Alumni Horae

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St. Paul’s School Calendar  
(Events at Concord, N. H., unless otherwise noted)

1975
Dec. 17, Wednesday  
Autumn Term closes;  
Hockey: the Taft School —  
Madison Square Garden

1976
Jan. 8, Thursday  
Winter Term opens

Feb. 13-16  
1:30 p.m. Fri. to  
6 p.m. Mon.)  
Mid-Winter Weekend

March 10, Wednesday  
Winter Term closes

March 31, Wednesday  
Spring Term opens

May 28, Friday through  
Hundred and  
Twentieth  
Anniversary

May 30, Sunday noon  
Graduation of Sixth  
Form of 1976

June 3, Thursday  
Last Night

June 4, Friday  
Spring Term closes
Vol. 55 No. 3
AUTUMN 1975

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The Cover: Autumn morning at SPS.

Socks and Wider Vistas

Dear Alumni and Alumnae:

"Dear Mother: How do I wash my socks?" wrote a new boy at the end of his second week in Millville this fall. How happy this mother was to read her son's letter! For it is true that sons and daughters do write their parents, occasionally, even though the telephone is popular for communication. How happy this mother was to know that her son had a problem; that is, that he had this particular problem, and not some other!

Writers on educational theory in professional journals and books speak often of "learning experiences," but usually they have in mind more lofty things than physical survival through discovering how to keep one's clothes clean!

In earlier, more primitive times in this School, when things were tough for students — cold showers in the morning, and all that sort of thing — there was no laundry problem. Once a week small bags of clean, beautifully laundered clothes were deposited in the front corridor of each dormitory. Who can say that students were not coddled, at least in some ways, in those tough, hard "old days"!

The Rector's Letter
Today, laundry presents a true learning experience in the real world because many students want to avoid the expense of professional laundry service — which is still available weekly — by “doing their own” in one of the many automatic machines that we have installed in basements throughout school buildings. But will these machines, and our very hot water, do a satisfactory job on all clothes? Particularly socks?

Ironing is not part of the problem. Ironing is simply ignored. But fabric, color, size, all of which must be considered when assembling one’s wardrobe to assure variety of garb, do present problems.

Physical survival. That is the issue. So fabrics and hot water and color and washing machines and soap must be integrated; clothes must adapt, like the skin and habits of small animals, to environmental needs. (And this confirmed vacation traveler attests that it can be done!) There are clothes capable of living through quick laundry service — drip-dry, pre-shrunk yet not pre-aged as are some unmentionables (blue jeans!), serviceable, attractive. Including socks. Further advice available upon request.

Well, all right. OK. Point made. But there must be something more important in School these days. A similar question was posed by a young friend who wrote in July from a small town in Wyoming, where he was washing dishes in a pancake house as a “summer experience,” shall we say a summer internship in the real world. He wrote, “Certainly there must be something more in life than washing dishes in a pancake house!” A smart young man.

And indeed there is more, much more, in the lives of our students than concern for their clothes, particularly their socks. In late September a number of alumni, perhaps 75, spent a weekend with us, and on Saturday morning seven students appeared before the group. In the discussion period an alumnus posed this question for the students:

“What line of endeavor achieves the most distinction in the eyes of the students towards each other? In my day here, if you played on the School hockey team, you had it made . . . or if you got a School letter. The scholars in my Form were not as highly regarded or considered. I wonder what the situation is today.”

Here is the reply of a Sixth Former to that question:

“I may admire those who are just willing to work or study, but I don’t necessarily respect them. Whether I respect them has to do with their qualities as people, and not with how much they achieve.”

How complex are the value structures of students of today, and how dis-
cerning! For as uncertainty and ambiguity have increased in general, in our modern world, most particularly in the realm of human relationships, the bases of student judgment have become more subtle and more discriminating. Accomplishment in any field, athletic or scholastic or in activities — writing for the Horae, debating, acting — does not automatically elicit respect. Admiration for accomplishment, yes; but respect for people is a different matter.

The curriculum of the School, which means the total life of the School, is like this. We continue our emphasis on the survival arts — language and grammar, reading and writing, mathematics, the learning of foreign languages, the introduction to the worlds of history and science and religion — course work and experiences designed to present the range of tools through which the world can be comprehended.

But work of greater significance is approached when students move to more demanding considerations, once tools and concepts are in place as part of mental and human equipment. A bi-modal distribution of energy and attention, to use the statistician’s terminology. Our greatest pleasures, and our most earnest work, center on the important tasks of discrimination of judgment and values, and integration of knowledge, the demanding arena of the Fifth and Sixth Form years, sometimes earlier, when students have scrambled through the small channel connecting introductory work to the enlarged vistas of maturity: originality and creativity and understanding. The development of value systems in a world without shared values: search and struggle that engage everything there is, in faculty and students.

So we are busy, and we add to our interests and concerns the games and activities and studies and friendships within our life. And all of this in a rainy fall, with more cloudy days than we usually expect. Here and there a surprise holiday — everywhere dreams of surprise holidays — add uncertainty of a pleasurable sort. Visitors including many alumni are streaming through with sons and daughters who wish to see the School and discover at first hand whether we approach their ideals and expectations. There were 1,025 visiting families last year, which is quite a few! But we would welcome more, particularly alumni and parents of alumni who have not visited Millville in some years.

Do come. In even a brief visit we can complete our short course in sock washing for you. Greetings and good wishes from an active and happy School.

Sincerely,

October 28, 1975

[Signature]

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The session of 1975-1976 is opened. Good morning. The first Chapel Service of the School Year. The first gathering of the entire School. The year is beginning. Welcome to the 120th year of St. Paul's School."

With these words, spoken by the Rector in the New Chapel on Saturday, September 13, 1975, at 9 a.m., the Fall Term began. A short time later, 498 students crowded around the Chapel steps to hear Reports — the first such experience for the 108 new boys and 53 new girls among them.

Then the familiar procession of students, faculty and faculty dogs trooped toward the Schoolhouse and Moore and Payson and Hargate for the first meeting of classes, and assignments. The bookstore was a mob scene all day; business was brisk at Tuck. In the dorms, the halls were filled with miscellaneous old pieces of furniture and enormous boxes (of books?) being moved about, with no discernible traffic pattern. Rooms were being decorated in a variety of imaginative and unbelievably complex schemes — some just barely conforming to what
housemasters had spelled out as being acceptable.

Everything falls into place amazingly fast. It seems that the hiatus of summer vacation never occurred, so quickly are old habits reestablished, the daily routine recaptured and old friendships renewed. The School is "in action"; our days are full, busy, happy. In short, our days are normal.

Every day a miracle

But how much careful preparation and planning go into the making of our normal day? James Gould Cozzens's Judge Coates, in The Just and the Unjust, observes:

In the present, every day is a miracle. The world gets up in the morning and is fed and goes to work, and in the evening it comes home and is fed again and perhaps has a little amusement and goes to sleep. To make that possible, so much has to be done by so many people that, on the face of it, it is impossible.

Take Tuesday, September 16, for example: the Upper Common Room after supper reminds one of that old advertisement for the Philadelphia Inquirer; hundreds of students standing, sitting, squatting, milling around, sipping coffee and (if they have parental permission) smoking - every single one of them reading a newspaper. But the caption here should read: "At St. Paul's, everybody reads the Pelican."

The first issue of the student newspaper is out (four pages, nine articles, two editorials, eleven pictures, one cartoon, and much more) barely three days after the beginning of school! To make this possible, four students cut their vacation short and returned early. By Monday, September 8, they were busy interview-
as Bud Blake explains in *Fall Athletics* in this issue.

**Art Shows & Menus**

On quite another part of the grounds, the Art Center in Hargate radiates an atmosphere all its own: beauty, quiet, refinement. On October 1, a new exhibit, “American Posters of the Nineteenth Century” opened in the gallery — an interesting look at another era, through the medium of an art form that has not been particularly appreciated in this country. Sixty colorful lithographs, each one beautifully hung, well placed, perfectly lighted, the overall effect quite striking to the eye. How elegant! How fine! How peaceful and inspiring a place this is, where one can spend a few minutes after lunch or a long time on a Sunday afternoon, taking in the mood of the show. Again, who and what has made this possible? How did this exhibit come about?

The art faculty spends a great deal of time scouting the art scene, reading catalogues, selecting shows, contacting agents, signing contracts and leasing exhibits. When the “American Posters” crates arrived at Hargate a week or so before the opening date, each poster had to be unpacked, each had to have eyes and wire fastened to its back; moveable panels had to be set up in the gallery, the posters hung, the overhead spotlights aimed one by one for best effect. In all, a full five days’ work on the part of several faculty and students.

And when the show ends on October 31, it all has to be undone, everything carefully packed and shipped promptly to another gallery, before the next show can be made ready.

Napoleon Bonaparte’s observation that “an army marches on its stomach” applies, with only slight modification, to a school also, for students are not happy or productive if they are not well fed.

Three times daily, we all march up the hill to the Upper dining rooms, where Mr. John G. Cagle, the new Food Service Manager, has instituted some much-appreciated innovations this year: a choice of entrées at lunch, a salad bar, and even on certain days a sundaes bar. Today’s luncheon menu offers:

- Chilled cran-apple juice
- Baked lasagna with meat sauc
- or Cold sliced corned beef sandwich
- Potato chips
- Parmesan cheese, mustard
- Salad bar: tossed greens, cottage cheese, cole slaw
- Vanilla ice cream
- Plain or fruited jello
- Coffee, tea or punch

No hungry army here!

We take it for granted at each meal that everything will be ready on time, cooked just right and piping hot (or ice cold), and served just at the moment we are ready for it. How does it all happen?

Purchasing extends over virtually the entire year. Today’s beef was bought last April — at a good price — and the lasagna was acquired two weeks ago, while the salad greens had to be bought yesterday, fresh and crisp. The ice cream was not purchased; it is always made fresh when needed, as are our rolls and bread, cookies and pies.

Preparation of a given meal generally stretches over a three-day period, which means that while the kitchen staff (over forty people, all told) is cooking and serving today’s lasagna, they are also boning tomorrow’s turkey and defrosting the hamburgers for the day after. Students occasionally get away with an assignment not done on time. The kitchen staff never
has that option!

Alumni Visitors

The now-traditional meeting of alumni Regional Chairmen, Form Agents and Directors of the Alumni Association was held at School, September 26 to 28.

The meeting was combined, this year for the first time, with a new group: graduates of the class of 1924 and earlier. No fewer than forty-seven alumni and wives spent two or three days on the grounds, getting reacquainted with, and we hope reinspired by, their old alma mater. In addition to attending seminars on the Fund for SPS, many chose to visit classes, sit in on a faculty meeting and eat meals in the company of students.

On Saturday morning, they were treated to a panel of students discussing their own “Perceptions of SPS today,” and to a concert of music by Mozart and C.P.E. Bach, played on the clarinet, flute and piano by one Fifth Former and two Sixth Formers—a concert, by the way, rehearsed and practiced at length on the performers’ own time during summer vacation.

Although I cannot speak for our guests, I can say that we who live and work here were impressed and inspired by their keen interest in us and their sharpness of mind. One student, upon hearing a pre-1925 alumnus and his wife chatting in French with a member of the Modern Languages Department, asked his teacher: “Sir, do you think I’ll still know any French when I get to be that old?”

As we have seen, the opening date of a term signals only the formal beginning of our endeavors together, for in fact scores of people—students, faculty and staff—have been hard at work beforehand, planning and preparing. In like manner, the physical boundaries of St. Paul’s School at Millville are overrun by School activities.

Our students frequently scatter near and far in their search for learning, and so it is again this term. A few ride their bicycles early each morning to Concord Hospital, where they work in respiratory therapy; others travel to the State Hospital, where they are apprenticing in occupational therapy. Still others work at the Mental Health Center with alcoholics and drug addicts, or are learning to communicate with the deaf, in Manchester, New Hampshire. One girl is spending three months in Boston, where she is taking a full load of courses in music theory, music literature and piano at the New England Conservatory; one is in Hartford, Connecticut, working with mentally retarded children.

Freiburg, Rennes, Barcelona

And abroad, too: two Fifth Formers are spending the year in Freiburg, Germany, under an exchange program set up by Mr. George R. Smith, ’31, Head of the Mathematics Department. (For these students, the 120th session began August 22, their first day of classes at the Gymnasium!)

Six students are in Rennes, France, and two in Barcelona, Spain, with the School Year Abroad program. These last eight travellers enjoyed the luxury of a late start: they flew to their respective destinations on September 24. But Millville exerts its magnetism on them too, for many of them dropped by to see their friends and chat with their teachers, before taking off for the great adventure.

But, of course, the large majority of us are here on the grounds, working together.

This community has always considered it of paramount importance to make new-
comers in our midst feel at home as rapidly as possible. Two of last year’s Fifth Formers decided to do something concrete to help new students; they put together an attractive and informative “Student Handbook” which was distributed to all concerned this Fall.

The sixteen-page pamphlet describes the School in succinct form and lists the calendar for the year and the daily schedule (Daily? Actually we have four different schedules: one for Monday through Friday, another for Wednesdays, a third for Saturdays and a fourth for Sundays. Variety is the mother of enjoyment!). Also listed are faculty housing, various School services, a brief description of some forty-three clubs, organizations and societies, and some words of advice, e.g.: “Sleep is not recommended as a replacement for homework, or vice-versa!”

Games with a purpose

Related to the problem of newness is the question, How does a group develop a spirit of unity? More specifically, how does a Form develop “Form unity?”

The Third Form addressed itself to that question last year and attempted to answer it in a novel and imaginative way this fall. First, many members of the Form wrote letters of welcome to many of the new students who were to join them in September. And then, on the second Sunday of the term, came “Mission Impossible.” That was the name given to an afternoon of fun and games with a purpose.

Working in teams of ten (half new, half old), Fourth Formers tested their ingenuity and skill in such contests as walking a tight rope, climbing the sheer brick wall of Kittredge House, and getting the team to stand on a manhole cover—all ten members at once! There were no prizes, no winning teams and no losers; but, judging by the enthusiasm and spirit, the entire Form was the winner, the day was a resounding success and the mission of promoting esprit de corps was accomplished.

Long-range planning can never cover all contingencies; there is always room for fast, last minute action. This is especially true in politics, an activity which is never back-page news in the state of New Hampshire.

Thanks to prompt action on the part of Mr. William O. Kellogg and Mrs. Roberta C. Tenney, of the History Department, the School was able to take advantage of whirlwind visits to the Granite State by two Republican congressmen. Thus, the Winant Society scored by invit-
ing the first speakers of the year. Congressmen Paul McCloskey (Calif.) and James Cleveland (N. H.) addressed a capacity crowd, complete with UPI and AP reporters, in Harget on the first Saturday of the term. The speakers were campaigning on behalf of Louis Wyman, who eventually lost the rerun Senate election to John Durkin three days later.

This year for the first time, students, faculty and staff have been issued ID cards with photograph of the bearer. The need to have their "mug shots" taken thus afforded all newcomers an early introduction to the "Aviary"—a term known to have mystified many a visitor to the School. It is, of course, the splendidly equipped audio-visual (A-V) area, now in its third year of operation in the basement of the Schoolhouse.

Another innovation this year was the instruction in Kurdish given to all new students on the first Saturday of the term. Sidq, xoqo, nung, lab, mep—these words made sense to all "newbies" and "newgies," who were even able to count to four hundred and forty-four in Kurdish, for one afternoon at least.

No, Kurdish has not been added to the curriculum. The instruction was part of the Modern Language Aptitude Test administered by Dr. Terrence M. Walsh, School psychologist, for purposes of better diagnosing each student's strengths and weaknesses in foreign language study.

I haven't mentioned yet the Eco-Action Fall Festival in the orchard; or the Mish Backgammon Tournament; or the Plant Club; or Manuel Barrueco, the extraordinary classical guitarist; or the weekly gatherings of the Christian Fellowship and Bible Meetings; or Film Soc's fabulous programs; or the visit of controversial astronomer Carl Sagan; or... ah, well!

The Fall Term is in full swing: we get up in the morning and we are fed and we go to work, and in the evening we come home and are fed again and perhaps have a little amusement and we go to sleep. So much has been done by so many people... and already so many are doing so much to prepare the 121st session. Families and prospective applicants in large numbers are visiting us on these beautiful fall days—alas, nearly over now. Almost one hundred students are helping the Admissions Office by guiding our guests around the grounds, answering questions about the School, and communicating their enthusiasm for it.

Overheard last week in the Schoolhouse, a Fourth Form guide to an admissions visitor and her son: "There's so much going on! This is such an incredible place, you wouldn't believe it!"

Never mind the tautology, she really meant it!

*Mission Impossible*: ten on one manhole cover.
PUTTING together the program of a typical fall week-end of athletic contests at SPS in the seventies involves much more than meets the eye. Alumni Horae readers might be interested to have an inside review of the sort of planning that is nowadays routine.

We usually start a year in advance. Will School A be able to play us next year on the same weekend as this? If a change of date is desired, it will have to be cleared with other schools on our schedule. As soon as a date is chosen, I draw up a "Memorandum of Agreement" to be approved and signed by my counterpart at the other school. He does the same for me.

What do we have to agree on so formally? Date and place, of course (the location alternates between us); starting time; length of periods; color of jerseys (a wise precaution: what if both teams showed up in identical colors!); name of official (not every referee has the confidence of both teams); and so on.

If SPS is to be the host team, the hiring of referees will be up to us. Major sports have commissioners, who assign game officials to us on receipt of our schedule of home games. If there is no commissioner, we must round up the necessary referees ourselves. Either way, these officials are hired well in advance, fully informed about the game plans, and bound by signed contracts. (Experience has taught some schools that informal agreements often evaporate when the date approaches.)

Before the fall season opens, we sew up a mass of other details: travel plans for games away from SPS (departure time, drivers, perhaps the hiring of a bus); meals (how many guest players will be eating which meals here, or will our teams be eating some meals away?); class cuts, if any (these are also reviewed when the first contracts are signed, as they influence the starting time of a game, especially on a Wednesday).

As the date of a "home" game comes near, reminders are sent to visiting schools and referees, and the grounds supervisor is alerted to have the playing surfaces in the best possible condition. Finally, on the eve of the game, a doctor from the Concord Clinic is assigned to be present, programs are printed with names and numbers of the players, dressing rooms are set aside for the visitors, and a member of the Maroon Key Club is designated as their host and guide. If a visiting team is staying for dinner
at the Upper, our team and coaches will take them there and eat with them after the game.

At this point, all is in order for a fine fall afternoon of athletic competition, if the weather cooperates. If it doesn't, life in my office becomes more complicated. Telephone calls must be made in all directions — calls to the other school: shall we delay the game? cancel it? postpone it (rarely possible) to the end of the season? — calls to referees, to coordinate them with what we have decided to do. And there are usually incoming calls from parents wanting to know our plans.

Luckily, after all the preparation I have described, fall contests are seldom postponed or cancelled, unless the weather is so extreme as to make playing hazardous.

**Millville Notes**

**New Wildflower Meadow**

A WILD, weedy and damp area below the Rectory and along the Sluice was partially tamed last summer under the supervision of Carl Sargent, the School's landscape director. As a setting for native wildflowers and dwarf grasses, it is expected to be more easily maintained, less hospitable to mosquitoes, and altogether a more attractive foreground in views of the stone bridge over the Sluice.

**Kudos for Pelican**

MODESTLY tucked into one corner of an inside page of the first *Pelican* of the year, was the news that the paper had been awarded a first place certificate in the school newspaper category, in the fifty-first annual contest of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association. The award was based on content and coverage, writing and editing, and design and display, as seen in a set of past issues sent to the contest last spring. The *Pelican* received 923 points out of a possible 1000.

... and have fun

APPLES, roasted corn, cooked squash, baked potatoes and make-your-own salad (from lettuce, tomatoes and carrots) were among the treats offered in the annual Fall Festival put on for the SPS community by the School's lively Eco-Action group on a Sunday in late September. All the food was grown in the Eco-Action organic garden in the Drury orchard. The Festival is held every year, according to one of its planners, "to harvest the food, eat it, prepare the garden for next year, and have fun."
The New Students

(Including family relationships to alumni and to students now in the School. The quoted material interpolated in the list is from the remarks of the Rector at the opening Chapel of the new year, September 13, 1975.)

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Sir George Solti, one of the world's outstanding musicians, said last winter that the attempt to become a conductor will dominate the lives of those with this ambition. 'If you do not take it seriously,' Solti says, 'you will be punished. If you do, you will punish yourself.'

Education is like that. If you trifle with yourself and with your opportunities, you will end up with dissatisfaction. And yet, if you hear the summons of the world of the intellect and scholarship, you will never have enough time or energy to pursue all of your interests and drives.'
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"At the start of the year we all need the advice of philosophers, so I shall tell you now one of the profound judgments of one of our country’s profound philosophers, Yogi Berra. Yogi is also a baseball manager, though every now and then he finds himself ‘between jobs,’ as the phrase goes these days for the unemployed.

Here is one of Yogi Berra’s observations. ‘Sometimes you can observe a lot just by watching.’

That is worth thinking about, particularly as we begin a new year. If we watch carefully, we shall probably find that we observe a lot. And that is one of the ways for us to learn.”
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“Our lives together, our striving for growth and development, for education, unite us. We enter this year with anticipation and excitement and determination.

In front of you, in your pews, you will find a red book, ‘Chapel Services and Prayers.’ I would like you to find page 26 so that you can follow silently as I read the School Prayer. Let us pray:

O God, who through the love and labor of many hast built us here a goodly heritage in the name of thy servant St. Paul, and hast crowned our School with honor and length of days: For these thy gifts, and for thyself, we thank thee, and for past achievements and future hopes; beseeching thee that both we and all who follow after us may learn those things on earth, of which the knowledge continues in thy heaven; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

| IV  | Rebecca Lu Wakefield   | F Hugh C. Ward, Jr., '42 |
|     |                       | B Hugh C. Ward, 3d, '73 |
|     |                       | B Jared H. Ward, '74   |
|     |                       | s Natalie Wayne Ward, '77 |
| III | Seth Crawford Ward    |                      |
| III | Anne Louise Waskiewicz |                      |
| IV  | Sara Spotwood Weil    |                      |
| V   | Robert St. George Tucker Weinmann | F Joseph G. Werner, '45 |
| IV  | Claire Sepulveda Werner |                      |
| III | Marc Weston           |                      |
Debating at St. Paul’s

or

The Art of Putting Your Mind

Where Your Mouth Is

E. Lawrence Katzenbach
Richard H. Lederer

A distinguished-looking three-pieceed young man glanced across the table where the two debating teams were having brunch together. The young man was one of the worthy opponents. “Your team is very short,” he observed.

“It's the food,” said the coach of the good guys. His team was indeed very short. It was not the food.

“Your team looks very young,” added the distinguished-looking three-pieceed worthy opponent.

“Some of them are older than they look,” the coach of the good guys replied. Actually, they were not very old. They were Fourth Formers.

The good guys won that afternoon. To the coach, the future looked very bright.

Lawrence Katzenbach and Richard Lederer, who teach English, are co-advisers of debating at SPS. Their article is reprinted by permission of the National Association of Independent Schools, from the October, 1975, issue of The Independent School Bulletin. In 1974-5, St. Paul’s debaters won seven of eight possible best speaker trophies. SPS debaters will meet a team from Phillips Exeter Academy on February 27 at the NAIS Annual Conference in Boston.
So many good young debaters on the team. Depth. Like the Mindanao Trench. The burden of winning clung like a gargoyle to the coach's shoulders. Crazy competitiveness. *Debating sin number one.*

Four years ago, the good guys had used one fifteen-year-old, Jared Ward, and one fourteen-year-old, Bill Newlin, as constructive speakers. Forty rounds of interscholastic speaking, cross-questioning, and rebutting later, Jared and Bill had retired with two interscholastic team championships and three interscholastic best-speaker awards between them.

Moral of the story: great debaters from short teams grow.

After the debate was over and the worthy opponents off in their bus, the coach of the good guys went to dinner with his team. One foursome had argued that the United States should adopt the Canadian parliamentary system of government. The other foursome had argued that it shouldn't. Now they were debating the topic over again at dinner. Courty Gates had been an affirmative constructive speaker; he was for adopting the Canadian parliamentary system tomorrow. Liz Schein had been a negative constructive speaker. She thought Courty

Posy Campbell, left, Michel McQueen, center, and Elliot Peters, right, in intra-squad practice debate in preparation for spring tournament.
was nuts. Michel McQueen, the experienced and incredibly talented rebuttalist, caught the coach's eye.

"Novices," she seemed to say, "are people who do not yet understand that there are two equally valid sides to any good topic. It's therefore foolish to believe that you alone can be right."

The coach of the good guys loved County and Liz anyway. When two novices could prepare a topic for three weeks, debate all afternoon, and still want to argue it again at dinner, well, they were both nuts. Michel and the coach, who had gotten in the argument despite themselves, were nuts. And perhaps, somewhere on the road in their bus, arguing furiously with each other, the worthy opponents were nuts. Because being able to articulate a perfect attack and reply with a flawless defense is the most joyous game one mind can play with another. It is communication of the highest order. Done right, debating is a form of embrace.

Most of that embracing is done in cross-questioning. The coach of the good guys critiqued his cross-questioners of that afternoon. They had been too well prepared. They had asked questions and, ignoring their worthy opponents, they had heard answers from some great script in the sky. They had spat follow-up questions before the opponent had finished answering the first question. In short, they had been rude. The afternoon's cross-questioning had been less an embrace than a bear hug. Crazy competitiveness. Debating number one.

The coach knew he was to blame. There were two purposes to cross-questioning: one, to pinpoint flaws in the opponent's speech, and two, to set up partner's forthcoming speech. Intimidation was never a purpose. But, in the practice sessions, it was often the coach who did the cross-questioning, and he used it to whip speeches into shape, to make clear what additional work was needed, and to teach debaters to defend their points. No doubt about it. When the coach questioned, it could be very intimidating. The questioners had tried to be like him.

One of those cross-questioners against the worthy opponents was Will Kinnear. A year before, Will had been a constructive speaker and Jared Ward had been cross-questioning him in practice. Jared a Sixth Former. Will a Third Former.

"Will," Jared said, "I'm asking you for the specific evidence by which you can justify removing Richard Nixon from office." It was January of 1974. "The evidence, Will?" No Watergate tapes as yet. "Will, I'm asking you for . . ." Will began to cry.

Jared stopped and turned to the coach. Jared Ward, as gentle and honest and straightforward a boy as had ever debated for him. "Why am I being such a bastard?"

"You're being a bastard because Will's
letting you get away with it," the coach answered. "A good line of questioning deserves your best pursuit. Here, try the same line on me. Now watch this, Will. OK. Jared. Go. Come on, baby.... Lost your question? Want me to repeat it for you?..." Jared started to laugh. So did Will.

Two weeks later, the worthy opponents' cross-questioner asked Will for evidence by which he could justify removing Richard Nixon from office. Will gave it to him for the rest of the three minutes. In February of 1974, without the tapes, Third-Former Will Kinnear convinced a panel of honored judges that the President should be kicked out. Then Will beamed at the coach and shook his fists in victory. The coach loved it, Will, and even Nixon.

Now a year later, Will had served as cross-questioner. He had gained so much confidence from the year before that he had violated the first rule of good cross-questioning: know the opening question of the line and know the objective sought. From that point on, a good questioner improvises like a broken-field runner, responding to new situations, to answers unexpected. But Will had not listened. He had heard only the answers he had programmed into his line of questioning whether given or not.

The coach of the good guys looked over at Will. "This afternoon," the coach said, "for a while, I thought you had bananas in your ears."

"What?" said Will.

"I said you weren't listening. You had bananas in your ears."

"I can't hear you," said Will. "I got bananas in my ears."

Moral of the story: great debaters from good listeners grow.

Most people don't understand that. Sometimes people don't see that the essence of good debating is listening closely to an opponent's argument, seeking the flaws in its research and reasoning, exposing those flaws, and presenting counter-arguments that directly meet those of the other side. As the coach was fond of saying. "What would a tennis match be like if, when your opponent served the ball, you didn't return it but served up another ball instead?"

Yet some teachers, when asked to suggest good prospective debaters, will come up with the names of every loudmouthed, "argue for the sake of arguing" kid in their classes. The coach of the good guys often wondered what would happen if, instead of training these students as debaters, he organized them into some sort of mercenary army. How much money could he make? How much damage could he do? Crazy competitiveness. Debating sin number one.

One of the students thus recommended, a boy named John Scheft, appeared to be the perfect gun for hire.

"No," the coach of the good guys told him.

"But I want to debate," said Scheft.

"You can't. You're not a good guy."

"Can I ever debate for you?"

"Sure. When one person in this school tells me what I want to hear."

Last winter the wrestling coach stopped the coach of the good guys in the hall. "Scheft seems pretty coachable," the wrestling coach said. Last spring John Scheft debated in the novice division of the Belmont Hill Invitational Tournament. He won a best-speaker trophy in his division with a total of 87 out of a possible 90 points. No good guy had ever scored so high. Throughout the preparation and the debate Scheft was always thoughtful, reasonable, polite, thorough, hard-working,
open to criticism, and funny. The model debater. A tough break for the mercenary army.

One of the reasons for Scheft's success was surely the fact that he was the second speaker on his team and his partner, Lelie Woodrow, did well by him. The key to successful debate under the tournament format (two debaters to a side, each debater speaking, cross-questioning, and rebutting) is the working relationship between the teammates. If the first speaker sets up the second and the two arguments interlock nicely, all will be well. More specifically, the first speaker must establish or discredit the need, and the second speaker should present or reject the plan. Because the second speaker shoots at the targets lined up by the first, the second comes away with the trophy. That's why every John Scheft needs a willing, helpful Lelie Woodrow as a partner. That's why teams must learn that winning is a corporate, not an individual, effort.

Moral of the story: great debaters from selfless first speakers grow.

Only two of the eight who had debated against the worthy opponents would be helping in the spring Belmont Hill Invitational Tournament. But they were the fine rebuttalists Michel McQueen and Jay French. And they were to be joined by Elliot Peters and Posy Campbell, two veterans from the fall and the year before that. The coach had a policy of not permitting a student to be in more than two debates a year. The reasons for this policy were: one, to give more students the chance to participate; two, to ensure that the time required by debating wouldn't endanger a student academically; three, to sustain the impression that an opportunity to debate was an honor, something to which one could give one's total energy and commitment. Looking at the four veterans on his team, the coach of the good guys was sure that his "share the wealth" policy had in no way dimmed the prospects for victory. Inside him, the coach of the good guys felt the lust for silver stirring and bubbling. Crazy competitiveness. Debating sin number one.

As was the custom, the opening meeting took place after dinner on the first day of classes. There the teams were arranged, with care taken that each debater was matched with a partner whose style would complement, not compete with, his or her own. The topic was brainstormed for a while. Research directions were suggested and a tentative schedule of practice sessions agreed upon.

Basically the three weeks were divided along lines defined by the important skills: first week - researching and writing speeches; second week - delivering speeches and cross-questioning; third week - actual debating and rebutting. Obviously researching, rewriting, and the creation of flow charts listing all arguments and replies for rebuttal would go on from beginning to end, but dividing up the emphasis on a weekly basis was helpful, especially for the four novices.

The topic of the Belmont Hill Invitational Tournament was "Resolved: The United States should withdraw from the United Nations." The coach of the good guys had debated the same topic as a sophomore in high school. In those days the affirmative had been forced to argue the super-right-wing, John Birch Society line: "If the U.N.'s such a good thing, how come there are so many foreigners in it?" This time the affirmative could point to such things as third-world bloc voting, the U.N.'s inability to enforce its resolutions, and Henry Kissinger's allegedly successful shuttle diplomacy, conducted outside of any world forum.
"Can you tell me what is Henry Kissinger's outstanding achievement in the area of peace negotiations?"
"I'm not sure what his most outstanding one is."
"Well, what did he win a Nobel Peace Prize for?"
"For negotiating a peace in Vietnam."
"I see, and how has that peace been doing lately?"
"Can you tell me if there still is a South Vietnam?"

"Thank you. Now will you tell me about the prospects for peace in the Middle East?"

The 1975 version was far more interesting and plausible than its 1950's predecessor. All it required was that the debaters master the political and diplomatic history of the world since 1945. In three weeks.

Driving home in their VW bus three weeks later, the good guys were stirring and bubbling. They had won again and were reading the judges' evaluation sheets to see how wonderful they had really been.

Jan Edmonds, a novice who had thought she might be too shy for debating, had been accused of speaking "as if you were about to blow your top." She had won a best-speaker trophy and she was pleased. Elliot Peters had also won a best-speaker trophy, in the advanced division. Elliot was one of those majestically profiled, blue-eyed-blonde-haired boys who always looked as though he were leading troops into the teeth of enemy fire. The coach had pretended for years that Elliot had a Zeus complex and required two chairs, one for himself and one for his persona. Although Elliot was the most experienced debater on the team and one of the best the coach had ever seen, this was his first best-speaker trophy. When Elliot won it, the coach was so happy he could have followed him into the teeth of enemy fire.

Posy Campbell won the other best-speaker trophy, her second major award of the year. Posy always spoke so fast that no worthy opponent could take notes on her argument, so fast that it was rumored that words actually echoed off the roof of her mouth as they scrambled for the exit. The coach had tried and tried to slow her down, but in every debate Posy came on like a small blonde canary that had to eat six times its weight in words each day. Despite the velocity, judge after judge thought she was terrific.

When the good guys stopped at Friendly's ice cream parlor for the victory shakes...
and cakes, Jan Edmonds started moaning about how far behind she was in her work. “Don’t worry about it,” advised Elliot. “Next week you’ll still be so high from debating that you’ll mow down your courses as if there’s no idea you can’t handle.”

With student after student the coach had discovered that debating makes the grades go up. Students are exposed to excellence both in the experienced debaters with whom they work and in the coach’s unremitting demands for perfection. One debater remarked, “For the first time in my life I know what it takes to do High Honors work.” High Honors means really hard.

Debating also teaches a student not only to defend an idea, but to research it, analyze it, criticize it, organize it, and turn it around and around. What is a premise? What is part of a premise? What is a logical progression? How does one marshal sources and substantiate facts? How does one make order out of a chaotic world? Jared Ward often said that debating had taught him how to think.

Time after time, the coach of the good guys could hear himself telling students: “A speech is not an essay. Its organization must be powerfully apparent to the judge, who’s hearing it, not reading it. Number your points. Tell the judge what you’re going to tell him. One, two, three. Tell him. One, two, three. Tell him what you’ve just told him. One, two, three. Amen.” Yet somehow the same technique does make for better student essays and exam answers. The ability to think quickly in a coherent, orderly way. “BE SKELETAL! I want to hear the ribs of your argument! I want to see you ascend them one by one!”

Moral of the story: great debaters from rock ribs grow.

Some people complain that debating creates too much organization in the student’s mind, that it conspires against spontaneous creativity. That’s wrong. Debating is not just mercenary soldiers in formation. The game is more joyous than that.

Nope, the big sin is the one that keeps popping up here. After an organizational meeting of novices for one of the debates, one of the girls wrote the coach a note that began this way:

hello, i haven’t seen you so i thought i should tell you now what is going on in my mind – the problem is that i am having doubts about whether i can clear it with my own mind to debate. what i mean is – my views on prizes and any sort of

[Editor’s Note: Old-time Cadmeans and Concordians and SPS debaters among our readers may correctly infer from the foregoing that debating at SPS is a more demanding exercise than in former times. Gone are the days when a debate always meant a single encounter; when it could be said that “the SPS team upheld the negative of the question” (or the affirmative, as the case might be).

Nowadays, when SPS debaters enter a tournament or a league match, they put up both affirmative and negative teams (sometimes two of each – experienced and novice) and each team must uphold its side several times against opposing teams from other schools.

SPS engages in two major tournaments each year, in addition to one traditional head-to-head debate with Exeter, three league matches, and two impromptu meetings with Andover. For all but the impromptus, the topic is normally chosen by the host school about a month in advance. In the tournament and league format, two debaters are assigned to each team. Both will present constructive speeches, cross-question and rebut. Students are selected and paired by the advisors immediately after a topic is chosen, and by the time of the meet are so thoroughly conversant with the strong and weak points of each side as to be formidable opponents for anyone prepared in the casual way of yesteryear.1]
competition are that one does one’s absolute and total best, and if he knows that he has done all he possibly can (or even as much as he wants and is satisfied), winning and losing are irrelevant.

She quit. The coach of the good guys was saddened by the letter, for he feared that he had hurt the girl, turned her somehow into that diminutive “i.” She had seen his crazy competitiveness in the opening meeting and had been repelled by it. Her letter proved to him that, even after twelve years of debating, the coach still had a lot to learn before he could think of himself as a good guy.

Speaking of organization, there’s a secret to the coach’s success that he hasn’t confessed yet. He’s two coaches. Yup. One. Two. One for grammar. One for logic. One for pushing. One for praising. Two people who work together like one. The debaters do that for us.

Moral of the story: good coaches with great debaters grow.

The address below was delivered by the President of Yale University, a 1936 graduate of Belmont Hill School, at that school’s fiftieth anniversary in May, 1973. It is reprinted here by permission of Kingman Brewster and the National Association of Independent Schools, which first published it in The Independent School Bulletin, in October, 1973.

References specific to Belmont Hill — “the first fifty years,” “dayboarding school,” “suburban,” etc. — subtract nothing from the value, to SPS readers, of President Brewster’s general appraisal of the prospects of the independent school.

What are the Prospects?

Kingman Brewster

We cannot say with a sigh of relief that the first fifty years are the hardest. Unlike a taxi meter, we cannot even say that the first mile is the most expensive. For the independent school, the next fifty years will be even more difficult; and not the least of the difficulty will be that the miles ahead will be more expensive on the meter than the mile behind us has been.

Any activity as expensive as private education bears a heavy burden of persuasion — whether you are persuading the parent whose real income is declining; or are persuading the Internal Revenue Service that gifts to your activity should be deductible; or are persuading those God-playing foundation officers that, in the whole array of urgent social needs, private educa-
tion has its claim. The burden of persuasion is heavy. And so it should be.

It has to start with a rearticulation of our purposes — and I say “our” because there is a comparable burden of persuasion on private colleges and universities as well as private schools.

Skills, Values, Excitement

Of course the independent schools share with all secondary schools, public, parochial, and private, the common denominator of all early education — the imparting of skills, the three “R’s.” A school discharges this task better than its rivals only when more and better resources per student are devoted to it. The best suburban public schools are at least as good, often better, at the imparting of skills and information than many of the so-called “best” private schools.

Wherever you are between the ages of twelve and eighteen — the junior high and high school years — you are bound to begin to make up your mind about what is admirable and what is repulsive. All schools know this and would make the development of personal and social values a part of their mission. It cannot be done by hard-sell indoctrination. It cannot be forced by penalties and rewards administered from above. It is almost impossible to do in an impersonal, factory-like context, for its essence is community and precept.

“Maybe the distinctive aspect of a private school is that it makes it hard to avoid responsibility for what kind of person you are. This is true for all its members, not just the driven achievers.”

By community, I mean the sense of being part of a group in which there is no ducking ethical self-consciousness, either by escape or by anonymity. A dormitory, an athletic squad, a theatrical or singing rehearsal and performance — all provide this. But the special quality of a school of modest size is that the school as a whole is a community whose ethical expectations reach all its members, whether or not they are performers, athletes, or joiners. Maybe the distinctive aspect of a private school is that it makes it hard to avoid responsibility for what kind of a person you are. This is true for all its members, not just the driven achievers.

So the independent school may have an advantage in the imparting of skills, although that is not inherent. We do have some advantage, perhaps, when it comes to providing an environment for the development of ethical likes and dislikes — values, if you will. But it is in a third area, the capacity to become excited about ideas, where there may be very special advantage in the good independent school.

This excitement can come from a great book — and the independent school library or assignment sheet has no monopoly on great books. But at the school age provocation to intellectual excitement is more likely to come not from closet reading but from the live stimulus of another person.
"The live stimulus of another person," as seen at SPS: Señor Ordoñez in class.

It may be in class. More often, though, it will come from the chance association, the intellectual clue that is not easily found in the ruts of an examination-oriented curriculum.

In my own case, I probably learned more from the curious regime of interscholastic debating than I did from anything else. We were locked into the library for twenty-four hours and on the basis of its modest resources were to emerge as oracular experts ready to do battle with opposing dilettantes from Saint Grottesex. It was excellent preparation for writing speeches like this one, or indeed for a career in academic administration generally.

"...the university college is likely to be wasted on those who have not, along the way, developed a capacity for intellectual enthusiasm."

Then, of course, the mid-thirties was a marvelous time to come into the age of social and public awareness. Belmont Hill can scarcely take credit for the ideological frothiness provided by the emergence of Fascism and Communism abroad and the resonance of Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal at home. But the school can take credit for providing an atmosphere in which the preceptors on the faculty encouraged those of us who were premature world-savers, rather than pouring the cold waters of cynical sophistication or conformity on the still, small sparks of our intellectual idealism.

All schools are under a compulsion to get their graduates into college. But the university college is likely to be wasted on those who have not,
SPS scenes, figuratively suggesting "the risk of unpredictability," and the "development of a capacity for intellectual enthusiasm."

along the way, developed a capacity for intellectual excitement. The third purpose, then, different from skills, even different from a sense of right and wrong, is the development of a capacity for intellectual enthusiasm.

"Society will need as never before minds and spirits which are not thrown or jolted or cast into despair by constant confrontation with surprise."

These purposes were just as central to the junior high and high school fifty years ago as they are now. To them, however, I would add a fourth: the capacity to enjoy and to respond constructively to unpredictable change. This, too, was always important, but it looms as much more important for our children than it seemed to our fathers. Any reader of Future Shock knows what I mean. Indeed anyone whose life has tried to contain within one frame the deflation of the great depression with the inflation of the postwar period, the isolation of the thirties with the world policing of the sixties, the smugness of the fifties with the political, economic, and social disarray of the seventies – we all know from the brief experience of less than half a lifetime how the seemingly secure assumptions and expectations of today can be falsified and completely reversed by the events of tomorrow.

As I have said elsewhere, "Society will need as never before minds and spirits which are not thrown or jolted or cast into despair by constant confrontation with surprise. A spirit which welcomes challenge with an
hospitable mind, a willingness to take on the new and to assume the risk of unpredictability with some courage and zest, are the qualities which the world most needs." This realization is just as important to the school as it is to the college. It must be taken into account in taking the measure of what a school has to offer the young during their most impressionistic age.

So the development of skills, values, capacity for intellectual excitement, and resilience — these describe the mission of the secondary school.

We share these purposes with all schools. What does it take to achieve them? What are the prospects for the independent school which might justify its claim that at least for some of its students it has a distinctive advantage? To answer, we have to look at the ingredients which these goals require.

Quality and Diversity

The three ingredients which seem most important to me are the quality and diversity of students, the quality and diversity of the school experience, and the quality and diversity of the faculty. There are considerable barriers to the achievement of all three in the context of the traditional independent school.

As far as the quality of students is concerned, the private school, like the selective college or university, must overcome the temptation to defensive self-consciousness when attacked as being "elitist." If elitism means snobbery, of course it is indefensible. But if all pretense to selectivity, and standards of selection, were to be abandoned, then the opportunity in this country for a person to go as far as his talent will take him is snuffed out by an imposed sameness in the name of "fair-shares."

"The first priority, it would seem to me, is to do as much as we can to remove the pocketbook as the primary determinant of who can and who cannot come to the school."

If you are selective and you have something special to offer, then inevitably you are fostering an elite. The question is whether it is an elite screened by the merits of performance and potential, or an elite chosen by the meretricious happenstance of inheritance and class and race and wealth. There's the rub, of course, for the private school, which has to rely on high tuitions. The first priority, it would seem to me, is to do as much as we can to remove the pocketbook as the primary determinant of who can and who cannot come to the school.

This is very expensive. It cannot be pursued so far that it deprives the school of the wherewithal to support the faculty and facilities which make the school worth coming to in the first place. This is a tension which every private university and college president is painfully aware of. But we must move toward a tuition-according-to-ability-to-pay, so that those who can pay more help to support those who can pay less. This is not just an act of
charity. It is essential if the sons and daughters of the rich and poor alike are to have good independent schools which can attract specially talented students of diverse social, economic, and ethnic backgrounds. It is essential if private schools are not once again to become hothouses for the cultivation of an inherited elite.

Without such diversity skills may be well taught. But without diversity the development of values which can withstand the pressures of a society in conflict, the chances of intellectual stimulus, and most especially the development of resilience which can deal serenely with the unfamiliar will not be achieved as well as it will in the best public schools.

A day-boarding school of course has a great advantage over those of its rivals who are fully committed to boarding. The cost of attendance is lower for the day student. But any school will suffer if it loses too many talented students to public schools simply because their parents have no savings or no margin of income from which to pay tuition.

"Exclusiveness is not a cast of mind which would fit any young person for the world he is going to have to make his way in."

The second ingredient of quality education at the secondary school level is the diversity of experience. Here, too, the private schools may seem at a disadvantage, given the tradition of the paternalistic enclave which for so long characterized most of them. Also, for some of them just the distance from centers of cultural life and social action may pose a problem. Again, we have to be willing to buck the tide of opprobrium which some intellectuals and activists would heap upon the word "suburban." Instead we should make the most of the relative remove from the ugliness and harassments of the inner city coupled with easy access to all the experience and stimulation which only a metropolis provides. If that proximity is not tapped, however, then the escapism, the inverse ghetto of the caricature suburb, would be turned to serious disadvantage. Exclusiveness is not a cast of mind which would fit any young person for the world he is going to have to make his way in.

The third, the quality and diversity of the faculty, is of course the special privilege, but also the special challenge, which stems from an institution's independence. Again a school like Belmont Hill has a special advantage because of its location within minutes of the nation's greatest university city. It is less likely to have to depend upon the den-mother syndrome which motivated so many rural boarding school masters in past generations which took more kindly to both paternalism and maternalism. And this is probably the best market in which to recruit schoolteachers since the Great Depression, which permitted Belmont Hill to attract the outstanding faculty which it was my privilege to enjoy. However, one hopes that reliance upon such gruesome economic circumstances is temporary.
Apart from the coercion of shrunken job markets, however, I do believe that this current generation of college and graduate school students contains among its number some extraordinarily gifted and highly motivated people for whom school teaching is likely to be the career of highest satisfaction. There is among this generation generally a new regard for the importance of a constructive impact on the private world. Even if born of a frustration and bitterness about the public world, this ability to look beyond the glamour and status of bigness and notoriety, this rediscovery of the highly personal dimension of responsibility, seems to me especially suitable to the secondary school teacher.

Beware of self-pity; there is plenty of it, and it is a most corrupting form of arrogance. Beware, too, of cynicism, for it can degenerate into a what-the-hell attitude which any school can well do without. But do not be put off by the heterodox, the nonconformist, the skeptic, and the heretic, for without them convictions do not get tested by doubt; without them there is little provocation to ideas worthy of debate; without them there is not likely to be enough surprise in the experience either of learning or living.

Alumni Reunion and Seminar

They came, in a downpour, at the invitation of the Rector, to ask questions and to listen; to probe St. Paul's School's strength in tradition, excellence, duty; to consider how to reinforce and extend these strengths into the future.

They came from New Jersey, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New York, Colorado, Virginia, Connecticut, Vermont, Rhode Island and California — many bringing their wives — about thirty alumni who graduated more than five decades ago, representing eighteen Sixth Form years from 1906 to 1924. They were at the School for three full days, September 25 to 28, a period which looked long in prospect but seemed in practice barely enough to begin to appreciate the high level at which St. Paul's now stands.

During their stay, they dined at the Rectory, the Gym and the Upper. They attended Friday morning Chapel, a faculty meeting, classes, receptions, coffees. They worked in seminars designed to explain the Fund for SPS, and learned about options in giving to the Fund and how to be
helpful in spreading the word. They met with Department Heads, they talked to students and were talked to by students. (One of these talks — an appraisal of coeducation at SPS — is printed below.) They saw a variety of athletic contests, including boys soccer, girls soccer, football, cross country and field hockey. None of the visitors was under pressure to “do” the whole schedule but all experienced the School in countless ways.

They challenged the lack of compulsory Sunday Chapel, looked for religion and found it in unexpected places. They inquired about coeducation, academics and athletics. They explored buildings and walked the grounds. They attended Holy Communion in Chapel, Sunday morning, sang the old hymns, and heard the Rector speak.

By Saturday, the sun had broken through, and when the visitors left after lunch on Sunday, it was under sunny fall skies, with foliage ablaze. They left with appreciation and understanding, wishing that others had also attended, participated and enjoyed; convinced that St. Paul’s is worthy of their support.

As the Rector had said in his address Sunday morning: “In our experience of other years, and in our present together, we share School traditions that carry back to earliest days. And in hopes and aspirations for ourselves and our children we feel the future that will not end, knowing that many who are here now as students will guide and carry those traditions far into the coming century.”

Ralph T. Starr, ’44, Chairman, National Campaign Committee, The Fund for SPS
Robert E. Duke, Director
A Saturday midmorning "symposium" during the alumni weekend presented five Fifth and Sixth Formers offering their "Perceptions of SPS Today." From these papers, the Horae has selected Meg Ziegler's observations for printing below.

Is Coeducation Working at SPS?

*Margaret D. Ziegler, '77*

Just four and one-half years ago, St. Paul's School took a revolutionary step: for the first time, GIRLS, the other half of the population, were admitted to the School as students. A couple of tests had been made before this, of course, admitting girls on exchange for three weeks in 1969 and then for nine weeks in 1970. But, the big step was taken in January, 1971, when nineteen brave girls became part of the student body.

One girl described her feelings in the Spring, 1971, Alumni Horae: "Being one in nineteen, you're looked at twenty-four hours a day.... You say something in class and get those really strange looks, like 'where'd you dig that one up?'"

Now, just four years later, coeducation is accepted at SPS as a way of life. Most students don't know the School in any other way. Girls have proven themselves in every area at the School, in the classroom and out.

Last year, and the year before, a girl was one of the winners of the prestigious Ferguson Scholarships. Girls are important in debating; the editor of the School paper is a girl; for the past two years, a girl has been vice-president of the School. Girls represent the School well in sports,

Margaret Ziegler, '77, addressing the Alumni Fifty-Plus Reunion and Seminar, September, 1975.
too, as evidenced by the winning records of all the girls’ varsity teams last year — field hockey, soccer, squash, skiing, crew, tennis, and lacrosse. This year there is a girl on the formerly all-male cross-country team, and she doesn’t run at the end of the pack, either!

But most of all, girls have become part of the School. Girls are involved and important in every activity, from the Outing Club to the Mish, from the Judo Club to Eco-Action. The only club that I know of that had no girls in it last year was the Chess Club, and we’re working on that!

Is coeducation good? Is it good for SPS? Is it working here? These are the questions that must be answered. I believe that coeducation provides for a better, more natural atmosphere for any school. I attended public schools in Montana for nine years, and I have always been in a coed environment.

Is coeducation good for SPS? Coeducation prepares a student for the outside world, which is coed. I have read in old School publications about the dance weekends they used to have here, when girls were bused in from girls’ schools for the weekend. According to one housemother I talked to, the boys couldn’t do any work for a month before the weekend because they were so nervous, and none for a month after, because they were so depressed when the girls left! Now, several dances are held each term at School, with outside bands, student groups, or tapes. Student relationships are more relaxed because you don’t have to cram a whole term of socializing into one short dance weekend.

Is coeducation working at SPS? First, what do I mean by working? Well, for coeducation to work and be successful, I feel the School would have to have a healthy atmosphere for the students, and the School’s fundamental goals would have to be realized. I would say that these goals are, primarily, academic achievement and good growth of the students, both mentally and physically. The School has been careful to keep the atmosphere healthy, with good supervision of the activities and enforced curfews. It is obvious that the academic achievement at SPS is as high as ever, if you look at the list of colleges recent Forms are attending, as well as the champion record of the debate team, the sizable number of semi-finalists and finalists in the National Merit Scholarship program, and other outside competitions.

One thing that may concern many of you is, have traditions been shattered by the coming of girls? No, but perhaps extended a bit. Last spring, at Anniversary, the victorious Halcyon boys marched to the flagpole, accompanied by the victorious Shattuck girls. Not a broken tradition — just enlarged. One place where the addition of girls really shows up is in the chorus, which now has sopranos as well as baritones.

Girls are treated pretty much the same as boys now; we’ve proven ourselves in the classroom, on the playing field, and in the community. Girls’ sports teams are receiving more equal attention from students, faculty, parents and alumni. But, there are still little things to remind us that SPS used to be a boys’ school. We noticed one of these last spring on Awards night. The certificates that are awarded to students who have earned testimonials are written in Latin, with the student’s name inscribed. All the certificates, for boys and girls alike, read “puer optimae spei.”

Mr. Oates, next spring we expect to be elevated to the distinction of “puella”!
The New Alumni Directory

THE new 1975 Alumni Directory, which was mailed to all Alumni during the past summer, is the tenth such directory, and the first published by the Association since 1964. Despite efforts to keep current addresses on file at the Association’s office at SPS, more than 200 copies of the new Directory have come back undelivered because of incorrect address information. We urgently solicit alumni help in correcting any errors in the book which may be spotted by its users—especially incorrect addresses—so that some of these excess copies may be shipped to alumni who haven’t received them.

The new Directory contains the names of 5646 living alumni, through the Form of 1975, with their occupations and latest addresses known to the School, followed by a list of Honorary Members of the Alumni Association and lists of all the Forms which have graduated from the School, beginning in 1858.

Also included are the names and addresses of undergraduates presently enrolled, through 1978; a list of all Trustees of the School, with dates, from the School’s founding to the present; and a list of current officers of the Alumni Association and its former presidents.

Alumni Directors and Form Agents Meet

FROM the record-setting 1975 Alumni Fund, which exceeded last year’s Fund by fourteen percent, more than $220,000 has been turned over to the School, according to a decision by the Directors of the Alumni Association, meeting at SPS, September 27, 1975. The total is made up approximately as follows: 50th Anniversary Fund of 1925, $51,000; 25th Anniversary Fund of 1950, $19,000; contributions of all other Forms, $150,000.

The Anniversary Funds of the Forms of 1925 and 1950 are to be added to The Fund for SPS and placed in the School’s unrestricted endowment; the $150,000 is to be used without restriction for current operations.

Gathered at St. Paul’s on the same autumn weekend as the Directors and the “Fifty Plus Reunion” reported in this issue, the Alumni Fund Form Agents received praise and thanks from Horace Henriques, Jr., ’47, President of the Alumni Association, for their fine work on behalf of the Association and the School. He presented awards to Derek Richardson,
'35, for outstanding performance as a Form Agent, and to Roy F. Copppedge, 3d, ’66, for achieving the greatest increase in Alumni Fund participation by his formmates.

Convinced of the necessity for the Alumni Association to increase its labors for St. Paul’s School, the Form Agents agreed to a goal of $300,000 for the 1976 Alumni Fund — ten percent above the total raised in 1975.

Frederick C. Witsell, Jr., ’52, Treasurer of the Association, in commenting on the budget for 1975-6, pointed out that publication of the new Alumni Directory had caused considerable increase in expenses this year and last. He noted with appreciation, however, that already 600 alumni had sent gifts totaling $5,000 towards the cost of the Directory.

Books


THE time is 1866. The story is of the last voyage of the Clipper Ship Hornet, sailing for San Francisco around the Horn.

From New York down to the tip of South America, and up the Pacific side of the continent to a little north of the Equator, it was a most interesting trip, though perhaps not unusual for the times. Then came an epic adventure of the sea which became a chapter in literary history through its association with the early career of Mark Twain, and which may have set an undergraduate of Trinity College on the course which led him eventually to become the third Rector of St. Paul’s School.

Henry Ferguson, SPS 1864, then nineteen, and his brother, Samuel, twenty-eight, were central in the story from start to finish. Samuel, fatally ill of tuberculosis, was making the voyage in the interests of his health; Henry had taken a leave of absence from college to keep him company.

In the diaries of the Ferguson brothers and of Captain Josiah Mitchell, printed here side by side, which are the nucleus of Alexander Crosby Brown’s gripping book, the voyage is seen day by day: the sailing, January 15; showers, heat, gales, doldrums, penguins, calms; the sudden blaze in a cask of varnish which destroyed Hornet on May 3; and then the saga of the clipper’s longboat, with fifteen men aboard and provisions for only ten days, creeping for forty-three days across a 4,000-mile immensity of ocean, to arrive in the Hawaiian Islands with all hands near death from starvation.

When Hornet caught fire and sank, the Captain, crew and two passen-
gers had gotten off in three boats, each with a sail of sorts. For a while, the faster longboat towed the two quarter boats, but after two weeks it was decided the chances of being saved were greater separate than together. Provisions were divided and the three boats parted — the two quarter boats never to make land.

At the close of each day, each of the three diarists in the longboat managed to set down the events that seemed of most importance in his eyes, and sometimes his private thoughts, hopes and prayers. We may guess that the writers did not show their jottings to each other; they confided some things to their diaries which they never would have said aloud, such as the Captain’s fear that Samuel Ferguson would not live to see his home again.

The privations of life in the longboat are vividly brought home — the division of each occasional fish or bird caught by the castaways into fifteen equal parts to be eaten raw; the sucking on greasy rags and bootleather towards the end; the success of the writers in finding a way to sleep in the crowded craft in spite of slashing water and slamming seas, or the breathless heat of the calms.

Mark Twain’s role in the epic story was not its least remarkable feature. Thirty-one years old at the time, the author was in the Hawaiian Islands on a roving assignment, sending back his impressions in a series of “letters” commissioned by the Sacramento Daily Union. As he asserted in a maga-

Captain Mitchell (left), Henry Ferguson (center) and Samuel Ferguson (right), photographed in Honolulu, July 13, 1866, one month after the end of the longboat voyage.
zine article thirty-three years later, his detailed report of the longboat’s voyage, based on interviews with the survivors and a reading of their diaries, constituted his “debut as a literary person.”

Alexander Crosby Brown has made skillful use of Mark Twain’s account, weaving it into this book as a commentary on the daily diary entries of Captain Mitchell and the Ferguson brothers.

Well illustrated with all manner of contemporary paintings, prints and woodcuts, which show the Clipper Ship Hornet, the longboat, pages from the diaries, birds and fish mentioned in the text, maps of the voyage, etc., this volume provides what must be the fullest record available of one of the most remarkable open boat voyages known. For this it can be recommended to all who follow the literature of the sea.

For St. Paul’s people, it has the added fascination of providing insight into the youth of Henry Ferguson, whose experience in the Hornet longboat, so Commander Brown believes, played a leading role in his later decision to enter the Episcopal ministry and thus, in 1906, to take the helm of SPS for a brief rectorship after the death of Henry and Joseph Coit.

Gouverneur M. Phelps, Jr., ’27
Letters

Tributes to John Richards

In our last issue, the Editor invited alumni to send recollections of John Richards for publication here. We print below a group of responses to that invitation.

Dear Roger:

I appreciated Jerry Burke's report of John Richards's funeral service in Gardiner, and it would be difficult to improve on Gerald Chittenden's testimonial to John Richards on his retirement— as they appeared in the summer, 1975, Alumni Horae. But I am sure all John Richards's admirers would be happy to read Bill Oates's remarks welcoming the students on the first day of the spring term, April 2, 1975:

Shortly before the beginning of spring vacation I received a letter from a former member of the School faculty, John Richards. I want to read a paragraph from this letter now, but before I do let me tell you something about Mr. Richards, a remarkable man.

Before coming to our faculty, in September, 1912, John Richards had gone from his native Gardiner, Maine, to Groton School, and then to Harvard College. Except for two years of service in the Army in the first World War, John Richards remained on the faculty the rest of his active life until retirement at age sixty-five, in 1949. He returned to Gardiner, Maine, to live with other members of his family in the house in which he had been born. In February he celebrated his ninety-first birthday.

John Richards served many years here as the Head of the English Department, as the Head of the Upper School dormitory, as President of the Halyon Boat Club, as chairman of the Athletic Association, and of course in countless other ways. You will remember that members of the Form of 1923 endowed a teaching chair, at their Fiftieth Anniversary two years ago, in gratitude for the magnificent teaching of several members of the English Department. Mr. Richards was one of those so mentioned. And the School is grateful that Mr. Lederer, as the Form of 1923 Master in English, continues this tradition today.

Now, here is a paragraph from Mr. Richards's letter, written

(Cont. on p. 172 and following pages)
Editorial

EMBEDDED in Kingman Brewster's article (pp. 157-163) is a chance echo of the account of SPS debating which precedes it. We say "chance" because the President of Yale did his prep school debating some forty years earlier than the students now learning that discipline at St. Paul's.

But chance was not needed to link the two articles. A stronger unity rises from their assertion that intellectual enthusiasm, the electricity generated by encounters with new, diverse, and sometimes adverse ideas, is an essential vehicle of education. The same point is made elsewhere in our pages, and in fact St. Paul's School would be poorly represented by an issue of the Horae which didn't re-state that truth over and over again.

SPS has always enjoyed the stimulation of those masters — carriers of the vital current — who are powered by intellectual excitement and "in it" up to their necks. Though we may forget the precise words of their teaching, we still hear (and are spurred towards our own glimmerings of truth by) the agonized cry of such a one as John Richards, "For God's sake, don't stop me now!"

This irrepressible commitment to ideas or to action, this demonstration that commitment matters, is the heart of a great school. The more the better!

In our period, shadowed by talk of doomsday, many are tempted to hang back, play it safe and cool, keep their feet dry and guard their options — a dismal frame of mind, deadly to the spirit of adventure, deadly to schools.

The Editor rejoices at every sign that the counter-contagion of intellectual enthusiasm is strong and busy at St. Paul's, enticing students to make their own plunge into the deep water. Such a school best serves our society and nobly deserves to prosper.

Letters (cont. from p. 171)

from memories of experiences that began in 1912:

"I hope there is a chance to emphasize the beauty of the environment. Ponds and wild flowers at your door, and the top of Jerry with its view of the Northern mountains. I am homesick for the walks I used to take. How well I remember going to breakfast from the Old Upper, and seeing lady slippers beside the Library Pond. There is no school to compare with SPS in this way."

How vivid, how joyous, how appreciative are these thoughts. How much the beauty of our school grounds meant to Mr. Richards while he lived here, and how much memory of that beauty continues to mean for him.

Bill Oates sent to John Richards a copy of these remarks to the students, and I have been told that this warmed John Richards's heart in the last month of his life.

Sincerely yours,
Marshall J. Dodge, Jr., '29
Henry Kittredge once illustrated John Richards's love and appreciation of poetry by relating how, "sometimes in the classroom he was carried away by his enthusiasm. On one occasion he was holding forth on "The Ancient Mariner." He was going strong and the class was with him. One of the boys broke the spell with an insignificant question. Our friend looked at the lad who had upset the momentum and said, 'For God's sake, don't stop me now!' ” A similar incident is told in the letter next below.

AS A Fourth Former in 1937, with typical thoughtlessness combined with an enthusiasm and exuberance which only John Richards could engender, I interrupted his line of thought in a class in the Old Study by throwing up my hand to ask him a question.

Obviously disturbed, he berated me in no uncertain terms: "Smith, if you don't put your hand down this minute, I'll throw you out of class."

I slunk down into my seat; he struggled to continue. In recollection, he must have suffered far more than I, because when the bell sounded for the end of the period, in the presence of the entire class, openly and without qualification he apologized for the manner in which he had spoken to me.

As a clergyman, I have preached on contrition and forgiveness from Biblical texts as well as from my own experience. No example stands higher in my limited personal knowledge than that which took place in this great teacher's class that day.

Stanley B. Smith, '40

HE HAD an important trait not often found among schoolmasters, which endeared me to him, namely that there was never any show of favoritism. Any student could visit John Richards at any time and would always be made to feel at home.

Robert B. Meyer, Jr., '39

I WAS an enthusiastic but not too gifted Halcyon oarsman from 1944 through 1947.

In the spring of 1944, gas rationing at SPS brought out the horse-drawn barges to take the crews to Long Pond. The "Grace Darling" was one of them. Those of us in makeup in the Big Study after lunch had to jog to the Pond to catch our crews before the boats were launched. More than once, I caught up to the horses on a hill and got a helping hand up the steps of the crowded barge, with a grin, from Mr. Richards. I think he had a special soft spot for those who were keen enough about rowing to jog up after makeup. It meant a lot to a Third Former who had never rowed before.

In my Sixth Form year, I was bow on the Halcyon second, until, one shattering afternoon, the coach switched us all (out on the lake) with the third crew (mostly Fifth and some Fourth Formers, to make it worse).

We maintained our dignity for the rest of the season ... and on Race
Day we dyed our shirts red. (Thank goodness, we won!) Through all our frustration, John Richards remained kind, understanding and loyal to us, without being disloyal to the coach, and of course gave full support to the younger second crew, who I am sure deserved to be there.

One Sunday during the War (World War II) I went to the Chittendens' for tea. Mrs. Chittenden held the fort – Mr. was not around. The night before, the School had seen "Fighting Lady," a film about life on an aircraft carrier in the Pacific. The boys enjoyed the film as a good war story. Mrs. C. told us that her husband and John Richards had gone to the film together and were emotionally exhausted at the end. They were both so involved with the wartime lives of their former students.

Sidney S. Whelan, Jr., '47

I AM sure all of us in his unforgettable Honors English seminar in the spring of '32 remember how, as John Richards introduced us to the reading of Milton, he told us there were passages in Paradise Lost which he found so moving that he had to grip the arms of his chair. (That he was an extraordinarily strong man drove the lesson home all the harder.)

But a teacher's work consists of his discrete effect on each student's mind. For me, the moment (I would say of illumination if that were not pretentious) that has been a guiding light ever since was when Mr. Richards called for a pause during our reading of King Lear. He told us simply then, "we are about to read one of the greatest soliloquies in all of Shakespeare."

And whoever was reading began,

O, reason not the need! Our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous. . . .

In my gropings as a student of behavior, I have come back and back to Lear's words – words that are the final rebuke to all that is, dare we say "merely?" superficial in social science, not just in economics. It is possible I might have come to see the universal meaning of the passage without Mr. Richards's emphasis. But I think not. Timely emphasis, as in every art, is of the essence of great teaching.

Dwight E. Robinson, Jr., '32

ST. PAUL'S School is unique because it is one of the few remaining that can still be measured in terms of people and not statistics.

Forty years of correspondence with a teacher who, for me, was St. Paul's kept my will stirred. How ever to repay the growing debt I owe John Richards? His death is dichotomous. It leaves one frustrated for not ever having been able to explain to the teacher of English exactly what he meant in one's life. And it seals forever one's determination never to forget the precious kind of things we shared.

"When you speak of healing the wounds of summer, you strike the responsive chord, for this old state of ours is overrun in the warm
...THREE recollections:

On my first vacation home from the Lower School, my Father asked me: "Is John Richards still trudging on?" To my unspoken surprise (I had no classes or sports under Mr. Richards and had not mentioned his name), my Father added: "He was two years ahead of me at Harvard." That was all he ever said, but his choice of verbs is curious, being the same as in Mr. Richards' verse ("When I trudged the town last night"); and the affection with which my Father remembered him is deduced from his having kept track of his old college friend. My Father esteemed few men; one of them was John Richards.

When I was a middle schooler, I started the spring season as stroke of the Halcyon fifth. The coach happened also to be my housemaster, whose strong dislike I had earned and who quickly shook me out of that boat and all those behind it. I got the message and switched to track.

But it remained a bone in my throat, and later in the term I took my "Ranking Holiday" (do they still give those?) on a day when the fifth Halcyon was to be timed. I walked to Long Pond in the morning, ate a sandwich by the water, and entered the boathouse before the horses and boys had arrived. I asked for a single shell, but the custodian was not issuing these for the asking and referred me to Mr. Richards (also there early), to whom I repeated my request. The answer was No, I could not have a shell, but I could have a wherry.

I spent an hour mastering the overlapping oars, then closed the fifth Halcyon barge from the opposite (starboard) side of the coach's motor-boat. When he started them, I paced them at their stroke, then raised mine and beat them by a comfortable length. Then he saw me. I gave him my most insolent smile, and docked the wherry.

Now, on the face of it, this is a story about me, but it really isn't. The wonderful conceit of schoolboys persuades them that their individually original insolences are original to the species — but of course they aren't, and wise old masters have seen them all before and can see them coming again.

John Richards knew exactly what I was up to, and why, and he let me get away with it; and he wouldn't let me have a shell because that would have been no contest, but a wherry against a barge was fair play.

As I remember the Sunday afternoon tea circuit, the hosts with the most (to eat) were the Chittendens, the Lefebvres, and the Madeiras (I may have missed a couple). The bachelor masters had fewer callers. I can
recall being the only one on more than one occasion and at more than one
master's rooms.

When you took tea with Mr. Richards, tea was what you got. You
might not even get conversation, for it was not required of either host or
guest, and that was understood; for in autumn you could share the colors,
in winter the hearth, and in spring the lengthening day, and in any season,
if you walked (trudged) "the walks I used to take," you could share the
wordless language men like John Richards transmit and receive on other
wavelengths than speech.

John M. Verdi, '44

To the Editor:

I was glad to see that someone has taken it upon himself to provide a basic
glossary of words and phrases peculiar to the vocabulary of the St. Paul's
community. Inevitably, there were omissions, some glaring, some less
conspicuous, in Robert V. Edgar's article [Alumni Horae, summer, 1975]. Here
are a few examples:

bummer City. Many bammers, grouped together.

humongous. Huge, enormous, overwhelming. ("But, coach, I've got this
humongous cold ...")

munchies. A widespread stomach disease affecting boarding school stu-
dents forced to subsist on a meager diet of breakfast, lunch and dinner. When
munchies breaks out on a wide scale, there is what is known as a crunch at
places like Tuck (a School building where students have their first exposure
to basic economies).

The Toe. That's no Claudette Colbert imitation that our namesake St.
Paul is doing on the School seal; just a friendly reminder that students
neglectful of a few basic rules and regulations might wake up some vacation
morning to find themselves public school students again. Also known as the
boot, etc.

Grungy, or grungy. Stale, old, mouldy, messy, dirty, oily, smarmy, sweaty, smelly, greasy, grimy, dingy, unclean, unattractive, or just plain grungy.

Lib. A word seldom heard in conversation. It appears nightly on every sign-out sheet in every dormitory, under “destination.” A rough translation would be, “I’m going wherever I please.” At one time, it was taken to be an abbreviation of “library” but, obviously, if everyone who is signed out to lib on any given night were to show up simultaneously at Sheldon Library, there would be a humongous crunch. There seem to be no connections with the Feminist movement.

In addition, of course, various SPS subcultures have developed their own dialects, such as freakspeak, cliquespeak, patspeak (used primarily by members of the ski team) and batspeak (a kitchen lingo) — more than I can deal with here. They are continuously changing, evolving and interacting. Without them the School would become a drab morass of monotony — bummer city if ever there was one.

Yours,
Peter Conolly, ’74

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FACULTY NOTES

On sabbatical leave this academic year are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Barrett, Richard F. Davis and William R. Matthews, Jr., ’61. Mr. Barrett, Head of the Art Department and a faculty member since 1960, will spend the year painting and seeking new sources for art exhibits in Hargate. Mr. Davis, a member of the History Department, taught in the Advanced Studies Program last summer and will be studying Russian History and the European background of American History. Mr. Matthews also taught in the Advanced Studies Program. He has taken his family to France, where he is studying French literature and language at Grenoble University. He is a member of the Classics Department.

The Rev. Arthur James Blythe (1938-41), a former Sacred Studies teacher at SPS, died March 23, 1975, in Binghamton, New York. He was sixty-six years old. He was a graduate of Lehigh University and received a divinity degree from Philadelphia Divinity School in 1932. His career, after leaving the faculty of SPS, included the teaching of Latin and German at Windsor (N.Y.) Central School, and service as priest-in-charge of St. Luke’s Church, Harpersville, New York, and Zion Episcopal Church, Windsor. He was rector of the latter church from 1959 to his retirement in December, 1974. Since that time he had been attendant rector of Christ Church, Susquehanna, Pennsylvania. He is survived by two sons, Richard R. and Alan A. Blythe, and one grandchild.

Robert V. Edgar of the English Department, who has had charge of extracurricular dramatics since he came to the faculty in 1969, is on a leave of absence for the current school year.

The Rev. William S. Gannon (1970-74), formerly of the Religion Department and now headmaster of St. Mary’s and St. John’s School, Peekskill, New York, is the author of an article
in the October issue of Independent School Bulletin, in which he relates how he coached a junior football team at Groton in “Love Football,” to counter the opposing team’s kill’em psychology, and put the rivals to confusion.

Donna L. Hurley of the Mathematics Department, who served on the Admissions Committee last year, is the new Assistant Director of Admissions.

Warren O. Hulser of the Mathematics Department has been elected a director of the Concord Community Players for a two-year term.

“Encore,” a third-year French textbook by André O. Hurtgen, Head of the Modern Languages Department, is to be published in December by Allyn and Bacon, Inc.

E. Lawrence Katzenbach, 3d of the History Department is coauthor with Richard H. Lederer of an article about SPS debating, published in the October Independent School Bulletin and reprinted in this issue.

William O. Kellogg, Head of the History Department, who is a member of the New Hampshire State task force on energy, conducted a seminar on energy education at the annual convention of the New Hampshire Education Association in Manchester, October 17, 1975.

Richard H. Lederer, Form of 1923 Master in English, received first prize (specific subject category) in the 1974-75 Article Writing Contest of the Independent School Bulletin, for his “Confessions of a Male Girls Basketball Coach,” which appeared in the Alumni Horae and ISB, in December, 1974. He had an active tennis summer, winning, with his partner, Bill Simorton, the New Hampshire Open Doubles and Concord City Men’s Doubles Championships, and, with Olga Gillies, the Concord City Mixed Doubles Championship. He also represented Northern New England with Bill Simorton in the Thurston Cup Competition.

Praise for Francis V. Lloyd (1935-57), former Vice-Rector, still echoes in Clayton, Missouri, where he wrote new chapters in education after leaving SPS in 1957. B. Turner Schley, ’52, informs us that a friend, newly arrived in Clayton, wrote to him: “It seems that every native of this area has a tremendous respect for the New Hampshire educator who, about twenty years ago, revamped the public school system in Clayton. They feel now that it is the finest in the United States and they are proud to talk about it.”

J. Alden Manley has been reelected president of Zion Research Foundation. He is also chairman of the library committee of the Maria Mitchell Science Library of Nantucket.

Charles B. Morgan of the Classics Department, adviser to the Outing Club, was one of a group of eight, partly sponsored by the American Alpine Club and the Explorers’ Club, which explored an area of the Cordillera Huayhuash in Peru last summer and made first ascents of two peaks over 18,000 feet in height.

NEW FACULTY MEMBERS

David W. Baldwin, ’71 (Assistant Director of Admissions) received his A.B. degree in English and American Literature from Brown University in June. At Brown, he was a programmer on WBRU-FM. In addition to his work in the Admissions Office, he is assistant housemaster in Center Upper.

John G. Cagle (Director of Food Services) has been associate director of food services at Tufts University. After attending the State University of New York and Bentley College, he had professional experience at several educational institutions and dining establishments. He and Mrs. Cagle and their three children are living on Pleasant Street.

The Rev. Alden B. Flanders (Religion and Dramatics) has been assistant rector of the Church of the Advent, Boston for the past two years. A graduate of Hobart College, with a master’s degree in Theater from the University of
Maine, he has since earned a Master of Divinity degree from Episcopal Theological School and a Master of Fine Arts degree in Theater Arts from Brandeis. He and Mrs. Flanders are living in Kitteredge, where he is assistant housemaster.

Anthony J. Gaslevich, Jr. (History). After graduation from Harvard in 1970, he spent a year at Cornell Law School and in 1975 received his Ed.M. degree from Harvard. He has taught at Suffield Academy and the Pennington School. He and Mrs. Gaslevich are living in Kitteredge, where he is an assistant housemaster.

Walter H. Kiel (Art) received his bachelor's and master's degrees in Fine Arts from Kent State University. He has held teaching positions at Kent State and Canton (Ohio) Art Institute. He is the assistant housemaster in Conover.

Michael V. Leuthold (German and Russian) received his early education in his native Germany. He has bachelor's and master's degrees from Eastern Washington State College, and comes to St. Paul's from Williston-Northampton School, where he taught German and French. He and Mrs. Leuthold and their young son live on Hopkinton Road.

J. C. Douglas Marshall (Classics) was a member of the Classics Department in 1962-63, following which he moved to the University of Pennsylvania, where he received his master's and doctor's degrees in the Classics. For six years he has been assistant professor of Classics at Dartmouth. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall and their two children are living on Fiske Road.

Lynne D'Arcy Morgan (Classics), as Miss D'Arcy, was an intern in Classics last year, after her graduation from Princeton. She was married to Charles B. Morgan of the English and Classics Departments in July. The Morgans live in Conover, where Mr. Morgan is housemaster.

W. Douglas Renfroe (Music) has joined the faculty as a teacher of voice, and his wife, Donna, continues as a part-time instructor of piano. He received the B.M.E. degree from Westminster Choir College and will shortly receive his Master of Music degree from Catholic University of America. The Renfroes and their two children
are living at their home in Contoocook.

Diane L. Souvaine (Mathematics and English) graduated cum laude from Radcliffe in June, having majored in both Mathematics and English. For several summers she has been active in summer camp work as a counselor, swimming instructor and tennis instructor. She is an assistant "housemaster" in the Middle.

Four intern teachers new this year are: Joan C. Carter, a June graduate of Wellesley, who is working in the English and Classics Departments and assisting with the girls’ dormitory in Kettle; Diane K. Cook, who received her master's degree from Syracuse University in June, and is with the History Department and assisting in the dormitory in Alumni House; Herrick A. Drake, Jr., a graduate of Colby, in American Studies and Education, who is working with the History Department and is the assistant housemaster in Armour; Robert W. Gorman, an intern in German and assistant housemaster in Corner, who graduated from Bowdoin in June.

FORM NOTES

1921
Commander Jordan L. Mott, USNR (Ret.) has become proprietor of the Silver Spray Club, a small north coast resort on Runaway Bay, Jamaica, W. I.

1922
An honorary degree of Doctor of Science was conferred in June on Gardner D. Stout, president for the past seven years of the American Museum of Natural History, by New York University. Noting that the accompanying citation described him as a "dedicated amateur ornithologist," Stout wrote to the Rector that his "first introduction to a devoted and almost professional ornithologist" was at St. Paul's, where he used to go to have "brew" with F. Beach White in his rooms in the Old Upper. "I rather timidly suggested that I would like to go birding with him some Sunday afternoon. He indicated that it would be better if I didn’t tell anyone what I did on those Sunday afternoons because it might reflect on my masculinity! And so we agreed that I would meet him on the Contoocook Road where he would have two pairs of binoculars in his Model T Ford. We were careful to be back before Evensong."

1926
Charles G. Chase reports that he worked nine hours a day for eight days to complete a walnut carving of an oystercatcher which was planned by Maine Republicans as a gift for President Ford on the occasion of his political visit to Portland, Maine, in late August. Receiving the commission only thirteen days before the President's visit, Chase, who is a well-known sculptor of birds in wood, comments that "it raised hell with my bluefishing."

1928
At the conclusion of his service as United States Ambassador to Denmark in September, Philip K. Crowe was awarded the Grand Cross of the Order of Dannebrog by Queen Margrethe II. Ambassador Crowe’s term in Denmark began in 1973, following his four years as Ambassador to Norway.

1930
Harvard law professor and former Watergate Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox has agreed to undertake the legal defense of the new federal election law, which is being attacked as unconstitutional. Cox will work without pay as a public service.

Charles M. Kirkland, a former president of The Heath Co. and Weston Instruments, was elected a vice-president of the parent company, Schlumberger Ltd. of New York City, in September.

1932
Samuel R. Callaway, President of the Board of Trustees, retired on October 1 from Morgan Guaranty Trust Co., where he has been in charge of the trust and investment division for the past seven years. He has worked for Morgan Guaranty all of his business life, having joined the bank on graduation from Harvard in 1936.
1934

Angier Biddle Duke is Commissioner of Civic Affairs and Public Events for the City of New York.

1937


Charles B. McLane, professor of government at Dartmouth College and a specialist in Soviet sphere politics, has been named the fifth holder of the Dartmouth Class of 1925 Professorship. Author of several scholarly works in his specialty, he is presently engaged in gathering material for a history of the hundreds of islands that form the archipelagos of Penobscot and Blue Hill Bays on the coast of Maine, where he has a summer home.

Henry T. Reath, who is counsel to the Pennsylvania Association of Independent Schools and has appeared in three major cases on behalf of private education before the United States Supreme Court during the last five years, is the author of "Three Cheers for Public Aid to Private Education," printed in the October issue of the Independent School Bulletin.

1939

*Married: R. Parker Kuhn, Jr. to Anne Wither­spoon Farr, daughter of Mrs. Preston Wither­spoon of New York City and the late Mr. Wither­spoon, August 1, 1975, in Bedford, New York.*

1942

Osborn Elliott, who has been editor of Newsweek since 1961, a period marked by "continuous and vigorous growth," has been named editor-in-chief of the magazine.

Malcolm McLane announced in September that he would not run for reelection to the Concord, New Hampshire, City Council. A member of the Council and before that of the Board of Aldermen, for twenty years, McLane has been presiding officer of the Council for the past five years. In this position, which carries with it the title of mayor of Concord, he has acted with exemplary fairness, modesty and devotion. "His accomplishments and his dedication," writes the Concord Monitor, "speak for themselves."

1946

James W. Kinnear is now senior vice-president for worldwide marketing, of Texaco, Inc., with responsibility for international marine operations and petrochemicals.

1947

Edward C. Stebbins, Jr., executive vice-president of Freeport Kaolin Co. for the past year, has now become president of the company, which is a division of Freeport Minerals Co. He has been with Freeport Minerals since 1964 in various capacities, and is also a vice-president of the parent company.

1949

F. Brooks Butler has been serving as interim principal of Berkshire Country Day School in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. The school is an independent coeducational day school with an enrollment of 268 students in kindergarten through ninth grade. Butler has been a teacher for the past seventeen years, "off and on," at Lenox, Pingree and Berkshire Country Day Schools, and Berkshire Community College.

1951

James V. Eppes is one a group which has organized UFO (Unidentified Flying Object) Education Centers in Appleton, Wisconsin, and Valley Center, California, with the stated purpose of informing the public about UFO's.

Peter Jefferys has assumed the post of chief executive of the Grindlays Bank group, in London, England. He came to Grindlays from First National City Bank, in 1972, and last year succeeded to the post of managing director.

*Married: William L. Van Alen, Jr. to Miss Virginia Guest, daughter of Raymond R. Guest of King George, Virginia, and Mrs. Polk Guest of Front Royal, Virginia, October 18, 1975, in Washington, D. C.*

1953

Frederick A. Eaton, writes happily that "after fifteen years on Wall Street [he has] moved from concrete to country," viz. Sewickley, Pennsylvania.

1955
David T. Dana, 3d has joined the Newport Beach, California, law firm of Caldwell & Toms.

1956
Married: Peter Alexis Tatistcheff to Miss Florence Linda Amzallag, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moise Amzallag of Casablanca, Morocco, June 27, 1975, in Irvington-on-Hudson, New York. Tatistcheff is director of the Green Mountain Gallery in New York City.

1958
P. Anthony Ridder is general manager of the San José Mercury-News and chairman of the board of directors of the San José Chamber of Commerce.

Frederic Winthrop, Jr., state agriculture commissioner of Massachusetts, hopes to get legislative backing for state purchase of farmland development rights, in order to save Massachusetts agriculture. Such purchase, which might in some cases amount to 95% of the value of the land, would assure the farmer of low assessments and taxation, and encourage continued use of the land for agriculture.

1961
Born: to Tom Drury and his wife, Leila, a son, Eric Kareem, July 30, 1975.

Born: to Curtis Lynch and his wife Jacqueline, a son, John Curtis, June 3, 1974.

1962
John T. Carleton has been elected corporate treasurer of the Villares Group of industries, in São Paulo, Brazil. The Villares Group employs 12,000 people in its basic divisions, steel, elevators, equipment and auto parts. Carleton, with his wife, Christy, and two children, lives in São Paulo.

Married: Morten H. Engstrom to Miss Katrena Bolling Kerst, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard N. Kerst of Katonah, New York, September 6, 1975.

Born: to Richard E. Schade and Mrs. Schade, a daughter, Silke Katharine, June 10, 1975.

Engaged: Lt. Peter C. Wylie, USN, to Miss Carolina Clair, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Edward Clair of East Rockaway, New York. Wylie, a graduate of the University of Virginia Law School, is stationed in the office of the Judge Advocate General of the Navy in Washington, D. C.

1963
Alexander H. Carver, 3d, an account executive with the New York advertising firm of Foote, Cone & Belding, received his law degree from Fordham University Law School, this past spring. He attended law school four nights a week for four years, to complete requirements for the degree.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS
To simplify the keeping of up-to-date addresses in the School and Alumni files, alumni are asked to send any change of permanent address, with Zip Code, to Development Office
St. Paul's School
Concord, N. H., 03301
The Development Office will be able and glad to help any alumnus locate a friend whose address has changed.

1964
R. R. Bastian, 3d has moved his family from Philadelphia to Tulsa, Oklahoma, where he is now vice-president and department manager with the National Bank of Tulsa.

Married: Robert D. Claflin to Miss Ann Benjamin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Burton Benjamin of Scarborough, New York, August 23, 1975, in Tarrytown, New York. Claflin is a production manager for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"Escaped. Last seen heading for Bora Bora" is the title of an article in the July-August issue of Harvard Magazine, written and illustrated by David Irons, freelance writer and photographer. The article is based on the author's eighteen months of cruising in the Pacific, as "a nautical
hitch-hiker," a few years ago.

**Married:** Tom Randolph Potter, Jr. to Miss Marguerite Kaulakis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Francis Kaulakis of Chatham, New Jersey, September, 1975, in Summit, New Jersey.

John B. Richardson is a fourth year resident in general surgery at the University of Miami, Miami, Florida.

**1965**

Stephen J. Easter is practicing law in Potsdam, New York.

**1966**

**Married:** Norman Macbeth, 3d to Miss Wendy Anne Sleteland, daughter of Kathleen Troast Pitney of Mendham, New Jersey, and the late Trygve B. Sleteland, September 27, 1975, in Mendham.

**Born:** to Thomas W. Streeter, 3d and his wife, Patricia, a daughter, Karen Ruth, March 3, 1975. Streeter is an assistant county attorney in Grayson County, Texas, living in Sherman, Texas.

**Engaged:** Capt. W. Wood Struthers, USN, to Miss Nancy Anne Mitchum, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell C. Mitchum of Mt. Pleasant, South Carolina.

**Married:** George C. Wheelwright to Miss Nancy Ann Fortier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman E. Fortier of South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, August 16, 1975, in Marion, Massachusetts.

**1967**

**Married:** Will K. Dick to Miss Sandra F. Mueller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Swan Mueller, Jr. of Penn Valley, Pennsylvania, July 19, 1975, in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. Dick, a former Assistant Director of Admissions at SPS, is studying classical guitar at the Longy School of Music in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

James H. Geer, Jr. has resigned his position in prison programming and counseling with the New York Department of Corrections, to serve as counselor in the Charlotte-Mecklenburg School System in South Carolina.

**Married:** Charles P. Starkey to Miss Sandra Scott Gordon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Gordon of Tarrytown, New York, August 16, 1975, in San Francisco, California.

**1968**

**Married:** Mark Edwin Andrews, 3d to Miss Elizabeth Marie Quay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Calvin Quay of Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, June 28, 1975, in Bloomfield Hills.

**Born:** to Jacques M. L. Dermer, M.D., and Mrs. Dermer, their first child, a daughter, Isabelle, delivered by Jacques and his father, August 23, 1975, in Paris, France.

Theodore W. Hoehn, 3d writes that he is now in the automobile business in Carlsbad, California, and would be delighted to hear from SPS classmates. He and his wife, Susan, are expecting their first child in December.

Lee A. Kidder begs his peers to report their new adventures and escapades, not just their weddings, to Form Notes. He offers the following personal sample: "After spending two years working for state politicians and candidates in New Hampshire as an administrative aide and campaign ghost writer . . . I have gravitated to Washington, D.C. where I began work in June as a staff assistant for the newly created House Commission on Information and Facilities, whose task it is to identify and then recommend solutions to the 'information problems' of the House."

**Married:** Alexander E. Ulmann, Jr. to Miss Lindsay Shore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sig Shore of Stamford, Connecticut, October 4, 1975, in Stamford.

Douglas L. Warren spent the summer working in Belgium and is now in his second year at Harvard Business School.

**1969**

**Engaged:** Charles M. Horn to Miss Jane Charlotte Luxton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elvin L. Luxton of Allison Park, Pennsylvania. Both Horn and his bride are in their last year at Cornell Law School.

**Married:** E. Coe Kerr, 3d to Miss Sydney Carothers Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs.
Lloyd H. Smith of Houston, New York City and Southampton, New York, June 21, 1975, in Southampton.

Charles Scribner, 3d received a master’s degree in Fine Arts from Princeton in June and joined the publishing firm of Charles Scribner’s Sons in July, as assistant to the director of publishing. He is the fifth of the name to work for the firm, founded by the first Charles Scribner in 1846. Scribner has begun work towards a doctorate in Art History at Princeton.

1970
Engaged: S. Alexander Haverstick, 2d to Miss Jessica S. Whalen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Whalen of Short Hills, New Jersey.

1971

John C. Howard has returned to Yale from a leave of absence, to complete his last year for a bachelor’s degree in Architecture.

Curtis E. A. Karnow is in his second year at University of Pennsylvania Law School and is “attempting to complete” a novel.

Donn A. Randall graduated magna cum laude from Amherst College in June. He spent the summer in Anchorage, Alaska, and has begun study of law at the University of Michigan.

DECEASED

Word of the death of the following alumni was received too late, or information is incomplete, for preparation of notices in this issue. Several instances where the alumni’s death occurred some years ago have recently come to our attention as a result of erroneous listing among living alumni in the new Directory:

'96 — George C. Shelby, August 31, 1975
'99 — Peter F. Rothermel, 3d, many years ago
'02 — Alexander R. Lawton, many years ago
'06 — John Edward Deford, Jan. 22, 1973
'08 — Harold H. Robbins, many years ago
'11 — Marion S. Ackerman, Jr., several years ago
'12 — David W. King, Sept. 5, 1975
'13 — Nelson B. Eldred, Jr., Sept. 30, 1975
'13 — John E. Gale, July 9, 1974
'14 — Stephen C. Ladd, June 8, 1974
'15 — Herbert de L. Henries, Oct. 12, 1975
'16 — John Shaw Billings, August 26, 1975
'18 — Jasper Morgan, 1964
'18 — H. Van Rensselaer Pruyn, May 5, 1969
'20 — Donald D. Kennedy, June 1, 1974
'21 — Eglington H. Montgomery, several years ago
'21 — George B. Wells, August 20, 1967
'22 — William H. Stewart, Feb. 8, 1975
'25 — John D. Petrikien, February 11, 1975
'33 — Henry James Sloan, July 31, 1975

1971 — George C. Shelby, August 31, 1975
'35 — John R. McLean, 2d, July 7, 1975
'36 — David Ralph Grace, October 14, 1975
'49 — Leonard de C. Hinds, October 4, 1974

'10 — Schuyler Pardee died June 22, 1975, in Winter Park, Florida, where he had lived since his retirement. The son of Frank and Kate Schuyler Pardee, he was born in Hazleton, Pennsylvania, March 7, 1890, and entered St. Paul’s in the fall of 1903. He became a member of the Forestry Club, and played on the Old Hundred hockey team in the winter of 1910. After attending Lafayette College, he worked for a time in the lumber industry in Idaho; then he moved to New York City and took a seat on the Curb Exchange (later the American Stock Exchange) with the brokerage firm of Vanderhof & Robinson, which was ultimately renamed Vanderhof, Robinson and Schuyler Pardee. During his years in New York, he was an active member of the Indian Harbor Yacht Club of Greenwich, Connecticut, and a keen participant in sailboat racing and cruising. He is survived by his wife, Alice Pardee; a son, Schuyler Pardee, Jr., ’35; two daughters, Mrs. Marguerite Anderson and Mrs. Patricia Gore, and eight grandchildren. He was the grandfather of the late Schuyler Pardee, 3d, ’62.
'11 — Frederick Warren Oakes, Jr. died April 17, 1975, in Scottsdale, Arizona, his home for the past fourteen years, at the age of eighty-two. A native of Jeffersonville, Vermont, and son of the Rev. Frederick W. Oakes, who established the Oakes Greek Prize in 1913, he took great pleasure in continuing the prize every year after his father's death in 1951. He entered the School as a First Former in 1905, became a member of the Concordian and the Scientific Association, was vice-president of the Missionary Society, and sang bass in the Choir. In his Sixth Form year he was a lineman on the champion Isthmian and the SPS football teams, was captain of the Halcyon Crew and a member of the SPS Crew, and, in the Anniversary Track Meet, placed in the shot put and hammer throw. He graduated from Yale in the Class of 1913. During World War I, he served as an ensign and lieutenant in the air branch of the Navy, with assignments in the United States. He was vice-president of American Airlines from 1929 to 1933, and president of Fleischmann Distilling Corporation in New York City from 1942 to 1958. Surviving are his wife, Eve Oakes; a daughter, Mrs. L. C. Phipps, Jr.; a son, Warren J. Oakes, and one grandchild.

'13 — Frederick Pabst Goodrich died in Daytona Beach, Florida, in July, 1973. Born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in April, 1895, the son of William O. and Marie Pabst Goodrich, he attended St. Paul's for three years, graduating in 1913. He was a member of the Concordian and the Sixth Form Glee Club, was a tackle on the Delphian football team in 1912, and skillfully played a leading role in the Washington's Birthday theatricals of 1913. He entered Princeton with the Class of 1917 but left the college in his junior year to transfer to the New England Conservatory of Music. In World War I, after enrolling in the American Field Service and driving ambulances in France and in the mountains of Italy, he finished out the war as a lieutenant in the French Foreign Legion. For some years after the war, he studied music in France; then returned to the United States and settled in Daytona Beach. He was an investor in real estate, an ardent hunter and fisherman and, above all, a lover of bird life and bird photography. For many years, too, he was the silent partner in a very successful dress shop run by his wife. He is survived by his wife, Katherine Goodrich; a son, Frederick P. Goodrich, Jr.; a daughter, Mrs. Martha B. Goldman; two sisters, Mrs. E. T. MacDermott and Mrs. John A. MacLeod, Jr.; two brothers, Hunter Goodrich, '19, and Timothy W. Goodrich, 2d, '26, and seven grandchildren. He was also the brother of the late W. Osborn Goodrich, Jr., '14.

'15 — Owen Jones Toland, a physician in the Philadelphia area for more than forty years, died August 14, 1975, at his home in Wynnewood, Pennsylvania. The youngest of four brothers who graduated from St. Paul’s in the decade before World War I, he was born in Philadelphia, January 19, 1897, the son of Edward Dale and Charlotte Rush Toland. He looked back on his four years at St. Paul’s as the best in his life. He was an able student and a member of the Concordian; an Old Hundred football end in 1914, goal-keeper of his club hockey team that winter, and stroke of the second Halcyon crew in June. In addition, he performed creditably in club cross-country runs. His graduation from Princeton, which he entered with the Class of 1919, was delayed by wartime service in France. He was first assigned as a truck driver with the French army under the American Field Service, and later continued the same function with the United States Army. At the time of his college graduation in 1921, he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. He received his medical degree from the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, interned at Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia, and practiced medicine as a staff member at Chestnut Hill and Bryn Mawr Hospitals. For twenty-five years he was chief of obstetrics at Episcopal Hospital. He was a fellow of the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, and was a former president of the Obstetrical Society of Philadelphia. He was also an accomplished horseman, for many years a familiar figure with the Radnor Hunt, and had been an enthusiastic participant in fly fishing, sailing and shooting. A member of social and sporting clubs in Philadelphia and elsewhere, he was a director of the Philadelphia Contributorship and had served on the board of managers of Episcopal Hospital and as warden and vestryman of St. Mary's Church, Ardmore. He is survived by his wife, the former Alexandra Dolan; three sons, Owen J. Toland, Jr., '46, Henry Y. D. Toland, '51, and Ashton C. Toland, '55, and sixteen grandchildren. He was a brother of the late Edward D. Toland, '04, Richard H. R.
Toland, '09, and Robert Toland, '13. He was also the father of the late Alexander B. Toland, '42.

'16 - Cyrus Clark, textile manufacturer, died at his home in King's Point, New York, July 27, 1975. The son of Howard S. Crews, he was born February 10, 1898, in New York City. He entered St. Paul's in 1912, and in his Sixth Form year played center on the Delphian and SPS football teams and was a member of both the Halcyon and SPS Crews. He also played on the School tennis team, won the discus throw at Anniversary and placed in the shot put and hammer throw. His service in World War I comprised six months as an ambulance driver with the French army under the American Field Service and a further twenty months as a sergeant in the United States Army Motor Transport Corps. He was a graduate of Harvard in 1925; he founded the Cyrus Clark Co., cotton textile manufacturers and converters, in New York City, and he remained active as president of the firm to the end of his life. He was a former member of the Kings Point zoning board. He enjoyed fishing and hunting and was an avid golfer, who played at every opportunity and had been on the links the day before his death. Surviving are his son, Cyrus Clark, Jr., '42; two daughters, Mrs. Jane Byers and Mrs. Lee Sturgis; two sisters, Rosalie and Muriel Clark; a brother, Howard Clark; five grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

'19 - Ridley Watts, Jr., a leader in philanthropies and retired executive vice-president of Spartan Mills, died at his home in Stonington, Connecticut, June 10, 1975. Born in Morris­town, New Jersey, May 12, 1901, the son of Ridley and Gertrude Hoy Watts and the first of four brothers to come to St. Paul's, he entered the Second Form in 1914. He was soon recognized as one of the stalwarts of his Form and became its vice-president, as well as vice-president of the Athletic Association, a supervisor in the old School, a member of the Cadmean and the Missionary Society and secretary of the Shattuck Boat Club. He played on the Old Hundred hockey team in 1919 and was a member of the Shattuck Crews of 1918 and 1919. A graduate of Harvard in 1923, he accepted the task, forty years later, of heading a capital fund drive for the Harvard Medical School, which achieved the notable goal of fifty-eight million dollars. He was a former president of the Manhattan Council, Boy Scouts of America, and president of the New York Association for the Blind, and had been vice-president of Beekman-Downtown Hospital in New York City. In 1965, he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Harvard. He was the founder and president of Scottish-American Heritage, Inc. and wrote the organization's newsletter. Surviving are his wife, Mary C. Watts; two sons, Ridley Jr. and David Watts, '49; two brothers, John Watts, '24, and Philip H. Watts, '27; a sister, Mrs. Francis Ayres, and eleven grandchildren. He was also a brother of the late Erwin H. Watts, '22.

'20 - Edward Cooke Wilcox, retired teacher, died at his home in Washington, D.C., August 14, 1975. Born in Colorado Springs, Colorado, June 21, 1902, the son of Orlando Blodgett and Jesse Cooke Wilcox, he attended St. Paul's from 1916 to 1919, going on to graduate from Princeton in 1923. He had two years of postgraduate study at Harvard Law School and a year at Cornell University, and then taught for two years at St. Mark's School. During the thirties, he worked for the Curtis Airplane & Motor Co. In 1940, he established the Farmhill Preparatory School for Boys, in Virginia, first at Leesburg and later at Culpeper, and operated it until 1947. For the remainder of his active working life, he taught mathematics at schools in the Baltimore-Washington area. He had a keen interest in the ecumenical charismatic renewal movement in the Church and was a member of the Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowship International and the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. He is survived by his second wife, Anne Tobin Wilcox; three sons, Col. Edward C., Jr., William H. and James N. Wilcox; three stepchildren, Anthony and Francis Palms and Ann Chalmers; two sisters, Mrs. Henry Abbott and Mrs. Thomas L. Robinson, and eight grandchildren.

'27 - George Frederick Burt, Jr., retired officer of Chase Manhattan Bank, died at his home in Rumson, New Jersey, July 30, 1975. He had been with the bank since graduation from Princeton in 1931, rising to be second vice-president and personal trust officer before retiring in 1971. He was born in New York City, February 7, 1908, the son of George F. and Grace Knight Burt. At St. Paul's, his inter-
ests and achievements were diverse. He became a member of the Library and Scientific Associations and was a member of the Concordian council and debating team, the Dramatic Association and the Record Committee. He served also as a supervisor and as business manager of the Yearbook. He was an adroit and intelligent lineman on the Delphian and SPS football teams for two years, won the Drum Latin Prize in 1923 and graduated cum laude. For almost five years of World War II, he was engaged in statistical work with the Army service forces in the United States, attaining the rank of major. He was a vestryman and junior warden of St. George's Church by the River, in Rumson, and was a former trustee of Rumson Country Day School. A love of sailboating and fishing led him to try his hand at painting marines and seascapes, which he did with notable skill. He found recreation also in playing a small organ and in indoor gardening. He is survived by his wife, Louise B. Burt; three sons, David E., John B. and Frederick K. Burt; a sister, Mrs. Richard B. Wilder, and six grandchildren.

'30 — Alexander Robert Lawton, 3d died in Christiansted, St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands, September 16, 1974. The son of Alexander R. Lawton, '02, and Elizabeth Wallace Shotter Lawton, he was born August 26, 1912, in Flat Rock, North Carolina and came to St. Paul's in 1926. He was a member of the Cadman and the Cercle Franciais, the Yearbook and Chest Committees and the SPS gym team, and served as a supervisor in old Twenty House. A good scholar, he graduated cum laude in 1930 and entered Yale, but the Great Depression forced him to withdraw from college before completing the course. For a time he worked in a bank in Savannah, Georgia, and later ran a successful paper business. He joined Hartford Fire Insurance Co. in Atlanta, Georgia, as an intermarine expert in the middle nineteen-thirties and remained with the company in that capacity until it gave up all its marine insurance business. At that time, he moved to St. Croix, which was his home until his death. In World War II, he served ably in counterintelligence for three years. He supervised the building of rental houses on his property in St. Croix, during retirement, and enjoyed swimming and golf and the beauty of the surrounding sea. Surviving are his wife, Elizabeth H. Lawton, to whom he was married in 1935; a son, A. R. Lawton, M.D.; a daughter, Mrs. John P. Brewster; a brother, Spencer Lawton, '36, and four grandchildren.

'32 — John Knox Cowperthwaite, a retired insurance broker, died at his home in Fair Hills, New Jersey, in May, 1975. He had been in the insurance business all his working life, since graduation from Princeton in 1936, and was a well-known sportsman who had formerly been master of the Readington Foot Beagles and an officer of the Essex Hunt Club of Peapack, New Jersey. Born June 1, 1913, in Chappaqua, New York, the son of Morgan and Natalie V. Cowperthwaite, he attended St. Paul's for four years. He was an acolyte, a supervisor, a councilor at the School Camp in Danbury, and a member of the Cercle Franciais. A fine baseball player, he won Isthmian and SPS letters for two years and captained his Club team in 1932. In the year of his graduation, he also played on the Isthmian hockey, squash and tennis teams. He is survived by his wife, the former Victoria Brady; a son, John Cowperthwaite, Jr.; a daughter, Mrs. Vita Thompson; a brother, Morgan Cowperthwaite; a sister, Mrs. Nancy Phillips, and four grandchildren.

'37 — Lawrence Howland Dixon, sugar broker, died at Glen Cove, New York, August 18, 1975. He was born December 3, 1918, in New York City, the son of Courtlandt P. and Hortense Howland Dixon, and attended St. Paul's for four years. In the year of his graduation, he was a member of the Forestry Club and a substitute on the Isthmian hockey team, and at Yale, where he received his A.B. degree in 1941, he became assistant manager of the football team. For three and a half years of World War II, he was stationed as an Air Force staff sergeant in the United States and the Philippines. He entered the research department of Ted Bates & Co. advertising agency after the war; then, in the late forties, joined Farr & Co., sugar brokers. Ten years later, as the firm grew, he became a partner of Farr, Whitlock, Dixon & Co., and at the time of the company's incorporation he was designated president. After Farr Mann & Co. evolved in the early nineteen-seventies, he managed the sugar business done by the company in the United States. He had been a member of the board of managers of the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange and actively worked on many of its committees. A
devoted family man, his favorite recreations were reading, gardening and golf. He served for many years as chairman of the golf committee at his club in Cedarhurst. He is survived by his wife, Harriet Merritt Dixon; two daughters, Wendy Merritt and Meredith Howland Dixon, and a brother, Courtlandt P. Dixon, Jr., '34.

'49 – Anthony Speaker King, renal specialist and teacher of medicine, died of cancer, April 19, 1975, in Livingston, New Jersey. He was forty-three years old. A graduate of George Washington University Medical School in 1959, he interned at Lenox Hill Hospital in New York City and was a resident in internal medicine at the Manhattan and Bronx Veterans Administration Hospitals, and in hematology at Mt. Sinai Hospital — all in New York City. He had fellowships at the New Jersey College of Medicine from 1965 to 1967 and then joined the college faculty, serving first as clinical instructor, then as acting director of Renal Disease and finally, from 1969 until his death, as assistant professor. (The college is now known as the College of Medicine & Dentistry of New Jersey – New Jersey Medical School.) From 1969 to 1974, he had also been chief of renal service at the East Orange, New Jersey, Veterans Administration Hospital and was the founder of that hospital's chronic hemodialysis unit. A native of New York City, he studied at St. Paul's for four years, became an acolyte, a member of the Cadmean and the Dramatic Club and a substitute on the Isthmian football team of 1948, and graduated in 1949. He received a B.A. degree in history from Williams College in 1953. His appreciations of life and artistry were wide-ranging and intense, whether it was for a fine old table, a painting, a vegetable fresh from the garden, a fine wine or the smile of a friend. He was an enthusiast of physical fitness, loved travel and had been on many camping trips, hunting, fishing and taking pictures, to Africa, Alaska, and elsewhere. In the last year of his life, he took up the making of ship models, exhibiting a characteristic patience and perfectionism. Generous, loyal, compassionate, full of humor and vitality, he won the love of family, friends and patients and the high professional regard of his colleagues. He is survived by his wife, the former Helen Karageorge; his parents, Joseph H. and Rosalee S. King; a son, Nicholas, and a sister, Mrs. Gordon Morris.

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