Alumni Horae
Alumni Horae
Published by The Alumni Association of St. Paul’s School
St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H. 03301
Julien D. McKee, '37, Executive Director; Roger W. Drury, '32, Editor, RD 1, Box 208, Sheffield, MA 01257

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1978</td>
<td>December 13, Wednesday</td>
<td>Autumn Term closes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1978</td>
<td>December 14-15, Thursday-Friday</td>
<td>Lawrenceville Hockey Tournament, Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N.J.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1979</td>
<td>January 4, Thursday</td>
<td>Winter Term opens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1979</td>
<td>June 1-3, Friday through Sunday noon</td>
<td>Hundred and Twenty-third Anniversary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>June 3, Sunday at 2 p.m.</td>
<td>Graduation of Sixth Form of 1979</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>June 8, Friday</td>
<td>Spring Term closes</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

February 9-12
1:30 p.m. Friday to 6 p.m. Monday

Mid-Winter Weekend
Winter Term closes
Spring Term opens

March 7, Wednesday
March 29, Thursday

Hundred and Twenty-third Anniversary
Graduation of Sixth Form of 1979

June 1-3, Friday through Sunday noon

Spring Term closes
The School

The Rector's Letter
The School in Action
Fall Sports
Millville Notes
SPS Slanguage
The New Students
Two Talks on Parents Day 1978
Dial 88 and Say Hello
College Admissions: No Simple Answer
Enchanted Quest
The Fund for SPS

Alumni

Regional Alumni News
Books
The Poet's Answer
Editorial
James Appleton Thayer (1899-1978)
Letters
Faculty & New Faculty Notes
Form Notes
Deceased

The Cover: Even so public a place as the lobby of Memorial Hall provides a needful seclusion at times. (See also picture on page 124).

Dear Alumni & Alumnae

What is the educational philosophy behind disciplinary action taken at St. Paul's School?

My life is filled with unexpected developments. Hence I was not totally surprised to be asked, on Thursday afternoon, September 14, to speak at the faculty meeting the next morning on this broad and very important question. Lead time? A week or two, to gather one's thoughts and put them into sensible order? To confer with colleagues? To write, then edit a statement, and have it edited?

These thoughts went unsaid. For it was clear, in my conversation with the head of the faculty leadership with whom I was speaking, at the Lower Grounds, that the moment for me to speak was at hand. Yes, it would have to be the next morning.

What should be the response of a member of the faculty when he or she discovers by chance a student who is breaking one of the School's rules? Students and faculty alike are well aware of these rules through having heard them read at the first Reports of the year, and through reading the "Student Handbook." Students must do their own work. They may not drive cars in Concord or in surrounding areas except with specific permission. Gambling and explosives are not allowed. No use or possession of drugs, including alcohol. The use of tobacco is allowed with written parental permission for Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Formers, and then only at times and places as announced.

What is the educational context in which an infraction of a School rule should be viewed? This was the question before me as I composed a statement that Thursday evening. Here is what I said to the faculty, Friday morning, September 15.

"My first observation is that we are first and foremost an educational institution, organized and supported for the purpose of helping young students grow and develop and mature into strong young adults. Our principal activities are controlled by that primary responsibility. Everything we do—our actions and efforts in class, on the athletic fields, in dormitories, in the dining rooms, in activities—every action everywhere is rooted in this primary responsibility. And this includes our actions and responses that are 'disciplinary' in nature.

"Only this Wednesday morning, in Chapel, I had commented that 'the lives of teachers... are devoted to the care and nurture of experiences and activities in which students can learn.' John Dewey used other words, long ago: 'Education is precisely the work of supplying the conditions which will enable the psychical functions, as they successively arise, to mature and pass into higher functions in the freest and fullest manner.'

"It is worth recalling briefly the descriptions of the growth of young people as established in the work of leading philosophers of educational theory. We are working with students who are in what Jean Piaget called the fourth stage, that of rapidly increasing higher levels of logical and cognitive development. This is the era, from age eleven to adulthood, of the development of formal-operational thought: reasoning about reasoning, operations upon operations, true formal thought, the systematic isolation of variables, deductive hypothesis-testing. These and similar activities are the learning processes of our students, the processes to be used and learned. In William Perry's terms, students are passing through upper positions of intellectual and ethical development; from duality to multiplicity, through relativism to commitment, while avoiding alternatives to growth: temporizing, retreat, and escape. We also recall Erik Erikson's concept of maturity: that of fully understanding and accepting oneself; that of fully understanding one's place in time and space, and of accepting that place.

"These are the essentials of our educational activity as
seen through the concepts of three inventive scholars.

"Ours is a complex undertaking, far exceeding the demands of earlier eras, which were concerned primarily with straightforward, perhaps simple, views of educational objectives. Are we as a faculty in solid agreement about what we should do to insure 'the care and nurture of experiences and activities in which students can learn' and grow and develop? No, and far from it. Just as there is no one way to teach mathematics or history, or any other subject; no single way to coach a soccer team; no one way to interest a table in meaningful conversation at a seated meal. We agree in working toward a common objective. But we work, in each of the many parts of our faculty responsibility, in our own individual and distinctive ways.

"So with discipline. Broad outlines, general understandings, extended areas of tolerance—these there are. Tight, mandatory, narrow patterns of action there are not.

"Students must adjust, from one year to the next, to different expectations in their subjects as they move from one teacher to another; to varying ways of developing living conditions in dormitories as they move from one dormitory to another, year after year; to varying styles of conducting a table at seated meals. And so on.

"So, too, are students confronted with varying types of emphasis in their lives and activities, or to use the extreme word, discipline, as they associate with different members of the faculty. We remember, in considering 'disciplinary' situations, that human activity is frequently complex, practically never simple, in its motivation. We look as best we are able behind the actions to understand the life of the individual as an indication of the reason for the action. And, again as best we can, our response then is to the controlling forces behind the action, rather than to the action itself.

"The question before us at such times is how to help the individual understand and grow and develop.

"The environment—the rest of the School, other students, the faculty, the School community—can never be forgotten totally, of course. We all live in a social setting. The community is the sum of its individuals and their actions, and each thing has some significance to all. But, on balance, in many situations the response need not be dictated, nor primarily controlled, by the needs of the community. It can focus on the individual.

"There does come the time when a student can no longer stay within this environment. That is, he or she can no longer stay in School. Often this is a decision that is simultaneously the best thing for the individual as well as for the School. But in extreme cases the environment,
the community, the School must prevail.

"I often think of our experiences with some individuals as a race with time. Will their increasing maturity, their personal strengthening, take place quickly enough, in the face of the private struggle which their lives are, to provide behavior that is acceptable enough for them to continue? Will our patience last? Will the assaults on the community be temperate enough to be acceptable? Will our combined efforts see him or her through to maturity?

"If so, what of the specific accomplishments, and other actions? What of the High Honors grades or of the team captaincies or of the negatives we could mention? There he stands, a man. There she stands, a woman.

"Not everyone gets through to maturity in School years. Some graduate, having run the full course of our School without deviating from a narrow path of activity. Without a personal struggle and without personal accomplishment. If so, the struggle will come in later years.

"National surveys indicate that only about fifty percent of the American population ever achieve Piaget's fourth stage. One half achieve a genuine maturity. The other half spend their adult lives (adult defined here in chronological terms) in a pre-adolescent state of mental and emotional and personal development. Staring at the tube, perhaps.

"So our task is not pre-ordained to success. It is a struggle. We open doors. We look out on vistas. We remove major roadblocks. And we are present as the initiative and interest of the individual student determine how far he or she will travel.

"Disciplinary activity, then, is just one part, perhaps a small part, in our total effort to supply the conditions which will enable the psychical functions... to mature and pass into higher functions..."

These, then, were my thoughts on the educational philosophy behind disciplinary action at St. Paul's School. A quick summary, to be sure, but one I thought of interest to you, to be presented in the pages of our excellent alumni magazine. Parents Day and most of our athletic activities for this term are behind us as I write. Chill is in the air. Can black ice be far behind? I hope not. I send best wishes to each of you from Millville, and my hope that you will visit us frequently, as often as you can.

Sincerely,

November 4, 1978

William A. Oates
In late August, the School isn’t in action. Mr. Oates is in action. The admissions staff is in action. The maintenance crew is in furious action. But the kids aren’t here, so the place is dead.

Teachers have nothing to do except fret (because they think they know of a teacher who already has all his assignment sheets run off) and walk their dogs. At least I was walking mine one late August early morning, fretting, when I chanced upon something completely new to me. Even my dog, who usually devotes himself exclusively to vacuuming the path with his nose, looked up and stared into the Lower School Pond.

The air was colder than the water that morning. A dim sun was just over the Chapel tower, drawing vapor from the pond in swirling filaments. And, standing in the water, were two blue herons partially shadowed by gusts of mist.

One heron took a meticulously studied step in our direction and eyed us tentatively. Then the two of them unfurled and flapped into the gray air and the trees, their wings huge through the branches, their flight unswerving through a tangle of obstacles they never touched.

The newness of that experience, the fact that I had taught at St. Paul’s for seven years and never seen blue herons before, never even considered their possibility, provided a needed buffer against a story that was told in the opening faculty meeting.

The story concerned a man who claimed to have had thirty years of teaching experience and was discovered to have had only one — repeated twenty-nine times. The teacher’s nightmare. I glanced down at the assignment sheets I had finally run off and hoped that at least one third of the material was new. (It wasn’t.)

**Chippsonian Caricatures**

I shuddered at lunch when faculty members talked about how this new kid looked just like So-and-so who had graduated ten years ago, and someone brought up the possibility of clones. I even heard one faculty member tell another that several of the children he was now teaching were children he’d once taught. “I think we’ll be seeing the grandchildren, George,” he posited. The thought was terrifying. They talked fearfully of becoming Chippsonian caricatures, and I clung to that sight of the herons rising because it meant, it insured, that this year could not be exactly like last.

**Inside View of Jellyfish**

I was trying to communicate that idea to Evie Gurney, this year’s Vice-President, at a time early this fall when things seemed to be going badly. “Think of the jellyfish,” I told her. “Consider one inside tentacle looking over the situation; how could he help but be depressed? ‘No organization, tentacles dangling all over the place,
the whole mess helplessly adrift on the tides! It's a wonder we don't sting ourselves to death.' But when you're on a ship, Evie, and you look down on a jellyfish, few creatures can look so beautiful, so much at ease with the sea."

Evie thought the metaphor was weird. Lord knows what she thought of me. Looking back on the device, however, I'm sorry I used the jellyfish because it's spineless and essentially without direction. Better that I had told her about the herons. They had started making sense to me now, the way they flew with the power that often hides in slowness, the way they navigated, unwavering but untouched, through the branches. As Mr. Yardley implied, they knew where they were going.

Crucial to that knowledge is leadership, and, if there's one thing which has characterized the School in this fall, it is the emergence of the Sixth Form as leaders. That its members would become leaders is not as obvious as it might seem. Some background:

For the last five years or so, two truths have dominated the Student Council at St. Paul's. First is the truth of universal equality so special to the spirit of our times. Second, there has been the truth of personal freedom which has been especially embodied in the desire for parietals, intersession, coed visiting, visitation, call it what you will — the permission for a student of one sex to visit a student of the opposite sex in a dormitory room. Everyone examining the issue soon recognized that visitation would be an administrative impossibility in a school which basically believes in vertical housing (all Forms in each dorm) unless visitation were available to all students. Thus the Student Council worked for the achievement of visitation by attempting to remove the distinctions between Forms. With those distinctions went the assumption of Sixth Form leadership.

About a month after visitation was finally agreed upon, some Sixth Formers noticed that, to quote from a petition they addressed to the Council, "It no longer means anything to be a Sixth Former." The petition went on to assert a desire for privileges which would insure both status and its recognition.

The Council was unmoved. Not only did its membership now include representatives from the lower Forms, but there were arguments against the idea of special treatment for Sixth Formers, arguments which, summed up, said that privilege is the cart; responsibility, the horse.

This year, it would appear that the Sixth Form, in its collective maturity, has gotten the point. The first inklings of this fact became clear last year when the Form of 1979 requested permission to return to School a day early, to have small group meetings with the faculty, to build a stronger sense of Form and of community, to plan responsibly for the care and nurture of the new students. The second inkling became clear this fall when they all showed up. Soon even the "bums me out" crowd started talking about getting its act together.

A High Point of the Fall

The act really did get together at "Studio '79," a dance given by the Sixth Form. The emotional high point of the fall surely occurred when the entire Form took to the Gymnasium floor to perform a devotedly choreographed number which it had practiced behind closed doors in the Upper Common Room, night after night. At the end of the show, with all the lower formers shouting, clapping, and envying, the Sixth Formers pulled everyone onto the dance floor. "Everyone" included about a third of the faculty (recipients of handwritten invitations). Even my five year old daughter danced. Even I danced (so splendidly, as it turned out, that my daughter later chastised me for wiggling too much. Really, how far is the current conservative trend among students going to go?)

There was a dance contest and a spinning, mirrored ball and a whole wall of the gym shimmering with aluminum foil and a garden of bean bag chairs and an almost tangible sense of a School taking off, unfurling and flapping into the gray air. Actually, the air wasn't gray. As Peter Claudy wrote in a congratulatory Pelican editorial, "it seemed strangely appropriate that the fog machine was the one gimmick that didn't work."

In retrospect, the essential reason for the dance's success seems to lie in a distinction often made by Alan Khazei, the President of this year's Sixth Form, a distinction between the active and the passive approach to school life. If students can shake off the shackles of T.V. training and motivate themselves to organize a dance, to direct a play, to become actively committed to the generation of ideas, then, according to Khazei, they will find the fun they seek. Things given are not such fun as things earned. Effort is fun. Industry is fun. The old Puritan Work Ethic in the service of the new hedonism. Discipline, Dedication, and Disco.

It would be grossly dishonest, however, to leave the impression that dances have been the main focus of the Fall. Common rooms are always a-clatter in the early hours as students pit electric typewriters against impending deadlines. The as yet unnamed "new dramatics facility" rings with Shakespeare as students direct and act in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," surrounded with new stages, ramps, and challenges on all sides and at all levels. (The Sixth Form directors having Independent Study Project credits.) And old Memorial Hall features Third Formers rehearsing too. (Other Sixth Form directors, with other I. S. P. credits.)

Skits have returned, after a year's hiatus, to the Chapel steps. Alec Timpson's Spirit Committee tightrope the distinction between "Saturday Night - Live" humor and poor taste. No falls, so far. George Schwab plays "Reginald the Newb" with a one-eared Mickey Mouse hat, in his weekly quest for the Spirit of S. P. S. The Sixth Form Officers and the Missionary Society advertise a dance with a hybridization of "Saturday Night Fever" and "The Godfather."

Exhibits; Visitors; Discovery

And School-sponsored activities likewise abound. An exhibit surveying the printed book from 1400 to the present draws visitors to Hargate. Lee Caldecot Chubb, '67, and Langdon F. Clay, II, '68, arrive as Conroy Visitors, speak of Mr. Chubb's being an "entrepreneurial curator," and show Mr. Clay's photographs, which have been
exhibited at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London over the summer. The Chelsea Trio proves that a bassoon can carry the melody.

Students keep working, and I have to keep running off assignment sheets.

About a week ago, I was running them off at the I. B. M. copier (can an I. B. M. copier "xerox?") along with some poems I had never taught before. (Remember the fear of stagnation? "Be active, not passive," I tell myself.) A boy came in with material he wanted to copy for a course, or a play, or a debate. "You know," he said to me, "I saw the most incredible thing this morning. As I was running around the pond, really early, you know, I saw these herons. Real blue herons —"

I knew the rest. I couldn't believe that he was saying it, that he'd seen it, that he'd chosen me to tell. I listened to his wonder but didn't tell him that I could picture those herons exactly. The uniqueness of his experience seemed important to him. The fact that it was shared was a pleasure I saved for myself.

He'll probably read about it here. I hope he understands why I just listened. It is the student's joy to discover, the teacher's joy to know that it has been discovered before. That's why I frankly don't worry too much about stagnation, why I frankly don't believe it possible that a man could repeat a single year's experience twenty-nine times. The material may be old, but the teaching of it is always new. When the boy told me about the herons, I saw them again. They were just as new to me. After all, when one thinks about it, teaching is really just vicarious learning.

A couple of periods after that encounter, Mr. Ball brought some I. B. M. ed (?) materials to an English Department workshop in which the participants are pledged to create a new winter term unit for the Fourth Form on that old staple, essay writing. One of the handouts was a piece done by a student of his. It analyzed what it was like to be an old student for the first time. After some rambling, as I have done in this essay, the student hit upon two simple, declarative sentences which summed up everything she felt.

"I am not new this year," she wrote. "I am 'renewed.'"
Maurice R. Blake

We are having an above-average term at the SPS and JV level. I am happy to report that the football team had forty boys turn out and, as of the eve of Parents Day, they have won two and lost two. The JV team has beaten the Exeter JV’s and tied the Groton JV’s.

Boys soccer and girls field hockey have outstanding teams again. As the distribution table shows, we have a very large number of students taking part in soccer at all levels. The number of girls included in the coed club soccer teams has increased over last year and competition is great. On October 25, the boys SPS soccer team played a tremendous game against an undefeated Andover team, losing 3-2 in overtime.

Boys cross-country is strong again and should make a bid for another ISL championship. We have seven girls running as a team and not as members of the boys teams.

We continue to offer a beginning tennis course to girls in the fall, and the aerobics club has expanded its activities under Mrs. Kelley.

There will be some fine games here on the coming weekend, as Exeter and Thayer offer stiff competition for our girls soccer, cross country, and field hockey teams, and an undefeated Thayer team goes against the boys in football.

Distribution of boys/girls by sport and Form

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sport</th>
<th>Form VI</th>
<th>Form V</th>
<th>Form IV</th>
<th>Form III</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Soccer</td>
<td>22/14</td>
<td>43/13</td>
<td>67/13</td>
<td>42/8</td>
<td>174/48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Football</td>
<td>8/0</td>
<td>16/0</td>
<td>10/0</td>
<td>7/0</td>
<td>41/0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cross-Country</td>
<td>8/2</td>
<td>10/3</td>
<td>7/1</td>
<td>2/1</td>
<td>27/7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Girls Club Soccer</td>
<td>(0/1)</td>
<td>(0/3)</td>
<td>(0/6)</td>
<td>(0/4)</td>
<td>(0/14)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Girls Club Hockey</td>
<td>(0/1)</td>
<td>(0/4)</td>
<td>(0/8)</td>
<td>(0/7)</td>
<td>(0/20)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aerobics</td>
<td>0/1</td>
<td>1/0</td>
<td>1/4</td>
<td>6/0</td>
<td>8/5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Instructional Tennis</td>
<td>0/3</td>
<td>0/6</td>
<td>0/9</td>
<td>0/7</td>
<td>0/25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dance</td>
<td>0/3</td>
<td>0/2</td>
<td>0/1</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>0/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Excused &amp; Absent on ISP</td>
<td>3/4</td>
<td>0/1</td>
<td>2/0</td>
<td>0/1</td>
<td>5/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No Athletics</td>
<td>40/25</td>
<td>16/15</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>56/40</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**TOTALS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Form VI</th>
<th>Form V</th>
<th>Form IV</th>
<th>Form III</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>80/60</td>
<td>86/53</td>
<td>87/49</td>
<td>57/24</td>
<td>496</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*For girls only, except for 2 Sixth Formers acting as instructors.
Fall Exhibits in Hargate

Art spanning more than five centuries has been on exhibit in three shows at the Hargate gallery this fall. A survey of the history of the printed book, “From Pen to Printout,” was on view in September. Drawn from materials owned by the School, the items on display included a leaf from the Gutenberg Bible, an illuminated page, an Aldine book of 1552, several works from the 16th century, and so on to the present.

October brought “The Huntington Collection” — paintings in oil and water color by American artists who worked in or near Maine in the early part of this century. Thirteen artists, including such well known names as Bellows, Hassam, and Burchfield, were represented by twenty-nine works.

“The Vision of Piranesi” came to the School in November, as seen in selected prints by the famous 18th century etcher and engraver of classical scenes and fantastic prisons.

Cosmic Wowness

In their first of eight meets scheduled for this year, a team from the twenty-member Chess Club defeated Concord High by six matches to two.

The SPS chess coach and inspiration is Philip D. Bell, Jr. of Concord, Director of the Advanced Studies Program. Much of the Club’s impetus comes from him, but one enthusiastic player gave credit to something in the nature of chess itself. “It’s all in the cosmic wowness of the game,” he said.

Ambitious but Attainable

Meeting at the School during Parents Day in October, the SPS Parents Association heard a report from Didi Boring, chairman of the Parents Committee, that the Committee had already received from its own members and a few others very generous advance contributions, totaling $68,500, toward the Parents Fund of 1979. On the basis of such leadership, Mrs. Boring said, the Committee had recommended a 1979 goal of at least $150,000 — “an ambitious but attainable target” for the Fund.

The Committee, which conducts the annual giving campaign for the Association, comprises forty-five members who are from many parts of the country and have sons and daughters in all four Forms of the School.

A Millville Note from the asphalt, where 1977 ASP students left grateful memo

Officers of the Parents Association, elected or reelected in October for one-year terms, are Nancy Kendall, President; Ernest Monrad and Frederic Hamilton, Vice-Presidents, and Didi Boring, Chairman of the Parents Committee. The election of Mrs. Kendall and the reelection of Mrs. Boring puts two women in the driver’s seats of the Parents Program for the first time.

High Sign

It was no Hallowe’en trick, though some may have wondered.

An airplane, 1000 feet over the Chapel, just before 5:15 classes on October 30, flashed the words, “Mish Holiday 6 p.m.,” announcing to the School assembled at the Chapel steps a surprise holiday which ran until 6 p.m. the next evening.

The leadership of the Missionary Society had asked the Rector to let them announce the planned holiday. They didn’t specify how. Would he,
they requested, call the School together at the Chapel at 4:55 p.m. for an announcement? The Rector cooperated: a letter to students and faculty was posted everywhere at noon. At 4:55, all were at the appointed place, and at 5:02 the plane flew overhead, flashing its happy message in lights, like the news bulletins on the old Times building in Times Square.

"A new high," the Rector called it, "in planning, foresight, execution!"

**FA's and Directors Meet**

Twenty-three Form Agents met at the School in early October, reviewed the good results of the 1978 Alumni Fund campaign, and set their sights on a 10% increase for 1979. Likewise meeting at the School for the two days, were eleven Directors of the Alumni Association.

In addition to their own working sessions, the two groups joined forces on Friday evening for dinner in the Gates Room, and on Saturday morning for a tour of the nearly completed new Drama Building, and a two-hour discussion with the Rector in the Rectory.

Awards were presented to three Form Agents of non-reunion Forms for special contributions to the success of the 1978 Fund, which reached $293,206 (exclusive of the 50th and 25th Reunion Gifts): to Marcus T. Reynolds, '45, for outstanding performance in increasing both the dollar total and the participation of his Form; to Anthony D. Duke, Jr., '60, for a 79% increase over last year's dollar total from givers in the Form of 1960; and to Charlton Reynders, Jr., '55, for increasing the number of contributors in his Form from 68% last year to 85% this year, a remarkable number in a Form with more than a hundred active members. Frederic Winthrop, Jr., '58, received, in absentia, an award which is new this year, for outstanding achievement by the Form Agent of a reunion Form.

**A Simple Issue**

President Alan Khazei of the Sixth Form wound up an interview with a Pelican reporter in September, with a succinct response to the last question, "What is life?"

"Life," he replied, "is one of the least complex issues the Student Council has discussed. The vote was 0 for, 0 against, and 29 abstaining."

**Conroy Photographers**

The first Conroy Fellows of the year were photographer Langdon Clay, '68, and Caldecot Chubb, '67, publisher of a limited edition of Clay's photo series, "Cars," shown last summer at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London.

The two began their October midweek visit to Millville with informal discussion, after a dinner in their honor at the Rectory, and went on to present to the whole School their view of the nature of photography as a medium, with slides of Clay's work and that of a colleague.

Smaller meetings continued through the following day, in classes, during meals, and at Scudder, in which students had the opportunity to examine prints and discuss with the two young alumni matters of photographic philosophy and technique, and the economics of selling and publishing photographs singly and in groups.

Both men denied that photography is an art. "I make a record of what I see," said Clay. "Instead of creative ability," photography "takes the ability to observe and be relaxed."

"If you want to be creative," said Chubb, who is himself also a photographer, "you're better off in a medium that's designed for creativity." Most of what appears in a print, he explained, is inherent in the subject. If the photographer feels emotion as he chooses subject, angle, light, and framing or as he makes the exposure, the emotion is at best only five percent of the result. In a single print, that small element is elusive. Only in a series can emotion or style become apparent.
NOT LONG AGO (it could have been any night), a group of St. Paul's students sat around waiting for a shipment of starch to arrive from Domino's, a local pizza emporium. When almost an hour had passed beyond the appointed time of delivery, one of the boys called up and asked the parlor to "bag the za" (meaning cancel the pizza). The man from Domino's asked, "You want me to what?" "Bag the pizza," the boy explained. After a pause, the pizza person replied: "We don't bag pizza here; we put it in boxes."

Take about five hundred boys and girls who are blessed with an abundance of linguistic exuberance and word-making energy; gather them into a close-knit boarding school community far from a big city; and you can be certain that they will create their own special vocabulary, full of daring metaphors, cryptic abbreviations, surprising shifts in meaning, and curious coinages. Since one of the purposes of such a vocabulary, as of the thieves' cant to which it is cousin, is to make it possible for certain groups not to be understood by the uninitiated, the Domino's man, quite naturally, did not comprehend the special usage of bag at St. Paul's School.

What is slanguage?
According to H. L. Mencken, the word "slang" developed in the eighteenth century either from an erroneous past tense of "sling" or from "language" itself through blending and shortening, as in (thieve)s 'lang(UAGE) and (beggar)s'lang(UAGE). Slang, then, was originally a synonym of cant and argot — the vocabulary of special groups such as thieves, tramps, circus folk, and gypsies; and linguists agree that the boundaries between slang, cant, argot, and colloquialisms are extremely wavering.

The average SPS student combines the more outré elements of American jive talk, beat lingo, student cant, and regionalisms, with a number of terms that are purely Paulie. Thus, I have adopted the broad term "slanguage" for my disquisition on the current vogue words at St. Paul's School. The corpus derives from the informal speech (seldom the writing) of students (seldom masters)

SPS SLANGUAGE

Fogues, Bogues, Newbies, Crewbies...

Richard Lederer

at SPS, and most of the words I shall discuss are not to be found in even the most up-to-date dictionaries of American slang.

Confronted by the bizarre array of unfamiliar words in this article, readers may feel that Time's winged chariot has run them over. They shouldn't. Slanguage words are notoriously evanescent, counting their duration by days instead of decades. For every one that survives, there are dozens of crib deaths, and no type of class slanguage has a higher mortality rate than campus slanguage.

Thus, even alumni only a few years graduated will not find herein such nostalgic favorites as "unbelievable" and "like a mug." These, like Shakespeare's poor player, have had their hour upon the SPS stage and are heard no more.

But the point I wish to make in this inquiry is that, while most slanguage words lead mayfly lives, all are created and derived in a number of identifiable and time-honored ways. Words and expressions are born and expire in ways exactly like those of ordinary speech, but in slanguage their entrance is more violent and departure more rapid. What persists are the methods of formation. My hope is that a member of the Form of 1929 may apply the following analysis to the SPS slanguage that he recalls and that the student in the Form of 2029 will be able to do the same for his or hers.

Clipping
The reduction of a word to one of its (assumed) parts is called clipping. With most clippings the back of the word is sheared away, as in "auto" for "automobile"; but sometimes the front is lost, as in "bus" for "omnibus,"
and occasionally both the front and the back, as in “flu” for “influenza.” Much of SPS slanguage consists simply of the clipping of familiar words so often used by a homogeneous group that a hint is sufficient to indicate the whole. Brevity is the soul of slang.

Thus, a preppie who attends St. Paul’s School is a Paulie (both clippings have the pet suffix -ie added). All Paulies start life at the School as newbies (new boys), which has been further shortened to newbs (girls are also newbs). Paulies begin each day in their dorms, from which they go directly to breck (breakfast) and then to chap (chapel) for nourishment and nurture. Afterwards come classes in math (perhaps trig); chem or bio; eco, gov, or anthro; photog, Intro (Introduction to Religion), Hum Rel or Hum Sex (Human Relations, Human Sexuality). Paulies who don’t wedge (vegetate) will cope (clipping of “copesetic”) and produce good grades to show their rents (parents). Then all will be kosh (kosher).

Between appointments at the gym, lab, or libe, Paulies flock to Tuck (reduction of “Tuck Shop”) or take a cab into town for a burger, frank, or za, accompanied by fries and washed down with a Coke or shake. On spring afternoons, some Paulies go to lax prac (lacrosse practice), where they hope to be jocks not spazzes (spastics), while their bods soak up rays (sunrays). For weekend entertainment Paulies may take in a flick (flicker) at Mem Hall or at Film Soc or revel in a Mish dance.

Acronymia
The most extreme form of shortening is that which reduces words to their initial letters. This device is called an acronym, a label coined from two Greek roots: akros- “tip” and onyma- “name.”

Such verbal compacting is bound to happen at a place like SPS, where people need to refer to buildings, committees, and programs frequently and compactly, yet comprehensibly. Thus, rule-breakers will often find themselves meeting with the DC (Disciplinary Committee) and having to go OR (on restriction) or, worse yet, OB (on bounds).

On the brighter side, Fifth Formers may choose SYA (School Year Abroad), and Sixth Formers may take creative and extensive ISP’s (Independent Study Programs). All students may relax at the CC (a reduplicative acronym for Community Center) or pick up news from home at the PO. Only one course name at SPS has become acronymed: Interdisciplinary Approaches to Chemistry—a polysyllabic mouthful reduced to its capital letters, IAC, or pronounced as a word, Yak. Students who excel in Yak and advanced math and science courses may be labeled Ej’s (Embryo Joes).

PC’s are post graduates—large muscled jocks whom other schools recruit solely for the purpose of competing against us. PG’s have beards. They also have wives and children who come to root for them.

When the suite of audio-visual rooms was installed in the basement of the Schoolhouse, some waggish genius added a suffix to the acronym A-V to create the brilliant and apparently enduring pun. The Aviary.
S.C.O.P.E.R.S.

THE YEARS since World War II have seen a new refinement in the art of acronyming—the reverse acronym, in which the letters are arranged to form an already existing word that underscores the purpose of the organization. As two examples, ZIP codes, for “zone improvement plan,” are reputed to add zip to our mail service, and VISTA (Volunteers In Service To America) works to provide wider horizons for underprivileged Americans.

SPS slanguage has spawned one such reverse acronym. With coeducation at St. Paul’s came the verb to scope (a clipping of “telescope”) and the derived noun scoper, “one who appreciatively watches the opposite sex.” From these has arisen an unofficial organization named SCOPERS, the letters of which are said to stand for Students Concentrating On the Palatable Extremities of the Reciprocal Sex. Happily the society is open to boys and girls.

Shifty conversions

Because modern English has shed most of the flexional endings that distinguish grammatical function, its words are endowed with the happy facility of changing their so-called “parts of speech” with great ease. This ability of our words, to rail-jump from one grammatical class to another, linguists call function shift, or conversion. Consider, for example, the names for the parts of the body. We may head a committee, eye a person, shoulder or elbow our way through a crowd, hand in a paper, foot a bill, or toe a mark—without any modification in the form of each word. In fact, if you think hard, you may be able to come up with fifty examples of such anatomical noun-verb conversions.

SPS slanguage fully exploits this lively characteristic of our language. Many of the conversions are desubstantival verbs: to book, to brick, to duke (it out), to pond, and to tube mean, respectively, “to do something rapidly” (“the track captain’s really booking”), “to be frightened” (“I took one look at the exam and just bricked”), “to fight,” “to throw in the pond” (“let’s pond some newbs”), and “to watch television.”

And, as the distinctions between word classes become blurred, almost any interchange, it seems, is possible:

That EJ is a real grind. (verb into noun)

Kitt I sure serves great munchies at its feeds (verbs into nouns)

You’ve been had. (active verb into passive verb)

I’m really into ecology. (preposition into verb)

One of the more exotic conversions shifts “later,” ordinarily an adverb, into a passive verb, as in “I’ve just been latered,” meaning “had” or “done in.”

BOZE AND BOGUE

TWO VOGUE VERBS that are quite prominent in the SPS lexicon have strikingly similar etymologies. To boze means “to mess up because of disorganization or sloppiness”; a team with a big lead must be sure to avoid bozing in the last quarter.

The word appears to be a shortening of the name Bozo (the Clown) that has become a verb—to boze. To bogue, “to smoke a cigarette,” has traveled the same route. Take the name of cigarette-puffing film star Humphrey Bogart, convert the surname into a verb (“Don’t Bogart That Joint”), and then lop off the last syllable.

Thus, both words are eponyms (common nouns made from names) that have been clipped and function-shifted, illustrating that very often several methods are simultaneously at work in the formation of a slanguage word.
Curious combinations

True to its Germanic heritage, the English language loves to make compounds by welding together two independent words to form a new concept. “Spacecraft” and “soap opera” are two of hundreds of compounds that have recently been admitted to the dictionary. Among such combinations in the SPS slanguage canon are:

Moon-man: a noun describing a person not like ourselves (we are popular, attractive, clever). Moon-men may be smart, but they are not popular. attractive or clever. Moon-women do not exist.*

Space cadet: a neophyte moon-man.

Embryo Joe: a large-brained computer-jock.

Mystery meat: an unidentifiable slice of protein (urp!) served very infrequently at the Upper.

Greaseburger: hamburger.

Freaky fields: unsanctioned wards where students go to commune with nature.

Lunchmeat: an adjective designating an unofficial athletic activity played purely for fun, as in “lunchmeat soccer.”

One of the most flavorful and characteristic qualities of modern English is its tendency to form combinations of verbs and little adverbs. We chop down a tree, then chop it up. When we give out, we may give in. When we put people on, we put them off.

In the slanguage lexicon there are four especially productive suffixes: -ie, -ette, -er, and -age.

-ie: In addition to the aforementioned Paulie, preppie, and newbie, we have townie (citizen of Concord); crewbie (one who rows; crewgie is rarely heard); techie (stage crew technician); and obie (from the acronymic o.b., for “old boy”; there are no ogies).

-ette: Newspaper editors need ‘to jam words into fixed pica-lengths of space has had a significantly compressing effect on American English. Shortly after St. Paul’s became coeducational, the editors of the Pelican found themselves desperately in need of a space-saving formula for referring to female athletes. They soon hit upon the suffix -ettes, probably in imitation of “Rockettes.” Thus, the Pelican sports page is studded with such headlines as “Polettes Ski to Victory” and “Laxettes Tie Lawrence.” Sportswomen as a group as called jockettes, and in a few lovely instances the suffix produces a fortuitous pun and gives us racquettes and baskettes.

-er: The Old English agency suffix has changed its use and appears in bummer and to pull an all-nighter (to stay up studying).

-age: A popular linguistic pattern at St. Paul’s, much-age, converts slanguage nouns into verbs and back into nouns again, as in much piggage, much bummage, and much newbage.

Sometimes in English we combine in such a way that the beginning of one word runs into the end of another to form a blend. Lewis Carroll’s “slithy” (lithe + slimy), “galumphing” (gallop + triumphing) and “chortle” (chuckle + snort) are famous examples. “Motel,” “smog,” and “Schweppervescence” are blended in much the same spirit. The SPS computer, which, like the Pelican, strives to print data quickly and concisely, has encouraged the blending of course names. Thus, titles like Classic American Gold and Classic English Gold will appear on student print-outs as CLAM GOLD and CLENG GOLD, and the names stick. About half of my informants insisted that the vogue word scuz, which means “sloppy,” is a clipping of “disgusting,” while the other half claimed it is a blend of “scum” and “fuzz.”

Figuratively speaking

When we describe an especially intelligent person, we may call him or her “bright,” “brilliant,” or “scintillating” without any consciousness of having used metaphors of light, or we may say “sharp,” “keen,” “in­
age;” “acute,” or “clever” (from “cleaver”) without seeing a pattern of knife-edge imagery.

Greenough and Kittredge devote a full chapter of their classic study, Words and Their Ways in English Speech, to demonstrating that “language is fossil poetry which is continually being worked over for the uses of speech.”

In the slanguage of SPS, this metaphorical substitution for the plain, literal word can be seen in full activity; and it is not surprising that the words with the greatest metaphorical energy concern academic life.

Disastrous performances on tests generate two striking linguistic clusters. The first I call the rots­serie metaphor. One doesn’t just do poorly on an exam; he or she

*Here I am borrowing one of Robert Edgar’s artfully turned definitions. For an unsurpassable exercise in slanguage lexicography, as well as a look at the SPS vocabulary of three-and-a-half years ago, readers are urged to review Mr. Edgar’s now classic treatise entitled “Oh Wow!” in the summer 1975 Alumni Horae.
(in vaguely increasing degrees of heat) gets smoked, lit, torched, burned, baked, toasted, roasted, fried, or sizzled. Then there is the violent, paramilitary pattern of verbs: one gets hammered, bombed, shot down, or blown away. Note that all these verbs are in the passive voice. The student is seen as a helpless victim of menacing forces beyond his control.

In pale contrast stand a few active verbs, most notably "to ace a test" (probably a golf metaphor). This is not to say that Paulies don't often do superbly on examinations, just that it is bad form to talk about it.

A few other slanguage metaphors are:

- cooler: a relatively ancient refrigerator metaphor for the Infirmary, where one's social activities are put on ice.
- tool: a student who is used by others, a stooge.
- to cruise: to take a social tour of the grounds under cover of darkness (a ship or airplane figure).
- elephant scabs: large, round pieces of mystery meat.

In the figure linguists call synecdoche, a part of the whole becomes a name for the whole, as in "sixty head of cattle" or "fifty sail." Paulies do not watch television; they watch the tube, or they tube out. Here we have a synecdoche which is the result of a function shift which in turn is a clipping of "picture tube." Similarly, one may play puck (ice hockey) or hoop (basketball, also acronymed b-ball).

Metonymy, a figure by which something is designated not by its own name but by the name of something that suggests it, can be seen in pit (another name for basketball), jock (the equipment becomes the athlete), and the Second Floor (meaning the Administration).

Semantics

Once a word has been invented and taken its place in the language, it doesn't just stand still and remain the same forever. Old words often don new meanings to fit new situations, a process we call semantic change. Take Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse, who has just celebrated his fiftieth year of animated existence. The name of this perfectly sincere, all-American rodent has now become a noun qualifier meaning "tedious, juvenile or trivial": "that's a Mickey Mouse job" or "that's so Mickey Mouse."

In SPS slanguage we discover that the word lush now means "easy," as in "a lush course," while a fog is not a weather phenomenon but, rather, a person who is out of it, in a mental fog. A fog ("he's a real fog") is to be distinguished from the exceedingly popular fogue (probably a clipping of "fogey"), which is a stupid mistake like pulling an all-nighter and then sleeping through the examination or listening to someone tell a good story and then, at the end, asking "what?" Thus, a fogue is the action of a fog and joins boze, spaz, and newb out as terms that refer to boo-boos.

Turkey, which has nothing to do with geography or ornithology, describes someone we despise. A relic signifies either a person of outmoded attributes or an original one-of-a-kind. Bag means to drop from one's agenda, as in "bag the za." Jamming is collective pigging out. Godfathers are not underworld figures but masters assigned to look after newbs.

One process of semantic change is called emptying. Words which once had very real and specific meaning can, with time, become vague and general. In the late Sixties at SPS, and elsewhere, everything was "cool" or "neat," from the style of a friend's boots to an epic poem. By the mid-Seventies the vogue words expressing approval were "unbelievable," "fabulous," and "fantastic."

Today the affirmative grunt-words at SPS are intense, awesome, and jock (as an adjective), be the object an athletic victory or a great novel. Negative grunt-words are rude (gross, disgusting) and hurtin': "After that test, I'm really hurtin' " or, through personification, "this meal is hurtin'."

Sound and Sense

Sound alone is the basis of a limited number of word formations in English. Words like "bang," "burp," and "swish" we call onomatopoeic or echoic. At SPS two examples stand out: z's (zeez), signifying sleep, as in "I got plenty of z's last night," and woof, meaning "to throw up, to barf."

SPS slanguage offers us rhyming combinations in Yo
bro (hi, brother), hurtin' for certain, and Embryo Joe, and near rhymes in jac brat (faculty child) and bad at (also a clipping of "bad attitude"). Alliteration, the repetition of initial consonant sounds, is undoubtedly a factor in the formation and perpetuation of such combinations as moon-man, mystery meat, and Freaky Fields. Mish Mash, a snow cone sold by the Missionary Society, exemplifies vowel shifting, while a beep-beep (a computer jock) is both reduplicative and onomatopoeic.

Coinages

Very few words in English are simply made up of unrelated, meaningless elements. The abundance of resources for making new words that I have outlined in this article, plus the cheerful willingness of English to borrow from other languages, make outright coinages rare. Nonetheless, the SPS slanguage mint has produced an impressive line of pure coinages. Among the current currency are:

- doof (or doofus): one who habitually bozes.
- dweeb: a nerd, a social incompetent who wears high-water trousers.
- zoon dweeb: a geek dweeb, i.e. a dweeb who is large and ungainly.
- gink: a body check, especially in lacrosse.
- snarf: the act (or non-act) of falling asleep in or on a bed with one's clothes on. One who snarfs is a snarfer.

To a man and woman, every one of my informants rejected my suggestion that snarf must be a blending of "snore" and "barf." Rather, they insisted that it was simply the perfect word to describe something that makes one feel snarfy. At any rate, the concept has become so sophisticated that four degrees of snarfing have been identified:

- fourth degree snarf: falling asleep on top of bed with no shoes on.
- third degree snarf: falling asleep on top of bed with shoes on.
- second degree snarf: falling asleep under covers with no shoes on.
- first degree snarf: falling asleep under covers with shoes on.

The future of slanguage

Throughout history it has been the custom to sneer meanly at slang as a kind of vagabond language that prows the outskirts of respectable speech. Way back in 1710 Jonathan Swift railed against the "continual corruption of the English tongue," especially "the refinement which consists in pronouncing the first syllable in a word that has many, and dismissing the rest," as in mob (for mobile vulgus). Other objects of Swift's scorn were "certain words invented by some pretty fellows," including sham, banter, bubble, bully, shuffling, and palming. Not long after, Dr. Johnson, in 1755, insisted that words such as frisky, gambler, and conundrum "ought not to be admitted to the English language."

The reader will note that, despite the weighty authority of purists like Swift and Johnson, all of the words condemned above have achieved solid positions in dignified discourse.

In fact, slang is nearly as old as language itself, and in all languages at all times some slang expressions have entered the stream of standard usage to pollute or enrich, depending on one's view of the matter. The really interesting change is that, whereas previously it took decades or even centuries for a piece of slang to gain such acceptance, if indeed it ever did, today such terms often pass into sturdy use overnight. This accelerated achievement of status may be caused by our penchant in America to experiment and laugh at tradition or by the increasing frankness of all expression. It may be spurred by mass communications and the blurring of class lines. As Mr. Dooley, a fictional Irish saloon keeper once observed, "When Americans are through with the English language, it will look as if it has been run over by a musical comedy."

Slang is indeed a powerful stimulant that keeps a language alive and growing, and many of the most valuable and pungent words and phrases in American English have begun their lives keeping company with thieves, vagrants, hipsters—and, quite likely, prep school students. One day, in the not-too-distant future, everyone may laugh at dweeb who snarf at parties, and pizza chefs will not fogue when someone asks them to bag the za.
The New Students

(Including family relationship to alumni and to students now in the School)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Form</th>
<th>Student</th>
<th>Family Relationships</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Benjamin Crowninshield Adams</td>
<td>John Q. Adams, '41&lt;br&gt;John Q. Adams, Jr., '69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Louis Andrew Adreani</td>
<td>Guy Charles Antonioli, '71&lt;br&gt;Herbert Barry, Jr., '16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>David Louis Antonioli</td>
<td>William Conrad Kopper, '21&lt;br&gt;Charles P. Boswell, 2d, '44&lt;br&gt;Polly Park Boswell, '81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Gilberto Arias, Jr.</td>
<td>*William O. Boswell, '92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Francis Godfrey Baker</td>
<td>John M. Carroll, '46&lt;br&gt;J. D'Arcy Carroll, '79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>William Benjamin Bidlack</td>
<td>*Charles David Goodrich Breckinridge, '27&lt;br&gt;John C. Breckinridge, '57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Charles Partridge Boswell, 3d</td>
<td>Webster Wheelock, '89&lt;br&gt;Nicholas W. Carper, '57&lt;br&gt;J. D’Arcy Carroll, '79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>III Thomas Berry Brazelton, Jr.</td>
<td>*William Rogers Coe, '19&lt;br&gt;Michael D. Coe, '46&lt;br&gt;Peter A. Seymour, '71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Elizabeth Pinckney Breckinridge</td>
<td>Charles David Goodrich Breckinridge, '27&lt;br&gt;John C. Breckinridge, '57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>James Harry Britton</td>
<td>Joseph A. Wheelock, '23&lt;br&gt;Francis L. G. Coleman, '41&lt;br&gt;Peter A. Seymour, '71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Catharine McFarland Carper</td>
<td>Nicholas W. Carper, '57&lt;br&gt;John M. Carroll, '46&lt;br&gt;J. D’Arcy Carroll, '79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Matthew Miller Carroll</td>
<td>*William Rogers Coe, '19&lt;br&gt;Michael D. Coe, '46&lt;br&gt;Peter A. Seymour, '71&lt;br&gt;J. D’Arcy Carroll, '79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Page Anderton Chisolm</td>
<td>*William Rogers Coe, '19&lt;br&gt;Michael D. Coe, '46&lt;br&gt;Peter A. Seymour, '71&lt;br&gt;J. D’Arcy Carroll, '79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Douglas Andrew Clark</td>
<td>*William Rogers Coe, '19&lt;br&gt;Michael D. Coe, '46&lt;br&gt;Peter A. Seymour, '71&lt;br&gt;J. D’Arcy Carroll, '79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Peter Coe</td>
<td>Charles David Goodrich Breckinridge, '27&lt;br&gt;John C. Breckinridge, '57&lt;br&gt;Yale Kneeland, '56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Craig Gowen Coleman</td>
<td>Charles David Goodrich Breckinridge, '27&lt;br&gt;John C. Breckinridge, '57&lt;br&gt;Yale Kneeland, '56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Jacqueline Sally Cook</td>
<td>Charles David Goodrich Breckinridge, '27&lt;br&gt;John C. Breckinridge, '57&lt;br&gt;Yale Kneeland, '56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Peter Alexander Cooley</td>
<td>Charles David Goodrich Breckinridge, '27&lt;br&gt;John C. Breckinridge, '57&lt;br&gt;Yale Kneeland, '56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V</td>
<td>Daniel Richard Cornew</td>
<td>Charles David Goodrich Breckinridge, '27&lt;br&gt;John C. Breckinridge, '57&lt;br&gt;Yale Kneeland, '56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Timothy Yale Carrington Cotton</td>
<td>Charles David Goodrich Breckinridge, '27&lt;br&gt;John C. Breckinridge, '57&lt;br&gt;Yale Kneeland, '56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Randy Kam Cox</td>
<td>Charles David Goodrich Breckinridge, '27&lt;br&gt;John C. Breckinridge, '57&lt;br&gt;Yale Kneeland, '56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Lee Blanchard Cummings</td>
<td>Charles David Goodrich Breckinridge, '27&lt;br&gt;John C. Breckinridge, '57&lt;br&gt;Yale Kneeland, '56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Noel Danforth</td>
<td>Charles David Goodrich Breckinridge, '27&lt;br&gt;John C. Breckinridge, '57&lt;br&gt;Yale Kneeland, '56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Samuel Dalrymple Daunce, Jr.</td>
<td>Charles David Goodrich Breckinridge, '27&lt;br&gt;John C. Breckinridge, '57&lt;br&gt;Yale Kneeland, '56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Ann Margaret Gabrielle Demeny</td>
<td>Charles David Goodrich Breckinridge, '27&lt;br&gt;John C. Breckinridge, '57&lt;br&gt;Yale Kneeland, '56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Marc-Alain de Niverville</td>
<td>Charles David Goodrich Breckinridge, '27&lt;br&gt;John C. Breckinridge, '57&lt;br&gt;Yale Kneeland, '56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Christine Descamps</td>
<td>Charles David Goodrich Breckinridge, '27&lt;br&gt;John C. Breckinridge, '57&lt;br&gt;Yale Kneeland, '56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Michael Kellam Dewey</td>
<td>Charles David Goodrich Breckinridge, '27&lt;br&gt;John C. Breckinridge, '57&lt;br&gt;Yale Kneeland, '56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Closey Faulkner Dickey</td>
<td>Charles D. Dickey, 1878&lt;br&gt;Charles D. Dickey, 111&lt;br&gt;S. Whitney Dickey, 42&lt;br&gt;Robert Delano Dickinson, 79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Anne Woodward Dickinson</td>
<td>Charles D. Dickey, 1878&lt;br&gt;Charles D. Dickey, 111&lt;br&gt;S. Whitney Dickey, 42&lt;br&gt;Robert Delano Dickinson, 79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>John Donnelly, 3d</td>
<td>Charles D. Dickey, 1878&lt;br&gt;Charles D. Dickey, 111&lt;br&gt;S. Whitney Dickey, 42&lt;br&gt;Robert Delano Dickinson, 79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Edward Ballard Doubleday</td>
<td>Charles D. Dickey, 1878&lt;br&gt;Charles D. Dickey, 111&lt;br&gt;S. Whitney Dickey, 42&lt;br&gt;Robert Delano Dickinson, 79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Charles Edward Doucette</td>
<td>Peter D. Doucette, '80&lt;br&gt;William M. Duryea, Jr., '55&lt;br&gt;Christopher J. Elkus, '59&lt;br&gt;Fredrick A. Eaton, '53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>William Mains Duryea, 3d</td>
<td>Peter D. Doucette, '80&lt;br&gt;William M. Duryea, Jr., '55&lt;br&gt;Christopher J. Elkus, '59&lt;br&gt;Fredrick A. Eaton, '53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Hunter Buchanan Eagle</td>
<td>Peter D. Doucette, '80&lt;br&gt;William M. Duryea, Jr., '55&lt;br&gt;Christopher J. Elkus, '59&lt;br&gt;Fredrick A. Eaton, '53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Fredrick McCurdy Eaton</td>
<td>Peter D. Doucette, '80&lt;br&gt;William M. Duryea, Jr., '55&lt;br&gt;Christopher J. Elkus, '59&lt;br&gt;Fredrick A. Eaton, '53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Richard Cook Egbert, Jr.</td>
<td>Peter D. Doucette, '80&lt;br&gt;William M. Duryea, Jr., '55&lt;br&gt;Christopher J. Elkus, '59&lt;br&gt;Fredrick A. Eaton, '53</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Yesterday we were all new students, and new faculty. Some of us, new to the School. All of us, new to this School year. Today we are all old. Old students. Old faculty. Some of us, a day old; or a year old; or several years old. Some of us, many years old, in this School.

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.
I am glad to say you are a name, in the School's computer records system. Not a collection of numbers. And, you are a face and a person and a name to all of us. In a few days or a few weeks, we will know you well; we will collect your name and your face and your personality into one: you.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Form</th>
<th>Student</th>
<th>Family Relationships</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Peter Van Valkenburg Fagrell</td>
<td>*H. Clifford Gayley, '18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Elizabeth Ann Fenton</td>
<td>Eugene Vanderpool, '25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Maria Edith Fernandez-Gimenez</td>
<td>Oliver G. Gayley, '48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Amy Douglas Field</td>
<td>Clifford V. Gayley, '79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Stephen Alan Fontana</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Marc Arthur Fournier</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Nicole Elaine Gallagher</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Lily Gordon Gayley</td>
<td>*Elbridge T. Gerry, '27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>F Elbridge T. Gerry, Jr., '51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Juan Eduardo Gonzalez</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>William Charles Leval Graham</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Linda Robyn Gray</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Richard Gerald Halle</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Marybeth Hart</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Scott Edward Heitmiller</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Timothy Preece Hellmuth</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Alexander Herrmann</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Arthur Carlisle Hodges, Jr.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>James Wainwright Hornblower</td>
<td>*Levi H. Greenwood, '92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Ralph Hornblower, '66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>John G. Hornblower, '80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>James DeKay Houghton</td>
<td>*Alanson B. Houghton, '82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Amory Houghton, '17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>James R. Houghton, '54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Toby Matthew Howarth</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The message of our School for one hundred and twenty-three years has been: move into the activities and opportunities that are here. Perhaps I should say, plunge in. The resources and the friendships of the School, and the energy and interests of students and faculty are here to encourage each of us to become active; to learn, and to grow, through experiences that are open to everyone.
The School is here. Resources. Students. Faculty. All is at the ready. We all are here to learn. We will learn from each other.

A newb (See pp. 107-112)
Two Talks on

Parents’ Day 1978

Dial 88 and Say Hello

William A. Oates

I have chosen this morning to concentrate on one primary thought, a simple message for all of us. People should talk with each other.

People should talk with each other fully and carefully whenever there are matters that call for agreement. Or at least, common understanding. People should talk with each other? Yes, families. And in particular, parents and sons and daughters.

"If your brother sins against you, go and tell him his fault, between you, and him alone. If he listens to you, you have gained your brother." [Matthew 18:15]

In the program that we have planned for you [for Parents Day] there is one major lacuna. Liberally translated, that means we have left something out of our printed instructions for this weekend.

Nowhere do we say: "For the next thirty minutes parents will talk quietly with their children." We have not given you this direction: "Dinner having been eaten, before going to Memorial Hall parents and their sons and daughters will find a quiet space and talk together."

I can think of several reasons why we have not included such statements. In some cases it would not do any good! For there are a few sons and daughters, I suspect, who are hoping desperately to avoid a quiet discussion with parents, sons and daughters who are grateful for the pell-mell dash of the weekend's activities.

I even suspect there may be a few parents who are saying, "Thank heavens for the busyness of our visit. We don’t have to face all those awkward questions alone. We can go back home and leave to the School the discussion, and resolution, of those troublesome situations that always seem to come up."

"If your brother sins against you, go and tell him his fault, between you, and him alone. If he listens to you, you have gained your brother."

If there is a need to talk, how about talking!

Parents, you are here. Sons and daughters, you are here. How much have you talked quietly together, this weekend?

I think often of a situation that occurred during the early days of the School's installation of a new telephone service, a few years ago. Some of you have heard me refer to this incident. It goes under the colloquial title of: "Dial 88 and say hello."

In earlier years, the School had individual telephones everywhere. Separate numbers for all departments. (An antique system recently revived, incidentally, in other places and called Centrex.) Came the day when a central switchboard was installed, and every office had an extension from a single School telephone number. Not wanting to pay for the operation of the switchboard in the evening and at night, we made arrangements with a local answering service to handle this chore for us.

In the early days, complaints about the evening service were frequent. "I can never get my call from the answering service," was the standard expression of frustration.

So we looked into the matter, and this is what we found. The evening operator would call one of us and say: "There is a call for you. Please dial 88."

And the St. Paul's School faculty member would dutifully dial 88. But nothing would happen. After waiting a moment he, or she, would hang up in frustration.

This happened frequently. Apparently over and over.

When we checked into the situation we found that, by dialing 88, the connection with the incoming call was in fact actually made. And for a few moments there were two people on the opposite ends of a telephone line, each waiting for something to happen, each doing nothing. The one dialing 88 fully expecting — as in ordinary, usual calls — that the party called would pick up the receiver and respond. But not so.

The solution was easy. We instructed the telephone operators to say: "There is a call for you. Please dial 88, and say hello."

Immediately the problem was solved. We dialed 88 and we said hello, and the normal conversation was begun.

Has Anyone Said Hello?

I often have the feeling that the arrival of parents for Parents Day is simi-
lar to dialing 88. Here you are. Here your sons and daughters already are. You are both on the same telephone line. Has anyone said hello?

Of course you have said hello. And probably a great many other things of similarly inconsequential significance. And there is nothing wrong with such statements. But this is not enough.

"...go and tell him his fault, between you and him alone."

I am suggesting this morning, to be specific, that before the weekend is over, parents and their sons and daughters should find time for quiet discussion. That there should be an opportunity to talk about those irritating, worrisome questions that do exist. And that an effort be made to resolve them. Or at least to reach an accommodation about them.

Why? Why should we bother? For many reasons.

Talking over questions will contribute to understandings between parents and children. Small issues that provide little initial disagreement will appear to be major triumphs when everyone is in agreement at the end.

Large issues which cannot be finally settled to the satisfaction of everyone will provide experiences in working together, strengthening bonds that already exist within the family. And, recognition of a situation will help contain it, keeping the situation from deteriorating, or of exercising a negative influence on relationships in general. For we are all growing and developing people, no matter our age.

If a situation remains unacknowledged, if it receives no attention at all, it is normal for our organic natures to seal that area off. To grow around it and beyond it. And the result is a pebble, or a rock, or a boulder, sitting directly on the road, blocking the path to future communication.

Expressing the matter in other terms, developmentally, there is need for relationships between generations. As frequent and as strong relationships as possible. Joint efforts to reach understandings and agreements on matters which initially are divisive for parents and children—on matters where disagreement normally occurs—help us all develop capacities which human beings need. These experiences in working together in the most usual of human situations, the family, children and parents, contribute to the capacity for confident and trusting experiences with other humans. The capacity for intimacy in human relationships.

And such family discussions inevitably bring to the surface the matter of ultimate responsibility. Of, who is in charge. Of authority. We all need help, life-long help, in understanding and accepting authority, in accommodating ourselves to authority. As a School, we welcome the contributions that are made in the ever-growing capacities of our students for friendships and for understanding authority, which will flow from family discussions.

The Morning Lesson states: "tell him his fault." But we should remember to speak, also, of affection and love. Sometimes love and affection are conveyed obliquely, by actions and by total atmosphere. Yet no harm is ever done by speaking of affection, by speaking of love directly. "I love you" never loses its wonder, its warmth, its enrichment of our lives.


Let us pray: We give thee thanks, O God, for those who mean so much to us,

Those to whom we can go at any time,

Those with whom we can talk and keep nothing back, knowing that they will not laugh at our dreams or our failures,

Those in whose presence it is easier to be good.

Above all, we thank thee for Jesus Christ, Lord of our hearts, in whose name we offer this thanksgiving. Amen.

---

**College Admissions: No Simple Answer**

**William R. Matthews, Jr., '61**

What is happening in the world of college admissions? This is a simple question deserving a simple answer, but there is no simple answer. There is not one happening; there are many, and a lot of colleges.

Let me cite just three items.

1. In June, the Supreme Court decided in favor of Alan Bakke and against the admissions policy of the University of California at Davis. The decision was, yes, Bakke's constitutional rights had been violated. Minority quotas were out and Alan Bakke was in. Some praised the decision, damning quotas in general; others condemned it, saying that it was the death knell for minority recruitment and Affirmative Action Programs. As we move into a new year, the Bakke Decision is very much with us.

2. A number of colleges have recently decided to tighten up their curricular requirements. You may have read about the proposed Harvard Core Curriculum. Not only Harvard, but also many other colleges are deciding that they want more of a say in what their students study. The grossly oversimplified question, debated now for many years, about who is or should be the curricular arbiter—the college or the student—is being asked with a new intensity. In the wake of this development, many college curricula are now being reexamined, which in and of itself is probably a good thing.

3. Recent demographic studies have
revealed that this is the last peak year for college application numbers. There will not be as many students applying to college in the 1980's as there have been during this decade.

So there is news, even happenings, in the world of college admissions. For the people, though, who think in terms of trends, I can promise only frustration. Trends tend to repeat themselves every fifteen years or so, and one is either fifteen years ahead of the times or fifteen years behind. More significantly, trends are determined by policy, and policy is determined by individual admissions decisions. When a college has 12,000 applicants, 12,000 individual decisions are involved. There are therefore 12,000 policies and, 12,000 trends.

Last summer at a conference at Harvard, Fred Hargadon, the Dean of Admissions of Stanford, said, "I'm finally comfortable with the fact that I can now say we really don't have an admissions policy at Stanford." Most competitive colleges do subscribe to the no-policy, individual case, basis for admissions.

A Cloudy World

So what is the upshot of all of this? Very simply, that, in most cases, the world of college admissions is not a black and white world — there is a lot of gray involved. Many college deans will say that at least 60% of their applicant pool is admissible. In some schools, as small a percentage as 20 or 25% of the pool will be admitted. That leaves a lot of clearly admissible candidates looking for another college. And that, in turn, leaves a fairly cloudy admissions picture.

What is it then that we tell our students who are moving into this gray, cloudy, very competitive world? We tell them a great deal, perhaps too much. Before a student graduates from St. Paul's, he or she will meet with our College Admissions Adviser in group meetings nine times. He will have two individual interviews, one lasting 45 minutes and the other 30 minutes. This is not to mention the countless times he will drop into the office with a question or a change in his list. He will be asked a full range of questions about himself and about what kind of environment he would like to spend his college years in. He will be encouraged to attend individual college presentations at School. (Visitors from sixty colleges, by the way, have already been here this fall, and about thirty more will come before the year is out.)

Further, he will be urged to visit the colleges themselves, because that visit will tell him more than any catalogue or admissions officer (or I) could possibly tell him about that very hard-to-define quality called atmosphere or tone.

Depth of Interest

What do I think is the single most important factor in the ultimate success of a candidacy? I think it is the depth, the diversity, the degree of interest involved in the candidate's curricular and extracurricular activities. Perhaps I had better translate a bit.

Phil Smith, the director of admissions at Williams College, has said that the first thing his admissions committee looks at is the student's curriculum and his curricular pattern. While they emphasize their interest in diversity, they do not want dabblers. They want to see curricular interest, curricular interest expressed primarily but not exclusively in the choice of courses. And they want to see performance. They are looking for depth of interest, and I would stress the word depth. This is not to say that every candidate should be in the most advanced sections of every subject he is taking. It is to say, though, that a candidate by his last year here should have identified an academic interest, or interests.

The same could be said with regard to extracurricular activities. Committed interest, serious involvement, pursuit of excellence. Painting a picture, playing the cello, or throwing a football — whatever it may be, if you do it well enough, it will make a difference to your candidacy. Most admissions officers contend that an interested person, one who is really committed to his interests, is a more interesting person.

But what about the good old-fashioned all-around type? Everyone likes good, all-around types — even college admissions people. The trouble is that they see hordes of them. I am suggesting that it would be helpful for a candidate to have identified his strengths, and articulated and ultimately verified them by performance, so as to separate himself, make himself stand out, from the clearly admissible 60% of most applicant pools.

An Impressive Statistic

To close on a cheerful note: you should know the following about our own admissions picture. One hundred members of last year's graduating Form of 124 (81% of the Form) were admitted into colleges listed in the Most Competitive and Highly Competitive categories — the top two levels — of Barron's Profiles of American Colleges. Eighty-one percent is an impressive statistic, and even more so when one looks closely at some of the colleges listed in the next category down, the Very Competitive group.

This is a college admission profile that is in the top rank for American secondary schools. Clearly St. Paul's students, at least in the eyes of college admissions officers, are doing something right.
Enchanted Quest

August Heckscher, '32

An assignment having taken me to one of our New England boarding schools, I have lived for a week in circumstances which a philosopher might envy. Here in a community of some 600 souls, students and masters live together in an easy companionship, while around them a staff of administrators, cooks, housekeepers and groundskeepers minister with seeming effortlessness to their material needs.

The natural beauty of hills and lakes bounds the stage upon which their varying errands are carried out, and man's arts embellish the landscape with buildings sometimes nobly, and sometimes quaintly and picturesque designed.

This place I have known for half a century, as boy and man, and it is natural I should feel some attachment for it, as one does for the few familiar things that remain fixed in a lifetime of uncertainty and flux. But my return was not as a sentimental alumnus — rather as an explorer who sets foot in a new land.

It happened that on the morning of my arrival fierce winter storms were blowing. I stepped from a world where all was askew — the airplanes did not fly on time, the roads were slippery and treacherous — into an environment where snow and cold seemed a perfectly normal part of existence. Old and young went happily afoot; the white unbroken silence, pierced at the quarter hours by the peal of chapel bells, defined a universe set apart and moving at its own pace. The storm reinforced my mood and helped obliterate the world outside.

As an explorer I was anxious to find how these people lived and worked, and to discover, if I could, what was the ideal and objective of their lives. Study obviously was important to them. You could discern this preoccupation from afar in the multicolored backpacks they carried. These might have contained provisions for a week-long hike but were filled instead with books which these youths rarely seemed to lay aside.

Falling into conversation, I found the concern with study to be genuine and constant. Whether this was because they were truly enamored of intellectual things, or because they so ardently desired to get into college, I could not, however, be sure. At mealtime the

August Heckscher, '32, Trustee, and author (his most recent book, "When La Guardia Was Mayor," was published by Norton this fall) is a regular columnist for the Christian Science Monitor. In the column reprinted here, he described the first of many visits to SPS this year for research on his new history of the School, to be published in celebration of the 125th Anniversary year.
scholars of both sexes were torn between the desire to linger at table, prolonging their discussions of philosophical questions, or to flee to the library to gain additional knowledge. I observed that the impulse toward precipitate flight usually won out; and I presumed that the library was their destination.

Actually there were many other pursuits to engage these young people. Their games were strenuous, and in their contests with other schools they were occasionally victorious.

Their eagerness to run the school was praiseworthy, and was not discouraged by a rector who knew perfectly well that all the important decisions lay inescapably at his door. They did not wholly neglect the larger world, being ready to advise upon matters of morals and politics, and even to listen to those who now and then came from the outside with words alleged to be wise.

But it was in their own interior, winter-bound existence that their deeper interests and sympathies seemed to be engaged. Was not this to be expected? These young people had among their peers resources for friendship and caring such as the world little knows. There is a prayer, even in these latter days still a favorite in the school chapel, asking that amid all the joys of life they "may never forget to be kind."

To be a schoolmaster, Erasmus of Rotterdam declared, is "next to being a king." He must have been thinking of such a place as this. But the sovereignty of these almost-kings is moderated by a natural understanding of youth; the burden of their authority is made light by the realization that each one of them is a learner, too.

On the day I left, another storm arose. Evening was coming on at the school as the snow descended, welcome and unopposed, over all the familiar landmarks. Once again, I entered a world of slippery roads and of planes that did not fly. I have a fancy that at the school the snow is falling still. No one minds at all; no one has even noticed, as they engage in an enchanted quest for a truth they know will always elude them.

Reprinted by permission from the Christian Science Monitor. ©1978 The Christian Science Publishing Society. All rights reserved.
The Fund for SPS, a $30 million capital campaign for endowment, will enable St. Paul's School to be the best school possible for the students who come its way, and thereby to continue as a standard of excellence for others.

During the course of the campaign, all alumni, parents, and friends will be asked to continue regular giving to the annual Alumni and Parents Funds, increasing those contributions as they can, and, in addition, to make one major gift to The Fund for SPS.

Achievement of The Fund for SPS, as readers of the Alumni Horae and other publications are surely aware, is critical to the future of St. Paul's School.

Our results to date prove that this statement is no exaggeration. With the campaign now beyond the $21 million mark—on the way to its $30 million goal—and with more than half of the pledged total already in the School's hands and at work, the effect is being felt in many important ways.

The Fund is providing splendid support to the Trustees and administration, allowing them significant latitude in financial planning while faced with the strains and uncertainties generated by the nation's unstable economy. The School can give full attention to its primary function of education, rather than to mere survival, initiating programs or revising and adjusting them to meet the needs of students without fear. Excellence can still be pursued in the curriculum with undiminished ardor. Tuition can yet be kept within reach of great numbers of families. Scholarship aid can be uniformly increased, even as parents are pinched more and more by the shrinkage of inflated dollars.

And, of great importance, the annual giving programs of the School—the Alumni and Parents Funds—seem to be enhanced by The Fund, rather than dampened by it as many expected.

Those of us who have been closely associated with the campaign since its beginnings have always known that in order for the $30 million goal to be reached there would have to be a willingness on the part of alumni and friends to consider some relatively complex abstractions. Just what, for example, do we mean when we speak of the "excellence" and "leadership" of St. Paul's School? Only after understanding the implications of such values can a donor realize the urgency of the need and consider making a large gift.

It is heartening that many alumni and friends have understood these concepts and been willing to give of their own resources so that excellence can and will continue to be realized at St. Paul's School. And, of course, it is a tribute to the School that so many have felt it can—indeed does—achieve its ideals and goals.

But each day we live with the question, "Are we going to make it to thirty million?" I believe that there are still enough alumni and friends who believe in the School to bring us complete success.

Ralph T. Starr, '44
General Campaign Chairman
Regional Alumni News

Japanese Alumni Meet in Tokyo

THE ANNUAL reunion of Japanese alumni of SPS, organized by Mr. Kikuzo Tanioka, managing director of the Seikei School alumni association, was held in Tokyo, July 14, 1978, with thirty-three present or former SPS students attending. Also present were some parents, and members of the Seikei faculty.

The occasion provided an opportunity not only to refresh memories of St. Paul’s and Seikei, and to discuss the future of the program which has linked the two schools in an enriching relationship for twenty-nine years, but also to give good wishes to Kaori Kitazawa (who entered the Fourth Form in September).

R. W. D.

New York Reunion of 1930

THIRTY-TWO members of the Form of 1930 (which our Form Agent, Randy Williams, says makes this our largest reunion so far) met at the Harvard Club of New York on September 20, 1978. Not counting eleven whose health or previous commitments kept them away, forty-two was the maximum attainable for that particular day.

Of those queried by telephone in June, only two asked, “Why not wait until our 50th in 1980?” The answer was that some of us thought it would be fun to reunite without wives, families, and planned activities; without speeches, fund-raising; even without tuxedos. The School provided a list of names and winter addresses, but considerable research and development, plus detective work, was still required.

Fortes fortuna juvat, “Peter” Peck said, means “Fortune favors the brave!” We struggled on, only to find that no one person may invite more than two overnight guests at one time to the sixty-room Harvard Club! In our case, the Club not only waived this rule but gave beyond-the-call-of-duty cooperation which was indispensable to the fine time we all had.

Although not invited to our dinner, Metropolitan Area wives were asked to drop in, if they wished, at the six o’clock cocktail party, and nine of them appeared. Also reporting for libations were several formmates obviously determined not to miss the action. Bill Foulke, who came back from Scotland; Wyndy Hasler, from Alaska; Dave Stalter, Seattle; Joe Barker, Omaha via Colorado; Jack Morse, South Carolina; and Nelson Jay, from Aspen, traveled the farthest.

We had three bulletin boards displaying newspaper and magazine clippings and pictures of members of the Form, over the forty-eight year span since 1930, at work and at play, even getting married; on convenient tables were albums and loose SPS pictures of our efforts in athletics.

Our official photographer, Mary Hilliard, a classmate of my daughter’s at Dobbs Ferry, took numerous pictures before and during dinner. In L’esprit d’escalier group photo, the partially visible red silk SPS banner — borrowed for us by Steve Whitney — is
the one used at the Henley Regatta, Madison Square Garden, and wherever the School is represented. Missing from the group picture are Barclay Cooke and John Griswold, who arrived later.

Name tags were deliberately omitted, and not needed, but the identity of N. D. Jay puzzled us at first, so well did the beard conceal him. To avert possible cliquing, and to make a game of it, each of us, before entering the dining room, drew a number and sat where the number placed him.

Since it was our first dinner alone together in forty-eight years, we substituted anecdotes and reminiscences for toasts and speeches. At Bill Pagenstecher’s suggestion, a tape recorder caught it all, so we will be able to play back selections at our 50th for the benefit of those who could not attend this dinner.

Two LP’s, mysteriously obtained by J. R. Williams, were played on C. M. Kirkland’s phonograph during dinner — recordings of the Choir in the New Chapel, singing several hymns, plus “Pray for the Peace of...” Tel Aviv?

Although Beekman Cannon (who claims to be the youngest of us: not being old enough to qualify for half fare on subways and buses, he even pays the full price at movies) konked out on his assignment to provide suitable piano renditions during dinner, the twenty educated fingers of Esty Stowell and Wirt Thompson together played everything from “Sometimes I’m happy, sometimes I’m blue” to “Now the day is over, night is drawing nigh,” 

Timed perfectly to coincide with occasional lulls, Old Reliable Steve Whitney came through with hits, invariably clever, original, and entertaining. His imitation of Dr. Drury demonstrating to Howard Whiteside in which of three ways one should shake hands, would have had S. S. D laughing happily. We certainly did, partly, I guess, because Howard himself was so funny. We look forward to 1980, when Godfrey Malbone Brinley is due, so Steve promised us, to surface again.

Eighteen survivors of the dinner, who slept at the Club, found their breakfast together the next morning to be an event in itself. No photographer being present, there is no record for posterity of how well, or otherwise, the Breakfast Club looked.

As “Stiffy” Howard might say, Αυτά είναι ολα, εικαριστώ

Fred Kirkland, ’30

P.S. Mary Hilliard’s pictures of the party will be mailed to anyone who remits $6 for the staircase group photo, and/or $25 for ten selected, smaller random pictures.
ACOMA
by Peter Neill, '59. Leete's Island Books,

ACOMA is Peter Neill's third novel, and with A Time Piece (1970) and Mock Turtle Soup (1972) forms a trilogy based on the proposition that imagination and love can conquer personal malaise and societal dehumanization.

Mock Turtle Soup is about a cub newspaper reporter named Fence, who, when he isn't reporting local events for the newspaper, reports fantasy while alone in his seedy room watching Empty Corner, a painted square on the wall. Fence's fantasies — which consist largely of real or imagined flash-backs or flash-forwards concerning his youth, his grandparents and a love affair with his grandmother's cook, whom he frees from a women's house of detention — have the effect of liberating him from his oppressive existence in the so-called "real" world. Through his imagination, focused on Empty Corner, Fence receives the necessary sustenance to go forward and survive.

Acoma develops some of the same themes. Sometime in "future perfect," in an ancient and deserted pueblo city named Acoma, the Indian Primo and his woman, Hy-gi-ya, live in what was once the Church of the Silly Gringo Fathers. Acoma is under the jurisdiction of the Hygenic State Park Service, an agency of the all-encompassing State of Perfect Health. The State views novelists as "verbal profligates," encourages doctors in their "GPing the public," considers imagination to be a form of hypochondria, and has outlawed philosophy.

The capital of the State is The Publicity, where polyvinyl highways abound and death is illegal. Each citizen is issued a pill case containing such items as acids (plain and fancy), tums, depressants, exultants, laxatives in thirty-one flavors, and placebos. Among the pill case holders is Joseph Set-6, also known as Worms and A Scat Illogical Rider, whose heart beats in RPM's and whose birth occurred in 1984 — incidentally, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Form of 1959. Happily, the State of Perfect Health is destroyed by the "crawling things of all colors and creeds," who infect each other with a disease called life.

Acoma's cover jacket boasts of the book's "density of language and serpentine twists of plot." For me, the sheer comedy of it all and the continual play on words and expressions are its best points. Although the influence of George Orwell, Kurt Vonnegut and Eugene Zamiatin are apparent, the novel remains an example of absolutely unique prose and structure. Acoma will be a hard act to follow, but we hope we won't have to wait another six years for Peter's next book.

Malcolm MacKay, '59
I
want to speak this morning about absences, my own absences, which will begin next month, when I retire from the faculty of St. Paul's School. Now, although it has taken (or will take) "you all" — as we say in New Hampshire — a maximum of only four years to finish here, it has taken me thirty-two years, which Mr. Chase assures me is eight times as long.

Congratulations to you on your four-year speed. But don't let it make you too humble! It is bound to remind you of a remark attributed to Mark Twain. He said that at seventeen he was aware of how dumb his father was; but four years later he was astonished to discover how much his father had learned in those four brief years.

In my four years that are your four years, I hope I have learned much. Perhaps you will say maybe as much as Mark Twain's father. And remember that time's winged chariot will, in not too long a time, make your children the Mark Twains of their day. May they be as observant of you and as complimentary to you!

Well, if I have learned so much, what is it? The reply: very simple things. The need for joy. Since life presents us all with a fair quantity of what we have gratefully learned to call "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," we need to keep in mind the answer of the Indian with an arrow in his side, who was asked if it hurt much. "Only when I laugh," he said.

Besides the need for joy, there are the pleasures of your friendships, the helpfulness of your tolerance, the inspiration of your idealism.

"What good does it do to do good?" a philosopher once asked, "What good does it do to do good?" And after all the other philosophers had wagged their balding heads, and stroked their beards, and said "Hmm," and "Very interesting," and "Well, well," a beautiful woman said it all: "What good does it do to do good? It does good!"

So in Anton Chekov's powerful short story, "Gooseberries," Pavel Konstantinovich laments the past and cries out, "Oh, if I were young!" And Ivan Ivanovich answers in an imploring voice, "Pavel Konstantinovich, don't be calm and contented, don't let yourself be put to sleep! While you are young, strong, confident, be not

This Chapel address by Philip Burnham, who retired in June after thirty-two years at St. Paul's, was delivered in slightly longer form on May 8.
weary in well-doing! . . . If there is a meaning and an object in life, that meaning and object is not our happiness, but something greater and more rational. Do good!"

So, also, in a book published just last month, Leo Rosten's Passions and Prejudices, appears this remark: "I cannot believe that the purpose of life is to be 'happy.' I think the purpose of life is to be useful, to be responsible, to be honorable, to be compassionate. It is, above all, to matter: to count, to stand for something, to have it make some difference that you lived at all."

Thus I rally great forces of literature to substantiate what your idealism can mean, through the response (in words that belong to all of us here together) of trying never to "forget to be kind," of being "unselfish in friendship, thoughtful of those less happy than ourselves, and eager to bear the burdens of others." "What good does it do to do good? It does good!" In so human frailty allows, remember, too, Anton Chekov: "Do good!" And another remark by Leo Rosten: "Happiness, in the ancient and noble sense, means self-fulfillment, and is given to those who use to the fullest whatever talents God or luck or fate bestowed upon them."

Speaking of your absences, which I was not, I must confess that I have this year excused one boy I should not, you may say, have excused. The number of girls so excused I dare not mention. But this boy told me that when he woke up he discovered his Bible was missing. His search for his Bible went on so intensively and so long, he missed Chapel. Who am I to trifle with anyone these days looking for a Bible? Excused.

Do I look forward to retirement? I have been asked. Before I can answer, I have to remind you — or tell you — that when your parents were eight to twelve years old (that long ago!) — and they really were eight to twelve years old, once upon a time — , children used to decorate their bicycles with all kinds of ornaments: streamers, pinwheels, animal tails, reflectors, or other clutter. Maybe you did, too. That fact of wide-spread use by children of decoration for their bicycles is important to my answer to the question of whether I look forward to retirement. As you will see.

I respond to that question by letting a great American voice, a poet of this century, answer for me. One gratitude of our lives, for Mrs. Burnham and for me, is that we knew this poet as a friend for more than twenty-five years. Once, when he was over eighty years old, as we sat at breakfast with him and other friends in a Vermont farmhouse, we felt a certain tension. For all of us except the poet himself had been out the night before to a party to which he had not been invited. And we knew he didn't like having been left out. Who does?

After some uneasy silence, this eighty-year-old great man told us all that the previous evening, while we had been partying and he had, alone, been walking around the farm in the dark, he had killed with a plank a raccoon that had been fighting with his dog. We didn't believe him.

Mrs. Burnham said, "Did you cut off his tail to put on your bicycle?" Dreadful silence. Then everybody else laughed. He stomped out in annoyance. But two hours later he invited Mrs. Burnham and me — indeed he summoned us — to his cabin, the sure sign that he forgave us and loved us still. In our conversation at the cabin, we did not mention the raccoon.

So here is his answer, and I readily grasp it, to the question of looking forward to retirement, to the ending of a time, a relationship, an activity. It won't surprise you that the poet is Robert Frost, the poem "Reluctance."

Reluctance

Out through the fields and the woods
And over the walls I have wended;  
I have climbed the hills of view  
And looked at the world; and descended;  
I have come by the highway home,  
And lo, it is ended.

The leaves are all dead on the ground,  
Save those that the oak is keeping  
To ravel them one by one  
And let them go scraping and creeping  
Out over the crusted snow,  
When others are sleeping.

And the dead leaves lie huddled and still,  
No longer blown hither and thither;  
The last lone aster is gone;  
The flowers of the witch-hazel wither;  
The heart is still aching to seek,  
But the feet question 'Whither?'

Ah, when to the heart of man  
Was it ever less than a treason  
To go with the drift of things,  
To yield with a grace to reason,  
And bow and accept the end  
Of a love or a season?

By permission of Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Inc., at the request of Philip Burnham to the estate of Robert Frost.
Editorial

Is there any good reason, the Editor has sometimes asked himself, why the Rector’s voice shouldn’t, now and then, be heard twice in an issue of the Horae? Need his authorship of the regular Rector’s Letter stand in the way?

Often there has seemed to be good reason to answer No. But then the demands of editorial balance, and a desire to vary the voices in an issue, have tipped the scale the other way. Until now.

This time, the urge to toss those timidities to the winds has proved irresistible, and so readers find themselves given opportunity to hear the Rector in two characteristic moods: first, as he told the faculty in September what animates his philosophy of student discipline, and again as he spun a parable for Parents Day—about barriers of silence between parents and children.

EDITORIAL balance is a constant concern, not only in the contents of a single issue but also from one issue to another, even in a magazine like the Horae which appears at long intervals.

Does a reader of the autumn issue remember what topics had emphasis in the previous August or April? Perhaps. Perhaps not. But the Editor remembers, and must attempt to keep the spotlight moving from one ring of the circus to another.

It isn’t easy. By tradition, the Horae Editor is an absentee, a free agent. He pays for that independence in a lack of detailed day-to-day and man-to-man knowledge of the living School, and he may have only a limited notion of where best to plant the seed of what he envisions as a valuable article for the magazine.

For major articles, therefore, he depends more than he likes to admit on manuscript windfalls. Many of these are of high quality and content, precisely because they have sprung with little or no prompting from the writers’ own enthusiasm or concerns.

Thus in this issue we hear again from our exuberant and frequent contributor, Richard Lederer, writing on a new facet of his strongest professional interest, the English language. Mr. Lederer has appeared in these pages, as author or coauthor, eleven times in as many years, but only one of his articles was suggested by the Editor. All the rest have teemed from a pen which invents its own challenges.

This has been a delight to many readers, yet it does prompt a question: where are the commentators who could be writing engagingly on the present-day practice of other disciplines at SPS? on math, science, art, the classics, history, or French, for example?

The Editor has no favorites. His large mailbox in Sheffield, Massachusetts, awaits proposals or submissions.

SPEAKING of windfalls, the editorial mailbox caught one just the other day and happily welcomes it in the usual section of this issue—a landslide of notes from the Form of 1961 which has suddenly, it seems, chosen to speak up in a stronger voice than five or six Forms combined. How did Form Agent Ed Tiffany accomplish it?

Not by waving a wand over a list of his Form! He sent returnable postcards to all his formmates, asking for news, hot or cold. And (as others have found who have tried a similar technique) he got results which we hope will encourage emulation. It could be embarrassing to the Horae if all Form Agents did this at once, but a feast of alumni news is always better than a famine. The Tiffany Plan is simple and it works!

Other Forms, please copy.
James Appleton Thayer
(1899-1978)

My association with James Appleton Thayer began in the spring of 1953, when I first came to St. Paul’s School looking for a position in the Classics Department. We were to meet in the old railroad station in Concord, and the idea that he would never recognize me, or I, him, was dismissed by the phrase that “two classicists will always recognize each other!”

I found that Appy maintained this belief. It was no thoughtless cliche, for he seemed to know everyone in the field of Classics, whether the person happened to be an Italian archaeologist or a Latin teacher from California.

It was my good fortune to be hired by St. Paul’s School, but it was even more my good fortune as a young master to be trained by Appy Thayer. Every week for two years, he visited one of my classes, and every visitation was followed by endless notes on the information I had imparted to my students, the order in which lessons were done, the potential trouble spots in the class — but, most of all, the “rhythm” I employed. Pedagogy had for Appy a metre which at times had all the meaning of a hexameter, or at other times the tragic overtones of the iambic trimeter.

In my third year at the School I was anxious to see how Appy taught The Iliad. I became a student in a class of very bright Fifth Formers. To say that I was awed by the performance of these bright people would be no overstatement, but their teacher’s work was indeed that of a “master.” Most days we covered between eighty and one hundred lines, punctuated with grammatical questions and adorned with classical allusions. Only with the most precise preparation can one accomplish this, and even then it seems beyond belief.

His energy was lavished on all areas of School life, as it was on his Homer class. Young masters always received his kindest attention. The world of athletics and extracurricular activities were very much a part of his life, too, and in the years before my time he had been a coach and had been active in the theatrical life of the School.

One can never mention Appy without the name of Anne, his devoted wife. Their home was a Mecca for everyone in the community. There were countless tea parties for boys and masters and their wives, and their home was a place of happiness and sophistication housing the many guests who came to the School to share of their learning and concern.

Appy’s love for the classical world was manifested not only in his work within the School but in the larger classical community too. He was a stalwart in the Classical Association of New England, and the Teachers of Classics of New England, but most of all in his relationship with the Virgilian Society, where for many years he was a driving force in the establishment of the school in Cumae, outside Naples.

After retirement, he lost little of his enthusiasm for life and the joys of learning. One of my fondest recollections was the long walk we enjoyed at a classical meeting at Yale. Never was a conversation with him cloyed by gossip of things at School; one was always stimulated by ideas which to some might appear trivial but to him were eternal.

St. Paul’s School is a greater place because of the presence of James Appleton Thayer. He was that “gadfly” of whom Socrates spoke so eloquently. He was annoying when we needed to be annoyed; he was prodding when we needed to be prodded; but most of all he was loving when we needed to be loved.

To me, the words over the fireplace in the Upper Common Room speak eloquently of his life: Disce ut semper victurus, vive ut eras moriturus — “Learn as if you were going to live forever; live as if you were going to die tomorrow.”

George A. Tracy
SQUASH HISTORY

The court depicted [on the sports page in our summer issue — Ed.] is the Royal Tennis Court, built by Henry VIII in 1529. Racquets began in the jails of England much later.

Clarence C. Pell (Pomfret '29)

THE SUMMER ISSUE

What a fine issue of the Alumni Horae! The article and the talks by Tatsuo Arima and Nick Platt I found most interesting — really thrilling — and such a comfort to think that those two old boys are working together to stabilize the relations between our two countries.

I especially liked, too, what Nick said about learning to write English at School. I know Henry Kittredge said, "We can't really teach the boys to be authors, but we can teach them to write clear, concise English," and both those boys learned that. I was so happy and excited by that article. I wish I could ever repay the School for the happy years I had there.

Congratulations and thanks!

Gertrude (Kittredge) Eaton

POWER OF IDEALS

I am grateful for the review of The American Proposition by Timothy Wilson-Smith in the summer issue. I appreciate his perceptive analysis of the purpose of the book as "re-armament by faith."

However, I believe he is on dubious ground in attributing America's influence to our success and "international economic power." As well as admiration, success can engender envy and scorn. And our experience in Vietnam and the Middle East is convincing proof that power is impotent without the will to use it.

As I have traveled in different countries, people have impressed me by their response not so much to our successes as to our ideals. These are exemplified by the character and faith of our founders and remain, as Samuel Eliot Morison assures us, "a challenge to ourselves and an inspiration to the world."

I venture to hope that in our study of history at St. Paul's we can not only learn about, but also learn from, the experience of our founders. For they can help to "illumine our own path and heighten our resolve."

Francis Bradley, '22

Faculty Notes

Paintings by Thomas R. Barrett, Head of the Fine Arts Department, have been on exhibit this fall at the Manchester (N.H.) Institute of Arts and Sciences, as part of the New Hampshire Arts Biennial. During the past summer, his work was shown in Maine at the Maine Coast Artists Gallery, in Rockport, and at the Deer Isle Artists Association, in Stonington.

John N. Buxton, formerly College Admissions Adviser, has become Director of Admissions.
Richard F. Davis of the History Department has been chosen by the new Sixth Form officers as faculty adviser to the Student Council.

Richard W. Day, former principal of Phillips Exeter Academy and one-time teacher of history and Sacred Studies at St. Paul’s, died in Montclair, New Jersey, in early July. Born in Boston, son of the late Dr. and Mrs. Hilbert Day, he was a graduate of Belmont Hill School and Yale and, in 1950, received a Ph.D. in history from Harvard. The University of New Hampshire awarded him an honorary LL.D. in 1972. He taught at the School in the first year after his graduation from Yale in 1958; then was on the Choate School faculty for several years. In World War II, he served as a major on the staff of General Dwight Eisenhower. He taught at St. Paul’s again from 1948 to 1952, leaving to become headmaster of Germantown Academy in Philadelphia. Four years later, he was appointed to head Hawken School in Lyndhurst, Ohio, and in 1964 he began a decade of productive leadership of Exeter. He had been principal of Montclair Kimberley Academy since 1974. He was formerly chairman of the New Hampshire Commission on Human Rights, a trustee of the College Entrance Examination Board, and president of the national Headmaster Association and the Country Day School Headmaster Association, and was the author of “A New England Schoolmaster,” a biography of Henry Franklin Cutler. Surviving are his wife, Katharine M. Day; two sons, Richard W. Jr. and Andrew Day; a daughter, Mrs. Lydia Hart, and two sisters, Mrs. Juliana Franz and Mrs. Elizabeth H. Forster.

William R. Faulkner, Jr., of the Mathematics Department relaxed after a busy summer of teaching in the Advanced Studies Program, by taking a twenty-two-day bus tour, partly funded by the School, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, with principal stops in Amsterdam, Cologne, Berlin, Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Zagreb, Lienz, Munich, Rothenburg, and Frankfurt. A Rhine cruise back to Amsterdam topped off the trip. Prudently, Mr. Faulkner snapped no pictures in dark alleys, nor otherwise tested the Rector’s power to extract him from Iron Curtain detention.

William O. Kellogg, Head of the History Department, has returned from a year’s sabbatical. He and his family spent the academic year in Cambridge, England, where he was a fellow commoner of Churchill College. In the summer of 1977, the Kelloggs participated in an archaeological dig in Hesi, Israel. They found Israel a “fascinating” country, but “not a place to enjoy.”

Leni Mancuso (Barrett) has been having a one-person exhibition of her watercolors at the Currier Gallery of Art, in Manchester (N. H.).

William R. Matthews, Jr., ’61, of the Classics Department is the School’s new College Admissions Adviser.

Sculpture by Timothy P. Miller of the Fine Arts Department was included in a show at the Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences, this fall.

José A. G. Ordoñez of the History Department is back at St. Paul’s after a year of exchange teaching at Eton College. Though the Eton year was “a great experience,” he is glad to be back. The teacher exchange with Eton was completed by the presence at St. Paul’s last year of Timothy Wilson-Smith of the Eton faculty. Sr. Ordoñez is preparing an account of his year in England for a future issue of the Horae.

Thomas J. Quirk, Jr., formerly Director of Admissions, is now Vice-Rector for student affairs.

Kenneth Swalgin of the Physical Education Department received an M.S. from the State University of New York at Cortland, last summer.

J. Appleton Thayer (1921-24; 1930-64), a teacher of Latin and Greek at St. Paul’s for more than three decades; housemaster, coach, and leader of School dramatics, died in South Norwalk, Connecticut, September 18, 1978. He was seventy-nine years old. Born in Southboro, Massachusetts, the son of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. William Greenough Thayer, he attended Fay School; then St. Mark’s, where his father was headmaster for thirty-six years. He was a brilliant student, receiving the highest record in Harvard’s entrance examinations of all candidates who took them in 1917, but he elected to attend Amherst College instead. At Amherst, he pursued his favorite studies of Latin and Greek, and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. He went on to study for a year at Worcester College, Oxford, where he received the equivalent of an A.B. degree in 1921. From 1921 to 1924 he taught Science, English, and Latin at St. Paul’s; then he taught for three years at the Gilman Country School in Maryland, and for three years was chairman of the classics department at Avon Old Farms School in Connecticut. In 1930 he returned to St. Paul’s, and remained on the faculty until his retirement in 1964. He was housemaster in Simpson from 1930 to 1945; headed the Classics Department from 1946 to 1959, and in 1959 was named Cochran Master in Greek Language and Literature and Donner Foundation Master. He held both masterships until his retirement (the Donner Foundation Mastenanship undergoing a change of name to Independence Foundation Mastenanship in 1962). He was a coach of club football and hockey for more than twenty-five years; helped found the Palamedian Society and served on innumerable committees, including the Latin Education Committee of the Secondary School Education Board, and the first committee to consider a work program for SPS students, of which he was chairman. He was president of the Dramatic Club from 1936 to 1950 and honorary president from 1950 until his retirement. The Thayer Award was established in his honor by the Dramatic Club in 1950 for the student who contributes most to the activities of the Club during the year. Chief among his interests outside the School was the Virginian Society of America, of which he was president for many years, often visiting the Society’s summer school, at a villa at Cumae, Italy. He was awarded an honorary Master of Arts degree by Amherst College in 1961. Surviving are his wife, the former Anne Cummings, whom he married in 1923; a daughter, Mrs. Fred Hilton, and grandchildren. (See page 125.)

New Faculty

Richard J. Enbody (Mathematics) has taught his subject for two years, and coached soccer, hockey, and track besides, at Hartford High School, White River Junction (Vt.). The son of David Enbody, who taught mathematics at SPS from 1946 to 1975, he is a 1976 graduate of Carleton College, where he was a tutor in mathematics in each of his four years. He and his wife, Wendy, live in Cornish.

Louisa A. Gebelein (Physical Education) graduated with a B.S. degree from Ripon College in 1978, having taught physical education and art at the Ripon public school during her college years, and received college and high school athletic distinctions as a participant in tennis, basketball, volleyball, and field hockey. She lives in Simpson.

Jennifer L. Hornor, French, German has been teaching since 1976 at the Derryfield School in New Hampshire. A 1976 graduate of Kirkland College, she was an intern in German in the Advanced Studies Program in the summer of 1975. She spent part of her freshman year in Paris, taking courses at the University, and for several of her college years was a tutor in German. She lives in Brewster.

Martin G. Mugar (Fine Arts) received a B.A. from Yale in 1971, and an M.F.A. from the Yale School of Art in 1974. He attended the Beaux Arts in Paris in 1976, studying anatomy and classic mixed media technique. For the past two years, he has taught art appre-
Above, left: new faculty members, left to right, Richard J. Enbody, Jennifer Hornor, Louisa A. Gebelein, Victor C. Young, '74, Jeanne L. Windsor, Martin Mugar, Joanne Silver. At right, new intern teachers, Brian Regan, Diane E. Stewart, James L. Singleton.

ciation, drawing, and oil painting in Brookline, Massachusetts, and nearby communities. His work has been exhibited in Paris and Boston. He and his wife live in Drury.

Jeanne L. Silver (English), a teacher of Classics at the Chapin School in New York City for the past two years, is a Wesleyan graduate. She also holds an M.A. in English and Comparative Literature from Columbia University and has taken additional courses there toward a doctorate in Italian Literature. At Wesleyan, she was a teaching apprentice in introductory Greek, and later a translator of Medieval Latin for the curator of the Davison Art College. In the summer of 1975, she taught English to Italian children in Rome. With her husband, Charles Stein, who works at the Concord Monitor, she lives in Alumni. Victor C. Young, '74, (Admissions) graduated in June from the University of Pennsylvania, where he majored in mechanical engineering and applied mechanics. At both school and college, he was active in the basketball and track programs. During the summers, he has worked for Westinghouse. He and his wife, Brenda, live in Foster.

Jeanne L. Windsor (French) is a magna cum laude graduate of Mt. Holyoke College, with a double major in French and Religion. She spent her junior year, 1975-76, in Paris, with the Sweet Briar College Junior Year in France program, and after graduation worked as an English Language assistant at schools in Villeneuve-les-Avignon, France, on a Fulbright Hays French Government Teaching Assistantship grant. She has also been a teacher of violin. She lives in Alumni.

Three intern teachers have also joined the faculty this year. Brian O. E. Regan (History and Music) was an ASP intern in 1977, and is a 1977 graduate of Wesleyan University, where he was president of his class and, for three years, chapel organist and carillonneur. During 1977-78, he attended lectures in music and history at Oxford University, on a Thomas J. Watson Fellowship. James L. Singleton (English) graduated from Yale in June and interned during the summer at the An­ dover School Summer Session. At college, his interests ranged from chorus to athletics to dramatics to work with publications. Diane E. Stewart (Science) concentrated in environmental biology, histology, chemistry, and marine and terrestrial biology, at Dart­mouth College, where she received her A.B. degree in June. Last winter she was engaged in work at a research station in the Caribbean.

Form Notes

1907
The ninetieth birthday of Col. George Matthews Jr., '07, was observed with public fanfare in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, June 22, 1978. The mayor of Chapel Hill called upon all citizens of the town to join in recognition of "this gentle man" who "spans the century, remains upright, and reposes his faith in his country and in a Providence that will not fail." Col. Matthews and his wife Lilia became permanent residents of Chapel Hill in 1954.

1914
John K. Berry, Jr., who is still active as an insurance broker in his home town of Arling­ton, Massachusetts, received a letter of appreciation, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday in January, from President Derek C. Bok of Harvard University. For many years, Mr. Berry was Graduate President of the Speakers' Club at Harvard.

1919
Donald F. Bush is one of two Harvard alumni recently honored by the Richard T. Flood Award, established "to encourage and give recognition to the highest standards of performance by alumni serving The Harvard College Fund." The award to Mr. Bush
recognized his achievement as chairman of his class's 55th Reunion gift to Harvard. Under his leadership, the Class of 1923 more than doubled the previous dollar record for a 55th Reunion class and set a new record for participation by such a reunion.

1921
Ronald Freelander, treasurer of the Municipal Art Society of New York, has been producing "The Liveable City," a series of radio programs on urban problems and their possible solutions, broadcast on Sunday mornings over New York's municipal radio station, WNYC-AM. On the last Sunday in May, August Heckscher, '32, spoke on the program about his book, "Open Spaces: The Life of American Cities."

1926
Charles G. Chase's bird sculptures in wood were exhibited at the Portland Museum of Fine Arts in the last week of September. He reports that the summer's weather was "so perfect that I goofed off a lot to go blue fishing!"

1927
Percy Chubb, 2d has been made an Honorary Officer of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, in appreciation of his philanthropic contributions to the British Virgin Islands. The award was made earlier this year by the governor of the B. V. I. in behalf of Queen Elizabeth of England who had listed Chubb on her New Year's Day Honors List. Chubb spends several months each year at his second home in the Islands and has taken special interest in the education of the island young people, establishing a scholarship trust fund to provide opportunities for study at universities abroad.

1940
James D. Hurd is director of the information centre of the Hospice Society of St. Francis, in Washington, D.C. He welcomes "communications from St. Paul's people, and sizeable chunks of gold!" for the work of the Society.

James Somers Smith, Jr. was married to Mrs. Evelyn Poole Lichte, July 8, 1978, in Rockport, Maine. Residents of Rockport, they run a retail store called "Collector's Cabinet" in nearby Camden, Maine.

1943
Robert V. Lindsay has been made chairman of the executive committee and a director of J. P. Morgan & Co., Inc. and Morgan Guaranty Trust Co., and a member of the corporate office.

1947
Laurence H. Blackburn, Jr., M.D. has been appointed assistant to the corporate medical director of Bethlehem Steel Corporation. He will assist in administering medical policies and programs for employees in all the company's production facilities. Upon retirement from the United States Navy Medical Corps on June 1 with the rank of captain, he was awarded the Navy Commendation Medal for meritorious service as chief of Occupational and Environmental Health Service, at the Navy's Regional Medical Center in Philadelphia.

1948
Lawrence M. Noble, Jr. associate secretary of Yale University, has been elected to the board of trustees of Westminster School, Simsbury, Connecticut. He is also secretary-treasurer of the New England Association of Colleges and Schools.

1949
Percy Thomas Fenn, for a number of years assistant manager of the Louisville (Kentucky) Orchestra, has now been appointed general manager of the Lexington (Kentucky) Philharmonic. He writes that, for the time being, his family will retain its Louisville home.

Theodore Wood Friend, 3d, president of Swarthmore College, was honored by Williams College with the degree of Doctor of Laws, at a convocation in September. The citation read, in part: "For fourteen years a faculty member at the State University of Buffalo, you are now in your sixth year as head of Swarthmore, where your humane values and sensitive leadership have reinforced both the educational eminence and the quiet Quaker strengths of that institution." Dr. Friend was one of seven Williams graduates, who are past or present presidents of American colleges or universities, who were honored at the opening convocation of the college in September. He took part in two days of deliberation on the theme, "The Liberal Arts: Perspectives and Prospects." He is the author of "Between Two Empires: The Ordeal of the Philippines 1929-1946," winner of the American Historical Association's Bancroft Prize.

1952
Frederick W. Morris, 4th, having received his Ph. D. in civil engineering at the University of Florida, is serving as adjunct assistant professor in the University hydraulic laboratory.

Sergey Ourusoff, a vice-president of Morgan Guaranty Trust Co., has become head of the Park Avenue Office of the bank.

David S. Sherwood and his wife, Sharon, have announced the birth of a daughter, Margaret Meriwether, June 25, 1978.

Kurth Sprague received his Ph. D. in English, in May, from the University of Texas at Austin, where he has taught for the past seven years. His dissertation, making use of previously unpublished material from the T. H. White collection at the University, was titled, "From a Troubled Heart: T. H. White & Women in The Once and Future King." He is presently preparing for publication an edition of White's poems.

Frederick C. Witell was recently appointed head of the public finance department of the Treasurer's Division of Morgan Guaranty Trust Co.
1954
James D. P. Bishop, Jr. has been deputy Assistant Secretary of the United States Department of Energy since September, 1977.

1956
Brent E. Scudder has returned as a staff meteorologist to the National Weather Corporation of Newark, New Jersey, after a two year leave for study.

1958
Wyllis Terry, 3d is assistant superintendent of schools of the school system of Mt. Desert Island, Swan's Island, Cranberry Isles, and Frenchboro, Maine. His family feels it has "finally come home."

Lewis H. Van Dusen, 3d was married to Curtis Wentworth Richardson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Richardson of Radnor, Pennsylvania, November 4, 1978, in Philadelphia.

1960
William H. Marmion, Jr. is now academic dean at the Emma Willard School, in Troy, New York. Since resigning from the ordained ministry four years ago, he has been on the faculty of the Bryn Mawr School in Baltimore.

1961
J. Sherman Barker, Jr., a member of the Hotchkiss School faculty, has taught in the Advanced Studies Program at SPS for the past four summers.

Marshall P. Bartlett specializes in tax problems, as a partner in the New York City law firm of Satterlee & Stephens.

Stewart J. Bell is "firmly rooted in the soggy soil of the Northwest: a milkman (raw milk, glass bottles, home delivery); an expectant father (first time, also home delivery); a promoter of cooperative self-reliance and community development; fond of watching the sunrise from my back porch; still crazy after all these years!"

William A. Brigham is an assistant vice-president in the investment division of the United States Trust Co. of New York.

Robert L. Clark, a Boston stockbroker, still plays and coaches hockey in his home town of Hamilton, has run in several marathons over the past three years, and was recently startled to find himself taking his son to SPS for an admissions interview.

William H. Delavan, Jr. is president of a public warehouse and commercial real estate business in Syracuse, New York. His extracurricular activities include amateur astronomy, and legislative concerns of the Syracuse Chamber of Commerce.

Stuart Douglas alerts classmates to some mention of his Inn at Weston, Vermont, in an article on cross-country skiing in the coming December issue of Gourmet.

Stone Tevis Ermentrout and his wife announce the birth of a daughter, Dania Mavor, October 4, 1978.

Vinton Freedley, 3d has "been very busy setting up international networks for design, manufacture, and sales of antique silver pieces." He has spent much time in Peking, Indonesia, Hong Kong, Malaysia, etc.

John B. Hawes, Jr. is an architect with Keyes Associates of Waltham, Massachusetts, now working on buildings for Northeastern University.

William E. Hawkins works for Gulfcoast Transit Co. of Tampa, Florida as a mate on seagoing tugs, hauling coal from the Mississippi River to Tampa, where it is used for power generation, and taking cargoes up and down both coasts of the United States, to Hawaii, South America, and the Caribbean.

Gilbert Lea, Jr. is president of the Tower Publishing Co. of Portland, Maine.

Henry L. Loomis works in a New Haven (Ct.) factory, and continues painting and, especially, drawing.

Michael C. Madeira is with the real estate department of Industrial National Bank of Providence, Rhode Island, and vice-president of its equity subsidiary, Westminster Properties, Inc. He is the father of triplets born September 16, 1977. "Their mother (Ford, sister of Lee Sargent, '60) and I are busy!"

Peter P. McKellar, M.D., is associate director of the medical residency program, and an infectious disease specialist, at Good Samaritan Hospital, Phoenix, Arizona.

Malcolm Muir, 3d is working for a doctorate in Classics at Boston University.

Hachiro Nakamura, M. D. is in the practice of internal medicine and cardiology, in Huntington, New York. He is married and has two children.

Peter J. Pell works in the Micron hockey skate program, with Beconta Inc. of Elmsford, New York, United States distributors of ski boots, bindings and skis.

William S. Pier, Jr. is doing general contracting of residential custom homes in Santa Rosa, California, and simultaneously completing work for his college degree.

Malcolm Seymour, Jr. is development manager for the Northwest, for a real estate development firm, Abacus Cities Ltd. of Canada, living in Bellingham, Washington.

Wirt L. Thompson, 3d is assistant administrator of Middleboro Community Hospital, in Middleboro, Kentucky.

Edwin P. Tiffany and his wife, Joan, are the parents of a son, Thacher Brett, born March 17, 1978. Tiffany works for Turner Fisheries Inc. in Boston, Massachusetts.

Luther Tucker, Jr. is studying aquaculture at Auburn University, Auburn, Alabama, and is looking for a job in that field "in some part of the world."

Owen S. Walker lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and works as a lawyer in Boston.

Richard H. Wilmer, 4th has been appearing as Henry Higgins in My Fair Lady and as Samuel in Verdi's Ballo in Maschera, while teaching voice in the Boston area. He and his wife, Wendy, also a singer, are members of a touring theater company which presents up to nine daytime shows a week, of contemporary musicals. Their six-year old son, Renny, made a professional debut this fall, singing with his father in a nightclub.

Patrick R. Wilmerding is a vice-president at Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co. in New York City, in charge of the international asset management department.

1962
Geoffrey Drury has moved out of New York City to Canaan, Connecticut, with his wife, Daphne, and 2-year-old son, and joined AgrowNautics Inc., a new company engaged in the hydroponic growing of fresh vegetables for the New England market. The company's first facility, comprising a large, artificially-lighted "growth chamber" and a 12,000 square foot greenhouse, has been built in Salisbury, Connecticut. Drury has done the legal work involved in setting up the corporation, and is now thriving on a mixed diet of business, engineering, and tax and legal problems, "liberally sprinkled with hard manual labor."

**CHANGES OF ADDRESS**

To simplify the keeping of up-to-date addresses in the School and Alumni files, alumni are asked to send any change of permanent address, with Zip Code, to Development Office St. Paul's School Concord, N. H. 03301

The Development Office will be able and glad to help any alumnus locate a friend whose address has changed.
1966
Ralph Hornblower, 3d and his wife, Margot, welcomed their first child, a son, Samuel Roosevelt, April 15, 1978. Ray has left the Department of Justice to join the Washington law firm of Verner, Luppert, Bernhard, and McPherson. Margot expected to return to the staff of the Washington Post as energy/environment reporter, in November.

The Rev. Thomas N. Oates received his M. A. degree from Oxford University in late June. He and his wife, Suzie, have returned to the United States, after two years in London, to undertake parish work in Philadelphia.

Christopher F. Stouffer was married to Mary Elizabeth Webster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Richard Webster of Moorestown, New Jersey, October 14, 1978, in Haddonfield, New Jersey. Stouffer practices law with the Philadelphia firm of Hamilton, Domprowsky and Malloy and is counsel for the Center City Residents Association. Mrs. Stouffer is a news officer at the University of Pennsylvania.

1967
Thomas W. Beale completed his last year as a Junior Fellow at Harvard, and received his Ph. D. in anthropology at the University, in June.

Allan MacDougall, 3d is working in the international department of Mellon Bank, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

1968
Photographs of cars, by Langdon F. Clay, forming “a night owl’s vision of the urban American landscape,” according to Newsweek, were featured by that weekly magazine in its issue of March 20, 1978. The photographs have been published in a limited edition portfolio by Caldecot Chubb, ’67, and were on exhibit during the summer at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, England. “This is inventive ‘night photography,’” said Newsweek, “in the honorable line of Brassai and Robert Frank . . . . Close inspection of these images forces us to speculate on the nature of the men and women who own these cars.” (See also Millville Notes in this issue.)

1969
After three years of teaching English and drama at Potlatch High School, David K. Coombs is working for an M. A. degree in English at Washington State University. Distance running and mountain climbing continue to fill his free time. His wife, Toby, is working on a Ph. D. in botany at the University of Idaho.

“An American Potter,” a film produced and directed by Charles J. Musser, had its first public showing, we have learned somewhat belatedly, at the Currier Gallery of Art in Manchester, New Hampshire, in January, 1977. Produced for the Daniel Clark Foundation, the film was presented by the state Department of Education in cooperation with the League of New Hampshire Craftsmen and the Potters’ Guild.

1970
Guy Kimball Nouri was married to Margaret Warren Burgess, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Burgess of Palm Springs, California, July 5, 1978, in San Francisco.

1971
Guy Charles Antonioli is a marketing coordinator for the Tapes and Allied Products Division of the 3M Company, in its Mexico subsidiary.

Peter A. Seymour works for Cue Magazine in New York City, and claims that he spends much of his time wishing he “could write a trashy novel, sell it to television, and live off the proceeds.” Any classmate knowing of “a good job in import/export or some international concern” is begged to let Seymour know.

R. Gregg Stone is on leave from law school to represent the United States in the World Rowing Championships in New Zealand this November (in the single sculls).

1972
Jonathan H. Cronin is a medical student at the University of Cincinnati, Ohio.

1974
Bruce E. Chan has graduated from Stanford University with a bachelor’s degree in political science. He was a member of the varsity fencing squad. He has now entered law school in the University of California at Davis.

Erica D. Hickman was married in June, 1978, to Glenn William Goodfellow of Montreal and the Bahamas. She graduated with first class honors in East Asian Studies from McGill University, and is now a student at the Columbia Graduate School of Business, looking forward to a career in international management.

Elizabeth P. Munson, captain of the Yale women’s squash team, was pictured in TIME Magazine’s June article on women in sports, along with a dozen other captains of Yale’s women’s teams, under the caption, “A galaxy of Yale captains bringing new glory to the Old Blues.”

1975
Thomas A. Rago helped sail a 42-foot yawl belonging to Walter Hawley of the Science Department, across the Atlantic to Ireland during the past summer. Also in the crew for the twenty-six day crossing, was Henry W. King, ’74.

1976
Douglas R. Leland attended “boot camp” at Fort Knox, Kentucky, for thirteen weeks during the summer, as part of his training for the Philadelphia Troop.

Gregory A. Love spent the past summer working near Chicago, Illinois, for Amoco Oil.

1977
Sanford B. Kaynor was a member of an a cappella singing group during his freshman year at Yale. The “Alley Cats,” as they are called were on tour in Europe during the first five weeks of the summer. Kaynor also rowed on the freshman lightweight crew.

1978
Samuel L. Parkman is working on a tanker going around the world, and expects to enter Harvard next year.
06 — Frederic Bliss Read died in Providence, Rhode Island, September 6, 1978, in his ninetieth year. The third of five St. Paul's brothers, he was born in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, December 14, 1888, the son of Charles O. and Mary Bliss Read, and entered the School in the Fourth Form in 1903. He was a natural athlete. "Strenuous in games and very strong," M. K. Gordon wrote of him some years after he won the Gordon Medal in 1906, "he did not overstep the mark of sportsmanship." He excelled in hockey and football and was an exceptional oarsman. He played on the Delphian football team every one of his years at School and was a strong backfield runner on the SPS team of 1905. In 1906, he captained both Delphian and SPS hockey. Filling the position formerly called "center point" on the School team, he was considered the best player of that position the School had seen. He rowed on winning Halycon Crews for two years, becoming Halycon and SPS captain in 1906. At Anniversary that same spring, he won the 120-yard hurdles and placed second in both the 220-yard hurdles and the hammer throw. He was a member of the Cadmean and the Scientific Association, sang bass in the Choir, and was co-author of and very much interested in the School in the Fourth Form in 1903. He was also the Eagle Hose & Chemical Co. president of an honors chemistry class in the Atlantic, and then, for the final months of the war, as an instructor in the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Few alumni have maintained closer or more loyal attachment to the School. He broke the tape in the Alumni Dash at his tenth and fifteenth reunions and was regularly on hand for Anniversary until the year before his death. He is survived by a son, Frederic B. Read, Jr., '36; six grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren. He was the brother of the late Albert M. Read, Jr., '09, and Robert O. Read, '19.

09 — Harold N. Kingsland died at his home in Hartford, Connecticut, July 8, 1978. He was born in South Orange, New Jersey, December 14, 1889, the son of Thomas M. and Mary Bliss Kingsland, and entered the School in the fall of 1906, the year before his death. He enjoyed this work thoroughly, both for the contacts it afforded with parents and children who came to his shop and for the feeling that he was making a lasting contribution. All his life he loved books, as he had at the School, where he won note as one of the heaviest users of the Sheldon Library; he also kept up with music and the theater and with current events. Most of all, he loved people, not forgetting early acquaintances, especially old Air Force comrades. He was a prolific letter writer, writing to each of his children weekly, from the time they left home until he died. He was survived by his second wife, Mabel D. Guilbert, whom he married in 1968; three children by his first wife (Maybelle B. Guilbert, who died in 1956), Anne G. Peeples, Carol G. Dewar, and John M. Guilbert; nine grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

09 — Henry Sellers McKee, 2d died in West Islip, Long Island, New York, September 26, 1978. Born in Sewickley, Pennsylvania, February 11, 1891, the son of Thomas M. and Neillie Wood McKee, he entered St. Paul's in 1905, graduating in 1909. He played hockey and rowed enthusiastically, just below first team level, as an Old Hundredian. He excelled in or shooting and spent hours at practice. He was a member of the School's hockey team during his last years at School. He broke the tape in the Alumni Dash at his tenth and fifteen reunions and was regularly on hand for Anniversary until the year before his death. He was born in York County, August 25, 1892, the son of John C. and Anna M. Small Schmidt, and was a member of the Scientific Association during his last years at St. Paul's. After graduation, he entered Yale, where he received a degree in mechanical engineering in 1913. He became head of the former Schmidt & Ault Paper Co. in 1923, and was president and treasurer of the firm until after his merger with the St. Regis Paper Co. in 1960, continuing as a director of St. Regis until 1975. During World War I, he served as an Army lieutenant in the production division of the Air Service. He was a former president of the National Paperboard Association and the Manufacturers Association of York, and a director of the York Bank and Trust Co., and was active in civic and charitable affairs. In particular, he maintained a close interest in Junior Achievement of York County and the York Foundation, both of which he had helped to found. He was the recipient of an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from St. John's College in 1974. His affiliations included social and veterans organizations; also the Eagle Hose & Chemical Co. and...
'12 - Frederic Collins Wheeler, retired banker and real estate executive, died at his home in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, October 20, 1978. He was eighty-four years old. The son of Samuel B. Wheeler, '87, and younger brother of Samuel B. Wheeler, Jr., '10, he was at St. Paul's for five years, becoming secretary of his Form and captain of the Ithsonian baseball team of 1912. He was also quarterback for his club football team in the fall of 1911, and won the middleweight wrestling event in the Indoor Sports of 1912. He was a registrar in the Library Association and a member of the Oademus. He graduated in 1912 and went on to graduate from the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, in 1916. During World War I, he was a Marine captain, twice wounded, and decorated with the Distinguished Service Cross, Navy Cross, Silver Star, and Croix de Guerre. He was in the banking and real estate business in Philadelphia for fifty years – most notably as vice-president in charge of the real estate department of the Fidelity Bank from 1935 to his retirement from the bank in 1958. He then became president of the Philadelphia real estate firm of Jackson-Cross Co., staying until his final retirement from business early in 1978. He had also been vice-president of Mirkill Co., a member of the board of managers of Western Savings Bank, and a director of many business firms. He was a director, in addition, of the Dunwoody Home and Lankenau Hospital, and general chairman of the 1950 United Fund Campaign. An honorary member of the First City Temple, he belonged to several social and recreational clubs in the Philadelphia area. He had great affection for the School and was notable for his humor and gregariousness. Surviving are his wife, the former Leslie A. McCarten; two sons, Arthur L. Wheeler, '39, and Frederic C. Wheeler, Jr., '40; seven grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

'14 - Edward Winslow Kane died June 4, 1978, at Utica, New York. He was born in Ossining, New York, June 9, 1895, the son of John Innes and Fanny Brandreth Kane. In his fondly remembered four years at St. Paul's, he became a member of the Concordian, played the cello in the Orchestra and, at Anniversary, 1914, won the 100-yard and 200-yard dashes and placed second in the 300-yard dash. He was a member of the class of 1918 at Princeton, but his college course was interrupted by two years in the Field Artillery in World War I – a service which included participation as an aerial observer in the St. Mihiel Offensive. After the war and until 1951, he worked in New York City, as a product engineer, for the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. He then moved to Utica, where he worked for Utica Drop Forge until his retirement. He was a former chairman of the zoning commission of the town of Webb, and had been a member of colonial and Revolutionary War societies. He is survived by a sister, Mrs. Mary Joyce. His wife, the former Katherine Barlow, whom he married in 1926, died in 1971.

'17 - Horace Fuller Henriques died in Greenwich, Connecticut, June 16, 1977. The younger brother of Herbert delL Henriques, '15, he was born in Morristown, New Jersey, June 20, 1899, the son of Dr. Henry Alfonso and Alice Dudley Mulligan Henriques. He entered the Second Form in 1912, and soon began to make his mark as an athlete. He was a Delphian and SPS tackle on the football teams of 1916. For two years he played in the forward line of the Delphian hockey team, and in 1917 was "point" on the SPS team. He was secretary of the Athletic Association and was a member of the Scientific Association. Immediately after graduation, he joined the Norton Harjes Ambulance Corps for service in France, transferring in October, 1917, to the United States Army ambulance service, and working under the French Army until the end of World War I. He was awarded the Croix de Guerre. After gaining experience in the flooring and then in the tool business, he became a salesman for the Air Reduction Sales Company. At the time of his retirement from that company more than thirty years later, he was senior vice-president. In retirement, he threw his energies into building the Allergy Foundation of America; he was president of the organization at his death and is listed as founder emeritus. He was Form Agent for 1917 for twenty-four years and was a member of various school and club boards and trade associations, but he really cared most for his family and the School friends (students and faculty) with whom he kept loyal contacts all his life. He is survived by his wife, Christine Corlett Henriques; a son, Horace F. Henriques, Jr., '47; a daughter, Christine H. Dodge; a sister, Mrs. Thurston Frost; and grandchildren, including Horace F. Henriques, 3d, '73, Peter G. Henriques, '76, and Elizabeth W. Henriques, '78.

'17 - David Carleton Sloane died July 28, 1978, in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. The son of John David and Gertrude Duval Newell Sloane, he was born April 4, 1898, in St. Paul, Minnesota. He was a member of the Concordian, and carried with his fine baritone voice the privilege of singing solos in the Choir. He was also an enthusiastic oarsman who narrowly missed his Halcyon letter when a last-minute shakeup in 1916 shifted the two top Halcyon crews, so that on Race Day, with most of the former first crew, he rowed in the second boat. He entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1917 and in his first year stroked the lightweight crew. After graduation, he joined the Sun Oil Company, retiring forty-one years later as manager of the company's Middle Atlantic Region. During World War II, he returned to active duty as a commander in the Navy and served as a naval observer in Dutch Guiana, and as operations officer in the port director's office at Pearl Harbor. He was a quietly humorous man with great capacity for friendship, and was affectionately loyal to St. Paul's. He is survived by his wife, Viola Schilling Sloane. He was an uncle of Dwight E. Robinson, Jr., '32.

'18 - Edward Wanton Gould, Jr., founder of the Gould Oil Co. of Hyannis, Massachusetts, died in Hyannis, October 16, 1978. He was seventy-nine years old. The son of Edward W. and Harriet Stone Gould, he was born in Staten Island, New York. His five years at St. Paul's stimulated a lasting devotion to the School which he served as Form Agent for many years. He was a member of the Delphian hockey team in 1918, and, in at least one of his years at the School, did well in the fall cross-country runs. He was a member of the class of 1922 at Princeton, and in 1925 began the Cape Cod oil firm which was his business to the time of his retirement in 1958. A resident of Barnstable, he was founder and former president of the Centerville Beach Club, a former member of the Barnstable finance committee, long a vestryman and senior warden of St. Mary's Episcopal Church in Barnstable, and treasurer of the Cape Cod Hospital. At the time of his 50th Reunion, he was largely responsible for the achievement of his Form in making the biggest 50th reunion gift ever given to St. Paul's up to that time. Until the last years, he would skate nearly every day in winter and swim every day in summer; at all seasons he was a very kind, thoughtful friend to many people. He is survived by his wife, Erline Gould; a daughter, Pauline
Reichel; a stepson, James R. Clements, '39; a sister, Mrs. Harry Kimbark, and five grandchildren.

18 – Bartlett Richards died in Jupiter, Florida, April 5, 1978. Until his retirement he had been vice-president of Acme Steel Co. of Chicago (now Interlake Steel). He was born in Coronado, California, August 28, 1901, son of Bartlett and Inez Elise Richards. At the time of his entrance to St. Paul's, in 1915, his family was living in Denver, Colorado. He was a member of the Cadman and the Scientific Association, and played on the Ithmian football team in his Sixth Form year. He graduated in 1918 and went on to Cornell, where he received a degree in mechanical engineering in 1922. He was a keen amateur photographer whose work included underwater photography. During the last few years, he had completed a biography of his father, an early rancher in Nebraska. Surviving are his wife, Beatrice Norton Richards; two sons, Bartlett Richards, 3d and Ralph N. Richards, and two grandchildren. He was a brother of the late Longley Richards, '16.

'19 – Carroll Beardsley Hills died March 31, 1978, at his home in Ipswich, Massachusetts, where he had lived since soon after his marriage in 1930. The son of William P. and Alice Woodruff Hills, he was born in Aurora, New York, November 8, 1898, and was at St. Paul's in Forms I to III, between 1914 and 1917. He was a member of the class of 1922 at Princeton, traveled widely in Europe in the twenties as a student of art and landscape design for the remainder of his life. In the decade after the war, also, he and Mrs. Hills engaged in a carriage and pony cart business. His allotment of his time and energy between work close to nature and the out-of-doors, and the world of books and contemplation, gave him a notable serenity and humor, which he shared with his family and a few close friends. He is survived by his wife, Consuelo B. Hills; two daughters, Alicia H. Moore, and Mathilda M. Hills, and one grandson.

'19 – Henry Yates Satterlee died in Burbank, California, September 29, 1977. He was born in Morgantown, North Carolina, April 8, 1900, the son of Churchill Satterlee, '85, and Helen Forsom Satterlee. He entered the First Form in 1915 and remained at the School until his eighteenth birthday in the spring of 1918, when he left to enlist in the Army. At St. Paul's, he had sung tenor in the Choir, and played on the Old Hundred and SPS football teams in the fall of 1917, and was in the forward line of his club hockey team that winter. Although he was sent overseas, World War I ended before he was assigned to combat. Upon release from the Army, he enrolled at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He became a property appraiser for J. P. Morgan & Co. after college, but left that work to form his own Autogyro Company, which pioneered in crop dusting and similar applications of the experimental aircraft which was later superseded by the helicopter. Later he worked at the Edo Aircraft Co., and at I. T. T. Cannon Electric in Los Angeles, before his retirement in 1972. Amateur radio was a hobby which absorbed him in his spare time for years, as he built and maintained his own equipment. He is survived by his second wife, Jean W. Satterlee; two daughters (by his first wife), Mrs. H. C. Rivers and Mrs. G. O. Engle; a son (also by his first wife), Henry Y. Satterlee, Jr., and a stepson, David F. Dryden.

'21 – Reginald Perry Rose, a retired stockbroker, died in Huntington, New York, July 5, 1978. Born May 23, 1903, in Old Westbury, New York, the son of George and Josephine Maginnis Rose, he studied at St. Paul's for the full six-year course. He was a member of the executive committees of the Missionary Society and the Lawn Tennis Association, and won Delphian letters in hockey and baseball in his Sixth Form year. A graduate of Harvard in the class of 1925, he became a stockbroker on Wall Street, had a seat on the New York Stock Exchange, and retired in 1968 as senior partner of De Coppep & Doremus. He was devoted to his family and his work; on holiday, he was a skilful fisherman. He is survived by his wife, Bertha Benkard Rose; two sons, R. Peter Rose, '46, and George N. Rose, '50; a sister, Mrs. John W. MacKay, and five grandchildren.

'21 – Thomas Denny Sargent, a retired banker, died at his home in Farmington, Connecticut, May 17, 1977. A leader of his class at both St. Paul's and Yale, he was Secretary of the Sixth Form of 1921. He was also secretary of the Concordian and the Athletic Association, as well as winning Delphian letters in football, hockey, and track, and SPS letters in football and hockey. In the Anniversary Track Meet of 1920, he won the half mile and, the next year, the 100-yard dash. His early business career was with the Connecticut General Life Insurance Co. From insurance he turned to banking. He was with the former Riverside Trust Co. until World War II; then spent three years in Washington, as a major in the office of the Army Chief of Finance. In 1947, he joined Hartford National Bank as assistant vice-president, serving as manager of the bank's West Hartford center office. He was transferred to the main office as vice-president in 1949, and became senior lending officer in 1952. In 1961, he was made senior vice-president. He held his final post, as executive vice-president in charge of the loan and investment division, from 1964 to 1966, when he retired. He had also been a director and treasurer of the Connecticut Development Credit Corp., a member of the Hartford Board of Finance, a corporator of the Institute of Living in Hartford, and senior warden of St. James' Episcopal Church in Farmington. He was a New Haven native, born December 30, 1901, the son of Joseph Denny and Clara Louise Weir Sargent. Warm and sensitive, and trusted by his associates, he was the most dependable of friends. He was survived at the time of his death by his wife, Elizabeth Owen Sargent (who has since died); two sons, Thomas O. Sargent, '45, and Joseph D. Sargent, '48; a brother, William F. Sargent; a sister, Mrs. Chester Pero, and eight grandchildren. He was also the brother of the late Joseph Weir Sargent, '16.

'23 – Henry Lockhart, 3d, died in Oxford, Maryland, October 6, 1977. Born in Mexico City, September 12, 1904, he entered St. Paul's in 1919 and stayed for two years. He was a student at Harvard College. During World War II, he served in the Maryland National Guard and for two years was with the Air Force as a ground crew mechanic, in the United States and Australia. His working career included the brokerage business, farm management, and the manufacture of building materials. Additionally, his diverse recreational interests engaged him in sailing, fishing, boat design and construction, historical research, painting, and writing. He was survived by a daughter, Elise; a son, Henry, and a brother, David Lockhart.

'24 – Arthur Abbot Thomas, 2d died in Bat­tle­boro, Vermont, May 8, 1977. The son of the Rev. Dr. George H. Thomas and Margaret Coddington Thomas, he came to St. Paul's from Chicago in the fall of 1920, and graduated in 1924. He took part in the Dramatic Club's entertainment on Lincoln's Birthday in his Sixth Form year and, as a member of the Old Hundred Track Team, was the winner, that spring, of the Bishop Challenge Cup for the mile run. He received his Ph.D. degree from Yale in 1931, and the degree of C.P.E. from California Institute of Technology in 1940. Aerospace management was his profession. Upon retiring, after many years with the Lockheed Aircraft Co. in California, he came east to Vermont and settled in Morrisville, familiar to him from summers spent in the area as a youth. He loved the outdoors, rode horseback, and had been a very active member of the Sierra Club during his California years. In addition, he was an avid reader with a most retentive memory, quick-minded, meticulous, and far­sighted in all his affairs, and wonderfully friendly and approachable. He is survived by his daughter, Mary Thomas, and a sister, Margaret.
25—John Waldo Douglas, retired leader in the aluminum industry, died in Danbury, Connecticut, June 3, 1978. He was seventy-one years old. A New York native, he was the son of Archibald and Edith M. Douglas, and younger brother of the late Archibald Douglas, Jr., ’22. He graduated in 1925, having played on the Old Hundred baseball team in three of his five years at St. Paul’s. After graduation from Yale in the class of 1929, he started work in the construction industry in New York City but, during the thirties, moved into the metals industry with the Beryllium Corporation, Phelps-Dodge Copper Products, and Revere Copper and Brass. In consequence, he spent the years between Pearl Harbor and the end of 1944 as chief of the Brass Mill Branch of the wartime Office of Production Management, in Washington, and as assistant director of the Copper Division of the War Production Board. After the war, he organized Republic Foil and Metal Mills, Inc., in Danbury, specializing in the rolling of plain, unbacked copper. He was elected president of the Aluminum Association in 1961 and, a year later, chairman of the board. Before his retirement in 1969 he served for a year as chairman of the association’s commodity-marketing policy committee. In retirement, he was elected an honorary life member of the board. He was a director of the Barden Corp., the Danbury Industrial Corp., the Kerie Co., and the Manufacturers’ Association of Connecticut, and was a trustee of Danbury Hospital and the Connecticut Public Expenditures Council of Hartford. In addition, he was a member of numerous other trade associations and civic organizations, local, state, and national. He is survived by his wife, the former Priscilla A. Lieb, and three sons, John W. Douglas, Jr., ’59, Stuart Douglas, ’61, and Alexander Douglas.

25—John Prentice Kellogg died in Towson, Maryland, March 10, 1978. Born June 11, 1905, he attended St. Paul’s from 1918 to 1923. Our information about his career is scanty, but it is known that for many years he was engaged in retail business in the Baltimore metropolitan area, as a manufacturer’s representative. He is survived by two daughters, Robin A. and Pamela C. Kellogg.

25—Jacquelin Allienne Swords died in New York City, where for forty-five years he had been a leading trial lawyer, March 30, 1978. The son of Charles R. Swords, ’90, and Florence Jacquelin Swords, he was born in New York City, January 31, 1907. His experiences in five years at St. Paul’s and the friendships he formed there matured as an unwavering loyalty to the School. He was a member of the Concordian and the Scientific Association, appeared in print once in the Horae with a story about Fritz Kreisler, and rowed on the Halcyon Crew of 1925. He was winner of the Coit Geometry Medal at his graduation in 1925. He was a member of the class of 1929 at Harvard, and received his law degree from Columbia in 1932. Upon graduation, he went to work in the New York firm of Cadwalader, Wickemans & Taft where, except for the war years, he remained for the rest of his life. He became a partner in 1940 and for many years was the firm’s presiding partner. His service in World War II was threefold: first he worked in Washington for six months, under his law partner, R. Keith Kane, in the Bureau of Intelligence of the Office of Facts and Figures; then, as a Naval Reserve lieutenant, he was a member of a special task force assigned to develop pilotless radio-controlled flying torpedoed, equipped with television cameras, intended to be crashed on enemy ships; and finally, in the spring of 1945, he was an active participant in the invasion of Okinawa. Discharged as a lieutenant commander, he returned to his law firm and undertook to strengthen its litigation branch. Over the next thirty years, he was chief counsel in a great variety of trials and appeals, where his penetrating mind seemed always able to find the vital center and unravel the complexities of whatever problem was put before him. He was a man of uncommon patience, humor, honesty, and fairness, of whom it was said that he never took a petty shot. Loving courtroom practice in particular, he made his last argument only a few days before his death. He took active part in the work of Planned Parenthood, and was a director of the Samaritan Home for the Aged of the City of New York, and a valued member of social and professional clubs in New York City. He is survived by his wife, the former Helen de Lancey Kountze; a son, Peter de L. Swords, ’53; a daughter, Lucinda Rosselli del Turco; a brother, Gerard S. Swords, ’34, and five grandchildren.

25—Henry Augustus Wilmerding, Jr. died in Mineola, New York, June 17, 1978. He was born in Flushing, New York, May 12, 1906, the son of Henry A. and Magdelaine Wilmerding, ’26. He was the son of Augustus Wilmerding, Jr., ’25, Stuart Douglas, ’61, and Alexander Douglas. He was a Brother of the parents association and came to the School as a First Former. He was a Cadmean, won Old Hundred letters in hockey for two years, (he was team captain in 1925), and was a member of the Shattuck and SPS Crews in the spring of his graduation. He was a member of the class of 1929 at Yale. During World War II, he served for four and a half years in the Navy, rising to the rank of commander. He was commanding officer of the destroyer escort, USS Bates, in the invasions of Normandy, Iwo Jima, Keramo Retto, and Okinawa; was injured in the sinking of the Bates in a kamikaze attack off Okinawa; and was awarded the Silver and Bronze Stars and the Croix de Guerre. He was a private investor, and had served as a director of the Consolidated Oil and Gas Co. of Denver, Colorado, the Providence Journal, and the Templeton Growth Fund. He was also a trustee of Nassau Hospital in Mineola. He had a tract of land in Georgia where he ran a working farm and where he and his friends shot quail, dove, and duck. He was an enthusiastic sportsman, a keen shot, and loved sailing and golf, but the friendships he had made at St. Paul’s were associated with his most lasting pleasures. He is survived by his wife, Kathleen R. Wilmerding; two sons, Henry A. Wilmerding, Jr., ’57, and Patrick B. Wilmerding; one daughter, Georgie W. Wilmerding, ’28, and ten grandchildren, the eldest of whom, Henry A. Wilmerding, 3d, is a Third Former.

26—Edward Latham Bond, retired Boston investment banker, died at his home in Dedham, Massachusetts, July 27, 1978. Born June 21, 1906, in Seattle, Washington, he was the son of Louis Whitford Bond, ’83, and Mary Hyde Bond, and younger brother of the late Marshall G. Bond, ’16. He studied at St. Paul’s for three years, 1921 to 1924. In 1928, he embarked on a career in investment banking at the First Boston Corp., in Boston, Massachusetts, staying with the bank for forty-three years and becoming vice-president by the time of his retirement in 1971. He was a trustee and member of the board of investments of Eliot Savings Bank in Boston, a former corporator of the East Boston Savings Bank, trustee and chairman of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and a director of the International S.P.C.A. He had also been a fellow of Colby College and co-chairman of the parents association and graduate parents association of the college. He was an enthusiastic golfer and former fisherman. His St. Paul’s memories were important to him and not only kept him in touch with members of his Form but also drew him back to class reunions at School. In his last years, travel was his greatest enjoyment. He is survived by his wife, Virginia Q. Bond, to whom he was married in 1934; a son, Whitford S. Bond, and two grandchildren.

30—John Lawrence Barnard, author and former United States Consul General in the Bahamas, died August 5, 1977, in New York City. The son of J. Augustus and Margaret
Walsh Barnard, he was born in New York City, January 28, 1912, and entered the Second Form in 1925. Though he sang in the Glee Club and was a member of the Isth- 
mian track team, his School record reveals few surface indications of the lasting influence which he gratefully acknowledged in his autobiography, "Gently Down the Stream," published in 1976. He graduated from Yale in 1934. After six months of travel, he worked on Wall Street and at TIME Magazine but, in the last years before World 
War II, he began a writing career, producing two well-received novels in the Fitzgerald manner, "Revelry by Night," and "Land of Promise." He served in military intelligence in Washington, Paris, and Rome, during the war, became a major, and held the post of 
deputy chief of the Eastern European 
Section. After the war, he joined the State 
Department's Office of Intelligence Research. Later he transferred to the Foreign Service 
and served as Consul General in Aruba, Nether- 
lands West Indies, and as Consul in Antwerp, Belgium, before his final appointment in 
1960, as the first United States repre- 
sentative in the Bahamas, with the rank of 
Consul General. He retired in 1966, but built a 
winter home in the Bahamas where he spent several months each year until his 
death. He was survived by his wife, Diana 
Kissel Barnard (now Mrs. Alan T. Schu- 
macher); three daughters, Mrs. Daphne 
Davis, Mrs. Sylvia Brown, and Mrs. Pamela 
Ruzicka, and four grandchildren.

Paul's, where he was a student from 1927 to 
1931, he was a substitute on the Old Hun- 
dred football team of 1930, and was a member of the Scientific Association and the 
Concordian. He also attended the Evans 
School in Arizona and the University of Ari- zona. His first position in the textile indus- 
try — the chief interest of his life — was with his father's family firm of Clarence Whitman & Sons. Later, he was with Iselin & Jefferson for some thirty years, and finally with Bea- con Manufacturing Co. until his retirement. 
He was also more briefly employed in the early part of his career by National City 
Bank and Brown Brothers Harriman in New 
York City, and was a runner for Dominic 
and Dominic on Wall Street. While his health 
permitted, his favorite recreation was bird 
hunting. A resident of Water Mill, New York, 
for the past dozen years, he was a member 
of the house committee of the Racquet Club 
in New York, a governor of the Southamp- 
ton Club and former governor of the Shin- 
neck Hills Golf Club for many years. He is 
survived by his wife, Henriette Tjaarda 
Whitman, whom he married in 1937; a son, 
the Rev. H. Morton Whitman, and a daugh- 
ter, Lucia W. Jones.

'41 — Mistakenly and most regrettably, the 
Horse listed "McCullough Darlington, Jr., 
'41" among deceased alumni, in the last 
issue. McCullough Darlington, '41, is alive and well. It was his son, not an alumnus of 
St. Paul's, who died September 26, 1977.

'42 — Allen Evans, 3d died at his home in 
Born in Morton, Pennsylvania, in 1922, the 
son of the Very Rev. Dr. Allen Evans, Jr. and 
Elizabeth Holloway Evans, he studied at St. Paul's for two years and later graduat- ed from Haverford School. During World 
War II, he served in the Army infantry and 
was in action in the Battle of the Bulge and 
Hurtgen Forest. He attended the Wharton 
School of the University of Pennsylvania. 
He became executive director of the Ameri- 
can Council of Economic Education, director 
of the Health Service Plan of Pennsylvania 
(Philadelphia's first federally funded health 
maintenance organization), and a director of the Garrett Williamson Foundation and 
the Pan American Association. He had also 
been on the boards of the Montgomery 
Country Day School of Wynnewood, Penn- 
sylvania, and of the Sheltering Arms of Phila- 
delphia. He loved life and his fellow man 
and held happy recollections of his SPS 
years. He is survived by his wife, Josephine 
Shober Evans; four sons, Allen, Emlen 
Hutchinson, Cadwalader, and Victor Mather 
Evans, and a sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Evans 
Walker.

'57 — John Frederic Byers, 3d, New York 
real estate developer, died in New York City, 
December 31, 1977. He was thirty-eight 
years old. The son of the late J. Frederic 
Byers, Jr., '32, and Alison Grace Byers, he 
was a student at St. Paul's for five years. He 
was a good athlete, playing Isthmian foot- 
ball, hockey, and lacrosse at first team level, 
and in the year of his graduation he was cap- 
tain of his club lacrosse team and a member of the School team. He was also a member of the Glee Club, the Cercle Francais, the 
Rifle Club, and the Missionary Society. His 
memor-
THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H. 03301

President
Benjamin R. Neilson, '56 .............. Ballard, Spahr, Andrews & Ingersoll, 50 South 17th St., Philadelphia, PA 19103

Vice-Presidents
William Chisholm, Jr., '46, Cleveland
Albert F. Gordon, '55, New York
George Murnane, Jr., '55, New York
Byam K. Stevens, Jr., '48, New York

Treasurer, Robert G. Patterson, '55, New York
Assistant Treasurers
Robert L. Clark, '61, Boston
Christopher J. Elkus, '59, New York
Clerk, Coolidge M. Chapin, '35, Concord, N. H.
Assistant Clerk, E. Katharine Turpin, '73, Concord, N. H.

Executive Director, Julien D. McKee, '37, Concord, N. H.
Alumni Fund Chairman, Byam K. Stevens, Jr., '48, New York

DIRECTORS
(to Anniversary, 1979)
William H. Moore, 3d, '58
George Murnane, Jr., '55
Benjamin R. Neilson, '56
Byam K. Stevens, Jr., '48
William M. Whetzel, '68

(to Anniversary, 1980)
Charles D. Dickey, Jr., '36
Robert G. Patterson, '55
Charles Scribner, 3d, '69
Ralph T. Starr, '44
Frederick C. Wissell, Jr., '52

(to Anniversary, 1981)
William Chisholm, Jr., '46
Peter G. Gerry, '64
Albert F. Gordon, '55
Horace F. Henriques, Jr., '47
Michael R. Russell, '72

Form of 1928 Director, Beekman H. Pool, '28
Form of 1978 Director, Todd S. Purdum, '78

REGIONAL CHAIRMEN AND COMMITTEES

Atlanta
Hillyer McD. Young, '59

Baltimore
Philip C. Iglehart, '57

Boston
John M. Carroll, '46

Buffalo
Charles P. Stevenson, '57, Ch.

Chicago
John K. Greene, '47, Ch.
Committee
John D. Purdy, 4th, '59
Frank F. Reed, 2nd, '46
Theodore D. Ticken, Jr., '62
Donald P. Welles, Jr., '45

Cincinnati
Lee A. Carter, '57

Cleveland
William Chisholm, Jr., '46, Ch.
Committee
Chisholm Halle, '51

Detroit
Selden B. Daune, Jr., '54

Hartford
Charles J. Cole, '36

Indianapolis
Cornelius O. Alig, Jr., '39

Long Island, N.Y.
Joseph B. Hartmeyer, '45

Los Angeles
Stuart W. Cramer, 3d, '47

Louisville
G. Hunt Rounsavall, '65

Maine
Charles D. McKee, '58

Memphis
Timmons L. Treadwell, 3d, '41

Minneapolis
John S. Pillsbury, 3d, '56

North Carolina
Hugh MacRae, 2d, '43

Northern New Jersey

Omaha
Bruce R. Lauritzen, '61, Ch.
Committee
Haven N. B. Pell, '64

Philadelphia
Henry McK. Ingersoll, '47

Phoenix
J. Oliver Cunningham, '37

Pittsburgh
F. Brooks Robinson, '50

Portland, Ore.
Guy B. Pope, '54

Wilmington
Michael L. Hershey, '56

W. Walker Lewis, 3d, '63, Treasurer ........ Washington, D. C.
John R. McLane, Jr., '34 Clerk ............... Manchester, N. H.
Katherine R. N. Munson ................. Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Benjamin R. Neilson, '56 .............. Philadelphia
Kaiighn Smith, '46 .............. Philadelphia
Ralph T. Starr, '44 .............. Philadelphia
Colton P. Wagner, '37 .............. New York
Frederick C. Wissell, Jr., '52 .............. New York

CORPORATION OF ST. PAUL’S SCHOOL

Samuel R. Callaway, '32, President .......... Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.
William A. Oates, Rector ............... Concord, N. H.
George F. Baker, 3d, '57 .............. New York
John Elliott, Jr., '38 .............. New York
Elizabeth R. Fondaras .............. New York
Frederic C. Hamilton .............. Denver
Eugenie A. Havemeyer .............. New York
August Hecksher, '32 .............. New York
Amory Houghton, Jr., '45 .............. Cornning, N. Y.
James W. Kinnear, 3d, '46 .............. Greenwich, Conn.