ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL
ALUMNI

Horae

SPRING
1967
Dates of St. Paul's School Events
(at Concord, N.H., unless otherwise noted)

1967
April 21, Friday through
April 23, Sunday
May 12, Friday through
May 14, Sunday
May 27, Saturday

Conroy Fellow: Dr. Mary S. Calderone
Spring Dance Weekend
Hundred and Twelfth Anniversary
Final examinations
Last Night and Graduation
Advanced Studies Program begins
Advanced Studies Program ends
New Boys arrive
The Cover: A St. Paul’s boy of the present generation reads the names of Ferguson Scholars re-carved on panelling of the Schoolhouse reading room, where they replace those destroyed with the original panels in the Big Study fire of 1961. The annual examinations for the Ferguson Scholarships were given this year on April 7 and 8. (Photograph by Robert Swenson).
HENRY C. KITTREDGE

Henry Crocker Kittredge

FOR ALMOST EXACTLY HALF of his seventy-seven years, Henry Kittredge was at St. Paul’s School, as Master, Vice-rector and Rector. The other half included his life as a Cambridge schoolboy, student at Harvard (Class of 1912), four years with the peripatetic Adirondack-Florida School as teacher of Latin and sailing, two years with the Army in World War I, and a dozen years of retirement.

His life had two centers, the School and the Cape. From early childhood, most of his summers were spent at Cape Cod—a natural arrangement since his father, George Lyman Kittredge, Harvard’s renowned “Kitty,” had the academic privilege of long vacations and owned the old family home at Barnstable.

In time, Henry acquired his own house nearby on Pine Lane. The original building, now the living room, is old, low-posted, with heavy black beams crossing the ceiling. Bookshelves partly line three sides of the room. On the fourth side is the great fireplace, on which divans and chairs are focussed. From this room later additions radiate. Henry’s study is one of them, ample and detached, with his large desk, colored prints of sailing vessels decorating the pine wainscoting, and more books.

The principal outside entrance, on the lane, shows the Kittredge touch: a sign which originally identified the old railroad station—BARNSTABLE; and a pair of weathered ship’s “knees” which now brace the angles of the wide recessed porch.

From the hill behind the house one looks back across the tops of scrub pines to Barnstable Harbor and Sandy Neck, a narrow six-mile line of sand dunes which separates the Harbor from the Bay beyond. On the Neck is the Kittredges’ simple camp, “the Barnacle,” so isolated that it is never locked. Here Henry and Patsy spent quiet days “watching black-breasted plover and listening to the gulls—excellent restorers of perspective.”

II

In the decade of the Thirties, Henry wrote three books about the Cape: “Cape Cod, its People and Their History,” “Shipmasters of Cape Cod,” and “Mooncussers of Cape Cod.”

The first was launched with a preface by the author’s father, who quoted Dean Swift on the “prudence and good manners” of setting men “talking on
subjects they are well versed in." There was no doubt that son Henry knew his subjects, that he had wide and intimate acquaintance with descendants of the old seafaring families, and had done his careful homework.

"Mooncussers of Cape Cod" was Henry's own favorite. The subject matter gives full scope to the author's gift for telling a story and for his quiet humor. The Cape Codders never set false beacons on stormy nights to lure ships to destruction, but they made a profitable avocation of looting wrecks that occurred by the act of God. Henry joined in the harmless amateur version of this occupation known as beachcombing. His old Barnstable friend, Clarence Jones, says that "one expedition to the Lower Cape required the combined efforts of Henry and several friends all day, to pry the quarter-board from an abandoned wreck."

Vaughan Merrick wrote for the *Alumni Horae*, in the spring of Henry's retirement, "The history of Cape Cod and its characteristic anecdotes have been a delight to him, and all of us can picture him standing before an audience, hands clasping the lapel of his coat or gesturing restrainedly in a manner all his own, and relating, solemn-faced yet with clear relish, one of those inimitable tales which were such apt illustrations of the more serious points he was making."

III

Nowhere did Henry put into systematic form his educational theory and practice, but one may glean much from his Annual Reports and from his ad-
addresses. He was a Mark Hopkins man, and resisted the tendency to put too much log between boy and teacher. The present distrust of mechanical testing procedures he anticipated in an address in New York in 1949. He said we must depend on personal judgment more than on tests. "A new profession, the Deviser of Tests, [has appeared] . . . . They do not know any boys and would not like them very well if they did . . . . Buy the tests and use them, but attach no significance to them."

In the same address he lamented the ever increasing number of subjects: "Chop our curriculum in half." We should not try to make boys master a multitude of facts and formulas but give them practice in using their minds in original thinking, and for this purpose a few subjects are as good as many.

His Annual Reports emphasized the importance of learning attitudes. "Let us strive, day and night, year in and year out, to teach our boys the terrible importance of tolerance toward the unusual and the eccentric. Youth is a cruel time, cruel and conservative." (1948)

The smart boy is not necessarily the best citizen. "We have always among us the others, the courageous, determined plodders . . . Their contribution to the School lies not in the academic realm but is just as valuable nevertheless." (1951)

But he had little patience with the loafer. "Too often . . . [a master] takes upon himself the responsibility that should rest with the boys, and, instead of allowing them the valuable educational experience of failure, he begins to practice the worst of all educational methods, that of teaching the boys who will not work." (1938)

IV

He enjoyed fun and he enjoyed boys, and the two went together. He was master of the good-natured spoof. In the Lower School, new boys, as cold weather approached, would ask him, "Sir, what will be the first day of skating?" After a minute of careful concentration the omniscient Head would answer, "This year it will be on November twenty-third." Satisfied, the boys would run off to more immediate interests.

One year the Lower School menu had been having an unprecedented run on squash. Finally a petition, signed by every boy and master in the dining room, was delivered to the head table. Mr. Kittredge read it, rose, tapped the bell for attention, and spoke: "Gentlemen, I have received your petition. But I am afraid that I can do nothing about it. It is squash that has made New England what it is. Furthermore, the School has just received a gift of forty tons of squash!"

James M. Byrne, '26, wrote to Mrs. Kittredge after Henry's death, "You and Mr. K. came to preside over the Lower School and proceeded to turn it into a community of unadulterated delight." The delight spread into the classroom: "Mr. K. taught second-year English in the late afternoon, just before supper. It was the first class of any kind that I truly enjoyed. I can remember
pausing on the Lower Grounds or on the hockey rink and realizing with pleasurable anticipation that later that afternoon when dusk had fallen there would be the fun of a class with Mr. Kittredge."

A revealing incident is recalled by the Rev. Henry Dymoke Gasson. He came as a master to the Lower in 1931, young and unsophisticated. In his second year he received a letter from Mr. Parkman at St. Mark’s School asking if he would be interested in coming there as chaplain. He answered that he did not want to leave St. Paul’s.

"Before I went to bed, however, I went in to see Henry, as I often did, and in the course of the conversation mentioned that I had a letter in my pocket to Mr. Parkman.

"‘Let me see that letter, Dymoke.’

“I did, and he exploded. ‘Boy, you don’t know anything! Let me tell you how it’s done. You must write to Mr. Parkman, expressing some interest. He will write, making an appointment with you. You’ll go to this appointment, but will not commit yourself. In due time you will receive a letter from Mr. Parkman offering you the position at such-and-such a salary. You will then take this letter to the Rector and say, “Dr. Drury, smell this!” And he will raise your pay.’

“I mildly protested that I couldn’t do it, but, urged on by HCK, I followed his directions play by play. My salary at SPS was promptly raised, as he had predicted.”

V

When the Trustees elected Henry Kittredge to succeed Norman Nash, they insured the School against another loss to the episcopate by choosing, in spite of nearly a hundred years of precedent, not only a layman but a Congregationalist. There was no pressure on the new Rector to change his allegiance, but shortly after his installation he presented himself to the Bishop of New Hampshire for Confirmation. He probably did this not from ecclesiastical conviction, but from a sense of fitness. He became a communicant of St. Mary’s Episcopal Church, Barnstable, was elected to the Vestry, and for ten years was Junior Warden.

At the School he insisted on the importance of the Chapel and performed the functions possible for a layman. He read the Sunday morning Lessons and preached at least once a term. Strangely enough, he found the lectern more difficult to fill than the pulpit. To read the Lesson scared him.

There was no doubt of his Christian conviction. In the Annual Report for 1948 he wrote: "We must see to it . . . that the boys carry the lessons of the Chapel into every part of their School life—the classroom, the athletic field, the dormitory, the dining room and the top of Jerry Hill. We must be absolutely certain that they realize that Christianity cannot be confined to church services, any more than Sacred Studies can refrain from illuminating every other subject . . . Only in this way will our boys understand what we mean when we tell them that the Christian Religion is the center of our life here.”
By the modesty, complete reliability, graciousness, easy-going friendliness and courtesy of his character, his own life illustrated the precept.

VI

In his administration of the School, all felt that the hand at the tiller was strong but relaxed. Take “reports” as an example. “It was there that daily contact was established between Mr. Kittredge and the student body. Rare was the day that passed without some Kittredgian comment, often amusing, always worthy of note. His balanced, mature outlook, distilled by so many years of experience, could at all times be felt guiding the School with a minimum of excitement through what seemed to us crisis upon crisis.” (Mihailo Voukitchevitch, ’51)

A belief that boys can usually be trusted governed his relations with the Council, his drastic modification of the demerit system, his putting of Sixth Formers in charge of study hall, his liberalization of Sunday.

We cannot here go into the significance of new buildings—the Memorial Hall and the Payson Laboratory—or of changes in administrative policy, but it should be noted that one such change, resulting from a professional survey in 1949, had this very human angle: thirty employees lost their jobs. It was up to the Rector to write letters of dismissal to neighbors whom he saw every day in the buildings and on the grounds. The letters were received with not a single protest. One woman is reported to have said, “It was the most beautiful letter I ever received. I shall keep it to my last day.”

He was so good at writing difficult letters that Dr. Drury, no mean diplomat himself, often called in his help. His letters to his mother were in a different category; he wrote to her every Sunday as long as she lived.

Henry Kittredge took seriously the not unusual observation that good teachers make a good school. He wrote, in 1952: “St. Paul’s has . . . strained every nerve (and frequently overshot the budget) to find and keep teachers who are idealistic, uncompromising, enthusiastic and wise.” He preferred younger men, but recognized the need of an “old guard” for balance. In 1950 the average age of the faculty was thirty-seven.
Many of the new masters were married, and the population explosion resulted in a housing shortage. Children (and dogs) had the freedom of the grounds and increased the domestic atmosphere which the School had always had. It was pleasant and not unusual to see the boys fraternizing with the young fry, as they would do at home.

VII

The sixth Rector retired to Barnstable after his sixty-fourth birthday, in 1954, never having regretted taking on a difficult post, but ready for a rest. "After forty-seven years in boys' boarding schools," he wrote, "sheer idleness is heaven." He was free to putter around the place, loaf and swim at the Barnacle and take long walks on the beach, picking up odds and ends for his miscellaneous collection in the barn. (He had been a land-comber as a boy: he and his father used to follow the plow on neighboring farms for turned-up arrowheads. The Peabody Museum had no room for this collection, so Henry sold it for three hundred dollars.)

There were more strenuous occupations, too. "Every winter one or two trees have to come down," Henry wrote. "The chopper saws them into two-foot lengths and I split them—exercise for a month with wedges and sledge-hammer, though the most important item of equipment is an old rocking chair in which I regain my breath and admire the scenery after the log is split."

The wood was for the living room fireplace, and it warmed many guests. Old boys of the School frequently dropped in. The "little house," which he had built beyond the terrace above the lawn and garden, was often occupied.

Though there were compensations, he did miss the old days of duck-shooting. Before such an expedition, he and Clarence Jones would sleep on cots in the loft of the barn. They rose, Clarence recalls, "at 1 a.m., walked a mile and a half to the shore, rowed another mile and a half in the dark across Barnstable Harbor to Sandy Neck, walked across the sand dunes half a mile and dug a blind for the day's shooting. All before daylight. The return trip usually brought him home by mid afternoon."

Now he read much; worked on a book that was never published, illustrating through anecdotes some of his ideas about school boys and schools; and sometimes, no doubt, reminisced. Among other volumes in his study there is a sort of year-book of pictures taken at Plattsburg. In it is a long-hand manuscript of fourteen four-line stanzas, a semi-humorous tribute to him as "The Deacon of the Seventh," signed by "W. F. Gould, 7th Co., Plattsburg Barracks, Nov. 14, 1917." How Henry earned that sobriquet is not known to this writer, nor is the occasion for the verses. They were written just two weeks before Henry's marriage in New York to Gertrude Channing Livingston, daughter of James Duane Livingston, '76.

In January, 1st Lt. Kittredge left his bride to go overseas, where he was for thirteen months on non-combatant duty in France. He returned to the School in February, 1919, and he and Mrs. Kittredge at first lived in the Upper.
Three and a half years later began their long, happily-remembered years in charge of the Lower.

With no children of their own, they later adopted two, James Gordon and Barbara Livingston Kittredge; and during the Second World War they took in two English refugee children for four years.

VIII

The news of Henry Kittredge’s death was hardly a shock to those who had kept track of his failing health. On February 22, many scores of friends—alumni, masters past and present, and their families, School Trustees, old Millville neighbors—joined the Barnstable folk at St. Mary’s Church to pay a last tribute.

The service was simple and uplifting. Sharing the reading of psalms, lessons and prayers, were the Rt. Rev. Anson P. Stokes, ’22, Bishop of Massachusetts; the Rev. Matthew M. Warren, Rector of St. Paul’s School; the Rev. Charles T. Webb, School Chaplain during Henry Kittredge’s rectorship, and the Rev. Paul C. Martin, Rector of St. Mary’s Church. The hymns, chosen by Mrs. Kittredge from her husband’s favorites, were unusual but most appropriate—“O worship the King,” “He who would valiant be,” “Jesus shall reign”—and the singing of them was tremendous: massed men’s voices raised to heaven in thanks for the life of a pilgrim.

Charles T. Webb
He represented in his own person the best of the Boston-Cambridge values, and at the same time . . . he was the "pure juice of the Cape Cod grape"

The Rector's Letter

Dear Alumni:

For over forty years Henry Kittredge was the extraordinary center of good will and good humor at St. Paul's School. His skill as a teacher and his effectiveness as Head of the Lower School were displayed in abundance before I knew him, but he was Rector when I came upon the scene, and it is of that time I can best speak.

Traveling about the country on errands for St. Paul's, I have met hundreds and hundreds of alumni who almost without exception asked about Mr. Kittredge, and spoke of him in terms of deep affection and grateful recollection.
His kindliness and his twinkle of eye, his vast array of stories and Cape Cod anecdotes, his warm personality and his devotion to the boys of the School, all were recognized and appreciated by his inquiring friends. His popularity was thoroughly deserved, and knowing him as I did, thoroughly understandable.

The first time I met Henry Kittredge was at the Harvard Club in New York. We had dinner together and over coffee he said, “I always liked this club. It is the one place in New York that reminds me of Boston.” He represented in his own person the best of the Boston-Cambridge values, and at the same time it could be said of him in his own words that he was “the pure juice of the Cape Cod grape.” When I demurred at writing the Annual Report on his last year as Rector, he responded, “My boy, while you’re writing that Report, I’ll be digging clams at Barnstable.”

After retiring as Rector he returned to the School only a few times. He felt strongly that his successor should not be inhibited in any way by his returning to the scene of former years. I tried to persuade Mr. Kittredge to make the Graduation Address four years after he retired. It was my thought that these would be the last boys to have been aware of him as Rector and it would renew them to sit at his feet once more. Mr. Kittredge wrote, “Thank you for the invitation. I won’t be there.” When I remonstrated over the telephone he said, “For years when I was at the School the retired men would return for a visit. They were rested, and fresh and full of life, and I resolved in my exhaustion never to do that to you. I’m not coming.”

None of these things were said brusquely or peevishly, but humorously and with a twinkle. He did return and was fresh and rested, but he never permitted himself the pleasure of staying more than a few hours when School was in session, and then while here he took the lowest seat available.

Utterly without pretense, or front, or superficial superiority, he was a man whose friends came from every segment of the School’s life. Boys and men enjoyed his wit, his warmth and his fun; but he could, when occasion called for it, expose his heat and his well-ordered temper. Actually he believed in a good temper. When employing a master for the School he told me he “... liked that man. He has a temper.”

We who have known Henry Kittredge are fortunate people. His gifts were singularly fitting for this School, and his disposition was of a quality that made association with him a matter of joy. Happily for us, despite his departure, his works are deeply engraved in the hearts of all our people and his contribution is forever inscribed in all that is St. Paul’s School.

All of Mr. Kittredge’s many gifts to us have been paralleled by the impressive contributions of his wife, who with him has endeared herself to this community. To her the members of our community extend their affectionate sympathy.

Faithfully yours,

March 1, 1967

Matthew M. Warren
Henry Kittredge
as Housemaster, Teacher, Citizen

—by one who followed after him as Head of the Lower School:

HENRY KITTREDGE OFTEN SAID that his most enjoyable years at St. Paul’s were those he spent as Head of the Lower School. The hundreds of boys who came to the Lower in the years from 1922 to 1940 will echo his thoughts, realizing that these were happy years for them also.

Not everyone can withstand the energies of an active and imaginative Lower Schooler. But Henry, wonderfully supported by his wife, Patsy, made each boy feel that what he was doing was important and fun. Those were the days before academic pressures had reached their present tension in schools. There were classes, yes, but also the pond for canoeing, the woods for building huts, and many opportunities for carefree activity. To live in such circumstances under the gentle and understanding guidance of Henry Kittredge was a pleasure.

His handling of discipline was easy, almost casual, founded on trust and respect. If too many demerits accumulated—as they did very readily—the books were swept clean and a fresh start was made. Called into Henry’s study for reprimand, a boy would leave knowing just what he had done that was wrong, but also realizing that he had been advised by a friend and one whom he suspected took a certain pleasure in his misdemeanor, especially if it had a touch of originality. Henry, a true schoolmaster, did not take offenses personally.

He could be stern. Meanness and intolerance in any guise elicited a firm response. When he spoke out in Reports against these traits, tapping the palm of his left hand with the fingers of his right, there was no misunderstanding him. But then, with a happy turn of phrase and a characteristic wave of the hand, he would move on quickly to something else.

Though they might not feel the process at work, Lower Schoolers gained from their association with Henry far more than academic learning. One recognized a tacit tribute to him and to the atmosphere of the Lower under his regime, in the number of those boys who, a generation later, sent their sons to St. Paul’s in the early forms to gain—they hoped—an experience something like as happy as their own first years under Henry Kittredge.

George R. Smith, ’31
HENRY KITTREDGE WAS ONE of a formidable generation of English teachers at St. Paul's. Among his peers were Beach White, Gerald Chittenden and John Richards—each a rampant individualist, each extraordinary in a very personal way with his classes.

As a teacher, though no mean scholar, he was first of all a personality. Boys were conscious of a deadpan expression, but marvelous motions of the eyebrows and hands encouraged them to speak, knowing somehow that the sarcastic or cross rejoinder would never come from him: the kindness of the man was manifest. Though talk was easy in his classes, the best talk was always his: pungent, superbly phrased and presented in a voice loved—and imitated—by every boy who ever knew him.

He had a reputation as an easy marker. Perhaps he was. Certainly no teacher was ever more tolerant of boys' foibles. But if the boys in other classes had to work harder, they may have learned less.

He was frankly conservative in his literary tastes and interpretations. Young colleagues were sometimes taken aback by his apparent ignorance of the latest critical fad. When a yet later fad replaced it, his wisdom became clearer; and many a beginning teacher learned an important lesson about the nature and importance of fads. Further, a mischievous glint in Henry Kitt-
redge's eye suggested that his ignorance of the fad in question was indeed only apparent.

Every good teacher has a bit of the actor in him, and Henry Kittredge's performances were always brilliant. However, the brilliance of the act never hid the human, and humane, nature of the actor. And for all his skill as a teacher it is as a rare human being that his friends best remember him.

_Herbert Church, Jr., '40_

---by a Cape Cod neighbor, an intimate friend for fifty years:

HENRY C. KITTREDGE WAS WITHOUT QUESTION one of Cape Cod's most remarkable and distinguished citizens. He had the unique faculty of being able to adjust himself to young and old, rich and poor, aristocrat and common folk, and to be respected and admired by them all. His friendly manner and kindly word for everyone will always be remembered.

With this ability, possibly aided by his own long Cape Cod ancestry, Henry was accepted by the people of this area and could learn their ways and philosophy of life—the background of his famous books on Cape Cod people and their heritage. In his retired years, he was constantly called upon to give a speech, talk or lecture, for he had an indescribable warmth of understanding and was perfection at holding and stimulating his audience. He always had something colorful and appropriate to say, and said it with that wonderful dry humor which marked his public speeches, whether before a church group, a library, a hospital, a town meeting, a social affair or after a dinner. You could depend on Henry to do a masterful job. He never came to a birthday or anniversary party that he did not bring a poem or some verse aptly suiting the occasion.

He loved his retired life, his books, the marshes, the bay and its shore, and the local village people of Barnstable. It was a life and a place into which he seemed to fit perfectly.

Visiting Wellfleet to help a friend secure a gasoline station permit, against real opposition; laying the cornerstone of a large addition to the local hospital; stimulating the senior class in the High School at their graduation exercises; directing restoration of the oldest Congregational church in America, at West Barnstable; constantly interested in improving and perfecting the local library; serving as junior warden of his Episcopal church—it is these endless abilities that made up the variety of his charming, ambidextrous personality.

Probably he was never happier than going off in his outboard across the bay to the shack on Sandy Neck. To be able to commune with nature close by the shore and the sea is what he truly loved. Just to rough it and be left alone where he could read to his heart's content, watching the tide rise and fall, perhaps with a martini in his hand as the sun went down across the harbor—this was paradise to Henry.

_Edward W. Gould, Jr., '18_
TO H.C.K. ON HIS COMING RETIREMENT
(Reprinted from The Alumni Horae, Spring 1954)

Barnstable is built with her boots in the Bay,
There will dwell a teacher who has put his texts away;
There will dwell a soldier who has fought a manly fight;
When he doffs his armour, how young he'll feel—and light.

God bless you, Henry Kittredge, and lovely Patsy too,
Led by such a gallant pair, we weren't too bad a crew—
You who gathered teachers who taught for learning's sake
You who played it fair and square and gave the kids a break—

You who found the sights set high, but raised the barrels higher,
You who read the radiant cloud and the pillared fire;
You who taught as well as led, never a spectator;
You who found a great school and leave it even greater.

Life is cruel hard sometimes, but life is full of fun,
(Don't we see his eyebrows twitch when a yarn is spun?)
Sharp decisions must be made; lightning in the gloom;
(Don't we hear his big voice sounding through the room?)

Barnstable is built with her boots in the Bay,
There will dwell a teacher who has put his texts away;
There will dwell a sailor man, growing wiser, riper;
Run out the dory then, we'll catch another striper!

John Richards
The School in Action

THE FIRST WEEKEND of winter term found the faculty and the Sixth Form hard at work on the now familiar and increasingly knotty Case Studies presented by Messrs. Thomas and Matthews of the Harvard Business School. This time we were asked to take a hard look at the case study sessions themselves and consider the questions: are they helpful? and should they be continued?

The consensus on the first question was that the studies had been of considerable help in prompting more communication between masters and boys and in helping faculty, administration and students toward a better understanding of their own and each other’s situations in the total life of the School. On the second question, some doubt was expressed of how long this benefit would continue through the use of case study sessions as such. Reasons for this doubt were varied. Many felt the sessions had come at poor times during the year; some, that participation was too inhibited. Others wanted to know where the discussion leaders felt the studies were leading us.

In response to both affirmation and doubt, we were encouraged to correspond directly with Mr. Thomas with our candid opinions on the case study sessions and their effect on both masters and boys. We now look forward to whatever new slant the next sessions will bring.

During the case studies there was naturally a great deal of talk about the constriction and general lack of freedom in boarding school life. Within the following week, however, two visitors to the School (both of whom had English public school backgrounds) backwined a few sails by stating for the record that SPS looked like a paradise of free living and a center of innovation compared to its English counterparts.

Approval of ISP

Something of the nature of innovation became evident early in the term with the announcement that the Heads of Departments had approved a plan for a Sixth Form program of independent study to go into effect in the winter term of 1968. The ISP, as it is called, was initiated by the Council
a year ago and had been continuously reworked on the drawing boards of faculty and student committees from the time it was first suggested.

This program is designed to give the Sixth Form student an experience of learning pursued for its own sake. The initiative will be entirely with the student to elect to enter the program, choose his field of study, find a faculty advisor, and then plan and complete his project. As the student will be relieved of class responsibilities in only one course (and athletics, if he so chooses), the ISP is probably rather conservative when compared to similar programs underway in a few other schools. Undoubtedly it will change as it is worked with, over the coming years. As it now stands, it offers the Sixth Former an opportunity for a mature and creative “learning experience” of his own choosing and within the recognized context of the School’s curriculum.

Mr. Stuckey to Bowdoin

Change of a somewhat different nature followed close on the heels of this announcement. The School expressed its pride and pleasure at Mr. Stuckey’s appointment to the post of Director of Athletics of Bowdoin College, together with regret at losing one of its most accomplished masters and coaches. (A high point of the SPS hockey season, incidentally, was the last game, on February 25. The School team, recuperating from a severe defeat by Andover the previous Wednesday, skated through the Bowdoin freshmen, 7-2, thus winning a decisive final victory and giving their head coach a proper send-off to his new job!)

With Mr. Stuckey’s departure at the end of the School year in prospect, the School welcomed the appointment of Mr. Preston as Head of the Classics Department and of Mr. Barrett as Director of Activities.

New Schedule—Old Habits

Perhaps the most obvious scene of experimentation in the School this term has been the Chapel. A trial schedule of services has given us two “late start” days with no morning Chapel, on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The normal Sunday has a voluntary service of Holy Communion at eight o’clock and the regular required service of Morning Prayer and Sermon at ten-thirty. Evening Prayer is set at five-thirty on Wednesdays. On the first Sunday of the month there has been a single ten-thirty Communion service attended by the whole School. Under this system Sunday has become more truly a day of rest, by anyone’s standards.

The new schedule has done a lot to keep us all thinking about Chapel, but it has also served to show us what creatures of habit we are. One Wednesday morning a master found himself at eight o’clock standing in an
empty Chapel. Late that same afternoon he gazed perplexed out his study window as he observed the entire School streaming toward the center of the campus for no apparent reason whatsoever! Since that day, the carillon has been played at 5:15 on Wednesdays, for a reminder.

Bach, Brubeck, Folk Mass

Musical contributions to chapel life have ranged from anthems composed by Bach and Brubeck to postludes performed by woodwind quartets and jazz ensembles. The musical setting for the Communion service on the first Sunday in March was that of a “folk mass,” part of which was composed by members of an SPS rock ‘n roll combo and part by students of the General Theological Seminary in New York. Singing was accompanied by amplified guitars and drums.

Faculty and student reaction to this particular experiment has been mixed. Many have been frankly surprised at their own reactions. Some who felt favorably disposed to the use of this kind of music in church have found it distasteful. Others, initially opposed to the idea, have found the music a pleasing and helpful medium for worship. Still others on both sides have firmly stuck by their well-founded predispositions. Most would agree, however, that the experimentation with regard to Chapel is worthwhile.

“After the Manner of Russians”

But not all contemporary concerns are new. A prize for relevant historical research goes to the man who came up with this piece from the Harvard College Book of 1649:

Forasmuch as the wearing of long hair, after the manner of Russians and barbarous Indians, hath begun to invade New England, contrary to the rule of God’s word, who sayeth it is a shame for a man to wear long hair, as also the commendable Custome generally of all the Godly of our nation until within this few years, Wee the magistrates doe declare our dislike against the wearing of such long hair, as against a thing unclean and unmanly whereby men doe deforme themselves, & offend sober & modest men, & doe corrupt good manners...
best skating and skiing in years. The Lower School Pond was the scene of a strenuous season of club hockey competition, and bus loads of skiers plied regularly between SPS and Pat’s Peak, Sunapee, and Waterville Valley.

Challenge in the area of the performing arts came to us this winter in the visit of Mr. Aaron Copland as Conroy Fellow. Mr. Copland’s perspective on music gave us fresh insights concerning composing, performing, and “listening” to music. His concept of listening as a creative process requiring a discipline of its own was new and provocative to most of us who are not actually trained as musicians.

Mr. Copland’s range of understanding went much further afield than his own pre-eminence among contemporary composers. He spoke at length of the younger generation of composers and their work. Illustrating his talk with a record of electronic music, he then went on to speak of a school of composers committed to “random,” or “chance” sound as music. Although he did not hold much for the future of the latter school, he felt that it should be taken seriously. Talking with Mr. Copland was itself a creative experience.

Toward the end of the term, Mr. Copland’s visit was nicely complemented by a return to the School of Mr. Dave Brubeck for a concert performance with his quartet. Last year Mr. Brubeck was here, first as a Conroy Fellow and later as a performer. His personal contribution, and that of Messrs. Desmond, Wright, and Morello, to the School’s understanding and appreciation of jazz as an art form would be hard to measure.

Such visits as these serve to point up what to me is one of the most remarkable aspects of student life here at St. Paul’s School: the continual presentation of concerts and performances, and the competitions in which a large number of boys are willing to test their levels of accomplishment. The winter term would be bleak indeed without the contributions of the Dramatic Club, Choir, Glee Club, Band, Debating Societies (SPS scored over Exeter this year), the Mish Talent Show, the music talent show, and of course the irrepressible Sixth Form Show.

This term the Dramatic Club offered a telescoped production of Julius Caesar, which demonstrated some fine staging effects and some superb renditions of Shakespearean character and dialogue, especially on the part of Charles Scribner, Bill Rogers, and Cam Kerry. The Club is now working on a one act play to present in the competition at the University of New Hampshire.

Narcotic Iliad

The Sixth Form Show combined violent slapstick comedy, hard-hitting satire, and pristine romance in a kind of narcotic Runyanesque version of the Iliad, featuring a war between the Mafia and Hell’s Angels. If the success of a production can be measured by subsequent quoting of lines and humming of refrains, then it was certainly a success.

Finally, who can imagine the close of a winter term without twenty plays (ten of them written by students) performed in fifteen different houses on four successive evenings for the Fiske Cup competition?
Winter Sports


Exeter scored the first goal of the game and, after SPS had evened the score at 6:24, tallied again, thus entering the second period with a one-goal lead. But in the second period the SPS team’s superior drilling in all phases of the game overcame Exeter’s advantages of greater size and individual brilliance. Two more SPS goals brought the score to 3-2 in our favor, where it stayed unchanged through a scoreless third period.

From the proceeds of the game, the St. Paul’s School Advanced Studies Program has received a contribution of $2,502.50.

A Summary of Winter Sports and Scores:

**Hockey**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SPS: 7</th>
<th>Concord High: 3</th>
<th>SPS: 4</th>
<th>Hebron: 3</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SPS: 3</td>
<td>Exeter: 2 (N. Y. game)</td>
<td>SPS: 1</td>
<td>Exeter: 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SPS: 2</td>
<td>Taft: 1</td>
<td>Belmont Hill: 6</td>
<td>SPS: 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trin. Coll. School: 2</td>
<td>SPS: 0</td>
<td>SPS: 3</td>
<td>Browne &amp; Nichols: 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Choate: 2</td>
<td>SPS: 1</td>
<td>SPS: 3</td>
<td>Yale: 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deerfield: 6</td>
<td>SPS: 0</td>
<td>SPS: 5</td>
<td>Gov. Dummer: 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Noble &amp; Greenough: 4</td>
<td>SPS: 2</td>
<td>Andover: 10</td>
<td>SPS: 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SPS: 5</td>
<td>Middlesex: 2</td>
<td>Kimball Union: 7</td>
<td>SPS: 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milton: 4</td>
<td>SPS: 0</td>
<td>SPS: 7</td>
<td>Bowdoin: 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dartmouth: 8</td>
<td>SPS: 2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Club Series**

- First teams: Isthmian
- Second teams: Delphian
- Third teams: Old Hundred
- Fourth teams: Old Hundred
- Fifth teams: Isthmian
- Lower School: Old Hundred

The Davis Cup for the majority of series was won by the Isthmians.
Basketball

SPS: 47—Winchendon: 29
Milton: 61—SPS: 47
Lawrence: 52—SPS: 40
St. Mark’s: 66—SPS: 41
Brooks: 50—SPS: 46
Groton: 48—SPS: 47
Rivers: 60—SPS: 58

Noble & Greenough: 42—SPS: 40
SPS: 63—Belmont Hill: 44
Gov. Dummer: 71—SPS: 42
Browne & Nichols: 69—SPS: 50
SPS: 37—Middlesex: 35
Roxbury Latin: 63—SPS: 38

Club Series

First teams: Delphian

Second teams: Isthmian

Skiing

Andover: 196—SPS: 184—
Proctor: 171
SPS: 195.56—Deerfield: 189.03
SPS: sixth out of six in Kimball Union Carnival
SPS: 197.4—Dublin: 177.8
Andover: 195.3—SPS: 184.4—
Proctor: 168

SPS: 195—Dublin: 186
SPS: 195—Holderness: 189.9
Tilton: cross country, 197.6; jumping, 97.6—SPS: cross country, 188.9; jumping, 94.4—New Hampshire: cross country, 161.1; jumping, 81.3
SPS: 390—Concord High: 310

Squash Racquets

Harvard: 3—SPS: 2
SPS: 5—Milton: 0
SPS: 5—Dartmouth: 2
Brooks: 4—SPS: 3
Andover: 4—SPS: 1
SPS: 5—Brooks: 2
Middlesex: 4—SPS: 3

Senior champion: W. S. Wheeler
Junior champion: A. J. Belden

Club squash: Old Hundred
Supervisors’ Cup: Ford House
Lower School champion: R. L. von Stade

Wrestling

Old Hundred: 95 1/2—Isthmian: 89 1/2—Delphian: 78
Millville Notes

Parents Committee Meeting

St. Paul's School "knows what it means to be a boy, and to be a boy growing up." So stated Hale Andrews of the Sixth Form, in a lively talk to the annual meeting of the Parents Committee, in the reading room of the Schoolhouse, on February 4. Hale described changes that have taken place since he arrived at the School in 1964, as evidence that "the School is innovating while still maintaining its essential character."

Members of the committee present were James S. Barker, chairman; also the Messrs. M. E. Andrews, 2d, G. R. Clay, G. Fearéy, R. M. Furlaud, H. T. Mandeville, J. L. Phillips, H. A. V. Post, G. E. Reedy, L. L. Reeve, R. S. Ross, R. H. Sampson and G. C. Seward; and Dr. B. E. Besse, Dr. J. H. Branson, Dr. R. F. Hagerty and Dr. P. J. Vignos, Jr.

Following the formal business of the meeting, the Rector announced appointment of Mr. Lawrence L. Reeve, as chairman for 1967-68.

W.A.O.

Robert W. Potter

Funeral services for Robert W. Potter were held in the Chapel on the afternoon of February 14. Bob Potter, who had retired in the fall of 1966 and died on February 11 at his home in West Alton, N.H., had worked for the School for forty-four years, more than half of them in the posts of superintendent of buildings and grounds and business manager.

Beginning as an assistant to Joseph T. Walker, the School's first business manager, Bob Potter served St. Paul's as long and loyally as any man in its history.

His broad roots in the community—at various times he was a member of the Legislature, Concord alderman and fire commissioner, trustee and vice president of Concord Hospital, and leader in fraternal, banking and insurance organizations and companies—were recognized by the presence at his funeral of representatives not only from the School's faculty and its office and maintenance staffs, but from all of the many civic groups which he faithfully served. The services in the Chapel and at the School cemetery were conducted by the Rector.

Closing Exercises, June 10-11

At six o'clock, Saturday evening, June 10, there will be a supper on the lawn of the Upper School for Sixth Formers and their guests. At eight o'clock, in Memorial Hall, prizes will be given to boys below the Sixth Form. The Last Night service will be held in the Chapel immediately afterwards—at about eight forty-five.

Sunday morning, June 11, the Graduation Exercises (including presentation of prizes to members of the Sixth Form) will begin at nine o'clock on the lawn at the rear of the Chapel. In the event of rain, Graduation will be in Memorial Hall.

Mr. Alexander O. Vietor, '32, Curator of Maps of the Yale University Library, will be the graduation speaker.

At approximately eleven o'clock, the School will leave for the summer.
Stone walls keep a library safe, but open doors bring it to life.

The recent story of the School's 66-year-old Sheldon Library is of new doors opening and staying open, and of modernized facilities more and more fully used by boys and faculty.

Since 1963, for example, the Library has increased the hours during which it is staffed from forty a week to sixty-five. Beyond the usual weekday office hours, it is now regularly staffed by a librarian trained to help boys in reference work, six evenings from 7 to 10, Saturday mornings from 8:30 to 12:30, Sunday afternoons from 2:30 to 6, and late afternoons from 5 to 6. The building is, of course, open seven days a week from 7:30 in the morning until 10 p.m.

From the glassed-in porch pictured below, boys now enter past the circulation desk directly into the central reading room.
General Circulation

Popularity of the carrells, resulting in much greater use of materials within the building, is reflected in a slower growth of "general circulation" since they were installed:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Circulation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1961-62</td>
<td>9,913</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1963-64</td>
<td>12,010</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1964-65</td>
<td>12,111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1965-66</td>
<td>12,263</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Reserve Books

In a service begun in 1963, books may be placed "on reserve" by masters, so that all members of a class will have equal access to certain core material without the necessity of buying the books. These books are shelved in the Librarian's office and are not taken from the Library, except with special overnight permission.

The circulation of reserve books has risen rapidly:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Circulation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1963-64</td>
<td>2,267 (339 books)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1964-65</td>
<td>2,985 (541 books)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1965-66</td>
<td>4,723 (605 books)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Magazines & Inter-library Book Loans

Spurred by individual study projects, demand for materials outside the Library's own collection has also risen over the past three years. Periodicals not found among the 70 magazines and newspapers to which the Library subscribes are secured when requested. Books needed in pursuing an individual assignment in depth are borrowed through the State Library, to which trips are made three times weekly.

A three-year comparison follows, of the numbers of magazines supplied on request, and of books borrowed:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Magazines</th>
<th>Books</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1963-64</td>
<td>898</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1964-65</td>
<td>993</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1965-66</td>
<td>1,650</td>
<td>272</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Collection

A thousand new books are added every year to a collection now totaling 34,000 volumes for circulation, with an additional 4,000 in reference and other special collections.
**Micro-film**

The crucial tool for a micro-film department—a micro-film viewer—was given to the Library by the Sixth Form of 1965. Currently, seven periodicals are being received on microfilm. Available also are all issues of the School paper, *The Pelican*, on a single reel from September 19, 1945 to November 22, 1966.

The possible benefits of this development were made clear recently when several 1911 issues of a magazine had been requested from Dartmouth. To the delighted surprise of the librarians, three full years of the magazine arrived on one reel of micro-film.

Eventually the Library hopes to be able to supply students with back issues of the *New York Times* on microfilm.

The librarians look forward also to a time when much fragile SPS material, stored in the Library archives, may be micro-filmed and in this form made available to boys and alumni.

**Tape Recordings**

Another recent gift to the Library is a tape recorder. The Library Association has given this department a start by contributing tapes of both music and literature.

Statistics are being kept of microfilm and tape use—already substantial.

**The Library Association**

In addition to its usual duties, the Association has again this year sponsored a series of Sunday afternoon teas, with guest speakers. An Appointment Calendar, published at Christmas, which featured scenes from the past history of the School, was a sell-out.

Responsibilities of the Fourth and Fifth Formers who make up the membership of the Association include nowadays the shelving of books, collection of fines, help at the circulation desk and maintenance of a paperback bookstore.

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**Work and Recreation**

Rooms on the lower floor, once ill-lighted and cluttered, now attract boys either for hard work or for recreational reading.
A member of the English Department demonstrates the Fourth Form mind at grips with a contemporary novel, by synthesizing student response to William Golding's *Lord of the Flies*.

The Beastie

Within

..... Richard H. Lederer

IN SCALING down society to a band of small boys on a lush island paradise, William Golding's *Lord of the Flies* has joined *The Catcher in the Rye* and *A Separate Peace* among the few modern works that cross the threshold back into childhood without mawkish sentimentality. The representative reaction of one of my students speaks best: "The book was a very good adventure story in which boys were involved, not adults. We were, therefore, able to understand many of their motivations because we have passed that age."

Teaching *Lord of the Flies* showed me that the students clearly felt the intense relationship of the book's story to modern life—the omnipresent reminders of global warfare, the interplay of group antagonisms, and the breakdowns of diplomatic relations. As adolescents, they were interested in, though they did not always agree with, Golding's contention that authority, discipline, and rules are necessary in a well-functioning society.

In spite of the modernity of Golding's concerns, the universality of his theme, the adventure of his story, the vitality of his writing, and the apparent popularity of his book, one discovers that relatively few of the more than a million copies thus far sold have found their way into the classroom. An Educational Testing Service survey of major literary works taught in high school (released in April, 1964) showed but 13 per cent of private schools using the book and less than five per cent of public schools.

*Lord of the Flies* deserves more consideration than this, and I can make no better plea for the book than to present the collective adolescent mind reacting to it. I have tried to give this reaction form, substance, and continuity by bringing together a number of individually written responses into one essay.

A bit of background to the following essay is in order. I asked my tenth

graders, members of two good but not exceptional college-bound sections, to write their reactions to *Lord of the Flies*. They were to consider the novel’s characters, symbolism, plot, and theme, and the role of nature. Of these concepts, the role of nature in the story—as victim, jailer, and sympathizer—caused the boys the most difficulty, and I have not, (except in the treatment of Simon’s funeral), integrated the spotty responses to this aspect of the book.

The boys submitted their papers before classroom discussion, and, taking the best-expressed thoughts from each composition, I have arranged them together in the sections that follow to produce one critical essay. In the process I have corrected the students’ mechanical insufficiencies, and in the service of continuity I have altered tenses and punctuation, and added pronoun references and transition expressions. For example, in the account of the beastie’s progressive influence, taken from several papers, I have added such words as *soon* and *this*.

The students were reticent about using supportive direct quotations from the book. Twice, when the writer’s thoughts clearly indicated that a specific passage was in mind, I have inserted a direct quotation.

Very occasionally, a choice of word injured the effect of a statement. The changing of *normal* to *civilized* in the essay’s sixth sentence is one of the nine word alterations that I made. The first sentence in the section titled “Golding’s Symbolism” was the only sentence I had to supply. That was the only time that no individual student’s paper contained a topic sentence sufficiently broad and pointed to lead off the material that followed.

What I wish to emphasize is that the ideas and, for the greatest part, the writing that follow are directly from the minds of a more-or-less-typical tenth-grade, college-bound group. Certainly no boy’s paper contained all the perceptions in the essay, but each idea was contained in one or more papers; these ideas, it would seem, are there to be developed in classroom exchange. The insights that students apparently can have into the various aspects of *Lord of the Flies* recommend the book for widespread reading in the country’s English classes.

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**General Comments**

*Lord of the Flies* follows the adventures of a number of boys stranded on a deserted island. Presumably their plane has crashed. This is all we know and this is all we need to know. Why did Golding choose these particular boys? He chose them because these boys are healthy, innocent, decent boys from a solid background of the British upper-middle class. They are as civilized as one could possibly think: one associates careful upbringing and respectful obedience with the traditionally restricted British way of life. None of them “old enough . . . for adolescence to have made [them] awkward,” they are essences of chastity and purity.

Golding’s setting allows him to present his ideas in their elementary form. The abundance of water, fruit, and wild animals eliminates the man vs. nature conflict and means the boys are safe from any danger except themselves. Furthermore, the island is as
inescapable as it is beautiful, completely isolating the boys from their highly evolved society.

The island is a tropical paradise of lush greenery, coral reefs, fruit trees, and pools of clear water, indeed a perfect island, one which the boys find delightful—at first. And yet this island is going to turn into a hell, and the boys are going to turn into nothing less than murderous savages. Why? That is what Golding is preoccupied with. Why?

**Piggy, Simon, Roger**

As the representative of civilization, Piggy was the character most tied to it. He depended on civilization for his ability to see (his specs), the ability to breathe (shots for his “assmar”), and protection from the elements. A product of the soft life, Piggy was neither a hunter nor a hut-builder. As the boys moved farther away from civilization, their hair grew longer. Piggy’s hair did not grow; he remained closer to civilization than did the rest.

A tormented and misunderstood individual, Piggy was the only boy who had intellectual daring. He suggested the making of the sundial and was ridiculed for it. He was the first to realize that nobody else knew where they were, and he proposed that the fire be moved from the mountain to near the bathing pool.

Throughout his trials, Piggy’s prop was his specs. He gave them constant attention, and while he had them he was an able advisor to Ralph, whose mind was not as quick nor as clear as Piggy’s. When he lost his glasses, Piggy lost too, his self-confidence and his ability. At Castle Rock, while Ralph argued with Jack, Piggy whimpered, terrified that Ralph would desert him. At that point, he was killed.

Like Piggy, Simon was an outcast. He tried to bring salvation to his small world. When Jack would not give Piggy any meat and knocked his specs off, Simon was the only boy who showed any kindness to the fat boy. He was the only one who stuck with Ralph and helped him build his last shelter. He reassured Ralph when his optimism about being rescued began to fade.

Simon faced an evil world and tried to make it good. When everyone believed that the parachutist was a beast, Simon had a strange feeling that it was human, “at once heroic and sick.” Only he realized that the beast was fear and that fear could not be killed with a sharp stick.

“Fancy thinking that the Beast was something you could hunt and kill!” said the head. For a moment or two the forest and all the other dimly appreciated places echoed with the parody of laughter. “You knew, didn’t you? I’m part of you? Close, close, close! I’m the reason why it’s no go? Why things are what they are?

Simon was misunderstood by everyone and finally killed by those he sought to save. Ultimately the sea quietly bore him away from the beach and the realm of human beings. In this mystic scene, perhaps the most beautiful in the story, Simon, like a Greek hero, was borne up to Olympus by his goddess mother:

Along the shoreward edge of the shallows the advancing clearness was full of strange, moonbeam-bodied creatures with fiery eyes . . . The water rose farther and dressed Simon’s coarse hair with brightness. The line of his cheek silvered and the turn of his shoulder became sculptured marble. The strange attendant creatures, with their fiery eyes and trailing vapors, busied themselves round his head . . . The great wave
of the tide moved farther along the island and the water lifted. Softly, surrounded by a fringe of inquisitive bright creatures, itself a silver shape beneath the steadfast constellations, Simon's dead body moved out toward the open sea.

Roger took his only pleasure in the agonies of others; he was a true sadist. It is interesting to watch the weakening of society's hold on Roger. When he was still new on the island, he sought his thrills by throwing rocks at people. He did not aim to hit; he threw outside of a six-yard circle which was the product of "parents and school and policemen and the law." As the time passed, the circle began to shrink until he was aiming just to skin his targets; society was still holding on to him, but only by the fingernails. Eventually, "with a sense of delirious abandonment" he smashed Piggy with one of his boulders, then sharpened a stick at both ends on which to mount Ralph's head as a sacrifice. As an advisor, Roger was to Jack what Piggy was to Ralph.

Golding's Symbolism

The plot of Lord of the Flies follows the process by which the boys are compelled by their fear to destroy themselves and the symbols of their island society. When the boys were first deposited on the island, they were held firmly by the society they had lived in. As was expected of proper British boys, they elected a leader, explored the island, and diligently kept a signal fire going. With all the physical signs of society removed, the boys established their own symbols of civilization. The first of these was the conch. It was used to call the boys together, and since it commanded a response from all the boys, the conch represented order, parliament, and authority. Ralph, as the owner of the shell, also became a symbol of authority. Jack, who was the leader of the choir, could not head the entire group, since he lacked the important symbol of authority. As the boys became more savage and disorganized, the conch lost its power. The color of the shell faded, and when the conch and Piggy's fire-giving specs were shattered together, Jack became the supreme power.

At first the boys wanted a seemingly endless number of rules. The assemblies, another symbol of order, integrated these rules, but like the conch the power of the rules faded as the boys began to decay mentally.

On the left were four small logs, one of them—the farthest—lamentably springy. Assembly after assembly had broken up in laughter when someone had leaned too far back and the log had whipped and thrown half a dozen boys backwards into the grass. Yet now [Ralph saw] no one had had the wit—not himself nor Jack, nor Piggy—to bring a stone and wedge the thing. So they would continue enduring the ill-balanced twister, because, because . . .

Finally, Eric said, "Listen, Ralph. Never mind what's sense. That's gone."

The fire and the hut were two more links with civilization. The fire represented the desire to return to civilization, and the huts showed the desire to retain part of society. When Jack formed his own camp, he used fire only to cook meat and his savages all lived in caves.

Lord of the Flies also has symbols for the forces working against society and moral behavior. Soon after the boys were on the island, the youngest ones began to have nightmares. Then the boy with the mulberry mark on his
face put a similar blemish on the island society by talking of a snakelike thing that crawled about the trees. Soon this “beastie” became something incomprehensible. All the boys needed was something unknown to them, the dead parachutist, and they could fabricate a beastie from it. The beastie represented fear, the basic fear that each one of those boys had. Fear of what? Mostly fear of freedom, of what would become of them without the authority and moral codes of an advanced civilization.

*Lord of the Flies* represents the great evil behind the boys’ fear. It is the terrible inner self which has been trained and suppressed; but when the superficial signs of civilization disappear, its malignant influence takes control of man. Simon’s audience with the Lord helped him to realize that the beastie was really within. He was the only boy who had the moral courage to suggest that the boys should climb the mountain after the beast.

The fear of the beast and the elements was diminished by frenzied hunting dances. The chant, “Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!” replaced school songs, and pig hunts replaced games. The boys soon discovered paint, and they made masks behind which they could hide. But what were they hiding from? Nobody was chasing them. They were hiding from themselves and the knowledge of what they were—fearful, ignorant, powerless creatures. The masks brought a certain “liberation into savagery.” With them on, the boys could forget who they were, their English background, and all previous standards of behavior imposed on them by civilization. As savages their actions did not have to be justified, and all behavior was at the mercy of man’s basic impulses. They could become onlookers to what their bodies did.

**Ralph and Jack**

Paralleling the opposing symbols and forces in the story were many conflicts among the main characters. The principal rivalry was between Ralph and Jack. Jack’s intense jealousy of Ralph’s chieftainship coupled with his hunter’s desire for power slowly reduced him to savagery. As Jack became more and more savage, his break with Ralph became inevitable. Whereas Ralph wanted to keep the boys civilized, Jack gave the boys an immediate goal—the power of life and death over the pigs, the next largest species of animal on the island. The boys who joined with Jack found both fun and security in their demented society. How could “the world of longing and baffled common sense” compete with “the brilliant world of hunting, tactics, fierce exhilaration, and skill”? If the novel had continued without the rescue, Jack would have been the victim of Roger and so on until there was no one left.

The greatest conflict, however, was not between any two characters but was within each boy. The older boys all had some idea of the violent, self-destructive nature of their inner selves. Roger was prevented from throwing rocks at Henry by some invisible force. Jack at first just could not make himself kill a pig that was caught in the creepers. Even Ralph was somewhere between Jack and Piggy, between civilization and wildness. Even he felt the desire to squeeze flesh and hurt something alive. Piggy had to re-open
continually a shutter in Ralph's mind which kept closing off his memories of civilization. The conflict between the boys' instincts and the unseen forces of civilization was resolved when their human nature overcame them and they killed Simon.

*Lord of the Flies* shows clearly the weaknesses of society and its moral codes. No matter how many rules are established, man will still have the basic desires to kill, hate, and steal. Since the shape of society depends on the moral nature of the individual, society cannot improve and wars will not cease until man himself is changed. That this story takes place during a war emphasizes this point. Ralph was about to be killed when suddenly a naval officer appeared and reprimanded the boys for disgracing their society. We see the boys through the eyes of the officer: they are no longer bloodthirsty savages—they are dirty, tired little boys. They will be loaded onto a ship and will no longer destroy each other. Instead, they will watch the grownups.

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657

Room-mates

... *Rebecca G. Warren*

These extracts from "chapters" written by Mrs. Warren in 1964 suggest some of the perils of life as a master's (or Rector's) wife in a boys' boarding school.

IN OUR SCHOOL COMMUNITY everybody works at the same occupation, eats the same food, plays by necessity with the same group (for the teachers coach all sports and every boy must play on a team every day unless he is physically handicapped) and sleeps under the same roof with the same people he has been working, playing and eating with all day, the day before, the day before that.

The same roof is the only part of the above statement that is not literal. There are a dozen dormitories with faculty houses built into them, and there are about twenty houses that I please to call "detached villas" because there are no boys living in them, but more people live under "the same roof" with boys and other faculty families than in detached villas. We cannot get away from each other.

The marvel is we get along as well as we do; that we are as tolerant as we are. We married folk know how difficult it can be to live under the same roof with the spouse of one's choice and such children as are begat
thereby, and the terrifying statistics of the people who mate-hop, so how can we live under the same roof with 657 people?

There are 450 students, 65 masters, 42 wives and 100 faculty children: 657 people are a lot of people to room with. It becomes apparent quickly whether boarding school life is a challenge or a torture to a man and his family; whether they burst open, sunflower-fashion, or droop as bleeding hearts.

Rooming with 657 people is difficult and demanding twenty-four hours a day. Every parent who has one, knows adolescents prefer to stay up all night, slouch most of the day, conform to some patterns, rebel at others, and in the same moment be charming and hideous.

She’s the Wall

When the boys are on the place, something takes place every minute. One Rector said he never counted on anything lasting longer than twenty minutes, good or bad.

The husband-teacher does not get up and go to town on the 7:15 as the suburban husband does, to be seen no more till dusk; instead, he goes to breakfast by 7 every weekday morning and is in evidence all day long, teaching, learning, changing clothes, coaching, playing, supervising, studying, eating, correcting, grumbling, rejoicing. True, he has little time to spend with his family, for time, when school is in session, is not his commodity to spend, but he is in and out all day. If he is tired, his wife knows why; if he has problems, she knows what they are; if he is rejoicing over an accomplishment, she rejoices too; if he is wailing, she’s the wall.

Unlike the suburban housewife, the faculty wife may eat three meals a day with male partners. Each teacher has eight boys assigned to his dining table. It is not a question of enjoying the male: it is a question of putting up with him all day long, seven days a week.

Teachers in a boarding school are not hired because of the wives they have chosen, but the wives they have chosen are more important to the professional and academic life of the school than in most occupations. Many times a wife can feel she has problems unknown to anyone else, that her problems are related to school life and if she did not live in an institution she would not have problems, and she would rather have no roof over her head than the circus tent she’s under. Somehow, to most faculty wives the stalking tiger becomes a purring pussycat in front of a fire, and the problem of how you live with 450 boys and a husband resolves itself in as many fashions as there are wives.

How does one learn to live an institutional life in our American society where the individual and the so-called rugged individualist are the ideals?

We who must live in institutions start out with a handicap. It is easier to sacrifice most necessary institutions for the self than it is to live with them for the benefit of all. The school must not destroy the individual, but neither must the individual destroy the school.

After my husband had been made head of St. Paul’s School, but before he had taken office, I was sunning on the beach one summer morning as I had done for years. One of my friends, the mother of one daughter, asked me
what I thought of coeducation. I thought then, as I think now, that coeducation is a good thing. It can do for people what segregated education could never do. I replied I was in favor of it.

Before I could close my mouth on "it," a man I had just met, who was a graduate of St. Paul's School and who was lying on a towel four people away on the beach, arose from his recumbent position and in heat and horror said, "Do you mean to tell me that you will make a coeducational institution out of St. Paul's School?"

No amount of explaining would remove his suspicions. By such verbal blows one learns one represents an institution.

Crossing the Delaware

When I first came to St. Paul's School I suffered from sea sickness. Every time I walked into a room full of boys they jumped to their feet. My sensation was one of being in a boat where each boy, like Washington crossing the Delaware, was standing up and imperiling the safety of all. I wanted to scream, "Can't you see you are rocking the boat? Sit down!"

I have my sea legs under me now to such an extent that when I enter a room with my sons sprawled in chairs or on sofas I want to say, "Stand up!" before I realize I'm not the institution, I'm just Mother.

We had been at St. Paul's School for three years when it came time to celebrate our Twenty-fifth Wedding Anniversary. Our family and friends from the wedding period of our lives were nowhere near us in geographical location. Our anniversary fell on a school day in June. We couldn't go away to celebrate it. Our boarding school goes to school every day but Sunday, no matter what. If there is a blizzard and the public schools are closed, we go to school; if it's a national holiday, we go to school; if we're sick, tired or need a day off, we go to school.

Since we could not close school to celebrate our anniversary, we decided we would invite the entire school community to a party in the garden in the late afternoon and give everybody ice cream and cake.

My husband therefore approached the man who compiles "Reports" and requested that our invitation be listed to be read off the morning of our anniversary. That evening my spouse said, "By the way, Cal (the daily event man) says it's not convenient for the School to have a party that day. He suggests we have it on Wednesday or Saturday afternoon. The boys have no classes those afternoons."

As I recall it, I said a few well chosen words to the effect that I had not married to suit the convenience of St. Paul's School, and the institution could arrange to suit the persons once.

Whatever I said, the effect was corrective, for we celebrated the event on the day. The school baker made a tiered wedding cake the size of a bridge table to surprise me, and forty-five minutes after the party started there was not a slice left. One of my friends who volunteered to help got bursitis from ladling strawberries over the ice cream. Had I been told on my wedding day I would have a family of 450 boys with which to celebrate my Twenty-fifth Anniversary, would I have believed such a fate possible?

Family living has its peculiar twist in an educational institution. We hu-
man beings are Marxist materialists to this extent: we think if all of the family of man had food and shelter, Utopia would be here. Food and shelter are basic, but they do not solve the problems of living.

What do I complain of? The institution supplies me with too much shelter. Our house has twenty-five rooms, nine bathrooms, and over one hundred windows to be cleaned, curtained, closed if it's raining, opened if it's hot. I am surrounded with too much food. Never a day but I am dispensing tea, coffee, meals, libations, collations, banquets; or struggling with orts.

There are several faculty houses at St. Paul's that have six bedrooms and three or four baths. Any other faculty house is considered too small to be a proper dwelling, whether there are any children of an age to live at home or not. If I complain that my house isn't small enough, others complain that theirs aren't large enough. We think shelter is basic but we want it the way we want it, thank you.

And not only do we want our shelters not too large, not too small, but we want them uniformly equipped. It was not suburbia that invented the old game of keeping up with the Joneses.

Thwarted Cooks

Most people sing praises of or complain about food, and I maintain a school is a place where schoolboys can revolt about food with no dire consequences. The institution is responsible for cooking and serving three meals a day and washing up afterwards. Since no effort is required on the part of the consumer, to comment about what is served is human. If a faculty wife does not like to cook, she and her husband eat institutional food three times a day.

When I first came to St. Paul's I was astonished to hear wives rejoicing that
they had had a family meal the night before; they had cooked a leg of lamb and tried a baked Alaska. Having had twenty-two years of family meals, two thirds of which I had cooked myself, I didn’t feel that a home-cooked meal was a scarce commodity. One of my friends put it this way when her husband suggested they try a new restaurant because someone said it was just like home cooking.

“Home cooking,” she exclaimed, “that’s just what I’m trying to get away from.”

As I overheard the conversation in the fall term about family meals, I decided faculty wives were thwarted cooks. Perhaps I had better go to cooking school. I had not learned to cook bananas flambe and my creme brulee wasn’t right: it either got hot or wasn’t crusty. Just before Christmas vacation I was asked to sign a petition to keep a dining room open during the holidays, the signers being prepared to share the cost of such communal living.

“What,” I asked, “about family meals?”

“You know how it is. All the young home from school; three meals a day; parties; visitors. You don’t get anything else done. It’s a bore.”

That belief about food and thwarted faculty wives cracked, shattered and fell with as much noise in my head as a plane breaking the sound barrier.

No Good Mornings

It is a regulation that breakfast is eaten between 6:45 and 7:30 every school morning; that is, every day but Sunday. I am not a cheerful early morning songster who makes a virtue of physical vitality at dawn. How early risers cackle over us sluggards! My metabolism in the morning is low. There are only mornings; no good mornings.

On wintry mornings when the alarm clock goes off in the dark at 6:30, it seems more than this mortal woman can bear. When my children were young, and had to be fed, dressed, zipped into snow suits and sent forth to school, I remember wandering around in my own private fog making up such dirges as: “Unbuttoned the morning / Unzipped the sun / Unfolded the sheets / Every one.” I was not arising until 7:30 at that time, a ladylike hour in retrospect.

No schoolboy could feel more ground down and oppressed by order than this adult. I recall telling a parent who was staying with us over the weekend how I felt about getting up in the morning. It was my cross-eyed bear. She gave me a short lecture on the beauty of mornings. She went horseback riding almost every morning.

“What time,” she inquired, “do you manage to get up?”

“Six thirty A.M.”

“My God,” she exclaimed, “I never got up before eight thirty in my life.”

I was the inheritor of a long tradition when I came to St. Paul’s School. At least six boys of the Sixth Form were to be invited to have breakfast with me once a week. My husband is still employed by the School in spite of the fact that he is the only male I would venture to eat breakfast with, and the only one, I might say, who would risk breakfasting with me.

Sixth Formers indeed! Rattlesnakes and dragons!
Anniversary

THE SCHOOL'S One Hundred and Eleventh Anniversary will be celebrated, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, June 2nd, 3rd and 4th. Coolidge M. Chapin, '35, is in general charge of Anniversary plans.

Reunion Forms and their Chairmen:
1897—70th: Francis Donaldson, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10036
1902—65th: Augustus W. Soule, 225 Franklin St., Boston, Mass. 02106
1907—60th: Evans R. Dick, 84 West St., Beverly Farms, Mass. 01915
1912—55th: Hugh W. Rowan, 30 Quincy St., Chevy Chase, Md. 20015
1917—50th: Donald P. Welles, 361 No. Ahwanee Road, Lake Forest, Ill. 60045
1922—45th: Nathaniel S. Howe, 165 East 72nd St., New York, N. Y. 10021
1927—40th: Laurance B. Rand, 21 East 40th St., New York, N. Y. 10016
1932—35th: Percy Preston, St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H. 03301
1937—30th: Julien D. McKee, 79 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016
1942—25th: Malcolm McLane, 95 North Main St., Concord, N. H. 03301
1947—20th: Horace F. Henriques, Jr., Round Hill Rd., Greenwich, Conn. 06833
1952—15th: F. Hugh McGee, Box 89, Locust Valley, L. I., New York 11560
1957—10th: Lee A. Carter, 5780 Drewry Farm Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio 45243
1962—5th: Piero Fenci, 355 Drexel Drive, Shreveport, La. 71106

Anniversary Program—Daylight Time:
Friday, June 2
3:30 p.m. Baseball game: SPS vs. Belmont Hill
7:30 p.m. Latin Play on Chapel lawn
8:30 p.m. Band—Glee Club concert and one-act play

Saturday, June 3
8:45 a.m. Chapel
9:45 a.m. Track meet and Presentation of Prizes
11:00 a.m. Academic symposium
12:00 n. Alumni meeting: Memorial Hall (wives welcome)
1:00 p.m. Alumni parade
Parents and Alumni luncheon in Gymnasium
3:00 p.m. Boat races on Turkey Pond
Presentation of Prizes at Flag Pole (forty-five minutes after races)

Sunday, June 4
8:00 a.m. Holy Communion—Old Chapel
10:30 a.m. Chapel—Address by the Rector
11:30 a.m. Buffet luncheon at the Upper for those wishing to eat before leaving.
The Alumni Fund

Form Agents’ Dinner

FORTY-FOUR FORM AGENTS were present at the Form Agents’ Dinner, held at the Racquet and Tennis Club in New York, January 19, 1967.

J. Lawrence Hughes, ’43, Chairman of the 1967 Alumni Fund Committee, welcomed the guests: the Rector; Amory Houghton, Jr., ’45, President of the Board of Trustees; E. Calvert Cheston, ’28, President of the Alumni Association; Austin D. Higgins, head of the Department of Fine Arts, and James S. Barker, Chairman of the Parents Committee. He also introduced Dr. Arthur E. Neergaard, ’99, and the senior form agent present, Francis Donaldson, ’97.


In a review of Alumni Fund efforts, noting that while more money had been raised in 1966, there had been fewer contributions, the Chairman asked that each form agent try to overcome this adverse trend in number of donors. After praising Mrs. Ruby L. Sheppard for the help she is always able to provide to form agents beset with problems during the Fund campaign, he awarded a cup for 20 years of consecutive service to form agent L. Talbot Adamson, ’40, and said that cups were also being sent to two absent agents, William Adamson, Jr., ’40, and Francis I. Bohlen, Jr., ’13.

The business of the meeting being over, there were several brief and interesting talks.

Mr. Houghton, who became President of the Trustees last October, gave an outline of current activity at the School and expressed his pleasure to be working under such inspiring leadership as the Rector’s.

Speakers Stress Development of Arts at the School

The opening of Hargate as an Arts Center in the fall of this year, after extensive renovation and remodelling are completed, was an important theme of three speakers. Mr. Higgins explained in detail what these developments will mean to the Fine Arts at St. Paul’s. Work is already well advanced on rooms for painting and sculpture. In addition there will be a craft studio, a stage for small plays, an audio-visual room for making of slides and film strips, and a complete range of facilities for photography.

Mr. Barker felt that the Parents Fund might have suffered from diversion of interest towards the Hargate and Gordon Rink projects, but he expected
this lag soon to be overcome, because parents are well aware of the extent to which School costs exceed tuition charged.

Creation of an expanded art program brings the School to the threshold of a goal envisioned by Dr. Henry Coit in 1855, the Rector said, in the final address of the evening. A letter written by the first Rector declared that St. Paul’s should not miss the opportunity to surround its boys with lovely things. Mr. Warren said that at Hargate, under the guidance of Mr. Higgins, the School should be able to bring into their proper position in the School’s life the three great means of artistic expression: painting and sculpture, music and drama.

Referring to the decline in numbers of contributors to the Alumni Fund among younger graduates, the Rector said that for perhaps ten years boys have been actively re-examining “the establishment.” While they are not “anti”, neither are they blindly “pro”. They are thinking through their own creeds and forming the basis of their lives. He could not imagine knowing a better, more eager or more selfless group of individuals. They will be a treasure on which to draw in the times ahead.

The meeting was concluded with the singing of “Salve Mater.”

Robert B. Deans, Jr., ’43

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1967 Alumni Fund Committee
Lawrence Hughes, ’43, Chairman
Alexander T. Baldwin, ’21
Julien D. McKee, ’37
A. Walker Bingham, 3d, ’47
Harold P. Wilmerding, ’55

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Progress Report: 1967 Alumni Fund as of March 13

THIS YEAR’S FUND has gotten off to a great start and, as it looks now, our goal of $150,000 appears realistic. As of March 13th, 837 contributors have given $53,624.90, which represents an increase over last year’s total by 34 contributors and $3,875.22.

The Form of 1917, for its fiftieth anniversary this year, expects to reach a goodly sum for its specific project, which will be a new house at the School for a master and his family. It will be called “17”, after the Form.

On behalf of the Fund Committee, I want to extend many thanks to all those who have already contributed to the Fund and to express to the Form Agents the appreciation of both the Alumni Association and the School. In achieving these very fine results so early in the campaign, the Agents have worked hard.

Lawrence Hughes, ’43, Chairman
1967 Alumni Fund Interim Record - March 13, 1967

(Dates of Reunion Forms are in bold face)

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<td>Edward S. Elliman and Francis E. Storer, Jr., 68 East 56th Street, NYC 10022</td>
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<td>Stuart B. Andrews, Cedar Lane, Villanova, Pa. 19085</td>
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<td>Robert B. Deans, Jr., Van Strum &amp; Towne, Inc., 85 Broad Street, NYC 10004</td>
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<td>Norman E. Mack, 2d, 1416 Liberty Bank Bldg., Buffalo, NY 14202</td>
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<td>James M. Waterbury and William Stewart, 42 Clock Tower Lane, Old Westbury, L.I., NY 11568</td>
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<td>Albert Tilt, 3d, Stanwich Road, Greenwich, Conn. 06832</td>
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<td>A. Walker Bingham, 3d, One Chase Manhattan Plaza, NYC 10005</td>
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<td>D. Mark Hawkings, Gregory &amp; Sons, 40 Wall Street, NYC 10005</td>
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<td>Edward Maguire, Jr., Jackson, Nash, Brophy, Barringer &amp; Brooks, 330 Madison Avenue, NYC 10017</td>
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<td>Henry A. Barclay, Jr., du Pasquier &amp; Company, Inc. 61 Broadway, NYC 10006</td>
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<td>Harold P. Wilmerding, Pleasant Valley Mills, Roxiticus Road, Mendham, N.J. 07945</td>
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<td>R. Dean Palmer and Charles H. Mellon, 3d, 8117 Chamber Creek Road, Tacoma Wash. 98407</td>
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<td>1957</td>
<td>Lee A. Carter and Samuel S. Beard, 5780 Drewry Farm Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio 45243</td>
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<td>Emory W. Sanders, Charles D. McKee and Robert A. Lukens, RFD 4, Concord, N.H. 03301</td>
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<td>Malcolm MacKay, 184 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201</td>
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<td>1960</td>
<td>Winthrop Rutherford, Jr., Mt. House Farms, Route No. 6, Charlottesville, Va. 22901</td>
<td>1</td>
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<td>1962</td>
<td>Alvin A. Schall, Box 1829, 31 McAlister Drive, New Orleans, La. 70118</td>
<td>31</td>
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<td>1964</td>
<td>Roland W. Betts, 2nd, 728 Yale Station, New Haven, Conn. 06520 Peter G. Gerry (Harvard) Roger A. Young (Princeton) James A. Humphreys, 3d (Yale)</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>129.00</td>
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**2 Anonymous Gifts**

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|              |        | **$33,624.90** | **$64.07** |

41
THE SCHOOL CHAIR — black, with cherry arms, and carrying the School shield in gold (as pictured above) — may be ordered from the School Business Office, at $33.00 (or, with black arms, $32.00). It is shipped collect from the factory in Gardner, Mass. If ordered as a gift, it will be shipped prepaid, and the purchaser billed.

No Halcyon, Shattuck or other Club ties are sold at the Store.

THE DINNER PLATES show the following buildings and scenes: New Schoolhouse, Upper School Dining Room, Crew at Turkey Pond, Rectory, Hockey Rink, Payson Science Building, New Chapel, Sheldon Library, Drury, Hargate, Memorial Hall and Middle. The price is $25.00 per set of one dozen. They also may be ordered from the Business Office, which will ship them collect to the purchaser, or will bill the purchaser and ship prepaid (if ordered as a gift).

From Mr. Arthur King at the School Store, the following items may be purchased:
— Glasses (cocktail, high-ball, or old fashioned) with the School shield, for $9.00 per dozen, shipped express collect (or prepaid and billed);
— SPS ties: four-in-hand, silk or knit, $3.50; bow, with pointed or square tip, $2.50;
— Blazer shields, $2.75 or $6.75.

SPS Chairs Plates etc.
Regional Alumni News

Greenwich-Bedford Area Church Service and Reception

The annual St. Paul's School Service for New York alumni was held on February 26, 1967, at Christ Church, Greenwich, Connecticut, through the kindness of the Reverend W. Bradford Hastings, rector.

Mr. Warren preached the sermon. Traditional hymns were sung, including two set to music by the former School organist, James C. Knox, 1865; and his anthem, "O Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem" was beautifully rendered by the Christ Church choir.

At the Greenwich Country Club, afterwards, there was a reception for Mr. and Mrs. Warren, followed by a cocktail party and buffet supper attended by most of those who had been present at the service. This part of a very enjoyable occasion was arranged by Mrs. Albert Tilt, 3d, Mrs. Horace F. Henriques, Jr. and Mrs. David L. Hopkins, Jr., whose admirable work as co-chairmen of the committee was much appreciated.

There seems little doubt that the current practice of holding this service and a reception afterwards, from time to time in different places near to but outside of New York City, draws together many alumni who would not otherwise have a chance to see each other.

A. Walker Bingham, '47

Books


THE ATLANTIC SHORE is a remarkable book. The two authors, whose admirable styles are to me indistinguishable, take us from Long Island to Labrador, observing with the exactness of men who really know, the ways of wind and sand, of tiny creatures whose ingenious lives must adapt themselves to the vast influences of the shore at high and low tides, of sand fleas with their Brobdingnagian leaps, of the enormous numbers of those who build on rocks compared to those whose house is on the sand, of the beach grass whose rapid growth saves cities from inundation and of the gallant pitch pine, the only evergreen on our northern shores which can withstand fire. We learn of the boundless fecundity of fish like the capelin and herring and of why the whale runs aground and dies.
You and I are probably accustomed to neglect the barnacle as a totally stationary excrescence on rocks. But here we read of the valves they open for feeding, of the travels of the young on three pairs of legs, but with only one eye. In three months the number of legs will double, the eyes become two, and the tiny wanderer will search for and find its final home and settle there, immovable.

The barnacle is typical of so many minute animals with intricate lives. "The general observer cannot help being impressed by the things he will never be able to count, . . . the numbers and the life met with over and under and beside every single rock or stone becomes fantastically hard to be grasped; more than the accumulations precisely adapted, they are a sign of the unknown scope of the universe."

In this book, which covers with microscopic eye the myriad dwellers by the sea shore, there are three chapters on birds, most of whom migrate to a less or greater extent. Our northern climate is a rough and uncertain one; "it may be said of birds that they belong to the weather." Their little lives are short.

Among the large sea birds was once the great Auk, brutally exterminated by early exploitation. This unfortunate creature was flightless. "The very last known pair was slaughtered and its eggs smashed in Iceland in 1844." Providentially, governments at last woke up to making partially restrictive laws, and among others, the gannets, murrels, and puffins may be safe, though the wreck of a loaded oil tanker will kill thousands. The gannet still lives and breeds in enormous numbers, particularly on Bonaventure Island in Quebec. This bird, as big as a goose, may plummet a hundred feet from air to sea when it fishes. Beneath its skin there has developed a spongy cushion to take some of the shock. Before such a dive it inhales deeply, just as you and I would do when about to swim under water without apparatus.

Among so many birds and other living things that are greatly diminished or face extinction by man, it gives one a lift to read that the herring gull has so increased as to become a nuisance. The bird is fearless, beautiful, and efficient in flight, and will eat anything.

Woven into the exactness of the careful naturalist are passages of beauty and power. The many illustrations are accurate and most beautiful, greatly enhancing the narrative.

In chapter seven the authors meet the destroyers of the salt marshes head on. These low lying swamps, which appear dull to those who cannot see, are lovely, and the homes of so many small lives. Again and again these exquisite gardens and wild grazing grounds have been turned into foul dumps. The final chapter is a poem, and a prophecy, and a sermon. Raw sewage, mill waste, housing developments on the one side; night herons, ospreys, and eagles nearing extinction on the other. "Health, so far as man and nature are concerned, is a multilateral condition. We deplete the earth and we diminish ourselves."

Read this book and set it on your shelves beside Silent Spring. It deserves the place.

John Richards

"IS HIROSHIMA NICE? I'm so glad thee is in the Headquarters now and out of that old Regiment—it sounded so dreary and unhealthy . . . Has thee met any cultivated Japanese?" So wrote Mrs. Howard Oxblood of Gladwyne, Pennsylvania, in April, 1946, to her son, 2d Lt. Andrew D. Oxblood, on duty with the 50th ("Hounddog") Division in Japan. Mrs. Oxblood's letter, coming very near the beginning of Clement Wood's first novel, Welcome to the Club, sets a grotesque tone that continues throughout the book. The use of "thee," inherited from Quaker ancestors, has a peculiar sound in a letter to a soldier; Hiroshima is oddly characterized as "nice" eight months after the Bomb; and occupation soldiers have relatively few "cultivated" contacts with a defeated enemy.

The grotesque is frequently funny, and Mr. Wood succeeds in being very funny indeed. Perhaps because war is an insane piece of human behavior, military establishments have an essentially insane purpose; but their insanity does not appear until they stop fighting. "Hounddog" Headquarters is superficially as mad as the inside of an asylum, though anyone who has served in a U. S. Army garrison abroad will immediately recognize his own past. Mr. Wood exaggerates a bit—as Huck Finn says of Mark Twain, "there was things which he stretched"—but clearly he was there. Through the madness, however, runs a strain of method, method which maintains an elaborate web of prejudice.

Lt. Oxblood's chore is the billeting of three colored USO entertainers in the lilywhite military precincts of Hiroshima. As an idealist and liberal, "full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse," he assaults the lunatic asylum. That he half-succeeds, half-fails, is perhaps incidental to the purpose of the book; more important, he lays bare a nest of prejudices infinitely more complex than mere white intolerance of black. Mr. Wood seems to be saying that the seeds of prejudice are buried in all men. Oxblood's words give a partial summary of the prejudices he sees; his description of them suggests that he too is not free of the growth.

Welcome to the Club, then, is not just a funny book by a civilian about the military. Mr. Wood’s humor has a dark tinge to it, reminiscent of James Jones (who contributes a paragraph of praise on the jacket) and, at farther remove, of Laurence Sterne. The reader is always entertained, frequently amused, and quite often brought up short before a mirror. An impressive first effort. Welcome to the club indeed, Mr. Wood.

Herbert Church, Jr., ’40

Letters to the Editor

(Stuart D. Preston, Form Agent for 1902, has shared with us this letter from the widow of H. Willard Hiss, ’02, who died last year.)

Dear Mr. Preston:

... Willard was ever a St. Paul’s boy, and I am very pleased and proud to continue sending his yearly offering. I attended a graduation with him in the early years of our married life and can understand his deep affection for the School . . .

I am blessed in having our son and his wife, and our two married daughters quite near by. Our five granddaughters are married and scattered across the States from Washington to Tennessee. We now have six “greats” among them. Our one grandson is a senior in college.

We have the picture that Willard brought home from the last reunion at St. Paul’s. It was always on the mantel in his den where he could see it. His home and school were everything to him.

Sincerely,

February 4, 1967

Marian Hiss

Dear Roger:

Some time ago I told our rector about the music of Dr. Knox, particularly the two Thanksgiving hymns, “Lord of the Harvest” and “The Valleys Lie so Thick with Corn.” Since he seemed interested, I wrote to the Music Department at SPS and was surprised to find that the only Knox music regularly performed is “Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem” and “Saviour, Source of Every Blessing.” Mr. Powell, the Director of Music, very kindly sent me the sheet music for these and told me that the company which published most of Dr. Knox’s work had sold out some years ago to the Summy Publishing Co., Evanston, Ill. I also wrote to them but found that they no longer have any of his works in their files . . .

Somewhere there must be a more or less complete collection of his works.
Whether there is or not, I should think that such a collection ought to be put together for the School archives. I also wonder if there might not be enough interest among the alumni to make it worthwhile to include some of his more familiar hymns and anthems on a record . . .

Sincerely,

Bill Knowlton, '31

December 15, 1966

(Ed. Note: Search at the School since New Year's has disclosed no collection of Dr. Knox's music, either in the Chapel, the Library or the Schoolhouse. Several copies of his Twenty Hymns, however, which proved to be on file at the New York office of the Alumni Association, have recently been transferred to the School library as the nucleus of a Knox collection.

If any reader can suggest ways of locating other compositions by Dr. Knox, or wishes to correspond with Bill Knowlton about it, we urge him to get in touch with us while the matter is still fresh in mind. Certainly there ought to be established at St. Paul's as complete a collection of Knox music as can be assembled.)

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THE FERGUSON SCHOLARS
ESTABLISHED IN 1853 BY THE REVEREND
FERGUSON SCHOLARSHIPS ARE AWARDED ANNUALLY TO A FOURTH FORMER
AND A FIFTH FORMER WRITING THE BEST EXAMINATIONS IN A SERIES DESIGNED
TO SELECT THE SCHOLARS.

THE ORIGINAL PANELS WHICHRecorded
THE NAMES OF THE FERGUSON SCHOLARS
WERE DESTROYED WHEN THE SCHOOL
BURNED IN 1961. THEY WERE THE GIFT
OF MRS. HENRY FERGUSON
IN MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND.

Newly carved in 1963—The Ferguson Scholar Panels, in the Schoolhouse Reading Room
Editorial

GREAT BLESSINGS are only gradually understood. In the opening pages, a small sampling of Henry Kittredge’s many hundred friends begin to tell the affection they had for that most companionable of leaders; none pretending completeness, each adding another note to the grateful chorus.

With Mrs. Kittredge, her children, and Mr. Kittredge’s two sisters, the whole School family shares a bereavement—and a thanksgiving.

We wish there were certainty, and not merely a possibility, that Henry Kittredge’s books will be reissued. For thousands of visitors now drawn yearly to the Cape by the new National Seashore, no less than for Alumni who missed their chance when the books first appeared, it is a deprivation that these vehicles of his unique voice and view remain out of print. No other writer is likely ever to risk comparison by poaching on Henry Kittredge’s territory. All the more reason, we believe, for his books to be made available again, and that right soon!

CONFRONTING READERS in a new dress for the first time in well over thirty years, the Alumni Horae confesses to a mixture of pleasure and anxiety. Will we be thought to have abandoned our ancient decorum?

Certainly nothing is more absurd than forty frisking in the garments of fourteen, but for a magazine which is the chief link between a living school and its alumni to appear year after year in unchangingly formal guise—this could be folly too.

We are therefore trying new forms, appropriate, we trust, to the vitality of the School and people we represent, and somewhat variable according to the season of year and the contents of the issue. An informal committee of alumni has agreed to help guide these innovations, but we will also welcome the reactions or advice of any reader at any time.

FACULTY NOTES AND EMERITI

Works by two of the School’s more active artists, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Barrett, were recently put on display at the Plymouth, New Hampshire, State College. The paintings are caseins, water colors and polymers of scenes in Maine and Ireland.

Head varsity sports coach Maurice R. Blake is convalescing from surgery for a ruptured spinal disc. He hopes to be fully restored to health in time for the lacrosse season.

Richard H. Lederer and his Masters’ basketball team defeated a team of teachers from the Concord Public School system, 52-49, on February 12. With the recruitment of new blood, in the persons of Messrs. Donald M. Dunbar, William B. Adams and James E. Palin, Mr. Lederer says the team has “less bulk and more shooting power” than formerly.
Harold Vincent Lynch, a master at the School from 1920-22 and again from 1926-28, died June 30, 1966, in Philadelphia. He came to St. Paul's from Trinity College, where he was prominent in dramatics and in the student government, and had played varsity football and baseball. After leaving St. Paul's, he spent ten years in Paris, France, as a writer; served in the 104th Cavalry during World War II; and worked until his retirement in 1962, for the Pennsylvania Veterans' Administration and State Bureau of Employment Security. His wife, Elsa Richter Lynch, and two sons, Harold V., Jr. and Peter R. Lynch, survive him.

Daniel B. Stuckey, head of the Classics Department and Cochran Master in Greek, has been appointed director of athletics at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, effective July 1. College president James S. Coles described Mr. Stuckey as "a man of extensive experience as an athlete and as a coach... who combines with this a firsthand knowledge of the liberal arts and the values of liberal education." For the past year, Mr. Stuckey has been a member of the "Hoey Committee"—fifteen high school, independent school and college faculty members who have been meeting at intervals since March, 1966, to determine a practical curriculum which, through inter-departmental work and team-teaching will show students the inter-relatedness of many courses. In a future issue, we hope to carry an account by Mr. Stuckey of the conclusions reached by the committee.

John Richards responded with enthusiasm to our request for a book review for this issue. He lives in the family home at 3 Dennis Street in Gardiner, Maine. Last November, in time for Thanksgiving, the express delivered to that address a package which, on being unwrapped, proved to contain a large mince pie with the winged foot emblem of the New York Athletic Club stamped into the crust—a gift from Eric Ericson. Mr. Richards recently bowed to the limitations of poor eyesight and turned in his driver's license, "but," he writes, "you can bet I keep my car. Friends drive me if I ask, and my sister Betty Wiggins, who lives with me, has a car too, so my not driving any more is not a great deprivation." He saw several other retired or former masters around Christmastime: "Vaughan Merrick, Beaucamp Jefferys, Craig Wyly, Austin Montgomery—all seemed well and vigorous."

EMERITI

No sitting on the shelf for Eric Ericson, one-time Olympic champion gymnast, and gym instructor at SPS from 1930 to 1945! Now eighty-seven he still gives gym classes—three times a week in the late afternoon: "none under 65 years old"—at the New York Athletic Club, 180 Central Park South, New York, N. Y. 10019, where he has lived since 1946. "We have fun," he says, "and after the class we usually meet at the tap room for a nip, and then dinner." Tuesdays and Thursdays, too, he lends a hand at workouts of the Club gym team, and every day gets a swim.

FORM NOTES
including Engagements, Marriages and Births

1899

1915
John F. Enders, University Professor at Harvard and co-recipient of the 1954 Nobel Prize in Physiology and Medicine, was honored on February 10 at a dinner in Boston, at which it was announced that Harvard will establish a new University Professorship in his name. The dinner, held on Dr. Enders' 70th birthday, was tendered by eighty of his present and former associates and students. Dr. Enders is one of six scholars now serving as "university professors" at Harvard. These
professorships are conferred on men working on the frontiers of knowledge in such a way as to cross the conventional boundaries of the specialists.

1919

Dr. Louis F. Bishop was recently appointed a medical advisor in cardiovascular disease to the New York City Director of Selective Service.

1920

Following retirement as vice president of Electric Bond & Share Company, Charles C. Colt became a limited partner of Tucker, Anthony & R. L. Day, at 120 Broadway, New York City, on January 3.

1921

Thomas D. Sargent, executive vice president of the Hartford National Bank and Trust Company, Hartford, Connecticut, retired at the end of 1966 after twenty years' service with the bank.

1922

James F. Nields, founder of Ware Knitters, Inc., Ware, Massachusetts, was elected the 1967 president of the National Aeronautic Association, at the NAA annual meeting in October. His company operates two planes which he flies, in supervising operation of his company's three satellite plants.

The National Legal Aid and Defender Association presented its 1966 Arthur v. Briesen Award, for devoted leadership in legal aid, to Theodore Voorhees.

1924

Charles B. Delafield, vice president of the Consolidated Edison Company of New York, Inc., was re-elected president of The Community Hospital, Glen Cove, L. I., in January.

1926

Charles Chase (shown at right with one of the bird sculptures in wood for which he is widely known) was on a photographic safari in Kenya and north Tanzania, in the summer of 1966. "For a month," he writes, "we lived in tents & visited 'the works'. . . We had no trouble at all photographing elephants, lions, rhino, cheetah, leopard, buffalo, giraffe—anything . . . We had our cameras mounted on stands on the hatch combing over the back seat of the Landrover." At Lake Nakuru they saw "800,000 flamingoes—the greatest ornithological sight in the world. The lake had a 50-yard pink border completely around it . . . Stayed on in Nairobi . . . for 10 days & had chance to measure skins of 55 birds. This plus 4000 ft. of 16 mm. film gives me the necessary data for sculpture of African birds . . . Can't wait to go back."

Walter A. Wood, president of the American Geographical Society, New York, since 1937, has retired to the position of chairman of the council of the Society, a research and educational organization whose collection of maps and related materials is said to be the largest in the western hemisphere.

1927

Marshall Bond, Jr. has been elected chairman of the Los Padres chapter of the Sierra Club.

In December, Percy Chubb, 2d was elected commodore of the New York Yacht Club, oldest yacht club in the United States.

The Form of 1927 is well represented on the board of trustees of the American Museum of Natural History, by Benjamin S. Clark and Elbridge T. Gerry, the latter also being treasurer.

John Holbrook, president of Marsh and McLennan for some years, has been elected chairman of the firm's executive committee.

James G. Rogers is chairman of the board of Operation Crossroads—Africa, which in 1965 had 4,000 applications for 260 places. "Crossroaders join with African youth and
villagers to serve areas of human need in self-help projects... deepening insights into the culture and social structure, family organization and religions of other people... building bridges of friendship and understanding... Upon return, Crossroaders agree to talk a minimum of 25 talks a year for two years as the unofficial ambassadors of the country which they visited.”

Morgan D. Wheelock has been elected vice-president of the Harvard Club of New York.

1928

The Hon. Philip K. Crowe is on a three and a half month mission to Mexico and Central America for the World Wildlife Fund.

Lewis H. Van Dusen has been elected chancellor of the Philadelphia Bar Association.

1929

Samuel H. Wolcott, Jr., president of Consolidated Investment Trust, Boston, has been elected to the board of The Ruberoid Company.

1930

David B. Little, registrar of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts for twenty years, and secretary, also, for ten, has been named director of the Essex Institute in Salem, Massachusetts, a 120-year-old institution comprising a museum, a library and six historic houses. He will live at Safford House, one of the Institute’s properties, on moving to Salem in June.

On January 16, Francis L. Van Dusen was nominated by President Johnson as a judge of the U. S. Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit. Van Dusen, who is now a U. S. District Court judge, is one of the very few Republicans who have received federal judiciary appointments from the present Administration.

1931

Samuel S. Drury has been elected president of the Harvard Varsity Club for a three-year term, ending in the fall of 1969.

John B. Gregory, having served two three-year terms on the Wayland, Massachusetts, School Committee, announced his candidacy for a third term, in January.

The Marine Historical Society of Mystic, Connecticut, has announced the election of Francis Day Rogers as president. A senior partner in the architectural firm of Rogers, Butler & Burgun, Rogers has been a trustee of Mystic Seaport since 1939, and has been largely responsible for the restoration of old buildings there and for the design of new buildings.

Peter Seeman has been appointed chairman of the London, England, lumber products firm of Gabriel Wade & English, Ltd.

William White, Jr. was appointed chairman of the judiciary committee of the Philadelphia Bar Association, in January.

1932

“We had Hoving Happenings and now we will have Heckscher Occurrences,” predicted August Heckscher, at a February press conference following his appointment by New York Mayor John V. Lindsay, ’40, to succeed Thomas P. F. Hoving as administrator of Recreation and Cultural Affairs and Commissioner of Parks. The appointment became effective in March. Heckscher, who has for ten years been director of the Twentieth Century Fund, has been an avocational printer since boyhood. His reply to well-wishers, printed by the “Uphill Press” at his home in New York, appears below, much reduced.
1936
Edward D. Toland, Jr., treasurer of the United Fruit Company since 1958, has been appointed a vice president of American Maize Products Company, effective April 1.

E. Laurence White, Jr. has been made vice president in charge of organization, of the Allan Stevens School Alumni Association.

1937
Col. Thomas L. Fisher, 2d, on his last assignment before retirement from the U.S. Air Force, is serving as assistant for Northern Europe, in the Office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Affairs at the Pentagon, Washington, D. C.

1938
William W. Bodine, Jr. has been elected president of Arthur C. Kaufmann and Associates, Inc., management consultants, of Philadelphia.

1940


1941
Married: Henry P. Glendinning, Jr. to Miss Elizabeth Parrish, daughter of Mrs. Harold L. Parrish, of Washington, D. C. and the late Mr. Parrish, December 31, 1966, in Washington, D. C.

Robert M. Pennoyer, a partner in the New York law firm of Patterson, Belknap & Webb, was elected in November a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

1944

Born: to William M. Iler and Mrs. Iler, their first son and second child, William Matthew, Jr., July 4, 1966.

Seymour H. Knox, 3d was elected in October, 1966, to be a director of Crescent Niagara Corporation, a Buffalo producer of hand tools.

1945
Dawson C. Heron was made a partner in the Boston law firm of Peabody, Arnold, Batchelder & Luther, on January 1.

1946
Despite insufficient team practice, the United States polo team, which, under the captaincy of Northrup E. Knox, lost a two out of three series to the host Argentine team in Buenos Aires last fall, made a strong showing and stirred up renewed interest in the sport in the United States.

1948
Moreau D. Brown, Jr. was appointed assistant secretary of the United States Trust Company of New York, in February.

1950

Married: James L. Harrison, Jr. to Miss Ulrike A. Meszkat, daughter of Mr. Christoph Meszkat, of Greenwich, Connecticut, and the late Mrs. Meszkat, November 12, 1966, at Port Chester, New York.


1952
Born: to Robert A. MacLean and Mrs. MacLean, a daughter, Susan Elizabeth, December 5, 1966.

In his losing try for a seat in the Pennsylvania State Legislature last November, Philip Price, Jr. nevertheless ran considerably ahead of the rest of the Republican ticket and was credited with waging an excellent campaign.

1953
Married: Kenneth D. Mann, Jr. to Miss Gwen Patterson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William D. Patterson, of Westport, Connecticut, November 26, 1966, in Westport.

W. John Powell, M.D. is a senior resident in medicine at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston.

Brewster A. McN. Righter has been elected an assistant secretary of the Insurance Company of North America, Philadelphia, it was announced in January.
1954

*Engaged:* Anson McC. Beard, Jr. to Miss Jean Macpherson Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert E. Jones of New York and Greenwich, Connecticut.

*Born:* to John R. McGinley, Jr. and Mrs. McGinley, their first child, a son, Todd Beckett, December 30, 1966. McGinley has recently joined the investment firm of R. W. Pressprich & Co.

*Married:* Sherwood Waldron, Jr., M.D. to Miss Ellen B. Walter, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Richard S. Walter, of New York, and the late Mrs. Walter, November 19, 1966, in Albany, New York.

1955

*Engaged:* W. Barnes Hunt to Miss Martha Keniston, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Allen H. Keniston, of Port Jervis, New York.

1956

*Engaged:* Philip Allen, 3d to Miss Cynthia R. McCune, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William S. McCune, of Bethesda, Maryland.

*Engaged:* Zachariah Allen, 3d to Miss Mary Ellen Bruns, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Bruns, of Providence, Rhode Island.

*Engaged:* William L. Beadleston to Miss Marina Romanov, daughter of Prince and Princess Vasily Romanov, of Woodside, California.

*Engaged:* Francis A. Truslow to Miss Maria L. Gallagher, daughter of Mr. Rowlin McC. Gallagher, Jr., of Manchester, Massachusetts, and the late Mrs. Gallagher.

*Engaged:* Francis S. White to Miss Mary Jo Cleary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond P. Cleary, of Buffalo, New York.

Derek Torrey Winans became assistant editor of the Maplewood, New Jersey, *News-Record* in early January.

1957

*Engaged:* Luther Fiske Warren to Miss Michelle G. Palmieri, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Edmund L. Palmieri, of New York City.

1958

*Married:* Philip S. Auchincloss to Miss Victoria C. Sprague, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Worth Sprague, of Middleburg, Virginia, January 7, 1967, in Washington, D. C.

*Married:* Jonathan P. Butler to Miss Deborah Day Rogers, daughter of Mr. Francis Day Rogers, '31, and Mrs. Rogers, of New York City, March 18, 1967, in New York.

*Married:* Gordon W. Chaplin to Miss Helen T. Dickson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brenton H. Dickson, of Weston and Manchester, Massachusetts, December 3, 1966, at Weston.

*Married:* William H. T. Gilmour to Miss Genevieve L. du Pont, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont, of Greenville, Delaware, November 18, 1966, in Greenville.


**ALUMNI ADDRESSES**

Alumni are reminded to notify the Alumni Office at the School or at 437 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016, of changes of address, including Zip Code. From these records, either office can and will always gladly help an alumnus locate a friend whose address has changed.

1959

*Married:* Nicholas Biddle, Jr. to Miss Joan A. Moore, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James A. Moore, of New York City, December 10, 1966, in New York.

*Engaged:* Daniel F. Dent to Miss Mary F. Decker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Decker, of Arlington, Virginia.

*Married:* William R. Everdell to Miss Barbara Lee Scott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dunbar Scott, of Paoli, Pennsylvania, December 21, 1966, in Paoli.

*Engaged:* Stephen L. Hershey to Miss Betsy A. Preston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Ellis Preston, of Centerville, Delaware. Hershey is in the third year at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

*Engaged:* Albert T. Johnson, Jr. to Miss Katharine Georgina Mills, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Lennox Mills, of Montreal, Quebec, Canada.
Lt. Paul A. Siegler is an Air Force missile launch officer for the Titan II rocket, "under a Kansas wheat field." Off-duty, he writes, he is gathering credits for a master's degree in Philosophy.

*MARRIED: John Gilmore Williams, Jr.* to Miss Lucille A. Allen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd K. Allen, of Readfield, Maine, December 3, 1966, in East Readfield. Williams is a fourth year medical student at Boston University Medical School.

1960

*MARRIED: Samuel Lord Brookfield, Jr.* to Miss Gayle Frances Evans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mydrim M. Evans, of Aurora, Illinois, February 18, 1967, at Pomfret, Connecticut. Brookfield is a teacher of history at Pomfret School.

*ENGAGED: Allan P. Gibb* to Miss Constance Belin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gaspard d'Andelot Belin, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

*ENGAGED: William W. Morton* to Miss Robin M. Roche, daughter of Mrs. Sidney B. Wood, of New York City, and Mr. J. Jeffrey Roche, also of New York.

1961

Marshall P. Bartlett is a student at Harvard Law School.

John B. Brock is serving with the Marine Corps in Vietnam.

*Born:* to Robert L. Clark and Mrs. Clark, a son, Rufus.

*ENGAGED: Richard M. Jackson, Jr.* to Miss Ann D. Heard, daughter of Mrs. Hamilton Heard, of Brookline, Massachusetts, and the late Mr. Heard.

*MARRIED: Stephen B. Morris* to Miss Victoria Ann French, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William T. French, of Darien, Connecticut, February 18, 1967, in New York City.

Lynde Harrison Pillsbury is serving with the Peace Corps in Amol, Iran.

Rudolph S. Rauch, 3d is a student at the Walter J. Annenberg School of Communications at the University of Pennsylvania.

Derek P. Richardson, having spent last summer in Alaska, doing shrimp research for the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries, is at St. Louis Medical School.

Luther Tucker, Jr. is serving with the Peace Corps in San Blas, Panama.

1962

Frederick K. Burt is at the Naval Officer Candidate School, Newport, Rhode Island.


William E. Lievens, 2d is working towards a master's degree in English Literature at Lehigh University.

*MARRIED: Zeb Mayhew, Jr.* to Miss Jo Gwin Shelby, of Shelby, Mississippi, September 29, 1966.

Seymour Preston, Jr., after graduation from Princeton last June, is studying at New York University Law School.

1963

Peter Gagarin, holder of an honorary Harvard College Scholarship, is co-captain of the Harvard Ski Team.

From October 23-24, 1966, John Lee Scarborough was one of an eight-man Dartmouth sailing crew competing for the McMillan Cup at Annapolis.

*ENGAGED: William Prescott Wolcott* to Miss Sandra C. Lamb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen B. Lamb, of Oyster Bay, L. I., New York.

Word of the death of the following alumni was received too late for preparation of notices in this issue:

Carroll H. Fitzhugh, '91—date not known

Leonard A. Yerkes, '98—died March 7, 1967
Robert Wilmerding, '00—died Feb. 9, 1967.
F. Skiddy von Stade, '03—died Feb. 19, 1967

DECEASED
Frederick Winant, '11—died Feb. 21, 1967
U. H. R. Broughton, '15—died Aug. 29, 1966
Byam K. Stevens, '15—died Feb. 25, 1967
J. O. Bulkley, '17—died March 25, 1967
E. C. Farrington, '18—died Oct. 17, 1966
Russell C. Clark, '18—died March 20, 1967
H. T. Dickinson, '19—died March 11, 1967
Thomas H. Howard, '19—died March 2, 1967
J. M. Wintersteen, '21—died July 16, 1965
C. E. Perkins, Jr., '38—died March 17, 1967

1909—Guilliæm Aertsen, Jr. died in Atlantic City, New Jersey, October 30, 1966, at the age of eighty-four. He attended St. Paul's for one year; was in the Class of 1901 at St. Mark's School; graduated from Harvard in 1905 and received a law degree from the University of Pennsylvania. He practised law in Philadelphia. Surviving are his son, Guilliæm Aertsen, 3d; a sister, and four grandchildren.

1900—William Henry Pool died at his farm home near Warrenton, Virginia, December 31, 1966. The son of John Hillhouse and Sophie Boggs Pool, he was born at Staten Island, New York, May 8, 1882. He came to St. Paul's in 1894 and graduated in 1900. For twelve years he was in business in New York before moving to the farm in Virginia where he lived for the rest of his life, except for a short period of service during World War I. At that time he was stationed in Jacksonville, Florida, as a captain in the Remount Division of the Quartermaster Corps. He was a founder of the Virginia Gold Cup Races, being also for many years chairman of the committee; belonged to clubs in Washington and New York, where he had been a member of Squadron A; and was a past president of the Fauquier Club of Fauquier County, Virginia. His first wife, the former Isabel D. Sprague, died in 1932. He is survived by his second wife, Phoebe R. Pool, and three grandchildren.

1901—Carlton Matthews Slagle died in Cambridge, Maryland, November 1, 1960, according to information only lately received. The son of Charles W. and Rachel A. Slagle, he was born in Baltimore, September 19, 1882 and studied at St. Paul's from 1897 to 1899. He attended Princeton for a year, later (until 1913) being a partner in the Burns and Russell Brick Company. An ardent yachtsman, he lived the greater part of his life in Maryland as a country gentleman. Surviving are his wife; a son, Carlton M. Slagle, Jr., '37, and a daughter, Mrs. Jane S. Jones.

1904—LeRoy Jackson Snyder died June 24, 1966, of injuries received in a fall down a flight of stairs at his home in Kansas City, Missouri, where he was a lifelong resident and had been in the forefront of the city's musical life. He was the son of Robert McClure Snyder, president of the Kansas Natural Gas and Oil Company. After two years at St. Paul's, he entered Harvard in the Class of 1908. There he was a leader in the Glee Club and a member of Harvard's "great quartet" of that time. For two years after graduation he studied voice in Italy. Music remained his dominant interest, although the oil industry was his business and he was at one time president of the Southern Natural Gas Company of Texas. It is said that the Kansas City Philharmonic was born in the Snyder drawing room, which also served for years as the setting of performances by visiting musicians. Roy Snyder sang with the orchestra in its early years and took part in local theatricals and musicals. A courtly, humorous man, very widely liked, he was a member of the Kansas City Country Club and formerly of the University Club. He had been president of the Mid-west Alumni Associated Harvard Clubs for three years. He is survived by his wife, Lillian E. Snyder; two daughters, Mrs. Henry van Dam and Mrs. Gloria S. Yost; a brother, Kenneth W. Snyder, '10, and three grandchildren.

1906—Walter Barnum died September 7, 1966, in Mystic, Connecticut. He was born February 3, 1887, in New York, the son of William M. and Annie P. Barnum. From St. Paul's, which he attended for two years only, he went to Westminster School, graduated there, and was a member of the Yale Class of 1910. He is survived by his son, Humphrey Barnum.

1906—Edward Bostick Whitman died at Owings Mills, Maryland, January 26, 1967. Born November 6, 1888, in Washington, D.C., he was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sidney Whitman, Jr. He attended St. Paul's for five years. Graduating in 1906, he went to Princeton, where he was a member of the Ivy Club.
After graduation in 1910, he began work with the Pennsylvania Railroad, ultimately becoming superintendent of the line's Buffalo-New York division—the youngest to hold such a post in the company at that time. In 1927 he moved to Baltimore, Maryland, and entered the brokerage business. He had served in France in World War I with the Railroad Engineers, having the rank of major, and during World War II was assistant to the president of the Koppers Company. Later he joined the Western Maryland Railroad, but left after the war to be associated with the Mercantile Safe Deposit & Trust Company, of Baltimore, until his retirement in 1965. He was an active member of the Society of the Cincinnati, enjoyed golf, sailing and fox-hunting, and chopped wood for exercise. Surviving are his wife, Suzanne V. Whitman; a son, Edward B. Whitman, Jr., '36; a daughter, Mrs. Patrick Smithwick, and seven grandchildren. His son, Horace W. Whitman, '37, died January 15, 1967.

'07—James Augustus Haight, Jr. died in Oakland, California, December 25, 1966. The son of James A. and Ellen Pierce Haight, he was born March 27, 1888, in Jamestown, North Dakota. He attended St. Paul's for three years, graduating in 1907; then was a member of the Class of 1911 at Yale, and of 1914 at the University of Washington Law School. In World War I he served as a lieutenant of Field Artillery. From the end of the war until 1939 he practised law in Seattle, Washington, chiefly in partnership with his brother, Gilbert P. Haight, '11, and during that time was active in the Seattle Municipal League. After 1939, limited in physical activity by asthma, he lived in Pensacola, Florida, but maintained an interest in real estate and did some free-lance writing. Form-mates who kept in touch with him over the years remember him as an outgoing and friendly man. In the fall of 1966 he returned to the Coast, to Oakland, California, where he died on Christmas Day. His wife, the former Gertrude Boland, to whom he was married in 1920, had died earlier. He is survived by his brother; two sons, James A. Haight and Dr. Jared E. Haight, and nine grandchildren.

'07—Walker Fairfield Peterson died November 10, 1966, in Baltimore, Maryland, where he had lived for nearly fifty years. Born March 5, 1889, in Wheeling, West Virginia, the son of B. Walker and Nannie M. Peterson, he entered St. Paul's in 1904. Graduating in 1907, he entered Cornell, was chosen president of the Class of 1911 and earned a degree in mechanical engineering. He was a lieutenant in the Chemical Warfare Division in World War I, after which he settled in Baltimore, becoming president of the Baltimore Valve Company. During World War II he worked with the Bendix Radio Company. Among the interests which occupied his retirement after 1950 were Episcopal Church and antiuservative activities. He was an amateur wine-taster and collector of wines; had travelled to Europe many times, and had also visited the Far East. He is survived by his wife, the former Marjorie Miller; three sons, Walker F., William M. and George Gibbs Peterson; a daughter, Nancy P. Brewster, and a grandson, Andre W. Brewster, 3d, now in the Third Form.

'08—John Richards Metcalf died April 13, 1966, in Erie, Pennsylvania. He was born in Erie, October 24, 1889, the son of George and Mary Richards Metcalf. After three years at St. Paul's, graduating in 1908, he attended Princeton and Cornell Universities. He served as a captain in the 47th Coast Artillery in World War I and remained after the war a member of the U. S. Naval Reserve. His business association was with the Erie Malleable Iron Company, of which he was vice-president and treasurer at the time of his death. He was a vestryman of the Episcopal Cathedral of St. Paul, in Erie. For the Erie Red Cross he was at various times president, vice-president, co-chairman of disaster relief and fund-raising chairman. The chapter established an annual award in his honor in 1950 for the volunteer worker approaching nearest to his standards and accomplishments. For many years he was president of the Erie Boys' Club. He was treasurer of the Erie Symphonic Orchestra, a trustee of Edinboro State College, a former commodore of the Erie Yacht Club, and had, in addition, served as officer or active member of many charitable, historical, patriotic and fraternal organizations. During his last years, ignoring the evidence of failing health, he gave expression through scores of talks and lectures to his convictions of the dangers of communist imperialism and subversion. His wife, Marion
Rilling Metcalf, by whom he was survived, has since died. Other survivors are his son, John R. Metcalf, Jr., '37; a daughter, Mary R. Metcalf; a brother, George R. Metcalf, Jr., '12, and three grandchildren.

08—Swante Magnus Swenson died at Essex Fells, New Jersey, November 10, 1966. Born May 10, 1890, he was the son of Eric P. and Maude T. Swenson, and was associated throughout his life with family-founded enterprises: chiefly the Swenson Land and Cattle Company, Inc., which breeds Hereford cattle in Texas, and S. M. Swenson & Sons, an investment management firm founded by his grandfather. He entered St. Paul's in 1903. His writing occasionally appeared in the Horae, but his school years were more notable for starting his career as a hockey player. For two seasons he was on the Isthmian team, and on the SPS for one; then he played on the Yale varsity and eventually for the "St. Nick's" in New York, and was chosen later as a member of the all-time St. Paul's School hockey team. After five years, he was a partner in S. M. Swenson & Sons. He had been president of the national Delta Psi fraternity and of the St. Anthony Club in New York, and was a member of country and yachting clubs in New Jersey and at his summer home on Cape Cod. His first marriage, to the former Dorothy W. Mendelson, ended in divorce. He is survived by his second wife, Mary A. Swenson, whom he married in 1944; a son, Eric P. Swenson, '37; two daughters, Mrs. Wilson S. Elmore and Mrs. Ross E. Allen; a step-daughter, Mrs. Charles Cost; twelve grandchildren and a step-grandchild.

08—Walter Bertram Walker died in Rockaway, New York, February 1, 1966. He was born in Brooklyn, New York, June 16, 1889, the son of Walter D. and Grace C. Walker, and except for school and war years he lived the greater part of his life in Brooklyn and New York, as owner, publisher and editor of trade papers serving the silk weaving, hosiery and knit goods industries. He was at St. Paul's from 1903 to 1907; then attended Harvard from 1907 to 1908. For several years after that he played on the hockey and lacrosse teams of the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn. During World War II, he was chief officer of a small Maritime Service ship, supplying island garrisons in the southwest Pacific. He was an ardent fisherman and hunter and enjoyed sail-boating; but his strongest devotion was to homeless animals. He is survived by his wife, Ellen H. Walker; a son; a daughter; six grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

09—John Adams Appleton died in Philadelphia, December 4, 1966, at the age of seventy-four. A native of New York City and a railroad man throughout his life, he attended St. Paul's from 1905 to 1909, leaving behind him a fine record as scholar and athlete. He wrote frequently for the Horae and was head editor for 1908-09; played the viola (alongside Mr. James C. Knox, 1865) in the violin club; was a member of the Isthmian football team for two years, and of the SPS for one; rowed two years on the Halcyon crew, the second as captain, and was a member of the SPS crew in 1909. From St. Paul's he went to Yale, graduating in the Class of 1914, and immediately began his railroad career, in the office of the trainmaster at Philadelphia. He performed transportation duties overseas in World War I as a captain in the Army Corps of Engineers, then resumed his service to the Pennsylvania Railroad in superintendencies from 1919 to 1935 in Pittsburgh, Columbus, Cleveland and Chicago. Thereafter, he was general manager of the New York zone of the Pennsylvania, and, in the late 'thirties, general manager of the Long Island Railroad. During World War II, he was at first chief of the rail division of the Army Transportation Corps, and later director of Military Railways in the China-
Burma-India theater. He was then advanced to the rank of brigadier general and became director-general of Military Railways at Supreme Headquarters of the European Theater of Operations. After Germany's surrender, he was director of the transport division in the Office of Military Government in Berlin. For most of the period from 1946 to his retirement, he had been vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad's central region, in Pittsburgh. He was decorated for his wartime service by the United States, France, England and Belgium. Surviving are his wife, Elsa Reath Appleton; a son, John A. Appleton, Jr., '31; two daughters, Mrs. Stewart M. Morgan and Mrs. George H. Blaxter, and ten grandchildren.

'11—Edward Sanderson Cushman died in New York City, February 10, 1967. The son of Col. and Mrs. Harry C. Cushman, he was born in Ballston Spa, New York, July 22, 1892, and entered St. Paul's in 1906. He was a member of the Concordian, was published once in the Horae, and was a Delphian-Halcyon star. He played in the Delphian football backfield for three years and was on the SPS team in his last year. For two years also, he stroked the Halcyon crew, and in 1911 was chosen captain of the SPS crew. At Yale, he rowed bow on the junior varsity and was a member of the St. Elmo Society, graduating from the Sheffield Scientific School in 1914. He joined Troop B, of Hartford, Connecticut, after graduation, serving on the Mexican border in 1916; then from 1917-1919 served in France with the 101st Machine Gun Battalion, was in action with the 1st Division, and served finally in G.H.Q. as assistant to the chief machine gun inspector of the A. E. F. From 1919 to 1927 he was assistant to the vice-president of the Gilbert & Barker Manufacturing Company, of Springfield, Massachusetts. He joined W. A. Harriman & Company in New York in 1927, and after Harriman merged with Brown Brothers, he helped to organize the Motor Stoker Company. Between 1933 and 1939 he managed the Bourne Workshop for the Blind, and from then until 1965 was an independent industrial engineering adviser. For five years during and after World War II, he was in charge of the subcontracting department of the Grumman Aircraft Company. He was a trustee of the Hoosac School, and a member of the Union, River and Piping Rock clubs, the Down Town Association, New England Society, St. Andrews Society, and the Society of the First Division. He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth R. Cushman; a son, Robinson Cushman, '47; a daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Titus; a brother, Paul Cushman, '09; a sister, Mrs. L. W. Gorham, and five grandchildren.

'12—John Rogers Hurlburt died in Wolfeboro, New Hampshire, January 5, 1967, after a long illness. He was a native of Lynn, Massachusetts, where he was born November 8, 1893, the son of Henry F. and Frances T. Hurlburt. One of the more prominent members of his Form at St. Paul's, he was a fine all-around athlete who was forced, by a heart condition developing while he was still at School, to limit his sports to football. He is said to have felt that he would rather die than give up outdoor sports altogether. He was a tenor in the choir and played the drums in the orchestra. He graduated in 1912 and attended Harvard with the Class of 1916. Following a brief enlistment with the American Field Service, he joined the Air Service as a cadet pilot, rose to the rank of captain, and closed his war career as aide-de-camp to General Mason M. Patrick, chief of the U. S. Air Service. After the war he was for seventeen years an assistant secretary of the Lynn Chamber of Commerce, then became executive secretary for another seven years. During all these years he took part in civic and charitable endeavors in the Lynn area, and had been moderator of town meetings in nearby Swampscott seventeen years. In 1949 he moved to Tuftonboro, New Hampshire, where he was sales consultant for Previews, Inc., a national real estate clearing house. He lived in Tuftonboro for the remainder of his life, was an active member of All Saints Episcopal Church, and was for several years town tax collector. He is survived by his wife, the former Edith A. Healey; a son John R. Hurlburt, Jr.; a daughter, Mrs. A. Alexander Roby, and six grandchildren.

'12—Daniel Fiske Kellogg died in Lakeville, Connecticut, September 3, 1966. A former stockbroker, associated with Evans, Stillman & Company, of New York, he had been retired since 1941. He was born in Canastota, New York, October 23, 1892, the son of Mr.
and Mrs. Daniel F. Kellogg. Popular with his Form at St. Paul’s, he is remembered for proficiency on the track as a sprinter, but he left the School a year ahead of his Form and did not attend college. In World War I he served in the Quartermaster Corps. Afterwards, and before beginning his association with Evans, Stillman, he was for a short time employed by the Bankers Trust Company in New York. He is survived by his wife, Edythe M. Kellogg, and two daughters, Mrs. John Davison and Mrs. M. Donald MacInnis.

'13—Van Henry Cartmell died in New York, October 29, 1966. Author, editor and publishing executive, he had spent most of his life in pursuits foreshadowed by editorship of the Horae while at St. Paul’s. The son of Van Henry and Marilla Page Cartmell, born in Boston in 1896; he came to St. Paul’s in 1909 in the Third Form. Beginning the next year, his stories were frequently printed in the Horae, and he was appointed a head editor for 1912-13. He was a graduate of Williams College in the Class of 1917. During World War I, he served as a Navy ensign, doing cable censorship. Always a New Yorker, he was born in Boston only because of the chance fact that his parents were there on a business trip at the time. His life work was in publishing: fourteen years as an editor with Doubleday & Company; then as editor-in-chief of the Garden City Publishing Company, a Doubleday subsidiary; next, from 1952-56, as head of the special services division of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and finally as special projects editor for the Hearst Magazines, from 1956 until his retirement last year. He wrote a number of plays, had edited anthologies of plays and short stories, and was the author of widely used school textbooks dealing with famous scenes from Shakespeare and with the plots of one hundred famous plays. He had twice been president of the Amateur Comedy Club and was a member of the University Club, Players Club and others. His first marriage having ended in divorce, he was remarried in 1936 to the former Emily Wright. Surviving, besides his wife, are a son, Tenney Cartmell; a daughter, Mrs. Mary P. Alford; two stepdaughters, Mrs. Emily de Nemethy and Mrs. Constance Thiesing; a stepson, Robert C. Myles, Jr., and three grandchildren, one of whom is Michael R. Alford, ’63.

'13—Eugene Buffington Simonin died July 18, 1966, in Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania. He was born in Philadelphia, March 26, 1894, the son of Isaac M. and Georgella B. Simonin, and came to St. Paul’s in the fall of 1908. A fine golfer, he won the Reinhart Cup in 1912. The following spring—the year of his graduation—he established the Simonin Cup, which was awarded for five successive years to the winner of a golf tournament among the masters. At Princeton he was a member of the Class of 1917. His service during World War I included two years in the ambulance corps; then a period as lieutenant in the Infantry, attached to the General Staff, serving with the French General Staff. He was president of C. F. Simonin Sons, Inc., from 1926 until his retirement in 1956. For many years he was a vestryman of the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Chestnut Hill, and was a trustee of the Church of the Ascension at Saranac Inn, New York, where he had a summer home. He is survived by his wife, Mary M. Simonin, and his daughter, Mrs. George M. Piersal, Jr.

'14—Holbrook Benezet Cushman died after being struck by a bus, at Delray Beach, Florida, December 21, 1966. He was born June 20, 1895, in New York City, the son of Joseph W. and Frances R. Cushman, and entered St. Paul’s in the Second Form in 1909. Friendly and likeable, the records show him to have been a good debater and hockey player. He was a member of the glee club, and graduated with the Class of 1914. He had had three years at Princeton when American entrance into World War I interrupted his course. He trained as an aviation cadet, then for a year and a half was a lieutenant in the Air Force, testing planes at the American Pursuit Combat Field of the Third Aviation Instruction Center at Issoudoun, France. After the war, he returned to Princeton for his senior year and graduation. Most of his life was spent in the real estate business in Bedford, New York, where since 1928 he had run his own agency, H. B. Cushman & Co. In 1942 he enlisted in the Air Force as a major, ultimately serving overseas for two years with the 9th Bombardment Division of the 9th Air Force, and retired in 1946 as a lieutenant colonel, with decorations including Belgium’s Ordre de la Couronne. Active always in community affairs, he was for many years a commissioner of the Bedford Fire Department and
a member of the board of the Bedford Historical Society. To Dr. Drury, the fourth rector, Cushman had exemplified the "young in heart," and he remained so until his death. He remained also the well-coordinated athlete who had played on Princeton's varsity hockey team: at the Bedford Golf and Tennis Club, of which he was honorary chairman of the board at the time of his death, he won both the golf and tennis tournaments many times, over the years. He is survived by his wife, Beatrice, and two sisters, Mrs. Jacob G. Schurman and Mrs. Cushman Fish.

'14—Grantley Walder Taylor died while on a vacation at St. Vincent's Island, British West Indies, December 26, 1966. A surgeon and teacher of surgery for forty-five years, whose home was in the Boston suburb of Weston, Massachusetts, he was born in Paterson, New Jersey, March 6, 1897, the son of John and Marie W. Taylor. School friends remember him as a boy who had set his mind on a medical career even then. He was a winner of the Hargate Medal for the highest rank in mathematics. He graduated from St. Paul's in 1914, from Harvard in 1918 and from Harvard Medical School in 1922. Not called to active duty in World War I, he completed his medical course and launched at once upon what became a distinguished career. His professional specialty was the control and treatment of cancer. At Harvard Medical School he held surgical teaching appointments from 1924 until his retirement in 1937, and he had been assistant Clinical Professor for nearly ten years. He was associated with every major hospital and clinic in the greater Boston area as visiting surgeon and consultant. He had been president of the New England Surgical Society, the New England Cancer Society and the Boston Surgical Society, and was a fellow of the American College of Surgeons. During World War II, he was chief of surgery in the 93th Evacuation Hospital in the campaigns of Naples-Foggia, Rome-Arno, Southern France, Rhineland and Central Europe, and commanding officer of the 102nd Evacuation Hospital after V-E Day, ending his service with the rank of lieutenant colonel. Author of many articles in medical journals, he had also written a text book on "Lymph Node Metastases," published in 1942. He is survived by his wife, Phoebe A. Taylor; two sons, Dr. John G. and James B. Taylor; a daughter, Mrs. Hilbert Schenck, Jr.; a sister, Mrs. Robert Pyke and twelve grandchildren.

'17—Martin Wilson Littleton died August 29, 1966, in Cody, Wyoming, where he had made his home since moving from New York City in the late 'forties. As District Attorney of Nassau County, New York, from 1931 to 1939, he was noted for the articulate-ness and drama of his courtroom presentations. The son of Martin and Maude Littleton, he was born October 21, 1897, in New York City, attended St. Paul's from 1910 to 1914 and entered Princeton in 1917. After World War I service in the Navy, and completion of his undergraduate course at Princeton with the Class of 1920, he studied law at Columbia. He began practice of law as a clerk with the firm of Lamar Hardy, following that with two years in the legal department of the Sinclair Oil Company. Yearning for a chance at trial work in the courtroom, he joined the staff of the Nassau District Attorney in 1929. After a decade in that office, followed by several years of private criminal defense practice in New York, he and his wife moved to Cody, where he conducted a general law practice until his retirement ten years ago. Surviving are his wife, Marion Carroll Littleton; a son, Lt. Martin W. Littleton, Jr., U.S.N.; two daughters, Mrs. Harrison R. Roberts and Mrs. John R. Peterson; twelve grandchildren and a great-grandchild.

'18—Arthur Walker Bingham, Jr. died of a heart attack, January 28, 1967, in San Juan, Puerto Rico, while on a West Indies cruise. Loyal, generous and devoted in his affection for St. Paul's, he had served the Alumni Association in every office over a span of more than twenty years. His other major lifelong interest was in the Grenfell Mission's work among isolated fishermen along the coast of Labrador and northern Newfoundland, which had gripped his imagination in college days. At St. James' Church, Madison Avenue, New York, where he had long been a vestryman and senior warden, the funeral service was held on February 1, with the Rev. Matthew M. Warren taking part. Arthur Bingham was born in Brooklyn, New York, July 15, 1900, the son of Arthur Walker and Jessie Boorum Bingham. At St. Paul's, which
he attended from 1914 to 1918, he was known as a good debater in the Concordian, and in his last year was on the Ithsonian football team. After graduation he went to Yale, earning his degree there with the Class of 1922. His business career was with Boorum and Pease Company, of Brooklyn, manufacturers of stationery and related equipment, of which he was secretary and, until recently, treasurer also. During the early 'twenties, he was a member of New York's Squadron A, and to this he returned at the start of World War II. Later in the war he rose to the rank of captain in the 17th Regiment of the New York State Guard. His interest in the Grenfell Mission was pursued at first hand by yearly visits, one of which he described for Alumni Horae readers in the Autumn Issue of 1962. At his death he was chairman of the International Grenfell Association and president of the Grenfell Association of America. He became a member of the Executive Committee of the St. Paul's School Alumni Association in 1945, and remained active and dependable in that position for twenty-one years. He was chairman of the Alumni Fund, 1946-7; chairman of the New York Church Service, 1949-50; President of the Alumni Association and Trustee of the School, 1948-50. Keenly interested in stamps, he was a member of the Philatelic Foundation and had been preparing for publication a postal history of the State of Vermont, a subject on which he was an authority. He was also fond of skiing and had made numerous skiing trips to Europe and to the American West. He is survived by his wife, Mary Dunwoody Bingham; a son, A. Walker Bingham, 3d, '47; a daughter, Mrs. Mary B. Murray; a sister, Jessica B. Bingham, and three grandchildren.

'23—Henry Sulger Jeanes, who, on several occasions had served as Reunion Chairman of the Form, died on November 8, 1966, after a brief illness. He was a lifelong resident of Devon, Pennsylvania, and took delight in the property known as “Laywell Farm” which he had inherited from his father. Despite an early leaning toward a literary career, his working life was in the investment business. He had been associated with Laird, Bissell & Meeds, and with Auchincloss, Parker & Redpath, and had served as resident manager for Grayson M-P. Murphy & Co. He retired from business a few years ago, his health having been indifferent after World War II. Henry Jeanes’ other activities were varied and significant. Always devoted to Princeton, from which he graduated in 1927, he was regional vice-president of his Class from 1957 to 1962, and for several years regional chairman of Annual Giving. He had served as president of Oakbourne Hospital, West Chester, Pennsylvania, as trustee of the Atwater Kent Museum, and of the Southeastern Pennsylvania chapter of the Red Cross, and as counselor of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. He was a member of the First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry and the Racquet Club of Philadelphia, and had formerly belonged to the Midday and Corinthian Yacht Clubs. Henry Jeanes entered the Second Form in 1918. He was for three years a member of the Ithsonian track team, was actively interested in several societies and was a supervisor in “The School.” He is survived by his wife, the former Grace Price Morgan; by his sons, Henry S. Jeanes, 3d, '48, and Marshall M. Jeanes, '53; by his daughter, Caroline, wife of Mark Hollingsworth, '38; by two sisters, and by four grandchildren.

J.R.B.—A.G.R.

'27—Henry Huttleston Rogers Coe died in Billings, Montana, August 28, 1966, at the age of fifty-eight. He attended St. Paul's from 1921 to 1924. Surviving are his wife, Margaret S. Coe; two brothers, William R. Coe, '19, and the Hon. Robert D. Coe, '19; a sister, Countess Leonardo Vitetti; and five children.
28—Edward Dewey Bangs died in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, November 7, 1966. He was born March 28, 1910, in Hutchinson, Kansas, the son of Merwin B. and Minette D. Bangs. He was active in extra-curricular societies while at St. Paul’s and was a supervisor in Twenty, graduating in 1928, cum laude. At Yale he received the B.A. degree in 1932. For eight years after college he was co-manager of a large ranch in San Luis Potosi, Mexico; then returned to his home city of Milwaukee and started in with the family business, H. Niedecken Company, an office furniture and supply firm. Except for an interval of three years during World War II, when he served with the 819th Ordnance Company in the European Theatre, he worked with Niedecken for the remainder of his life, first as a salesman and, from 1933 onward, as president of the company. He enjoyed sports of all kinds and was a proficient small boat sailor. He was a member of the Pine Lake Yacht Club, Chenequa Country Club, Town Club and University Club of Milwaukee. Surviving are two sons, Edward D. Bangs, Jr. and L. Bolton Bangs; four daughters, Sally B., Virginia M., Mary Alice and Susan Elizabeth Bangs; and a sister, Mrs. William O. Pieper. His wife, Marie Butler Bangs, died a year ago.

29—Dexter Lapham Lewis died August 8, 1966, at St. Simon’s Island, Georgia, aboard his yacht, “Prudence B.,” which had been his permanent home for six years. The son of John B. and Harriet S. W. Lewis, he was born in Providence, Rhode Island, December 4, 1907. From the Second Form at St. Paul’s he transferred to Culver Military Academy in 1925. He was associated for a number of years with the Franklin Process Company, of Providence, and during World War II worked for the War Production Board in Washington, D. C. He is survived by his wife, Madeline B. Lewis; a daughter, Mrs. Gloria L. Olsen; a brother, Arthur H. W. Lewis, and two grandchildren.

29—Joel Stewart Reynolds died December 16, 1964, in Orange, New Jersey. Called “Tootie” by family and friends, he was born June 5, 1910, in West Orange, New Jersey, the son of Frederic C. and Eleanor S. Reynolds, and entered St. Paul’s in the fall of 1928. He had a broad athletic record; two years on the Delphian football team, and one on the SPS; two years on the Delphian squash team; one year each on the SPS squash and golf teams. He won the Roche Cup for squash racquets and the Reinhart Cup for golf, and with his brother, F. C. Reynolds, ’28, he won the Garrettson Cup for foursomes in 1928. At Princeton, where he was a member of the Ivy Club, he became captain of the varsity squash team, and graduated in 1933. After graduation, he was affiliated with James E. Reynolds & Company, a New York cotton brokerage firm founded by his great-grandfather, and was an executive of the company until its liquidation several years ago. Later, and until his death, he operated an ultra-modern laundrette business. For many years he was a very active and low handicap golfer at the Essex County Golf Club. He was a collector of shells, and was a skillful bridge and backgammon player. Surviving are his wife, Helene R. Reynolds; three sons, Joel L. S. Reynolds, Jr., ’54, Kimberly and Bruce Reynolds; a daughter, Mrs. Robert Rockafellow; two brothers, Frederic C. Reynolds, ’28, and James E. Reynolds, ’31; a sister, Mrs. Nicholai Sokoloff, and two grandchildren.

32—Orville Hickok Emmons died in the crash of a small plane, at the town line of West Roxbury and Dedham, Massachusetts, February 9, 1967. He was born in Dover, Massachusetts, February 5, 1913, the son of Dr. Arthur B. Emmons, ’94, and Mrs. Emmons, and entered St. Paul’s in the First Form in 1926. Strong and well-knit, he had climbed Mt. Blane even before he came to the School. He was a member of the Delphian football team for two years, of the Delphian hockey team for three, and of the SPS hockey team for two. In his last year he was on the Council and held the Stewart Douglas Robinson Scholarship. After graduation in 1932, he went to Harvard where he was a member of the Class of 1936. He taught briefly at the Dublin School, Dublin, N. H., and then in 1941 entered the field of commercial aviation with American Airlines. During thirteen years with the company, he served as civilian briefing officer for transatlantic flights under contract to the Air Transport Command; handled sales and traffic functions for American Overseas Airlines, with headquarters in Boston, and for a final period
covered the company's sales interests in northern New England and Canada. In 1934 he established Emmons-Walker, Inc., publishers of a motel guide for motorists, at Hingham, Massachusetts, not far from his home in Dover, building it to a thriving business by the time of his death. He was a man of varied hobbies, among them photography and the growing of tropical plants. He had also raised purebred greyhounds, and was owner of the national champion in 1966. He was a member of the Harvard Travelers Club, the American Alpine Club, U. S. Power Squadron, Annisquam Yacht Club, and others. Surviving are his wife, Virginia White Emmons, to whom he was married in 1942; and two sons, Geoffrey Arthur and Nelson Hickok Emmons. His older brother, Arthur B. Emmons, 3d, died in 1962.

'37—Horace White Whitman died in a two-car collision near Torrington, Connecticut, January 15, 1967. He was forty-seven years old. "Bucky" Whitman, as his friends knew him, was born in Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania, the son of Edward B. Whitman, '06, and Suzanne V. Whitman. At St. Paul's for five years, he was active in the Dramatic Club and other extra-curricular societies, and played on the Isthmian hockey team of 1937. Graduating in that year, he went to Princeton, but his studies there were interrupted by more than four years' service in the Navy: in the Aleutians, in the Okinawa campaign, and finally in the occupation of northern Japan. He was discharged from service with the rank of lieu t. commander, and returned to Princeton, completing work for his degree in mechanical engineering. For three years he was employed by the Hamilton Standard Division of United Aircraft, in Hartford, and then became associated with the Torrington Manufacturing Company, in which he rose from superintendent of manufacturing, through managerial posts, to become vice president in charge of manufacturing, in 1958. A charming, cheerful and friendly man, he lived in Litchfield, Connecticut, and had visited the School often while his son was a student there. His marriage ended in divorce a number of years ago. Surviving at the time of his death were his parents (his father died on January 26); his son, Ensign Edward B. Whitman, 3d, '62; his daughter, Grace Whitman; his brother, Edward B. Whitman, Jr., '36, and a sister, Mrs. Patrick Smithwick.

'39—Joel Ellis Fisher, Jr. died after a long illness, in New York City, December 7, 1966. Born in New York, January 16, 1920, the son of Joel Ellis and Eleanor Darlington Fisher, he attended St. Paul's from 1934 to 1938; then finished his secondary school at Morris­town School, and went on to a degree in civil engineering at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in 1944. As a reinforced concrete and structural steel detailer, he was employed by the Truscon Steel Company and later by the Bowen Professional Engineers, of North Branch, New Jersey. From 1948 to 1962 he worked in the firm of Ammann & Whitney, of New York, designers of the George Washington and Verrazano Narrows bridges and of the "Big Dish" radio telescope at Sugar Grove, West Virginia. During much of this time he was personal assistant to Mr. Whitney and made practical use of his hobby of photography as official photographer for the firm. Among associations to which he belonged were the American Society of Civil Engineers, the Huguenot Society, the Society of Colonial Wars and the Photographic Society of America. He was a member of the rector's council and of the junior vestry at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York, where his uncle, Dr. Henry Darlington, was rector for many years. He is survived by his mother, and by his sister, Mrs. Bronson Trevor.

'64—John Dillon Stearns was killed in the crash of a light plane which he was flying, at Granby, Colorado, September 12, 1966. He was a sophomore, studying for a business career, at the University of Colorado. The son of William E. and Dorothy Dillon Stearns (now Mrs. Parker H. Rice), he was born at Manchester, New Hampshire, November 4, 1946, and had lived in recent years with his mother and step-father at Melvin Village, New Hampshire. He attended St. Paul's from 1959 to 1962, being a member of the ski team in the latter year. He greatly enjoyed flying, having flown himself across the country several times, and was a member of the New Hampshire Civil Air Patrol. The only immediate family member surviving, besides his mother and father, is a brother, William E. Stearns, Jr., '60.
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