. We happened to be there when the annual North-South cricket tournament was on. After Sunday curry tiffin at the Singapore
Cricket Club, we witnessed one of the matches — but I can’t tell you anything about cricket! The Singapore harbor is fascinating: at one time I counted thirty-four good-sized ships and I wanted to sail on every one of them. The Raffles Hotel still uses the finest crystal and silver and St. Andrew’s Cathedral is as startlingly white and stately as ever.

Anyone who is in Bangkok should not pass up the opportunity of flying across the jungle to Siem Reap, Cambodia, to see the monumental ninth to twelfth century ruins of the temple of Angkor Wat and the city of Angkor Thom. Visiting them was one of the great moments I had been looking forward to and they were much more imposing than I had expected. The giant Borobudur in Central Java seemed dwarfed by comparison. Unknown until about a century ago, the Cambodian remains are a great mystery, as almost nothing is known of the Khmers who built them, probably with the help of Indian architects. While we were there we learned of the discovery of another great mass of monuments of the same period about forty miles from Siem Reap.

On the train from Bangkok to Singapore, from which we occasionally caught glimpses of working elephants and tin mines, we met a lovely lady with two children who was travelling to Kuala Lumpur, Malaya, where we had a three-hour wait. She very graciously invited us for a drive about the city and said that her father would meet us. Her father, who invited us to be his guests at dinner, proved to be the Dato Haji Abdul Malik, Speaker of the Parliament of the new nation and a most gallant and witty gentleman. We were there shortly before Merdeka and the city was gaily decorated. The Dato and his daughter both spoke beautiful English as seems to be the custom the world around. Even off the beaten track, someone usually can be found who knows our language. In Vietnam, however, and Cambodia, I had to try my weak French and of course my brother’s knowledge of Japanese, Korean and Spanish was very helpful in out of the way places. All the large cities have newspapers printed in English. In a Kuala Lumpur newspaper, by chance, we ran across a column from Singapore in which there were one or two stories about us and our trip.

As we have by now lost all sense of the chronology and geography of the trip, let’s go back to Hawaii where we had two crowded and wonderful days. An island has a peculiar fascination for most of us and I felt this most intensely after 5,000 miles of the Pacific. I loved the artificial beauty of Waikiki and the natural beauty of Nuuanu Pali, the precipice from which thousands of warriors were forced to leap to death in one of the inter-island struggles. This incident is related in one of Kathleen Dickenson Mellen’s historical novels. Mrs. Mellen is a cousin of ours who has lived in Honolulu for thirty-five years and is an authority on Hawaii. Our trip with her through the Bishop Museum was a very special privilege. We completed our sight-seeing with Mrs. Kaliko Chun. On our visit to the Government Building she introduced us to the Speaker of the Lower House and the leader of the Democratic Party, both of whom I saw yesterday on television in impassioned pleas for Hawaiian statehood. In the lovely homes of our two hostesses, we enjoyed the last of American hospitality for many months.

Our first port in the Philippines was Subic Bay, our great naval base. Appropriately enough, here I was handed a letter from Admiral Belknap (brother of the late Prescott H. Belknap, ’86) who wrote to express his regret at my leaving the S.P.S. office. As we were only 100 miles from the capital, we four travellers decided to venture the jolty ride in a decrepit bus to Manila where we
would join the *Myth* the next day. It was fun and gave us a panoramic view of the lush countryside with its coconut trees, banana clumps and rice paddies, but the temperature was the highest we encountered, 100° or more. The pre-presidential election period was on and we had the pleasure of meeting two of the candidates. Senator Carlo Recto, whose family were old friends of my brother’s, entertained us at tea, and we had a pleasant chat with President Garcia after a dinner in his honor. We had an evening and a native dinner with Judge Jorge Bocobo, of the Supreme Court, and his family. He was formerly President of the University of the Philippines and is a member of the Royal Academy of the Spanish Language in Madrid. With the Judge we drove out to the new and extensive grounds of the University. We were thrilled to see this and other new and flourishing educational institutions in many lands. Several, only a year or so old, had a thousand or more students enrolled.

In Manila, also, we spent many hours with an old friend, Muriel Frampton Jay, and her husband, “Jigger,” who were both interned in Santo Tomás. They entertained us at their home on the Pasig River and in some of the clubs for which Manila is known. The Manila Polo Club with solid mahogany floors and wide terraces has tropical atmosphere. Polo must be played there twice a month or it reverts to the family of Governor Forbes who founded it. One of Mrs. Jay’s causes is the surgical restoration of hare-lipped children, who, along with lepers, seem to abound in the Philippines, and we saw numerous before and after pictures of these cases.

Formosa — and our timing was perfect. We arrived there on Saturday, May 25th, the day after the wrecking of the American Embassy and the U.S.I.S. building. Martial law had been declared and we were warned by the ship’s captain and the harbor security police that if we went ashore it was at our own risk. Passengers on the *President Hayes* were not allowed off the ship. Chinese friends, however, arrived and told us they would guarantee our safety. In pouring rain, with hats pulled down on our heads to hide our faces, hoping we would be taken for Chinese, we drove the twenty miles from Keelung to Taipei. But nothing exciting happened — all was peaceful and quiet on the streets. We had a wonderful day as the guests of old Marshal Yen and his family at his rose-trellised villa high on Grass Mountain. He was the last premier of China on the mainland and the governor of Shansi Province which he had made the most socially advanced region of old China. The old Marshal does not foresee that the Communists will lose power in China but thinks they will gradually become more democratic. We debated this with him through our interpreter, his nephew. Our friends thought that the attack on our embassy had all the earmarks of Communist inspiration. I wish I could describe the two tremendous Chinese feasts we had that day — Pekin duck, fried eels, steamed crabs — at least ten courses each. We were served at round tables, denoting friendship, as did the serving of soup in round melon rinds. There was one fearful moment on the return trip that night when a car of soldiers stopped our driver and a loud discussion ensued. “This is it,” we thought: but the soldiers were lost and were asking directions to their camp.

Indonesia! — how can I cover it in a paragraph? When President Sukarno came to America, he said he would come only if his friend, William E. Palmer, motion picture representative in Djakarta, came with him. We had decided to bypass Indonesia because of the dire things we had heard of treatment of foreigners there. But an invitation from Bill Palmer to attend the annual Independence Day
Indonesian house-party at Bill Palmer’s—he is standing in center

From Java we flew to Bali for a few days. As the Vice-President of Yugoslavia was there on a state visit, we were able to enjoy some of the special events in his honor. We were lucky to be there on Monday, the day on which the most amazing of the dances, the “Ketjak” or monkey dance, is performed by 150 men by flickering torchlight. For the information of anyone interested, the women are really beautiful, but their former custom of going unclad from the waist up is now confined mainly to women of the older generation. It seemed to me there were more temples than in Bangkok. Life is governed by religious dogma, although the arts flourish. As I was looking over some of the paintings of one of the native artists, he handed me some letters to read. Imagine my surprise to find among them one headed “14 Wall Street” and signed by Mr. Gayer G. Dominick, ’05. He had sent a gift of brushes to the artist and was looking forward to the paintings ordered. One of my Indonesian treasures is a fine painting by the artist, Hasim, given to me by a niece of the Sultan of Solo.

A memorable event on the day of our leave-taking was an al fresco luncheon with the Belgian artist, Adrien Le Mayeur, and his beautiful Balinese wife, the legong dancer, Ni Polok, and a very entertaining international group. They have willed their home to the state as a museum of the arts.

Southern Ceylon is, I believe, the most exotically beautiful spot I know. To see as much as possible of the country, in Colombo we rented a car and well-informed driver for a three-day trip. On the road to the old mountain resort of Nuwara Eliya, the scenery was a maze of giant poinsettias, palms of every sort,
and wild orchids; further up, there were tea plantations with brightly clad tea pickers and, in the background, hundreds of cascading, iridescent waterfalls. Of all the historical spots we visited, Sirigiya, the fifth century palace fortress atop a 400 foot rock, was the most spectacular. On the sides of the rock in a recess there are frescoes, almost perfectly preserved, of twenty-one ladies of the court. We stopped by the wayside for a country wedding where we were received as guests, served refreshments and marked on the forehead with the yellow and purple tilak, a method of exchanging greetings. My brother took the only pictures of this happy event and mailed prints to the bride and groom. Our ride ended at Anuradhapura, greatest of Ceylon’s ancient cities.

Had we seen India properly, we would be there still. Unfortunately, ship reservations had to be made in Bombay and we had only about three weeks for this mighty sub-continent. Our first stop on Indian soil, as we got down from the train in the south, revealed tremendous swarms of people covering almost every inch of the train platform and station. They were either sitting or lying down on the floors—there are no benches—and we had to pick our way carefully to the exit to avoid stepping on hands or feet. Even our short visit revealed the poverty, ignorance and disease that are the problems of this land. I felt very sorry for the amah of an Indian family who had to sleep on the hard, dirty floor of the train while her mistress and the rest of us had comfortable berths. The old caste system is still in force, although legally abolished. When we were in New Delhi, the Little Rock disturbance was at its height and Indian editorials were pointing the finger of scorn at us for such discriminatory treatment of our colored people. In the same papers, dispatches from Madras told of the burning of 3,000 homes and the killing of scores of people because of a riot between castes.

The small Indian village work projects point in the right direction. The people crowd into cities although there are vast expanses of lush, rich soil which seem never to have been plowed. Yet, when we went seventeen miles by ox-cart into the country with missionary friends to visit a dirt village where there were hard-working farmers, with no modern implements, the picture to a Westerner was a rather cheerless one. Later we were encouraged to see the great grain-growing region of the Punjab with modern farm machinery, but its output is inadequate to nourish this teeming land.

To turn to a brighter side, our visit to Agra showed us the fantastic, glamorous aspect of India which the travelogues depict. We arrived there on the eve of the great annual Ram Leela procession which lasts from 4 p.m. until early morning. British training still survives and, although we did not arrive until 9 p.m., porters from our hotel cleared the way and escorted our little group to the best seats, which were emptied at our approach. The background was a scene from the “Arabian Nights.” In the old part of the city the narrow street was lined on either side with balconied houses running over with humanity, all in Indian costume and many of the women veiled. Until two-thirty in the morning we watched the floats pulled by golden-horned oxen and brightly decorated camels. Interspersed were sword swallowers, jugglers, fire eaters and dancers galore; and at the end Rama and his gorgeously arrayed wedding party came by on seven huge elephants, richly caparisoned and gaily painted for the occasion in intricate designs. After three hours’ sleep, we arose in the darkness to accompany Miss Fern Sharp, an American radio commentator, to the Taj Mahal, as she had invited us to comment on the past evening and converse with her as the sun rose on
this exquisite memorial. The tape-recording was air-mailed to Columbus, Ohio, for her program on a local station.

At Madura in the south we visited the great Meenakshi Temple where Oxford graduates (and others) worship bulls and elephants. At the holy city of Mathurai in the north, from small boats we witnessed the worship of the river by fire at the Visrant Ghat, an ancient ritual in this oldest city of India. Widows from all over the country gather here to die as the tradition is that they go straight to heaven from this holy place; meanwhile, between prayers to Vishnu, they serve as "wives" for the temple priests and religious pilgrims!

We made as many stops as possible between north and south—Ootacamund, 7,000 feet in the Blue Mountains, Mysore, Bangalore, bustling Bombay and then old and New Delhi where we had opportunity to become acquainted with some of India's stimulating people of ideas. Our last stop, just before getting into Pakistan, was Amritsar, with its world renowned Golden Temple. We were the only guests at the hotel and there was an air of sadness about the deserted old English garden as there was at many places. A number of the Indian people told us that the British had left too soon. Statistics show that the number of railroad accidents has increased at an alarming rate since independence, and the rolling stock is deteriorating rapidly.

Next, another one of those "high spots"—the Vale of Kashmir and the Himalayas! Life on our houseboat at Srinagar, moored in the clear waters of Dal Lake, with hanging gardens, a moonlit sky, and the Himalayas towering in the background was more like a dream than reality. Our "Class A luxury" boat with center hall, stairs to geranium-planted sundeck, and, below, living room on one side of the hall and dining room on the other and on either end, good sized bedrooms each with private bath,—all this cost us the large sum of $4.00 a day each. Included were three good meals to our order and tea and the services of cook, table-boy and house-boy. By shikara (like a gondola) we visited the romantic gardens of Shalimar and Nishat, and on sturdy ponies rode 11,000 feet up to Kilmarg to see Nanga Parbat (26,600 feet) from a flower-covered meadow. Wild strawberries for lunch up in the clouds! Srinagar is almost as famous for shopping and tailoring as Hong Kong. We saw one full-sized blanket of Siberian eiderdown which could be pulled through a ring—it had no price. But don't fly to Kashmir; the road up is too thrilling, if you have a stout heart.

On the train from Lahore to Karachi we became acquainted with Mr. Abdul Hafis, director of the United Press of Pakistan, and he and his charming family, with whom we had tea next day, gave us an inside picture of that fast developing country. From our week's stay in Kashmir, we readily agreed with our hosts that that country seemed logically to belong to Pakistan rather than India and we talked with no one in Srinagar who felt otherwise. Later the young people took us to the beach and for a long sight-seeing drive. Karachi is fast becoming a cosmopolitan center. We saw all nationalities at the Metropole Hotel, including many Americans connected with our foreign agencies.

Ten days on the new S.S. Caledonia of the Anchor Line (a fine one-class ship), with a stop at Aden, and we were in Port Said and surrounded by the Arab countries. The Arab side of the Arab-Israeli question gained two crusaders as a result of our conversations with young and older educated Arabs who gave us a sharp realization of the grave injustice that has been done to these people who were driven from the land they had occupied for thirteen centuries. In the Jordan
part of Jerusalem a young college girl, who was living with her family in one room, told me she could look over into Israel and see the Israeli occupants of her home picking oranges from the trees her father had planted. Of course her family is only one of the thousands driven out without compensation. The bitterness is so great that unless something is done through the United Nations the long talked of explosion must come. Nasser is the idol of the young Arabs with whom we talked. They proudly showed us their bracelets with his picture surrounded by charms of all the Arab nations. The Jordan-Israeli situation was so tense when we were there that we had to show our passports twenty-six times between the Jordan border and Jerusalem. We did not get into Israel and I have promised myself to study the Israeli side of the question.

To return to the trip, we found Cairo a magnificent city and the treasures there impressive and even awe-inspiring. Gold leaf covered beds, chairs and chests in the King Tutankhamun collection are a commonplace; we saw one gold chariot that had a meter on it! The new Shephard’s Hotel seemed rather severe in its Egyptian architecture. Our breakfast there was a little out of the ordinary: delicious ripe figs and dates, eggs and toast, buffalo cream for our coffee and Egyptian honey.

Beirut, Lebanon, is such a modern city that students coming from the university there to Columbia would find their surroundings very old-fashioned. Traffic is terrific. French experts tried to introduce a new plan but gave up in despair. Armed with statements from a Protestant clergyman certifying that we were not Jewish, and contrary to the advice of our State Department people in Lebanon, we went on to Syria and Jordan. “The street which is called Straight” in Damascus, Jerusalem’s pool of Siloam and the walls of Jericho now take on new meaning as I read the Bible. At the Palestinian Antiquities Museum we saw the fragments of the Dead Sea Scrolls and other articles found with them: a chalk white desk, stool, inkstand and purifying basin and coins of the first century. Trips to Ba‘albek, Byblos (from which the Bible derives its name) and the Cedars of Lebanon transported us to Old and New Testament times.

Late in October in Damascus we bought tickets for Aleppo, Syria, there to catch the Taurus Express which goes twice weekly from Baghdad to Istanbul. That night, however, after reading Time magazine and a Cairo newspaper, which told of troop concentrations on the Syria-Turkish border and preparations for street-fighting in Aleppo, we sorrowfully decided to return to Beirut and take ship from there. Refreshed by sleep, however, we refused to be deterred by Communist propaganda from Cairo and went on to the border. In Aleppo (a city of great historical interest), we saw exactly one soldier and in our travels all the way across both Syria and Turkey what seemed to be less than the normal number of men in uniform. Both Syrians and Turks were amused at our questions about the possibility of war.

As we had both visited Italy and France previously, we decided to spend little time in those countries. From the windows of a beautiful new train from Brindisi to Rome, we found the Italian countryside and farm houses neat and fresh looking, much more so than was the case in the part of southern France through which we passed. We stayed for a few days in Rome, Genoa and Nice and stopped overnight at Nimes which was one of the richest of the Roman cities in Gaul. The amphitheatre and Maison Carrée are almost perfectly preserved and
compared with the Temples of Jupiter and Baccus at Ba'albek in giving us an idea of Roman days.

One of the goals of our trip was a month in Spain, the last country we visited, and a most wonderful December it was. People are friendly, transportation convenient and inexpensive as were the spotlessly clean hotels, and of course there are more places of archaeological, historical and architectural interest than we could possibly visit during our stay. We were made aware of the lack of religious freedom, however, when we attempted to attend a church service on Sunday. Nothing is allowed on the outside of an edifice to indicate it is a Protestant church, but by chance we were able to locate one in what to all appearances was just another apartment house.

We arrived in Barcelona by train from Port Bou, where the railroad restaurant served us the best cup of coffee of the trip. Friends were expecting our arrival and did much to add to our visit in Barcelona and Madrid. Soon we were in step with the leisurely life of the city — long siestas, nine or ten o'clock dinners and strolls on the Ramblas. Although Barcelona is a commercial city, the opera there is considered the third best in Europe and we were glad to be there in the season. On leaving Barcelona we bought 4,000 kilometer train tickets, which are sold at reduced rates, and used all and more.

So, on to sparkling Madrid where our first day was spent at the Prado Museum, a delight I had been looking forward to for years. With Madrid as a base, we visited Avila, Toledo, and the Escorial, that somber reminder of Spain's past glory. Segovia was memorable for its great Alcazar like the prow of a ship, its unique Romanesque churches, its giant Roman aqueduct striding across the city — and the delicious asados we had at Condido's beneath the aqueduct.

On December 10th we tore ourselves away from Madrid and started south. Our first stop was Cordoba, famous for its great mosque-cathedral and for its leather goods. There we had the most unappetizing dinner with the most impressive service I have ever experienced. I wonder if anyone likes squid? We ran into American airmen here and at other places near Madrid. Granada was another dream of my travel-conscious childhood and I was happy to find the Alhambra and the Generalife with their lacy arches, gardens and fountains far more beautiful and well-preserved than I had imagined. There we were lucky to get rooms at the Parador de San Francisco, the old monastery, now an inn, where Isabella and Ferdinand were first interred. In addition to the majestic cathedral of Seville, another of the outstanding buildings there, which few people visit and of which I had never heard, is the Archive of the Indies, a storehouse of records, maps and letters covering relations between Spain and the New World from the time of Columbus. His autograph is there as well as those of Magellan, Cortez and Pizarro. A wonderful place for research!

Next we turned east across the snowy Sierra by bus to Ronda with Roman and Moorish remains. Its great attraction, however, is the bridge over a 300 foot rocky chasm which joins the old and new city. Ronda has the added interest of being the scene of some of the fighting in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." From Ronda we went by rail to sunny Malaga and from there by bus to Algeciras for the ship. The lovely scenic route from Malaga follows the Mediterranean and vies with the Corniche Drive as it winds its way amid olive and orange trees and pretty resort towns of the Costa Sol. But — I almost forgot the bullfight!

On the long voyage across the Pacific we had taken turns reading aloud not
only “Cakes and Ale” but several of Somerset Maugham’s short stories. One of these, laid in Ecija, Spain, inspired us with the desire to visit that town, if, indeed, it were not a fictitious place. We also wanted to see a bullfight. Imagine our excitement when we saw a poster in Cordoba announcing a festival celebration with an out-of-season bullfight in Ecija on December 15th! Plans were at once thrown to the winds and we, with two young Americans (one a Fulbright scholar) whom we had met in Granada, arrived at the Central Hotel, the best in Ecija (third class, no heat but clean as could be), the evening before the fight. We four were the only Americans there and evidently rather an unusual sight as crowds of children followed us everywhere as they did in the Middle East. The fight started at four in the afternoon but after about the first two minutes I decided, “Never again!” Seven “noble” bulls were slain one after another and dragged from the arena, one matador was injured and rushed to the hospital, and one attendant right in front of us was almost gored, while men, women and children shouted and applauded. Fortunately the fight did not last long. Afterwards there was a gala celebration at the hotel with all the star performers in attendance (except the poor bulls) and we four enjoyed the very special dinner that had been prepared. Such was my first and last bullfight. I am afraid I have no Castilian blood.

Before leaving Barcelona, we had gone overnight by ship for a week in Mallorca, that little bit of Paradise in the Mediterranean, and, we thought, just the place to relax after our many months of strenuous travel — and to rest our pocketbooks! It was the off season and we had no trouble in finding a lovely guest villa overlooking the sea. But old habits are strong and we kept moving as usual. We could not resist going to Valldemosa to see the old Carthusian monastery where Chopin and George Sand lived for a winter, and visiting the old 13th century cathedral and the old palaces and taking in the Spanish dances as given there. But we did really relax when, after two nights at Algeciras with a visit to Gibraltar, we gladly boarded the good ship Independence for ten wonderful days of sea and sun and then that most welcome sight, the Statue of Liberty, and the best country of them all.

Greetings to all the St. Paul’s alumni and my kindest regards to officers and form agents, past and present, and to any others who remember me.

Sincerely,

OLIVE FISHER

FORM NOTES

'77—At the end of March, the Chicago University Press published a volume of Owen Wister’s early journals and letters edited by his daughter, Fanny Kemble Wister. The book’s title is “Owen Wister Out West”.

'87—Malcolm Kenneth Gordon celebrated his ninetieth birthday at the Malcolm Gordon School on January 10th.

'97—At a dinner in the Waldorf in New York on January 29th, Francis Donaldson was honored by The Moles, a society whose membership is composed of men engaged in the heavy construction industry and related fields. The society annually presents two awards, one to a member and one to a non-member. In presenting their eighteenth Non-Member Award to Mr. Donaldson, The Moles cited him as “Endowed with a genius for construc-
tion and with zeal, energy and courage... lover of people and places, cherishing the freedom of the human mind.”

'02—H. LeRoy Whitney has just renewed for the third year his gift to the School of an Associate Membership in The American Economic Foundation. This membership is of particular interest to the Public Affairs Department.

'03—“Strategy and Compromise”, a new book by Samuel Eliot Morison, has been recently published by Atlantic-Little Brown.

'03—Edward C. Potter has been appointed special assistant in charge of press relations to the president of the United States Lawn Tennis Association.

'07—John B. Hollister, director of the International Co-operation Administration from 1955 until September 1957, received on December 10th the 1957 Merit Award of the Cincinnati Council on World Affairs. Hollister has resumed the practice of law with the firm of Taft, Stettinius and Hollister in Cincinnati.

'10—R. Sturgis Ingersoll has been elected a director of the Container Corporation of America.

'10—Henry A. Laughlin has been elected a trustee of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

'15—The newspapers of January 1st reported the possibility in 1958 of a breakthrough against cancer resulting from research into the causes of the disease being carried on in the laboratories of Dr. John F. Enders and other scientists; and also the development by Dr. Enders of an attenuated live virus vaccine against measles about to be ready for trial on human beings. Dr. Enders has been named to the newly-created Polio Hall of Fame for his work in opening the way for the development of an anti-polio vaccine in quantity.

'16—B. Brewster Jennings has been elected a trustee of the Central Savings Bank in New York.

'18—William E. Frenaye, Jr., has moved to 101 Gates Avenue, Montclair, New Jersey.

'20—Carleton Putnam is at work on a three-volume biography of Theodore Roosevelt, of which the first volume, “The Formative Years, 1858-1886”, published by Scribners, received favorable notice in the New York Herald Tribune of February 27th.

'21—Albert L. Sylvester’s new office address is: 80 Federal Street, Boston 10, Massachusetts.

'22—Moreau D. Brown has been elected to the board of the Curtis Publishing Company.

'23—Benjamin W. Frazier, Jr., is associated with the Grays Ferry Brick Company of Conshohocken, Pennsylvania.


'25—Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., was made an Officer of the Legion of Honor on November 24, 1957, by order of the President of the French Republic.

'25—Orton P. Jackson is vice president of Francis J. Rue and Company, Incorporated, financial consultants, now located in new offices in the Western Saving Fund Building, Broad and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia 7, Pa.

'27—Marshall Bond, Jr., was one of the leaders of a party of thirty-two people who last summer came down the 330-mile stretch of the Colorado River rapids on rafts. This trip was reported in the November 10th, 1957, Sunday Magazine section of the Santa Barbara News-Press. For next summer Bond plans a trip through the Cataract Canyon of the Colorado River in Utah.
'27—PERCY CHUBB, 2d, has been elected a director of the Colonial Life Insurance Company of America, and also chairman of the General Insurance Division of the United Hospital Fund of New York.

'27—HENRY H. R. COE's address is: 620 17th Street, Cody, Wyoming.

'27—LYTTLETON FOX is legal counsel for the United States Commissioner General for the 1958 Brussels Fair. Fox's home address is: 250 East 39th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

'27—BENJAMIN W. FRAZIER, 3d, is president of the Boscobel Restoration Association, Garrison-on-Hudson, New York.

'27—RUPERT KING's address is: 1115 Busch Garden Court, Pasadena, California.

'27—BEIRNE LAY is consulting on the series of television stories called "The Silent Service", which tell of the activities of United States submarines in the second World War.

'27—JOHN R. McGINLEY last December was made administrative vice president of the Marine Midlands Trust Company of New York. He has also recently been appointed general chairman, for the second year, of the annual fund drive of the Travelers Aid Society of New York.

'27—COMPTON REES' address is: 1208 West Main Street, Houston, Texas.

'27 and '30—ROWLAND STEBBINS, Jr., is a vice president and PAUL DEB. DEGIVE is treasurer of the Lenox Hill Neighborhood Association in New York.

'27—WYLLYS TERRY has moved from Spring House, Pennsylvania, to Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvania.

'28—FREDERICK B. ADAMS, Jr., has been elected a director of the Fund for the Advancement of Education.

'28—EDWARD C. BREWSTER has been elected a director of Stone and Webster, Inc.

'28—BUDD E. POLLAK has been elected president of the Gavitt Wire and Cable Company, a division of the Amerace Corporation, in which he retains his position as secretary.

'29—T. MITCHELL HASTINGS, Jr., is president of Concert Network, Inc., whose network of classical music stations between New York City and Boston was recently completed with the opening of WBCN in Boston.

'30—JOHN C. WILMERDING is chairman of the Man-Made Fibers Division of the Legal Aid Society's 1958 fund raising campaign.

'31—JOHN S. PILLSBURY, Jr., is president of the Northwestern National Life Insurance Company, Minneapolis 1, Minnesota.

'31—GORDON M. TIFFANY was nominated by President Eisenhower on February 19th as staff director of the Civil Rights Commission.


'32—J. PETER GRACE, Jr., is president of the 1958 Greater New York Fund Drive.

'32—AUGUST HECKSCHER has presented to the School a bronze statue of Lincoln by Gutzon Borglum. The statue was placed in the Chapel on January 18th.

'32—FREDERICK P. PALEN's new address is: 15 Glen Road, Verona, New Jersey.

'32—A Paddling of Ducks, a book about waterfowl by S. DILLON RIPLEY, has recently been published by Harcourt Brace.

'33—An article about A. REYNOLDS MORSE's collection of oil paintings by Salvador Dali was published in the March issue of the magazine Art in America. In September, the New York
Graphic Society will issue a folio monograph on Dali, of which Morse is the author. Morse has been elected to the Economic Development Board of the University of Colorado and he has been appointed Curator of the George Elbert Burr Collection of the Denver Public Library.

'34—John L. Calvocoressi received a Bachelor of Laws degree about a year ago from the University of Connecticut and has been associated since April 1957 with the law firm of Pelgrift, Dodd, Blumenfeld and Nair, 24 Lewis Street, Hartford 3, Connecticut.


'35—Dr. John S. Schwegge is engaged in endocrinological research in the Department of Biochemistry, Northwestern University, Chicago.

'36—Charles D. Duckey, Jr., was elected president of British Columbia Forest Products, Ltd., last December and has moved to 565 Southborough Drive, West Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.

'36—W. Wallace Lanahan, Jr., is campaign treasurer for Daniel B. Brewster, Jr., '43, candidate for the Democratic nomination to Congress from the Maryland Second Congressional District.

'36—Augustus W. Soule, Jr., has been elected treasurer and a trustee of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston.

'37—Walter I. Badger, 3d, has been appointed head of the English Department at St. Mark's School, where he has been a master since 1944.

'37—Edward J. Bermingham, Jr., has been elected a vice president of Dillon Read & Co., Inc., New York.

'37—In January, Christian A. Herter, Jr., announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination as Governor of Massachusetts.

'38—Francis L. G. Coleman is in the Political Section of the American Embassy in Rome.

'38—John Elliott, Jr., has been elected to the board of directors of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, Inc.

'38—Peter F. Rothermel, 4th, has been appointed headmaster of the Princeton Country Day School, the appointment to become effective for the school year 1958-1959.

'40—Richard F. Hunsnewell has been appointed an assistant secretary of the Hanover Bank in New York.

'40—In an article in the January 11 issue of the Saturday Review, Roderick L. O'Connor, Administrator of the Department of State's Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs, has written a defense of the U.S. passport policy, in reply to a critical article by Mr. Joseph M. Welch.

'42—Hugh C. Ward, Jr., has been appointed an assistant cashier of the Merchants National Bank of Boston.

'43—Daniel B. Brewster, Jr., is a candidate for the Democratic nomination to Congress from Maryland's Second Congressional district; and his campaign treasurer is W. Wallace Lanahan, Jr., '36.

'44—Richard A. Searle has been elected controller of the Gilliland Instrument Company, Incorporated, in Oakland, California.

'44—Marion S. Wyeth, Jr., is an Associate Editor at Harper and Brothers, New York.

'45—Charles Lee Andrews, 3d, is a technical service engineer in the Midwest area of the Dixon Corporation of Bristol, R.I. His address is: 1517
North Dearborn Parkway, Chicago 10, Illinois.

'45—Charles M. R. Haines has been appointed ‘Professore Incaricato’ of English Language and Literature at the Bocconi University, Milan.

'45—Townsend J. Knight is an associate in the New York law firm of Curtis, Mallet-Prevost, Colt and Mosle. His address is 12 East 97th Street, New York 29, N.Y.

'45—Chauncey G. Parker, 3d, has been appointed Adviser on Economic and Social Affairs to the United States Mission to the United Nations. He will be working as assistant to Mr. Seymour M. Finger, senior Mission adviser on Economic and Social Affairs.

'45—Richard H. Soule’s new address is: 945 Congress Avenue, Glen-dale, Ohio.

'46—The Missionary Society at the School last winter sent a check for fifty dollars to St. Thomas’ Mission at Point Hope, Alaska, and received a letter from the priest-in-charge, the Reverend Rowland J. Cox, who in the course of expressing his thanks remarked: "My feeling toward goodwill dinners is a good deal pleasanter than it once was."

'46—The Reverend Charles C. Demère wrote March 6th that he had been called to be Associate Rector at St. James’ Church in Marietta, Georgia, and would go there after Easter.

'46—Benjamin H. Paddock, 3d, is working in the National Bank of Detroit.

'47—Alexander Craig Culberston, Jr., has been elected vice-president of the Bond Club of Louisville, Kentucky.

'47—Kent H. Hall is American Vice Consul in Iskenderum, Turkey.

'48—S. Jerome Dickinson completed two years in the Navy last June and has resumed his residency in surgery at the Presbyterian Hospital, New York.

'48—George S. Steele, Jr., has been admitted to the Massachusetts Bar and is associated with the law firm of Parker, Coulter, Daley and White, 50 Congress Street, Boston.

'48—John Wintersteen, Jr., is a graduate student of zoology at the University of California at Los Angeles.

'49—George A. Kelly, 4th, is in France, where his winter address is 211, rue Saint Honore, Paris Ier, and his summer address, "Le Haut Mas", Beauvallon par Sainte Maxime, Var.

'49—Matthew P. Mackay-Smith is studying at the School of Veterinary Medicine of the University of Georgia.

'49—Ensign William S. Bramwell’s address is: U.S.S. McKean (DDR-784), % Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California.

'50—Edward Maguire, Jr., is working with the law firm of Jackson, Nash, Brophy, Barringer and Brooks, 40 Wall Street, New York.

'50—Peter Oddiefon is on six months’ active duty with the Army. He is a member of the New York National Guard.

'50—George Walcott has been elected president of the Class of 1961 at the Harvard Medical School.

'52—Henry A. Barclay, Jr., is associated as a registered representative with E. F. Hutton & Company, New York.

'52—Ensign Eric S. Cheney is a sound boat officer on U.S.S. Tanner, a hydrographic survey ship.

'52—Timothy Cooley is stationed at Jacksonville, Florida, in a heavy attack squadron. He is bombardier-navigator on a Douglas A3D "Skywarrior".

'52—Richard P. Duckoff is studying at the University of Edinburgh.

'52—Edward J. Dubening's new
address is: 125 East 78th Street, New York 21, N.Y.

'52—Henry S. N. Head's new address is: 812 Park Avenue, New York 21, N.Y.

'52—David S. Ingalls, Jr., has logged about 150 hours of jet time with Navy Air.

'52—Hugh F. Magee is studying for the ministry at Westcott House, Cambridge, England, a Church of England Theological College for graduate students.

'52—Roger F. Mills' address is: M.A.A.G., % U.S. Embassy, Saigon, Viet-Nam. He is attached to the Military Advisory Group in Saigon.

'52—Ensign Frederick W. Morris, 4th, is undergoing flight training at Sanflay Field, Pensacola, Florida.

'52—William E. Newton's new address is: 1088 Park Avenue, New York 28, N.Y.

'52—Eric Ondleifson is stationed with the 7th Army Band in Stuttgart, Germany.

'52—William S. Reid is working for the Second Bank-State Street Trust Company in Boston.

'52—B. Turner Shiley is working with the Guy F. Atkinson Company of South San Francisco, builders of dams in many parts of the world.

'52—John Roderick Stackelberg has been associated with Reading Services, Inc., for about a year, and has conducted this company's Developmental Reading Program in a number of secondary schools.

'52—Lieutenant Kurth Sprague's new address is: Pentholon Team, Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas.

'52—George A. Whistler, Jr.'s new address is: 12 East 97th Street, New York 29, N.Y.

'52—Ensign Theodore S. Wilkinson is in the Office of Naval Intelligence in Washington, D.C.

'53—Andrew D. Shvetzoff is Assistant Controls Engineer in the Missiles Division of the Douglas Aircraft Company in Santa Monica, California, and is at the same time continuing his studies at the College of Engineering of the University of California for his Master's degree.

'53—Private Edward R. Baldwin, 2d, is taking advanced engineering training at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri.

'53—Ensign John W. Lonsdale, Jr.'s address is: U.S.S. Des Moines (CA-134), % F.P.O., New York, N.Y.

'53—John R. McLane, 3d, is studying at the University of London School of Oriental and African Studies. His address is: 2 Frognal Lane, Hampstead, London, N.W. 2.

'53—William McMillan, Jr., rowed No. 3 on the Princeton 150 lb. crew that won the Thames Challenge Cup at Henley last July.

'53—Nicholas Platt is studying at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies.

'53—John O. B. Sewall, now a first classman at West Point, has been appointed a Rhodes Scholar.

'54—John Paschall Davis, Jr., is on the Dean's List at Amherst College.

'55—Samuel S. Adams took part with seven other members of the Dartmouth Outing Club—of which he has since been elected president—in a winter survival trip to Mount Lafayette last February 7-9, for the purpose of testing equipment, diets, etc., under conditions of extreme cold.

'56—Benjamin R. Neilson has been awarded the Jacob Wendell Scholarship at Harvard.

'57—Barend J. Van Gerhig, 2d, was captain of this year's Princeton Freshman hockey team.
FACULTY NOTES

In memory of Charles S. B. Evans (1947-1955), Benjamin R. Neilson, '56, and John C. Wilmerding, Jr., '56, are giving a new Latin prize at the School.

Austin D. Higgins, now in Spain on sabbatical leave, has been appointed head of the newly-created Art Department at the School.

William A. Oates is Chairman of the Test Selection Committee of the Secondary School Admission Test Program (administered by the Educational Testing Service) and a member of its Policy and Executive Committees. He is also a member of the Secondary Education Board's Bureau of Research, of the School Scholarship Service's Executive Committee, of the Dues, Budget, and Services Committee of the National Council of Independent Schools, and of the Scholarship Committee of the College Entrance Examination Board.

Robert W. Potter has been elected president of the Association of Business Managers of Preparatory Schools.

Colonel Clarence E. Rexford (1909-1946) was presented with a Presidential Citation last June 26th "in recognition of fifteen years of service to the nation as an uncompensated member of the Selective Service system of New Hampshire". At the age of eighty-one, Colonel Rexford continues as an active member of Local Board No. 7 in Concord.

William E. Slesnick has been granted leave of absence from the School to teach mathematics at Dartmouth College for a year beginning next September, mainly to Freshman sections composed of students with advanced standing in mathematics.

Richard S. Stewart read a paper on the "Politics of the Augustan Poets" at the March meeting of the Classical Association of New England. He has an article in the March Harvard Library Journal on "Theodore Mommsen's History of Rome."

George A. Tracy has an article entitled "Memisse Juvabit" in the January 1958 issue of the Independent School Bulletin: in it he describes his two-weeks stay last summer at the Vergilian Summer School at Cumae, near Naples.

The Reverend Matthew M. Warren is Chairman of the Dues, Budget, and Services Committee of the National Council of Independent Schools. This committee, appointed in June 1956, held regional meetings in Los Angeles, Washington, D.C., and New York, and reported to the Council's Executive Committee in June 1957.

ENGAGEMENTS

27—Benjamin West Frazier, 3d, to Miss Helen Irwin Michalina Oencowska, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Mieczyslaw Oencowski of East Orange, New Jersey.

'37—Steuart Lansing Pittman to Miss Barbara Milburn White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Will Walter White of New York.

'44—Thomas Nugent Troxell, Jr., to Miss Martha Ingraham Brownslow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Hamilton Brownslow of Oradell, New Jersey.

'45—Anthony Morris O'Connor to Miss Suzanne DeGrove Perry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Ritzema Perry of Bedford, New York.

'46—Benjamin Henry Paddock, 3d, to Miss Ann Noble Sherer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Sherer of Grosse Pointe, Michigan.
'47—Harry Kearsarge Knapp to Miss Mary deForest Wilcox, daughter of Mrs. deForest Geary of Philadelphia and the late Mr. Harold M. Wilcox.

'47—David Townsend Look to Miss Charlotte Gailor Cleveland, daughter of Mr. Richard Folsom Cleveland of Baltimore, Maryland, and the late Mrs. Ellen D. Cleveland.

'47—Peter Hoadley Sellers to Miss Charlotte Bell Wait Newlin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Mortimer Newlin of Wayne, Pennsylvania.

'48—John Wintersteen, Jr., to Miss Nancy Bolton, daughter of Mrs. Norman Alfred Mennes of Los Angeles.

'49—Carroll Smith Bayne, Jr., to Miss Katherine Martine Smith, daughter of Mr. Louis William Smith of Beverly Hills, California, and Mrs. Stover Smith of Lexington, Virginia.

'49—Matthew Page Mackay-Smith to Miss Wingate Eddy, daughter of Rear Admiral Ian C. Eddy, U.S.N. (retired), and Mrs. Eddy, of Michigan City, Indiana.

'50—Hendon Chubb, 2d, to Miss Cornelia Haven Colgate, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Colgate of New York.

'50—Henry Parish, 3d, to Miss Nancy Hellman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marco F. Hellman of New York.

'52—Ensign Eric Swenson Cheney to Miss Olga Marie Campaine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Campaine of West Hartford, Connecticut.

'53—Pvt. Edward Robinson Baldwin, 2d, to Miss Janet Eldridge, daughter of Mrs. William A. Eldridge of New York and the late Mr. Eldridge.

'53—Brewster Alexander McNair Righter to Miss Alison Akin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Akin of Brookville, Long Island, New York.

'53—George Grant Snowden, 3d, to Miss Ann Walker Hoare, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer J. Hoare of New York.

'53—David Richmond Wilmerding, Jr., to Miss Susan Gertrude Thayer, daughter of Mrs. George C. Thayer, Jr., of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, and the late George C. Thayer, Jr., '23.

'54—Guy Brownell Pope to Miss Ronna Christanson Hitchcock, daughter of Mrs. Gordon Hitchcock of San Mateo, California, and the late Mr. Gordon Hitchcock.

'54—David Austin Salisbury to Miss Suzanne Jackson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel S. Jackson of New Haven, Connecticut.

'55—Samuel Sherman Adams to Miss Nancy Morris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hall Morris of Las Vegas, New Mexico.

'55—Gunnar Ives Baldwin to Miss Leila Edmonston Emory, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. German H. H. Emory, Jr., of New York.

MARRIAGES

'10—Wendel Speer Kuhn to Mrs. Barbara Young Johnston, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Loring Young of Boston and the late Mrs. Mary Coolidge Hall Young, on December 6, 1957, in New York.

'29—Henry McIlvaine Parsons to Mrs. Marjorie Thorson Bernal, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Ivan A. Thorson, on July 12, 1957, in Santa Monica, California.

'32—Henry Turney McKnight to Mrs. Grace Carter Lindley, daughter of Mrs. Peter Burnham of Seattle, Oregon, and the late Mr. John Gordon Carter, on February 1, 1958, in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

'34—Courtlandt Nicoll to Miss

'35—Samuel Taylor Bodine to Miss Elsa Hazard Keller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Hazard Keller of Lawrenceville, New Jersey, on January 24, 1958, in Lawrenceville, New Jersey.

'35—Charles Pugh Dennison to Mrs. Jane Russell Wharton, daughter of Mrs. Nathaniel William Hutchings of Paget, Bermuda, and Mr. John B. Russell of Darien, Connecticut, on November 27, 1957, in New York, N.Y.

'42—Charles William Cox, 2d, to Miss Ruth Marie Reid, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Thomas Reid of Short Hills, New Jersey, on November 23, 1957, in Short Hills, New Jersey.

'44—Richard Allan Searle to Miss Colleen Dale Davney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Colton Burton Davney of Menlo Park, Florida, on February 1, 1958.


'48—John Palmer Bankson, Jr., to Miss Martha Mason Bush, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Danforth Bush, Jr., of New Castle, Delaware, on December 14, 1957, in New Castle, Delaware.

'48—Peter Bulkeley Paddock to Miss Christine Locke Watling, daughter of Mrs. Charles Beecher Warren, Jr., of Grosse Pointe, Michigan, and Mr. John Wright Watling, Jr., of Santa Barbara, California, on January 4, 1958, in Grosse Pointe, Michigan.

'49—Timothy Pickering Colt to Miss Barbara Bacle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Bacle of Utica, New York, on March 1, 1958, in Utica, New York.

'49—Alexander Cochran Ewing to Miss Carol Louise Sonne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hans Christian Sonne of Tuxedo Park, New York, on February 15, 1958, in Tuxedo Park, New York.


'51—David Hill Carter to Miss Elisabeth Eerdmans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Johannes Eerdmans of Mamaroneck, New York, on March 1, 1958, in New York.

'52—Peter Parker McNaire Gates to Miss Joan Bryan, on October 10, 1957.

'52—John Morgan Livingston to Miss Patricia Irene Nitschke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Nitschke of Oak Park, Illinois, on February 1, 1958, in Oak Park, Illinois.

'53—William Constable Breed, 3d, to Miss Rebecca Sherridan Sutter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Samuel Sutter of Greenwich, Connecticut, on January 4, 1958, in Greenwich, Connecticut.

'53—Lieutenant Frederic Clinton Reynolds, Jr., AUS, to Miss Ann Claiborne Day, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Edward Day of Bronxville, New York, on December 28, 1957, in Bronxville, New York.

BIRTHS

'22—To Richard Marshall Bond and Mrs. Bond (Edith M. Gereau), a daughter, Annette Louise, their second child, on September 25, 1957.
'26—To Charles Greenough Chase and Mrs. Chase (Georgiana Pratt), a son, Charles Davis, on September 28, 1957.

'27—To Lyttleton Fox and Mrs. Fox (Theuma Sedgwick), a son, Edward Lyttleton, on March 18, 1958.

'27—To Oliver Russell Grace and Mrs. Grace (Lorraine Graves), a son, John Sheffield, their fourth child, on November 25, 1957.

'27—To George Schley Stillman and Mrs. Stillman, a daughter, Constance Pratt, their second child, on January 10, 1958.

'31—To John Wyckoff Mettler, Jr., and Mrs. Mettler (Eleanor Travers), a daughter, Ellen, on December 4, 1957.

'36—To John Spotswood Hoes and Mrs. Hoes (Tarbell Clay), their second son, Peter Spotswood, on November 18, 1957.

'36—To Eugene Maxwell Moore and Mrs. Moore (Edith Baily Dent), a daughter, Margaret Graham, on December 12, 1957.

'37—To Sims McGrath and Mrs. McGrath, a son, Sims, Jr., on November 26, 1957.

'37—To Henry Melville Parker and Mrs. Parker (Elizabeth Guillow), their second son, James Goodrich, on January 19, 1958.

'39—To John Portner Humes and Mrs. Humes (Jean C. Schmidlapp), a son, Andrew Russell, on November 29, 1957.

'40—To Charles Sheldon Whitehouse and Mrs. Whitehouse (Mary C. Rand), their second son, on February 20, 1958.

'42—To John Shearson Buffinton and Mrs. Buffinton, their first child, a daughter, Lee McKim, on January 20, 1958.

'43—To Robert Brent Keyser and Mrs. Keyser (Helen H. Angier), their fourth child and second son, Donald Angier, on December 2, 1957.

'43—To Carleton Ray Metcalf, Jr., and Mrs. Metcalf, their second child, a son, on December 14, 1957.

'44—To Bayard Delafield Clarkson and Mrs. Clarkson (Virginia L. Clark), a daughter, their fourth child, on February 25, 1958.

'44—To John Grinnell Wetmore Husted, Jr., and Mrs. Husted (Ann F. Hagerty), a son, John Stillman, their second child, on November 28, 1957.

'44—To Earle Frederick Wheelock and Mrs. Wheelock (Jean Lowery) their second child, a daughter, Cynthia Anne, on March 17, 1958.

'45—To Dudley Fortescue Rochester and Mrs. Rochester (Lois Boucher), their second daughter, Carolyn Lee, on March 2, 1958.

'45—To Richard Patterson Ryerson and Mrs. Ryerson, a son, Richard Patterson, Jr., their second child, on January 11, 1958.

'45—To James Amory Sullivan Walker and Mrs. Walker (Alexandra Forbes), a son, their first child, on November 4, 1957.

'46—To Lloyd Straube Gilmour, Jr., and Mrs. Gilmour (Helen R. Tower), a son, David Lloyd, their second child, on March 21, 1958.

'46—To Douglas Trowbridge Elliman, Jr., and Mrs. Elliman (Claudia Wright), a son, Douglas Trowbridge, 3d, on December 26, 1957.

'46—To James King Norris, Jr., and Mrs. Norris (Sue Mason Kendall), their fourth child and first son, James King, 3d, on March 9, 1958.

'47—To George Gholson Walker, Jr., and Mrs. Walker, their first child, a daughter, Elizabeth deNeufville, on October 14, 1957.

'48—To Moreau Delano Brown, Jr., and Mrs. Brown (Mary Elizabeth Gaylord), their second son, Thomas Gaylord, on February 2, 1958.
'48—To William Watts and Mrs. Watts (Harriet Mayor), a daughter, Evelyn, on December 4, 1957.

'50—To William Lord Brookfield, Jr., and Mrs. Brookfield (Frances Fisher), a daughter, Kate Morgan, on January 24, 1958.

'50—To Richard Hotchkiss Miller and Mrs. Miller, a daughter, Sarah Lynne, on December 27, 1957.

'50—To George Randolph Packard, 3d, and Mrs. Packard (Mary Middle Lloyd), a son, Frank Randolph, on December 26, 1957.

'50—To Olaf Patrick Stackelberg and Mrs. Stackelberg (Cora Sleighter), their first child, a son, John Sleighter, on January 20, 1958.

'51—To Kenneth Appleton Ives, Jr., and Mrs. Ives (Jill Stuart Martin), a second son, on December 29, 1957.

'52—To David Scott Sherwood and Mrs. Sherwood, a son, Geoffrey Charles, on December 15, 1957.

DECEASED

'86—Charles Poole Kellogg died December 27, 1957, in Waterbury, Connecticut. Born in Waterbury, April 27, 1868, the son of Stephen Wright and Lucia Hosmer Andrews Kellogg, he entered St. Paul’s in 1884. In his Fifth Form year, he was vice president of the newly-founded Cadmean Literary Society. He graduated from Yale College (where he was one of the editors of the News) in 1890 and from the Yale Law School in 1893. For thirty-two years, from 1895 to 1928, he was secretary of the Connecticut State Department of Public Welfare. He was official delegate in 1900 to the International Congress of Public Relief in Paris—also to the International Prison Congress in Brussels and to an International Congress of Charity Organization Societies in London. He was one of the organizers of the Connecticut Conference on Social Work and of the Associated Charities in Waterbury (now called the Lincoln House Association). He took an active part in promoting social legislation that led to probation work in the courts; and also worked for state aid for widows, and for the establishment of the Child Welfare Bureau. He was a supporter of the Waterbury Symphony and of the Waterbury Civic Theater, and a member of the Second Congregational Church. Fourteen nieces and nephews survive him.

'90—Dean Belden Lyman died March 4, 1958, in New Haven, Connecticut. He was born in Omaha, Nebraska, October 11, 1872, the son of Charles Wirz Lyman and Mary Cornelius Lyman. He graduated from St. Paul’s in 1890 and from Yale in 1894. Both at school and in college, he distinguished himself in track athletics—he was captain of the Yale track team—and he sang in the Choir at the School and in the Glee Club at Yale. He began work in the old Empire and New England Transportation Company in New Haven, became assistant treasurer of the New Haven Trust Company in 1911, and remained with this bank after its merger with the Union Trust Company; he was vice president of the Union and New Haven Trust Company from 1928 until 1943, when he retired. He was at one time chairman of the Board of Education of the Town of Hamden, Connecticut, where he lived, and for thirty years he was treasurer of Trinity Church Home. Dean Lyman was the brother of the late Harry S. Lyman, ’88. He was married in 1895 to Corinne Martin, who survives him with their three children, Mrs. Thomas Watt (Cyrena
Lyman), Charles M. Lyman and Dean B. Lyman, Jr., five grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

'93—Francis William Simmons died May 9, 1957, in Snyder, New York. He was born in Toledo, Ohio, August 7, 1874, the son of William H. Simmons and Mary Young Simmons, entered St. Paul’s in 1891, remained there through the post-graduate Sixth Form year, and then went through Yale in three years, graduating in 1897. After a trip abroad, he joined the Simmons Boot and Shoe Company of Toledo, of which his father was president. Of this company he was himself president for many years. He was active in Red Cross and Community Chest work in Toledo, and for forty years he was a vestryman of Trinity Episcopal Church. After his retirement in 1950, he traveled for a year and then settled in Snyder, New York. He is survived by his wife, Stella Arnsman Simmons; by his daughters, Mrs. C. John Trimper and Mrs. Simmons Porter; by his son, John W. Simmons; and by nine grandchildren.

'94—William Neilson McVicker died January 18, 1958, at Valley Cottage, New York. He lived in Valley Cottage, at Homebrook Farm, and had retired from engineering. His daughter, Ada Jaffrey McVickar, survives him, and also his brothers, James and Noel McVickar.

'95—Charles Henry McDuffie died December 1, 1957, at Beverly, Massachusetts. He was born at Lawrence, Massachusetts, January 23, 1877, and his family moving shortly thereafter to Manchester, New Hampshire, he attended public schools in Manchester before entering St. Paul’s. He was in the Class of 1899 at Harvard, and there participated in college and boat club rowing as did so many St. Paul’s boys at that time. (He had rowed No. 7 on the Haleyon crew at the School). After graduating from college and after considerable traveling, he started in the cotton mills in Manchester, and from there came to Boston, where he acted as a cotton broker until his retirement. He never married, and in his later years spent much of the time at the Tennis and Racquet Club in Boston, a well-known figure to its members. He was very fond of fishing in Southern as well as Eastern waters and was a close student of baseball, even something of an authority. His nephew, Charles D. McDuffie, ’12, and his great-nephew, Frederic C. McDuffie, ’42, survive him.

'95—Charles Merwin Saxe died March 4, 1958, in New York, N. Y. He was born in Albany, New York, in 1878, and attended the Albany Academy until 1892 when he entered St. Paul’s. He left the School in 1894, after completing the Fourth Form, to enter McGill University in Montreal. He had a deep affection for Dr. Coit, and always remembered Dr. Coit’s courtesies to him and interest in him. He greatly valued an autographed Bible given to him by Dr. Coit when he left school. From Montreal, he moved to Niagara Falls, New York, where he worked in a paper mill. He later obtained a position with the Niagara Falls Power Company, and became its Purchasing Agent. For many years he was choirmaster of the Episcopal Church in Niagara Falls, and a member of the Choral Society. He also organized and conducted a men’s choral group and did some composing of Church music. In the mid-1920’s he moved to New York and took a position with the advertising concern of Burrow Collier and Company. After he retired, he devoted most of his time to religious studies and religious work. He was a great lover of Nature, and until his last illness he went frequently to the country for long
walks. He is survived by one sister, Ellen M. Saxe.

'96—SHIRAS CAMPBELL died February 7, 1958, in New York, N. Y., after a long illness. Born in Elizabeth, New Jersey, he entered St. Paul's in 1891 and spent five years there, the memory of which was dear to him throughout life; he took special pride in the fact that he had been a member of the first St. Paul's School hockey team ever to play an outside game. Graduated from Yale in 1900 and from the Columbia University School of Architecture in 1904, he practiced architecture in New York and in Elizabeth, N. J., independently, and from time to time in affiliation with various firms, up to his retirement in 1929. In the first World War, he was a captain in the aviation section of the Signal Corps, and had duty overseas in France and in Italy. At one period he was City Plan Commissioner for Elizabeth. He was an associate architect in the building of the Columbia Grammar School in New York, also of the Union County Courthouse; and he designed many large residences in Elizabeth. He is survived by his wife, Mary Louise Miller Campbell.

'97—ALFRED CONKLING COXE died December 21, 1957, at his house in Old Lyme, Connecticut. Born May 7, 1880, the son of Judge Alfred C. Coxe, who was on the Federal Bench in the Northern District of New York from 1882 to 1917, he entered St. Paul's in 1895 and graduated in 1897. He was on the School football and hockey teams and on the 2nd Shattuck crew. After graduating from Yale in 1901, he studied law at Cornell University, but owing to a typhoid epidemic he left Cornell before the end of the course and completed his legal education in the office of Mattison & De Angelis in Utica, New York. Admitted to the New York Bar in 1904, he began practice in Utica but moved to New York after a year and was at first a clerk in the office of Boardman, Platt & Foley. He remained with this firm and its successors until 1910. For the next twenty years he practiced alone at No. 2 Rector Street, New York. In 1929, President Hoover appointed him to the Federal Court for the Southern District of New York, and he remained on the Bench until his retirement in 1951 at the age of seventy. Judge Coxe presided at several notable trials and proceedings, among them the trial of Earl Browder in 1940 and the reorganization of McKesson & Robbins in 1942. He was noted for his dry sense of humor, which he often put to good use in relieving courtroom tension. He is survived by his wife, Helen Emery Coxe; by his sons, Alfred C. Coxe, Jr., '32, John E. Coxe, and Samuel H. Coxe; and by several grandchildren.

'00—PHILIP LLEWELLYN LIGHTBOURN was born at St. George's Rectory, Bermuda, October 23, 1882, the son of Canon Frederick John Fegg George's. The following excerpts are taken from a pamphlet of the Parish Church of St. George. "Major Philip L. Lightbourn was held in respect and affection throughout the Town and Colony as an officer and a gentleman... he put his whole heart into serving the local militia. He got to know every man personally, encouraged him to..."
take a pride in the traditions of the B.M.A., heard him in his troubles, helped him in sickness...and at the last made sure that, rain or shine, he had a befitting funeral...As Secretary of the Corporation and Justice of the Peace for many years he gave faithful public service...The funeral on Thursday was one of the most impressive in living memory, and it is estimated that close on a thousand people attended...The demeanour of the assembly indicated better than words can say how highly we all appreciated our good friend, 'the Major'.”

Major Lighthourn was unmarried and no close relatives survive him.

'01—Lawrence Beebe died May 24, 1957. He was born in Melrose, Massachusetts, August 5, 1883, the son of Decius Beebe and Katharine Ensign Beebe. He was at St. Paul’s from 1896 to 1901, and rowed on the Shattuck crew there in his Sixth Form year. On graduating from Harvard in 1905, he went into the firm of Lucius Beebe and Sons, of Boston, leather merchants, of which his father was a member. He was married in 1916 to Margaret Sibley of Helena, Montana, and since then had been a resident of Brookline, Massachusetts. His wife and his only daughter, Mrs. John C. Holloway, Jr., of Bonita, California, survive him, as well as a brother and four sisters.

'01—William James Brundred died August 31, 1957, in Oil City, Pennsylvania. Born in Oil City, December 24, 1882, the son of Benjamin F. Brundred and Elizabeth Loomis Brundred, he entered St. Paul’s in 1898, graduated there in 1901, received a B.S. degree at Yale three years later, and went into the oil producing business—in which his father was also engaged—at first in Pennsylvania. From 1906 to 1913 in partnership with his mother he conducted oil producing operations in Oklahoma under the firm name of E. L. and W. J. Brundred. He then formed a partnership with his brother, Benjamin F. Brundred, ’09, and this firm—Brundred Brothers, with headquarters in Oil City—in 1913 installed the first successful repressuring plant in Pennsylvania for the secondary recovery of oil by injecting air and gas into depleted oil sands. He and the other members of his family formed the Brundred Oil Corporation in 1919, and he was president of this company for thirty-five years, from its inception in 1919 until it was sold and dissolved in 1954. He was a director of the Oil City National Bank and of the Independent Petroleum Association of America, of which he was vice president for Pennsylvania from 1931 to 1936. During the second World War he was a member of the Oil Production Committee of Region I, Petroleum Industry for War. He is survived by his sisters, Mrs. Harold D. Brown and Miss Lois Brundred; and by his brothers, Benjamin F. Brundred, ’09, and Latham L. Brundred, ’11.

'01—Littleton Holmes Fitch died February 18, 1958, in Brooklyn, New York. He graduated from the School in 1901, from Yale in 1906, and from the New York Law School in 1908; and practiced in New York, specializing in maritime law. He is survived by his wife, Gertrude S. Fitch; by his son, Littleton H. Fitch, Jr.; by his sister, Mrs. Harald W. Ostby; and by two grandchildren.

'03—Harold Newell Raymond died December 12, 1957, in Denville, New Jersey. He is survived by his wife, Fay Filling Raymond; by his daughter, Mrs. Ralph Corley; by his son, Harold Newell Raymond, Jr.; and by ten grandchildren.

of Windsor Brown French and Frances Shepard French, he entered St. Paul's in 1901. He was S.P.S. football captain, goal guard on the school hockey team, and a member of the second Shattuck crew. In the first World War he enlisted in the Navy and for about a year was Chief Engineer aboard a submarine chaser. He entered the brokerage business in 1910, on graduation from Yale, as an office boy in Wilcox, Peck and Hughes, in New York; he later opened this firm's Seattle office. For a number of years he was Pacific Coast Manager for Frank B. Hall and Company, of San Francisco. In 1941 he opened his own brokerage partnership of French and St. Clair—in which he was still active at the time of his death. In 1940-1941 he was president of the Society of Insurance Brokers of San Francisco and in 1947-1948 he was president of the National Society of Insurance Brokers. He is survived by his wife, Katharine Pennell French, and by his daughter, Mrs. John E. Willi.

'08—JAMES BRIGGS FELTON died of a heart attack, in a hospital in New Haven, Connecticut, March 17, 1958. He lived in Manchester, New Hampshire, where he was born, and where up to his retirement in 1957 he had for many years been president and general manager of the S. A. Felton and Son Company, manufacturers of industrial brushes. He was also a director of the Manchester National Bank. In 1926 and 1928 he was on the military staff of Governor John G. Winant, '08, and from 1936 to 1940 he was a member of the Manchester Police Commission. In the first World War he was commissioned in the Air Service, taught at the School of Aeronautics in Ohio State University, was later an executive in the Bureau of Aeronautics in Washington, D. C., and was discharged a captain in 1918. He entered St. Paul's in 1904 and graduated in 1908; he was a frequent contributor to the Horae and became an assistant editor. He graduated from Yale in 1912. His wife, Katherine B. Felton, survives him; also his daughters, Mrs. Dudley R. Clark and Mrs. David B. Parker; his sons, James B. Felton, Jr., and Dudley B. Felton; and ten grandchildren.

'08—DONALD MCGRAW died November 16, 1957, in Metamora, Michigan. He was born in 1890, entered St. Paul's in 1905, and was there two years. He was a graduate of the College of Engineering, Cornell University. At the time of his death, he was working for the U. S. Navy as a civilian production specialist. He is survived by his daughter, Mrs. Jerome M. Ziegler, and by his sister, Mrs. George T. Hendrie.

'10—HOUGHTON PIERCE METCALF died January 30, 1938, at Miami Beach, Florida. He was born in Providence, Rhode Island, August 12, 1891, the son of Stephen Olney Metcalf and Esther Pierce Metcalf, and the younger brother of the late George Pierce Metcalf, '08. He graduated from St. Paul's in 1910 and from Harvard in 1914, worked for a short time as a reporter for the Providence Journal-Bulletin, and then entered the Wanskuck Company in Providence, a textile business with which his family had long been associated. He was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant of Infantry in 1917, went overseas in July 1918, and took part in action in France, including the Meuse-Argonne offensive. After the war, he resumed his work with the Wanskuck Company and was the company's treasurer for ten years, then retired to take up farming. He bred prize Holstein cattle on his farm at Exeter, Rhode Island, and raised cattle and hogs on a plantation in Bainbridge, Georgia, where he also engaged in lumbering. At the time of his death, he was raising race horses on his farm in
Middleburg, Virginia. He was a trustee and vice president of the Rhode Island School of Design, and a director of several Rhode Island corporations. He is survived by his wife, Katharine Herrick Metcalf; by his daughters, Mrs. C. E. Perkins and Mrs. Eleanor Metcalf Scott; and by his son, Houghton P. Metcalf, Jr., '39.

'11—Delano Andrews died January 30, 1958, in Columbia, South Carolina. He was born in New York, the son of Avery DeLano Andrews, entered St. Paul's in 1907, and graduated there in 1911. At the School he was an assistant editor of the Horae. He was a graduate of Harvard and of the Columbia University Law School. In May 1917, he went to the officers' training school at Fort Niagara, and he was in France from September of that year till the end of hostilities. He was cited in General Orders, 5th Army Corps, A.E.F., awarded the French Croix de Guerre, and discharged a captain after service in 1919 as Secretary of the Inter-Allied Commission of Inquiry at Fiume. From shortly after the first World War until his retirement a few years ago, he was a member of the New York law firm of Sullivan and Cromwell—at one time he was in charge of the firm's Paris office—and he was a director of the J. Henry Schroder Banking Corporation and of the Schroder Trust Company. He is survived by his wife, Adeline Hatch Andrews; by his sons, Avery DeLano Andrews, 2d, '45, and Denison Andrews, '53; by his daughters, Mrs. Theodore Hamm, Jr., and Mrs. William T. Powers; by his father; and by his brother, Schofield Andrews, '06.

'18—Charles Albert Gould, 2d, died November 26, 1957, at Amityville, Long Island, New York. He lived at Huntington, Long Island, was Commodore of the Huntington Yacht Club, and until his retirement ten years ago was a model maker (models of buildings, etc., to be used for demonstration). He is survived by his wife, Mary J. Gould; by his son, Charles Gould; by his daughter, Gail Gould; by his sisters, Mrs. Julia Wilder and Mrs. Catherine Chisholm; and by his brother, Lawrence B. Gould.

'18—Samuel Hamilton Williams died July 28, 1957, in Los Angeles, California. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, February 5, 1900, entered St. Paul's in 1915, and graduated there in 1918. He graduated from Princeton, received a degree in hydraulic engineering from M.I.T. in 1929, and afterwards studied hydraulic development in Germany. For some years he worked with Electric Bond and Share in New York. During the second World War, he taught in the Division of War Research at the University of California. He had been a member of the Los Angeles engineering and architectural firm of Clements and Clements since 1951. He is survived by his wife, Florence Whitehead Schiess Williams; by his step-children, Ronald G. Schiess, Mrs. Larry Boswell, and Michael Schiess; and by four step-grandchildren.

'26—Andrew Bart Berger, Jr., died December 7, 1957, in Sarasota, Florida. The son of Andrew Bart Berger, '02, he entered St. Paul's in 1920, was there three years, and afterwards went to Penn State University. At the time of his death, he was a sales executive for the Jessop Steel Company. He had previously worked in the Homestead Works of the U. S. Steel Corporation and with the A. M. Byers Company of Pittsburgh. In the second World War, he served in the U. S. Army (Infantry) three years—during much of that time in combat in the European Theatre. He is survived by his wife, Margaret Yost Berger, by his sister, Mrs. Rebecca Humphreys, and
by his mother, Mrs. Andrew B. Berger.

'40—George Washington Young, 3d, died March 22, 1958, in Wilton, Connecticut. Born in New York, the son of George W. Young, Jr., '14, he entered the School in 1936 and was there three years. As a Fifth Former he played on the Delphian football team and was an assistant editor of the Horae. From St. Paul's he went to Colgate University, where he was a member of his Freshman football and hockey teams. He went into the U.S.N.R. in 1942, became a Flight Officer with the Instrument Flight Standardization Board, and was discharged a Lieutenant (j.g.) in 1945. In 1943 he was married to Marion Westerlund. After the war, he was associated with the Standard Vacuum Oil Company in Hong Kong, for some time ran his own advertising agency, Crosby, Lloyd and Young in New York, and in recent years worked as a radio and television account executive with Young and Rubicam, Inc. George Young is survived by his wife, by his daughters, Kathy, Susan, Emily and Marion; by his father; by his brother, David B. Young, '54; and by his sister, Mrs. E. M. Robinson.

'48—Peter Stevens Ballantine died December 17, 1957. After graduating from St. Paul's in 1948, he went to Princeton, where he took a pre-medical course and received his degree in 1952. He then, on the death of his father, took over the management of his family's place, Stonehouse Farm, in Gladstone, New Jersey. He had a herd of pure-bred guernseys, delivered milk over his own milk routes, and raised much of the feed for his cattle on the farm. Since January 1957, he had also been working in the advertisement department of Gallup and Robinson, in Princeton, New Jersey, headquarters for the Gallup Poll. Ballantine was married in February, 1956, to Elodie Huntley, who survives him with their daughter Elodie, now a year old. His mother, Mrs. Peter Ballantine, and his sister, Mary Elizabeth Ballantine, also survive him.
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