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From the Pelican of March 9, 1960:

Two panels have been presented to the School to be placed above the list of the Sixth Form of 1958 which is located in the cloister of the Upper. The panels were carved by Charles Greenough Chase, '36, and they depict the major events of the 1957-58 school year. The first panel shows the New Race Course at Turkey Pond and the Shattuck victory in crew. One corner has a Pelican carrying the SPS hockey record of 35 goals scored to the opponents' 8. The other corner has an Isthmian Compass Rose to show the Isthmian championships that year in football, soccer, hockey, lacrosse, and a tie in baseball which is represented by half a ball. The second panel depicts the McLane Skate House and the opening of the Summer School for New Hampshire boys. The Summer School is portrayed by a Pelican teaching Purple Finches, the New Hampshire State bird.
DEAR ALUMNI:

How is one to distinguish among the many voices calling for loyalty, interest, support, aid? The more we develop communication, and multiply the materials being communicated, the less we seem to be saying. One can spend a long time listening, and hear very little; and it is possible to read a great deal, and absorb mostly trivia. The daily paper, the television, the radio, the novels, and the magazines, all seem to have but a limited message. They call attention to maniacal behavior, to wild assertions by wilder asserters, to delinquency (juvenile and otherwise), to violent beginnings and stupid endings, to outraged individuals caught with their hands in others’ pockets, tills, expense accounts.

What is a boy to think of all this? And how can we help a boy to judge these activities and standards for what they really are?

Curiously enough, the only remedies—the only way to keep oneself clear, if not clean—are the same old remedies:


2. Decent conversation: to reveal low conversation. At home, at the table, with older friends. This is an art not even touching some boys—even some at St. Paul’s School.

3. Hard work on hard subjects: it is unlikely, for example, that those who have really studied the classical languages will for long enjoy cheap subjects. Of course, merely *tasting* classics won’t do. Taste and judgment always come the hard way: they are not natural, but cultivated.

4. Religion: but not in the abstract, still less only sentimental. *Going* to church, rather than abstracting its merits; reading a decent and hard-to-understand religious book at least once a year—not religious success stories and magazine articles *about* religion.

5. Association with the superior: in the hope that the best will “rub off,” and “sink in.”

These are old remedies to old ills. School and home and church still are the purveyors of these remedies. The question is: are we really up to the task—at the moment and in depth.

The old and majestic simplicities remain the antidote to the old poisons that threaten and frustrate and distort.

Faithfully yours,

MATTHEW M. WARREN, Rector
ON June 1, 1960, the *Horae Scholasticae* will be one hundred years old. In view of the importance of the event, the normal order of the *Alumni Horae*’s contents is here interrupted to include a score of pages that tell of the *Horae Scholasticae*’s origin and progress.

The *Alumni Horae* respectfully salutes the *Horae Scholasticae* and offers its congratulations on the past full century of effort and achievement, with the wish that as the *Horae*’s present is worthy of its past, so its future may be worthy of its present.

There follow:

From the *Horae* for June 1, 1860: a few excerpts from the opening article, “Our Object,” by Samuel Frank Winchester of the Third Form, a member of the Committee of Publication.

From the *Horae* for May 28, 1885: an Ode by Libertus*; an article by Willard Scudder of the Fifth Form, Associate Head Editor of the *Horae*.

From the *Horae* for June 9, 1910: an Ode by F. H. Bangs of the Fifth Form, Assistant Editor of the *Horae*; an article by Willard Scudder, ’85, a Master at the School.

From the *Horae* for June 1, 1935: an article by Owen Wister, ’77, written in 1933 as the Preface to *Anthology of St. Paul’s School Verse*, a volume as yet unpublished.

Photographs of a number of *Horae Boards of Editors.*

*We regret being as yet unable to state for whom the pseudonym “Libertus” stood.*
The object of our paper, the first number of which is now before you, is to raise funds for domestic missions. It is conducted chiefly by members of the missionary society, though all members of the school are invited and desired to prepare articles for it. Our missionary society was organized during the past winter. . . . If our paper does not contain matter that is interesting to persons of mature intellect, yet speak a kind word for it and encourage it for the sake of the good cause, and perhaps our efforts may excite in the minds of some persons a greater interest in the cause of missions than they have heretofore felt. . . . We shall also make our paper a paper of the school, and those who take an interest in our school will have an opportunity of seeing what kind of writers we have among us, and what we are able to perform in the way of English Literature, as well as in Latin and Greek. Through our columns, perhaps, persons who have never seen St. Paul's School will have a chance of knowing what is going on among us, and what we are doing toward the cause of missions.

S. F. W.
Awake! each Muse divine;
Awake! ye inspired Nine:
Leave sacred grove and spring,
Fly hither on the wing
    Of merry Morn;
And all the glad day long,
With lyre and pipe and song,
And joyful echoing tune,
Delight the first of June,
    When Horæ yecept Scholasticae was born,—
A fair and goodly birth:
When aged grandame Earth
    Was twenty-five years less.
'Twas then on June the first,
    When from the fertile press,
     To greet the light,
Already clad in dress
    Of modest black and white,
The little Horæ burst.

II.
A creature of being most kind,
Formed to instruct and please the mind,
To answer many questions,
To offer apt suggestions,
Report the games in terms explicit,
Or kind subscriptions to solicit,
To glad our curious hearts with knowledge
Of what befalls our friends at college,
The variegated skein unravel
Of some bright yarn of foreign travel,
    Or make our knee-joints loose,
And freeze our blood, and raise our hair,
With horrid tale of hungry bear
    And Indian pappoose.
And on her fair instructive page
Are bits of wisdom for the sage,
Records of memorable days,
And gentle, heart-entrancing lays,
    And scores of many runs;
Stories of steamboat accident,
And neat Nugalia sweetly blent
    With execrable puns.
III.

Lo! where the Horæ sits in state,
And round her throne till very late
Her slaves, the editors, despair,
And toil and labour to prepare
A monthly draught for her to drink,—
A draught, they say, contains
Hot candle-grease, and oil, and ink,
And sweat of human brains;
And by her feet a basket stands,
Where, with discriminating hands,
She oft consigneth works of art,
Which ne'er again appear,—
Works of some young aspiring heart
That, blighted thus in early start,
Let fall the briny tear;
But to such happy ones as rise
To high esteem in her bright eyes,
She gives a valuable prize
Thrice in the rolling year.

IV.

Long may she live and thrive,
And may our sons in future ages,
When we have ceased to be alive,
Be still delighted and made merry,—
Nay, more, a mournful joy derive
From reading in her fertile pages
Our own obituary.

LIBERTUS.

THE HORÆ
1860-1885

It has now become the almost universal custom of schools and colleges to
support some sort of a paper—in some, only one; in others, sometimes more.
The school papers are chiefly of recent origin, but some of the college papers
were founded a long time ago, and have since enjoyed, as a general rule, a career
of uninterrupted prosperity.

The Horæ, although older than most of them, has had a much more doubt-
ful and precarious existence, having experienced sometimes obstacles with which
it was well-nigh impossible to cope, and which even threatened to put an end to
it. But in spite of these trials the Horæ has still been kept alive, and after its
first ten years of life entered upon a course which has been entirely prosperous,
and which appears to be assured for a long time to come. The twenty-fifth anni-
versary of the foundation of the Horæ occurs June 1, and in view of this it
seems well to give a short history of the paper's career during the past quarter
of a century.
This volume, it would seem, should properly be XXV instead of XVIII but the explanation of this apparent discrepancy is, that in some of the earlier years only two or three numbers were published, and so the issues of several years were bound together in one volume, instead of being separated.

In the winter of 1860 the Missionary Society was first organized, its object being to raise funds for domestic missions. In order to accomplish this purpose, a committee was appointed to devise ways and means of getting money, and among the numerous schemes they suggested was the establishment of a school paper. The idea was at once caught up, and a committee of four members was appointed to publish the paper. Their first Horæ appeared June 1, 1860, and was a little sheet of only four pages. In their editorial prospectus they announce their object in this way:

"The object of our paper, the first number of which is now before you, is to raise funds to be devoted to domestic missions."

In a few words they describe the origin of the paper and the Missionary Society, and then beg that their readers will not be too severe on this, their first attempt at journalism. Their motto is "Audacibus adnue coeptis,"* and a more apt and appropriate one could not be found. The name itself of the paper, Horæ Scholastici, was chosen at the suggestion of the Rector, and is certainly a name vastly more appropriate than the names of the majority of the school papers.

As we turn over this first number of the Horæ, we notice the excellent tone of the articles, and the unusual ability as first attempts they show. We find here an account of a cricket match played between the Old Hundred and Isthmian clubs. Among the pretty catches is noticed a very fine one at long-on, made by J. Hargate, who, as we see by reading the score, made two in each innings. Among the batsmen in the second innings for the Isthmians we find the name of J. M. Coit, who had the misfortune of being unable to score. The match was won by the Old Hundreds by a score of 115 to 81. Further on in this Horæ there appear a number of advertisements of needs, and things to sell, by the school-boys. One of them reads thus: "Eggs will be sold at 4 o'clock on Saturdays, at three cents apiece and fifteen cents a dozen." The last price is either a printer's error, which should be one half dozen instead of a dozen, or else a very amazing and ruinous reduction was made to the purchaser who would take such a large quantity as a dozen. Another notice suggests a most congenial occupation: "Genuine Lemonade, Washington Pie, &c., constantly on hand and for sale by Boudinot & Coit, at the Subterranean Popina." It seems almost a pity that we cannot ourselves indulge in such pleasant traffic as this must have been.

As we pass on through this year, we notice that the spring terms in those days did not close until the end of August, and it seems a little strange to read of the School's not breaking up until August 31. Times have indeed changed. What would the boys now think of going home in the last part of August instead of the end of June? But it must be remembered that, instead of returning in early September, the boys did not come back until late in October, which thus gave just the same length of vacation that we now have.

It is very interesting to see how the Thanksgiving Days and Fourths of July and other such occasions were kept by the boys. On the Thanksgiving Day

*Audacibus adnue coeptis is quoted from Vergil, Georgics, I, 40, and may be translated "Give encouragement to my daring beginnings."
of 1860 the morning was spent by all in skating, which was remarkably good. At half-past ten all went into town for the service in church, and on their return had dinner, after which skating was renewed; and very lively it must have been, from the graphic description given us. In the evening there were charades and tableaux, none of the former being guessed at all.

From June, 1860, to April, 1861, the Horæ appeared regularly; but between the latter date and the next Horæ there was a gap of nine months, the next number not appearing until January, 1862. In this issue we find the Carmen Paulinense appearing for the first time. This number of the paper is double the former size, and contains some very excellent articles, notably a little tale of New Year's, written by Samuel Frank Winchester, a member of the first Horæ board, who has now passed away from the number of St. Paul's alumni. This short bit abounds in pathetic and beautiful language, and gives promise of a fine future of literary work. The second number of this year came out in March, but from its appearance to the next issue there was an interregnum of over eighteen months. In this number was printed the list of the Glee Club. Among the members were A. M. Swift, alto, and J. C. Knox, pianist.

Again, after this number, we find a long silence; and when the Horæ of December, 1865, appeared, the editors make a brief allusion to the fact of its non-appearance, and hope for a more certain future. A very pretty translation of the Iliad, VI Book, at the parting of Hector and Andromache, is signed J. C. K. A cricket match is recorded in this number, which was won by the Old
Hundreds by a score of 214-76. The return match was won on the first innings by the Isthmians, with a score of 78-70.

Again a long interval, and we find the next Horæ dated December, 1866, and appearing in magazine form. Then a silence, and the Horæ is again published, this time dated February, 1868. The last sentence in the editorial says, “We, the editors of the Horæ Scholasticae, not Horæ Subsecivae,” which shows what might have been a very reasonable title for the first few years of the life of the paper. In the December number we read an interesting account of the money sent away to various missions by the Missionary Society, almost $1,200 having been sent away in these first few years of the society’s existence. In this same number we observe that the regular report line of the School was,—

“Quidquid id est timeo, Danaos et dona ferentes;”

and among the interesting statistics in connection with it we find that a quarter of a sheet, viz., thirty lines, was “accomplished by experts in five minutes”—certainly a very high rate of speed.

Once more there is a silence and again it is broken by the number of December, 1869, now twelve pages long. This number closes the fourth volume,—indeed is the fourth volume. There are thus only four volumes for the first nine years of the Horæ’s existence.

With the fifth volume, the Horæ started at last on a career which has since been uninterrupted, except in various intervals very far between. In the Horæ for June of 1871, the second of this volume, there is printed a composition which was written “by a member of the Sh—II Form of a school not a hundred miles from Concord.” It is so amusing that we print it verbatim, in hopes that others may also enjoy it:

“The History of a Pin”

“Pins are very useful. Some people use them to pick their teeth, but their are quills made to pick their teeth with. Some people who have swallowed them have had them come out of their sides, and very often kill them. They are used to pin on things when buttons burst. They are made out of wire.”

As we go on through succeeding years, we notice various little interesting bits of information, some stories that are very entertaining, and often some remarkably good verses. As one reads the flowing Latin hexameters and pentameters which some of the boys wrote, he may well sigh for such a ready and facile pen as they wielded, and mourn over the degeneracy of the times. Then there was a St. Paul’s School band which used to give, Thursday evenings, outdoor concerts—an idea which deserves to be recommended to the instrumental club of to-day. In October, 1872, we see that the library had 1,000 volumes on its shelves.

We have devoted this large space to the earlier numbers of the Horæ because of their greater interest to us of the present day; for it is certainly both amusing and instructive to compare the ways of boys at the very opening of the School, when everything was new, with the manners and customs of nowadays, when all has become settled for good, and we have increased so greatly in size. In the succeeding volumes, although there are many able and interesting articles, it would take up vastly more space than we can give even briefly to mention them by name, and as for making any criticisms, that is quite out of the question.
In a Horæ for November, 1873, we find a real treat to Latin scholars. It seems that the Latin master, after writing a number of sentences on the board, wrote after them this direction: “Parse diligentia, belli, and domi.” One boy undertook to translate this last sentence as he supposed it to be, and produced the following: “Parse the Parthians, diligentia were diligent, belli in waging war, domi at home.” We hardly think that many boys now here could do so well on such a sentence.

Thence through many numbers we must hasten, pausing now and then to note articles of peculiar merit, as a literal and highly poetic translation of the Loreley by the late Mr. Swift. The Horæs for the years 1875-1876, and 1876-1877, are notable for the excellence of the articles, which evince a peculiar ability on the part of the boys who conducted the paper. During these two years we notice that the Horæ board divided, and published its paper month by month, the first Horæ being taken in charge by one division of the board, headed by one of the senior editors, while the next month, the other senior editor with his assistants published the issue of that month. This plan certainly was of great benefit to the paper, for it induced a generous spirit of rivalry between the two divisions, each one striving to excel the other when its turn came. The idea has, however, been abandoned in the last few years, for reasons which are doubtless excellent ones. In the course of the year 1876-1877 we find an amusing correspondence on the subject of athletics, carried on through the medium of the correspondence columns, to which we would advise all whose minds are still agitated by this question to refer. It would seem that this time the athletics were worsted, but perhaps others would think differently.

So the Horæ advances from year to year—let us hope always increasing in merit and stability. It is quite impossible in the space at the disposal of this article to do any justice to the Horæ, but quite enough has been said to show what the Horæ has been in the past. What it now is we all know, and those who are anxious to get a more detailed idea of its career we refer to its pages, which are full of interest in many ways to one anxious to know what the St. Paul’s boy did, thought, and felt in former days. Let us, however, remember, that although changes have been made, and important ones too, it is not the outside circumstances which have made the School what it is now, but that it is the inward characteristics of loyalty, obedience, and manliness which are the mainstay of an attempt such as St. Paul’s is making,—to be a School which shall have that best and highest influence on a boy—the influence of a true Christian education—and that it must be the first object of all to aid it in attaining this.

W. S.

1885-1910

Twenty-five years! It seems indeed a long time since the foregoing article was written; since the writer, as one of the editors, compiled the little history of the Horæ for that old anniversary number with its familiar band of red on the cover. Yet as one looks at an issue of the paper to-day, the time seems short. There is the same familiar cover, with its table of contents displayed beneath the old seal of St. Paul’s. The list of offerings to-day has something, perhaps, of greater variety, when one comes upon articles on questions of the day. The titles are not as they were. The stories are more numerous than in our time, yet they are of much the same type. We used to write of the marvelous adventures
of men saved from destruction by the novel application of some new electrical
device: your story-teller of to-day rescues his hero in an aeroplane. It is only in
the mechanical contrivances for bringing about a satisfactory ending that there
seems much difference here. We wrote more essays on literary topics: our suc-
cessors deal with new inventions or with political matters of the day. Really,
now, the changes are not very great it would appear; practically none in essen-
tials. The news of the doings of our old boys is certainly fuller than in our day.
Quite natural is this because there are so many more old boys of the School.
Yet, ask a boy of the School to-day to what part of the De Alumniis he turns
with the greatest interest, and he will answer you as we should have done in
like case: “The College Notes.” Watch the boys as the Horæ is distributed, and
the silence that quickly falls over the room will enable you the more easily to
remark that almost every eye scans, first of all, the reports of games and matches,
and presently that the babbling tongues is all intent upon the same subject. We
did just so. It is easy now to feel the hush that came as each boy seized his
Horæ to read of his last team match, his hockey, his race. Is there any less scorn
for the luckless reporter who has failed to note that miraculous play of yours
in the second half, and so has missed giving you a taste of immortality, than
when we found that reporters of our day were either dullards or conspirators?
The writer knows whereof he speaks: he once was a Horæ reporter himself!

No, the Horæ is the same old Horæ, and the readers thereof are possessed
of the same qualities now as they were a quarter of a century ago. Is there a
paper in the land which can count either upon such careful reading or on such
frank criticism? Certainly whosoever has an article published in our paper can
be sure of having more readers in proportion to the circulation of the paper than
a contributor to any other periodical in the world. The capture of seeing for the
first time one’s own work in type, the treasuring of the printed words, the shy
delight in listening to the comments of neighbors and friends—what a number
of writers for a larger world have had their first taste of these feelings here at
St. Paul’s! Surely the sight of the old-fashioned cover; with the quaint seal, the
same Old English caption; the same arrangement of the list of articles; the same
place of printing;—all will stir again the emotions of the first sight of one’s own
work in print.

Indeed, that suggestion of continuity of outward aspect perhaps best tells
the story of the past twenty-five years. In the days before the writer’s editorship
there had been various ways of putting out an issue; often, indeed, there was
no cover. It was in his time, or just before, that the present form was adopted,
which has been continued ever since. One former editor speaks elsewhere of this
fact as being a valuable asset of the Horæ, and we think that he is right. It
gives one the comfortable feeling of greeting an old friend. We may not think
the friend is handsome considered merely from the artist’s point of view. All we
care about is that he is our friend. The light of his eyes, his smile, his greeting,
these we treasure. We have all come to welcome the smile of the Horæ,—would
it be irreverent to say, the benevolent wink of our patron saint on the seal?—as
a happy suggestion of our own days as boys at the School. We would not have
that outward form changed for all the grandest designs of a Royal Academy!

The inward form, too, has also its appeal. Who can ever forget the wild
struggles to make the copy come right so the editorial pages shall fall in the
middle of the paper? What clippings and measurements, what pastings and lead-
nings, were needed to make things come right! What hopeless mistakes in estimating the exact number of columns! What immemorial hours spent in getting all ship-shape! What loss of sleep on "Dummy Night"! All this is but a part of the inward appeal. There is much the same font of type in use. One change is notable, and but one: the fact that for several years the articles are spread across the pages in broken columns rather than follow down one column and climb the next, as was the rule in our day. This is an improvement worth the making. In the order, too, of articles, we find the same rule as of old: the occasional bit of verse for the first page; next a solid essay; again a story; and thus to the editorial pages. After them—one thinks of the relief of that "after them"—a story or so, a bit more of verse, an essay; and now we have reached the athletic news and the reports of games and contests. Club Notes are more extensive than of old, it appears, because there are more organizations of which to give the news; debates and proceedings of the literary societies and of the new-old Scientific Association must not go without full notice. "De Alumnis" has become a huge department. Last of all the literary matter is "Nugalia": that amazing record of current events, wherein the interest is distributed impartially between a grave statement as to the opening of a new building, or the beginning of the rowing season, and the casual remark that on such a night spring was duly ushered in to the accompaniment of the usual frog chorus. We conclude with the list of exchanges. That is a significant matter for the thoughtful, and one might write a neat essay upon it. Those exchanges! With what awe they must contemplate the tremendous superiority of the Horæ! How often do they express their wonder that the Horæ does but acknowledge that they exist, nor ever mentions any of their work. Indeed, they have always tried to tease us into words of praise or blame. In vain are their efforts. The Horæ acknowledges the receipt of them—that is all.

Thus we come to the last page. We are struck afresh with the joy of finding after that last page not a single advertisement to mar the completeness of the whole. Here be no haberdashers, no importunate tailors, no motor agents, no sporting goods traders. We have from cover to cover simply the Horæ. That is all. The refreshment of this is beyond description. Here is the only periodical which is complete and undistracted with the tumult of the market place. When it comes to you, it comes all itself. And you love it the more for its coming thus!

We have, then, the same old form as in the old days. The Horæ, however, has not stood still in the quarter-century; for the Horæ is very much alive. Growth it shows and vigor, otherwise it had better die out. In its fifty years of life there has been a steady gain in many good ways, as well as a careful conserving of the best of its early traditions. When they began their work those first editors laid a sound foundation for the future, which has supported for years, and will support we believe for all time, all the best work that their successors in endless lines can build upon it. The reason is not far to seek. They set out to give to St. Paul's a paper which should reflect the best the School had to give, something to express the inner springs of its thought. Carrying out their original purpose, admirably they contrived to impress upon their immediate successors their own views, and these successors in turn handed on these views, until there has grown up a body of tradition which, insensibly perhaps, but none the less really, has profoundly influenced all who have to do with the Horæ. Whatever the ebb and flow of literary power, and such flux there must be in the life of a
paper as well as in the life of man, there has been a perseverance of ideal which
gives a very real proof, not only of the excellence of the original impulse but
likewise of the sense of responsibility with which the later editors have ap­
proached their task.

Herein one may thankfully believe lies the secret of the success of the Horæ.
There was true inspiration at its birth; there has been unflagging effort to sustain
that inspiration through its fifty years of life. There has been in all the years no
let down in its aspiration. There has been real increase in the determination to
maintain always the highest standards. Editors have come and gone, one group
has given place to another, yet in all these fifty years there has been never an
article published which could be said to be in derogation of the high standard
originally set and conscientiously maintained. It may well be a source of profound
congratulation that to-day we find the Horæ departing in no wise from the best
ideals of a school paper.

In this continuity of effort to keep the Horæ as the best expression of our
life at St. Paul's, and in its success in so doing we find indeed the story of the
second twenty-five years of its history. The reader will note that much of the
first part of this history is given up to the narration of the changes which had
taken place in St. Paul's in the twenty-five years then ended. In these later
twenty-five years we can find but few changes of importance in the life of the
School. The daily routine is to-day substantially the same as it was in 1885.
Arrangement of hours; character of work; studies; literary, musical, athletic
interests; all these are essentially the same now as they were then. One looks in
vain for anything out of the ordinary to set down as novel or striking. In 1885
the School had passed the experimental stage and had settled down into the long,
steady movement of assured success. St. Paul's has grown somewhat larger in
number in these years, somewhat larger, too, in physical extent; life has grown
more complex; interests then but embryonic have come to fuller growth: yet
with these external changes we believe that none of the essential spirit has been
lost. We look forward with sure confidence to the life of the future, because we
believe that the spirit giveth life. So, too, do we find the Horæ, the faithful
chronicler of that life, somewhat larger, somewhat more varied in its scope, yet
ever fulfilled with its old spirit. It offers still the same faithful picture of the
School; it reflects still the best of the School.

Certain changes, however, have come, which in their way have helped the
work of the paper, and must justly be named. Perhaps one should place first
among them the increased use of the Horæ as a means of binding, together the
sons of St. Paul's, both old and young, through the medium of the De Alumnis
columns. The assurance to the old boy that he will find therein news of old
friends as well as news of present happenings is a valuable stimulus to intimate
interest in the old School; while to the boys at the School the record of the suc­
cesses of the old boys cannot fail to be an inspiration to better understanding of
the meaning of the School and of their own part in furthering her welfare. For
practical purposes, too, one must give praise to the Cadmean and Concordian
Literary Societies, as well as to the Scientific Association and the Forestry Club,
for the stimulus to their members in preparing papers which are many of them
useful contributions to the Horæ. In point of fact in the past ten years or so a
large number of these papers have been published in the Horæ, forming no
inconsiderable part of its contents. Through these societies there has been given
a larger intellectual scope to the boys than was possible in former days. In all of this the Horæ has profited much. One may see the results in every issue of the paper.

At the same time, though all these instrumentalities to more active intellectual interest in the School have done their share for the Horæ, there has been an ever present interest in the paper itself, and we find that the boys of the School, as a whole, have been more keen to contribute than in old days. While the literary quality of the work they have done has necessarily varied in the years, there has been on the whole much more general contribution than of old. The editors do not, as a rule, have to worry very much as to whether there will be copy enough for any issue; their difficulty is the other way around.

One may say here a word or two as to the articles handed in to-day, for a comparison between the subjects treated now by the contributors and the subjects of earlier days is interesting. One obvious fact stands out, the increase in the number of stories published, which differ somewhat from those of our time. The stories of twenty-five years ago were simpler in form and plot, cruder in style as a rule, and certainly shorter. One might almost say that they were more naturally schoolboy stories. To-day there seems a tendency to imitate the stories of the ordinary magazines, and we find that the writers are more mannered in their work, and somewhat too ambitious at times. The explanation of this state of affairs is simple enough, namely, that the vast increase and cheapening of popular magazines and the far more extensive reading of them than in our time necessarily influence untrained writers more than they can possibly know. Whatever be one's opinions of the literary quality of many of the stories in these
magazines, one must acknowledge that they greatly affect the writing of boys of to-day. Doubtless it is impossible now to return to a simpler form of story even in the Horæ; at least, however, there should be realized by the editors a very full sense of responsibility in keeping the style of their publications pure, correct, careful.

The essays of late years have tended to become more practical in subject, more scientific, too. The old-fashioned literary or biographical articles seem to be fewer. Here again we see the influence of the reading of the boys. This matter of boys’ reading is too large a question, as well as too disputatious to touch now. One may express, however, a hope that the editors will encourage, so far as they can, the contribution of essays on literary subjects, if for no other reason, in order to stimulate interest in literary matters and also to preserve a literary atmosphere at St. Paul’s.

We have gone on so far in general considerations that this article is already long. At the same time it would not be proper to omit the mention of some of the names of contributors to the Horæ in this past quarter-century, who since their time as schoolboys have made names for themselves in literary work. One thinks at once of Arthur S. Pier, Arthur C. Train, Reginald W. Kaufman, George Tucker Bispham. Many others, although not devoted solely to literary careers have yet from time to time contributed articles, to reviews and magazines and have published books. Here it is fitting only to mention such names, since elsewhere there is published a comprehensive list of the publications of St. Paul’s men who got their first training through the Horæ. While but few of these younger men have achieved as yet the success of the men who wrote for the Horæ in its first twenty-five years, and certainly none is known to the world so well as Marion Crawford, there is ample promise of their all doing sound and lasting work which shall give the Horæ some reflection of glory from their well-deserved success.

It is too soon to prophesy as to more recent writers. We may believe, however, that there will be many of them who will continue their writing in years to come, and, following in the footsteps of their predecessors, will win distinction. We cannot believe that the case will be different. The past history of the Horæ shows that early hopes have been fulfilled; and experience is the best guide for the future.

It would be improper to pass over here the devoted labors of Mr. Malcolm Kenneth Gordon, who has been the Alumni Editor* for the past fifteen years. His counsel and practical assistance to the editors, outside of the work in his own department, arduous as it is, have been invaluable. In no small degree has his influence kept up the continuity of tradition and the maintenance of standard. To him, instinctively, must every editor turn for advice and encouragement. To him every editor owes a debt which can but be acknowledged, never paid. The extension of the influence of the Horæ in these past twenty-five years is due so much to his energy and enthusiasm that one is scarcely exaggerating in saying that it is due almost entirely to him that the Horæ to-day reaches far out beyond the immediate life of the School and binds old boys and present boys together.

There are other men at St. Paul’s to whom the Horæ has owed very much in these past years as well. Mr. Charles S. Knox has acted as especial adviser

*Mr. Gordon was the first Alumni Editor, from 1896 to 1917. Mr. Scudder succeeded him and continued in the post to his death in 1936.
now for many years, with a good taste and sound judgment which have been of untold help to many a board of editors. In the discharge of his difficult duties, there have been a cordiality, an intimate interest, a sympathetic wisdom, which have impelled and supported the best work the editors could do. The effect of his association with the Horæ can best be measured by the examination of the issues of the paper. To Mr. James C. Knox, also, we owe very much. The breadth of his culture, the example of his own finished style, the refinement of his criticism, have formed many an immature writer’s work. His constant readiness to help the aspirant for literary honors has never been wanting. Himself an early editor of the Horæ, he has retained unabated his interest in its welfare and zeal for its success. To other masters now at the School, to many who have left us, does the Horæ owe much for willingness to advise contributors and for a steady encouragement of the literary work among the boys.

Fifty years of good work on the part of all who have been at St. Paul’s have made the Horæ what it is. Its excellence is universally acknowledged. The early impulse has continued with vigor undiminished. Wise founders, laying down sound, broad principles for their own and future work, have been followed by successors devoted to carrying on the work and adding something good of their own. We may confidently expect that another fifty years will find the Horæ flourishing with unabated power. Proud of it now, we shall continue ever to wish it well. Every St. Paul’s boy, young and old, may feel an enthusiasm for the school paper such as few other interests at the School can excite. In the firm confidence that the next fifty years will find the Horæ still chronicling the life of St. Paul’s, still true to the best in the School, still the inspiration of many a young writer, we may end this review with the happiest faith in future years of success and good reward. Esto perpetua!

WILLARD SCUDDER (1881-1885) (Editor, 1884-1885)

THE HORÆ (1860-1910)

Arouse thy strings, O Minstrel Harp,
Thy chords attune, O Lyre;
Let all the earth sound forth its mirth
In one exulting choir.
Sing loud the praise of Horæ’s fame;
Harp forth the glories of her name;
Her anniversary acclaim;
Crown her with wreath and spire!

Awake, O Muse! Thy verses lend,
Pour forth thy grandest lay;
For fifty years, ’mid joy and tears,
Has Horæ held her sway.
So wake, O Muse, thy gayest song;
Unfold thy staves and stanzas strong,
That they may loud their praise prolong
For Horæ’s Natal Day.

FRANCIS HYDE BANCS, Fifth Form (Assistant Editor)
The article which follows was printed under the title Poetry at St. Paul's and preceded by an editorial note:

Mr. Owen Wister (1873-1878), permits us to publish here, as part of our 75th Anniversary issue, his preface to a proposed Anthology of St. Paul's School Verse. The little volume was projected in the fall of 1932 and was to have appeared as soon as possible thereafter. Various difficulties arose to delay the publication, so that, had the original plans been carried out, it would have been issued at almost the same moment as Mr. Pier's History of St. Paul's School. Since such a combination would have been obviously impossible, involving as it must a double circularization of the St. Paul's connection, the anthology was postponed. We hope to be able to publish the work in the near future.

Meanwhile, we are fortunate in being allowed to print Mr. Wister's preface in this number. It is worthy of its distinguished author, and gives to this issue of the Horae a cachet of peculiar value. One cannot fail to be impressed by Mr. Wister's comparison between the verse of his time, and of the days just before him, and the more recent work of the Horae poets. We are happy to give among the contributions from former editors examples of the work of writers whom Mr. Wister quotes.

The Editors are deeply obliged to Mr. Wister for this privilege, as must be also our readers.

(EDS.)

The Horae and the present writer make a venerable pair; added together, their ages in this year 1933 are one hundred and forty-six. One was born June first, 1860, the other six weeks after. During the Victorian seventies, the latter became a head editor of the former. He has been reading over the old pages as well as the new; what the boys wrote when but sixty or seventy were in the School, what they are writing now that there are four hundred and thirty-six; a long, long tale of prose and verse, the voice of perpetual adolescence. No mental and spiritual adventure more thrilling has lately befallen the editor. To confront his forgotten self in print is of slight interest beside entering the presence of our Alma Mater through this particular gate. Here she stands. This shelf of many volumes, some thick, some thin, telling of services in the Chapel, concerts at the Anniversary, holidays, Last Nights, choir suppers, games, races, prizes, examinations, marriages, deaths, accompanied by poems, essays, stories, is something beyond what it seems. It is not merely the collected numbers of the School paper, each issue prepared with toil and tribulation by boys struggling to fill the spaces vacant at the eleventh hour, owing to the failure of contributors to make good. This shelf of many volumes is the unconscious history of St. Paul's School. That was my discovery and my thrill. I had gone but a little way in the old pages, when I found that it was not merely literary "efforts" that I was reading, I was again sitting close to one of the great abiding realities of my life, an influence immeasurable, unending, living in some acres and buildings in New Hampshire, and in the moral and mental make-up of the thousands who have come beneath its power.

Beneath even a small surface of print, large history may lie, and in this a revelation of our invisible Past. How many survive who remember Bustle?
In a Horæ of 1869, you can find a few paragraphs about him. He was a Chesapeake Bay dog, brown, curly, unusual to be seen out of Maryland, whence he came with his master, the Rev. Hall Harrison. Place a piece of cake on his nose and say Abraham Lincoln, the cake remained on the nose; say Jeff Davis, the cake disappeared down Bustle's throat. Five years before that, Lee had surrendered to Grant at Appomattox. The violent feelings of the Civil War were still alive in many hearts, and still disturbed public life. In a Horæ for 1871 is an account of carpet baggers by Marion Crawford. The carpet bagger was a scoundrel politician from the North whose tricks and outrages in the South prolonged and aggravated sectional feeling, and was like turning a weapon in a bleeding wound. The School harbored both Northerners and Southerners. They must live in peace together, politics must not be discussed. It was a wise, safe rule, and loyally respected. Hall Harrison was a Southerner. During the two years that I sat next to him at table and was allowed the intimate freedom of his study, I never heard him make a reference to politics. I never heard any master do so. I doubt if many of the boys were aware of the situation, so faithfully was the silence preserved. I saw Bustle perform his little trick, and this was the one reference to political controversy that I can recall. I think that Bustle was beloved alike by Republicans and Democrats; and you will find the lament uttered by the Horæ when his master removed him to pass his declining years in a hospital near Baltimore.

My errand being known, naturally I have been asked, What do I find? Do the boys write as well as they did?
They do. They write better. Much better. They manage both their prose and their verse with a skill and a flexibility unknown to my generation. And they have more to say than we had.

Then there is more gift? Then we may look for a brilliant moment in American Literature?

As to that I have no opinion; but let me go on. Although this is to be a preface to a collection of verse, the prose belongs to my picture; without it I could make no picture. Prose and verse constitute the Horæ, the Horæ is the expression of St. Paul’s, an unintentional revelation, the spirit of the place speaking, a book wherein you read what is not visibly written. I can not offer specimens of the prose, too much would be needed, I can only speak of the subjects treated in prose; the closer and more vivid texture of verse permits a few quotations.

At the time of the Horæ’s first birthday, Victoria sat on the throne of England, on the conventions of society, and on the taste of the respectable. The Classics sat on the throne of Education. Most novels were forbidden to the young; most elderly persons when they read one felt that they were indulging their appetite for candy. Add to this that St. Paul’s School was a world within itself. Searce a parent appeared, save on the Anniversary. We returned from the Christmas holidays about January 20th, and never went home again until about June 20th. The break in Spring was not instituted until 1892. By then, Victoria was still firm on the throne, but it may be said that the Classics were seated less securely. Respectable persons spoke highly of Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens; Stevenson and Kipling had appeared, science had been taught at the School for several years, Americans were going in numbers to Europe, enough of them no longer to be distinguished by having had this interesting experience. When the editor entered the School in 1873, there were some 160 boys, and just two beside himself had crossed the ocean.

In 1873 we were still a world within ourselves; still scarce a drop of the world outside had leaked into us. The climate of our isolation consisted of the seasons, our work, our play, and Henry Augustus Coit. Henry Augustus Coit in his way like the temperature in its way pervaded everybody and everything; and the temperature varied more than he did. He makes part of the climate still. This is not fanciful on my part; but only an old boy who has come back many times to School can perceive it. I know several other schools fairly well. They, too, have their climate, their quality. It is not ours. And the reason is Henry Augustus Coit. He persists and somehow tinctures us, flavors us, is here in us.

He did not write for the Horæ; none the less it was what it was because of him, and in a measure is what it is. Some day he may be wholly gone, but not yet. He is absent in the superstructure, he lurks in the foundation. Greek and Latin were the bread of his intellect so far as literature was concerned; he had read the moderns, respected a number of them; but against the stature of the ancients I think he spontaneously measured every work of more recent genius. So the tradition established by him at the birth of the School, and therefore at the start of the Horæ, underlies and restrains its verse and prose throughout its seventy-three years; and although the changes that any one can observe may be more than skin deep, they do not affect the root of the matter. In the Horæ of those days, when we were cloistered from January until June with the snow and the pines and the mayflowers and the whip-poor-wills and Henry Augustus...
Coit, are to be found coherence, style, taste, and sometimes beauty. Coherence, style, taste, and beauty are present in the latest Horæ that I have been able to examine:—and they persist, despite the fact that the tides of the world have not merely been leaking into us for some time; what with the telephone, the automobile, the Victrola, and the radio, they flood, they pour, they drench us to the skin; but they don't get into our marrow. Is the world too much with us? I don't think so. Into it from the School all boys must be in due time turned loose to sink or swim. They know how to swim better than we did.

Again, let me get on. The Horæ's name is Latin, our School ode is in Latin, its translation was made when Tennyson was at the zenith of English verse. On the last night we sang Dulce Domum. What boy knows it now, or its legend? And how much has Tennyson to "say" to any boy just now?

I turn the old pages back and forth, and unearth many a poem translated from those unseated monarchs of the intellectual world. I find one even from Bion, more from the Iliad, Odyssey, and Aeneid, and actually seven from Horace, one of these as late as 1890. But in 1933—where are these bards of yesteryear? The point must not be labored too far. Some of the Horæ verse written fifty years ago, might perhaps be written still, but not much of it. The best verse of the present could not possibly have been written then.

These lines belong to 1871:—

"With all that is so lovely and so fair,
Shadows of carking care, and trial sore
Will blend, while fancy's Eden fades in air,
And though sweet strains are wafted to the shore,
Telling of peace and gladness, yet again
There comes an undertone of bitter pain."

The poem is a Class Day poem, sustained and charming; and in essence quite similar to many a wistful young good-by that has followed it, generation after generation. But in the technique, the orchestration, do you not hear something we term "old fashioned?"

Again:

"Now let us raise a milder song,
A solace of our labors long,
Set to the newest string;
Old Hundreds, who in well-fought game,
In Isthmian style, won noble fame,
With loud applause we sing."

This is a very clever translation of a poem of 72 lines, in Latin, if you please, in the preceding number, fashioned in the metre of the rhymed lyrics of the mediaeval wandering students; and in the following number, December, 1871, is another poem in Latin, a lament for one dead, in 16 lines of elegiacs, skilful and full of feeling. The boys of old of course match in their average those of the present; it is not in this that the difference lies.

Still again:

"Once among the roses red
Sleepy Cupid laid his head."
On the ground a busy bee,
Which the infant did not see,
Fiercely wroth at being crushed
Straight upon the baby rushed."

Then the bee stings him and he runs to his mother for comfort; but she says, my dear child don't forget the sorrows with which you sting other folk. It is an excellent little piece in an old pattern.

But now, see a new pattern:

"He runs through the fields with the wind in his hair,
To a gay bird's song;
And the grasses bend
As he goes along.
The sun is aflame
In a sky of blue,
And the wind plays a game
With the gleaming dew,
While a great white bird flies above in the air."

That does not resemble at all the nature poems which you may read in the old numbers of the Horæ. It is in a new and more flexible manner, and it achieves a directness and a vividness seldom if ever attained by its Victorian predecessors. They were apt to be prim, and to fall into the cliche, instead of finding their own phrases and rhythms.

Now consider the following:

"Snow swirls like fluttering confetti around the dark bronze soldier
Standing his watch in the night. Silent it falls.
There is no sound.
And yet in those bronze ears, the thunderous applause
Of voices long since dead, echoes once more.

Who can say what icy smiles might pass
Over that smooth bronze face, cold as the falling snow?
Smiles for the thousand ghosts that line the phantom streets;
Smiles half-concealed amidst the snowstorm of confetti;
Unreal, sculptured smiles, flitting nervously over the features
As ripples from fitful breezes pass over an unruffled lake,
Suddenly there and then gone.

Who can say what thoughts may stir within the bronze?
Thoughts of a time of war; thoughts far removed
From calm, cold night; thoughts of a noble stature,
No way akin to confetti, bronze, or icy swirling snow."

To such technique, to such orchestration as this, I have found no equal in the old pages. Not only to us and our whole generation was free verse unknown; had we known it, few of our verse makers (that I have been able to discover) held in leash so much of feeling, of thought, of skill. More remarkable, and
equally skilful, is a poem by the same hand in the following number of the Horæ, February, 1933, "A Soldier Watches the Daybreak." The poet does not try free verse in this; none the less, his form is his own, the incarnation of his thought; his grip of cadence and of the subtleties of assonance and dissonance is quite assured; and the contest is both noble and beautiful. I should like to quote it entire. This would be too long for a preface, and to give a fragment of it would totally destroy its sustained flow of both music and meaning.

Free verse can be too free. Throughout the twenty-five volumes of the Horæ, excess is absent. That is part of the lurking, guiding, unfailing tradition of which I have spoken. "Do not overdo." Man has given himself this counsel in many tongues; the Greeks graved it upon a gate in Delphi; ever since its birth, the Horæ has followed it. I spoke of finding beauty, taste, and style. No one, to be sure, has ever defined them—no one ever will; but something distilled from the lyric experience of mankind flows in the veins of those who have felt great Literature; and in the end they recognize, as by instinct, the true, the unchanging, that which somehow conforms to the permanent in Beauty, Taste, Style; persists, underlies the incidental; is present in Horace as in Wordsworth, is the touch of the universal, the abiding, which makes all Art kin. And what is this changeless element but something in you and me? Whatever human nature was at Athens or Rome, it remains a good deal in the United States. An ancient Greek would not be entirely like a Philadelphia Quaker, their conventions would differ, and the fields of their knowledge; but their passions would be identical: most of the same things would make them cry, many of the same things would make them laugh. No profit in attempting definitions. This or that metre, this or that scheme of rhyming or of not rhyming, the hexameter, the alcaic, the sapphic, the iambic, the dactyl, the whatever you please in technique which was
natural to a given age and has made way for a different technique—these matters make interesting study for the literary specialist, but they don't matter! All that matters is to be coherent and somehow to conform to the permanent, to Beauty, to Taste, to Style, those mysteries that are forever so actual yet so elusive. If you have something to say, in the end, through continual practice, you will learn how to say it, and your subject, whether grave or gay, will take on its appropriate form.

Have my specimens of verse, old and recent, suggested the difference between our former Horæ poets and those of the new age? Perhaps it would be plain to you only by surveying the whole panorama; and were you to do this, you would make the familiar discovery that one can draw the line anywhere; in the Horæ, as in life, the Victorian era, or whatever you please to call it, flows imperceptibly into our present day, and to lay one's finger upon the spot where the change set in is not possible.

Although this volume contains verse alone, a survey of the prose in the Horæ from the beginning up to the present reveals a part of the story so inherent in the whole, that to leave it out would be to leave my task incomplete.

The prose, like the verse, reflects its era as it goes along, and its texture is uniformly well wrought, steady, given to no excess or affectation. It proceeds from the same ever present tradition. And what, by the way, is this tradition? Just nothing more or less than the excellence imparted by the seasoning touch of Greece and Rome and of our great English masters of prose and verse. St. Paul's School, on its secular side, was firmly founded on this. It has never yet broken loose from its foundation. The general atmosphere is responsible for the high quality of the Horæ, but there have been pilots of tradition also, always at the wheel. Thanks to Hall Harrison, James Knox, Augustus Swift, and more directly and constantly than any of these, Willard Scudder, the Horæ has steered its steady course. Let us remember the pilots while we praise the crew.

But the breaking in upon us of the world through those channels I have named—telephones, Victrolas, and all the rest—is even more apparent in the prose than in the verse. There is still verse which might have been written during the seventies, there is hardly any prose at all. In those early days we find a line of subjects pretty well now obsolete: the walk to Long Pond; the excursion to some village or mountain in the vicinity; the letter from a distant spot; the native flowers; the native birds; a visit to Pompeii, or Paris; Spring; Bonaparte compared with Washington to his disadvantage; and so forth, and so forth. Sprinkled through all those pages, and at times embedded in the articles, you find lines and words from Latin and Greek: the Classics are present in the flesh, quite aside from the translations to which I have alluded. Search the Horæ of this twentieth century; you'll not find so many forsan et haec olim meminisse jucabit's, not so many carpe diem's, or quorum pars'es; you'll find fewer allusions and quotations of any sort. Search it for walks to Long Pond or ascents of Jerry. Where are they now? Gone with their ended Victorian era. The Horæ pastures less upon Virgil and Horace, less upon New Hampshire fauna and flora; in a word, less upon its scholastic and native vine and fig tree. The Classics have taken wing; though their heritage is cemented in our tradition, their immediate presence perceptibly fades almost to the vanishing point; the tumultuous actual world floods us with its currents. Into the walk to the shores of Long Pond, the habits of the vireo, the historical essay, the letter from a traveller, the fishing
excursion, the sketch of something or somebody, the personal anecdote, have stepped new comers from without. Even our debating clubs no longer argue over whether or not Dickens is an immoral writer; their twentieth century wits are seldom concerned with the academic, they come face to face with issues more vital: "Resolved: That political corruption is due to the failure of the rich, the well-born, and the able to take an interest in the government." And the governor of New Hampshire presides over a political meeting in the Big Study. Were I an individual much given to rubbing his eyes, they would have long since been rubbed clean out.

Certain types of prose articles from the early days continue, and these befit a school periodical. A paper on Holland in 1899 is in the old tradition, save in mood and style. In these you feel the change of air; primness is departed, the flow seems easier, more colloquial, without being too much so. And from time to time another Indian legend will appear, as is certainly appropriate in a place so close to the site of a local massacre. But if the polite essay, the anecdote, the historical theme, are now so scarce, yet the Horæ is by no means the thinner for their absence. Eight pages used to be common, sixteen became commoner; and one number, June 6, 1895, swelled to the proud dimensions of forty-six pages! The latest I have had the chance to examine contains twenty-eight. Well, in our time there were 160 boys in the School, in 1933 there were 436. This might account for the larger bulk, but it does not account for the contents. More significant of the trend of education and of literary taste and preoccupation in the School as revealed by the Horæ—the departure of the Classics, the arrival of the world—is the entrance of the Short Story. In February, 1874, a boy writes: "In a school paper it seems to me there ought to be more stories." Then he tells one; but it is a personal adventure, not fiction.

Fiction, out-and-out self-acknowledged fiction, never appears in the early numbers of the Horæ. You will look for it in vain until February 22nd, 1878. I believe that I am the Adam who ate this apple. It was a serial, it was an imitation. I had been saturated with the romantic tales of Tieck and Hoffman, and I produced a supernatural yarn of ghosts and chivalry in a Gothic atmosphere, perfectly worthless. But why, with the Horæ going since 1860, did no boy write a story for it until 1878? Was there a ban upon such frivolities? I don't think so. Had there been, the ban would have applied to me. After that, the short story did not immediately appear with any frequency; but in the nineties you have it in full swing. In 1880 it appears, narrated as personal experience, it follows in the shape of allegory, ghost story, adventure; by 1893 it begins to displace the essay. The essay—the polite, literary essay, as well as the historical—is as infrequent now in the Horæ as it is in the grown-up magazines. Along with Virgil and Homer, Charles Lamb has departed. The content of the essay today in the Atlantic Monthly and Harpers is political, sociological, economic, as you would expect from the times we live in. Who is likely to think much about "Literature" when life is behaving like an earthquake or a volcano in eruption? This, too, the Horæ reflects. In a recent number, an article entitled "On the threshold of a New Age" touches upon many quivering actualities.

The trend of the short story as written by the boys corresponds to that of the essays: away from the romantic, the academic, the exotic toward the contemporaneous. In 1880 we find a classical piece of fiction, and a tale of the sea. In 1933 we find the adventure of a starving musician in New York, and a tale
of the East Side, low life where they speak mutilated English of the proletariat. Low life! Merciful goodness! We hardly knew that there was such a thing, or if we did, and had it occurred to us to use it as literary material, we should have been suppressed to a certainty. Well, there it is, the panorama: seventy-three years of Chapel services, festivals, examinations, concerts, holidays, sports, cricket predominant, cricket on the wane, the sunset of cricket, the dawn of baseball, the boat races, football, rinks, the hockey—all surrounded by seventy-three years of verse and prose. this last being all that such a preface could take note of. And mirrored in verse and prose, the prim beginning, the limited field, the Classics a ruling arbiter and referee in intellectual standards; a prim, staid, genteel beginning, where books, Greece, Rome, and the nearby landscape, rather than tumultuous outside things, are the source whence the youthful writers mostly draw their inspiration. Then from the beginning, a slow, sure, unbroken flow from past to present, without any possible dividing line, the narrow stream broadening steadily, until at last the serene heights of the Acropolis and the Seven Hills rise pale across the distance, and life immanent, complex, resounding, breaks the spell of isolation. Inevitable and—better than the old order. Yet, with the change of matter and of manner, continuity, observance of that Delphic counsel: No Excess. The lunatic fringe absent, no experiments in the incoherent, no verbal distortion, no attempt to make words do what they cannot, what is the proper office of color, shape, and sound.

The Horæ has given us authors: Marion Crawford, F. H. Potter, Sydney Fisher, William R. Thayer, Henry G. Chapman, John Jay Chapman (no verse better than his in after years, he the most gifted of our generation), George Pelley, Reginald Kauffman, Arthur Pier. Nearly every one of them wrote verse at School, several published volumes of verse later; yet by their prose ye shall know them; by their prose, despite the lyric promise of their boyhood, to say nothing of much other excellent verse written for the Horæ by boys who did not afterwards follow the pen. What happened to these young bards? Why did they fall silent?

Ah, their lyrics, some of them better than good verse, some of them filled with the true ring of song, were not written by the Muse! Adolescence whispered in their ears and turned them into poets for a while. Many a boy when his April is fermenting in him is moved to speak in rhythm of what he is seeing, or feeling, or wondering. Then presently comes Maturity, and taps him on the shoulder, and says: Wake from these dreams.

Owen Wister (1873-1878)
Editor (1876-1878)
Alumni House, March, 1933
The present editors of the Horae Scholasticae—and also three Faculty Advisers, Messrs. Philip Burnham, Herbert Church, Jr., ’40, and Horace Sherman (not in the photograph above)—are preparing a Centennial Issue to appear at Anniversary.

THE SCHOOL IN ACTION

There is so much activity in the School these days that to cover it all would be a monumental task, resulting, it seems to me, in an article that was fragmentary and confusing to the reader. I have, therefore, selected but a few topics, with the hope that they will convey to you some of the flavor of this term.

One of the highlights of the winter was the Saturday entertainment provided by John Jay, ’34, skier and photographer. This year John divided his show into two parts. The first reel was a collection of highlights from several of his previous shows, including shots of many of the top-notch Olympic stars. As one watched the ease and grace of these cavorting champions, one was suddenly aware that the photographer, himself, with camera grinding in his hands, was keeping pace with them. The second reel showed us a preview of Squaw Valley, site of this year’s Olympics, as well as a sequence of John’s trip last year to ski, with French skiers, on Mont Blanc, highest of the French Alps.

Saturday of Mid-winter dawned clear and crisp, the temperature hovering at 20 degrees. Shortly after 10:00 A.M. a colorful crowd of boys, girls,
faculty and parents gathered at the artificial rink to watch an inspired St. Paul’s team turn back the Elis, 3-0. This makes the eighth straight victory for Coach Chapin over Yale and gives to him his seventy-seventh win in eighteen years as S.P.S. Coach.

In club hockey, again the Isthmians were strong at the top, winning the first team series without a loss. Among the lower teams, however, the Old Hundreds and the Delphians have taken several decisive victories.

Hampered by size and inexperience, the basketball team went through its eight-game season with but one victory. Despite this disappointing record, Mr. Shoemaker reported that the boys on this year’s team were great fun to coach and that their spirit was excellent.

Two star performers from the musical world made a real contribution to our life this term. The first, Aldo Parissot, the world-famous cellist, came to us as a Conroy Fellow. He had with him as accompanist Mr. Lester Taylor, and together they performed for various groups throughout a three-day period. Among his more popular selections were “Swan” by Saint-Saëns and the Bach Sonata No. 1. Our second musical visitor was the celebrated guitarist, Carlos Montoya. His program consisted of a variety of Spanish gypsy selections, many of which had extremely fast and tricky rhythms. Since there is no music for this type of guitar playing, there are many variations of old themes, and all of the numbers played for us were the creation of Mr. Montoya himself. His charming wife, Trianta, dressed in colorful costumes and waving castanets, accompanied her husband for several of the numbers and truly captivated her audience with her execution of fast and rhythmic dance steps.

Interest in skiing throughout the School seems to be growing. On Wednesdays, on my way to lunch, I often passed groups of boys laden with skis and poles, on their way to the gym, where buses awaited them. They did present a colorful sight as they trudged along, sporting gaily colored parkas with emblems of every description and tow tags flapping in the breeze.

The Sixth Form show, under the able direction of W. G. Foulke, provided a delightful Saturday night of entertainment. One was impressed by the originality and cleverness of the skits as well as by the top-notch job of staging.

The Master Players have been practicing diligently both afternoons and evenings, and indications point to another star performance. Lead parts this year are being ably handled by Dick and Anne Stewart, Charlie Tranfield, and John Mehegan.

Now with the close of the term in sight, fortnight tests, term papers, and College Boards are making their demands. Yet the boys seem to take all in stride and still have energy to burn.

Reviewing in my mind these past nine weeks, I am impressed by the many and varied experiences, and I do hope that, with this article, I have conveyed to you something of the flavor of “the School in Action.”

PETER B. OGILBY

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.
THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

THE photograph was taken at the School last October. Those standing are, left to right: J. R. McLane, Jr., '34; M. J. Dodge, Jr., '28; S. H. Wolcott, Jr., '29; Thomas Rodd, '31; Percy Chubb, 2d, '27; J. V. Merrick, 3d, '11; G. S. Smith, '18; August Heckscher, '32; and F. B. Adams, Jr., '28. Seated are: H. A. Laughlin, '10, the Reverend Matthew M. Warren, and William H. Moore, '33. Trustees not in the photograph are C. D. Dickey, '11, the Right Reverend Charles F. Hall, Dr. J. L. Pool, '24, and J. F. Byers, Jr., '32.

RUG IN A TEAPOT

F rom time to time I am asked what I do at St. Paul's School, whether I am involved to any great extent in School life. I have been given to replying that I have a full-time job. Then the conversation goes in this fashion:

"Do you? What do you teach?"
"I don't mean I'm on the faculty."
"What do you mean?"
"I run a kind of hotel," I answer; and the frustration arises in me that also arises when I am confronted with questionnaires that ask my occupation. What do I say? Housewife, of course. "A housewife," says Webster, "is one who manages with skill and economy: to economize." In my case, I do not manage my household, it runs me; and economy is not the outstanding property of the Rectory. Today an answer came to me. What is my occupation? I am a rugkeeper. Some people are beekeepers, others bookkeepers, others timekeepers, still others gamekeepers—but I am a rugkeeper.
Having invented this occupation, I will tell you about it. The element of time is non-chronological, because sometimes I shall speak of my rugkeeping as it evolved but again I shall speak of it as it is at the moment. Rugkeeping possesses certain aspects of science, technology, philosophy, and theology. I could label them as I go, but all my readers are graduates of—or have attended—a good secondary school and their learning will permit them to put each aspect in its proper category, perhaps in its proper time.

When we moved into the Rectory in 1954, the Board of Trustees were most generous and gave me funds to refurbish the Rectory. The interior was papered and painted. I purchased new rugs for the hall, dining room, and library. So great was my pride in the final product, that I stated publicly that all the slick and glamorous magazines had lost their appeal: none of them had anything in their pages as lovely as the Rectory.

On the Saturday before school opened that September, I invited the faculty and wives and the administrative staff, some 135 people, for lunch. My plan was simple: we would have a buffet lunch in the garden; afterwards the house would be on display for anyone who wanted to see it. Friday night and Saturday it rained. The buffet was served in the dining room. My handsome house was shown with the new rugs bearing sure evidence of the intrusion of chicken bones, wet paper plates, sticky ice cream cups, spilled coffee, cigarette butts, tired salad, and grease spots.

The following Tuesday, school opened. In St. Paul’s School’s scheme of things this means all new boys arrive on that day. Monday night a hurricane was forecast for opening day. The hurricane never hit in full force, but it blew all the leaves off the trees and let down gallons of water. At Foxcroft School they never have rain for graduation and this condition, sunny and beautiful, is called “Miss Charlotte’s weather.” Miss Becky’s weather, if I may characterize it as such, is liquid. That opening day a hundred and four new boys and their 175 parents brought dripping umbrellas, soaking raincoats, and wet leaves in for the new rugs. By the end of the afternoon the front hall rug was completely covered with an inch and a half of fine leaf mulch, a superior compost, which—had I seen it in my flower garden—would have filled me with joy.

It is our custom during the first three weeks of school to have every new boy for tea. Before that first fall was over, I had learned to have at least one large cloth for mopping-up purposes at hand. By “at hand,” I mean under the tea table. Even so, the library rug began growing fat and sleek with sandwich fillings, cake crumbs, tea, sugar, and cream.

The Sixth Form should be the most responsible group in the school. They also have particular problems: college applications, to mention one. My husband felt he should see the Sixth Form as a Form once a week. The best method for doing this, he felt, was to invite the entire Form once a week to the Rectory for coffee. At eight twenty-five, or immediately following Reports every Thursday morning of the school year, I have a hundred young men burst out of the Big Study and stream across the road into my house with their books, book bags, coats, boots, umbrellas, newspapers, bundles of clothes either going to or returning from the cleaners, new hockey sticks or other gear they have just bought at the School Store. All of this they drop on the floor in the front hall before they go into the library for coffee and chatter. This sight reminds me of the travelogue movies I’ve seen or of mountain climbing expeditions on the day the equipment
is spread out and packs made for each person for the long haul. As I picked my
way among these stacks to get out my own front door one Thursday morning, a
Sixth Former said, "You don’t need an interior decorator, Mrs. Warren, you have
us." Their decoration extends beyond the hall, for while lots of coffee is con­
sumed, lots of coffee is spilled. Last Thursday morning it was three cups. The
library rug is changing color. The new tint is café-au-lait.

One cold Thursday morning in early December Big Turkey Pond was frozen
over and the Rector gave the school a surprise holiday. There is nothing I enjoy
more than skating on Big Turkey and I always enjoy a surprise holiday, but
that morning I had, as usual, one hundred cups of steaming hot coffee. The Big
Study doors flew open and off went all my consumers, shouting, running, throw­
ing their book bags in the air. If this were a learned essay I would have a footnote
referring you to the opening paragraph. What could I say that day each time a
boy inquired, “Were you surprised, Mrs. Warren? Did you know we were going
to have a holiday?”

Before we came to St. Paul’s School, one weekly magazine commenting on
my husband’s appointment as the new Rector said he liked large coffee parties.
The week-by-week run-down is something like this: every Tuesday evening we
have the faculty for coffee, Thursday morning the Sixth Form, Thursday night
the school clergy, Friday night the Heads of Departments. Daytime coffee in­
cludes meetings, faculty wives, school visitors or guests, groups from other schools
or colleges, parents or “prospective” parents. We never have fewer than 175
persons a week for coffee, and a good week will average 275 to 300 persons. Once
a term, the Fourth and Fifth Forms come as Forms for coffee after lunch. The
clergy of the Diocese of New Hampshire come for coffee. Occasionally I can find
an open day and ask a group or committee I participate in to come for coffee.

To keep the library rug from being completely coffee-colored, other groups
add other tints: tomato juice measles with cheese crumbs and peanuts, tea with
bits of ham and brownies. After the Christmas pageant, the Glee Club comes for
cocoa and doughnuts—which helps with the chocolate color and the creamy feel.
The Sixth Form comes for a midnight feast after their College Board examina­
tions. There are buffet suppers for Trustees, or retiring faculty, cocktail parties,
and even eggnog parties on New Year’s Day. The latter is for faculty and other
friends. The Student Council meet in the library every Wednesday night, but
they are favored by being permitted to partake of food in the dining room.
During all this, can you see the food dripping, dropping, spilling, sifting, spatter­
ing, crumbling and powdering on the rugs? We have never had a pie-throwing
contest, Mack Sennett style, but the result viewed from the lowest level is about
the same. Before I move out of the Rectory, I shall cut up the library rug into
small strips, roll it in the manner of biltong and give it to my adventurous friends,
mountain climbers, explorers, skiers, desert “rats.” One small square of rug in
a quart of water would make a nourishing broth. My husband suggests a square
be tied with the brandy keg on St. Bernards’ necks.

By contrast to the library rug the hall rug grows lean and spare. When the
thermometer registers zero at eight twenty-five in the morning and the Sixth
Form comes streaming in for coffee, the hall rug is covered with a hoarfrost beard
from condensation. If there has been a fall of snow, a hundred pair of feet pack
the rug with salt, sand and snow. When all Sixth Formers are inside and the door
closed, what seems like an inch of dirty water lies over the entire area. I have
swept melting slush from my front hall as you would sweep a puddle from the sidewalk. Not only does the hall rug get mulched and frozen; in the fall and spring a layer of topsoil is added. The Lower Grounds on a wet day is a gummy, sticky, slippery mess. Home it comes on everybody’s feet, sometimes wet, sometimes dry and caked. When the winter term is over, the hall rug is white from salt and sand; by the time the spring term is over, it is mud-colored. It started life pale green.

While I am developing a certain skill for the preservation of rugs, as yet I have developed no specific training or qualifications for the occupation of rug-keeping. But the rewards of the rugkeeper’s life would be the poorer were she or he deaf. Sometimes I think sound never fell on ears as deaf as mine. For over twenty summers we lived in the same house in the New Hampshire woods, yet it wasn’t until my eighteenth summer I heard and identified the call of an oven-bird. If I can’t hear the clear, sharp call of an ovenbird, can I hear more subtle things? Most boys put such a good face on their misery that its discovery is accidental. Examples are easy to recall.

Each fall the Sixth Form returns to school a day early; each Sixth Former has been given a new boy for whom he is responsible. He must meet his new boy at the Rectory, show him and his parents around the school, take them to lunch in a school dining room, help the new boy to settle into school routine as quickly as possible. How can a new boy know if the Reading Room is in the Schoolhouse or the Library? I have had a new boy come to the Rectory and ask for Mr. Warren. “He is in the library,” I reply. Whereupon the boy trots off, to my astonishment, to the Sheldon Library.

To receive instruction for their part of new boys’ day the Sixth Form comes to coffee at the Rectory. At that coffee one September evening I said to a waiting Sixth Former as I poured his coffee, “What will you have with it?”

“What I want with it I can’t have,” he replied. Sugar tongs in hand I looked up at him and realized his eyes were glued to the cigarette box.

On a spring Sunday afternoon one of my steady tea customers, who had been a new boy in the fall, said as I handed him his cup of tea, “I live for this party all week long. You will have it always, won’t you?”

Early in the fall term I met a new boy in the school Post Office. Shifting an armload of books to get money from his pocket for stamps, he looked at me uneasily and said, “Let’s see, you’re Mrs. Warren, aren’t you?” I ask all new boys to tell me their names and to keep on telling me their names each time I see them until I know them. Since that encounter I have tried to say, “I’m Mrs. Warren,” to everyone. There are forty-five faculty wives and some of us must look alike. One boy asked me why there were no women on the faculty. Couldn’t some of the faculty wives teach? I said I was sure some of them were qualified; did he have any particular ones in mind. “Oh, yes,” he said, and named what I am sure he thought were the three youngest, prettiest faculty wives.

No, the rugkeeper cannot be deaf. Nor could a rugkeeper be blind and still stay in business. While my eyes are cast upon the carpet a good portion of the day, I can still see that boys have no growing season. They grow as rapidly in December as they do in May. As each term advances pants get shorter, sleeves shrink. Week by week more color appears between shoe and cuff until a band or line of color marches across my rugs. I would like to photograph by time exposure a St. Paul’s School boy growing out of his clothes. His hair grows as rapidly as
bamboo canes; he always needs a haircut. This constantly changing exterior is to me one outward and visible sign of the unfinished product boys are. They want so badly to be finished, to feel complete. I have little patience with the psychological explanation offered for every trouble in our day: "a terribly unhappy childhood." It is only the rare bird who doesn't have an unhappy childhood. Growing is a difficult business; even at my age it hurts.

How fortunate you are! What a challenging life! A wonderful opportunity! It will keep you young. These and similar phrases are given in abundance by visitors. While I’m on my knees scrubbing up the pitcher of cream a schoolboy has upset on my rug, I dwell on them. Today I also thought about Concord, Massachusetts, and Harpers Ferry, West Virginia. Why? Concord, Massachusetts, does not look like the seat of a revolution, nor Harpers Ferry like the birthplace of a Civil War. They and we are surrounded by streams and bridges, trees and fine houses. If from such unlikely spots our world is changed, the staid St. Paul’s School curriculum of Latin, Greek, Mathematics and Divinity may be the seedbed of world-shaking events. (Mr. Khruschev confidently bets against us.) I’d rather be a rugkeeper in such a household than to dwell in the tents of the less interesting.

Rebecca Warren

CREW WINNING ON RACE DAY TO GO TO HENLEY

Henley, England, will be the destination of the winning crew of Race Day, provided it has shown a good turn of speed during the season, the Rector announced in reports on Saturday, February 6.

The money for sending the crew will be from a gift given by Reeve Schley, ’99, during the Centennial Year partially for the purpose of promoting athletic contests between this school and the schools of other English-speaking countries. The money was to be used for bringing England closer to St. Paul’s academically.

This will be the second time it has been used; the first time was in 1957, when Mr. Buckney, an English classics teacher, taught at the School for a year.

The squad from which will be formed the SPS Crew will consist of eight oarsmen of the winning club and four from the other, plus a coxswain to be selected after the race. If circumstances unforeseen clearly affect the result on Race Day, or the crews row a dead heat, the method of selection will have to be modified, but in any event, the intention is to use the faster club crew as the nucleus of the Henley eight. Mr. Preston will be the coach and Mr. Higgins will be in charge of logistics.

Present plans are that the squad will fly to England on the evening of graduation, June 17, which will allow nine days of practice before the regatta opens on June 29. During this period it may be possible to arrange a practice race with another school, as was done in 1954, when the School’s crew rowed and won a race from Eton.

The length of the course is one mile and 550 yards, slightly longer than our one mile and a quarter course.

(From The Pelican of February 12, 1960)
CALENDAR OF SCHOOL EVENTS

(At the School unless otherwise noted)

1960

Monday, April 4
Friday, April 8
Saturday, April 9
Sunday, April 10
Friday, April 15
Saturday, April 16
Sunday, April 17
Monday, April 18
Saturday, April 23
Saturday, April 30
Wednesday, May 4
Thursday, May 5
Friday, May 6
Saturday, May 7
Monday, May 9
Wednesday, May 11
Saturday, May 14
Monday, May 16
Wednesday, May 18
Thursday, May 19
Friday, May 20
Saturday, May 21
Wednesday, May 25
Thursday, May 26

Beginning of Spring Term
New England Orchestra Festival
Festival Concert 8:00 P.M.
Palm Sunday
Good Friday
Fiske Cup Finals
Easter
Julien Bryan 7:20 P.M.
Birkhead Lecture: Dr. Olin Pettingill, Jr.
8:00 P.M.
Track: Milton (away)
Palm Sunday
Concordian Joint Debate
Dramatic Club Production of St. Joan
Spring Dance
Track: Mount Hermon
Tennis: Deerfield (away)

Library Supper
Tennis: Exeter
College Board Examinations
Track: Concord
Tennis: Milton (away)
University Glee Club

Vincent Scully 7:20 P.M.
Lacrosse “A” and “B”: Andover (away)
Rowing: Andover

Literary Societies Dinner
Conroy Fellow: Robert Moses

College Board Examinations
Interscholastic Track Meet at Andover
Lacrosse “A” and “B”: Governor Dummer
Rowing: Dartmouth (away)

Tennis: Kimball Union
Ascension Day
Communion of Acolytes
Scientific Association Lecture
La Junta Dinner
Le Cercle Français Dinner
MEETING OF THE FRIENDS OF ART

On Thursday, March 3rd, an informal meeting of the Friends of Art of St. Paul's School took place at the apartment of E. Coe Kerr '33, in New York. Attendance was excellent, considering the frightful weather conditions.* Approximately twenty-three interested Alumni heard Mr. Warren speak briefly about new developments in art at the School before turning over the meeting to Austin Higgins, Head of the Art Department, who spoke for about half an hour outlining the recently reorganized art curriculum, the use of the new quarters in the Lower School Study, and proposed changes for the future. Mr. Higgins showed the group a series of color slides illustrating the procedure in the required Third Form art course and offering examples of work by the boys in this course. A question and answer period followed.

There is no doubt that the meeting was successful in informing the Friends of Art of the School's progress in the field and stimulating interest in future developments.

*14.6 inches of snow fell in New York that day. Editor.
THE School's One Hundred and Fourth Anniversary will be celebrated Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, June 3rd, 4th and 5th. Coolidge M. Chapin, '35, is in general charge of Anniversary.

The new Interstate Highway which crosses the Rowing Channel is now in public use. Federal and state regulations prohibit use of the Highway, including the bridge, by pedestrians. The regulations also prohibit parking on the shoulders of the Highway. It is expected that spectators will view the races from positions on the shore of Little Turkey Pond, in the vicinity of the new boat houses. Alumni may park their cars at the new Gymnasium and ride to the boat races in the buses which will operate round-trip service all afternoon from the Gymnasium to Little Turkey Pond.

The Forms holding reunions this year, and their chairmen, are:

1900—60th Anniversary: Frank J. Sulloway, 9 Capitol Street, Concord, N. H.
1910—50th Anniversary: Andrew K. Henry, 41 Codman Road, Brookline, Mass.
1915—45th Anniversary: Anthony L. McKim, Rumson Road, Little Silver, N. J.
1920—40th Anniversary: Albert Francke, Jr., 156 East 75th Street, New York 21, N. Y.
1925—35th Anniversary: Robert O. Bishop, Armonk Road, Mt. Kisco, N. Y., and Orton P. Jackson, St. Davids, Pa.
1930—30th Anniversary: J. Randall Williams, 34 Beacon Street, Boston, 6, Mass.
1935—25th Anniversary: Derek Richardson, Twin Ponds, Syosset, L. I., N. Y.
1940—20th Anniversary: Clarence F. Michalis, Locust Valley, L. I., N. Y.
1955—5th Anniversary: N. S. Howe, Jr., 3 Spruce Street, Boston, Mass.

ANNIVERSARY PROGRAM—(Daylight Time)

Friday, June 3
3:00 p.m. Track Meet and Presentation of Prizes
8:30 p.m. Glee Club Show

Saturday, June 4
8:45 a.m. Chapel
10:00 a.m. Baseball Game: S.P.S. vs. Concord High School
10:00 a.m. Lacrosse Game: S.P.S. vs. Alumni
12:00 m. Alumni Meeting at Memorial Hall
12:45 p.m. Alumni Parade
1:15 p.m. Parents and Alumni Luncheon in Cage
3:00 p.m. Boat Races at Turkey Pond
*Presentation of Prizes at the Flag Pole

_Sunday, June 5_

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

*Forty-five minutes after races end.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL CHAIRS, PLATES, TIES, AND GLASSES

It has been suggested that the _ALUMNI HORAE_ annually reprint information about the various School articles that Alumni may wish to purchase for themselves or as gifts for each other.

The School chair may be ordered from the Business Office, St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H. It is black, with cherry arms, and has the School shield in gold on the back. The price is $30.00 per chair, shipped collect from the factory in Greenfield, Mass. Chairs ordered as gifts are shipped, prepaid, and the School bills the purchaser for the price of shipping.

The price of School dinner plates is $25.00 per set of a dozen plates. Plates also should be ordered from the School Business Office. They are shipped collect from Concord; but, as in the case of the chairs, gifts will be sent prepaid, and the purchaser billed for shipping costs by the School. In ordering plates, it is important to state which set is desired, the old or the new. The old set was made in 1928, the new in 1956. The following buildings and scenes are depicted on the plates:

*Old Set 1928*

A Hockey Game
The New Chapel
SPS Crew of 1927
The Old Chapel
The Chapel from Across the Pond
The Shrine
Manville House
The Upper School
The Lower School
The Old Upper
The Infirmary
The Lower Grounds

New Set 1956
New Schoolhouse
Hargate
Sheldon Library
Upper School Dining Room
Crew at Turkey Pond
Payson Science Building
The Rectory
The Middle
Hockey Rink
Memorial Hall

Drury
New Chapel
School chairs and plates will be on display at Anniversary, probably in Memorial Hall at the time of the luncheon following the Alumni Association meeting, and can be ordered then and there.

S.P.S. ties can be ordered from Mr. Arthur King, at the School Store. The Store has S.P.S. ties of four different sorts: four-in-hand, silk $3.00; knit $3.25; bow, pointed or square tip, $2.50. The Store does not sell Halcyon, Shattuck, or other club ties.

From Mr. Arthur King at the School Store can also be ordered S.P.S. glasses (cocktail, high-ball, or old-fashioned glasses) bearing the School shield, at $15.00 per dozen, shipped express collect. (Gifts will be sent prepaid, and the purchaser billed for shipping costs.)

CLOSING EXERCISES AT THE SCHOOL

On the evening of Thursday, June 16th, 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, 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 17th, the graduation exercises—including the presentation of prizes to members of the Sixth Form—will take place at nine o’clock. At eleven o’clock, the School will leave for the summer vacation.

THE CHURCH SERVICE IN NEW YORK

The annual St. Paul’s School Service was held on Sunday afternoon, March 6th, at St. James’ Church. There were over three hundred present. The Reverend Arthur K. Kinsolving welcomed us to St. James’; Richard Warren Brewster, President of the Sixth Form, read the Lesson and our Rector, the Reverend Matthew M. Warren, delivered the sermon.

Hymns familiar to the old boys of St. Paul’s were sung, including “Love Divine, All Loves Excelling,” “Saviour, Source of Every Blessing,” and “Abide With Me.” The School Anthem was also sung.

After the Service the traditional reception was held in the Church Crypt. Tea was poured by a committee of several ladies headed by Mrs. Carroll Wainwright, Jr. Old boys, their families, and other friends of the School had the pleasure of greeting Mr. and Mrs. Warren.

GRAYSON M-P. MURPHY, ’26
VISIT TO VELIA¹

EDITOR'S NOTE: We print, below, an article by Mrs. J. A. Thayer describing one of the ancient Greek cities in Italy, which she and Mr. Thayer visited last summer. The Vergilian Society, of which Mr. Thayer is President, and of which the School is an institutional member, is a legally incorporated organization of teachers, students and friends of ancient Roman culture, whose purpose is to promote effective teaching of Latin.

At the imposing ruins of Castellamare di Veglia on the W. extremity of a hill ridge and near the mouth of the Alento are the walls of the town of Elea or Velia, founded in 536 B.C. by the Phocaeans after their expulsion from Alalia in Corsica,” said our 1930 Baedeker of Southern Italy, adding that “excavations, still in progress have brought to light the foundations of a 5th century temple larger than that at Paestum”—scanty but intriguing reading for the evening before our visit with Dr. Sestieri to Velia, one of the largest and most beautiful of Greek cities in Southern Italy.²

Last August 12th we left our Jolly Hotel at Salerno early in the morning and drove to Paestum. The approach from the North is always exciting with the anticipation of the first glimpse of the temples: the first landmark is a road to the left with signpost reading “Eboli.” How much that means if one has just read Carlo Levi’s Christ Stopped at Eboli; next, the delightful sight of water buffaloes cooling themselves in the irrigation canal beside the road; then over the old Roman bridge and in between the Greek walls, and all at once—there they are, the three glorious temples, breathtaking no matter how many times one has come upon them just this way before. No time to linger now as we had to meet Dr. Sestieri who was waiting for us at the museum with some young English archaeology students. He took the young people in his car and led the way at breakneck speed. We followed as best we could, scarcely daring to take our eyes off the narrow rough road to enjoy the very beautiful drive over the hills and along mountain ridges with the Gulf of Salerno beside us—about twenty-five miles in the direction of Punta Licosa and Capo Palinuro. At “Velia Scavi” we turned into a corn field, left the cars under a railroad

¹At the invitation of Dr. Pellegrino Claudio Sestieri, Curator and Director of the excavations at Velia and Paestum, this visit to Velia was made by Mr. J. A. Thayer, President of the Vergilian Society, and Mrs. Thayer, and Dr. Alexander G. McKay of McMaster University, Director of the Society’s Summer School at Cuma.

²See the article and photographs in Archaeology, Volume 10, Number 1, March 1957, by Dr. Sestieri.
bridge and entered almost at once the Greek Agora, later the Forum of the Roman city.

Remains of the Greek Agora paved with bricks, 5th century retaining wall and North portico. On the hilltop, the medieval castle and church of St. Quirinus.

Along the North side of the Agora is a beautiful retaining wall of the 5th century B.C. The bases of columns, and drums reset upon them, show the positions of North and West porticoes. The floor of the Agora is still paved with large square flat bricks, manufactured at Velia on a municipal grant called "Demosia," each brick imprinted with "Δ-E." A canal, stone-lined with gable roof formed by large slabs of stone, reminiscent of some of the galleries at Tiryns, led the mountain spring water down the hillside into and under the Agora. A series of catch basins controlled the flow of water which supplied the Agora's fountains and was used in Roman times to feed the handsome fountain houses of the Forum. It was in these catch basins that Dr. Sestieri found many beautiful small bronze figurines dating from the 2nd century A.D.

From the Agora we climbed precipitously up through an olive grove to the ancient acropolis, passing over bits of paved road and beside an early polygonal wall built by the Oenotrians, the earliest known inhabitants of this section of Italy, and used by the Greeks as

Retaining walls on East side of Agora and the canal which supplied the fountains
The bi-lingual column

Ο ΣΥΝΚΛΗΤΟΣ ΚΑΙ Ο ΔΙΠΟΣ
ΓΑΙΟΝ ΙΟΥΛΙΟΝ ΓΑΙΟΥ ΙΟΥΝ ΝΑΣΟΝ
ΑΡΕΤΗΣ ΚΑΙ ΕΥΕΡΓΕΣΙΑΣ ΕΝΕΚΑ

SENATUS ET POPULUS VELIENSIS IULIO
C. F. NASONI HONORIS ET VIRTUTIS
CAUSA

The Senate and People of Velia to Gaius Iulius Naso, son of Gaius, for merit and good works

a retaining wall for a large 5th century temple to Athena. The three steps and stylobate* with Ionic column bases and a few stones of the cella* now incorporated in the foundation of a medieval tower are all that remain of this temple. The tower is to be restored and used as a museum for the site. The ruins of the “Castellamare di Veglia” mentioned in the early Baedeker are here beside the tower; their foundation wall containing part of a stela* base dedicated to Poseidon. On the acropolis is also the charming small 12th century church of St. Quirinus, now a shepherd’s house, with nearby a little column bearing an inscription in Greek and Latin, one of many such found within the city walls showing that a bilingual community existed here until late in Roman times.

We descended from the acropolis on the East side to a lower plateau where there is an open-air sanctuary of “Poseidon-Asphaleios” thus inscribed on a stela base. One of the unique characteristics of Velia was its open-air or unroofed temples. This temple of Poseidon has partially preserved walls on three sides and bases of many steleae and altars.

Next Dr. Sestieri led us up another long rocky ridge to a small third century temple of Demeter and Kore, again open-air, paved with the inscribed bricks and showing the impressions of bases of columns.

As we descended this hill and climbed again to the next ridge top we passed close beside parts of the fifth and fourth century city walls, their fine rectangular blocks of sandstone still topped in places by clay tiles. Here we found the foundation of the fourth and largest open-air temple with an inscription dedicated to “Zeus Horios” and nearby a great altar as large as that at Syracuse upon which a hundred animals were sacrificed at one time.

Starting down toward the Agora, we

*Editor’s Note: The stylobate is the top step of a Greek temple; the cella is the inner room of the temple; a stela is a monument.
The open-air temple of Poseidon Asphaleios, looking West over the sea. In the background, the ancient Acropolis with medieval castle and church of St. Quirinus on right.

could see below us narrow paved streets with the remains of Greek houses and a fortification tower, which had been a bulwark against the Lucanians, to whom Velia, unlike Paestum, never fell. Behind this tower is the Roman villa of Trebatius, Cicero's friend, where he and Brutus met after the murder of Caesar. Here was found the lovely Hellenistic marble head of a singing muse, now in the Paestum Museum. There were other Roman houses here, some with handsome mosaic floors. But, hot and exhausted by this time we went back to our sun-baked cars and headed for Casal Velino, the nearest village, where we sat at long length over cool beers and multi-flavored "gelati," listening to all we could persuade Dr. Sestieri to tell us of his discoveries at Velia and his expectations of future archaeological treasures.

ANNE C. THAYER

Mr. and Mrs. Thayer on the Acropolis in Athens
LETTERS ABOUT THE SUNDAY EVENING HYMN

Editor’s Note: On page 149 of the autumn 1959 Alumni Horae, we printed a copy of the old Sunday Evening Hymn, and after it a note inquiring whether anyone remembered between what dates it was sung at the School, what the music was, and by whom it was composed. We reprint the hymn below and place after it some of the letters we have received.

Sunday Evening Hymn.

Now the day is passed and gone,
Holy God, we bow to Thee!
Again, as nightly shades come on,
To Thy sheltering side we flee.

For all the ills this day hath done,
Let our bitter sorrow plead;
And keep us from the wicked one,
When ourselves we cannot heed.

Rav’ning, he prowls thy fold around,
In his watchful circuitings;
Father! this night may we be found
Under the shadow of Thy wings.

O! when shall that Thy day have come,
Day ne’er sinking to the west;
That country and that holy home,
Where no foe shall break our rest.

Now to the Father and the Son
We our cheerful voice would raise,
With Holy Spirit joined in one,
And from age to age would praise.

Dec. 29, 1959
Garrison-on-Hudson, New York

Dear John:

...I was much interested in the item about the Sunday Evening Hymn and I am enclosing a copy of a part of an article I wrote in 1906 for the 50th Anniversary of S.P.S. (The Jubilee Horae).

I have more to say about this Hymn and will send it on to you. (Enclosed)

Best of good luck and Best Wishes for the New Year.

Yours in haste,

M. K. G.

Enclosed in Mr. Gordon’s letter:
From Horae Scholasticae—Jubilee Number—April 3, 1906

The Sunday Evening Hymn, “Now the day is passed and gone,” was one of the links that connected St. Paul’s with St. James’s College, Maryland. In the Life of Bishop Kerfoot, by the Rev. Hall Harrison, page 350 of Vol. I, may be found a description of Sunday order and customs at St. James’s College, and there is printed this hymn, which until 1805 was sung here in the School Room on Sunday evenings, after which the boys shook hands with the Rector and then with all the Masters and ladies who were present. This custom was
transplanted from the Maryland College. Now the hymn is sung only at the meetings of the Missionary Society.

Apropos of the *Life of Bishop Kerfoot,* alluded to above, it is interesting to know that Chapter XII of Vol. I was written by the late Rector, Dr. Joseph H. Coit, and in it he relates many customs of St. James’s College which seem familiar to old St. Paul’s boys, for in a way St. James’s was transplanted to Millville after the Civil War. The first and second Rectors had each taught at St. James’s as had the Rev. Hall Harrison. In this chapter also Dr. Coit gives a description of his and Dr. Kerfoot’s arrest by the Confederate General Early during General Lee’s invasion of Pennsylvania in 1863.


“Our Sunday evening hymn,—“Now the day is passed and gone,” used to be sung in the parlor at the ‘School,’ the Rector playing the accompaniment on the piano; and has been sung since the earliest days of the School.

“Footnote—A copy of the hymn follows; it is a translation from a well-known Latin original, “Grates peracto jam die”; and was taken by the Rev. D. E. Lyman from a little volume, “By the Author of The Cathedral,” published at Oxford in 1839, entitled *Hymns from the Parisian Breviary.*

(The hymn is quoted.)"

*Additional thought by Malcolm Kenneth Gordon.*

“This hymn was sung on Sunday evenings at St. James’s College before S.P.S. was founded.

“I have a copy of it printed in 1855 or ’56, sent to me by Arthur George Brown who was at St. James and came to S.P.S. during its first years.”

114 East 84th Street
New York, N. Y.
January 2, 1960

*Dear John,*

I saw in the *Alumni Horae* your request for information about the Sunday Evening Hymn. It was sung as late as my day. As I recall it, it was sung after supper in the Lower School study, and the common room at the School at prayers. I recall the Rector coming to the Lower in the evening a few times but he died in my 1st Form year (Feb. ’95), and I don’t think Dr. Joseph Coit kept up the custom.

As to the hymn itself, I could hum the tune for you—rather a dreary one. As to the origin, and I quote from *An Account of St. Paul’s School.*

“This may be of a little help to you. Perhaps the omni-mnemonic (to coin a word) Pat Gordon could add to this.

Sincerely,

*Arthur Edwin Neergaard, ’99*

Walworth, New York
January 25, 1960 ("Gaudy")

*Editor, The Alumni Horae*

St. Paul’s School
Concord, New Hampshire

*Dear John:*

The “Sunday Evening Hymn” reprinted in the most recent issue of the *Alumni Horae* struck a chord in my memory, resulting in this letter.
I cannot tell you either the name of the author or the tune used for the hymn, but I can give you some information about its route to Saint Paul's and the reasons for its use there.

In 1827 Dr. William Augustus Muhlenberg founded the Flushing Institute, a Church School, at City Point, Long Island. Later it became Saint Paul's College. The college did not prosper, and it was closed in the 1850's.

Meanwhile, Dr. Muhlenberg's assistant, Doctor John A. Kerfoot, moving south, founded outside of Hagerstown, Maryland, in 1842, the church-affiliated institution known first as Saint James's Hall and then as the College of Saint James. Dr. Kerfoot became the first Rector of the College.

Drawing heavily from the deep South for his students, Dr. Kerfoot found many of them ill-prepared for college work. He then incorporated in his set-up a two-year Preparatory Course—a secondary school. This dual arrangement lasted until the College closed for a time toward the end of the Civil War. When the school reopened in 1869, it was as a semi-proprietary school at the high school level.

From Old Saint Paul's Doctor Kerfoot brought with him to St. James as his assistant Henry Augustus Coit. Among the non-resident visiting lecturers of the College was an ardent churchman from the North, Dr. George Cheyne Shattuck, whose son, George Brune Shattuck, was enrolled in the Preparatory Course.

So far as I can judge, Dr. Shattuck was deeply impressed by the type of church school which Saint James represented and became imbued with the idea that if a church college was a good thing, a church secondary school modeled in part on the Preparatory Course of St. James College would be even better. So, in the early 1850's, he persuaded Doctor Kerfoot to release Doctor Coit in order that the latter might become the Rector of a new Saint Paul's, in New Hampshire, located on property that Dr. Shattuck owned.

Quite understandably, Doctor Coit took with him from College to School a number of terms and customs with which he was familiar in Maryland and to which he had become attached. The title of "Rector," the granting of "Testimonials," the custom of saying "Goodnight" personally to each student,—all of these were from Saint James, and perhaps from Old St. Paul's.

One custom which had definitely originated at Old Saint Paul's was the use of a certain hymn as the "Sunday Evening Hymn," with the accompanying prayers and the handshake afterward which constituted a sort of pastoral acknowledgement of pastoral absolution for the errors of the past week and of promise of a clean slate starting the new week. The use of this Sunday evening service at Old St. Paul's is vouched for in an address given at St. James by Doctor Muhlenberg in 1851, an address later put into pamphlet form. So, despite the general tone of the hymn, it had a long life.

Incidentally, Joseph Howland Coit was a graduate of the College of Saint James, A.B. 1851, and received his A.M. in 1854 under an arrangement in force at St. James very much like the provision made at Oxford for the A.M. degree. At his graduation J. H. Coit, following the custom of the times, gave an oration: "The Times and Ourselves." In 1852 Dr. H. A. Coit received from the College the degree of M.A. honoris ergo.

After Saint James closed in the middle 1860's Doctor Kerfoot served briefly as President of Trinity College, Hartford, and then was elected bishop.
of the Diocese of Pittsburgh. A number of his former students transferred to St. Paul’s, and I believe that both Thomas Drumm and Hall Harrison of the St. Paul’s faculty had been students at and graduates of the College of Saint James.

This is a long letter to tell very little about a hymn, but you may find bits of the story interesting.

With kindest personal regards,

Sincerely,

JAMES B. DRAKE
(Faculty of S.P.S. ’34-’38)

EDITOR’S NOTE: Mr. Drake went from St. Paul’s to St. James and remained there till 1952; he was acting headmaster of St. James from 1939 to 1942. Since 1952, he has been teaching at the Allendale School in Rochester, New York.

Paris—39 Rue d’Artois. 8
February 2nd, 1960

DEAR MR. EDMONDS—

Though I am sure you have received numerous letters from old St. Paul’s boys relative to your question on page 149 of the Autumn (1959) ALUMNI HORAE, I can not resist the temptation to send you these few lines.

Some sixty-eight years have come and gone since as a “new boy” in the old Lower School in 1892 I used to sing the “Sunday Evening Hymn”!

Whether we, in those far-off days, sang it in the Old Chapel (the new one was not entirely finished then) or in the school room before going off to bed, I cannot now recall, but the words—at least those of the first verse—and also the music, as on the enclosed card—are perfectly clear in my memory.

With all and sincere good wishes for the New Year, believe me,

Very cordially yours,

H. A. WEBSTER ’97
THE FORM AGENTS' DINNER

The Racquet and Tennis Club was once again the scene of the annual Form Agents' dinner held on January 22nd. Thirty Form Agents were present. Colton P. Wagner, '37, Chairman of the 1960 Alumni Fund Committee welcomed our guests: The Rector; Thomas Rodd, '31, Treasurer of the Board of Trustees; Herbert I. Lord, Chairman of the Parents Committee; William A. Oates, Vice Rector; and Daniel K. Stuecky, member of the faculty. A warm welcome was also extended to two senior citizens, "Pat" Gordon, '87, and G. Hunter Brown, '83, who is Form Agent of the oldest Form. Mr. Brown attended S.P.S. under Dr. Henry A. Coit, the first Rector, and had met all the subsequent Rectors except Mr. Warren, whom he met at this dinner.

Mr. Wagner introduced his Committee and the new Form Agents, Howard F. Whitney, Jr., '24, and Malcolm MacKay, '59, who were welcomed. All standing, he named the Form Agents who had died during the past year: Lawson Purdy, '80, George Chapman, '88, George Parmly Day, '93, and John P. Wilson, '96. He set this year's goal at $100,000 and said that the $6,380 already received from 75 contributors even before the campaign officially began, had put us off to a good start.

Mr. Lord gave a brief talk in which he stressed that secondary education was being challenged and that S.P.S. must maintain a program second to none. "The need for more funds for the School," he said, "is very real and genuine." He reported that 33% of non-Alumni parents had so far contributed $30,005 to the 1959-60 Parents Fund. This is an average gift of $96 per donor compared to the $34 average gift to the 1959 Alumni Fund.

Mr. Rodd described the various functions of his office. He stressed that adequate funds must be obtained so that the School did not "price itself out of the market" but rather could continue to accept the most qualified boys.

As always, the highlight of the evening was the address by Mr. Warren. He first commented on the recent death of Paul Moore, '04, as a great personal loss and a great loss to the School. He then described the philosophy with which he approached his job as Headmaster. He discussed the need for a close personal approach in School leadership and described St. Paul's as a small town with a vast number of administrative details requiring individual attention and decision. He ended his talk on the premise that "a good institution must understand itself."

The evening was concluded with the singing of Salve Mater led by Dr. Arthur E. Neergaard, '99.

HENRY A. BARCLAY, JR., '52

THE PARENTS' FUND

At the Form Agents' Dinner, January 22, 1960, in New York, Mr. Herbert I. Lord, Chairman of the Parents' Fund, reported in part as follows:

We all realize that the leadership of St. Paul's and other preparatory schools in secondary education is being challenged as never before, just as our whole educational system and economic system are being challenged.
Your school must obviously maintain a faculty, a program, a selection policy, and a plant that are second to none to meet the competition, particularly that of the highly motivated, mature high school graduate. Very real are the problems of rising costs, of undermaintenance, and of keeping the school program close to the pulse of the '60's. How can your school grow and overcome these problems on a static budget? Gentlemen, the need for more funds is genuine.

The Parents' Association is simply a fund-raising activity authorized by the Trustees and now completing its third year. It has a steering committee of 26 parents who typically have sons enrolled. They reside throughout the country with four on the West Coast and fourteen on the Eastern Seaboard; Denver, Omaha, St. Paul, St. Louis, Chicago, Louisville, and Detroit are also represented.

Our problem is still a very low participation. The first year we parents raised $16,700. Last year we raised $23,000. On behalf of the Parents' Committee, I am proud to report this year's results so far. The total contribution to the school, with eight days to go to January 31, is $30,105.46. Our average gift from the present non-alumni parents is $96.00.

Of course, you Form Agents know that our sons are receiving for our $2,000 tuition payment an education that costs an average of $3,775 per student, for 1959-1960. As individual parents, are we entitled to this form of subsidy or can we pay more nearly the full cost of our sons' education? All parents should give soul-searching thought to this question. We hope you too will remind your parent prospects of this subsidy.

There are other reasons why the idea of parents' annual giving is sound: it is an opportunity to pay "indirect" tuition with "tax-free" dollars—over the long term this may help the school moderate tuition increases; and it is a chance to show our appreciation and deep loyalty to the Rector as well as our support of his program. We too want him to have what he needs to continue to do an outstanding job.

In conclusion, may I again congratulate you Form Agents on your splendid achievements, which are such an inspiration and stimulus to the parents. However, I assure you that we too are making plans to do a better job next year. We hope you will try, but we don't intend to let you beat our average contribution. Good luck and thanks.

1960 ALUMNI FUND INTERIM REPORT AS OF MARCH 16, 1960

Last year at this time, we burst into rhyme and made our report in verses of a sort. What we then had to say is still true today—and that's as far as we got with this year's poetical effort—which is just as well.

Your Alumni Fund Committee is in the middle of its final year, for which it has set the same goal as in the last two years—$100,000. Each year in the last two, your Fund has come $10,000 closer to its goal. To reach this mark in 1960 all that is needed is a 2% increase in last year's number of contributors and a 10% increase in the average gift of $34.20.

There are many ways to show that our aim is completely realistic. If every donor gives $5 more than last year, the Fund would easily exceed its goal. Also, if half of the donors give $10 more than previously, the effect would be the same. In all of last year, there were 28 gifts of over $200 including 11 of over $500.
This year, the Fund has already received 24 gifts of over $200. Thus it is entirely imaginable that the number of Alumni making such wonderful donations might double. The result would be quite terrific. Another approach was suggested in last year's Interim Report which is worth repeating. As pointed out there, if the average Alumnus gave 5% of his income to charity and gave one-tenth of that to St. Paul's and if he had an income of $10,000, then our average contribution would be $50 and the Fund would be over $120,000. It is a pleasure to note that the present average gift, as shown in the following report, is $49.68.

Matching gifts by businesses deserve special mention. They are made under programs whereby the gifts of employees to specified types of charities are duplicated by the employer. They are tremendously useful in providing current and much needed funds for education. We urge those of you who are officers or directors of businesses to solicit the interest of your companies in a matching gift program and, especially, to advise your companies to include schools as well as colleges in the scope of their program. The last time we checked, we found that eight companies had matching gift programs which included schools; they are—The Bank of New York; The Chase Manhattan Bank; Deering, Milliken & Company, Inc.; Electric Bond and Share Company; Penn Salt Chemicals Corporation; Smith, Kline & French; Werner Brothers Company; National Distillers & Chemical Corporation. Through the Fund last year, the School received $485 in 12 separate gifts from five of the above companies. The number and amount of the matching gifts have increased rapidly in the past few years. We hope this increase will continue.

Returning to our goal of $100,000, we feel certain that a Fund of this size will soon be achieved because we see daily evidence of your considerable and growing generosity to St. Paul's in gifts both large and small. We join with your Agents in the hope that this is the year. Finally, we thank all of you who have contributed to the Fund or who will soon do so—on behalf of the Association and of St. Paul's.

Form
Form Agent
1883 G. Hunter Brown, 200 E. 66th St., NYC 21
1885 Hugh E. Potts, 11 Ricker Park, Portland, Maine
1886 Paul P. Wilcox, Durham, Conn.
1887 Malcolm K. Gordon, Garrison-on-Hudson, N. Y.
1888 Cass Knight Shelby, 603 Penn St., Hollidaysburg, Pa.
1889 Franklin P. Patterson, YMCA, 5 W. 63rd St., NYC 19
1890 Arthur S. Pier, 186 Marlborough St., Boston 16, Mass.
1892 Harry Fay Allen, P.O. Box 691, Crestline, Calif.
1893 Appointment pending
1894 Richard W. Sulloway, P.O. Box 144, West Franklin, N. H.
*1895 Appointment pending
1896 Appointment pending
1897 Francia Donaldson, 500 Fifth Ave., NYC 36
1898 E. S. Willing, Bryn Mawr Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa.
1899 Dr. Arthur E. Neergaard, 109 E. 67th St., NYC 21
*1900 Frank J. Sulloway, 9 Capitol St., Concord, N. H.
1901 Noah MacDowell, Boxwood, Old Lyme, Conn.
1902 Stuart D. Preston, 125 E. 72nd St., NYC 21
1903 E. Laurence White, 149 Broadway, NYC 6

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1908 Jas Somers Smith, 37 W. Springfield Ave., Phila. 18, Pa.
1909 Harold N. Kingsland, 161 Ocean Ave., Woodmere, L. I., N. Y. 20
1911 Ranald H. Macdonald, 14 Wall St., NYC 5
1912 John F. Walton, Jr., P.O. Box 1138, Pittsburgh 30, Pa.
1914 Norman W. Ward, Bedford Hills, N. Y.
1915 Robert E. Strawbridge, Jr., 444 E. 66th St., NYC 21
1916 Robert G. Payne, 40 Wall St., NYC 5
1917 Horace F. Henriques, Deer Park, Greenwich, Conn.
1918 Edward W. Gould, Jr., west Havre, Mass.
1919 Fergus Reid, Jr., 48 Wall St., NYC 5
1920 Albert Francke, Jr., 156 E. 74th St., NYC 21
1921 Ralph C. McLeod, 531 N. 1st St., Albe marle, N. C.
1922 Gardner D. Stout, 14 Wall St., NYC 5
1924 Howard F. Whitney, Jr., Deercliff Rd., Avon, Conn.
1925 Robert P. Gibbs, 74 Trinity Place, NYC 6
1926 R. Carter Nichols, 39 Exchange Place, NYC 5
1927 Laurence B. Rand, Room 704, 21 E. 40th St., NYC 16
1928 Edward C. Brewster, 441 Lexington Ave., NYC 17
1930 J. Randall Williams, 3d, Main St., Dover, Mass.
1931 Thomas T. Richmond, 29 Exchange Place, NYC 5
1932 Alexander O. Victor, Box 1098 A, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.
1933 E. Coe Kerr, Jr., 14 East 57th St., NYC 22
1934 Bayard Ewing, 15 Westminster St., Providence 3, R. I.
1935 Derek Richardson, Twin Ponds Lane, Syosset, N. Y.
1936 E. Laurence White, Jr., 111 E. 80th St., NYC 21
1937 Julius D. McKee, Alfred Knopf, Inc., 31 Madison Ave., NYC 22
1938 Bertram D. Coleman, 3d, Drexel & Co., 1500 Walnut St., Phila. 1, Pa.
1939 John P. Humes, 50 Broadway, NYC 4
1940 L. Talbot Adamson and William Adamson, Jr., Box 107, Wayne, Pa.
1941 Edward S. Elliman, 15 E. 49th St., NYC 17
1942 Stuart B. Andrews, Cedar Lane, Villanova, Pa.
1943 Lawrence Hughes, 6110 Congress St., Fairfield, Conn.
1944 Seymour H. Knox, 3d, 1122 Marine Trust Bldg., Buffalo 3, N. Y.
1945 Anthony M. O'Connor, Smith, Barney & Co., 20 Broad St., NYC 5
1946 Albert Tilt, 3d, Stanwich Road, Greenwich, Conn.
1947 Louis W. Pemberton, 55 Wall St., NYC 15
1948 D. Mark Hawkings, Gregory & Sons, 72 Wall St., NYC 5
1949 Frederick A. Terry, Jr., Sullivan & Cromwell, 48 Wall St., NYC 5
1950 Edward Maguire, Jr., Jackson, Nash, Brophy, Barringer & Brooks, 40 Wall St., NYC 5
1951 A. S. Alexander, Jr., Bernardsville, N. J.
1952 Henry A. Barclay, Jr., E. F. Hutton & Co., 61 Broadway, NYC 6
1953 David R. Wilmerding, Jr., 1124 Rose Glen Road, Gladwyne, Pa.
1954 James W. Bowers, 309 Ocean Avenue, Marblehead, Mass.
1955 Appointment pending
## ALUMNI HORAE

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*Total* 639 $31,743.44 $49.68

*Reunion June 3-5, 1960*

### 1960 ALUMNI FUND COMMITTEE

Colton P. Wagner, '37, Chairman

- Stuart D. Preston, '02
- Robert E. Strawbridge, Jr., '15
- Edward C. Brewster, '28
- E. Laurence White, Jr., '36
- Lawrence Hughes, '43
- Henry A. Barclay, Jr., '52

### ACTIVITIES OF THE PALAMEDIAN SOCIETY

In the last two years during the Spring Term the Palamedian Society, which is an organization of students interested in the Classics, have put on a Roman play. Last year the Society produced a one-act version of Plautus' *Mostellaria* and the year before Plautus' *Menaechmi*. Both productions were played in the early evening on the steps of the Library. Both plays were well attended in spite of the fact that they were done entirely in Latin.

This year the Society intends to do a series of Choruses. The first will be a Greek chorus done on a circular Greek stage, the second is a Roman version of the original chorus done on a Latin semi-circular stage. The third will be a free translation of the original Greek.

It is the intention of the Society to have the choruses on the Chapel lawn. The exact date of the performance is of course dependent on the weather, but it is expected to be some time in the middle of May.

George A. Tracy
EDITORIAL

This issue of the Alumni Horae has grown to such length that we intend to be brief here. We do, however, wish to express our thanks to all who have contributed articles and book reviews, among them particularly three "non-alumni," Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Thayer, and Mr. Lord—the last for allowing us to print excerpts from his speech at the Form Agents' Dinner.

The main reason for the great length of this spring issue is, of course, that as off-shoot and namesake of the Horae Scholasticae, and very proud that we are, we wished to pay our respects to that venerable publication, heralding its approaching one hundredth birthday, and preparing the way for the Anniversary Issue it will publish in June. We therefore on pages 5-26 reprinted from the Horae's own pages certain articles and poems, for the purpose of beginning the Horae's history, to be brought down to date in its own Anniversary Issue. Re-reading these old articles and verses, so good, so bright, in themselves, and bearing in mind the year each was written and the writer's age at the time, we see the interest, the enthusiasm, the devotion, that have been given to the Horae Scholasticae, by boys and by men of mature age, over a very long period of years. To take pains to write as well as one can is a tradition of St. Paul's School, early begun, long continued, and flourishing with vigor today, as any reader of the present Horae, and of the Pelican too, can see. It is this tradition that we shall acclaim at Anniversary, as we wish the Horae many happy returns of the day!

BOOK REVIEWS


Volume XIII of Admiral Morison's History of Naval Operations in World War II is the next to last in order of time and subject matter as well as in order of publication. Only Volume XIV, The Liquidation of the Japanese Empire, 1945, remains. As such, Volume XIII begins where the volume dealing with the amphibious operations on Leyte Island and the related enormous four-sided surface and air action against the Japanese Fleet left off. The events covered are almost of the same order of excitement and include the Mindoro landings, the landings in Lingayen Gulf, the Third Fleet's covering operations, the devastating typhoon of December 18, 1944, the penetration of the South China Sea by surface units, the amphibious operations which liberated six other islands in the Philippine Archipelago, the landings in Borneo, the continuously incredible operations of the Seventh Fleet submarines and the cloak-and-dagger activities
of the handful of adventurers operating as the United States Naval Group, China.

With this material, it would be hard to write a boring book. But we must remember that Admiral Morison is probably not, in his semi-official capacity, privileged to be entirely selective in dealing with his subject matter (even if he could be, with so short an historical perspective). He can hardly play one battle up and another down; he should not interpret or perhaps even comment. And he is confronted with a tremendous mass of historical raw material. Simply to list the ships and units in the Task Force organizations involved, with their commanding officers, takes nearly 20 pages in the Appendices, and for each in each action there is doubtless a war diary or action report representing a basic source that he or someone on his staff has to have read. In addition, subsequent to the end of the War, others have written accounts of various phases of the operations and these cannot be overlooked. Cross-checking with Japanese sources has been done, some of it, I gather, by Admiral Morison in personal interviews. Also, as some who took part in the operations know, the Admiral has written many of the participants for personal reminiscences. That the story has been put down in clear uncluttered prose, with no ship movement or disposition overlooked, no losses or physical damage unrecorded, and no date or time or position left vague, and with repeated mention of the ships, the units, and the commanders involved, is a monumental accomplishment. But the Admiral has gone further, he has converted what must be a chronicle into what is also an absorbing narrative and has included much of the basic wherewithal for informed critical appraisal of the events.

After putting the volume down completely read, one realizes that the simplicity of the style is deceptive and no doubt the result of careful choice and conscious effort on the part of the author. History in complete detail must be more prolix and involved, one says; but this is detailed history and I venture to say that not much is missing.

Here also is the story of great decisions, some of which may well be the subject of extensive debate in years to come (although the eventual success of all operations will ever inhibit criticism). Here we see General MacArthur, in the judgment of many the greatest strategist among our World War II military leaders, as a man almost obsessed with the desire to take Luzon and march into Manila and Bataan, and reduce Corregidor,—not satisfied until the pockets of helpless Japanese had been rooted out of Cebu, Mindanao, Negros and the other islands in the rear. The strategic advantages and tactical savings of Admiral King’s plan for by-passing the Philippines and taking Formosa apparently left unmoved the man who had developed such by-passing to a fine art in the Admiralties and New Guinea.

The loss of the destroyers Spence, Monahan, and Hull in the typhoon of December 1944 is expertly told with a full account of the information that reached Halsey as Commander of the Third Fleet (to which the stricken ships were assigned) and of the decisions he made and the orders he issued. Morison also evaluates and sums up for us the entire episode and in one of his rare comments characterizes as "not fair" to Admiral Halsey the decision of the court of inquiry (consisting of two Vice Admirals and a Rear Admiral) convened shortly thereafter that he had been guilty of errors in judgment. Butressed as they are by masses of factual evidence, analyzed by one of our most distinguished historians and enlightened by his special background and great enthusiasm as a
writer on maritime matters, these opinions of Admiral Morison are extremely valuable, and it is to be hoped that before too long he will favor us with his own critique on our Naval Operations in World War II. It is hard to think of anything that could be more authoritative.

Of particular interest to St. Paul's alumni will be not only further references to Vice Admiral Theodore S. Wilkinson, USN, '05, one of the two Attack Force Commanders in Lingayen Gulf, and to P.T. Boat Squadron Commanders, Lt. Francis H. MacAdoo, Jr., '34, and Lt. Henry Stillman Taylor, '36, who share a footnote together on page 275, but also the material in the very last chapter, entitled “The Final Naval Battle of World War II.” In this action, believe it or not, only sailing vessels were engaged and Lt. Steuart L. Pittman, USMC R, '37, in command of one of the two in which the Americans were embarked, boarded the enemy vessel and took her into Shanghai as a prize of war. Morison says: “It is ironic that this fight of 20 August 1945, the final naval battle of a war in which aircraft, carriers, and a galaxy of new weapons were employed, should have been fought by sailing ships, and concluded by the classic tactics of boarding. Perhaps there is a subtle lesson in this incident to a world of ever-expanding wonders. After a war of annihilation, the sailing frigate, the cutlass and the boarding pike may stage a comeback. Sailors never forget how to sail!”

WILLIAM EVERDELL, 3rd, '33


Byzantine history has been neglected at St. Paul's School, and at nearly every other school and college, for the simple reason that it is awkward to teach it to beginning students of history. The sources are in Greek, few translated into English, all rare and very expensive. There is no good text for beginners, and books by professional scholars, although available even in English, are too elaborate to make good introductions. The most important nation of the Middle Ages, the cosmopolitan people of the only metropolis of Europe during a thousand years, have been assigned the part of bystanders in the construction of western European culture: not because they really did nothing, but because it was difficult to get students interested in finding out what they had done. Three generations of superb teachers—Bury, Blake, Wolff, Downey, Diehl, Runciman, Ostrogorsky, Vasiliev— instructed (and are instructing) the handful of university students who happen to wonder whether there was more to Byzantium than Santa Sophia and Greek Fire. But there may be more students for them eventually. By bold arrangement and skilful craftsmanship Thomas Caldecot Chubb has written a vivid and interesting account of an inaccessible but important nation. His attractive new book, The Byzantines, written for young people and imaginatively illustrated, fulfills the distinct need for a book on the Later Roman Empire which a Third or Fourth Form boy can read on his own as an introduction to this significant people and their civilization. The book is easy to read: informative, but not burdensome; precise, but not elaborate; abounding with incident and anecdote; simple, but not simple-minded. Parents may read it with pleasure, and profit: it is a serviceable anodyne for the feeling that civilization somehow disappeared from Europe after the sack of Rome, and mysteriously reappeared centuries later in the guise of the Italian Renais-
sance. True, medieval Latin civilization was not much; but at the very moment its leading men were eating off boards with their knives and uttering shabby thoughts in debased Latin, their Byzantine counterparts, as the author shows, were dining with forks and china, and discussing Aristotle, strategy, and sales territories in excellent Greek, which they could read and write.

In order to explain the most important aspects of Byzantine civilization Mr. Chubb puts aside the intricate political record of 1123 years and adopts a topical approach. His story begins and ends with the violent transfusion of Byzantine wealth to western Europe through the sack of Constantinople by the Venetians (an incident known to medieval history, ironically enough, as the Fourth Crusade). In seven intervening chapters he outlines the origins of the Byzantines, the principal features of their political, religious, business, and social life. The character of the Eastern Orthodox Church and its role in politics is presented fairly and shrewdly; the professionalism of the army, and the importance and variegation of trade, are vividly described, and the credit due Byzantium for preserving so large a part of Classical, as opposed to strictly Latin, learning and culture is made clear. These chapters treat chronology lightly, but there are four pages of tables appended, which provide sufficient assistance. There are also a short bibliography, and a pronouncing index.

Despite the publisher's puff, this is not a scholarly book, and does not pretend to be one. Some of its statements would have to be much qualified in a book for more advanced readers. But it encompasses a great deal in a few pages, and imparts no significant misinformation. The one fault—not easy to remedy—is the absence of a single accurate map of the Byzantine world. Still, the main point of the book is clear without a map. It is simply this: the Byzantines were more interesting, and more important to us, than we are accustomed to suppose. The thesis is valid. If it is the particular accomplishment of modern civilization to have done some astonishing work on the relationship of man to matter, it is our particular limitation to have improved very little, perhaps not at all, on the notions of man's relationship to God, and man's relationship to man, handed down by people who gave these matters more thought than we do. They are the people of the Classical Mediterranean world, of Teutonic central Europe, of medieval Latin Christianity, and, not least, those of Byzantium. Mr. Chubb's debt to the Byzantines, contracted when their experiences first began to enrich his own, and constantly enlarged, is gracefully acknowledged by writing this book, and transmitted in no small degree to each reader.

RICHARD STEWART


The following review, by J. F. Moran, Head of the Reference Department of the East Orange, New Jersey, Public Library, is reprinted by permission of the editor of the Library Journal.

T. S. (THOMAS STANLEY) MATTHEWS, a former managing editor of Time now expatriated to England, is the author of The Sugar Pill, a critical analysis of journalism as exemplified by the London Daily Mirror and the Manchester Guardian, published in this country last year. Name and Address is not so much his autobiography as it is a critical analysis of the people and institutions he has
encountered in some 58 years of life. His father, Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey, and his family; his mother and her family, the Proctors of Procter and Gamble; his prep schools, notably St. Paul's; his universities, Princeton and Oxford; Herbert Croly's *New Republic* and Henry Luce's *Time*; friends, acquaintances, teachers, governesses; book reviewing and the medical profession: all are treated to the same cold analysis illustrated with telling anecdotes. And only his mother, the Proctors, Herbert Croly, Oxford, and a small English school come away with a semblance of honor. In a final section Mr. Matthews applies his analytical method to himself... and discusses America in the contemporary world from an expatriate's viewpoint.... In an election year interest is likely to center on the author's view of the Luce publications "from the inside" and on his quarrel with Henry Luce over the use of *Time* as a political weapon in the 1952 presidential campaign. The book has permanent value, however, as a critique of certain areas of American society by an urbane and incisive intelligence.


**Listed** by the American Library Association as one of the fifty Notable Books of 1959, *Mankind in the Making* provides the intelligent layman with a clear and entertaining survey of modern anthropology. Dr. Howells explains the processes of evolution and traces the long development of man—the erect primate with the large brain—from the first fish with jointed backbones. For the anthropologist, the major stepping-stones from the early man-apes to modern *homo sapiens* of the Stone Ages are a scattering of skulls unearthed in the last hundred years. The similarities and differences in these few skulls and other skeletal remains of prehistoric man lead Dr. Howells to two major conclusions:

First, the various races of man are not the results of parallel evolution from separate species of early man. They are recent developments from a single species, *homo sapiens*, and racial differences can only be understood through study of technical genetic changes in restricted populations.

Second, the present pattern of races on earth is the result of successive waves of migration. The light-colored races seem to have spread out from an unknown center in central or southern Asia, the darker-colored races from West Africa. Due to the lack of all evidence except rare skeletal remains, primitive tools, and other artifacts, the mapping of these migrations is difficult.

Carleton Coon in his very favorable review of the book in *Science* for November 20, 1959, takes issue only with the "traffic troubles" involved in Dr. Howells' discussion of the modern distribution of these races in the world:

1. Dr. Howells' "soft-pedals" resemblances between fossil and living populations in specific areas.
2. He pays too little attention to archaeological records showing unbroken continuities of tool-making techniques between certain fossil men and their human successors.
3. He accepts the existence of mutually non-interbreeding groups among fossil men although this implies multiple extinctions.

Dr. Coon suggests that some of the traffic might be unsnarled by accepting gene exchange through interbreeding between human populations at all levels.
His final evaluation of the work is praise for this "much-needed and courageous book...the soundest exposition of its subject yet in print."

GARDNER SOULE, Librarian
St. Paul's School


One Man's Pleasure, as Hugh Fosburgh tells us in the introduction to this new book, is his journal for the period of one year—"not a comprehensive journal of the author's doings and interests," but a journal devoted "exclusively to the world of nature as it interested me and as it seemed to affect some other people I know." This is also a book about a place. Fosburgh lives the year round on a five-thousand-acre tract of forest land in the Adirondack Mountains of New York State; (Winslow Homer painted many of his pictures there, a century ago.) Fosburgh loves this place, and his journal not only makes clear why but also half persuade the reader he is there himself, sharing in Fosburgh's enjoyment. This alone would make the book worth reading, worth having written.

Fosburgh's occupation is writing, but when not engaged in what he aptly calls the mechanics of that trade, he also likes "drastic physical exertion"—for which there is abundant opportunity, chez Fosburgh. He fishes, hunts, cuts wood, digs a well, works on his nine-mile dirt road, cleans out springs (he blasts one of them clean with dynamite—a very effective method, we hear), protects his game from predatory creatures (mostly uninvited members of the human species—Fosburgh seems to like practically all the other predators); in the winter, he keeps track of the deer, and when the food supply runs low, he does what he can to get them through, by felling quantities of trees for browse. Fosburgh has a great many jobs besides writing.

There are other people in the book besides Fosburgh. They tell stories and have some hectic misadventures. On the whole, these characters, though, are the least good part of the book—unless they were put there for the purpose of making the reader impatient to have them let Fosburgh do the talking and get back to what is really good! What is really good, what carries one on from page to page, what makes one want to hear more from this writer on this subject, is the sight he gives us of wild animals, birds, beasts, fish—occasionally of flowers also. A page would scarcely suffice even to name the multitude of creatures Fosburgh speaks of. And he speaks of them all tersely, with knowledge, with a vivid art that seems to bring us into their very presence; often with humor too—as when he describes two mergansers, "so stuffed with minnows that they couldn't fly—they went squawking and scooting downstream like a couple of outboards driven by maniacs." Fosburgh, of course, is never sentimental about nature: he knows it too well; he gives little, practically no, direct expression to his own feeling about it; he does, however, arouse various feelings in the reader, not the least of which are pity and wonder—besides supplying him with much information, entertainment, and amusement.

(Reprinted by permission from Newsweek for December 7, 1959, page 95.)

"Most of our Northeastern states now have coyotes, and in New York they have been slowly but steadily extending their range... They are present in the Catskills, and on the other side of the Hudson they have got as far south as Westchester County. There seems to be no stopping them, because wherever and whenever they can find a congenial environment they are aggressive enough to move in."

This is not from a historical document but a contemporary volume, an enlightening and entertaining collection of essays, The Natural Thing, written by Pieter W. Fosburgh and just published by MacMillan (255 pages, $4.75). Fosburgh, who observed many a beast during his ten years as editor of the official publication of the New York State Conservation Department, writes affectionately about the great outdoors—everything from farm ponds and panthers to blizzards and sunfish. However, he pays particular attention to the coyote.

"In the summer of 1958," he recalls, "my brother was writing a book and trapping coyotes on the side. The discarded sections of his book were placed on the local dump, and so were a couple of coyote traps. His first catch was a 38-pound coyote, and mixed in the garbage in its stomach was a carbon copy of page 67."

EDITOR’S NOTE: We are greatly obliged to the editors of Newsweek for allowing us to reprint the above notice of Pieter Fosburgh’s book—particularly so because our own plans for a review, by an alumnus of the School, miscarried. We had selected a reviewer perfectly qualified for the task, we thought: he is one of this country’s most eminent naturalists, and, besides that, he was, some thirty years ago, a founder, if not the founder, of an organization at St. Paul’s School that was (quite properly) known as the Offal Club. It turned out—at the last moment—that our reviewer had been expecting us to furnish him with a copy of the book he was to review, not an unreasonable expectation, perhaps, but one that we had not thought of. We regret this miscarriage of plans, and also that as yet we have not read Pieter Fosburgh’s book; but thanks to Jim Pinkenshaedt, ’39, of William Morrow & Company, we received, and had an opportunity to read, a galleys proof of Hugh Fosburgh’s new book (see page 57); and we have an important remark to make, by way of conclusion to this note: namely that, whereas the Fosburgh brothers, Pieter and Hugh, are agreed that a coyote caught in a trap on the local dump had devoured a page written by a Fosburgh, they are not in agreement as to which Fosburgh wrote the page coyote devoured—and was seeking inwardly to digest. After careful study of the second quotation in the Newsweek notice, above, we are convinced Pieter means to state that the coyote ate page 67 of One Man’s Pleasure (by Hugh); whereas Hugh (see page 58 of One Man’s Pleasure)—who trapped the coyote, killed the coyote, examined the coyote’s contents (and gives an inventory of same)—states, in respect to the literary part of its fare, that it consisted of “half a sheet of paper from my brother Jim’s art lectures which had reference to Goya”—Jim being a third Fosburgh, chronologically the first of the three, a member of the Form of 1929.

THE 1959 NEW YORK HOCKEY GAME
PRINCETON FRESHMEN 6—ST. PAUL’S 1
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, DECEMBER 16

The 1959 Christmas Game started well for the School team: they made the first goal, and stayed ahead for several minutes thereafter: the first period ended 1-1; Princeton made three goals in the second period, however, and two more in the third. This was the thirty-eighth game between St. Paul’s and Princeton: Princeton has won 20, St. Paul’s 17—one game was tied. After Christmas, the S.P.S. did not lose again until the 17th of February, when the Harvard Freshmen defeated them by a score of 2-1. The net proceeds of the Christmas game totalled $3,655.56.
FACULTY NOTES

JOHN RICHARDS (1912-1949) was given the Outstanding-Man-of-Gardiner award at the annual Gardiner, Maine, Junior Chamber of Commerce Bosses Night banquet, last January 20th.


E. Leonard Barker has recently been elected president of the New England Preparatory School Athletic Council.

The following took part as Chairmen of Section Meetings or otherwise in the 34th Annual Conference of the Independent Schools Education Board in New York, March 4 and 5, 1960:


Modern Languages—Chairman: John B. Archer, Head of the Modern Languages Department, St. Paul's School.


Secondary School Social Service—Panel Leader: Charles C. Buell, St. Paul's School; Student Panel Member: George Cook, VI Form, St. Paul's School.

The Mathematics Department will be occupied as follows next summer: George R. Smith, '31 (Head of the Department), Warren O. Hulser, John F. Mehegan, and Robert R. Eddy will teach in the Advanced Studies Program at St. Paul's School; they and also Richard Rush, '23, will attend the Summer Institute of the Associated Teachers of Mathematics in New Hampshire, August 24-31, at the University of New Hampshire (of this Institute, Smith will be General Chairman, Eddy, Program Chairman, and Hulser, leader of one of the discussion groups); Leverett M. Hubbard, Jr., '45, will study at the University of Colorado; Charles P. Tranfield will continue his studies at Wesleyan; William E. Slesnick will be occupied at Northampton, Massachusetts, in writing an Algebra text-book in cooperation with Professor Richard E. Johnson of Smith College; David B. Enbody will be continuing his year under the auspices of the N. S. F., at Louisiana State University.

FORM NOTES

'92—A passage from the late Clarence Day, Jr.'s Life with Father was reprinted in This Week, the New York Herald Tribune's magazine section, for Sunday, March 6th, 1960.

'04—Harry Webb is living at 1745 Linden Avenue, Memphis 4, Tennessee. He retired a couple of years ago after thirteen years as General Manager and Engineer for the Monteagle Sunday School Assembly, at Monteagle, Tennessee—a long-established Summer Resort controlled by five groups of members of Protestant churches. Prior to the war, during which he did engineering work in Alabama for the Government, Webb had for years been one of the leaders of the Boy Scout movement in the South. He received the Silver Beaver Award in 1951.

'07—DeCOURSEY FALES received
the honorary degree of Doctor of Commercial Science from New York University, on January 28th, at the formal dedication of Nichols Hall, the new headquarters for the Graduate School of Business Administration.

'13—James E. Gowen has been succeeded by Geoffrey S. Smith, '18, as Chairman of the Board of the Girard Trust Corn Exchange Bank, Philadelphia, and elected Chairman of the Executive Committee pending his retirement from active service, May 1, 1960.

'15—Dr. John F. Enders is the subject of an article, "The Real Father of the Polio Breakthrough," in New York Mirror Magazine for January 17, 1960.

'17—Dr. Carnes Weeks is directing the Canary Islands Ornithological Expedition. His address is Bajamar, Tenerife, Canary Islands, Spain.

'17—Edward K. Welles has been elected a director of Link-Belt Company.

'18—Geoffrey S. Smith has been elected Chairman of the Board of the Girard Trust Corn Exchange Bank, Philadelphia, succeeding James E. Gowen, '13.

'21—Philip W. Bonsal, U. S. Ambassador to Cuba, returned to Washington January 23rd. He went back to Cuba March 20th.

'21—Ostrom Enders, president of the Hartford National Bank and Trust Company, was chosen in December by the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston as First District (New England) representative on the Federal Advisory Council. Enders is the first Hartford banker to be chosen for this post.

'22—John H. G. Pell has been elected a director of Best and Company, New York.

'24—Benjamin Rowland, Jr., will become the first Gleason Professor of Art at Harvard on July 1st.

'24—Kenneth S. Walker is vice president and trust officer of the Security First National Bank, San Diego division.

'25—Arthur A. Houghton was elected in January chairman of the United Republican Finance Committee, the official money-raising agency for the Republican Party in New York.

'26—Henry A. Barclay is vice president of Havener Securities Corporation, 165 Broadway, New York.

'27—Marshall Bond, Jr., wrote the leading article, "Rapid Transit on the Rio Grande," in the July-August 1959 issue of Pacific Discovery. The article is liberally illustrated by excellent photographs taken by the author.

'27—Henry Chalfant is deputy director of the International Cooperation Administration to Israel.

'27—Ludlow Elliman is Vice President of the Rotary Club of Damariscotta-Newcastle, Maine.

'27—Samuel W. Hawley is president of the Savings Bank Association of Connecticut.

'27—Beirne Lay, Jr., has written the script for a new film soon to be released, "The Gallant Hours," which is based on the life of Admiral Halsey.

'27—Dr. Thomas Lowry is Chief of the Medical Staff at the Minneapolis General Hospital.

'27—James McEvoy, Jr., is Executive Manager of the Wayne County (Michigan) Republican Finance Committee.

'27—James R. McGinley is General Chairman of the 1960 Fund Raising Committee Campaign of the Legal Aid Society of New York.

'27—Philip H. Watts is one of four close advisers of the Vice President whose unofficial role is described in the New York Herald Tribune for March 14th—in the first section of Earl Mazo's article, "People around Nixon."

'27—Eben E. Whitman and his wife, proprietors of the Connecticut
Yanke e in Sharon, Connecticut, now have a second shop in Salisbury, Con­necticut.  

'28—FRANKLIN O. CANFIELD is the Standard Oil Company shareholders’ representative for France and the Ben­elux countries.  

'28—GEORGE R. CLARK has been elected Vice-Chairman of the Board of the Girard Trust Corn Exchange Bank, Philadelphia.  

'29—Paintings and drawings by MALCOLM F. MCKESSON were exhibited in a one-man show at the Bodley Gallery, New York, last January 4th to 16th. McKesson’s address is: 22 East 29th Street, New York.  

'30—ALFR E D N. BEADLESTON is minority leader in the New Jersey State Legislature.  

'30—Professor ARCHIBALD COX of the Harvard Law School, Chairman of the Wage Stabilization Board in 1952 and more recently consultant to Senator John F. Kennedy in the preparation of the Kennedy-Ives labor bill, has an article on “Strikes and the Public Interest” in the February 1960 issue of the Atlantic.  

'30—The New York Herald Tribune for January 13, 1960, reported the purchase by G. HUNTINGTON HARTFORD of Salvador Dali’s latest painting, “Vision of Columbus”—a large canvas, 14 feet by 12, to hang in Hartford’s planned Gallery of Modern Art on Columbus Circle, New York. On March 10, Hartford was appointed finance chairman of the United States Committee for the United Nations; and on March 13, the New York City Department of Parks announced that Hartford was giving the city a sidewalk café, to be known as the Hartford Pavilion, that will be built in the course of the next year on the southeast corner of Central Park—the café is described in a front-page article of the New York Herald Tribune for March 14th.  

'30—Major WILLIAM C. MCGUCKIN is at Fort Monroe, Virginia. Last October he attended Chemical, Biological, Radiological Warfare Orientation Course No. 2, at Dugway Proving Ground, Utah.  

'31—RICHARD K. THORNDIKE has been elected to the board of directors of the United Fund of the Central North Shore and also to the corporation of the Beverly (Mass.) Hospital.  

'32—HENRY M. HOYT has announced the formation of a partnership, Hoyt and Watson, for the general practice of law, with offices at Maple Avenue and DeHart Street, Morris­town, New Jersey.  

'32—G. SEAVE R JONES has been appointed a vice president of the Bankers Trust Company, 16 Wall Street, New York.  

'33—WILLIAM H. MOORE has been elected a director of the National Biscuit Company.  

'33—OLIVER DE GRAY VAN DERBILT, 3d, has been elected a director of Northeastern Life Insurance of New York.  

'34—JOHN W. EWELL has been elected an assistant vice president of the First National Bank of Boston.  

'34—JOHN JAY was the official United States photographer at Squaw Valley this winter. On February 6th he presented his twentieth anniversary film, “Mountain Magic,” at the School.  

'34—WILLIAM S. PIER has been appointed chief counsel of the Utah Construction and Mining Company, San Francisco.  

'34—President Fuentes of Guatemala awarded the Grand Cross of the Order of the Quetzal last January to FREDERIC ROSENGARTEN, JR., for achievement in connection with production of the spice, cardamom. Largely through Rosengarten’s efforts over the last fifteen years, Guatemalan car-
damom has become the best in the world. He is now president of the Monte de Oro, S. A., a Guatemalan corporation—the chief producer of cardamom in the Western Hemisphere.

'34—Gray Thoron, Dean of the Cornell Law School, has been nominated for the Board of Overseers of Harvard College.

'35—Charles W. Engelhard has been elected a director of Public Service Electric and Gas Company, Newark, New Jersey. On March 14th, Governor Meyner of New Jersey nominated him to succeed Thorn Lord on the Port of New York Authority.

'36—William H. Chisholm was elected in January a director of the Grace National Bank.

'36—H. Stillman Taylor is chairman of the textiles section for the 1960 campaign of the American Red Cross in New York.

'36—Edward A. Whitney, Jr., is vice president and general manager of Station WKNY in Kingston, New York. His address is: 26 Elizabeth Street, Kingston.

'37—Christian H. Herter, Jr., has been elected a director of the Berkshire Life Insurance Company.

'39—Ferdinand L. Pecci-Blunt is opening a new office in Rome for Bache and Company of New York.

'40—Clarence F. Michalis was appointed in December a vice president of the First National City Bank in New York.

'40—Roderic L. O'Connor has been elected a director of CIBA States, Ltd., and of CIBA Pharmaceutical Products, Inc.

'42—William B. Eddison, Jr., received a master's degree in city planning from the University of Pennsylvania in February.

'42—Osborn Elliott has been selected as one of the Ten Outstanding Young Men of 1959 by the U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce.

'42—Robert L. Means' new address is: 150 North Clifton Street, Wichita, Kansas. Means is a manufacturers' representative for heavy industrial equipment.

'42—Crocker Nevins has been elected a vice president of Marine Midland Trust Company of New York.

'43—Dr. E. Kimbark MacColl is headmaster of the Catlin Gabel School in Portland, Oregon.

'43—Josiah Macy, Jr., Assistant Professor of Physiology at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York, is one of the young men whose careers and personalities are described in What Makes a Scientist?, a recent book by George H. Waltz, Jr.

'43—Ezekiel A. Straw, Jr., has been appointed vice president and secretary of the Manchester Savings Bank, Manchester, New Hampshire.

'43—Norman S. Walker has been elected director and vice president of Investographs, Inc., New York. He is also director of research for Van Strum and Towne, Incorporated.

'44—James T. Colby, Jr., is for the third consecutive year leader of Hillsborough County's (N. H.) Heart Fund Campaign.

'44—Frederic H. Courtenay has joined the investment firm of J. J. B. Hilliard and Son, Louisville, Kentucky.

'44—Dr. S. Jerome Dickinson, Chief Resident of the First Surgical Division of Bellevue Hospital, New York, has been appointed to be Chief Resident in Surgery for the Harkness Pavilion, Presbyterian Hospital, New York, from July 1st, 1960, to December 31st, 1960; and Chief Resident in Surgery at Babies Hospital, Presbyterian Hospital, New York, from January 1st, 1961, to December 31st, 1961.

'44—Robert G. Morrow, Jr., is vice president and general manager of
the Little Rock Furniture Manufacturing Company, Little Rock, Arkansas.

'44—C. Ross Smith’s book, In Search of India, was published in April by the Chilton Company of Philadelphia and New York. Ross Smith has in recent years been co-editor of two literary reviews in Paris, Janus and Id; he has had two plays produced in Montparnasse theatres, “Westwind” (in English) and “Pays du Silence” (in French); he has written four novels and is working on a fifth. His present address is: 20 Regent’s Park Road, London N.W. 1, England.

'45—Charles M. R. Haines was the editor of the first Italian edition of Dana’s Two Years before the Mast, which was published in March in a volume with a new Italian translation of Melville’s Billy Budd. Several months ago, Professor Haines was appointed “Co-ordinator-Secretary” of the newly-created Istituto di Lingua e Letteratura Inglese e Americana at the Bocconi University in Milan.

'46—Lloyd S. Gilmour, Jr., has been admitted as a general partner in the brokerage firm of Eastman Dillon, Union Securities and Company, New York.

'47—Peter Grimm, Jr., is working with the International Business Machines Corporation in Chicago.

'48—William T. Crocker is returning to this country in June on home leave from Kiel, Germany, where he is in charge of a U. S. cultural center.

'49—Percy Thomas Fenn, 3d, is studying for a Ph.D. at the University of Michigan. He previously spent two years in Germany with the 7th Army Symphony.

'49—Theodore W. Friend, 3d, is Assistant Professor of History at the University of Buffalo.

'50—Nicholas B. M. Dean is working with the Polaroid Corporation. He had a one-man show of photographs at the Nova Gallery, Boston, last October.

'51—George L. Caldwell is living at 1369 S.E. 14th Street, Fort Lauderdale, Florida, and is vice president of Caldwell-Scott.


'52—Asa B. Davis, 3d, is working with the Bankers Trust Company in New York.

'52—William Emery is in Hong Kong, working with the First National City Bank of New York. He expects to stay there two years.

'52—The Reverend F. Hugh Magee’s new address is: 238, Walmeresley Road, Bury, Lancs, England.

'52—Eric Oddleifsson is studying at the Eastern School of Music in Rochester, New York.

'52—Warren N. Ponvert is associated as a Registered Representative with the New York Stock Exchange firm of Halle and Stieglitz, 52 Wall Street.

'53—Michael H. Anderson is working with the New York advertising agency of Doherty, Clifford, Steers and Shenfield.

'53—Edward R. Baldwin’s address for the remainder of the academic year is: 19 Howard Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut.

'53—Hunt T. Dickinson, Jr., is studying at the Georgetown University Foreign Service School and is working in Ball, Pablo and Company, a Washington, D. C., investment firm.

'53—John W. Lapsley is working with the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company at 23 Wall Street, New York, and living at 245 East 72nd Street.

'53—Alexander Watts is an actuarial student with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York, and living at 440 East 20th Street.

'54—John R. McGinley, Jr., is in Army basic training at Fort Knox, Kentucky.
'55—Ensign Reginald Prescott Walden Murphy, U.S.N.R., is in the Damage Control School at the Philadelphia Navy Yard and will be stationed at Sasebo, Japan.

'57—Barend J. van Gerbig is reported to have been playing an exceptionally fine game as goal guard this winter on the Princeton Varsity Hockey Team.

'57—Henry A. Wilmerding, Jr., has been elected co-captain of next year's Colby College hockey team. He has been awarded the Norman A. Walker Trophy given annually to the most improved player on the Colby College squad.

'59—Drayton Phillips was joint winner, with Robert Elson, a graduate of the Portsmouth Priory School, of the Hugh Chamberlain Prize in Greek, at Yale.

ENGAGEMENTS

'48—Oliver Gordon Gayley to Miss Joan Jeffrey Vanderpool, daughter of Eugene Vanderpool, '25, and Mrs. Vanderpool.

'48—Warwick Fay Neville to Miss Sheila Ryan, daughter of Mrs. Diana Dodge Ryan of Newport, Rhode Island, and the late George Francis Ryan.

'49—Clemens Christian Beels to Miss Margaret Joella Rabi, daughter of Professor and Mrs. Isidor I. Rabi of New York.

'51—Evan Thomas Fisher, Jr., to Miss Roberta Weeks Frank, daughter of Mr. Carl Douglas Frank of New York and the late Mrs. Frank.

'51—Fergus Reid, 3d, to Miss Anne de Baillet-Latour, daughter of Mrs. Maximilien E. Gevers of New York and the late Count Guy de Baillet-Latour.

'52—William Seabury Reid to Miss Ama Mary O'Neill Hencken, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh O'Neill Hencken of Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts.

'52—Edward Town Taws, Jr., to Miss Ann Lacy Poindeexter, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Gwyn Poindeexter of Aberdeen, North Carolina, and the late Mr. Poindeexter.

'53—Paul Moore Denison to Miss Elizabeth Day Butterfield, daughter of Mrs. George Nelson Butterfield of Westtown, Pennsylvania, and the late Captain Butterfield, U.S.N.

'53—Williams Swift Martin, Jr., to Miss Ellen McClung Wills, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Ely Wills of Nashville, Tennessee.

'53—Peter Standish Paine, Jr., to Miss Constance Martha Murphy, daughter of Grayson M-P. Murphy, '26, and Mrs. Murphy.

'54—Duncan Whiteside to Miss Elena Scott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Scott of Ridgefield, Connecticut.

'55—2nd Lieutenant Jerome Corbin Day to Miss Jane Andrews L'Hommedieu, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnold L'Hommedieu of Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

'55—Robert Satterlee Hurlbut, Jr., to Miss Ann Wentworth Gannett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brattle Gannett of Wayland, Massachusetts.

'55—Reginald Prescott Walden Murphy to Miss Helen Jean Murphy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Rutherford Murphy of San Antonio, Texas.

'57—John Peregrine Fitzhugh to Miss Judith Anne Brooks, daughter of Professor and Mrs. Richard A. E. Brooks of Poughkeepsie, New York.
MARRIAGES

'23—EDMUND WEBSTER MUDGE, JR., to Miss Eloise Smith Todd on November 28, 1959, in Dallas, Texas.

'25—WILLIAM PERKINS WADSWORTH to Miss Penelope W. Crane of Buffalo, New York, on July 25, 1959.

'27—WILLIAM PENN-GASKILL HALL to Miss Olive Elizabeth Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clair Stanley Thomas, on May 2, 1959, in Hartsville, Pennsylvania.

'30—GORDON CHASE STREETER to Mrs. Stephen V. Zavoico on January 9, 1960.

'32—SHERMAN HOYT to Mrs. Richard Clay (Vidal Starr), daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Isaac Starr of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, on January 9, 1960, in Westport, Connecticut.

'43—LEONARD SULLIVAN, JR., to Miss Margot Murray Blackley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clark Blackley of Bankfoot, Perthshire, Scotland, on March 5, 1960, in New York.

'44—EDWARD AUGUST DE LEBROVICZ to Princess Françoise de Bourbon de Parme, daughter of Prince Xavier de Bourbon de Parme and Princess Madeleine de Bourbon de Parme, of Paris, on January 7, 1960, in Paris.

'46—RICHARD COLGATE DALL BIDDLE to Miss Nina Petrovia Gopcevic, daughter of Mrs. N. Baugh Gopcevic of Jamestown, Rhode Island, and Mr. V. Petrov Gopcevic of Mount Vernon, New York, on December 19, 1959, in New York.

'47—PETER GRIMM, JR., to Miss Karen Ann Dettmers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Leonard Dettmers of Chicago, on February 20, 1960, in Evanston, Illinois.

'47—NOEL EVERET MACY to Miss Ilka Pulvchsen Klemig, daughter of Mrs. Edith Klemig, on November 25, 1959, in San Paulo, Brazil.


'49—THEODORE WOOD FRIEND, 3D, to Miss Elizabeth Groesbeck Pierson, daughter of Mrs. Henry T. Bourne of Woodstock, Vermont, and Mr. John H. G. Pierson of Riverside, Connecticut, on February 20, 1960, in Woodstock, Vermont.


'50—CHAUNCY FFOULKE DEWEY to Miss Alice Thayer Archer, daughter of Mrs. Pierce Archer, 3d, of Rio de Janeiro, on October 21, 1959, in Rio de Janeiro.

'50—FREDERICK HOLDSHIP JONES to Mrs. Constance C. Snow (Constance Caulkins), daughter of Mrs. Leighton H. Stevens of Peapack, New Jersey, and Mr. Don Platt Caulkins of New York, on January 28, 1960, in New York.

'51—DANIEL BAILEY FORD, JR., to Miss Cornelia Ann Manuel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David B. Manuel of Shaker Heights, Ohio, on November 28, 1959, in Shaker Heights, Ohio.

'51—WILLIAM COOLIDGE SMITH to Miss Gretchen Abigail Jordan, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Claus Gustav Jordan of Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, on December 19, 1959, in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania.

'51—RICHARD VARICK STOUT to Miss Nancy Marie Kunkel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence George Kunkel of Middlebury, Connecticut, on December 5, 1959, in Middlebury, Connecticut.

'52—CHARLES HUSTON MOFFAT to Miss Dorothy Eileen Chapin, daughter
of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Leslie Chapin of Albany, New York, on January 30, 1960, in Albany, New York.

'52—GEORGE TRIMBLE MURDOCH, 2d, to Miss Cecilia Russell Moller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Christian Moller of San Francisco, on February 20, 1960, at Sausalito, California.


'54—DAVID MAGEE BEACH, 3d, to Miss Judith Bickford Cann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Thompson Cann of Rochester, New York, on March 19, 1960, in Rochester, New York.

'54—JAMES DUANE PELL BISHOP, Jr., to Miss Caroline Crutcher, daughter of Mrs. L. Marshall von Schilling of Hampton, Virginia, and Captain William Rolston Crutcher, U.S.N., of Monterey, California, on March 24, 1960, in New York.

'54—SAMUEL RIKER, 3d, to Miss Sara Dwight Clifford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hoblitzelle Clifford of Pasadena, California, on February 27, 1960, in London, England.

'55—GRANT FAIRBANKS EVANS to Miss Kathleen Mary Kavanagh, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Francis Kavanagh of East Norwich, Long Island, New York, and the late Mr. Kavanagh, on January 16, 1960, in Oyster Bay, Long Island, New York.

'55—JOSEPH PAUL HORNE to Miss Mary Key Niepold, daughter of Mrs. Frank Niepold, on November 27, 1959, in Kensington, Maryland.

'56—PETER SAND HALLOWELL to Miss Meredith Evans Presbrey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Gibson Presbrey, on January 8, 1960, in Munich, Germany.

'58—HUGH HOLLISTER HOGLE to Miss Carol Jean Bernstrom, on January 8, 1960, in Salt Lake City.

'58—LEE WILLING PATTERSON to Miss Anne Candler Sammis, daughter of Mrs. Anne Baker Sammis and Mr. Jesse Fleet Sammis, Jr., both of Greenwich, Connecticut, on February 6, 1960, in Greenwich, Connecticut.

BIRTHS

'37—To JULIO VICTOR BERMUDEZ and Mrs. Bermudez, their third son, Richard Caldwell, on December 16, 1959.

'37—To the Very Reverend PAUL MOORE, JR., and Mrs. Moore, their eighth child, a daughter, Susanna McKeen, on December 15, 1959.

'43—To OWEN CATES TORREY, JR., and Mrs. Torrey (Margery E. Myers), their fourth child and first son, Owen Cates, 3d, on February 29, 1960.

'44—To Dr. SELDEN JEROME DICKINSON and Mrs. Dickinson (Jeanne D. Richmond), a son, Selden Richmond, on March 5, 1960.

'44—To THOMAS NUGENT TROXELL, JR., and Mrs. Troxell (Martha Brownlow), their first child, a daughter, Pamela Ingraham, on March 7, 1960.

'47—To ARTHUR WALKER BINGHAM, 3d, and Mrs. Bingham (Judith M. Holleman), a son, Arthur Walker, 4th, on March 13, 1960.

'48—To WILLIAM T. CROCKER and Mrs. Crocker, a daughter, Margarita Bettina, on January 13, 1960.

'48—To DAVID MARK HAWKINGS and Mrs. Hawkings (Susan Dow Smith), their first child, David Mark, Jr., on January 24, 1960.

'49—To ALEXANDER COCHRAN EWING and Mrs. Ewing (Carol L. Sonne), a son, Alexander Cochran, Jr., on February 21, 1960.

'49—To LEONARD DE COURCY HINDS
and Mrs. Hinds (Diana D. Sterling), a son, Leonard de Courcy, Jr., on January 19, 1960.

'49—To GEORGE ARMSTRONG KELLY, 4TH, and Mrs. Kelly (Frances Watson), their second child and first daughter, Eleanor Park, on May 28, 1959.

'50—To NICHOLAS BRICE MARDEN DEAN and Mrs. Dean, a daughter, Martha, their third child, in August, 1959.

'52—To JOHN MORGAN LIVINGSTON and Mrs. Livingston, a daughter, Pamela Jane, on March 4, 1960.

'52—To WARREN NASH PONVERT and Mrs. Ponvert (Joan Claire Lynott), a son, Warren Nash, Jr., on December 13, 1959.

'52—To KURTH SPRAGUE and Mrs. Sprague (Margaret Iliffe), their first child, a son, Quin John, on December 4, 1959.

'52—To JOSEPH HILL WILLIAMS and Mrs. Williams, a son, Peter Baldwin, on November 14, 1959.

'53—To RANDALL WINSLOW HACKETT and Mrs. Hackett (Lela Ottley), their first daughter and second child, Holly, on March 5, 1960.

DECEASED

'88—GEORGE CHAPMAN was born in Florence, Italy, February 13, 1870, the son of George Devereux and Lucia Thrope Chapman. He entered St. Paul's in 1884 and graduated in 1888. At the School, he wrote very good verse for the Horae, and one of the best translations of Salve Mater. He received an A.B. degree at Harvard in 1892, studied at the New York Law School, and was admitted to the Bar in 1895: but he never practiced. For a short time he worked with the Lawyers Title Insurance Company, and later was in charge of a railroad property of John Jacob Astor's in Ohio and Indiana. He was president for a few years of the Century Bank in New York, which afterwards merged with the Manufacturers Trust Company. In 1908 he became associated with the Fifth Avenue Building Company: he was general manager and a director, and later president to his retirement in 1949. He established the Historic Landmark Society in 1933, and was its president until 1957. For years he had been a Form Agent. He died in his ninetieth year, October 23, 1959, in Mount Kisco, New York. His wife, Frances Adriance Freeman Chapman, survives him.

'89—JOSEPH WARREN GlIDDEN died in Boston, March 6, 1960. Born in Nahant, Massachusetts, June 18, 1872, the son of Colonel John M. Glidden and Anna Warren Glidden of Boston and Newcastle, Maine, he entered St. Paul's in 1885, graduated there in 1889, and received an A.B. degree at Harvard in 1894. He was a Lieutenant of Cavalry in the Spanish-American War, and served in Cuba, in the Philippines, and afterwards in Washington, D. C., as Military Aide to President Theodore Roosevelt. He studied law at Harvard, received an LL.B. degree there in 1902, was admitted to the Bar, practiced law in New York City, was appointed Judge Advocate of the Department of the Dakotas, and for a time lived in St. Paul, Minnesota. In the first World War, he went to France as a Major in the Office of the Adjutant General, U. S. Army. After the war, he lived in Boston and in Newcastle, Maine—where he was Senior Warden of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, a church which had been built and given to the Diocese of Maine by his grandfather, William T. Glidden. He is survived by his wife, Marion Greeley Glidden, and by his nephew, William T. Glidden, '40.
'95—Theron Ephron Catlin died March 19, 1960, in Clayton, Missouri. He was born in St. Louis, May 16, 1878, the son of Daniel Catlin and Justina Catlin, and entered St. Paul’s in 1892. Graduated from the School in 1895, he went to Harvard, where he received the degrees of A.B. (1899) and LL.B. (1902). He joined his father in the management of the family’s real estate holdings. He was a director of the St. Louis Union Trust Company, and (1911-1912) a U. S. Representative (Republican) in Congress. Mr. Catlin is survived by his wife, Frances D. Catlin; by his daughter, Mrs. Sumner Putnam; by his brother, Daniel K. Catlin, ’95; and by his sister, Mrs. Frederic W. Allen.

'97—Prentice Strong died February 11, 1960, in Fairfield, Connecticut. Born in New York, March 23, 1879, the son of Theron George Strong and Martha Prentice Strong, he graduated from St. Paul’s in 1897 and from Yale in 1901. For forty-six years, to his retirement several years ago, he was a member of the New York Stock Exchange, and at the time of his death he was a general partner in Scholl and Company. He served as a colonel in the first World War, commanding the 1st Regiment, Field Artillery, New York National Guard. He is survived by his wife, Ruth Hill Strong; by his son, Prentice Strong, Jr.; and by his daughters, Mrs. John Reinhart Bennet and Mrs. William Lee Quivey.

'00—Carroll Brown died January 13, 1960, in Portland, Maine. Born in Portland, March 19, 1881, the son of General John Marshall Brown and of Alida Carroll Brown, he studied at the Fay School, at St. Paul’s, and at Harvard. He was commissioned Lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy in the first World War, and served as Commander of the Bar Harbor section of the Boston Overseas Service. He worked in his family’s real estate firm in Portland for many years, until his retirement about twenty years ago. He is survived by his widow, Annette Brown; by his son, John B. Brown; by his daughter, Mrs. Richard C. Payson; by his sister, Mrs. Harold Lee Berry; and by several nieces, nephews, and grandchildren.

'01—Admiral Arthur Schuyler Carpenter, U.S.N. (ret.), died January 10, 1960, in Washington, D.C. He came to St. Paul’s in 1896 and left in 1899 to enter the U. S. Naval Academy, from which he graduated in 1903. In the first World War, he had the distinction of commanding the first U. S. war vessel to be credited with the sinking of a German submarine, the destroyer Fanning, which sank the U-58, seven miles (magnetic) southeast of Daunt lightship, off Queenstown, Ireland, on November 17, 1917, capturing five officers and thirty-four enlisted men; for this, Lieutenant Carpenter was awarded the D.S.M. and also the British D.S.O. He afterwards commanded U.S.S. Radford, another destroyer, and between 1918 and 1941 had various assignments at sea and on shore, including that of Director of the Navy’s Bureau of Personnel. In the second World War, he was Commander Destroyers Atlantic Fleet from December 1941 to June 1942; for the next year and a half he was Commander Southwest Pacific Force: the U. S. Army awarded him his second D.S.M. for “his invaluable contribution...in this critical period,” and the Navy gave him the Legion of Merit. From January 1944 to March 1946 he was Commandant Ninth Naval District, and he was awarded a second Legion of Merit for his services in this post. For the remainder of the year 1946 he was Director of Public Relations, Navy Department. On his retirement from the Navy in 1947, he was promoted to the rank of Admiral—he had been a Vice Admiral since September 1942. After his retirement, he was for a time Superin-
tendent of the Admiral Farragut Academy at Pine Beach, New Jersey. Admiral Carpenter is survived by his wife, and by two sisters.

'03—Dr. ROBERT MORRIS LEWIS died June 20, 1958, in New Haven, Connecticut.

'04—PAUL MORE died December 19, 1959, in Convent, New Jersey. Graduated from St. Paul's in 1904, from Yale in 1908, and from the Law School of New York University in 1911, he was first employed in the law department of the Rock Island Railroad in Chicago. He was afterwards a partner in the brokerage house of Taylor Bates and Company in New York until his retirement a few years ago. He was a Major in the Army Ordnance Corps in the first World War. He was one of the founders of the Republic Aviation Corporation—begun in 1931 as the Seversky Aircraft Corporation—and was one of its directors and a member of its executive committee. He was also a director of the National Biscuit Company, the American Can Company, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, and the Bankers Trust Company of New York. For years he gave support to churches, hospitals, colleges, and schools—and took a deep interest in them. To St. Paul's School he contributed the Moore Building with its endowment, the Paul Moore Younger Teachers' Fund, and several other important gifts. He is survived by his wife, Fanny Hanna Moore; by his daughters, Mrs. John Case and Mrs. Frederick Dearborn, Jr.; by his sons, William H. Moore, '33, and the Very Reverend Paul Moore, Jr., '37; by seventeen grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

'05—FRANK WIGHT died in Philadelphia, October 17, 1959. He was born in Rockland, Maine, June 29, 1884, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Wight. He graduated from St. Paul's in 1904 and from Bowdoin College in 1908. For some years he worked with the Travelers Insurance Company, but more recently he had been associated with Eastman Dillon-Union Securities. He was a vestryman of the Church of St. Luke of the Epiphany in Philadelphia. He is survived by his wife, Alice W. Wight; and by one brother.

'05—WILLIAM PORTER WITHEROW died January 7, 1960, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. At St. Paul's he played on the school football team and rowed on the Halcyon crew. He graduated from Yale in 1909. He was at one time president of the National Association of Manufacturers and for many years he was board chairman and president of Blaw-Knox Company, steel manufacturers. In the early days of the New Deal, he was a member of the National Industrial Recovery Board, occupying himself chiefly with labor-management problems. At the time of his death, he was president of the Cement Stone Corporation, and on the boards of the Pittsburgh and West Virginia Railroad Company, the Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal Company, the Westinghouse Air Brake Company, and the Monongahela Light and Power Company; and he was a trustee of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company and of the Carnegie Institute of Technology. He is survived by his son, William P. Witherow, Jr., '34.

'11—Dr. THOMAS MCKEAN DOWNS died January 29, 1960, in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Dr. Norton Downs and of Phoebe McKean Downs, and the elder brother of Norton Downs, Jr., '13, who was killed in the first World War. Graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1915, McKean Downs went shortly thereafter to the Mexican border with the First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry; he was later commissioned in the 108th Field Artillery, 28th Division, went to France, and took part in the Oise-Aisne, Meuse-Argonne, and Lys-
Scheidt offensives. In 1921 he graduated from the University of Pennsylvania Medical School and thereafter he practiced medicine in Philadelphia and was on the staffs of four Philadelphia hospitals: the Graduates', the Germantown, the Bryn Mawr, and the University. He went into the U.S.N.R. Medical Corps in May 1941 and was discharged a Captain in June 1946, having served as Chief of Surgery, U.S.N. Mobile Hospital No. 2, at Pearl Harbor—before, during and after the bombardment of 7 Dec. '41; as Senior Medical Officer aboard U.S.S. Fulton in the Battle of Midway; as Senior Medical Officer on U.S.S. New Mexico in the Solomons, Aleutians, and Gilberts; and as Director, first of the Naval Hospital at Plattsburg, and later of the Naval Dispensary at Anacostia, Maryland. After the war, ill health compelled him to retire from medical practice. His interests were many: he was an aviator—when young, he had made some of the earliest cross-country flights in light planes; in later life, he raised Muscovy ducks, trained falcons, raced pigeons, made furniture and sail boats, grew orchids, kept bees, all with great success. He wrote many articles—on medical subjects, about the war, on other matters that interested him: these were published in various medical journals, in United States Naval Proceedings, in the General Magazine of the University of Pennsylvania, in the Atlantic Monthly, etc. Downs is survived by his wife, Catherine Drinker Downs; by his son, Dr. T. McKean Downs, Jr.; by his mother; and by two sisters.

'12—CHARLES HEYWOOD died October 4, 1959, in Cleveland, Ohio. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, January 21, 1892, the son of Charles Heywood and Daisy Park Bradford Heywood. He entered St. Paul's in 1905 and was there six years. For over thirty years he was affiliated with the Bureau of Engraving in Minneapolis—up to a few years ago when he retired due to ill health. He is survived by his wife, Martha Heywood; by his daughter, Mrs. William V. Shea; by his son, Charles Heywood, Jr.; and by two grand-daughters.

'17—GUSTAV PABST, JR., died January 14, 1960, in Washington, D.C. He was at St. Paul's four years, graduated there in 1917, and received an A.B. degree at Harvard in 1921. From 1922 to 1929 he was in the U. S. Foreign Service, Department of State, and had various posts in Chile, Peru, Cuba, and Germany. He was business financial editor and feature writer for the Milwaukee Journal from 1930 to 1942. He went into the Army in 1942 and was discharged a Lieutenant Colonel in 1944, after service as an Intelligence Officer in the War Department General Staff. He is survived by his son, Gustav Pabst, 3d; by his daughter, Louise Pabst Hook; and by his brother, William F. Pabst, '20.

'18—HENRY THOMPSON BUSHNELL died February 1, 1960, in New York, N. Y. His parents were the late Mr. and Mrs. Ericsson F. Bushnell. He graduated from St. Paul's in 1918 and from Yale in 1922. For the last fifteen years he had been a specialist on the New York Stock Exchange; previously he had been associated with the brokerage firms of Taylor, Bates and Company, and of Carlyle, Mellick and Company. He is survived by his sisters, Mrs. Carlton H. Palmer, Mrs. Charles Lineaweaver, and Mrs. Louise Bushnell.

'20—Captain CHRISTOPHER CAMPBELL SHAW, U.S.N., died December 5, 1959, in Philadelphia. He entered St. Paul's in 1914, and after graduating from the School and from Yale, returned in January 1925 to teach Science. He was coach of the Delphian track team in 1925—until he broke a leg high-jumping—and vice president
of the Halycon Boat Club in 1926. He was married in June 1926 to Miss Sigrid Kenseth, head nurse at the Infirmary, and later that year he began the study of medicine at Johns Hopkins. He entered the United States Naval Reserve in 1940 as a Lieutenant Commander, served as Senior Medical Officer and Flight Surgeon aboard U.S.S. Solomons (CVE-67) in the Atlantic, later as Chief of Medicine at the U.S. Naval Hospital in Corpus Christi, Texas, and was discharged a Captain at the end of 1945. In January 1948 he returned to the Navy as a Captain, U.S.N. He was for the next four years research director for the Navy's Bureau of Medicine and Surgery in Washington, D.C. From 1952 to 1954 he was Chief of Medicine at the U.S. Naval Hospital in Oakland, California, and there brought into use the Navy's first artificial kidney. Since 1954 he had been Senior Medical Officer in charge of industrial medicine at the Philadelphia Naval Base and Shipyard.

Throughout his career he conducted important medical research. He published, while in Washington, the first complete analysis of the motion of sea vessels—part of an Army-Navy-Air Force study of motion sickness. He was awarded the Sir Henry Wellcome Medal for his work on the artificial kidney. In Philadelphia he led an investigation to determine the harmful effects of radar-tracking equipment and quite recently he had begun work on the development of a Board of International Medical Research to cope with the apparently imminent problems of space travel. He was in wide demand as a lecturer, and at the Naval Base his willingness to make house calls at all hours of the day and night had led to his being affectionately known as the "country doctor in uniform." In his memory, his friends are establishing a foundation at the University of Maryland Medical School for the benefit of students engaged in research on cardiovascular diseases. Captain Shaw is survived by his wife; by his daughter, Mrs. Richard A. Hill; by his sons, Dr. Richard K. Shaw and 2nd Lieutenant Christopher C. Shaw, Jr., U.S.A.F.; by five grandchildren; and by his sister, Mrs. Carson Wilkey.

'24—James Simpson, Jr., died at Mill Creek, Illinois, February 29, 1960. Born in Chicago, he was at St. Paul's from 1919 to 1921 and at Harvard from 1925 to 1927. He became a director of Marshall Field and Company in 1931 and had been a member of the executive committee since 1939. He was elected to the House of Representatives from the 10th Illinois District in 1932 and afterwards (1934 to 1940 and 1946 to 1952) represented the 10th District in the Illinois State Republican Central Committee. He was a Marine Corps captain in the South Pacific in the second World War and in 1953 he was appointed civilian aide to Secretary of the Army Robert T. Stevens. He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth Simpson; by his children, James, Howard, and Jessie Simpson, Mrs. Ella Carter, Mrs. Sheila Cassatt, Mrs. Diana Rowley, and Mrs. Sandra Donnelly; and by his brothers, John McI. Simpson, '29, and William Simpson, '30.

'31—Dr. William Campbell Posey Jr., died in Philadelphia, January 2, 1960. He graduated from St. Paul's in 1931, from Harvard in 1935, and from the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania in 1939. He became an ophthalmologist, practiced in Philadelphia, taught at the University of Pennsylvania, and was on the staffs of the Children's, the Pennsylvania, and the Bryn Mawr Hospitals. He is survived by his wife, Dorothy Cuthbert Posey. His younger brother, Lieutenant (j.g.) Samuel Felton Posey, U.S. N.R., '36, was killed in the second World War.
'41—Barnes Newberry, Jr., was born in Providence, Rhode Island, June 29, 1921, the son of Commander Barnes Newberry, U.S.N. (ret.), and Elizabeth Binney Newberry; he was a grandson of Truman H. Newberry, U.S. Senator from Michigan and Secretary of the Navy under President Theodore Roosevelt. He was at St. Paul’s from 1937 to 1940 and afterwards studied at the Rhode Island School of Design. He served aboard a DE and various other ships during the second World War, mainly in the Pacific. After the war, he worked for and was a director of G. L. & H. J. Gross, Inc., a Providence real estate firm, and was also a director of the People’s Savings Bank in Providence and president of the Providence Floating Hospital. He died November 29, 1959, in a fire that swept through his house in Bristol, Rhode Island, at night, and with him perished his step-children, Evan and Stephanie Truslow, and his own children, Eleanor and Rockwell Newberry. He is survived by his wife, Martha Rockwell Newberry; by his son, Barnes Newberry, 3d; by his parents; by his sisters, Mrs. R. W. Leonard and Mrs. George Wholey; and by his brother, William Binney Newberry.

'43—Robert Brent Keyser died March 11, 1960, in Baltimore, Maryland. Born April 30, 1925, he entered St. Paul’s in 1938 and graduated there in 1943. He was a grandson of R. Brent Keyser, ’78, a son of the late William McHenry Keyser, ’16, and a brother of William McHenry Keyser, Jr., ’44, U.S.M.C.R., who was killed in the invasion of Iwo Jima. Brent Keyser spent two years at Yale, received a commission in the Marine Corps Reserve, and finished his college education at Harvard, where he graduated. After college, he started work at J. P. Morgan and Company’s in New York; more recently he had been in the Fidelity Trust Company in Baltimore. He is survived by his wife, Helen Angier Keyser; by his children, Helen Leigh Keyser, William McHenry Keyser, Elizabeth Hambleton Keyser, and Donald Angier Keyser; by his mother, Mrs. James McHenry; by his brother, Peter D. Keyser; and by his half-sisters, Marjorie McHenry and Mrs. Alan P. Hoblitzelle, Jr.

Caroline Garland Ayer died in her ninetieth year, March 14, 1960, in Concord, New Hampshire. Born in Washington, the daughter of Henry and Elizabeth Shields Ayer, she came to St. Paul’s in 1905 as a Matron, was there thirty-five years, and retired in 1940. Miss Ayer is survived by her niece, Mrs. James W. Philbrick of Brookline, Massachusetts, and by two grand-nephews.
CORPORATION OF ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL

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John R. McLane, Jr., A.B., LLB., Clerk ...................... Manchester, N.H.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
452 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.

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George C. Burgwin, 3d, '40 .................................... Pittsburgh
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Grayson M-P. Murphy, '26 ........................................ E. Newton Cutler, Jr., '33
John Holbrook, '27 ..................................................... William Everdell, 3d, '33
Rowland Stebbins, Jr., '27 ......................................... Colton P. Wagner, '37
William G. Foulke, '30 ................................................ Edward H. Tuck, '45

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Robert E. Strawbridge, '15 ........................................ Lawrence Hughes, '43
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Rowland Stebbins, Jr., '27, Chairman

Grayson M-P. Murphy, '26 ........................................ William G. Foulke, '30
Coolidge M. Chapin, '35 ........................................... E. Newton Cutler, Jr., '33
## STANDING COMMITTEE

### Former Presidents

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<td>Bertram D. Coleman, 2d, '38</td>
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<td>Irvin McD. Garfield, Jr., '31</td>
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<td>Elbridge T. Gerry, Jr., '31</td>
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<td>E. Coe Kerr, Jr., '33</td>
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<td>Seymour H. Knox, 3d, '44</td>
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### ex-officio

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<td>Arthur W. Bingham, Jr., '18</td>
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<td>Ranald H. Macdonald, '11</td>
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### And the officers of the Association

### REGIONAL CHAIRMEN

<table>
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<th>Region</th>
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<tr>
<td>Baltimore</td>
<td>Donald M. Culver, '43</td>
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<td>Boston</td>
<td>Samuel S. Drury, '31</td>
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<td>Buffalo</td>
<td>Charles P. Stevenson, 37</td>
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<td>Chicago</td>
<td>John P. Wilson, Jr., '24</td>
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<td>Cincinnati</td>
<td>Rev. Luther Tucker, '27</td>
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<td>Columbus</td>
<td>Emil W. Hoster, Jr., '33</td>
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<td>Detroit</td>
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<td>Greenwich</td>
<td>Avery Rockefeller, Jr., '43</td>
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<tr>
<td>Houston</td>
<td>Joseph R. Neuhau, '35</td>
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<tr>
<td>Indianapolis</td>
<td>Cornelius Alig, Jr., '39</td>
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<td>Long Island, N. Y.</td>
<td>William Everdell, 3d, '33</td>
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<td>Louisville</td>
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<td>Memphis</td>
<td>Timmons L. Treadwell, 3d, '41</td>
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<td>Minneapolis-St. Paul</td>
<td>John S. Pillsbury, Jr., '31</td>
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<td>Mount Kisco-Bedford</td>
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<td>New Haven</td>
<td>S. Dillon Ripley, 2d, '32</td>
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<td>Northern New Jersey</td>
<td>John P. Wilson, '24</td>
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<td>Philadelphia</td>
<td>Thomas M. Rauch, '40</td>
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<td>Phoenix</td>
<td>Denison Kitchel, '26</td>
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<td>George C. Burgwin, 3d, '40</td>
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<td>Portland, Ore.</td>
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<td>Princeton</td>
<td>Gilbert Lea, '32</td>
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<td>Providence</td>
<td>Paul C. Nicholson, Jr., '36</td>
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<td>Rochester, N. Y.</td>
<td>Daniel M. Beach, Jr., '39</td>
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<td>St. Louis</td>
<td>Henry F. Langenberg, '37</td>
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<td>Salt Lake City</td>
<td>James E. Hogle, '31</td>
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<tr>
<td>San Francisco</td>
<td>John L. Bradley, '27</td>
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<td>Seattle</td>
<td>William S. Bucknall, '41</td>
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<td>Washington, D. C.</td>
<td>Philip H. Watts, '27</td>
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<td>Wilmington</td>
<td>A. Felix du Pont, Jr., '25</td>
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