Alumni Horae
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Julien D. McKee, ’37, Executive Director; Roger W. Drury, ’32, Editor, Sheffield, Mass. 01257

ST. PAUL’S SCHOOL CALENDAR
(Events at Concord, N.H., unless otherwise noted)

1977
Dec. 14, Wednesday
1:30 p.m. Fri. to 6:30 p.m. Mon.
March 8, Wednesday
Autumn Term closes; Hockey, Groton School, Watson Rink, Harvard Univ., at 3 p.m. Winter Term opens

March 30, Thursday
June 2-4 Friday through Sunday noon
June 4, Sunday at 2 p.m.
June 9, Friday

Spring Term opens
Hundred and Twenty-second Anniversary
Graduation of Sixth Form of 1978

1978
Jan. 5, Thursday
Feb. 10-13
Mid-Winter Weekend
March 8, Wednesday
Winter Term closes
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*The Cover: A Snowy Owl, carved in elm by C. G. Chase, '26 — his Bird No. 282 — alights, appropriately, on the cover of the Horae to introduce an article in this issue, on alumni sculptors.*

*Photo Credits: Brooks, p. 132; Susan Butler, pp. 115 (middle), 118, 119; Jane Cormier, pp. 103, 129; Patricia Davison, p. 122 (middle); R. W. Drury, p. 131; Martha Mae Emerson, p. 133; Bradford Herzog, Cover 2, pp. 99, 109; Tom Jones, Cover 1, pp. 115 (top), 116, 117, 122 (top); Perron Studio, p. 124; D. Powers, p. 107; © R. Schmeckel, pp. 115 (bottom), 120, 121, 122 (bottom); D. B. Woodwell, '79, p. 100 (bottom); Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer Assoc., p. 100 (top).*
The Rector’s Letter

Dear Alumni & Alumnae

Well, what went wrong?

It is 7:30 on a weekday night. Dinner completed, students and faculty have moved from the Upper to various buildings on the School grounds. Evening activities are beginning. Some students are studying, in dormitories or in the Library, working on the preparation of materials and assignments for classes on the following day. Others are attending meetings of clubs and societies, which can include talks by visitors to the School, occasionally illustrated by film. A few students are telephoning parents, or friends, from telephone booths at the Post Office or the Upper, as others wait for friends to complete conversations, or for the opportunity to use the telephone themselves. Small groups of students and faculty carry on discussions as they drink coffee in the Upper School Common Room, sharing conversations while assertions are made and challenged, reviewed and redeemed, as friendships are explored and tested and validated. Evening activities are under way.

“Well, what went wrong?”

The words are coming through the open door of a classroom in the Schoolhouse where two people have met to consider the results of a full-period test taken a few days earlier. Together, the two had worked hard and long in reviewing materials and assigned readings and class discussions from the previous weeks of the term. And yet the test result, the grade, had been disappointing to both, indicating still an unsatisfactory grasp and working knowledge of the areas tested.

“Well, what went wrong?” asked one student of the other student. For the two people at work together were students who had been linked for a joint effort in study through the School’s Tutoring Bureau.

The tutoring of one student by another illustrates well two attitudes that have developed among young people in the past few years which have strengthened the life of the School; namely, the concern of students for each other, and the willingness to help others at the cost of time and energy which otherwise would be available for personal pursuits. Students who have moved quickly and easily through the established levels of a subject express their concern for others in hours and hours of work. And they gain not only the satisfactions that come through offering assistance to others when this is not required or expected, but also a deepened understanding of the subject itself as they struggle, as teachers have for centuries, for effective methods of assisting others to achieve similar clear and lasting understandings.

This heightened concern for the lives of others has helped the School in recent years in another significant part of our learning together, the consideration of an individual who has disregarded a School rule or regulation. Both the composition of the committee that reviews such situations and makes recommendations about a response, and the procedures by which the committee acts, have been amended and developed to take advantage of suggestions that promise more satisfying results.

The committee now is made up of three members of the faculty, and the President and Vice-President of the Sixth Form, who serve throughout the School year. In addition, on an ad hoc basis, the groupmaster of the student under review, and the dormitory representative to the Student Council join the group as voting members. Prior to the committee’s meeting, the student who has acted contrary to the School’s rules prepares a written account of his activities, taking as long as is necessary to produce a complete statement of all of the circumstances that surround the episode, including personal private considerations that influenced judgments and decisions.

When the committee meets to question the student, and to hear explanations of the activity, the student can be accompanied by one or two friends, students or
members of the faculty. The presence of friends at a
time of considerable emotional strain affirms the un-
derstanding and support of those close to the student,
a caring that transcends the activity while not ap-
proving of it.

As a result, in reaching final decisions for a student
who has broken a major School rule, it is now possible
to direct ample attention to considerations that are
personal and unique to the particular student. The
procedures that have evolved in these past years them-
selves convey a feeling of fairness. And, the sympathies
of students for one who has a difficulty appear quickly,
supporting both the awareness that a mistake has been
made and the firm resolution that develops to learn
from it. Students and faculty are thus aware of the vast
complexities of human behavior, realizing that events
that have superficial similarities appear nevertheless
greatly different in significant ways for those to whom
fuller details are available. This means that the on-
going needs of the individual, who is at a particular
stage of development in moving through adolescence
toward maturity, can be our principal concern.

Complications in our lives there are, as there must
be in a society that is busy as ours. But achieve-
ments are rewarding and satisfying. The help of students for
their fellows, in the ways I have described, is one
example. Another is the record of college admissions
of graduates of the Form of 1977. I hope you will take
time to read of that record, and other events of last
year, in the Annual Report, which will reach you in a
few days.

Meantime we continue to be hard at work, and we
enjoy your visits when you can come to Millville to ob-
serve the School at first hand.

Sincerely,

November 1, 1977
st Paul's School—certainly the Chapel should be the center of a school with such a name. It is.

As I write, school has been going on for a bit more than a month. There has been, in this period, a very diverse set of chapel services, some voluntary, some required. Many of them follow familiar or traditional forms: such are the voluntary Sunday and Wednesday Eucharists.

Since weekday morning chapel, however, varies widely, reflecting current interests and activities, an account of our weekday chapels can give a feel for what the School is about today. Accordingly, my article will speak mainly of them.

Numerous asides, facts, and figures, and the author's opinions, will be parenthetically inserted. But first, some note of the year's opening chapels must be made.

The School year started in the Chapel. On Saturday morning, September 10, the Rector led a service for the faculty which included the School Prayer, a recognition of our debt to former Rectors, and a prayer to "make this indeed a Christian school."

Ronald J. Clark

The School in Action

Chapel

Ronald Clark is well known to generations of SPS students as a member of the Mathematics Department since 1939, and Vice-Rector from 1937 to 1970.

(The faculty reconvenes four or five days before the new students are scheduled to arrive. There is a series of meetings which inform the new faculty of procedures and which allow for discussion and possible changes of our rules and regulations. We also try to broaden our knowledge of some aspect of school work. This year, for example, we heard a doctor from Harvard who talked about athletic training practices. Incidentally, it has not always been the custom for the faculty to come together for these preliminary days. In 1959, my first year here, the faculty met for the first time on Monday evening in the Rectory. The students arrived the next day!)

New Students fill Old Chapel

The second chapel of the year is the traditional meeting of all new students with the Rector in the Old Chapel. Not so long ago, the faculty and most of the Sixth Form also attended, but this year there are so many new students (105 boys and 55 girls) that they filled up the building. There was a familiar hymn, prayers, a psalm. The Rector described some of the history of the Old Chapel and stressed the fact that every new student at St. Paul's since 1858 has come there for a chapel service on the first day of school.

(All students are asked to be here no later than Wednesday evening, but most were here well before that deadline. The officers of the Sixth Form, the editors of the Pelican, and most of the football team returned the day after the faculty.

Then, for several days, others returned, in twos and threes, most of them using the leisurely days to get all their housekeeping chores done before classes started. This slow arrival of the old students creates a warm atmosphere for the first days. There is opportunity and time to renew friendships and exchange news, both among students and, more important, between faculty and students.

Friendly Guides

All Sixth Formers must be back the day before the new students arrive, as each has been assigned to help one of the newcomers over the hurdles of the first few days. The Sixth Former has written to his or her new student during the summer and now is on hand at the Rectory on opening day as a friend and guide.)

The first service of the year in the New Chapel is always memorable, bringing the entire School together. (We all peer at each other! It is too bad that there isn't some electronic gadget that could catalogue all the thoughts: what an extraordinarily diverse set it would be!) This year, the Rector talked about the new buildings devoted to dance, theater, and music that will be built during the year. He asked everyone to think about the wonderful opportunities already offered here in dance and music and to take advantage of them.

Dance in the Eighties

(A week or so ago, I was reading in Mr. Pier's history of St. Paul's School, looking for the date of the first outdoor "hockey." I found it: 1884. On the preceding page (140) I discovered mention of the first squash matches and of dancing classes! We have been thinking dance was something new to the School, but it doesn't seem to be.)

When School is operating in its normal pattern, there are four morning chapels per week. Each lasts about fifteen minutes, although occasionally one may run as long as thirty. (Ugh!) And each includes a hymn and often a prayer.

First Week Chapels

During the first week, we had a talk by John Root, the Sixth Form President; a short service of psalm, hymn and prayer; a presentation by Mr. Wood, the organist, about the history, construction, and capabilities of the organ; and, finally, a talk by Mr. Yardley, Head of the Religion Department, on the objectives of his Department and its revised curriculum, centering around six questions: How do I understand time? How do I deal with evil? Am I a brother/sister or a self? What are my symbols? Do I address the Ultimate as "thou"? Who am I?

(I was delighted to hear this talk by}
Mr. Yardley, although a bit overwhelmed by the scope of the questions. As I write this article, do I type “Ultimate” with a small u, or do I type “ultimate” with a capital U? The faculty shares a common task and all of us should know what other Departments are doing.

For example, all should know that we in the Math Department are enlarging our instruction in computer techniques. For more than ten years we have been teaching the fundamentals of computer programming, first through time-sharing of the Dartmouth facilities and then through use of a small Wang computer which we had in Moore. This year, there has been installed in Payson a larger PDP-11 computer which has much greater storage capacity and more terminals. The terminal in Moore is very busy, as each math class is being given assignments which involve computer use. Other Departments will gradually work use of this new facility into their curricula. Information retrieval will be a common skill!

A Lot of Talking?

In the second week of School, chapel brought us talks by Mr. Hannibal of the Religion Department, on the “Third World,” and by Mr. Clark, on the work program; a statement read by the Rector, on the Confidence System; and finally, on Friday, a beautiful flute solo by Mrs. Stern, a new member of the Music Department.

(This may sound like rather a lot of talking, but the students do not think so, as they are eager for information. Most talks are brief, except possibly for Mr. Clark, who adds stories about School history and anecdotes about people, which the students seem eager to hear. Also, as noted earlier, every service includes the singing of a hymn, and perhaps a prayer.)

Confidence Procedure Formalized

The Confidence System is our term for the privilege every student has to speak in confidence to a faculty member, without fear of exposure, about any matter such as rule breaking which troubles him or her. Happily, this has

A CHAPEL TALK by John Root, ’78, President of the Sixth Form

IN THE LAST few days, new students have had much information and advice thrown at them. I, too, would like to address them, and add to the stream of recommendations they have received.

You represent fresh blood injected into the vast, vibrant community that is St. Paul’s. I feel, on this occasion, that we have something in common. As I stand up here in unfamiliar surroundings, I too find that my knees are quivering, and that my palms are excessively moist.

Your families, for better or worse, know you more thoroughly than does the person across the hall. Your parents, brothers, and sisters, have grown accustomed to your moods, your tastes, your mannerisms, and accept you for what you are. Such a tolerant personal relationship is not always so easy to obtain here at School. You may be pressured into accepting a stereotype you do not want. You yourself may be tempted to create a false front to hide what you think are your weaknesses.

In the weeks to come, many of you will try to make a mark in the School, to assert your individuality. Maybe you have a relative’s reputation to live up (or down) to, maybe you are tired of being known as “the newb in IAC-II with the curly blond hair.” Whatever the reasons, you will probably establish a role for yourself: the boy with the football helmet, the girl with the hockey stick, the math whiz, the debating addict, the guy on the first floor who has a fantastic stereo, or the guy on the third floor who always has something to eat.

The danger in roles is that they can soon limit you. You feel a certain obligation to maintain them. You find the boundaries they place you in too confining. You might discover that the identity you sought in the beginning is now hiding the real you.

A large part of education is exploration. You must be willing to abandon a narrow-minded attitude, in order to accept something new and strange. St. Paul’s is a sufficiently alive and all-encompassing group to provide a vast scope for your curiosity. You can experiment with many different activities, and become acquainted with many different individuals.

With so many possibilities on hand to pick and choose from, it is vital to our sense of community well-being that we maintain an open mind regarding not only our own attitudes and limitations, but also those of the other individuals we meet daily. Only through such mutual respect can we find the necessary freedom and self-confidence to grow.

There is a best-selling book on the market these days called “Looking out for #1.” I hope that you don’t spend the whole year doing so little. Instead, I hope you will do what we four officers would like the Student Council to do: look out for number 497, for all of us.
always been a part of our tradition; only recently has there seemed to be a need to formalize the procedure.

(That need to formalize and to put things in writing has increased, I think, in the last decade. The number and scope of such changes, in society and within the School, have increased sharply in the same period. Do we live happily with these changes? Certainly one of the important objectives of education should be to teach people to live constructively with change.)

Several years ago, as a byproduct of a concern for the School community, there was a widespread renewal of interest in the work program. As a result, there was an expansion of the program, which had been shrinking over the years due to introduction of labor-saving machinery. Two or three young faculty members surged forward with new ideas and new energy; the Student Council supported the plan suggested; a pilot program was successful—and so the present program was begun.

It consists of two parts. Each student is assigned a regular job which takes about one hour per week. These jobs are largely unsupervised and depend for their performance upon the students' sense of responsibility. Some of the assigned tasks are: setting up tables for the evening meal, serving as admission guides, collecting paper and cans for recycling, and cleaning the Community Center.

In addition, each student may expect to be called upon to serve four or five times a year on an afternoon work squad, raking leaves, setting up chairs, stuffing envelopes, or helping in the dishwashing room at the evening meal.

Anti-bomb and Thunder

During the third week, morning chapel included a talk, Bible reading, drama, and hymns. On Monday, Mr. Flanders of the Religion Department talked about a "bomb" he was building in the basement of the Upper. The "bomb" was clearly an anti-bomb; it would bring healing, constructiveness, peace—undoing all the things a normal bomb might do. On Tuesday, Sixth Former Nora Tracy read beautifully from the Book of Isaiah. On Thursday, Els Collins and Will Schwalbe did a magnificent job of presenting "The Audition" by Chekov. On Friday, the School enjoyed a hymn-sing.

This brief description doesn't tell all, however. On Tuesday, just before the organ postlude which signals that the service is over, the Rector stood up and quietly announced, "Today is Cricket Holiday." There was a thunder of shouting, cheering and clapping, lasting several minutes. Eventually, Mr. Oates was able to say a few more words.

A week and so previously, he said, when he had been in Washington for the installation of John Walker as Bishop, Bishop Walker had walked about the Cathedral and accepted cheers and clapping from the congregation. If such enthusiasm was acceptable on that occasion, certainly some cheering for Cricket Holiday was not unseemly! Then the Rector read the prayer which every St. Paul's School alumnus knows so well: "O Lord who hast promised that they holy city Jerusalem . . . ."

(It is interesting to note that this prayer has contained the words "boys and girls" since 1956, although SPS has been coed for only the last eight years.)

Walk, Bus, Walk, Bus, Walk

On Cricket Holidays when Dr. Dury was Rector, all the new students walked with him over Jerry Hill to Long Pond, where everyone had a picnic lunch. After Dr. Dury had read a story, all made their way back to School. In Mr. Nash's day, the new students went up to the School Camp by bus, for a swim and lunch.

Mr. Kittredge revived Dr. Dury's custom of taking a walk to Long Pond and telling a story. Mr. Warren went back to buses. He took all new students and new faculty over to the ocean, where a few intrepid people even went in swimming. Mr. Oates has restored the walk, but now, because of the large numbers, the requirements of athletic practices for School teams, and a more diverse School, the walk is around the Lower School Pond, up to the dam, then up to the boathouses at Turkey, and back by 11 o'clock.

Chapel has been no less varied in the fourth week of School. The Rev. Mary Beale, a new member of the Religion Department, gave a short talk on Monday. The next, Craig MacColl, '70, an intern in the Religion Department, led us in a brief service of Morning Prayer. On Thursday, Eric Rosenberg, a Sixth Former, played a delightful Handel piece as a trumpet solo. And on Friday we heard Bishop Walker, who was here for the Trustees' meeting.

Coed Housemastering

(We are a coed School: Miss Beale tells us this. She is an ordained priest of the Episcopal Church, one of the few women so far ordained, and is a "housemaster" and "groupmaster" in the boys' dormitory. Why not? After all, Mr. Chase and Mr. Hawley have both been in girls' dormitories for many years.)

Such, in brief, have been the programs of morning chapel in the first month of School. Even the occasional dull spot in some way truly reflects School life. Taken as a whole, they reveal very accurately that the School in action is today exciting and diverse. Traditional subjects like math and religion (which we once called "sacred studies") are adapting and modifying their curricula; new areas like dance and music are thriving, demanding attention, time, and facilities (and incidentally making the traditional subjects with their vested interests sit up and look to their relevance). Old customs have been preserved; new forms have been added when there is a need.

Finally, and most important, two characteristics that make St. Paul's remain. There is the warm, very friendly relationship between students and faculty; there is the Chapel, which is the center of our life here.
Maurice R. Blake

The rainy fall has put a real damper on our workouts, as everybody and everything is saturated with water after six straight weekends of heavy rains. Nevertheless, field hockey is in high gear again as usual and the soccer program is going very well.

The highlight of the boys’ soccer season thus far was a 1-1 overtime tie with an outstanding Exeter team. Many say it was one of the best games played here in recent memory. As the distribution table shows, we have a large number of boys and girls playing the sport. It is becoming more popular all over the country.

However, football did make a slight upturn this year in terms of numbers, as we have seventeen new boys playing. The team is not winning, but we have many inexperienced players who should help with the sport in the next two years as they develop. We hope to play at least three JV games with the younger boys.

An innovation this year is the inclusion of nine girls in the boys club soccer program. Thus, the girls are making club soccer coed, along with club hockey, softball, squash, etc., in keeping with the trend across the country to make competition at the lower levels equal for boys and girls.

### Distribution of boys/girls by sport and Form

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Sport</th>
<th>Form VI</th>
<th>Form V</th>
<th>Form IV</th>
<th>Form III</th>
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<tr>
<td>Soccer</td>
<td>20/7</td>
<td>44/17</td>
<td>63/12</td>
<td>50/3</td>
<td>177/39</td>
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<tr>
<td>Football</td>
<td>7/0</td>
<td>6/0</td>
<td>17/0</td>
<td>4/0</td>
<td>34/08</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cross-Country</td>
<td>10/1</td>
<td>7/1</td>
<td>7/0</td>
<td>1/1</td>
<td>25/53</td>
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<tr>
<td>Field Hockey</td>
<td>0/10</td>
<td>0/9</td>
<td>0/9</td>
<td>0/2</td>
<td>0/30</td>
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<tr>
<td>Club Hockey</td>
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<td>0/11</td>
<td>0/15</td>
<td>0/11</td>
<td>0/37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aerobics</td>
<td>2/0</td>
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<td>3/2</td>
<td>5/1</td>
<td>12/35</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Instructional Tennis</em></td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>20</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dance</td>
<td>0/5</td>
<td>0/2</td>
<td>0/2</td>
<td>0/3</td>
<td>0/12</td>
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<tr>
<td>Excused &amp; Absent on ISP</td>
<td>2/4</td>
<td>–</td>
<td>3/0</td>
<td>–</td>
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<td>32/22</td>
<td>29/15</td>
<td>–</td>
<td>–</td>
<td>61/37</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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**TOTALS** 73/53  88/56  93/51  60/25  499

*For girls only, except for four students who are acting as instructors.

Authors on View

Alumni and faculty authors can look forward to a period of widened visibility at St. Paul’s. During the fall, representative volumes produced by these two groups have been placed on the bookshelves of the second floor waiting room in the Schoolhouse. There, parents of prospective students awaiting interviews, and others, may widen their knowledge of the School by seeing how diverse are the interests and the writing of men and women associated with it.

A printed notice on the wall explains that this is one of two places where alumni and faculty books may be found at St. Paul’s, the other—a complete collection—being in the Sheldon Library.

Alumni authors should take note that henceforth the School will be grateful to receive two copies of new books, one for the Library, one for the waiting room. And, if any alumnus has a copy to spare of any older book written by himself or another graduate.
of St. Paul's, to furnish the waiting room shelves, the School will be very glad to have it.

Sanctus Paulus

A letter to the Pelican from Classics Department Head George A. Tracy puzzled over the inflection of the words, "Sancti Pauli" which appeared in a cartoon in the first issue of the year.

It couldn't be plural, he said, because only one saint is shown and, besides, there is only one Saint Paul. Was it a genitive singular, perhaps, dependent on "sustenance" or on "newbie" (SPS slang for new student)?

"I am sure," Mr. Tracy concluded, "that Sanctus Paulus understands, even if we do not!"

SUSTENANCE?

Towards a New Record

Though the 1977 Alumni Fund, which reached the recordbreaking total of $254,472, will be a hard act to follow, twenty-six Form Agents met at SPS on the September 30 - October 1 weekend to brush up their knowledge of the School and lay plans for a new record in 1978.

The FA's and nine Alumni Association Directors—who were also at the School for their semiannual meeting—attended a dinner in the Gates Room on Friday evening. Pairs of faculty-student speakers gave them inside views of academic, activity, and athletic programs, and an award was presented to Charlton Reynolds, Jr., '55, for outstanding performance as a Form Agent in the 1977 campaign. He increased his Formmates' participation to 68%, highest of any Form since 1935, achieving a total gift that was the highest for all non-reunion Forms.

After spending the night in faculty homes, the FA's dug in for a two-hour working session on Saturday morning.

Reversed Nightmare

The mirror image of an old nightmare (a party to which no one comes) took form on Parents Day at SPS, in October, when about 1200 parents and members of their families were ready to eat lunch but the caterer and food for the annual Parents Luncheon had not come.

At the close of the morning symposium by six students on "Student Development and Initiative," the Rector made his usual announcement about no smoking in the Cage. Nor, he added, as the laughter subsided, would there be any lunch there either!

Luckily, the discovery that someone had blundered had been made early enough so that a hurriedly-formed crew of faculty, faculty wives, and others could assemble a nourishing extempore meal of sandwiches, soup, etc. in the Upper by midday.

One in Seven

Of every seven applicants for admission to SPS this autumn, there was room for only one. Thus a field of 1071 was winnowed down to the fortunate 158, who arrived on opening day from twenty-four states of the Union and nine foreign countries. Approximately one third of the newcomers had previously been in public schools; the rest, in private.

The infusion of so many new students—103 boys and 55 girls—left the boy/girl ratio in the School unchanged at 5 to 3.

Cooch to Pete

Mr. Peter Champagne, an old hockey-playing friend of retired SPS postmaster Maurice ("Cooch") Couture, has taken Gooch's place as the man in charge of the School's cylindrical post office. A graduate of Burdette Business College, and a former employee of the New Hampshire State Employees Credit Union and the Concord National Bank, Mr. Champagne says he would like to be known to the SPS community as "Pete."

Librarian's Plate

Ann Locke, SPS assistant librarian, seems to have the last word in appropriate numberplates (below).
The italicized sentences in the outer columns of the following three pages are quoted from remarks by the Rector at chapel services on the opening days of School in September.
The Old Chapel where we meet is rich in traditions and associations for the School and for every one of its students. Since 1858, and that is 119 years ago, every new student has come to this Chapel on the first day of his attendance at the School, for a Chapel Service. Hundreds and hundreds of students have participated in opening services here, as you are participating tonight. Some of you have had brothers and fathers and uncles and grandfathers who have come to this Chapel as new students. They have all begun their School life here.

Each of us enters a new School this year. Some of us have lived on these grounds before, last year and in earlier years. But no one has lived in the School as it is this year. We have not been together before as we are right now. It is in truth a new School. It is ours.
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<th>Form</th>
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The School will respond to our hopes and expectations, and our actions. Let us remember always the substantial responsibility each one of us has for shaping and influencing the lives of others, and for shaping and influencing the life of this School.
Last spring, I was amused and a bit discouraged to read part of an official memorandum to some employees in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, which stated: “Please do not water the plants in your offices. They are under a maintenance contract and will be taken care of properly.”

That is not the St. Paul's School tradition. We welcome and, indeed, we expect thoughtfulness for others and for the School, and we encourage action as well.

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<td>III</td>
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GGGGF: Great great great grandfather  
GGGF: Great great grandfather  
GGF: Great grandfather  
GF: Grandfather  
F: Father  
S: Sister  
B: Brother  
G: Great  
Sister who is an alumna  
B: Brother who is an alumnus  
*: Deceased
A new regional phase of The Fund for SPS, designed to bring the Fund appeal personally to all alumni and friends of the School, was launched in September. It will not supersede the work of committees leading earlier phases of the campaign — they will continue to approach the prospective contributors assigned to them — but it will make contact with all other potential participants, between now and June, 1979.

This regional activity has been scheduled for thirteen geographic areas of the United States in sequence, beginning in the closing months of 1977, in the Maryland/D.C./Virginia area. Overseas area programs are also planned.

To each area will be assigned a portion of the overall goal of this phase of the Fund. Representatives of the School Development Office will give support to area chairmen and committees, but heavy reliance will also be placed upon volunteers, for the solicitation of SPS people in each area, on a carefully timed schedule. That such reliance on the loyalty of alumni and parents is justified is shown by the results already achieved by the Fund as it drives towards its unprecedented goal of $30 million.

The time sequence of the various stages of the new regional phase of the campaign is, briefly, as follows:

Maryland/D.C./Virginia  Sept. — Dec., 1977
Philadelphia/Wilmington  March — June, 1978
Western Pennsylvania/Ohio  Sept. — Oct., 1978
Upper Midwest/Chicago  Oct. — Nov., 1978
Southeast  Oct. — Dec., 1978
Florida  Dec., 1978 — Feb., 1979
Midwest/South  Feb. — March, 1979
Rocky Mountains  March — April, 1979
Northwest  May, 1979
Northern California/Hawaii  May — June, 1979
Southern California  May — June, 1979
My remarks this morning will be based upon — or at least related to — the Lessons. Indeed, like the sermons preached in this place of old, my remarks could even be said to have a text: in this case, Romans 12:15: "Rejoice with those who rejoice, weep with those who weep." That, at least, was the text I had in mind as I began to prepare this address.

As it has turned out, the real text may be Romans 12:2a: "Do not be conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewal of your mind." Or perhaps it is the two together that express the essence of what I shall be trying to say.

Regardless of that, I wish to begin with some observations about the occasion itself, about what it means, nowadays, for there to be a baccalaureate service and a baccalaureate address. The first thing to be said is that it does not mean what it once did. Of the presidents of Amherst past who stare out at us from these walls, the first half-dozen or so were clergymen. In their day, it was surely the minister-president who

The article above is reprinted with the permission of Amherst, which published it in the summer issue, 1976, and of David Wills, who delivered it as the 1976 Baccalaureate Address at Amherst College, on invitation of the Senior Class. Assistant Professor of Religion at Amherst since 1972, Mr. Wills is a graduate of Yale, with a B. D. degree from Princeton Theological Seminary and a doctorate from Harvard. The Lessons on which he based his address were: Ecclesiastes 1: 1-2, 12-14, 16-18; 2: 13-17; 3: 1-4; 4: 9-12; 9: 11-12; 11: 8; and 12: 1; and Romans 12: 1-21.
The possibility of authentic religious utterance on an occasion such as this is enhanced rather than impeded by the withering of official sanction for things religious. It is easier to be skeptical from the margin of things than from the center of authority.

...presided over and preached at such occasions as this. A baccalaureate address would then have had the character of something official — an authoritative summing up of what an Amherst education was about and what the College expected of its graduates. And the service itself would have been in complete continuity with the chapel services which any graduate of that era would have attended daily throughout his Amherst career.

Now, however, a baccalaureate service is a complete anomaly. It is quite unlike any other occasion for which a large part of the College is assembled. When before, after all, has the Class of 1976 been called together to hear the Bible read aloud? And no one will suppose for a moment that my remarks constitute some official interpretation of "the Amherst experience."

Now I do not mention this mournfully, as if my purpose here were to lament the passing of that clergy-dominated citadel of piety that Amherst once was. (Not, I must confess, that I find the old Amherst — and I mean the really old Amherst — so utterly unimpressive. I have read, for example, that when, in the early decades of the College's history, its existence was threatened by severe financial difficulties, the president and faculty willingly agreed to drastic reductions in salary in order to pull the institution through. I am not at all eager to imitate this virtuous act, but I do find it impressive. And I must observe that the sense of common purpose there in evidence was surely not unrelated to the regular communal gatherings in this Chapel.)

But all that had to end. It had to end in part because it was — in its original form — based on an evangelical Protestantism that has long since proved itself too narrow to express the fullness of American intellectual and religious life. It also had to end because the old Amherst was, in many ways, an authoritarian, repressive, and bigoted place. So I do not lament its passing.

Indeed I am inclined to think that the possibility of authentic religious utterance on an occasion such as this is enhanced rather than impeded by this withering of official sanction for things religious. Why? Because it is easier to be skeptical from the margin of things than from the center of authority, and true piety, in my judgment, has a lot to do with being skeptical.

Now what I have just said — that true piety has a lot to do with being skeptical — will no doubt strike many of you as a proposition itself worthy of skepticism. After all, isn't it generally understood in an enlightened place such as this that religion is in essence a remarkable and almost wholly unrestrained credulity? But I am quite serious in insisting otherwise.

It is, of course, a particular brand of skepticism that I am here linking to piety. Not any old skepticism will do.

There is, for example, a kind of speculative skepticism that raises interesting questions about everything imaginable — except about the way we ordinarily live. Such skepticism, when it first appears at the door of the mind (which is often during the sophomore year), may seem a ferocious beast indeed. But it is easily enough domesticated, and can be taught not to soil the rug, climb on the furniture, bite guests, or startle one from one's sleep by barking loudly in the night. Indeed, a really thoroughbred skepticism of this sort can also be trained to do a number of complicated tricks that will impress one's friends and even, if one goes in for that sort of thing, win an occasional prize.

But the skepticism I am speaking about is different. It is a skepticism that embraces the heart as well as the head, a skepticism that struggles with the question of what makes life — ordinary life — worth living, a skepticism that ruthlessly unmasks the emptiness of all those promises of fulfillment which our culture holds out to us.

At the outset, such a skepticism may seem a gentle creature. But it can never be turned into a pet. It is rather like a difficult relative with which one must learn to live.
The skepticism I am speaking about embraces the heart as well as the head; struggles with the question of what makes life—ordinary life—worth living; ruthlessly unmasks the emptiness of all those promises of fulfillment which our culture holds out to us.

Let me make the point in a slightly different way. When Amherst disestablished the evangelical Protestant religion of its past, it did not thereby become a faithless institution. It rather became, one might say, a kind of sanctuary for the worship of the American Dream.

The particulars of this faith are so familiar that I do not need to rehearse them at length here. Essential, of course, is the notion of the competitive struggle, the idea that life is a great race to be run and that, in our society at least, he who wins the race will receive and may justly enjoy his reward—the reward of prestige, influence, and, most especially, money. It is a faith which teaches one to set one's heart upon the prize, and to rejoice or weep in proportion to one's success in winning it. Of course, the College does not say, flat out, that this is what it is all about. Indeed, it often says—and sometimes even acts as if—it stands for something quite different. Yet I suspect you yourselves have always known that the central message of this place is the Gospel of Success.

Would I be wrong, after all, to say that most of you came here because, consciously or unconsciously, you wanted to get ahead—ahead, for example, of the thousands of people who applied here when you did but didn't get in? Or, at the very least, that you certainly knew in coming here that you ran little risk of falling behind. And surely, in this regard, Amherst has served you well. Because you have been here, the society will not ask you to perform certain unpleasant jobs, to endure certain difficult living conditions, or to accept certain insults and humiliations.

Nor are you so different in this respect from those who teach you. One can scarcely imagine us of the faculty, under any circumstances, willingly following our forebears down the road of a drastic salary reduction. It is not simply greed—that is something never to be underestimated—but a sense that our being as well-paid as any small college faculty in the country is an essential part of our sense of ourselves.

For students and faculty alike, much of what makes this enormously lovable place so attractive is the firm conviction, widely shared if seldom voiced, that we here are both better and better off than those in other places. It is at once the glory and the curse of the place, that which both distinguishes and distorts everything that we do here. I speak bluntly, but I hope in truth.

True piety, I suggested a few moments ago, consists largely of skepticism. I would now add that it is a skepticism directed primarily at what I have just described as the established faith of the College.

Now, I do not mean to deny that there is in the pursuit of excellence, for its own sake, something worthwhile. Nor can I say that the affluence we here enjoy does not make possible forms of human development which might otherwise be unattainable. But I would insist that the creed which defines life primarily in terms of competitive success is simply not to be believed—especially with one's heart. Living by it will inevitably make of one's life a petty thing, for the deepest joys and sorrows of life lie well beyond the range of a heart that cares for naught but its own upward mobility. And he who believes that life in American society really is a carefully refereed race in which individual virtue generally prevails indulges himself in the fatuous imaginings of the privileged.

As the Preacher said: "I saw that under the sun the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor bread to the wise, nor riches to the intelligent, nor favor to the men of skill; but time and chance happen to them all." Surely, about that at least, the Preacher was right.

I am inclined to think that he was right about a lot of other things as well. With his clear-headed sense that most, if not all, of our pursuits are a vain striving after wind, he is indeed in many ways a fine example of the kind of skepticism I have been talking about. He also represents a skepticism that is, I think, scarcely unavailable here. I have said that the Gospel of Suc-
For students and faculty alike, much of what makes this enormously lovable place so attractive is the firm conviction, widely shared if seldom voiced, that we here are both better and better off than those in other places. It is at once the glory and the curse of the place, that which both distinguishes and distorts everything that we do here.

cess is the unacknowledged official religion of Amherst College; but it is also true that there is here a continuous undercurrent of fundamental skepticism, an ever-renewed suspicion that not only the American Dream, but everything else as well — everything — is incapable of yielding human fulfillment.

Faculty and students who, like the Preacher, press humane learning to its depths, again and again discover the emptiness of all things, including the pursuit of wisdom itself. "This also is but a striving after wind," said the Preacher, "and he who increases knowledge, increases sorrow." This, I suspect, is the deepest lesson which the College is now capable of teaching.

If you missed in your four years here any real encounter with this desperate truth about the futility of all things, then I am sorry for you. It leaves you, to use the phrase in an old-fashioned way, without hope. Hope of grace, I mean, and it is about this that I now wish to speak.

I have said that what I would consider true piety is largely skepticism, the kind of thoroughgoing skepticism about the worthwhileness of all our strivings about which I have been speaking.

But this is not all true piety is, for skepticism alone, especially in its academic forms, is generally less likely to master than to be mastered by those lesser affections which bind us to our various petty strivings. It then becomes that thoroughly domesticated skepticism about which I spoke earlier.

I am reminded at this point of something that occurred fourteen years ago, when I was a senior at Yale. We had two senior banquets that year. At one, the speaker was James Baldwin, the black novelist who was one of the main contemporary interpreters of the black movement of the 1960s. Baldwin spoke subtly and with passion about the black struggle and its significance for all Americans. And when he was finished, a thousand Yalies, 995 of whom must have been white, politely applauded, then left the hall wearing expressions of puzzlement, boredom, and annoyance.

At the other banquet, the speaker was the film critic of a well-known magazine. He spoke with great wit about a number of themes, including the way in which he lived his own life, then ended with a ringing affirmation of the meaninglessness of all things. A thousand Yale seniors then applauded long and vigorously. Some even cheered. A curious thing, I thought, to cheer so about the meaninglessness of life. But, then again, so far as one could tell from the speaker or the occasion itself, meaninglessness was apparently not the sort of thing that would get in the way of a graduate set on living the good life.

Taking Baldwin seriously, however, could have been unsettling — and indeed, for some of us, eventually was.

I hope the point is clear. The despairing skepticism which the most anguished moments of our intellectual struggles here yield proves curiously incapable of resisting co-optation by the Gospel of Success. Indeed, the final perversity comes when we regard our insight into the pointlessness of the race we nonetheless so vigorously run as one more mark of our superiority over others.

What else, then, must be added to this skepticism to yield what I have called true piety? The Preacher, at this point, does not offer much help. Still there are two important clues to be found in the passages from Ecclesiastes read this morning.

First, there is the familiar reminder that "for everything there is a season, . . . a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn, and a time to dance. . . ." This sense of the rhythm of life offers some deliverance from the ceaseless competitive struggle on the one hand and a timeless despair on the other, and thereby allows to the affections a kind of breadth they would not otherwise have. There really is quite an important insight expressed here, and I wish there were time to develop it in full. The crucial thing is the
acknowledgment that one cannot finally force one's private agenda on life, that one is caught up, willy-nilly, in a larger scheme of things.

Still, the encouragement to be drawn from this passage is sharply curtailed, when it is read in conjunction with the book's concluding chapter, the opening line of which is the gloomy injunction: "Remember also your Creator in the days of your youth, before the evil days come, and the years draw nigh when you will say, 'I have no pleasure in them.'"

This verse opens a moving peroration on the anguish of aging and death, a passage which seems to suggest that youth alone is the time for laughing and dancing. In the seasons of life, it seems, autumn comes chill and early.

The second clue is found in the Preacher's simple question: how can one be warm alone? The answer, of course, is that one cannot, which should serve to remind us that we are all in this together and that, as the Preacher says, the cords not easily broken are those we tie in protecting one another from the common dangers.

And now, at last, as we draw near the end, I arrive again at the text with which I began: that is, the Apostle's injunction that we should "rejoice with those who rejoice, weep with those who weep." In this injunction, it might be said, the Apostle gathers together what I have called the two clues to be found in Ecclesiastes: the clue about the rhythm of life and the clue about human sharing.

He is suggesting that one should open wide one's heart to the joys and sorrows of others, that the rhythm of one's rejoicing and weeping should follow not so much the rise and fall of one's individual fortune, but more the ups and downs equally evident in the lives of those around one. It is an injunction which finds its place, moreover, in the midst of a series of observations and admonitions about a life radically open to a regard for others.

Early in the chapter, you may recall, in speaking of the varying functions of the members of a body, Paul suggests that we might regard our individual gifts not as weapons in the competitive struggle but as resources for the common good. And at the end of the chapter, he speaks of how one might even preserve human mutuality with an open enemy.

Now all of this is, of course, not without its own problems. One finds in these words too many ambiguities to be clarified, tangles to be unravelled, difficulties to be confronted, and inadequacies to be acknowledged. But at least they point beyond the Gospel of Success, and past the skepticism of the Preacher as well. For while they share in skepticism's negation of all the little loves that fill our days with vanity, they add to it the affirmation of a larger love encompassing and encompassed by the whole of things.

That's what I mean by true piety: a heart set on the whole of things. Or, as Jonathan Edwards said: "the essence of all true religion lies in holy love, and . . . in this divine affection, and an habitual disposition to it, and that light which is the foundation of it, and those things which are the fruit of it, consists the whole of religion." Nor is this simply a sentimental humanism. It includes at its very center what Edwards called a "taste for the excellencies of divine things."

Nowadays, as I said at the beginning, a baccalaureate service is an anomalous thing. It is out of step with the ordinary life of the College.

But that's all right, for there is — as I have tried to suggest — that about the ordinary life of the College with which one should wish to be out of step. "Do not be conformed to this world but be transformed by the renewal of your mind." Perhaps that is my text after all. I'll say so, as long as it is understood that since thinking and loving are not finally separable, any transforming renewal of the mind must also involve a transforming renewal of the heart.

Is such a thing really possible? About that I will only say that the conviction that it is precisely what those who founded this college came so often to this room to celebrate.
How many SPS alumni are making a career of sculpture? The answer is: three at least.

A determined inquiry would probably have revealed a few others who consider themselves to be full-time sculptors. But since information chanced to be at hand on the three presented here, the Editor has arbitrarily chosen them as representatives of all SPS alumni sculptors.

Three artists together make up a good group show, providing contrasts of outlook, style, and medium. By good luck, the three come from three distinct periods: Charles G. Chase, '26, fifty-one years out of School, from the era between the wars; Henry S. H. Davison, '59, eighteen years out, from the School's exuberant centennial years; Joseph S. Wheelwright, '66, a recent graduate, from the Vietnam War years — the turbulent sixties.

Readers must recognize two severe drawbacks to presentation of a sculpture show in pictures. The solid forms which are one of the greatest challenges of sculpture can only be hinted by photographs; no opportunity is given to walk around a work and see it from all sides, perhaps handle its surfaces. Moreover, the colors of natural wood are lost in black-and-white reproduction. For the work of Chase and Wheelwright, this loss is a major handicap.

Our readers must use their imagination, therefore, in each case, supplying the missing dimension and colors of the wood or stone.

Six pages of pictures follow, and a final page of information about the three artists.
C. G. CHASE: Griffon Vulture — black walnut; 23”. No. 311

C. G. CHASE: Osprey — black walnut; 26”. No. 309

C. G. CHASE: Road Runner & Rattlesnake — Black walnut; 20”. No. 313
C. G. CHASE; Great Blue Heron - black walnut; 31". No. 295
H. DAVISSON: Infant—granite; 12”

H. DAVISSON: Mother and Child—granite; 18”
H. DAVISSON: Mother and Child - granite; 30"
J. S. WHEELWRIGHT: *Eden* — pine, locust, glass; ht. 22".

J. S. WHEELWRIGHT: *Dancers and Dreamers* — walnut, padouk, maple, butternut, ebony, birch; ht. 37". Collection of Charles Pillsbury, '65, and Mary Pearl.

J. S. WHEELWRIGHT: *Cowboys* — walnut, cherry; 82".
J. S. WHEELWRIGHT: *Earthman*—birch, ash, mahogany, pine; ht. 75"
CHARLES G. CHASE, '26, did not settle into his career as a sculptor until 1952—some twenty-two years after graduating from Harvard. Any of the half dozen occupations he tried in those years (including teaching math at St. Paul's, 1932-34) might have steered him off on a different track. But he must have had an eye on where he wanted to go, for during that time he carved about 150 birds, steadily perfecting his craft and his art.

It all began, he says, in 1933, when he was running a dorm in the old Lower. "Bill Vaughan, '37, then a Second Former, brought in a duck he'd carved out of wood, and painted. I was impressed, and since I had a stuffed partridge on my mantel (that I'd gotten hunting with Patsy Campbell) I decided to carve a model of that in pine, which I did, but did not paint. That was Bird No. 1. I'm on No. 314 now."

Now at the top of his profession, Chase turns out about six commissioned carvings every year. Incredibly, each work is carved entire from a single bolt of wood.

Choosing a species that will approximate the colors of the bird, and a log of the right scale, Chase works within the confines of the selected log, standing it on end and keeping a part of its original outer surface at the base. He uses whatever tools are effective at different stages—saws, drills, chisels, sandpaper. Where possible, his design takes advantage of the contrast between the light outer sapwood and the dark central heartwood, and by varying the finished surfaces he gives added illusions of color. No artificial color is used.

His knowledge of birds has mostly been gathered first-hand, in trips to Iceland, East Africa, Central and South America, Trinidad, Tobago, Alaska, Australia, and New Zealand, as well as parts of our own country. Keen observation, renewed by motion pictures which he makes on the spot and brings home to Brunswick, Maine, for further study, is apparent in each carving.

Chase's work is widespread in private collections and has been exhibited in museums such as the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, the Detroit Art Institute, the Bristol (R. I.) Art Museum, and Payson Art Museum, at Westbrook College, Portland, Maine.

HENRY DAVISSON, '59, represented here by works in stone, has also done sculpture in wood and bronze. His studio is in Wellesley, outside Boston, where he lives with his wife, Patricia, and two daughters, ten and five.

For two years he worked with Boston sculptor John Bergschneider, but he is largely self-taught. He has had several one-man and two-man shows in Boston, where his work was most recently on exhibit at the Atheneum.

Davisson uses both power and hand tools to shape the stubborn granite and basalt in which his recent work has been done.

JOSEPH S. WHEELWRIGHT, '66, describes his work as "sculpture of a narrative nature in mixed materials, predominantly wood." A Master of Fine Arts from the Rhode Island School of Design, he learned the skill in laminating and joinery, so indispensable to some of his sculpture, while serving for two years as apprentice to a Danish woodworker. He has been an instructor in three-dimensional design at the Worcester (Mass.) Craft Center.

His sculpture has been shown at galleries in New York City, Providence (R. I.), and Woodstock (Vt.), and he has won prizes at exhibitions of art in Hanover (N. H.) and Providence.

He rarely applies any color to the surface of the wood, relying instead on the natural tones of different species, painstakingly and often intricately joined, laminated to give strength to free-standing structures, and inlaid—sometimes with plastic, which he forms to suit the design.
So far as the Editor knows, this group profile of the Form of 1952, written for the Form’s 25th Reunion in June, is the only such general self-analysis ever attempted by an SPS reunion form. It was based on a questionnaire mailed to all members of the Form.

The art of questionnaires is to devise something that (a) won’t be tossed forthwith in the wastebasket as soon as received, and (b) won’t elicit mere trivia which no one bothers to read. The 1952 questionnaire threaded these pitfalls with considerable skill. (“Do you know,” one subtle question asked, “the exact whereabouts of your SPS diploma? (no checking) Yes — No —.”

Part One disposed of vital statistics: marital status, higher education, present employment, public offices now held, and significant avocational activities since graduation.

Part Two looked for judgments: the influence of SPS; the state of the School today; satisfaction with work, place of work, and position in life; and political orientation — left, middle or right. Then, “on the lighter side,” it proceeded to offer three long checklists: Do you own any of the following (16 items)? What is your favorite (10 possibilities)? At any time in the past 10 years, have you (42 possible actions)?

Answers to these scatter-shot questions had the effect of outlining style of life, breadth and depth of experiences, degree of conventionality, varieties of recreational escape, mental and physical growth or deterioration, etc.

From the returned questionnaires, J. Truman Bidwell, Jr., ’52, member of a New York law firm, and Reunion Chairman, distilled some of the essential juice to make the report printed here.

J. Truman Bidwell, Jr., ’52

The Form of 1952 Today

Approximately two-thirds of the Form completed the questionnaire. In trying to draw conclusions from the information contained therein, I am sensitive to the fact that one-third of the class has not been heard from. With that caveat, I have recorded below comments and conclusions which seemed to emerge from responses to the questionnaire.

As a Form, we are primarily urbanites. Fifty-five percent work in cities whose population is over one million and an additional eighteen percent work in cities with a population of over 500,000. Few formmates live in rural areas.

As a group, we seem generally pleased with our lot in life. In response to the question of whether we are satisfied with our position in life today, eighty percent said that they were either satisfied or mostly satisfied. Seventy-six percent of us reported that we would again choose to live in the city in which we presently reside. An overwhelming eighty-seven percent would pick the same business. However, although there seemed to be general satisfaction, one senses an underlying feeling of things undone or goals yet remaining. As one formmate noted, “at forty, the horizon begins to close around a bit; you are aware of the road you have covered.” Notwithstanding, only a few of us expressed an intention to change our lives and even fewer had concrete ideas as to what changes they would like to effect. A moderate sense of frustration, perhaps incongruously combined with thankfulness, seems to

emerge. As one formmate put it, “The grass is greener elsewhere, but I don’t have a tractor.

In view of our background and education, it is perhaps not surprising to find that we are overwhelmingly Republican (75%) and that only fourteen percent of us regard ourselves as liberals; the rest are pretty evenly divided between moderates and conservatives. We are, however, not politically active; only nine formmates report being engaged in political matters. Of those, only a few have actually run for elective office.

Materialistically, we have fared reasonably well. Fourteen formmates report having second homes; two have airplanes, one a snowmobile, and twelve have motorcycles.

An astonishing twenty-eight formmates reported having chess sets, although several indicated they do not use them. Four reported having bikinis. Fifteen of us own handguns, perhaps a further reflection of our essentially conservative nature. Not surprisingly, many of us own AKC registered dogs, but, rather surprisingly, one-third of those responding to the questionnaire reported owning one or more pieces of original sculpture.

Unlike our parents, we are short on racoon coats—a mere two—and most of us have not yet come to
grips with our own mortality, for only six have purchased burial plots.

Like most Americans, we are overwhelmingly committed to football as our favorite spectator sport, with hockey placing a strong second. Tennis, basketball and golf each received more than one vote and after that the sports seem to reflect the particular interest of the person involved.

On the participatory side, tennis is by far our favorite sport, with skiing, golf, and sailing tying for second. Four of our formmates picked fishing and squash as their favorite sports and another lively four picked “is there any other?” as their favorite. Also receiving votes were hunting and swimming, fox hunting, bicycling, ice hockey, sky diving, paddle tennis, rowing, hiking, skeet, riding and polo.

**1952 Learns from its Elders**

We apparently have learned something from our elders and do not appear to be greatly given to drink, notwithstanding evidence to the contrary furnished at previous reunions. The martini only narrowly edged out bourbon as our favorite before-dinner drink, with Scotch, beer, and wine following in that order. On the after-dinner drink side, our tastes varied considerably, with brandy, bourbon, beer, Grand Marnier, Drambuie, Scotch, and Benedictine and Brandy each receiving more than one vote. Also receiving one vote was milk.

San Francisco is overwhelmingly our favorite city (other than our own). Tied for second were Boston and New York; New Orleans and Charleston, South Carolina, each received two votes; and thirteen other cities were mentioned, ranging from Chasew, Washington, to the District of Columbia and points in between.

London is our favorite foreign city, with approximately thirty percent casting their votes in that direction. The second most popular city was Rome, with Copenhagen, Mallorca, and Paris tied for third. Also receiving more than one vote were Madrid, Florence, and Papeete. Eight other cities received votes, ranging from Zurich to Hong Kong.

By far and away, our favorite resort area is Maine, with Hawaii second and Switzerland, South Carolina, and the Costa del Sol tied for third. Thirty-one other vacation resorts received votes, some of the more exotic being Kashmir, Mazatlan, Turkey, and Pawley Island, South Carolina.

The magazine that we read the most is Time, with Newsweek a distant second. Some of us prefer the New Yorker, Antiques, Business Week, Economist and the Smithsonian. Thirteen other magazines were reported as being the favorite of a formmate, and these varied from Aviation Week to Apollo to Fortune to the Saturday Review.

About one-half of us reported having favorite restaurants in New York. To assist those who may be coming to New York in future culinary adventures, the list included the following: Le Madrigal, “21,” The Palm, La Caravelle, Le Cote Basque, Passy, Le Grenouille, MacDonald’s, Pinocchio, Gloucester House, Flower Drum, The Polo Bar at the Westbury Hotel, the Algonquin, King Wu, Luchow’s, St. Anthony club, Hamburger Heaven, Giovanni’s, Symposium, and Le Cygne. I take no responsibility for the excellence or lack thereof of any of the foregoing, but in general, the ones with the French names are excellent and expensive.

We have obviously heeded the medical lore of the day — some twenty-seven of us report having given up smoking.

Over two-thirds report that they have changed their legal residence and most have done so at least twice.

I am happy to report that no muggings were reported although we have had one kidnapping. No, it was not in New York!

**Many Gardeners: No Weight Watchers**

Over thirty-five formmates have reported growing their own food, although only four reported patronizing a health food store regularly.

We are rather well preserved, or don’t recognize the need for help, for none of us has been to Weight Watchers. Further, only two of us report having false teeth.

We have not lost our belief in Lady Luck. Over twenty-five confessed to having gambled in a casino and an astonishing one-third of us have bought lottery tickets.

The train is evidently not extinct as a mode of transportation for thirty-seven of us have traveled in that fashion.

We have not been as “square” as our political bent might indicate for sixteen of us reported have worn either a mustache or a beard. Over two-thirds reported having gone to an X-rated movie, although we were evenly split on whether it was a good idea to do so with our wives. Twenty-two confessed to having tried or used pot. Four go to a hair stylist. Nineteen had seen
Hair, fourteen Godspell, ten Jesus Christ, Superstar, four Oh! Calcutta, and only two, the rather risque, Let My People Come. Twenty percent confessed to having been to a massage parlor, although one member of our form distorted the statistics by reporting his visit as having been “legitimate”. Sixteen have gone skinny dipping in a mixed group, fourteen have seen a streaker, but a mere two would rather be one.

On the creative side, we have been less than spectacular. Four of our class reported having painted a picture, two reported composing music and only one had written poetry.

We have been rather poor about keeping in touch with each other — only one-third report exchanging Christmas cards with formmates and even those do so with only a few.

Approximately one-third of us reported that we enjoyed cooking. However, our favorite dishes would not be featured at the Ritz. Our tastes varied from chili to pizza to bacon and eggs to grits.

DIVERSE COLLECTIONS

Rather surprisingly, almost one-third of us reported being serious collectors. Our tastes and interests reflect the diversity of the people that we have become. We collect glass bottles, antique furniture, Lladro statues, guns, rugs, books, stamps, bird carvings, prints and water colors of various kinds, Chinese porcelain, knives, coins, and Boerin etchings.

Although we have apparently been reasonably successful, a little more than one-third reported that they had had their estates planned. In most instances, the planning was done by an attorney.

We are apparently not terribly interested in being spectators. Twelve have attended a championship golf match and a like number have been to a championship tennis match. Seven have attended a Stanley Cup game and seven a Super Bowl game. If any further evidence were needed of the decline of the “American pastime”, only four of us have been to a World Series game.

Although there seemed to be some healthy questioning as to exactly what our life's objectives may be, over half of us feel that St. Paul’s assisted us in achieving those objectives which we are able to perceive. Only two formmates report that they feel that the School had not been a significant factor in their development and achievement.

There seemed to be a reluctance to articulate the “SPS experience”, but one formmate may have spoken for all of us when he said that SPS provided an “environment of excellence” which gave him a standard by which the rest of his life had been measured. Another formmate put it somewhat differently. He said the SPS experience imparted an “obligation to lead,” which is with him as a driving force today. Perhaps there can be no greater compliment to the School or greater evidence of its purpose being attained.

GRACEFULLY INTO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Sadly, many of us seem to have lost contact with the School; however, those who have maintained contact agree, in general, that “it bears little resemblance to the SPS we knew”, that we are “impressed” and that the School “has never been better.” As one formmate stated, the School has “come gracefully into the Twentieth Century.” I guess that implies that the School was in the Nineteenth Century when we attended.

It is good to be able to report that we are enthused about what the School has accomplished. It is also good to be able to report that our financial commitment to the School bears out our feelings; all but seven of us reported that we give either the same or more to SPS than we give to our college.

I think it accurate to say that the Form has made good use of the SPS experience. A reasonable number of us have become outstanding business leaders. Most of us have been at least moderately successful in our business careers. Seventeen of us have appeared on television. Eleven of us have been published nationally. Five of us have been or are directors of publicly held companies. Although only a few have been active in politics, even there we have made significant contributions. Perhaps most important, we have spread across this land from coast to coast and in many, if not most, instances, have given of ourselves to our communities. We have been active in civic and charitable endeavors.

I am sure each of us has a favorite memory of St. Paul’s. Mine is of Mr. Kittredge reciting, in tones which I can hear today, the words of the “Last Night Prayer:

“Oh Lord, support us all the day long, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then in thy mercy grant us a safe lodging and holy rest and peace at the last.”
OPEN SPACES: The Life of American Cities
A Twentieth Century Fund Essay

August Heckscher's new book on open spaces in American cities is a most welcome addition to the list of urban monographs that have been appearing with increasing frequency in the past decade. The author is eminently qualified to write such a book, having been a city newspaper editor, long-time student of urban affairs, and Commissioner of Parks and Recreation in Mayor Lindsay's administration of New York City.

Heckscher is one of the few urban authorities who combines an eloquent writing style with practical governmental experience. Notwithstanding five years in the New York school of hard-knock politics, he has maintained a strong faith in the future of American cities, and his book is a testimonial to that faith. For this and other reasons, Open Spaces should be read widely, especially by community leaders, politicians, planning commissioners and chamber of commerce executives. They will be struck by the variety of new developments taking place in more than forty cities throughout the country — by the possibilities of generating healthy and invigorating oases out of previously stagnant and depressed conditions. The message is clearly conveyed: it is never too late to effect such creative change.

Apart from describing what has happened and what is currently under way, Heckscher provides the reader with clear criteria for analyzing and evaluating city design and structure. But this is only one example of the book's various and unique rewards. Overall, it is a well-crafted work with excellent graphics, spirited text, and a lively sprinkling of photographs. Tightly organized, the book has ample notes and a carefully prepared index. One could argue about the thematic organization — the inclusion of certain topics within particular categories — but here the author has a right to make his own decisions.

Heckscher is obviously impressed by the Minneapolis experience, and he should be. Other cities receive varying amounts of praise and criticism.

The only facet of the basic subject matter that is meagerly covered relates to a city's outlying neighborhood residential spaces. The downtown areas are given the bulk of attention as the administrative, financial, political and cultural centers. Heckscher does, however, devote a full chapter to the residential dimension as a humanizing force on downtown development even if, as in Portland, Oregon's case, a "most successful" urban renewal project displaced the poor residents with the rich. Community leaders in Detroit and other cities are fast realizing that without healthy residential neighborhood and related open spaces, cities may not be able to survive as vital human gathering places, despite the existence of well-designed, centrally located downtown parks, malls, galleries, commercial plazas, and expensive residential highrises.

Had Heckscher visited Portland in 1977 rather than in 1974 he would have noticed considerably more change. Much has happened along the waterfront, in the downtown and within the neighborhoods, following a series of plans that would win his enthusiastic approval. This reviewer would argue, however, that Portlanders are far more aware of the existence of the city's Forest Park than Heckscher's account would seem to indicate. Being a semi-wilderness area as well as the largest city-owned park within a city's limits in the continental United States, Forest Park does tend to discourage intimate acquaintanceship, especially by those people who prefer their autos to their feet. But the youth who told Heckscher he had no idea "what sort of place it is" was simply not representative, considering the fact that thousands of Portlanders trek through the park annually.

The book could cover only so much ground in 350 pages of text. But this reviewer would have found it useful to know more about the individual experience of those cities which have actually created new open spaces in recent years. What groups or individuals were responsible for the changes that have occurred and how did they achieve their goals? From my experience...
in Portland, for example, broadly based citizen and neighborhood participation, inspired and supported by the mayor's office, has provided much valuable input and often the decisive influence in persuading a reluctant business establishment and city council to undertake constructive action. But this is a minor deficiency, considering the total impact of the book.

_Open Spaces_ is a valuable contribution to the literature of American city life. For the sake of interested students, who should read it but who might not be able to afford the price, the book should be published in a soft-cover edition. It would be an excellent collateral text for school and college use.

_E. Kimbark MacColl, '43

**AESCHYLEAN DRAMA**


MICHAEL Gagarin’s _Aeschylean Drama,_ “written primarily from the point of view of and for classical scholars,” is a concise work of considerable scholarship. While the author has done all in his power to help the nonclassicist, the subject itself demands a certain professional background or at least an ardent interest in Greek Drama. I can find few flaws in the approach and presentation, though to me the transliteration of Greek citations is annoying, if not troublesome. (One can appreciate, to be sure, Mr. Gagarin’s concern for keeping the cost of the book down.)

Mr. Gagarin’s approach to all seven plays is unusual, in that he directs his attention to ethical, sexual, and political patterns within the plays rather than concentrating on “the character of the hero.”

He introduces these patterns in a chapter on “The Early Greek World View,” in which there is an examination of Greek morality as seen in the writing of Homer. The nature of _dike_ and its transformation into the moral concept of _dikaiosyne_ gives us a background for penetrating observations found in a later chapter on “The Ethical Patterns in the _Oresteia._” In this chapter we see something of the change in thought which moved Greek philosophers into the observation of justice and injustice—concepts which may not be valid for the understanding of action in Aeschylean drama.

A very small chapter in the book is devoted to the nature of the tragedy, _Persae_. I must say I found this chapter altogether too brief in its treatment of a play which has puzzled scholars for hundreds of years. Mr. Gagarin shows the reader most convincingly that as Aeschylus wrote the play, he had in mind both the Athenian victory over the Persians and the Aristotelian view of tragedy.

In two chapters devoted to patterns in the _Oresteia_, there is analysis of the rule of reciprocity as represented in the maxim _drasantai pathein_ (unto the doer it is done) and observation of forces at work in the trilogy, forces sometimes intrinsically manifested, such as _dike, eros, and peitho._

In addition, the author discerns an overall pattern in the trilogy. He states, “The first two plays thus portray a situation in which people do not change but either conquer their adversaries or are themselves overcome and eliminated. _Eumenides_, however, presents an alternative: change and reconciliation.”

The roles of women in Greek society are examined and, at least for this reviewer, they are clarified with respect to both the drama of Aeschylus and the entire dramatic canon.

A final chapter examines _Septem, Supplices_, and _Prometheus_. The treatment of _Septem_ is especially well done for Mr. Gagarin avoids the trap of trying to support Eteocles claim of _dike_ over Polyneices but rather examines the conflicting claims of the two brothers to justice.

Mr. Gagarin has produced a fine book. As a teacher of the Classics I feel proud that he is so able a spokesman in a field which is, unfortunately, sometimes marked with pedantry and dullness.

_George A. Tracy_

**“TELL IT GOOD-BYE, KIDDO”: The Decline of the New England Offshore Fishery**


PASSAGE in 1976 of the Studds-Magnuson Bill, declaring United States jurisdiction over a 200-mile-wide zone of territorial sea, may have looked like salvation for the depleted stock on Georges Bank and for the New England fishing fleet, but in reality it was only a first step, an emergency measure. The enactment did not give this country exclusive ownership—only preferential rights. The foreign fleets which have plundered the banks can continue to fish on the same grounds as before. Only through strict Coast Guard enforcement of proper management policies is there hope that the stocks of fish off New England will ever be rebuilt.
Just how depleted the fish stocks are, and how greatly weakened is the New England fishing industry, and why, this compact, competent study tells in detail. But the authors provide more than an economic overview of the situation.

"The decline of the fishing fleet," they point out, "means the dwindling from our society of a unique group of men and a culture whose importance outweighs, in the end, the amount of fish they sell." For the myth of the fisherman is based on solid fact: his courage, his independence, his attachment to the sea are as enduring as the sea itself.

Starting from a vivid characterization of this human basis of the industry, the book proceeds to describe just what the life of an offshore fisherman entails, and only then draws the reader on into the story of how the basis of these men's livelihood has been eroded in the last fifty or sixty years.

Statistics tell part of the story. Between 1950 and 1970, the 2,000 commercial fishermen manning Boston's offshore fleet dropped to fewer than 75, and the "several hundred" trawlers, draggers, and schooners which once besieged the piers in Boston for space to unload declined to two large otter trawlers and ten draggers.

The windows of wholesale offices and filleting plants are now boarded up and the cobbled streets of Boston's Fish Pier, once jammed with trucks, tractors, horses, and men, hauling loads of fish, are now crowded with the cars of businessmen lunching at Jimmy's Harborside Restaurant, and with "American trucks bringing fresh fish onto the Pier from Canada's Maritime fishing ports."

While foreign competitors, helped by various types of governmental subsidies, proceeded to move in and undersell Gloucester, Boston, and New Bedford fishermen on the American market, our own fishing industry, when not merely neglected and disregarded by Washington, was all too often used as a pawn in foreign policy trade-offs. Today the domestic market is 95% controlled by New England's foreign competitors.

Simultaneously, overfishing of the offshore grounds has caused a 45% decline in the catch of major species on Georges Bank. Near-total destruction of the stock of haddock provides the most shocking example. Intensive harvest of haddock, chiefly by Soviet vessels, after 1965, so reduced the stock that by 1974 the catch had dropped to one eighteenth of the average pre-1965 annual catch.

While the authors foresee a possibility of rescue for the stocks of fish through more stringent regulation of the catch, they have little hope that the old-time New England fisherman will survive the accompanying assault of bureaucracy: "Caught in a cost-price squeeze of foreign competition and rising inflation, unable to get decent prices for the fish he does land, and prevented from catching the fish that once gave him a living, he takes little consolation from one official's enervated claim that 'ICNAF (the International Commission for Northwest Atlantic Fisheries) did at least keep the fish from being entirely wiped out.' If there is a light at the end of the tunnel, most New England fishermen don't think they'll be around long enough to see it."

R. W. D.
Editorial

The profile of a 25th Reunion Form; a gallery of alumni sculpture; a sermon on True Piety — if the major articles of this issue have a common theme, it must be a broad question like, What is worthy achievement — for an individual, or for a school?

The question is old as the Prophets, new as the student upheavals of the Sixties. But efforts to answer it will never cease, and should not. Because the approach made by David Wills in his Amherst baccalaureate last year met the question so admirably, the Editor has taken this occasion to reach beyond the School and its alumni for an article.

There are advantages in looking "outside" for such a message. Anyone who deals thoughtfully with the problems of one school or college in our society sheds useful light on all of them. And, clearly, there are enough likenesses between the SPS and the Amherst experience (and enough differences) to sharpen our understanding of ourselves, as we read Mr. Wills's address.

But he illuminates us and our School all the better, perhaps, because he is not talking about us or it, and is not an alumnus of St. Paul's. We have no fear of personal rebuke; our sentries are not alarmed. We can listen to the speaker's thoughts on competition, success, and satisfaction, in as self-critical a frame of mind as honesty permits, and then we can profitably ask ourselves: what is the St. Paul's creed today? To what star is our wagon hitched?

WE SALUTE The Malcolm Gordon School, which celebrated its fiftieth anniversary in October. Three generations of SPS Gordons have headed the school: Malcolm K. Gordon, '87, the founder; his son, David C. Gordon, '26; and David C. Gordon, Jr., '53, grandson of the founder and present headmaster. Many are the fine boys who have come our way from MGS in these five decades, cementing the bond between us. Long life to both schools!

A New History of St. Paul's School

AT THE REQUEST of the Trustees, August Heckscher, '32, is undertaking to prepare a history of St. Paul's School for the celebration of our 125th anniversary year, 1980-81. Charles Scribner's Sons, of which Charles Scribner, '39, is president, will publish the volume.

Mr. Heckscher hopes he may have the cooperation of all alumni, from the most recent classes to the oldest, in gathering materials. He will appreciate letters, photographs, documents, written reminiscences, or offers to be interviewed. Correspondence should be addressed to him care of the Alumni Association, St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H. 03301. Materials submitted will be carefully guarded and returned where requested; or, if preferred, will be deposited in the collections of the Sheldon Library.

A history of the School by Arthur S. Pier, '90, was published in 1934. Based largely on interviews with alumni whose memories went back to the first Dr. Coit, it carries the story into the beginning of Dr. Drury's administration. A history placing emphasis on the last seventy-five years, stressing modern issues and changes, has long been needed. J. Carroll McDonald, teacher of history at SPS from 1945 to 1969, after his retirement made a preliminary survey of the source material.

Beginning in January, 1978, Douglas Marshall of the Classics Department will hold a seminar on School history, relating developments to wider issues in American education. Mr. Heckscher will take part in many of the sessions. To involve students, to get their help in certain phases of the work, and to sense their views of by-gone personalities and problems will, he hopes, give him fresh insight into the School's past.

Because his research will begin at a mid-point in the School's history, he will be particularly grateful for materials made available to him on the Nash-Kittredge period, and on the rectorship of Matthew Warren.

Chief editorial writer of the old New York Herald Tribune, Mr. Heckscher is the author, among other books, of The Public Happiness; Alive in the City: Memoir of an ex-Commissioner; and Open Spaces — the Life of American Cities. He is now completing a history of Fiorello LaGuardia's years as mayor of New York City.
NONSPORTS IN THE FIFTIES

Bud Blake's article on sports and non-sports in the 1950's (Spring, 1977, p. 6) makes me feel like a voice from history.

Entering in 1952 and being of great vigor but small coordination, I sought a fall activity. The athletic department was not the arbiter of who could do other activities. If any student had any project which was supported by and responsive to any master, Cal Chapin would give his approval.

So I learned stagecraft, while building sets, set ceilings, the rigging and gunwales for Billy Budd, etc., under Dave Enbody and John Collier. (I later moved on to the Columbia Law School Show, and eventually built a house with the skills I had learned.

Others rebuilt the ski jump, cleared and improved the cross country trails, marked the hiking trails and built bridges (under José Ordoñez and Tudor Richards), coached sports at the YMCA in Concord, and other things.

Independent programs are not new at SPS. I just hope institutionalizing them won’t kill the enthusiasm. So, “do your thing” as we did before the term existed!

Thomas B. Trumpy, '56

TWO YEARS WITHOUT PEER

One who graduated in 1955 has been reflecting upon other alternative walks of life had he not gone to Concord, New Hampshire, back in the turbulent years of the postwar Japan.

His conclusion is that there has not been anything like the two years he spent at St. Paul’s and that those years of testing and trials have prepared him to transcend the national differences that need to be explained.

As he trains American students in Oriental Art, at the University of California, Berkeley, breathing the ozone-filled air of the Pacific, he often thinks of the ketchup-red leaves of autumn in New Hampshire and the chilling wind and ice of the Merrimack.

Yoshiaki Shimizu, '55

VALUES LEARNED AT SPS

I have been going in thirty-seven directions since [becoming executive director of the Oregon Community Foundation on] the first of June, and as a result have not been able to be in touch with friends east of the Rockies, to share with them what to me is a very exciting change of professional occupation.

Frankly, this job is the kind of thing I have wanted to do since leaving Concord. I really feel that the values we learned at the School have had more of an impact on many of us than we realized. Since my first involvement in this effort several years ago, I have become more acutely aware of the Purdys, McLanes, Pillsburys, Chisholms, McKees, and Rousmanieres, to name but a few (and I am sure there are many more) who are spending more and more time in similar types of work.

Edward H. Look, '36
Faculty Notes

William F. Abbe of the Fine Arts Department is recovering from a fractured vertebra. He suffered the injury when he slipped and fell on the stone steps, on the path between the Upper and Kittredge, on October 14.

Paintings by Thomas R. Barrett, Head of the Fine Arts Department, were on exhibition for three weeks in October at the Mugar Art Building and Sawyer Center of Colby-Sawyer College.

George R. Carlisle of the English Department has been appointed to the Disciplinary Committee. He spent part of the summer completing a novel left unfinished by his grandfather.

Robert M. Degowin of the Modern Languages Department, who has been French language announcer for broadcasts of the Salzburg Music Festival for twenty years, was back on the job there again last summer.

Joan E. Doran, Assistant Director of Admissions from 1973 to 1975, was married to David G. Davis, September 1, 1977, in Seattle, Washington.

Suzanne M. Fortier of the Physical Education Department has received her M. Ed. degree in counseling from the University of New Hampshire.

Woodruff W. Halsey, who taught French at SPS from 1967 to 1977, was married to Katherine Anne Vickery, '76, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James G. Vickery, June 29, 1977, in Princeton, New Jersey.

Warren O. Hulser has been appointed chairman of the Disciplinary Committee, to succeed George R. Smith, '50, who is with School Year Abroad this year, in Reims, France. A newcomer to the Disciplinary Committee, Mr. Hulser has taught Mathematics at SPS since 1954.

Richard H. Lederer has returned to full-time teaching in the English Department after a year's leave of absence working for his Ph. D. at the University of New Hampshire. In addition to other regular activities at the School, he has become faculty advisor to the Pelican.

Charles B. Morgan of the Classics and English Departments was a member of a four-man team (including Spencer B. Fulweiler, '76) which successfully ascended Mt. Foraker, Alaska, last summer, by the west ridge. This route to the summit of the 17,000-foot peak had been unclimbed since it was first attempted forty-three years ago.

Joel F. Potter is back in the Science Department after a sabbatical year with his family on Cape Cod and in the West. He spent the first part of his sabbatical researching marine ecology at the Environmental Systems Laboratory of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute. Later, he attended the University of Colorado, taking courses in physiology, geology, oceanography and limnology (the study of fresh water environments).

Converse Prudden, teacher of English to the lower Forms from 1952 to 1976, died of cancer, at Concord Hospital, August 17, 1977, after a short illness. A graduate of South Kent School and Brown University, he had earlier taught at Eaglebrook School in Deerfield, Massachusetts; Kingswood School, West Hartford, Connecticut; and the Salisbury (Connecticut) Summer School. He was a Navy veteran of World War II. Beloved by generations of SPS graduates as a teacher of Lower School English, with a reputation as a story teller, he also, through most of his years at SPS, coached Old Hundred football lower teams. He had been faculty advisor of the Areopagan Society and the Chapel Wardens, and he was the notably successful first coach of girls crew at SPS. He is survived by his wife, Ann Prudden; a son, Stephen B. Prudden, '68; a daughter, Lee H. Prudden, and two brothers, Peter, and John Prudden. (See also page 134.)

Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Rein became the parents of a son, Shaun, October 12, 1977. Mr. Rein, Dance Instructor, was director of The White Mountains Festival Ballet School, a part of the White Mountains Festival in Jefferson, N. H., last summer. Kaja M. McGowan, '78, and Linda H. Richards, '78, were also on the staff of the school, which drew ninety students, seven years of age and older.

Sanford R. Sistare, Vice-Rector in charge of Activities, has returned to St. Paul's from a sabbatical year of study at Cambridge University. During the Michaelmas Term, he attended lectures on European History and English, but in the next two terms he concentrated on American History. Weekend and holiday excursions gave opportunity to practice the art of brass-rubbing in churches, to visit London, and to see Eton College, where the Sistares met the Wilson-Smiths (who are now at SPS for a year).

Paul D. Talbert, School Engineer for the past twelve years, retired in September. He hopes to hunt, shoot, and travel, but will be available to make occasional visits to the School, if needed, while his successor is learning the ropes. The job of School Engineer includes responsibility for all maintenance of buildings and grounds, and custodial services. A major achievement during Mr. Talbert's regime was installation of a new boiler in the power house, two years ago. The School power plant is the only automated high pressure boiler plant in the State of New Hampshire.

George A. Tracy, Head of the Classics Department, who spent most of the summer at the Kearsarge Theater Camp, in Warner, New Hampshire, directed and acted in a production of Shaw's The Devil's Disciple, which had nine performances.

The Rt. Rev. John T. Walker (1957-1966), a Trustee since 1972, was installed as sixth Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Washington, September 24, 1977, in a service which crowned Washington Cathedral with the

The Rt. Rev. John T. Walker
Bishop's friends, admirers and well-wishers. The Rector and Mrs. Oates, with the Rev. and Mrs. Robert E. Duke, were present from St. Paul's School, and the Trustees were represented by W. Walker Lewis, 3d, '63, and Ralph T. Starr, '44, with their wives. A great many alumni were also present.

New Faculty

Leslie A. Ahearn (English) has been a teaching assistant at the University of New Hampshire, where she received an M. A. in literature this year. A graduate of Hood College, she will live in Kittredge.

Mary I. Beale (Religion) was ordained a priest of the Episcopal Church in May. She is a graduate of Washington University in St. Louis, with an M. A. in Divinity from Andover Theological School. She has also earned a Master's degree in Education at Boston University, where she has been a lecturer and field supervisor.

Jane S. Brandt (Mathematics), who has previously taught in the Concord (N. H.) Union School District, is a graduate of the University of New Hampshire and is a candidate at the University for the degree of M. S. in Teaching. She and her husband will live in Alumni.

David Dichek (Science), a Woodrow Wilson Teaching Fellow at Princeton University in 1976, is a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Princeton. He has been a trainee at Matsushita Corporation's summer program in Osaka, Japan, and has tutored in French at Humboldt State University.

Peteris E. Graube (Science) graduated with a degree in Physics and Chemistry from the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. He has certification in Michigan as a teacher of Mathematics and Physics.

Judith E. Hall (History) has taught English with the U. S. Grant Foundation, and was an A. S. F. intern teacher in 1975, teaching Minority/Majority Relations. She is a 1977 cum laude graduate of Yale.

Maurice Harris, the new School Engineer, is a Scotsman by birth, a former student at the Royal Technical College in Glasgow. For nineteen years he has served at Cornell University, most recently as chief of plant operations and acting director of physical plant operations.

Mary C. McLane (Modern Languages) has taught at College Cevenol, in France; at Beaver Country Day School; and at Newton (Mass.) High School. A graduate of Smith College, with an M. A. from Harvard/Radcliffe, she plays the piano, guitar, and organ, and is an active participant in cross-country skiing and tennis.

Joan E. Mundy (Mathematics) is a candidate for the Ph. D. in Mathematics Education at the University of New Hampshire. She graduated summa cum laude from the University and later earned her M. S. degree there. Her husband, Richard Mundy, a service consultant for the New England Telephone Co., is an alumnus of the Advanced Studies Program in 1968.

Wendy Z. Stern (Music), who is to be Band instructor, is a graduate of the New School of Music, University of Pennsylvania. She has taught flute at the New School and has performed professionally as a soloist, and in concert, chamber, and orchestral groups.

E. Katharine Turpin, '73, is joining the Admission Office. She graduated in May, cum laude, from Bowdoin College. She will live in North Upper.

Timothy Wilson-Smith (History), an exchange teacher from Eton College, where he has taught History, English, and Art History for thirteen years, is a graduate of Peterhouse College, Cambridge. He was captain of the Peterhouse squash and tennis teams, and secretary of the History Society of the University. To further his education in philosophy and theology, he studied for an additional four and a half years as a monk at Downside Abbey, near Bristol. He is living in Friendly, with his wife and three children.

Also new at St. Paul's this year are two intern teachers: Craig MacColl, '70, working in the Religion Department, and Laurel M. Matthews, in the History Department. MacColl has bachelor's and master's degrees from the University of Chicago, and Miss Matthews holds her degree from Bowdoin College, where she was a James Bowdoin Scholar.
Converse Prudden

On a sunny August afternoon, when the School was in its richest summer loveliness, several hundred relatives and friends gathered in the New Chapel to pay tribute to Con Prudden. There were recent graduates he had taught in the First or Second Form and girls he had coached on the Pond. There were alumni of earlier years who had lived in Ford or Corner when he was a housemaster. There were present and former members of the faculty and their wives and children. There were other School employees and Con cord friends. We came in sorrow and respect, but we came above all in affection for a warm-hearted and generous friend.

Con especially enjoyed teaching the lower Formers, and he had the stamina, the patience, and the enthusiasm necessary for that particularly demanding task. He had a knack for the appallingly corny joke so dear to the Second Form mind. He could explain the introductory adverbial clause for the nth time with the same care and thoroughness he had used the first time, tolerantly recognizing that the young mind in front of him was connected to a young stomach and that both were probably thinking about Tuck. I have heard great roarings of rage from Con's classroom, followed by a scurrying exodus of subdued youth as the bell rang, then found him grinning broadly at the departing backs—he knew when and how to lose his temper for "academic effect"—and all would be tranquil at the next class meeting.

He coached football at many levels, but was particularly effective with the younger boys, who often needed plenty of football fundamentals, such as how to tie on shoulder pads or tighten the chin strap of an overly-large helmet. Con treated the tears of a defeated and diminutive quarterback seriously and compassionately so that honor remained untarnished but a sense of perspective was instilled.

A long-time lover of water activities, he found a special delight coaching girls' crews in recent years, often taking hesitant and uncertain novices who had never seen a shell and turning them into enthusiastic and competent devotees in a matter of weeks.

Con had more than a "professional" classroom concern for young people. He took a broad, truly paternal interest in all the SPS family: he always seemed to know which faculty child was in which grade, and at which school or college. When children were sick, no one was quicker than Con with a kind word or an offer to help in some thoughtful way. He delighted in their Halloween costumes when they were young, and with a twinkle in his eye welcomed them as young adults to his home.

I have spent a quarter-century of personal and professional life with Con: in the same department, teaching often at the same Form level; on committees at School and in Concord; in the always lively task of bringing up our children; in parties and department meetings, quiet summer porch conversations and noisy rink-side exhortations. I count myself fortunate to have learned from him, to have shared with him, and to have had his friendship.

Alan N. Hall

Form Notes

1918
A new book by T. S. Matthews, Jacks or Better, published by Harper & Row in October, will be reviewed in a coming issue.

1919
The Birth of a Specialty, an autobiographical account by Louis F. Bishop, M.D. of his practice of cardiology from 1926 to 1972, published by Vantage, will be reviewed in a coming issue.

1924
J. Lawrence Pool, M.D. and his wife, Angeline, exhibited their water colors in the town library of Cornwall, Connecticut, during the month of October.

1927
Laurence B. Rand was married to Adeline Hasemeyer Perkins of New York City, in September, in New York.

1930
Representing the University of California before the United States Supreme Court, in its October hearings on the Bakke case, Archibald Cox told the Court that "there is no racially blind method of selection which will enroll today more than a trickle of minority students in the nation's colleges and professions," Cox, a professor at Harvard Law School, is a former Solicitor General of the United States.
1936
Vinton Freedly, Jr., has been elected a director of the Episcopal Actors Guild of America.

Edward H. Look has become executive director of the Oregon Community Foundation, an independent organization which manages capital funds received from private foundations and other sources, and disburse the earnings as grants to educational, cultural, medical, social and civic needs throughout Oregon. Formally, he was vice-president in charge of trust marketing for First National Bank of Oregon.

John R. Rumery was married to Mrs. David Rogers Hall, July 28, 1977, in Short Hills, New Jersey.

1938
William W. Bodine, Jr. was cited by the Philadelphia Inquirer for the “ever higher standards of excellence in patient care and academic scholarship and every facet of medical and educational service within his jurisdiction,” during his seven years as chairman of the board of trustees of Thomas Jefferson University and seven previous years as president of Jefferson Medical College.

1941
The Rev. H. Boone Porter, Jr., has become editor of The Living Church, national weekly news magazine of the Episcopal Church.

1946
James W. Kinnear, 3d, a member of the Board of Trustees, has been elected a director of Texaco, Inc. A senior vice-president of Texaco, Inc., he is also a director of Caltex Petroleum Corp., the Bahrain Petroleum Co., Ltd., Jefferson Chemical Co., Inc., and Texas-U.S. Chemical Company.

1951
Frederic C. Church, Jr. and Mrs. Church are the parents of a daughter, Lindsay Cameron, born September 27, 1977.

1952
Captain Peter B. Booth, USN, is now commanding officer of the aircraft carrier, USS Forrestal.

Warren N. Poovert was married to Leigh Barnes Day of New York City, May 21, 1977, in Oyster Bay, New York.

1953
Marshall J. Dodge, Jr., was the subject of an appropriately entertaining article in the October 10 issue of The New Yorker, relating some of the circumstances surrounding his entry into “the regional-culture game” and touching on his successful performance as a “Yankee Sol Harok,” masterminding the first Maine Festival in the last four days of July, on the campus of Bowdoin College. Among samples of Maine product design on exhibit at the Festival, along with the peavey, cross-country skis, the Maxim Machine Gun, the L. L. Bean Maine Hunting Shoe, and lobster boat models, was the Railway Bicycle, designed by Dodge himself.

1955
Richard C. Higgins, avant-garde artist and writer, has published two new books this year: George Herbert’s Pattern Poems: In Their Tradition, a monograph on the ancestry of “visual poetry”; and Everyone Has Sher Favorite (His or Hers), a collection of short pieces, mostly poems.

W. Barnes Hunt reports that the investment counseling business, though a full-time job, leaves time for “other diversions.” As of the summer of 1977, he had written fifty-nine sonnets and two short stories since the first of the year. He has two growing collections of glass, and has “designed and executed three rugs—very small ones, but still my own original designs and work.”

George R. Munson is enjoying his work for the Red Cross Blood Program, collecting blood all over the State of Connecticut. He and his wife, Vicky, have a three-year-old daughter.

Parker W. Packard and his wife, Sally, are part owners of The Adirondack Store and Gallery in Saranac Lake, New York. He reports that their two children, ages ten and six, are “looking forward to running the store in about four years.” Parker would be interested to hear from any classmate (“except Rink Reyners, for the obvious reason”) who might like to have a Fall/Winter catalogue.

Arturo R. Quevedo writes that he is “alive and well,” though divorced, and has a five-year-old son.

Yoshiaki Shimizu is a member of the Department of Art and History of Art at the University of California, Berkeley. Previously, he taught for two years at Princeton after earning his Ph. D. there in the field of Art and Archaeology.

William J. Strawbridge, Jr. has gone back to college at the age of forty, as a student at Cornell.

1958
David S. Barry, Jr., a lecturer in history at the University of Wisconsin, will present a segment of his doctoral thesis, “St. Sabas and the Orthodox Patriarchate of Jerusalem,” at a meeting of the North American Patristics Society, next May.

Wright Horne runs his own shop for the making of fine custom furniture, in North Carolina. After five years as an apprentice, he is now independent, has his own apprentices, and teaches classes in woodworking techniques. Classmates looking for him are advised to turn east to Rocky Mount, off Route 95.

1961
Nicholas R. Burke and his wife, Susie, report the birth of a son, James Revere, June 2, 1977.

James S. Hatch has become president of the Canaan (Conn.) National Bank. Formerly vice-president and cashier of the Lenox (Mass.) National Bank, he spent the past year in Washington, D. C. as a senior staff director of the National Commission on Electronic Funds Transfers.

William E. Hawkins is working for Gulf Coast Transit Co., in Tampa, Florida, where he lives with his wife, Yoshiko, and their son and daughter.

Bruce R. Lauritzen, who was married to the parents of a son, Kimball Davis, born in October, 1976.

Curtis Lynch and his wife, Jacqueline, are parents of a second son, Todd Harrison, born June 12, 1977.

Walter W. Winslow, Jr., is assistant director of the Bureau of Competition of the Federal Trade Commission. He lives in Washington, but with his wife, Missy, and their two sons.

1962
John W. Mallett has been transferred from the American Embassy in Santiago, Chile, to the Embassy in Brasilia, Brazil.

Ralph A. I. Peer, 2d and his wife “joyfully announce” the birth of a daughter, Mary Megan Iversen, September 15, 1977.

Malcolm Smith, Jr., and Elizabeth Hardin Jesusom were married in Washington, D. C., in October. The ceremony was performed by Smith’s uncle, the Rev. J. Paschal Davis, 2d.

Peter G. Stillman, a member of the Department of Political Science at Vassar College, visited England last May to deliver a lecture on Hegel’s political philosophy to a graduate seminar, at Pembroke College, Oxford. While there, he ran into Mr. and Mrs. John S. B. Archer, who were visiting Oxford for the day.

1963
Ian Malcolm Watson McLaughlin was married to Mary Gill Makrianes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James K. Makrianes of New York City, September 17, 1977, in New York City.
CHANGE 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.

Stanley Rogers Resor, Jr. was married to Louise Ann Donohoe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Joseph Donohoe, September 10, 1977, in New Canaan, Connecticut.

1964
Peter G. Gerry was married to Alexandra Wetherill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elkins Wetherill of Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvania, and Waldoboro, Maine, August 20, 1977, in Waldoboro. Gerry is a senior investment manager at Citicorp Venture Capital Ltd., an affiliate of Citibank.

1965
David B. Parshall was married to Jane Low, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Carlton Low, October 15, 1977, in New York City.

1966
Thomas N. Oates was ordained to the Anglican priesthood by the Bishop of London, September 29, 1977, in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. His father, William A. Oates, Rector, flew to England to be present at the ceremony.

James L. Phillips, Jr. has joined the New York office of Russell Reynolds Associates, Inc., executive recruiters. Formerly, he had been associate treasurer of Morgan Guaranty Trust Company and had been associated with J. P. Morgan Interfunding Corp.

Daniel R. Sortwell, 3d is developing new food products for Durkee Foods Division of SCM Corp.

1967
Allan MacDougall, 3d is working in the International Department of Mellon Bank in Pittsburgh, and invites any classmate passing through the city to give him a call.

1968
Tyram H. Pettit was married to Susan Hunter of Northbrook, Illinois, May 14, 1977. Both are working in Chicago banks, he in the office of Bank of America as a commercial lending officer, and she in the Northern Trust.

1969
Jessie W. Markham, Jr. writes that "Dragger Stewart, Joe Priesterly," and he are "soaking up some Dixie at Vanderbilt Law School in Nashville."

1970
B. Lee Crawford, Jr. has been made an associate of the Atlanta, Georgia, law firm of O'Callaghan, Saunders & Stimm.

1971
George F. Litterer has received his Master of Music degree at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston.

Arthur Stanwood Pier, 3d is engaged to Nancy Brody Glickenhaus, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Seth M. Glickenhaus of Scarsdale, New York. Pier is attending the University of Pennsylvania School of Architecture.

Joseph F. Stillman, 3d has returned to New York City to the office of Credit Suisse-White Weld, investment bankers, in whose London office he had been working since May.

Arthur C.C. Tung spent the summer working in the Boston law firm of Powers & Hall and engaging in evangelical ministry in Cambridge. He is now a third year law student at Harvard.

R. Gregg Stone, 3d won the single sculls championship in the annual Head of the Charles Regatta in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on October 23, defeating the defending champion, Jim Dietz of the New York Athletic Club, by 2½ seconds. Earlier in the day, Stone and his teammate Tiff Wood had defeated Dietz and his NYAC teammate Larry Klentszky, in the double sculls, by 2.7 seconds.

1972
Howard E. Grace was married to Deborah Harney Greene, daughter of Mrs. Douglas Burnham, of Hillsborough, California, and William Ellery Greene, Jr., of Coconut Grove, Florida, May 28, 1977, in Bronxville, New York.

Jeffrey B. Holsapple and Debra G. Sistare, both of the Form of 1972, were married in the School Chapel, August 27, 1977. Holsapple is the son of Penn H. Holsapple, '32, and Mrs. Holsapple, and the bride is the daughter of Sanford R. Sistare, Vice Rector, and Mrs. Sistare.

John Taylor Howell, 3d was married to Rebecca Reading, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George Reading of Rochester, New York, June 25, 1977, in Chautauqua, New York. Howell is a student at Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Fielding E. Lamason, Jr. spent the summer doing research for the tribal suit of the Passamaquoddys Indians against the State of Maine. He missed his Fifth Reunion in June because he was finishing up his presidency of the Triangle Club at Princeton.

1973
John A. Gose, 2d writes from Seattle, Washington, that he is studying gourmet cooking, is alive and well and would delight in hearing from old friends.

Heidi C. Hornor is a research associate in the pathology department of Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston. She graduated in the spring from Wellesley College, with a major in molecular biology.

Mark C. Lewis was married to Christine R. Gladding, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Gladding of Wollcott, Connecticut, August 15, 1977, in Wollcott.

Michel D. P. Raoust is working for a master's degree in mechanical engineering at Stanford University, on a scholarship from the government of France. He was the prime mover in an organization established in France in August, and known as The Committee for Freedom of Information and Privacy, the purpose of which was to bring to France the freedoms we enjoy in America.

Robert S. Stuart, Jr. is teaching algebra and coaching tennis at Fountain Valley School, in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

1974
Lloyd N. Lynford is taking seven months off from Brown University, to study theatre arts in Poland.

Elizabeth P. Munson is captain of Yale's defending national champion women's squash squad. Three times a participant in the women's intercollegiates, with two fourth-place finishes and one second place, she credits her strong game to excellent coaching at SPS and the fact that she began playing there against boys, in the first years of coeducation. "She is a very strong player, her Yale coach says. "She has probably one of the fastest games in the league. She can hit very hard."

1976
Katherine Anne Vickery, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James C. Vickery of Williamville, New York, was married to Woodruff W. Halsey, formerly of the Modern Languages Department, June 25, 1977, in Princeton, New Jersey.

1977
Sara E. Frisbie attended a field hockey camp at the University of Denver, in August.
1896 Philip Benson Cooper
1901 Marcus Heber Smith
1902 Kenneth Hemage Delano
1904 Alfred Dunlevy Kelley
1906 Ralph Burnham Drake
1907 Harry Webb
1908 G. Stuyvesant Brandreth
1909 Philip Schuyler Dennis
1910 Arthur Morley Dobson
1911 Edmund Dudley James
1912 Philip Schuyler Dennis
1913 Edgar Hanchoffett
1914 Stuart Macdonald Chambers
1915 Hamilton Maynard Dickinson
1916 Arthur Morley Dobson
1917 Stanley Arthur Danser
1918 Leigh Richmond Brewer Atwater
1919 John Magee Boissevain
1920 Dr. Norman Eaton Freeman
1921 James Albert Caldwell, 3d
1922 Henry Lloyd Fielding Bucknall
1923 Arthur Morton Pray
1924 Robert McQueen Grant
1925 Raoul de B. Pelgram Fleming
1926 John P. Rutherford
1927 Henry Elcock Wilson, Jr.

ADDRESS WANTED — The Alumni Association has lost contact with the SFS alumni listed on this page and will greatly appreciate receiving whatever correct addresses our readers can supply. Please use this coupon and mail it to: Alumni Association of St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H. 03301.

(name) (Form) (name) (Form)

Information furnished by ________________________ Form of ____________
Deceased

Word of the death of the following alumni was received too late, or information is incomplete, for preparation of notices in this issue:

'12 - John Marshall, Jr., Sept. 12, 1977
'35 - James Hepburn Davis, Oct. 4, 1977
'36 - John Hall Moss, July 28, 1977

'10 - Henry Alexander Laughlin, a former President of the Board of Trustees, and retired president of Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston book publishers, died at his summer home in Fermoy, County Cork, Ireland, August 10, 1977. He was eighty-five years old. A native of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the son of James B. and Clara Young Laughlin, he entered St. Paul's in the fall of 1905, with his elder brother, the late Leslie I. Laughlin, '08. School records of those years show that he became an assistant editor of the Horse and was a member of the Cadman and the Forestry Club, but give no indication of the strength of the attachment for the School which took root at that time and led him to serve St. Paul's with affectionate wisdom until his death. Graduating in 1910, he went on to Princeton and, after receiving his bachelor's degree in 1914, he became a trainee in the Riverside Press division of Houghton Mifflin, in Cambridge. He served as a private with a Massachusetts unit on the Mexican border and was a second lieutenant of artillery during World War I. After the war he became manager of the Riverside Press, and in 1939 was made president of Houghton Mifflin, guiding both the trade and educational divisions of the firm for the next eighteen years. During that period he was responsible for publication in the United States of Hitler's Mein Kampf, which he believed Americans should know at first hand, and of Sir Winston Churchill's, The Second World War. He served, in addition, as chairman of Franklin Publications, an international publishing enterprise with headquarters in New York, and as president of the Princeton University Press. He had also been chairman of the 1945 Greater Boston War Fund, and a trustee of Radcliffe College, the Children's Hospital, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, members of which he entertained at his home in Ireland when they were on tour. He was a public-spirited citizen of his home town of Concord, Massachusetts, where he was one of the founders of Concord Academy and a former president of the Academy board of trustees, a trustee of the town library, and president of the Concord Bookshop. In each of these posts and in his associations at Houghton Mifflin, he developed special relationships with people, giving them energetic and active encouragement and spurring them towards the goals he believed they were destined to achieve. Nowhere, however, was his devotion more generously given than to St. Paul's School, which he served as a Trustee from 1937 to 1960, and as President of the Board from 1949 to 1958. Loving life and people, he was too humble to be impressed by his own achievements or his intimacy with authors and statesmen of international note, and too wise to underestimate the value of friendship with people of all stations in life. His standards of integrity, effort, and courtesy were high and impeccable. He is survived by his wife, Rebecca Lord Laughlin, to whom he was married in 1916; a son, Henry A. Laughlin, Jr., '37; a daughter, Mrs. John M. Woolsey, and ten grandchildren, one of whom is Henry A. Laughlin, 3d, '72.

'10 - Kenneth Randolph Pyatt died in San Antonio, Texas, December 26, 1976, according to a notice received from postal authorities in San Antonio. The Horse has been able to learn only scanty facts about his career, but School records show that he was trained as a pilot in World War I and served as a test pilot, instructor in aerial gunnery, and instructor of observers, at bases in the United States. In World War II, he was an Air Force ground officer in this country for three years. He attended St. Paul's from 1906 to 1909, and was a regular contributor to the Alumni Fund until his death. At one time, also, he studied journalism at Columbia University. He is survived by a daughter, Patricia.

'13 - Spencer Brown Downing died June 6, 1976, in Radnor, Pennsylvania. Born in Wallingford, Pennsylvania, in 1893, the son of Robert W. and Katherine P. Downing, he entered St. Paul's in 1908. In the year of his graduation, he was a tenor in the Sixth Form Glee Club, won a club letter as center in the Ithamian football line, and rowed on the second Halcyon crew. He graduated from Harvard in the class of 1917 into a world at war, served for three months in the Norton Harjes Unit of the American Red Cross Ambulance Service and, after United States entry into the war, was an infantryman for a year and a half in France, seeing action in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. After the war, he opened his own advertising firm, but later sold it and became associated with Hires Turner Glass Co., in Philadelphia. He was an active churchman, putting his hobby of carpentry to good use in maintenance of desks, tables, and chairs for the nursery school of his local church,
and in construction of booths for church fairs. He is survived by his wife, Mae P. Downing; a son, Spencer Downing, Jr.; a daughter, Mary D. Barton; five grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

'20—William Chisholm, 2d, died on July 5, 1977, in Blue Hill Falls, Maine, his home since retirement in 1948. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, December 29, 1901, the son of Alvah Stone and Adele Corning Chisholm, he entered the Second Form in 1915. Varied interests and abilities brought him membership in the Cadmean, Dramatic Association, and Mandolin Club; he was a supervisor in the old School and was a member of the Council. His chief athletic skill was in hockey: he played wing on the Delphian and SPS teams of 1920, and later, at Yale, was center in the varsity line. Even after graduation from college he continued to play, as a member of British and French national hockey teams, participated in figure skating competition, and was a founder and former president of the Cleveland Skating Club. Following two postgraduate years of travel, he joined Picklands, Mather & Co. of Cleveland as a mail boy, rising to be head of the pig iron department, from which he retired in 1948 after twenty-two years with the firm. He served on the national pig iron allocation board during World War II. All his life he was a lover of sports and adventure. He had the distinction of landing a tuna off Annisquam, Massachusetts, after a thirty-hour fight which may still stand as a record. He was a fine sailor who won many races, wrote articles on navigation for sailing magazines, and designed sails. He is survived by his wife, Sophie Gay Griscom; a son, Frederic B. Chisholm, '51; two daughters, Elsa D. Griscom and Gay Griscom Mehegan; a brother, Lloyd F. Griscom, '33, and four grandchildren.

'28—Frederic Clinton Reynolds, Secretary of the Sixth Form of 1928, died in Morris-town, New Jersey, December 31, 1976. The son of Frederic C. and Eleanor Reynolds, he was born in Orange, New Jersey, March 18, 1910, and entered St. Paul's in the fall of 1923 with his younger brother, the late Joel S. Reynolds, '29. He was a fine athlete, playing for four years on the Delphian football team and three on the SPS, and captaining both in his Sixth Form year. He played for five seasons on his club baseball team, ranked high in club squash and tennis, and won an SPS letter in baseball as a Sixth Former. On top of all this, he was captain of the School golf team in the last of four years on the team, and with his brother won the Garretson Cup in 1928. He was vice-president of the Athletic Association and secretary of the Forestry Club, and a member also of the Cadmean, the Library Association, the Missionary Society and the Cercle Francais. After graduation from SPS in 1928, he attended Princeton and received the bachelor's degree there in 1932. The greater part of his business career was in the area of sales and sales management with the Diamond Match Co. He was a devoted bird-watcher and amateur pianist and took immense pleasure in vacations at his farm on Martha's Vineyard. Surviving are his wife, Mariana C. Reynolds; two sons, Frederic C. Reynolds, Jr., '53, and Christopher C. Reynolds, '64; two daughters, Mariana B. Heath and Jane R. Riggs; a brother, James E. Reynolds, '31, and four grandchildren.

'51—William Richardson Knowlton died in Marion, Massachusetts, July 31, 1977. The son of Eben Beers and Violet Richardson Knowlton, he was born in New York City, February 9, 1913. At St. Paul's, he became a member of the Scientific Association, rowed on the second Halcyon crew in 1931, and graduated cum laude. He was a graduate of Yale in the class of 1935. During World War II, he served for four years as a navigator with a Naval Air Transport squadron in the South Pacific, rising to the rank of lieutenant commander. He flew for American Overseas to Europe after the war and then worked briefly in Washington, D.C. In 1950, he bought a large dairy farm in Falls Village, Connecticut, and operated it for twenty years, winning Department of Agriculture recognition for high productivity. He served on the regional school board and was for many years an active vestryman of Christ Episcopal Church, Canaan. After selling the farm in 1970, he moved to Lakeville, Connecticut, traveling for part of each year and spending the summers in Marion. He was a fine sailor who won many races, wrote articles on navigation for sailing magazines, and designed sails. He is survived by his wife, the former Louise Gehr Wilcox, whom he married in 1937, a son, Timothy Knowlton; two brothers, Eben Knowlton, '25, and Peter Knowlton, '35, and one grandchild.

'54—Edgar Farrar Bateson, Jr. died at his home in Cold Spring Harbor, New York, July 3, 1977. He was born in New York City, July 19, 1915, the son of E. Farrar and Rosina Otis Bateson, and entered St. Paul's in the autumn of 1927. In his Sixth Form year, he was a member of the Concordian and the Cercle Francais, captained the second Delphian football team, and took part in a noteworthy Dramatic Club performance of Macbeth. He graduated from Yale in 1938 and from Columbia Law School in 1941. During World War II, he served for four years in the Air Force, as squadron navigator with a bomber group in the Caribbean. For some years after the war he practiced law in New York City, shifting in 1968 to the field of investments, as an officer of Van Cleef, Jordan and Wood, New York City investment counselors. Ill health forced him to give up the tedious commute to the city about ten years ago, and from then until his death he operated a private office in Oyster Bay as a limited partner and consultant of F. S. Smithers. He was an enthusiastic gardener and fisherman, with special fondness for the Adirondacks where he and his family often vacationed, and he was a loyal alumnus of St. Paul's.
He is survived by his mother; his wife, Virginia M. Bateson; two sons, Douglas F. Bateson, '70, and William M. Bateson; two daughters, Rosina D. Bateson and Emily M. Bateson, '76, and two sisters, Mrs. Loren C. Berry and Mrs. Francis J. Rue, Jr. (the wife of F. J. Rue, Jr., '39).

'56 — Curtis Seaman Read died September 22, 1976, in Oyster Bay, New York. The second of eight brothers, all of whom attended St. Paul's, he was born in Boston, November 6, 1920, the son of William Augustus Read, Jr. and Edith Fabyan Read. At St. Paul's he played SPS-level squash, but left at the end of the Fifth Form year, to graduate two years later from the Hun School, in 1939. Sailing voyages to Labrador and Alaska, with Henry Loomis, '37, in the summers of 1938 and 1939, were followed by an extended trip to the Philippines and China, as a passenger under captain's orders. After brief study at Harvard in the class of 1943, he began two years of military service with New York's 107th Regiment at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, in the early part of United States involvement in World War II. He received a medical discharge from the Army, underwent treatment at Trudeau Sanitarium, in Saranac Lake, New York, and then filled out the war years first as an art teacher at the high school in Tupper Lake, New York, and later as founder and president of the Read & Francis Lumber Co., lumbering in the Adirondacks. After the war he worked for a decade, in New York City, for the United States Lines and then, retiring because of poor health, devoted himself to painting, working in oils, and drawing on his knowledge of the woods and the sea for his subject matter. He remained active as a golfer and yachtsman, crewing during the yachting season for a noted Long Island skipper.

In his memory, a trophy has been established by the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club. He and his wife also bred, raised, and showed Labadors and Norwich Terriers. He is survived by his mother; his wife, Joan Redmond Read; a son, Curtis S. Read, Jr.; a daughter, Mrs. Barbara Ege; seven brothers, William A. Read, 3d, '37, David W. Read, '40, Roderick F. Read, '45, Peter B. Read, '44, Alexander D. Read, '46, Donald B. Read, '48, and Frederick H. Read, '56, and a sister, Mrs. Seymour H. Knox, 3d.

'39 — Charles Farnum Culver, Hartford insurance executive, died August 6, 1977, in Simsbury, Connecticut, as a result of multiple bee stings. He had worked for the last twenty-five years in the Connecticut General Life Insurance Co., most recently as regional director of the reinsurance department. The son of Rudolph Clark Culver, '05, and Dorothy Farnum Culver, he was born in New Rochelle, New York, May 17, 1921, and studied at St. Paul's from 1935 until graduation in 1939. He was an acolyte and crucifer, a member of the Cadmean, Scientific Association, and Dramatic Club, and a councillor at the School Camp in Danbury. Graduating from Yale in 1943, he served in World War II for three and a half years, first as an officer on a naval patrol craft in the Solomon Islands and later as commander of USS PCI201 in the Caribbean. In Simsbury, he had been a member of the board of education, but his strongest devotion was to the Episcopal Church of St. Albans, which he served as senior warden and lay reader for a great many years. He enjoyed gardening and canoeing, and was treasurer of the Yale Club of Hartford. He is survived by his wife, Marjesta Taylor Culver; a son, Peter F. Culver, '70; two daughters, Elizabeth C. Sass and Anne P. T. Culver, and two sisters, Dorothy C. Williams and Elizabeth C. Rogers.

Charles Farnum Culver was a good person and a good Christian in the best sense of those words: thoughtful, generous, always cheerful, a staunch friend and a valued member of his community. His tragic death has left a void in the lives of all those whom his own rare qualities inspired. His funeral, when every seat and aisle were filled, showed how many had been touched by Chris and what a mark his unselfish devotion had made in the Church and the community.

S. R., Jr, '39

'46 — Rowland Johns Cox, headmaster of Groton School since 1974, died of cancer in Groton, Massachusetts, August 19, 1977. The youngest of five brothers who attended St. Paul's, he was born in Plainfield, New Jersey, July 17, 1928, the son of Archibald Schlarb Cox, Jr., '30, Maxwell E. Cox, '41, and Louise A. Cox, '43. A fourth brother, Robert H. Cox, 26, '37, died of wounds received in action in Tunisia, in 1943.

'72 — Thomas Francis Higgins, Jr. died January 30, 1977, after a courageous fight against bone cancer, lasting nearly a year and a half. He had always looked forward with enthusiasm to a career in broadcasting, following on the experience he had gained in sports writing and broadcasting at college. He was born in Chicago, Illinois, September 6, 1953, the son of Thomas F. and the late Jane Christenne Higgins. The high tide of his course at SPS was his Fifth Form year in Barcelona, as a student in the School Year Abroad program. Already twice a Dickey Prize winner in Spanish, he became increasingly interested in Spanish life, values, and culture. In addition, he played the flute in the School Band and in ensemble groups, and balanced his love of language with a marked ability in mathematics. He won honors in Modern Language at graduation and was co-winner of the Hackett Prize for the highest scorer on the CEEB English examination, entering college. For two years he was a student at Macalester College, St. Paul, Minnesota, and was afterwards employed by the Merriam Park Community Center in St. Paul, where he also coached Little League baseball teams, continuing to work until the month before his death. He is survived by his father; his stepmother, Kathleen Garber Higgins; two brothers, John Peter Higgins, 26, '74, and Daniel Higgins, and three sisters, Kristin and Alexandra Higgins and Lisa H. Dalrymple. His family and many friends will remember the courage with which he faced his fatal illness, ordering his life as he always had, in general and in particulars, to the end.

Hope, Alaska. Returning to New York in 1958, he served as a staff officer of the overseas department of the National Episcopal Church for three years. In 1961, he became Episcopal chaplain at Princeton University, and in 1968 he assumed the posts of chaplain and chairman of the department of pastoral studies at General Theological Seminary. He was appointed headmaster of Groton in 1974. Under his guidance, in record time, already made; the first girls were admitted to the school and the enrollment was increased from 200 to 300. He was a man of great talent and possessed of deep sympathies, warmth, and humor, a hard and conscientious worker from the days of his teen-age summer jobs on the staff of the Claremont (N. H.) Daily Eagle to his final years at Groton, where he continued to work until the day before his death.

He is survived by his mother; his wife, the former Mary Jordan; a daughter, Miranda, who is a Sixth Former at St. Paul's; two sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Bigelow and Mary D. Cox, and three brothers, Archibald Cox, Jr., '30, Maxwell E. Cox, '41, and Louis A. Cox, '43. A fourth brother, Robert H. Cox, 26, '37, died of wounds received in action in Tunisia, in 1943.
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