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)

1979
December 13, Thursday
Autumn Term closes:
Hockey vs. Exeter Academy, Watson Rink, Cambridge

1980
January 4, Friday
Winter Term Opens

February 8-11
1:30 p.m. Friday to 6 p.m. Monday
Mid-Winter Weekend

March 6, Thursday
March 28, Friday
May 30-June 1
Friday ev'g through Sunday noon
June 1, Sunday at 2 p.m.
June 6, Friday

Winter Term closes
Spring Term opens
Hundred and Twenty-fourth Anniversary
Graduation of Sixth Form of 1980
Spring Term closes
## Contents

**Vol. 59, No. 3  AUTUMN 1979**

### The School

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Rector’s Letter</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The School in Action</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Millville Notes</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fall Sports</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The New Students</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Advanced Studies Program: the</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Growth of a Tradition</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Fund for SPS</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Communications Workshop</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Alumni

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>“I Found Happiness as a Milkman”</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Books</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Editorial</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Letters</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faculty &amp; New Faculty Notes</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Form Notes</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deceased</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*The Cover:* A reminder of the days before electricity and imported oil, the School’s old Gas House (1880), now a post office, invites leisurely conversation in mid-October.

But, we miss them."

One of the custodians in the Schoolhouse was speaking with me yesterday afternoon. It was a Surprise Holiday, a day without classes which has become almost a School tradition at the Halloween season. I had commented to him that it must have been pleasant to have less sand and dirt to sweep from floors, and fewer chairs to return to regular order in the classrooms, and, altogether, a change in the work schedule. He had responded, "Yes, of course, that is true. But we miss them."

How active students are. And how full our lives are as a result of their activities. The calendar of events each day, called "This Week at St. Paul's" and issued every Friday afternoon, lists meetings and lectures, hikes and climbs, bridge tournaments and bicycle road races, special movies and musical performances, and field trips. Further events are added each day at "Reports" — announcements read to the School after Morning Chapel.

For many fall activities, Parents Day provides a particularly interesting culmination. Parents and younger brothers and sisters, grandparents and family friends flock to the School for a weekend in late October for what has become a superb School festival. Twenty years ago, when the first Parents Day was held, the families of thirty percent of our students attended. This fall that percentage had grown to seventy, and we entertained twelve hundred people in the Cage for luncheon. Joyful family reunions compete with energetic efforts by students to show families and friends everything that is going on in Millville. The activities close on Sunday morning when the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul is filled to overflowing for a service that stirs old and young alike. Ten SPS and Junior Varsity teams competed in games and contests against other schools at the Lower Grounds on Parents Day: 148 students, or thirty percent of the student body, represented the School that day. In comparison, on the afternoon of the first Parents Day, twenty years ago, there was one game only, a football game between the First Teams of the
Isthmian and Old Hundred Clubs, in which forty-eight boys, or eleven percent of the School participated. We know that our athletic program has changed greatly in these years, losing many strengths that were part of the old system. But we have made some gains too, and greater participation is one of these new strengths of which we are glad to be aware.

Twenty years ago our guests were invited to see a movie in Memorial Hall, the Saturday evening of Parents Day. “The Horse’s Mouth” was the offering. Now the Saturday evening of Parents Day has become “show time for the fine arts.” This year the SPS Band, thirty-four students strong, played several selections, as did the SPS Chamber Orchestra of seventeen students. And seventy-seven students sang, as the Chorus and the SPS Madrigal Singers performed, followed by thirty-nine ballet students in performances that were for some early and tentative in their study, and for others remarkably skilled. An interesting and effectively performed one-act play, presented by twelve students from the Drama Class, closed the evening.

Thus, (omitting duplications), 257 boys and girls, slightly more than half of our 497 students, participated in this busy day. The guidance and leadership and hard work of the faculty were essential to every activity, of course. And the hard work of the School staff supported the day in many essential ways.

Yes, we enjoy them, our students, when they are busy with their activities, and “we miss them” when change alters our daily lives. Sometimes the change is greater, as at Graduation. We miss them when they leave at the end of Sixth Form year. This change, seemingly so final and permanent, for many simply ushers in a new relationship as students become alumni. Many return for Anniversary celebrations and reunions, and many keep in close touch with faculty members in continuing bonds of friendship. Just this afternoon I talked with a 1978 graduate who was able to give me essential information about a School situation that had not previously come to me. And students stay in touch with us through letters, which are so welcome to receive. A month ago a member of the faculty received a letter from a friend who had graduated several years ago, which said in part:

I want to thank you for something you helped me see during my last year at SPS. . . . I learned that I had nothing to be afraid of. All that I needed was courage, which I already had, but which I had hidden. . . . I learned that all that one needs to effect a change in one’s life is a little courage to slough off the old and familiar and to welcome the new and unknown . . . .

Yes, we do miss them. We miss their presence, but they are with us still in thought and concern and in the happy memories that we can share.

Tonight is Halloween. Ford House plans a parade around the School, beginning at 5 p.m., led by the Shattuck Barge drawn by horses. Faculty children will fill the barge for a merry ride, accompanied in the barge by the Ford House Jazz Band of six pieces. There will be a stop at Foster, transformed tonight into a Haunted House. And later there will be. . . . Activities and pleasures, and also hard work, fill our lives, as you see. We are busy learning and living. How fortunate each of us feels we are, to be here. And we treasure your interest in us and your support for us. I send greetings from an active and growing School.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

October 31, 1979
Just over a month ago the Editor of the *Alumni Horae* presented me with an October 22 deadline for this piece. Easy. Plenty of time to think and plan, but today is October 15, and the task is not as clear as it seemed four weeks ago. I have spent several recent afternoons gazing from the study of our Hillside Cottage seeking an inspiration, but my mind wandered to the autumn brilliance of the maples between our house and Middle, just across the street, and to a particular still-green maple on the lawn. Why had the one remained in its summer color, while its neighbors were a mixture of bright yellows and reds even on a heavily overcast afternoon? The change to autumn and the "holding fast to that which is good"?

Something was stirring in my mind, but the thoughts were not clear enough to set down.

A rather serious conversation with two colleagues earlier in the day had helped to crystallize and reorder my thoughts, when still another afternoon's contemplation at the study window provided the catalyst—in the person of one of the School's best loved and best known people, Coolidge Chapin. Clad in cap and woolen jacket, rake in hand, Cal dimbed over a nearby stone wall trailed by the day's work squad, among them a few Sixth Formers probably on their last such chore at the School. Though I could not see them, I suspected other groups were busy cleaning the walls of the Squash Courts and last season's puck marks from the boards in The Rink, making each locale ready for the winter season, though we are, on this day, not half way through the fall athletic schedules.

Seeing Cal set my thoughts in motion, bringing them into focus after days of fretting and frustration. He retires from the School in June, and my first thoughts were of how many exciting and brilliant changes he had seen in his long and lustrous career; how many times he had seen anxious maples hasten into their fall dress while others begged for still another summer day. How much of the School was the same as in his student days?

Could any of those Sixth Formers out there with him have any notion of what has held fast, and what has changed through those years? What would they know so well on their return in 25 years, or 50 years? What would be different?

On asking those questions of myself, I recalled a classroom digression by my college Shakespeare professor who remarked on how thrilling it was for him to know that his acquaintances and friends could stretch a hundred years through the college's history—those of us who sat before him, and the older alumni he knew as a student there himself. From all of these people he was able to see and to understand change and permanence in the institution.

A student's days in the School are short, but the experience can be broadened through association with the Cal Chapins, in one direction, and with students of the future as he returns for reunions. Thus, Cal, his work squad, my old professor, and the red, yellows, and greens of this fall day in a convoluted manner brought my mind to the Forms of 1980, 1955, 1930, the three which will share center stage at Anniversary-Graduation on May 31–June 1.

Since "The School in Action" has been a part of the *Alumni Horae* from the beginning of the magazine in 1921, I can refer back to what concerned its authors in 1954 and 1929, in the autumn issues of the *Horae*, 25 and 50 years ago. Austin Higgins, who wrote...
in the fall of 1954, aided my case.

The School reassembled this fall replete with new boys to the number of one hundred and one. The Sixth Form returned early as a committee of welcome to help familiarize the novices with school life and to allay the anxieties of the first few days. Thirteen new masters took their places on the faculty. We came back to a scene of busy construction... on the new Middle to the point where the faculty quarters are almost blocked in. At this writing the rink, which we are told is going to be known as "The Rink," is virtually finished. The weather has been exceptionally fine with a result that the teams, soccer, football, and cross country, have flourished. My agents tell me that the Old Hundreds have it all the way, but it is too early to offer predictions with any confidence. Needless to say, there has been a certain amount of activity on the intellectual level [with the Birckhead, other lectures and drama].

The Sacred Studies, English, and History Departments have been experimenting with correlation this term.

The School did also reassemble this fall, with new boys and girls to the number of one hundred and seventy, and the Sixth Form, aided by several Fifth Formers, returned two days early to welcome and to help the new with the complexities of life in a new environment. Twelve new teachers and four interns joined the ranks of the faculty, among them three alumni, Carl J. Lovejoy '75, Pauline T. Maguire '74, and Clinton M. Van Dusen '72. The presence of the sixteen new faculty members prompted The Pelican to inquire: "What has thirty-two feet and sixteen eager red pens?"

And we did come back this fall to a scene of busy construction as work continues on the music and dance buildings located on the hillside behind the Schoolhouse overlooking the meadow. The new drama facility, still called the New Drama Facility, opened last winter term and was used extensively throughout the spring (and during the summer by the Advanced Studies Program). The building is now the scene of term-long preparations for Thurber Carnival, an Independent Study Program production of two Sixth Formers. The completion of the music and dance buildings by spring will complement the fine arts quarters in Hargate and provide the School with superior working areas for our steadily growing programs in the arts.

Reflecting on Austin Higgins' words of a quarter century ago, it is appropriate to note that one of the occupants of the faculty quarters in Middle is the nearly year-old daughter of the Tenneys, Catherine, the first child born to a woman faculty member. The second faculty mother is Linda Kelley of the Modern Language Department. A daughter, Erin Eileen, shares the Kellys' apartment in Kittredge.

My own agents have informed me that the Old Hundreds clearly have first team soccer in hand, though the Delphians lead the seconds and thirds. Many of the varsity and club games have been played in the prevailing unkind weather of this fall.

The weather! Should it be mentioned at all? Outrageous! Rain in abundance, though Cricket Holiday on the third Thursday of the term was the epitome of all one could ask of September in New Hampshire. Two weeks later, the SPS-Exeter soccer game was played in snow!

The Intellectual Sphere

Within the intellectual sphere activity abounds. Classes, of course; but our lives are also enriched almost daily by attractive and lively programs to supplement the 129 academic courses offered this term. With the first-in-the-nation Presidential Primary due in February, New Hampshire is increasingly in the political limelight, and we at SPS are able to discover the candidates' views. During the Advanced Studies Program last summer, Congressman Philip Crane addressed the students, and already this fall the School has heard Congressman John B. Anderson. As the political season wears on, we

Sr. Rafael Fuster shows off his goddaughter, Catherine Tenney, the first child born at St. Paul's to a woman faculty member.
expect others.

The Birkhehead Lecture was given in mid-October by Alan Gussow, an artist and proponent of ecological awareness who discussed his dual role in the areas of environmental protection and development. The Sylvan Woodwind Quintet made its St. Paul's debut in the year's first Keiser Concert. Students of dance are preparing a short program for Parents Day, as are those in music and drama. The dancers are also rehearsing scenes from the Nutcracker to be given as the Christmas Holidays near.

Some members of the English, History, and Religion (formerly Sacred Studies) Departments are experimenting this year with the correlation of English 3 and the History-Religion offering of “Origins of the West.” While the curricula of the two courses are separate, themes arising in one area of study are mirrored by those in the other with a different emphasis.

Thumb through the pages of the Alumni Horae for the fall of 1929 in search of “The School in Action,” I paused at the page facing Dr. Drury’s “Rector’s Letter,” where a color plate reproduced the portrait of Willard Scudder, presented to the School in that year by the Alumni Association. The portrait now hangs in the School’s guest house, and Mr. Scudder, properly attired in his Halcyon blazer, keeps company with our visitors in the attractive cottage that bears his name.

I noted with some amusement Dr. Drury’s comment: “By the way, there will arrive this month from England another consignment, undoubtedly the last(!) [sic] of School Plates.” School plates, with current scenes, are still available!

Fall 1929 in Action

“The School in Action” by an anonymous Alumnus Master followed the Drury letter, and I borrow a bit as evidence, along with School Plates, that while we are now different, we are also the same.

The fall term began on September 26. With the game against St. George’s in prospect in mid-November, football practice began at once... Fifty-six boys are enrolled in the Honor Classes of the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Forms... They set up a standard of independence and initiative in studies, that, besides strengthening the school, definitely helps to bridge the gap between School and University... The Forestry Club, under the guidance of Dr. Haslam and Mr. Harman, has been doing maintenance work on the path around the pond. The bridge across the neck of the swamp back of the New Upper has been repaired and resurfaced with dirt... The New Buildings are starting their third year. The change from the old acoes in the School was so great that the ultimate way of life that is to characterize this new unit has probably not developed... When a boy is through with athletics, he can curl up on his bed and read a novel, or play the phonograph in the common room, or study at his desk... There is also to be noticed an increase in the responsibility and influence of Sixth Form Supervisors...

By our September 26 the Fall Term was two weeks old, and indeed the football team was hard at work preparing for a season, not to include St. George’s. That November match is the province of the field hockey team, a game now in its fifth year, engendering a strong and friendly rivalry.

While several academic departments maintain Honors sections, it is significant to note that eight Sixth Formers have been designated as Semi-Finalists by the National Merit Scholarship Program, an honor coming to them from high scores on the Preliminary Scholastic Aptitude Test taken in the Fifth Form year. Twenty-one Sixth Formers received scores of 4 or 5 (a 5 being the top attainable) in Advanced Placement college examinations taken in the spring of the Fifth Form year! (The usual time for taking Advanced Placement examinations is the spring of the senior year of high school.)

While Sixth Formers are preparing their college applications, they also
work diligently on a labor of love. Lee Harkins was a member of the Form of 1980 during her brief time at the School as a Fourth Former. She died last year of Hodgkins disease, and her Formmates give much of their free time in efforts about the School to raise funds for the Lee Harkins Fund to aid those afflicted as she was. The young do not easily forget.

Beavers, Roof Ball, etc.

Since mid-summer, maintenance work on the path around the pond appears to have been taken care of by a colony of beavers lately moved into the area, the first in that portion of the grounds in years. They are busily rearranging the flow of water at the west end of the pond, occasionally flooding the path at high water (common this fall).

Behind the Upper, no longer "New" as the "Old" for which it was new was razed some years ago, one can find on almost any fall or spring evening students playing roof ball, a game as unique to St. Paul's as the Wall game is to Eton, or "blitzball" is to the fictitious Devon School of A Separate Peace. Some of our neighbors here on the hill are the boys of Foster, whose predecessors in that house created "Fosterball," a variation of volleyball. While roof ball is open to all who solve its intricate rules, Fosterball is open only to Foster's occupants, the true experts.

The New Buildings of the 1929 Alummi Horae are, of course, what we now refer to as The Quad, and perhaps the residents of those four buildings have reached "the ultimate way of life that is to characterize" these houses. Two, Brewster and Simpson, are girls' dormitories; Ford and Manville continue as boys'. One can surely "curl up on his bed and read a novel," but the phonograph of the Common Room has become the personal stereo of each room's occupant. Ford's boys provided an early highlight of this term's social season by sponsoring an all-school dance in the Gates Room, and on occasion the Ford boys have donned black tie for an exclusive dance with their neighbors from Simpson.

Following examples set by last year's Sixth Formers under the guidance of Cal Chapin and by conjecture about what those young people would see of the familiar and of the new in their school in 2005 and 2030, their Twenty-fifth and Fiftieth Reunions. The piece is also, in part, the product of the two who wrote "The School in Action" in the falls of the Sixth Form years of 1930 and 1955. Thus, the School in Action is seen through different eyes in different times. If granted one wish, I would hope that alumni who return at Anniversary, particularly of the Forms of 1930 and 1955, will come to know some in the Form of 1980. Mingle together, become acquainted. You are important to them, and they to you. They should learn of the past as you wish to learn of the present.

And all work for this School together. It needs you all in future falls of yellows, reds, and greens.

SPSAA Officers and FA's Meet at SPS

Thirty-two of the officers and directors of the Alumni Association and thirty-six Form Agents returned to School, Friday evening, October 12. A program was presented that night and the next morning designed to give them as much information as possible about the School, and thereby to increase their effectiveness as spokesmen for the School to and from their respective Forms. Almost every Form, from 1925 to 1979, was represented by either a Form Director or Form Agent. Many were represented by both.

Benjamin R. Neilson, '56, President of the Alumni Association, and the Rector and Mrs. Oates welcomed the alumni leaders and their wives at a dinner Friday night. Sophia Faskianos, a graduating Fifth Former this year, and Nathan Copple of the Sixth Form, a Cook Scholar from Montana, addressed the group.

Both students spoke candidly and enthusiastically about their years at SPS and the education they are receiving. Sophia said she chose St. Paul's because of the excellence of its academic and dance programs. She explained that she wanted to graduate from school and college at the youngest possible age so that her physical development would still allow her to have the option of a career as a ballet dancer. Nate spoke of the shock of coming East from 'Big Sky' country. He commented approvingly on the interest in ecology and concern for the environment which he found here, and encouraged easterners to be even more appreciative of the beauty of their natural surroundings.

The next morning, the Rector met with the visitors for almost two hours. To help make the discussions productive, he had sent them two books of background papers to read in advance of the meeting. The papers contained detailed information about many aspects of the School—finances, programs, activities—describing present situations, and stating plans and hopes.

The Rector invited the guests to ask any questions they wanted, and the response was immediate and heavy. To answer the questions, the Rector spoke on a broad range of subjects, including the faculty, the composition of the student body, college placement, the Independent Study Program, minority recruitment (student and faculty), chapel services and religion, the impact of coeducation, athletics, and discipline.

Following the meeting with the Rector, Ralph T. Starr, '44, General Chairman of The Fund for SPS, reported on the progress of the campaign, and Byam K. Stevens, Jr., '48, Alumni Fund Chairman, led a seminar for Form Agents.

Many of the directors of the Alumni Association who attended these meetings are Form Directors who were elected by their formmates. Having them on the Board makes the Association more representative and responsive and greatly extends and strengthens the School's leadership. It is planned that the Association Board will meet at the School with the Rector at least once a year, to assure that the group is kept well informed of the problems and concerns of the Trustees and Administration. Forms that have not yet elected their directors will be asked to do so this winter and next. By 1981, every Form from the 50th Anniversary Form to the most recently graduated Form will be represented on the Board.

CRARC Day Camp

A summer day camp sponsored by the Concord Regional Association for Retarded Citizens was permitted by the School to use the Lower Grounds clubhouse and the grounds in its vicinity on weekdays during the month of July. The group included fifteen to twenty retarded young people and adults, together with a large corps of counselors.

The campers engaged in outdoor games and crafts, keeping the clubhouse as a resource for rainy days. The venture proved to be such a benefit for all concerned that the School expects to continue permitting this summer use of Lower Grounds facilities, if the day camp so desires.

Bishops Hear Fifth Former

James K. Demaree, '81, was chosen by 450 Episcopal Church young people attending the Triennial General Convention of the Church in Denver, Colorado, in September, as their spokesman before the House of Bishops.

He presented the Presiding Bishop, John M. Allin, a check for $300, the offering at a youth Eucharist, and was applauded by the bishops and onlookers when he asked the House to consider young people "part of the Church now, as well as the Church of the future."

CRARC Day Camp

A summer day camp sponsored by the Concord Regional Association for Retarded Citizens was permitted by the School to use the Lower Grounds clubhouse and the grounds in its vicinity on weekdays during the month of July. The group included fifteen to twenty retarded young people and adults, together with a large corps of counselors.

The campers engaged in outdoor games and crafts, keeping the clubhouse as a resource for rainy days. The venture proved to be such a benefit for all concerned that the School expects to continue permitting this summer use of Lower Grounds facilities, if the day camp so desires.

Bishops Hear Fifth Former

James K. Demaree, '81, was chosen by 450 Episcopal Church young people attending the Triennial General Convention of the Church in Denver, Colorado, in September, as their spokesman before the House of Bishops.

He presented the Presiding Bishop, John M. Allin, a check for $300, the offering at a youth Eucharist, and was applauded by the bishops and onlookers when he asked the House to consider young people "part of the Church now, as well as the Church of the future."

CRARC Day Camp

A summer day camp sponsored by the Concord Regional Association for Retarded Citizens was permitted by the School to use the Lower Grounds clubhouse and the grounds in its vicinity on weekdays during the month of July. The group included fifteen to twenty retarded young people and adults, together with a large corps of counselors.

The campers engaged in outdoor games and crafts, keeping the clubhouse as a resource for rainy days. The venture proved to be such a benefit for all concerned that the School expects to continue permitting this summer use of Lower Grounds facilities, if the day camp so desires.

Bishops Hear Fifth Former

James K. Demaree, '81, was chosen by 450 Episcopal Church young people attending the Triennial General Convention of the Church in Denver, Colorado, in September, as their spokesman before the House of Bishops.

He presented the Presiding Bishop, John M. Allin, a check for $300, the offering at a youth Eucharist, and was applauded by the bishops and onlookers when he asked the House to consider young people "part of the Church now, as well as the Church of the future."

CRARC Day Camp

A summer day camp sponsored by the Concord Regional Association for Retarded Citizens was permitted by the School to use the Lower Grounds clubhouse and the grounds in its vicinity on weekdays during the month of July. The group included fifteen to twenty retarded young people and adults, together with a large corps of counselors.

The campers engaged in outdoor games and crafts, keeping the clubhouse as a resource for rainy days. The venture proved to be such a benefit for all concerned that the School expects to continue permitting this summer use of Lower Grounds facilities, if the day camp so desires.

Bishops Hear Fifth Former

James K. Demaree, '81, was chosen by 450 Episcopal Church young people attending the Triennial General Convention of the Church in Denver, Colorado, in September, as their spokesman before the House of Bishops.

He presented the Presiding Bishop, John M. Allin, a check for $300, the offering at a youth Eucharist, and was applauded by the bishops and onlookers when he asked the House to consider young people "part of the Church now, as well as the Church of the future."

CRARC Day Camp

A summer day camp sponsored by the Concord Regional Association for Retarded Citizens was permitted by the School to use the Lower Grounds clubhouse and the grounds in its vicinity on weekdays during the month of July. The group included fifteen to twenty retarded young people and adults, together with a large corps of counselors.

The campers engaged in outdoor games and crafts, keeping the clubhouse as a resource for rainy days. The venture proved to be such a benefit for all concerned that the School expects to continue permitting this summer use of Lower Grounds facilities, if the day camp so desires.

Bishops Hear Fifth Former

James K. Demaree, '81, was chosen by 450 Episcopal Church young people attending the Triennial General Convention of the Church in Denver, Colorado, in September, as their spokesman before the House of Bishops.

He presented the Presiding Bishop, John M. Allin, a check for $300, the offering at a youth Eucharist, and was applauded by the bishops and onlookers when he asked the House to consider young people "part of the Church now, as well as the Church of the future."

CRARC Day Camp

A summer day camp sponsored by the Concord Regional Association for Retarded Citizens was permitted by the School to use the Lower Grounds clubhouse and the grounds in its vicinity on weekdays during the month of July. The group included fifteen to twenty retarded young people and adults, together with a large corps of counselors.

The campers engaged in outdoor games and crafts, keeping the clubhouse as a resource for rainy days. The venture proved to be such a benefit for all concerned that the School expects to continue permitting this summer use of Lower Grounds facilities, if the day camp so desires.

Bishops Hear Fifth Former

James K. Demaree, '81, was chosen by 450 Episcopal Church young people attending the Triennial General Convention of the Church in Denver, Colorado, in September, as their spokesman before the House of Bishops.

He presented the Presiding Bishop, John M. Allin, a check for $300, the offering at a youth Eucharist, and was applauded by the bishops and onlookers when he asked the House to consider young people "part of the Church now, as well as the Church of the future."

CRARC Day Camp

A summer day camp sponsored by the Concord Regional Association for Retarded Citizens was permitted by the School to use the Lower Grounds clubhouse and the grounds in its vicinity on weekdays during the month of July. The group included fifteen to twenty retarded young people and adults, together with a large corps of counselors.

The campers engaged in outdoor games and crafts, keeping the clubhouse as a resource for rainy days. The venture proved to be such a benefit for all concerned that the School expects to continue permitting this summer use of Lower Grounds facilities, if the day camp so desires.

Bishops Hear Fifth Former

James K. Demaree, '81, was chosen by 450 Episcopal Church young people attending the Triennial General Convention of the Church in Denver, Colorado, in September, as their spokesman before the House of Bishops.

He presented the Presiding Bishop, John M. Allin, a check for $300, the offering at a youth Eucharist, and was applauded by the bishops and onlookers when he asked the House to consider young people "part of the Church now, as well as the Church of the future."
Exeter? Is a wave machine really necessary?

These questions were raised by an anonymous writer in the September 17 *Pelican*, in a manifesto directed against “the recently proposed St. Paul's Nude Beach.” Tongue firmly lodged in cheek, the writer protested that chaos would descend on the School’s established rules of dress and—blasphemy! —that a nude beach would be a setting where the newest Third Former could escape identification (“This leak in the social code is not what the School needs”).

Supporters of the protest were invited to sign a petition and to purchase “NO NAKE” tee shirts and breech cloths.

**Kaori’s Answers**

The School recently received two copies of a booklet about SPS, written in Japanese during the summer, by Kaori Kitazawa, ‘81. Kaori wrote the booklet at the request of the Seikei-St. Paul’s School Alumni Association, to answer questions of prospective candidates about the School.

---

**Fall Sports**

_Maurice R. Blake_

Soccer is strong again this year. Both boys and girls SPS teams are enjoying excellent seasons, as are the JV squads also.

Girls SPS field hockey, while not as overpowering as in other years, is still a strong, representative group.

The SPS football team is facing a very stiff schedule which features four of the top teams in the Independent Schools League. The last three games are expected to be especially difficult for a small but improving SPS band of players.

The cross country runners are doing well in the ISL and we expect to see them finish strong in the League championship run.

Club soccer continues to be strong, providing lots of great competition below the SPS and JV squad level.

Beginning tennis is very popular again this fall, under the direction of Mr. Lederer. A group of thirty-one students is working daily, weather permitting, at the Lower Grounds. A similar program for beginning squash players was started this fall under Mr. Ball. The plan behind these activities is to provide more opportunities for inexperienced students to learn to play these two sports for their own enjoyment, and also to lighten the pressure of so many participants on the facilities in the winter and spring.

---

We print below some results of sports competition by SPS students and young alumni, during the past summer:

John G. Hornblower, '80, rowed in a Potomac Boat Club junior four which represented the United States in the Copenhagen Regatta (winning two gold medals) and the Belgium Regatta (in which it placed second to the winning Italian four).

Laura D. Higgs, '81, reached the finals of the Concord Women's Tennis Singles Championships for the second year. With her sister, Mary Tom Higgs, '77, she won the Concord Women's Doubles title, having defeated SPS coach Louisa Gebelein and Elizabeth Anne Kenny, '79, in a very close match, in the semi-finals. And Mary Tom Higgs, '77, teamed with tennis coach and English Department Head Richard Lederer, won the Concord Mixed Doubles Championship.

James W. Barrett, '79, and Joseph D'Arcy Carroll, '79, last spring's top two players on the SPS tennis team, won the New England Lawn Tennis Junior Doubles Championship at Yale, in August.
The New Students

(Including family relationships 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>Edward Joseph George</td>
<td>K. Dun Gifford, '80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Tristram Heyward Gibson</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Arnold Porter Gifford</td>
<td>Barbara S. Griffin, '78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Ann Katharine Goodale</td>
<td>Walter J. Groman, '57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Bennett Walter Goodspeed, Jr.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Charlotte Alexandra Louise Gould</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Alexander Boyd Gove</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Barbara Ripley Greppin</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Cynthia Satterlee Griffin</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Jennifer Anne Groman</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Daniel Alan Grout</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Raymond Charles Guth, Jr.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Kathyrn Laura Hamm</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Allison Church Hanley</td>
<td>W. Lee Hanley, Jr., '58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Barry John Harris</td>
<td>Richard R. Harris, '81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Christopher Bullock Harris</td>
<td>*Benjamin P. Harris, '19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Jonathan Easton Silliman Harvey</td>
<td>*John Lewis Brill, '19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Peter Alexander Hatfield</td>
<td>Frederick S. Nicholas, '29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Peter Ira Haupt</td>
<td>Charles J. Hatfield, 2d, '55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>James Brownell Heitmiller</td>
<td>Scott E. Heitmiller, '81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V</td>
<td>Gary Gemens Hill</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Yoichi Hiraki</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Craig Carpenter Hoagland</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Charles Kenneth Hood, Jr.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Alison Wright Horne</td>
<td>J. Paul Horne, '55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Melissa Booth Howe</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Sarah Burt Howell</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Anne Margret Hueser</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Mary Jocelyne Hutchinson</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Edwin Jeffrey Insley</td>
<td>Elliott Conway Insley, '75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Eric Thomas Jacobsen</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Charles Jakosa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V</td>
<td>Stacy Adelaide Jamar</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Gabriel Jimenez</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Rebecca Louise Johnson</td>
<td>*Thomas F. Bayard, 1885</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V</td>
<td>Ellen Lee Kennelly</td>
<td>John G. Williams, '32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Richard B. Kennelly, Jr., '83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>John G. Williams, '32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Ellen Lee Kennelly, '81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Richard Bayard Kennelly, Jr.</td>
<td>*Thomas F. Bayard, 1885</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>John G. Williams, '32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>John G. Williams, '32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Ellen Lee Kennelly, '81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Anthony Rouse Kieffer</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Christopher Joseph King</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Katherine Masury King</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Blair Trapnell Kloman</td>
<td>H. Felix Kloman, '51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>James Edwin Kuhn</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Robert Whitney Lapsley</td>
<td>*John W. Lapsley, 1884</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>*Howard Lapsley, '29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>James Knott, '28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>John Willard Lapsley, '53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Adelaide Weld Lapsley, '81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Tracy Anne LaSalle</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>John LeBoutillier</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Walter J. Lee</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV</td>
<td>Volker Lesch</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Laura Ann L'Esperance</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>Paul Bradford Linn</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III</td>
<td>James Gareth Lister</td>
<td>David S. J. Lister, '81</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

It is not by accident that this School is here. Thoughtful planning, bold striving, sensitive imagination, and hard work, by many people, through the years, have brought this School into its present life.

The italicized sentences in the outer columns of this and the following two pages are quoted from remarks by the Rector in addresses to the students in the opening days of School in September.
You sit this morning in the presence of an extraordinary faculty. There is none finer, in our country, or in our world.
Form  Student  Family Relationships

III  Jack Woodruff Pirozzolo  
IV  Anthony John Pirri  
III  Christopher Kingland Potter  
III  Joel Frederick Potter, Jr.  
IV  Alexander Maurice Frout  
IV  John Virgel Rapos  
IV  Justina Coste Ray  
IV  Alfred Roosevelt Reeve  
IV  John Van Wicherer Reynlers, 3d  
IV  Margaret Pardee Ricks  
III  Deborah Cosby Rinehart  
IV  Rhonda Junette Roberts  
IV  Irene Antarctica Robinson  
III  Jonathan Niles Rosen  
III  Lisa Tierney Rossetti  
IV  Sally Ann Rouse  
III  Hattie Ruttenberg  
III  Derck Elic Nathaniel Saleby  
IV  Helen Ingersoll Sanders  
III  Xavier Claude Marie Saudeau  
IV  Elisabeth Tate Schmitz  
IV  Mariza Ingrid Scotch  
V  Nalin Sikand  
IV  Adam Crocker Snow  
IV  Justin Barnard Solomon  
III  Craig Henry Spivey  
III  Brennan Kennedy Starkey  
III  Michael James Stubbs  
III  John Barker Sullivan  
IV  Augusta Read Thomas  
III  Edwin Thorne, 3d  
IV  Elizabeth Anne Thorne  
IV  Gregory David Tolbert  
III  Jonathan Frederick Tracy  
III  David Gardiner Victor  
III  Charles Andrew Villee  
III  Denise Ann Vinson  
V  Jutta Henriette von Falkenhausen  
III  Zoe deRopp Weinman  
IV  Jennifer Robin White  
III  Douglas Franklin Williamson, 3d  
III  Kenneth Maurice Williamson  
III  Cheryl Denise Wills  
III  James Edward Wixtad  
III  Karin Wolman  
III  Treva Alexandra Wood  
IV  Samuel McClay Yonce, Jr.  
IV  Margaret Randolph Young  

GGGF  Great great grandfather  
GGF  Great grandfather  
GF  Grandfather  
F  Father  
step-F  step-father  
step-B  step-brother  
B  Brother  
S  Sister  
B  Brother presently in School  
S  Sister presently in School  
*  Deceased

Gifts are not personal possessions. They come to each of us from God. And, because there are so many varieties of gifts, a better life for all will be attained if all of us work for the common good as well as for our own personal purpose.
The Advanced Studies Program

The Growth of a Tradition

Philip D. Bell, Jr.

On the fourth Sunday in June, 1958, one hundred New Hampshire high school boys became the first to experience the Advanced Studies Program. They were certainly different from what St. Paul's School usually saw. That pioneering group included farmers' sons from Pittsburg - Pittsburg, New Hampshire, a tiny town on the Canadian border, not Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania –, French Canadians from a parochial school in the mill district of Manchester, and lawyers' sons from Bedford. Of course, to them too, St. Paul's was vastly new. The spaciousness of the grounds, the extensiveness of the facilities, the overwhelming dignity of it all was enough to make the one hundred crew cut boys (at least ninety-five crew cuts) speak in whispers.

The first day of classes was marked by a very natural awkwardness between boys and School, in the arena of the classroom. It is fair to say that this awkwardness did not last long, as both students and masters discovered that their differences in background and experience paled in comparison with a shared desire for intellectual growth and a common willingness to share risks; certainly both the students and the School were taking a leap of faith into the unknown. In essence the differences in background and experiences which were viewed so apprehensively in the beginning have, in the generations of summer sessions since 1958, enlarged and enriched the understanding of all involved in the Advanced Studies Program.

The Program was founded to give academically talented public and parochial school students in New Hampshire an opportunity to accelerate their education through intensive study. Very understandably, in those early years after Sputnik, the emphasis was on calculus, biology, chemistry, physics, German and Russian. The only concessions to the liberal arts were modern European history and Greek.

The authors of this article have been closely connected with the Advanced Studies Program from its beginning. The original director, Alan Hall, though he went back to administrative and teaching positions at St. Paul's School, has taught nearly every summer in the ASP, and this fall returned to direct it. Philip Bell was a student in the first two summers of the Program, a college intern in 1962, and director of the Program, 1969-79. He is now on sabbatical leave, studying at Teachers College, Columbia University.

In this joint article, based on Chapel talks they gave during the 1979 session, Philip Bell centers his attention on changes within the Advanced Studies Program, and Alan Hall discusses changes he has observed in the students and in the schools of New Hampshire, during the twenty-two years the Advanced Studies Program has been in existence.
Participants in the 1961 session were part of the first major change in the Advanced Studies Program—a change that would later have great impact on St. Paul's School itself—when the first girls to attend St. Paul's arrived for the summer session. (This past summer, by way of footnote, two hundred students attended: one hundred and one boys and ninety-nine girls.)

N.S.F. STRINGS, ETC.

Some curricular changes took place in the middle sixties, although the emphasis on mathematics and science continued. The National Science Foundation was the prime mover for changes within the mathematics curriculum. The NSF supplied money for courses in mathematics and the sciences, but there were strings attached. The first “string” (there seemed to be a new one each year) was a demand that we enlarge the mathematics curriculum. This change was made enthusiastically, since a revision had been in the works already. The second string was a request that we employ only teachers with Ph.D's in mathematics. To this demand (which effectively excluded regular St. Paul's masters) we reluctantly acceded. Next we were told that all students in the mathematics program must receive full scholarship aid, whether they needed it or not. With ever-lessening enthusiasm, St. Paul's agreed. The final blow was a double demand to enlarge student recruitment from a state to a national level and to end Chapel services. Needless to say, at this point there was a final parting of the ways.

Other significant curricular changes coming in 1968, while Samuel Richmond was director, enlarged our offerings in the liberal arts, with the addition of courses in the creative arts (music and visual arts) and in Western Intellectual History.

Evolution of the curriculum continued in the middle seventies. The mathematics offerings changed from concepts (abstract math) to calculus, modern algebra, and linear algebra, while the applied mathematics course continued. In science, Principles of Ecology was added. Advanced French replaced Russian. A course in Minority-Majority Group Relations in America was added to fill a crucial need. Other needs—in the performing arts and in understanding the impact of media on society—have likewise been met by Shakespeare for Production and Man and Media.

CHANGES OF STYLE

There have been changes in style in the Program also, as might be expected with the passage of time and changes in leadership. The patterns of relationships within the Program have become less formal and the rules less restricting, and guidance in areas outside the classroom (for example, by the addition of a college counselor in the 1979 session) has been emphasized.

Yet the Program has preserved a remarkable consistency: what remains is far more important than what has changed. What has remained is the academic challenge: students are challenged—and in turn challenge their teachers—in 1979 as they did in 1958. What remains is the sense of community and concern on the part of all who participate. What remains is the basic emphasis on the intellectual, physical, and spiritual needs of people. What also remains constant are the commitment of St. Paul's School to the Advanced Studies Program and the appreciation of the students in the Program for St. Paul's School.

Compared with many other organizations, we may seem to have stayed rather structured and conservative.
We still require athletics and Chapel. We still have a 10:30 weeknight curfew; we still allow no intervisitation. The students who come to the summer Program accept that structure (not without questioning it, however) because they know it serves a purpose: the achievement of educational goals. The structure could be less demanding if there were more time to adjust to the academic demands, but completing a year's work in six weeks leaves little time for adjustment!

It is clear, then, that the Program has adapted itself to meet both social and educational needs, while its bedrock foundation has remained extremely stable. Certainly there can be no clearer evidence of the foresight and planning of those who founded the Program and no greater reward for those whose support has continued unaltered through the last generation.

Alan N. Hall

When I look back over my experiences with the Advanced Studies Program, which began in the spring of 1957, what stands out most significantly is the factor of change—change in St. Paul's School and in the State of New Hampshire.

In the mid-fifties St. Paul's was moving away from the relative isolation of its first century, a period when there was little contact between faculty or students and the town of Concord, when few New Hampshire families sent their sons to school in Millville, and when the thought of returning to live in rural New Hampshire after college was not seriously considered by boys from New York or Philadelphia. Today there is a large delegation of New Hampshire boys and girls in the "winter school," an increasing number of graduates are returning to the State to take up careers, and—thanks in part to the Advanced Studies Program—St. Paul's School is praised and honored not only in Concord, but from the Canadian to the Massachusetts border. No one in New Hampshire today would say, as more than one person did when I toured the State in 1957, that St. Paul's is "that other parochial school in Concord."

New Hampshire in 1979 is a much more "sophisticated" place than it was in 1957. Then, there were still many small high schools; one town's entire school system, from grade one through grade twelve, was in four rooms of a single building. The regional high school concept marked the end of most small schools, which have been replaced by large complexes with ex-
cellent laboratories and libraries, and enough students to provide enrollments for college preparatory courses that independent schools take for granted but which small town school boards could not finance in the days of small high schools. The beginning of the Program coincided with Sputnik, and improved science and mathematics courses have gradually become part of most high school curricula in the state, permitting the Advanced Studies Program to drop the courses in regular chemistry, regular physics, advanced algebra, and trigonometry that were offered in the early sessions.

EFFECTS OF EASIER TRAVEL

Thanks to improved roads and better communications—public and commercial television, especially—students attending the summer school today are more sophisticated too. The Interstate highways have brought the North Country (Coos County) closer to Concord; even a trip to Boston, from, say, Berlin or Pittsburg, is relatively easy. In 1958 we had boys who had never been as far south as Concord, let alone to Boston or New York—those places were "too far away." Today, thanks also to such regional, state, and interstate activities as music festivals and youth hockey tournaments, Advanced Studies Program students have a mobility not much different from their contemporaries in more centrally-located areas. New Hampshire has a fine public television network (Mr. Oates has been an active force in its formation and development), and technical improvements over the years have brought the mixed blessing of commercial television to every corner of the state despite the formidable barrier of the White Mountains.

The greater ease of travel in New Hampshire has affected the Program in other ways. On College Day—midway through the summer term—fifty to sixty institutions are represented, and almost all of the parents come to participate in the activities. In the early years of the Program many students did not see their families from the beginning to the end of the six weeks (originally there were no weekend permissions), and a college admissions officer from Connecticut, New York, or Pennsylvania did not contemplate the drive to Concord with tranquility. (In those days, of course, one could still take the train!) Today it is possible to have

(At right) ASP Western Intellectual History students absorbing Rousseau al fresco. (Facing page) Concentration on the softball field.
supper in Concord, attend a performance at the Hopkins Center in Hanover, and return at a reasonable hour, thanks to I-89. Biology field trips to the seacoast and the Great Bay can be made within a class day. (Of course, we are slowing down too: the ecology class makes a leisurely three-day canoe trip from Concord to Manchester to collect samples and study the effects of the various community programs to eliminate pollution in the Merrimack River.)

While New Hampshire still ranks near the bottom of many statistical lists, the general economy of the state over the past twenty years has improved, and music, drama, and dance have benefited. New facilities at the University of New Hampshire, at Dartmouth, and at the state colleges, plus an increase in the number of summer theaters and arts festivals, provide opportunities for high school students to attend or participate in cultural activities unavailable at an earlier time.

All these changes have made today’s students more sophisticated, more worldly, more traveled than their earlier counterparts.

Sports and Social Mores

The changing patterns of the passing years have affected our sports activities. In 1958 only a few high schools fielded soccer teams, and most of the boys needed instruction in fundamentals. Now soccer—for boys and girls—is a major sport, and the calibre of play (even in the heat and humidity of mid-July) is high. Tennis is another sport which was not particularly widespread, although Concord has always had a strong tennis tradition. The growing national vogue for tennis has had its impact in New Hampshire, and many of our students today are on their high school tennis teams or play for local clubs that use the growing number of indoor facilities and community courts. Girls field hockey is becoming increasingly important, and we find field hockey sticks among the paraphernalia unloaded on Opening Day; we hope to include field hockey as an activity-in the near future.

Two final examples of “sophistication” at a social level. Since 1961, when girls first arrived in Millville, we have held square dances (or contra-dances), but most of the students in the early sixties—despite the legendary connection between rural communities and this type of dancing—knew almost nothing about the activity; today, the majority of students engage in the dances with enthusiasm and a degree of expertise. And the number of elaborate, imported, multi-speed bicycles that click and whirl their way up and down Chapel hill between the Schoolhouse and the Upper says something about the mores of New Hampshire youth today!

A Tradition That Looks Ahead

As we look ahead to the twenty-third session in 1980, I am aware of another change, an inevitable change brought about by the passing of the years and the passing through Millville of thousands of young men and women. In 1958 there was no summer school “tradition”; the Program was being grafted onto the strong tree of St. Paul’s School with its established traditions of a century of service to education, but no one was sure how well this new twig would flourish. Now, as I travel around the state, visiting high schools to interview the five hundred or so candidates applying for the two hundred places available for next summer, I am aware that there is an Advanced Studies Program tradition.

That tradition is exhibited in the ASP tennis shirts that appear at the Reunion each summer or at colleges all over the United States and Canada (I once saw one pass me on a London bus). Some of the tradition, like all good tradition, is founded in a myth passed on orally from one generation of students to another, a myth resembling myths that many SPS alumni will remember from their days as “ninety day wonders” at Midshipman’s School or OCS or boot camp at Bainbridge or Parris Island—frantic days of meeting impossible deadlines, achieving intellectual or physical feats beyond belief, sharing experiences both exhilarating and terrifying, and suddenly discovering that it could be done! I can do it! And looking back, over one year or twenty, with growing nostalgia (and increasing exaggeration) to a time and a place that mark a significant moment in one’s growth and self-knowledge.

Perhaps the most significant indication of this tradition is the increasing participation by summer school alumni and alumnae in the Advanced Studies Program fund drive, and by the number of graduates now serving on the county committees and the board of directors of the Friends of the Advanced Studies Program. These young men and women are working to insure that the opportunity to spend a summer at St. Paul’s School will be there for New Hampshire high school students in the future as it has been for the past twenty-two years. A tradition that looks to the future, not only to the past, is the best kind of tradition to have.
The Fund for SPS
A letter from the General Chairman

As I write this on October 24, the Fund for SPS has reached the impressive total of $27.5 million. When this issue of the Alumni Horse reaches your mailbox in December, we may well be beyond that figure. Indeed, we may be “over the top,” having achieved our $30 million target. A happy thought to contemplate, although “happy” hardly expresses my real elation.

Whether or not we can complete the campaign by year’s end as far as time is concerned, it remains our firm intention to keep at it until we reach the monetary goal.

In a Bulletin to be mailed to you in early November, I have mentioned that we wished very much to be able to speak to each alumnus and friend personally, to ask for a gift of capital to The Fund. If we are realistic, it must be admitted that achievement of this solicitation goal is unlikely. This may mean that some will feel they were not thought important enough to be asked personally. I hope not. But I know of no way to dispel the idea, except to say simply that it is not true. I know, for instance, that there have been assignments for committee members and campaign workers which have been delayed or missed in some way. Geography, expense, and time are large factors with which we all have had to contend.

All of this is to say, we still wish very much to speak personally with anyone who is interested in participating in the campaign. Just write to me, and I will follow through.

When The Fund is finally complete, we expect to recognize all those who participated, in a special publication. At the moment, the list is 1,800 names long. My hope is that in the final accounting the roster will be twice that long, and that all who are able and wish the School well may be found present and accounted for.

Ralph T. Starr, ’44
General Chairman
The Communications Workshop

Roy A. Hunt, 3d, '69

The drive from Boston to Concord hasn't changed much for as long as I can remember. I'm twenty-eight and have made that junket up and down I-93 regularly since the fall of 1964 when I started in the Second Form. It's still beautiful in places, but mostly these days I put my driving skills on "automatic" and prepare myself mentally for the hour and a half that I will spend heading a communications workshop at SPS. I want to be as clear as I can of all other internal thoughts and chatter so that I can give my attention to the feelings and thoughts of the students who will meet me there each week, on eight consecutive Thursday nights.

I am as anxious as I ever was about meeting new people. "What if no one shows up?" "What if I forget what to say, and everyone comes to the conclusion that I have no help for them?"

Then the psychologist in my head (I plan to complete my doctorate this coming spring) tells me that everyone in the workshop is probably having the same anxieties right about now. None of us really knows what to say after the first "hello," particularly when our consciousness is being drowned in a series of negative thoughts or overblown positive thoughts about ourselves or the other person.

As we all have learned, mostly the hard way, it's risky to let on to anyone that we have such thoughts. In fact, some people prefer not to admit it to themselves. A recent study of successful Harvard graduates seems to show that active repression is an effective way of dealing with one's emotional life. In other words, if you feel anxious, don't bother with introspection or talking it over with a friend; go play tennis! Jogging may turn out to be an excellent treatment for those willing to give it a try.

These and other adult styles of dealing with emotional realities are observed by teenagers in their parents, teachers, friends, TV, etc., and they try them all.

Thus most of the students at SPS have an arsenal of styles of behavior that work pretty well. They are generally bright and athletic and have become so by good observation of their environment and by practice. So who of the student body will come to a workshop on communication?

This fall, twenty-eight students signed up. Some had heard the workshop recommended by former members of the group or by a housemaster, but others found their way there on their own. They all want something they imagine a communications workshop can provide. Few have any idea what they are in for. They suppose it will be some kind of "course": a course in learning to talk, to listen and, most important, to handle that nasty internal dialogue of anxiety and defense.

While completing his doctoral work in humanistic education at Boston University, "Terry" Hunt works as a counselor with Spring Hill, Ashby, Massachusetts. He is also a consultant to schools and mental health services in "expressive psychotherapy." This is his third year of running the Communications Workshop at SPS.

Most everyone seems to know intuitively that if they felt better about themselves they would be able to communicate better. My goal in the group is to change that statement slightly: if they learn to feel themselves more, they will be able to communicate better. (By this I mean, if they become more aware of their own thoughts and feelings, autonomously.) It's that simple, and the earlier in adult life they start practicing this, the better they will handle the profound emotional experiences that life brings all of us between cradle and grave.

The communications workshop is more like athletics than a class. It is designed to provide the participants with a playing field on which they exercise their emotional muscles. It is a team effort. We create the environment together. We do exercises together that help each of us refine certain skills that are necessary for self-expression. As individual participants and observers, and as a group, we acknowledge and reward those who demonstrate such skills appropriately.

Repression is no longer an appropriate alternative to this training. The students are "playing tennis" already, but it is not enough. There are both boys and girls at SPS now, so that students are faced with taking care of their social life as well as their academic life. The numerous academic choices that they make for themselves mirror the multiplication of choices in our postwar "affluent society" culture. Even affluence is no longer guaranteed for the SPS graduate. For better or worse, the average high school and prep school student has to tolerate a great deal more anxiety and uncertainty than he used to before the controversy over the Vietnam War, sex, drugs, radicalism, etc. were brought into living color into our homes by the media boom.

If I may indulge in a little armchair historical analysis, responsible repression through athletics and work was an adequate response, for the parents of the current SPS students, to the horror and chronic fear that existed in the World War II and Cold War eras, but it has continued in favor into a period where it doesn't work any more. We of the mental health profession see the casualties. Likewise, self-expression ("peace and love" and "arrogant defiance" are
two sides of this coin) was an adequate response for my generation, growing up in the sixties and early seventies. But as I and my peers approach the landmark age of thirty, entering our professions and having families, it is no longer possible to value self-expression in a vacuum. To be responsible, we must admit to some shame about our excesses. Yet I, for one, continue to value the aliveness and spontaneity I have learned over the years.

I present "self-expression" to the workshop students in such a way that they can learn to use it at School as well as at home. It meets a need that I hear over and over again in the workshop: "I want to learn to experience being open, without getting myself hurt."

By providing this opportunity, St. Paul’s is in the vanguard of a field known as "affective (feeling) education." This type of training is different from the traditional cognitive (thinking) education because, while thinking can be learned from without, feelings must be learned from within, or by example (from someone else’s "within").

In the communications workshop it is extremely important for the leader to offer him or herself as a role model. For example, when I make a mistake or become defensive in the group, I try to be open about it and deal with the feelings directly. If I can do this and survive, then a group member may feel willing to take on the same leadership function. (This is particularly true of teenagers because, as I mentioned above, they are often excellent and sensitive observers of authority figures. For this method to be effective, however, the leader cannot be on the staff of the School or in any position to affect the students’ lives save through his presence.)

From the beginning of the workshop, I don’t ask anyone to do anything that I’m not willing to do, or have not done, myself. This means complete participation, from the initial demonstration to the completion of the exercises I introduce. Let’s face it, feelings and “what you really think” are threatening, particularly if you’re a teenager. No one wants to experience social isolation by being thought “out of it” or dubbed a “dweeb” or a “newb,” for example.

I am probably drawn to this kind of work not only because I’m fascinated by the present state of exploration in human consciousness but also because I have often had to cope with feelings of being “different.” While at SPS and after that time, I saw myself as friendly with both the “jocks” and the “in crowd,” (cliques do often overlap), but I often felt fringy and expendable. Looking back on it, I see that I chose for an “enemy” (everyone seems to have to have an enemy”) someone who was in the same position as I was. SPS was academics and sports. Girls I had to deal with only on vacations and dance weekends. A lot of shaky pride and anxiety went into those weekends, but they were worth it.

How well was I doing? I don’t know and at the time I didn’t ask. I was not so foolish as to let on that I cared whether anyone liked me or not. Vulnerability? I’ll have none of it; I prefer pride! I’m a man and I’m going to Harvard, and I’m . . . Defensive? No way! Well, maybe a little argumentative. Afraid? Not me; I’ve got everything going for me, and besides I’m an existentialist. What’s there to be afraid of after learning about life from André Jaqc?

I didn’t rediscover my humanity until many rude awakenings later. I’d call it the school of hard knocks, but I’m also remembering how much more painful life can be. More important, I learned how to maintain human contact with others, how to communicate on a feeling level, how to let another’s caring about me make a difference. I have few regrets about the rough spots, but I am committed to making it easier for others.

In the profession, we have a word to describe what I do: “facilitate.” Members of the workshop get no lectures from me nor do they hear the story of my life! Rather they directly experience my ability to attend to another person. By this I mean the demonstration of skills that each of us is born with but must learn to cultivate, namely, careful listening, sensitivity to non-verbal cues, helping another feel comfortable with uncom­fortable thoughts and feelings, responding precisely and with care, and a positive rather than critical attitude towards the person one is listening to — to name the most important.

“Facilitation” is psychological jargon, which I studiously avoid in my work, but here and also with workshop members I deliberately use the word to express my desire to “grease the wheels that would turn on their own, but with more friction.”

First, it can be assumed that ordinarily one’s emotional life works for one in positive ways. Students at SPS are generally growing with each emotional event. They are developing their capacity for intimacy and joy, as well as a tolerance for pain and disappointment. This happens naturally.

Where, then, is the grease, my facilitation, needed? It is needed to ease the kind of communication that is both vulnerable and undefensive, that focuses us on the experience of our common bond in being human and our need to feel ourselves caring for others and cared about by others.

Above all else, whether they acknowledge it or not, students are
coming to my workshop to increase their capacity for contact with other human beings who are not authority figures or people they want to compete with: just potential friends.

"If I just knew what to say to someone when I saw them on the way to the Upper for lunch, I'd feel better. But I don't. So I don't even look up." This statement came after the person who was seen turned out to be another member of the workshop. The speaker acted as a mouthpiece for everyone—an important leadership function—when she noted that she was having trouble applying the skills which we were getting pretty good at, in our workshop practice.

I had to admit she was right. It is different and far harder "out there." There's often very little grease offered by others. She was finding herself inhibited and afraid. It was then that we focused our attention on what I was providing that she felt she didn't have "out there."

"What would you need," I asked, "to feel safe to express exactly what you just said now to someone on the way to lunch?"

"Nothing, I guess." She laughed uncomfortably, along with a number of other students who were also having trouble tolerating the anxiety of actually sharing a feeling like "afraid on the way to lunch."

"No, seriously," I followed up on the laughter as it subsided. "I don't for a minute believe it's easy to take that step. It's a risk because you may be rejected, thought of as weak, or even just ignored. Let's figure out the qualities of the situation that would make the risk worth taking."

1. Trust

"I would need to know this person is a good friend."

"Already we have a problem," I respond. "I've found that if I don't have a history of survived risks with a friend, I don't know if I can trust them."

"But we can start with little risks, you know," was another person's enthusiastic idea.

Consensus was reached quite easily on this issue. We went on.

2. Time

"I don't want to tell my secrets on the way to lunch. I want to sit down with my friend and know that no one else is around listening."

"Yes," said a boy who had been mostly quiet throughout the previous sessions. "In this group we have an hour and a half with no interruptions. I now feel closer to you people than I ever feel."

I try to summarize:

"It's probably very difficult for any of you to take the time to go for a walk around the pond or to just hang out in your room without the stereo drowning the communication of your important thoughts." My hope is that I may plant the idea that such times could be used effectively when they have a need for contact. For example, participants reported that they had decided to go to dinner in Concord together for just this purpose after they had discovered a mutual concern during workshop time.

3. Real Listening

"I need to feel that the person is paying attention to me."

One of the most difficult exercises that is offered to the participants is to report to the group an event in their lives when they were emotionally moved and told someone who really listened to them. It's difficult because they don't know what to look for in their memories. Real listening implies support for the expression of the feeling, through simple eye contact and being quiet while the other speaks, or through more expressive support such as nodding of the head or holding the person's hand. Secondly, real listening requires acknowledgment, not simple response.

Another exercise we use requires the listener to tell the speaker exactly what he heard the speaker say, before making his own statement. The speaker, more often than not, then corrects the listener's statement. Eventually listeners discover how much unconscious interpretation was going on when they thought they were actually hearing someone else.

A further benefit of the exercise is that it breaks the chronic habit of formulating one's response before the speaker is finished, a strategy effective for quick repartee and winning arguments but destructive of any attempt at true listening or at giving the other person the sense that what he has to
Teenagers may act out and do some pretty foolish things as part of growing up, but in their perception of emotions they are generally sharper and more on target than the average adult.

say is of any value.

Finally, listening means getting all the data, not just the words. In the communications workshop we explore non-verbal expression as well. This includes a perception of the body language expressed in posture, dress, and use of eye contact, as well as the more subtle perception that draws on the listener's intuitive skills to pick up the atmosphere and tone of the speaker, and of other listeners too.

The students are learning to be sensitive to such issues in their literature studies but have very little practice in applying this kind of awareness to the "drama" of their own lives and friendships.

Is this a tall order for an adolescent to learn? In fact, I have found that they are already aware of most of these cues. All they seem to lack is an authority figure to say that "yes, these perceptions you've been having have been swept under the rug by many people, mainly because they don't know how useful such awareness can be, and perhaps also because they are afraid of their own capacity to be sensitive: if one wants to be sensitive, one must also be willing to be vulnerable.

As it turns out, these perceptions are very useful, and you will find, when you experiment with really listening to your friends, that they will appreciate you for it."

Teenagers may act out and do some pretty foolish things as part of growing up, but in their perception of emotions they are generally sharper and more on target than the average adult. I imagine they have to be, to tolerate the amount of new information in their lives each day. As our adult identities develop, however, we seem to rely more on experience than on new perceptions.

As parents we can go a long way towards bridging the generation gap by giving our students and children credit for seeing things that we cannot see or do not want to see. Setting value judgments aside (an almost impossible task) we do our children a great service if we invite them to present the data they perceive, recognizing that the integration of that data into an accurate self-perception takes time.

Concurrently, it also takes time for a person to perceive his world as a safe and growth-supporting environment. I label this skill "understanding."

4. Understanding

Every person yearns from infancy, although sometimes unconsciously, to understand and to be understood. I assume, again, that this hunger is innate in human consciousness. The satisfaction of it is the most important of the often neglected components of interpersonal communication. It is definable in terms of a simple exercise of the mind: the act of discovering yourself in the other person's experience.

One's capacity to communicate that one understands depends upon the breadth and depth of one's ability to enter into the other's experience at the precise moment of that communication. By breadth I mean that the wider the variety of experience I am open to discovering in myself, the more I can go along spontaneously with the unique one that is being presented to me. By depth I mean that the more directly I can discover that experience in myself, the more I can let the other person know that I understand.

All of us, one time or another, have had this experience in the theater or watching a movie. Sometimes the scene is so "far out" that it is beyond the breadth of our experience. Other times, the person sitting next to us is deeply moved by a scene while we are thinking it makes no sense at all. Our lives provide similar opportunities to understand.

Early in the communications workshop, participants attempt to express understanding by saying, "I felt that fear the first time I walked into the Upper dining room, too," or "My sister is like that, too." A deeper understanding than "me too" actually recreates the experience in the listener's heart and he is able to respond as if it is happening to him right then. The psychologist Carl Rogers has demonstrated that merely telling the person what you heard (just the data) is effective in accomplishing this result. But one must communicate a sincere intent to understand without falling into a common trap, the subtle trap of being one-up: "I understand him."

Obviously, by the very act of being one-up I cannot be in contact with another and I have sabotaged my efforts in favor of a brief moment in the limelight. The tragedy is that I have also created a situation where the logical response to the put-down is the return put-down: "You have not understood," and so on: "I have too!" "You have not!" Thus no one gets fulfillment of that yearning to be understood and to understand. In the thick of a discussion, we can bravely give ourselves credit ("I really did understand. He's just being defensive"), but this is not nearly so sweet as a "thank you, I feel better for having talked to you."

It is my hope that the reader will be able to understand the communications workshop in the sense that I have been using the word "understand." Although the workshops have always been full and the waiting list grows longer as more students participate and report on the experience, no great numbers seize the opportunity. The effect, however, is multiplied when each student takes the skills to his own circle of friends.

There is no miraculous change of personality in any obvious sense, for, as I have said, the skills are innate; they need simply to be practiced.
"I Found Happiness as a Milkman"

Stewart J. Bell, '61

When I hinted in a Form Note a year ago that I had found happiness as a milkman, I figured it would attract attention. So I was not entirely surprised to receive the Editor's invitation to portray my life more fully in these pages. "I was struck," he wrote, "by the home and community activities you chose to list. Does this return to 'basics,' I asked myself, represent a leading trend among young SPS alumni? Why did the Bells take this route? How is it going? Are they finding satisfaction in exercising the old and new skills they must bring into play? Do they recommend their way to others?"

Of course, I accepted the invitation instantly—and then panicked. I was forced to realize how thoroughly I had exhibited—and doomed myself to continue exhibiting—my unrepentant egotism, a characteristic by which formmates and teachers will readily remember me. The worst of it is, there turns out to be an embarrassing paucity of achievement in my history.

But in writing this account I have learned a not-so-obvious reason why self-portraits are generally flattering: mea culpas make dull reading. Know, then, that it is for your sake, reader, that I avoid them. I have been sustained in this effort by the Editor's gentle "How is it going?" and by my belief that my formmates, at least, will approach this in a forgiving frame of mind.

Indeed, I imagine that all of us who graduated in 1961 are very curious about the details of each other's destiny, and that our curiosity has been scrubbed clean of any tendency to pass judgement. While this is somewhat true of any graduating class, in our case life after St. Paul's seemed to hold more than its usual store of surprises. We seemed to be perched on the crest of a wave—make that hanging ten on a tsunami—all the long way through the 60's. If some of us managed to ride out the wave while others wiped out and washed up on some pretty distant shores, we all, I imagine, remember the experience with awe and humility, and with a sympathetic curiosity about the formmates with whom we commenced the trip.

I floated into Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia River, Oregon side, in the fall of 1972. Actually I coasted in, on a bicycle, down from the rain-forested interior of northwestern Oregon, where I had lived briefly in my sister's chicken coop. My last job had been driving a taxi in New York City. I wanted to write.

Astoria fascinated me. It is a small but many-faceted and vital community. It has some lovely old homes and monuments, and if generally its products of human enterprise are carelessly strewn about, they merely accentuate the gorgeous natural setting. From the bay window of the $90-a-month apartment I was soon sharing, I could look out over the downtown across the five-mile expanse of the Columbia to the green hills of Washington; I could watch the freighters, tankers and fishing boats ply the channel just off the near shore; I could turn west and watch the sun set over the bar. The air was clean and cool and wet. Anything left standing in one place would soon become irrevocably enmeshed in a tangle of growing things.

Such was my fate. Seven years later I've gotten no further than six miles out of town, to a big old farmhouse up a shallow valley of diked tideland, where I have blended completely into the tangle. The woman with whom I shared that apartment, Becky Rubens,
has become my wife and, this spring, the mother of our first child. She is, by the way, a native, though she too had done some wandering before drifting back, and the farmhouse, which was vacant before we moved in four years ago, belongs to her family.

But let me tell you about my milk route.

Every other morning I get up in time to build a fire, shave, eat some granola, fill my thermos with strong coffee, roll two cigarettes, jump in my ’67 VW rust­bucket, drive three miles up the valley to Jack and Dorothy Burkhart’s place, alias Alder Hill Farm, and be there by quarter to seven. This is one of the last two family dairies in a valley that was once full of them (including our place). Jack runs the farm; Dorothy does the bottling, washing, and bookkeeping; their other employee puts the cows through the milking machine. They work hard, live comfortably, and sent their last child off to college this fall.

When I arrive, Dorothy is just finishing the bottling, a laborious process in which she lifts each empty bottle from a rack, places it on a contraption, fills and caps it by pulling an enormous hand crank, and returns it to the rack, all in about five seconds. Jack is just finishing loading the racks into the van (a ’77 Chevy “30”). A typical load is around two hundred gallons; surplus is sold to a volume buyer. Not infrequently, stacks of racks greet me on arrival; Jack is off tending to an emergency, and I load the van. This is raw milk; it goes straight from the cows to a cooling vat to the bottles. It costs $1.65 delivered.

Off I roll back down the valley, working my way north, stopping at some twenty houses before reaching Astoria. I long ago perfected the art of shifting into park, opening the door, grabbing some bottles and leaping out of the van all in a single motion. I jog or sprint up to the house (dodging mud puddles, tricycles, and snarling dogs), juggle bottles till I come up all empties, and dive back into the van, zeroing my empties into their target spaces. At this point I may have to trade racks (two lifts) or rotate racks (three lifts and three shoves). There follows a certain unique body twist, the simultaneous shutting of door and marking of route card, a quick visual scan, and I’m off again. This flurry of activity consumes some fifteen seconds and combines several strenuous movements with several others requiring pinpoint precision. Performed hundreds of times a month, it has become my all-purpose yogic exercise: body toner and sufi dance combined.

After a few home deliveries in Astoria, I reach the highway at the east end of town and from there run a string of six retail outlets stretching through and out of town west to the ocean and south to the beach communities. Each stop has its own unique pas de deux for milkman and handtruck, danced through its own unique course of loading bay, display cooler, storage cooler, racks of empties, and chatty or surly shopkeeper. Here the constant flow of numbers through my head becomes a torrent: how many sold, how many to leave, how many empties, compute the charge for milk, compute the charge or credit for bottle deposits, am I running short or long. The never-ending challenge is to stock each outlet with just the right amount without ending up with too much or too little for the end of the route. (And then predicting sales and computing for Dorothy how much to bottle for the next run.) This is the mental equivalent of the home-delivery sprint, like a mantra endlessly repeated with tricky little numerical variations, and it promotes a state of mind that is both meditative and alert.

The major portion of my home deliveries is in the south county beach communities. Here my customers are more likely to be up and about, and my routine is slowed for the exchange of pleasantries with assorted kids, housewives, artists, and retirees. For some of the latter, the milkman’s arrival is a Major Event, calling for a complete suspension of time. Meanwhile I manage to stop in at the four remaining retail outlets and check their stock, so that, finishing up with them, I

For some, the milkman’s arrival is a Major Event, calling for a complete suspension of time.
can divvy up what's left of my load proportionately. Long before I reach the back road east across the first coastal ridge to the head of my home valley, the dull clunk of full bottles has given way to the cacophonous clanking of empties. The drive back is deafening. Completing the circuit, I pull into the dairy about noon, where at last I shut off the engine and savor a few moments of utter stillness.

I've been doing this for two and a half years now. Other things being equal, I could continue for five more. Of course there are hassles: the broken bottle, the flat tire, the overdue bill to collect, the rain. But for me these pale beside the joy of being out in the dawn-world. And by providing a frame of reference, the constancy of the route puts me in touch with the slow changing of seasons, another time scale altogether.

In addition there are philosophical attractions to the job. It pleases me to be doing a share of society's physical labor; I think of it in terms of paying my dues. I like sharing responsibility, being out on my own, and owning my own time, working for commission rather than wage (and yes, herein lies a more mundane explanation for the pace I've adopted). And I'm especially pleased to work with a product that people really need (considered as food), that is healthier than the standard (raw milk contains useful bacteria and natural vitamins), that is capital- and energy-efficient (being minimally processed and transported, and contained in reusable bottles), that never leaves the community from production to consumption (contributing thereby to local self-reliance and autonomy), that returns a fair income to both owner-workers and employed workers, and that is also inexpensive for customers. In other words, it not only feels good, but also feels right.

Clearly, though, when I say I've found happiness as a milkman, I'm begging quite a few questions. The alert reader will have noted that I'm a milkman just every other morning—more exactly, three mornings a week. So being a milkman is far from the whole story, in terms of either time or income. Well, yes—but that's the point. I would not be happy delivering milk forty hours a week. On the other hand I'm very happy putting all that liberated time to a constantly changing variety of uses that contribute to my and others' well-being just as much as the income from a full-time job would. Until this year, Becky was also working part-time, and our combined incomes were sufficient to sustain a simple but comfortable life. To be sure, we've had the rare good fortune of subsidized shelter, and so have been sheltered from one of the more pressing financial realities.

In pursuing the art of patching together a livelihood, I am merely adopting a local custom. The first thing that impressed me about the people here, many of whom are of Scandinavian descent, was their industrious self-sufficiency. Turning to advantage the seasonal nature of most employments, people have gardens and fruit trees and are big on canning; they fish and hunt and dig clams; they are forever making, fixing, and building things for themselves; they cut their own firewood; they all have pick-up trucks and chainsaws.

And, I discovered, this resourcefulness has a long history; for centuries the Indians of this region had one of the busiest and most complex cultures on the continent. Then came Lewis and Clark, whose farthest encampment, reconstructed, is two miles from my home. Six years later, in 1811, agents of John Jacob Astor established here the first U.S. trading post west of the Rockies, whence comes the name of the subsequent town.

Nevertheless, the region is geographically isolated, and so remains quite sparsely settled. This was the other thing that initially impressed me: its human

It pleases me to be doing a share of society's physical labor. I think of it in terms of paying my dues.
scale. Astoria’s population is around ten thousand; that of Clatsop County, of which Astoria is the seat, is thirty thousand. Yet the economy has two major elements, fish and timber, and three secondary ones, agriculture, tourism and shipping. And Astoria is of necessity a rather complete commercial and cultural center. With such diversity among so few, one finds oneself sharing a lunch counter with a county commissioner on one side and a fisherman on the other, or running into one’s dance instructor or one’s in-laws while out cutting firewood. It is a comprehensible community.

It was both because of and in defense of this human scale that I first got involved in local affairs, pitching in with a typically diverse group calling itself the Clatsop Environmental Council to fight plans to construct a major aluminum smelter here. (There were also strong environmental reasons for opposition.) My account is already overly long, so I’ll summarize by reporting that (a) we won; (b) I continued to work with the CEC on less dramatic matters, laboring one intense winter as chairman; and (c) the decision-making process here is admirable for its accessibility.

My milk job is the third form of partial-income strategy I have pursued, “the part-time strategy.” The first was “the seasonal strategy”; as knife-sharpener in a fish-processing plant, I worked overtime all summer and was laid off most of the winter. It was during this era that I joined the CEC. Again, for brevity I must forego the pleasure of describing the filet room, where the fruit of the sea meets the salt of the earth.

The second strategy was “the underpaid strategy,” working two-thirds for love and one-third for money in a single full-time endeavor. This I have achieved twice during a long association with Astoria’s natural foods co-op; the first time was as “coordinator,” the only paid position at the time, and the second was as part of a team in which I managed the store two days a week, trucked to and from Portland a third day, and did all the ordering. Before, during, in between, and after these stints, until this June, I was the co-op’s original and only bookkeeper, a task which grew exponentially as volume increased. I also had a hand in forming a regional organization of co-ops. For all that, it was more a learning experience than an accomplishment. I hate to skim past this subject too, since it was probably the most formative of my experiences, but it is book-long while space keeps getting shorter, and one other subject demands attention. I hope the reader can infer from my comments elsewhere something of the role it played in the evolution of my values, and what the motto “Food for people, not for profit” might mean to me.

The subject demanding attention is, of course, my first-born child, Noah Rubens Bell, now six months old.

I know that I’m dealing here with a universal experience; indeed, for these six months I have felt like a walking, talking cliché. At the same time I’m aware of some powerful special influences on my experience: the times, my own relatively advanced age, and my unusual way of life. I would include Noah himself, who strikes me as very special and very powerful, but I have no confidence in my objectivity on this score.

I can see now that fatherhood a decade ago would have been no tragedy. But I’m glad things worked out as they did. I’ll leave the reader to guess my reasons for waiting. My reasons for plunging, in spite of continuing aspects of unreadiness, were the abstract notion that I oughtn’t to miss out on one of the three fundamental elements of life, the belief that I was no longer likely to resent a child for the demands it would put on me, and the example of several very happy new fathers in my community. Fortunately, Beck’s feelings, while following their own paths, were converging on the same result.

These are good times for fathering. Men are now en-
encouraged as never before both to participate in the birth process itself and to give expression to the nurturing and homemaking aspects of our natures.

Becky and I (and a large cross-section of the county) attended natural childbirth classes at the local community college, where we learned what to expect and practiced (I as “coach”) breathing exercises designed to counteract the sensation of pain during contractions. We considered a home birth but opted for a home-like “birthing room” at a local hospital. That was fortunate, because there were complications and we ended up on a standard delivery table. Note: “we.” Because the ground had already been broken in recent years and the hospital staff was supportive, I was welcomed to straddle the table and support Becky’s head and shoulders.

After two hours of pushing (and thirty-four hours after we entered the hospital), at last we saw the doctor scoop up a tangle of organs, already wide-eyed, and place it on Becky’s abdomen. It seemed to take a second or two for the tangle to become a baby, like a marching band gravitating into formation on a distant playing field. Then he began quietly to breathe, to look toward his parents’ eager eyes, and to communicate, I swear, his fascination with life.

With that beginning I will end this self-portrait, except to add that I have never had a better reason for, nor been more grateful for, the flexibility in my life that has allowed me to share so much of the last half-year with Noah.

I also have three postscripts:

If you have read this far, you may be curious about the decade I surf-boarded through a while back. For the record, then: I entered Harvard immediately after St. Paul’s, took a year off working in Europe, and graduated with minimal distinction in 1966, having changed fields of concentration four times. By that time I was married to a ballet dancer and determined not to fight in Vietnam. For the latter I settled on an easy way out. I went to graduate school and then taught for three years at a private school in New York City, deferring my way to the magic age of 26; even so, I ended up paying a small portion of my generation’s dues in shattered nerves and broken marriages. Free at last, I sandwiched an interesting but lay-off-terminated six months of reporting for an upper Westchester newspaper between two stints of New York cab driving. Finally, and belatedly by contemporary standards (1972), I “dropped out” completely, trading in my worldly possessions for a ten-speed bicycle and a cross-country map.

So much for the past. What of the future? Well, there will continue to be small changes; just this fall I began teaching two evenings a week at the community college (English grammar in a high school completion program). For the more indefinite future, I expect to be adding to my patchwork of livelihoods, most likely as a member of one or more small group enterprises that appear to be coming to fruition. And I haven’t forgotten my original purpose in coming to Astoria: to write.

Finally, do I, the Editor asks, recommend my way to others? To do so would, I think, be blindly arrogant; it would ignore the substantial past and present privileges without which I could not live as I do, and it would ignore the value of the larger responsibilities that others bear. It would also seal the cap on the reportorial fiction that I have no self-doubts or self-criticisms.

I do believe, as I hope has become apparent, that we need to move ourselves and our communities (and our nation and our species) toward a simpler, more nurturing, more cooperative, more patient way of living. And I have found this a rewarding creed. But each of us occupies a unique spot in space and time, and one can deal with these necessities only from the place where one happens to be.

I do believe that we need to move ourselves and our communities (and our nation and our species) toward a simpler, more nurturing, more cooperative, more patient way of living.
IN 1940, C. S. Lewis complained in a letter to his brother, "Why should quiet ruminants like you and I [sic] have been born in such a ghastly age? . . . There are people who, while not of course liking actual suffering when it falls to their own share, do really like the 'stir,' the 'sense of great issues.' Lord! how I loathe the great issues. How I wish they were all adjourned sine die."

In this sentiment, Lewis speaks for millions of his fellow Anglicans, including members of the Episcopal Church in the United States. In the 1970's, the Episcopal Church has had to deal with "great issues" such as homosexuality and the status of women, particularly in relation to its own ordained ministry. And some people on both sides have been exhilarated by such battles. But one suspects that the great majority of Episcopalians, including many who have felt impelled by their consciences to take up positions, have quietly wished that it wasn't necessary, that the "great issues" would leave them alone.

One possible surprise awaiting the reader of Take a Bishop Like Me is that Paul Moore, Jr., the Bishop of New York, appears to belong to the second group. Already known in the Episcopal Church for his espousal of inner-city ministries and the civil rights movement, Bishop Moore received astonishing fame, or notoriety, in January, 1977, when he ordained as a priest in the Church of God one Ellen Marie Barrett, an acknowledged Lesbian. His account of the events leading up to and following that action provides the central narrative of this book. Yet the tone is strangely conciliatory; the compassion of the author extends not only to those whose cause he ultimately takes up, but also to those who disagree violently with his decision. His involvement is confessedly reluctant.

This is not the story of a prophetic bishop's unyielding determination to preach a new crusade, unhampered by doubt or hesitation. It is, instead, the story of a human being, firmly rooted in the tradition of the Episcopal Church, reflectively concerned with the turmoil of modern life, trying to do his duty in the position to which God had apparently called him. It could, I suppose, be termed a defense; yet it is closer to being an "apology" in the classical sense: an explanation which forces the reader to examine his own position. The title is drawn from the conclusion to the prologue: "Take a bishop like me. How would I respond to the issues which came before the Church in New York in the 1970's?" But it also challenges the reader to find alternatives: how else could I have responded, and still been faithful to the Gospel?

The book assumes that the reader may be unfamiliar with the Episcopal Church. Thus it is a mixture of autobiography (SPS is mentioned briefly but tantaliz-
ingly), description of the Diocese of New York, historical, regional, structural and political analysis of the Episcopal Church, selected correspondence, and fluent theologizing on what the Bible and Church tradition have to say about human sexuality. The result is an occasional lurch as gears are shifted: one may be tempted to skip some of the formal theological passages to get on with the story. Don't, however! Not only is the theology essential to an understanding of the action, it is also per se unusually lucid exposition. (Discussions of the nature of ordination that do not sound like a bad translation from the German are not so common as one might think.)

Beyond question, however, the heart of the book is the story. It is not primarily about church politics or even social issues, but about people. There are beguiling vignettes: describing one of his parish priests, Bishop Moore remarks, "If you can imagine St. Francis as a Marine, it would give a fair hint of Bob's behavior pattern." Affection, sympathy, and respect abound in his assessments of adversaries, though the picture that emerges of the level of discussion in the House of Bishops is dispiriting enough.

It is strange to realize, from their own quoted correspondence, how much the outrage of church leaders at Ellen Barrett's ordination had to do with publicity, rather than the act itself. A southern bishop writes to enlighten Moore on his "three errors so serious that they can only be considered sinful." The three errors turn out to be: 1) timing; 2) public relations naivete; and 3) not assuring the press that he was not approving homosexual acts (a charge Moore flatly denies). Given this obsession with publicity, it seemed logical to some bishops to deal with Bishop Moore, whose action was in scrupulous conformity to both the letter and the spirit of church law, in a disciplinary setting alongside a retired bishop who had systematically flouted that law in helping to establish a schismatic church.

Of the three personalities (including the author's) most important in the book, Ms. Barrett's is least vividly set forth. Paradoxically, many people evidently feel they know exactly what she is like; she is, after all, a Lesbian! The life of torment and grace of a homosexual priest named John is told in one of the most moving chapters, and perhaps explains how Bishop Moore could come to see homosexuals as oppressed when so many of us were content to regard them as loathsome.

The question of many people both inside and outside the Episcopal Church is this: "Why on earth would the Bishop of New York ordain an acknowledged Lesbian to the priesthood, especially when the Episcopal Church had barely begun to ordain women at all?" But Paul Moore appears to be one of those impossibly old fashioned Christians who believe that people are to be regarded as individuals made in the image of God, rather than as specimens of some sociological or psychological category.

The question answered by this book is, therefore: "Why did he ordain Ellen Marie Barrett?" The answer given in Take a Bishop Like Me will not satisfy everyone, but some may at least conclude that that is the proper question.

Richard C. L. Webb, '63

HENRY WARD BEECHER, SPOKESMAN FOR A MIDDLE CLASS AMERICA
By Clifford E. Clark, Jr., '59.

Henry Ward Beecher, the leading evangelical preacher in mid-nineteenth century America, is hardly remembered. Some might guess—correctly—that he was Harriet Beecher Stowe's brother. A few scandalmongers may remember Beecher as the defendant in a sensational, six-month trial in which he stood accused by a neighbor and prominent member of his congregation of alienating the affections of the poor man's wife. In Brooklyn Heights, a lovely residential neighborhood on the East River opposite the lower tip of Manhattan, several large statues of Beecher survive; he served the community as Congregational minister from 1847 until his death forty years later. What has been forgotten is that just a century ago he was one of the most respected and influential figures of the period, known nationally and internationally as a theologian, abolitionist, suffragist, lecturer, temperance leader, writer, editor and political activist.

Clifford Clark, associate professor of history at Carleton College, notes that Beecher's ministry coincided with a period during which Americans faced unprecedented change: religious beliefs and social values came under attack as cities developed; the economy became more industrial; the family declined as a social
and economic unit; and the writings of Darwin, Herbert Spencer, William Graham Sumner, and their followers seemed to undermine the assumption of pre-Civil War Emersonian individualism and its vision of the natural world as harmonious and beneficent. In a society where impersonality and anonymity were increasingly prevalent, many began to lose their faith in progress, Christian morality and democracy itself.

Professor Clark portrays Beecher as a product of—and influence on—the Victorian urban middle class. He preached a romantic Christianity, with emphasis on forgiveness of sins and love for others. He reassured his listeners and readers about the existence of progress, morality, and America’s future. Religion was the cohesive force that prevented fragmentation and disintegration of the social order. The virtues he extolled were integrity, sobriety, education, patriotism, and benevolence. He took the traditional American values of individualism and success, and redefined them in light of the social realities of the age.

Always cautious, not infrequently self-promoting, politically sensitive, ever concerned with maintaining the social order, Beecher nevertheless struggled with precision and intellectual depth with a great many of the significant issues of his time. Too strong an intellect and too much a reformer to be compared with such contemporary evangelists as Billy Graham and Norman Vincent Peale, and yet too much the product of his times to be known or read today, Beecher accurately described his role as follows:

“I know my place and rank, I think. I belong to the second place [among] men. I shall do good while I am alive, not so much in discovering or organizing truth as in applying it, and rousing men to activity.”

Professor Clark has chosen a surprisingly interesting subject and done an excellent job presenting the material. Fair, scholarly, and detailed without being tedious, the book is both the biography of a man and the intellectual history of an era. I recommend it highly.

Malcolm MacKay, ’59

STREETCAR MAN: Tom Lowry and the Twin City Transit Company

As the first form of motor-driven public transportation, trolleys encouraged the expansion of our cities by facilitating communication and trade and by enabling people to commute to urban jobs from homes in the suburbs. Thus Goodrich Lowry is right when he says that “the story of the trolley is a chapter of this country’s history that will not be erased.”

In this short but deft biography of his grandfather, creator of one of the most important street railway companies in the United States, the author recreates an era in American social history.

Tom Lowry grew up on an Illinois farm. When his Irish immigrant father needed a lawyer, he drove his wagon three miles into Springfield to the office of young Abraham Lincoln; at fifteen, Tom accompanied his father to Galesburg, to hear one of the Lincoln-Douglas Debates.

Himself Lincolnesque in stature and wit, Tom Lowry “read law,” and started practice in Minneapolis in 1867, when the town was a frontier settlement of about 10,000 persons. His profits from the practice of law, modest at first, went into real estate; later he engaged in larger real estate ventures including the development of residential communities in the growing city.

In 1875, on a train ride to Chicago, he talked with a group of men who were reorganizing the infant Minneapolis Street Railway Company and three days later agreed to become its vice-president. By 1881 he was sole owner; by 1883 his control had crossed the River and he had been named president of the St. Paul City Railway Company. It was a dubious achievement, for the prospects of the two companies at that moment could only be called “bleak” and “bleaker.”

Not for another eighteen years could Lowry’s street railways declare a dividend on the common stock. But those were the years which saw the transition from horse-power to steam cars, to steam-driven cable cars, and at last to the true “trolleys,” the electric streetcars powered by current drawn down a trolley pole from an overhead wire. Lowry’s last horsecar was scrapped in 1891.

The book’s detailed account of the business deals in which Lowry was involved artfully enhance the portrait of a singularly attractive figure, a man who never lost
his ability to see the humorous side of a personal or business dilemma and who must have been ideally suited to ride out the travails of transit system pioneering. "I intend," he wrote to a friend, "to make a 'good time' for my friends, have a 'good time' myself, and lend a helping hand to my enemies whenever opportunity offers and circumstances permit."

For the last ten years of Lowry's life, before his death in 1909, the trolley was lord of the urban scene in the Twin Cities and elsewhere in the United States. It would be another two decades before its dominion would be seriously threatened by subways, cars, and buses. This book evokes a memorable man and the long-gone urban music he helped create: the snap of sparking trolley contacts, the crescendo whine of the steel wheels, and the clang of the peremptory bell warning off any creature or vehicle daring to share the right of way.

Roger W. Drury, '32

SUNBATHING, The Healthy Way to a Perfect Tan

THOUGH Sidney Waud has liberally sprinkled his text with warnings against the dangers of too rapid or too heavy exposure to the sun, and returns frequently to the dictum of "moderation always," his tanners' manual is designed to appeal to—and instruct—that enormous public which believes that "a cocoa-brown complexion makes them look and feel more attractive, healthy and, curiously, rich."

In terse, factual style, the author lays down the abc's of solar radiation and human skin structure, and goes on to detail how to acquire a tan safely and how to keep it. This leads to discussion of a bewildering array of "sunscreens," "sunblocks," and other available lotions, the use of sun lamps and reflectors, exposure schedules, the accessibility of sunny vacation spots, and much more.

There is a chapter on sunburn and its treatment, but Waud emphasizes that sunburn is not a necessary first step to tanning; like sun-stroke, it signals negligence or impatience, or both.

The illustrations show sunbathers in varying degrees of felicity. Not a blistered face among them! Even the swim-suited model stretched across the book's cover in full color registers total bliss, as she basks on her couch of unyielding studio "sand."

R. W. D.
Doctors, farmers, businessmen, mechanics, architects, explorers, research scientists, museum workers, legislators, writers, judges, painters, potters, social workers—there are alumni in scores of professions and occupations. Their careers represent an immense accumulation of experience.

We hope, therefore, that modesty hasn't prevented a good many alumni from responding positively to an appeal sent out by the Rector in early October. The appeal was unusual: a request for readiness to share career-experience with Sixth Formers enrolled in the Independent Study Program.

Consider the opportunity:

Something like half of next year's Sixth Form are planning to exercise the Independent Study option. They are looking for ways of linking their abilities and interests to specific occupations; they are hungry for contact with men and women who are making careers of these occupations, and they are eager for work experience in which, as apprentices or interns, they can discover personal competence in the competitive adult world.

"We are asking," the Rector wrote, "that you help students to define and implement their education." How? "By discussing your own experience and interests" with them, through correspondence or face to face, and, in some cases, by arranging supervision of a student for a term or longer, for an independent study or work project away from School during the Sixth Form year.

Such help many alumni may be able, and glad, to offer on request. But their specific areas of experience must first be on file at the School, to be available to students. The follow-through is the student's responsibility. If any alumnus regrets not having acted on this opportunity when it came, we urge him to secure the form on which to register areas in which he might help, by writing to the Rev. Alden Flanders, Director, Independent Study Program, in care of the School.

A first-person note:

FOR MORE than thirteen absorbingly interesting, happy years, I have wielded the blue pencil of office—and always with as free a hand as any editor could wish. This issue of the Horae is my forty-first. Considering the occupational hazards, that is a long time for an alumni editor to hold the confidence and support of his readers.

A self-critical editor should be proof against obvious risks like becoming preoccupied with the past. But two deadlier dangers may take him unawares. They are the loss of detachment and the loss of freshness.

One may intend to keep the viewpoint I claimed to have after four years on the job—seeing the School and Alumni "with some of the detachment of an interested, friendly, and slightly skeptical stranger"—but, for one who loves St. Paul's School, "detachment" is a hard ideal. Year by year, one grows closer to the institution and its people; unwittingly the cool-blooded reporter-editor can become an unofficial minister of propaganda.

Then there is predictability. An editor enters the job carrying a more or less closed bag of biases, enthusiasms, and limitations. If he is diligent, he may enlarge his layout skills or refine his grammar. If he keeps listening, he may improve his ear for what the constituency needs, or wants, to know. But his mental contours don't change much and, in the end, they shape the magazine. By then the cat is out of the bag. His selection and presentation of material, the tone of voice he imparts to titles and subheadings, the territories he fails to tread—these are coloring every page.

Thus the good intention defined some years ago, "to make each issue a mix of the dependably familiar and the unexpected," may be compromised: the unexpected may become predictable!

In his noteworthy editorship, John Edmonds, '19, produced forty-one issues, the same tally at which I have now arrived. Elementary prudence persuades me, therefore, that it is time to put the blue pencil into fresh hands, to wish the next Editor (not yet chosen as I write this) the same generous helpfulness from all sides that has made the work such a pleasure for me, and to say, "Thank you all!"

Robert W. Jones
When he reached the then mandatory retirement age of 65, Eric Ericson was still routinely doing the giant swing. To read that he died in his hundredth year (Summer Issue, 1979, p. 90) was certainly to note a remarkable physical achievement, but it was not surprising to those who knew him.

To a boy whose every athletic endeavor was undistinguished, Eric gave something beyond price: recognition of the worth of the individual who did his best, regardless of whether or not that individual's best made him a "winner."

Running hurdles garnered me nothing better than shin-splints, over which Eric worked with as much concern as if I had been an SPS letter-man. In fact, I remember the track coach telling him he was spending too much time keeping me running (there were, in the coach's view, "more important" athletes to work on). But Eric was a trainer, not a coach; and so to him one boy was as good as another, and he kept on working on me as long as I kept on running. In the event, I finally switched to tennis; and Eric told me he was glad I had made that decision. But he only told me after I had made it.

Every so often, if one is lucky, one is privileged to know a man of whom, when he dies, one can celebrate the life rather than mourn the death. For me (and surely for many others) Eric Ericson was such a man.

John M. Verdi, '44

THE FASTNET RACE

(At the Editor's request, Eric Swenson, '37, owner of the 47-foot sloop Toscana, wrote the following brief account of the 1979 Fastnet Race.)

John Rousmaniere, '62, and I were the only SPS alumni on board Toscana—both when we started the race and when we finished it! Briefly, the race started in moderate air which, after we got out into the Channel, dropped off to near-zero. Fog set in, and we all drifted slowly down the course. After we had rounded Land's End and were crossing the western approaches toward Fastnet Rock at the tip end of Ireland, we had warning that a gale was coming. In fact, it had already arrived by the time we got the warning. We held well high of the course because we didn't want to have to beat into those mountainous seas—25 to 35 feet, in our estimate—and against a wind which was somewhere above sixty knots. Our wind speed indicator stopped at 60, and it was pegged there for many hours at a time. However, as we approached Fastnet Rock in a rather roaring night, the wind veered and came in dead ahead and we had to beat about the last eight miles into the storm.

To our relief, Toscana, which is a very ruggedly built yacht, handled it without a murmur—with minimum sail, of course. Our crew was experienced and every one of us had great faith in the others. Furthermore, we had a vastly experienced and marvelously calm navigator who never got us lost in the darkness.

We went around Fastnet Rock about five in the morning and started surfing down the mountainous waves. It was a sleigh ride all the way, but we were never out of control and going like hell.

Somewhere about the break of dawn, someone stuck his head up from down below and said, "My God, people are dying out here!" It was a tremendous shock and the first we had heard of any serious troubles. There wasn't much else for us to do, since there was no one near us and we saw no distress signal flares and heard no radio calls from nearby, so we pressed on.

The storm began to abate as we approached the Scilly Isles, and we spent the last day running towards Plymouth in a tropical sun with a ten-knot breeze—all very ironic. In sum, we had no trouble but many did, and it was an awesome and, I'm afraid, a sadly exhilarating experience.

Eric P. Swenson, '37

Draining of Lower School Pond for dam repairs during the summer revealed contours of the bottom.
Faculty Notes

The deaths of two faculty members who served at the School in the first decade of this century have been reported recently: Clarence Abram Barnes (1905-06) and the Rev. Gibson Bell (1901-4; 1907-10).

The Rev. Dr. Gibson Bell, whose career as an educator and Episcopal minister began at St. Paul's, died at his residence on the grounds of Lankenau Hospital, Philadelphia, August 15, 1979, in his one hundredth year. He had lived in retirement since 1956, as rector emeritus of All Saints Episcopal Church, Wynnewood, Pennsylvania, the church he had led over a period of thirty-seven years as it grew from an obscure mission to become one of the leading parishes in the Diocese of Pennsylvania, and at the time of his death he was one of Harvard University's five oldest alumni. He had no immediate surviving family.

Philip D. Bell, Jr., Director of the Advanced Studies Program from 1969 to 1979, is on sabbatical leave, studying at Columbia University Teachers College.

Philip E. Burnham (1946-78), long-time SPS English teacher, Head of the English Department, and Vice-Rector, who retired from the faculty at the close of the 1977-78 academic year, is giving the School an "en-core," as the Pelican terms it, by commuting this year from his home in Hopkinton to teach Third and Fourth Form English classes. Last year, he taught English composition at New England College in Henniker, New Hampshire.

Alan N. Hall has relinquished his post as Head of the English Department and Independence Foundation Master, to become Director of the Advanced Studies Program.

Walter N. Hawley of the Science Department is on sabbatical for the current year, pursuing his strong interest in astronomy. This winter and next spring, the Hawley family will live on a small Caribbean island, where conditions are ideal for observation of variable stars; later in the year, the Hawleys will visit, in Spain, France, and the Canary Islands, the construction sites of major new observatories.

Warren O. Hulser of the Mathematics Department has been named Independence Foundation Master.

Linda H. Kelley of the Modern Languages Department and her husband, William Kelley, became the parents of a daughter, Erin Eileen, August 28, 1979. Mrs. Kelley thus joined Roberta Tenney of the History Department in the exclusive sisterhood of "faculty mothers." During the fall, she has continued to teach three of the four courses normally assigned to her.

William O. Kellogg, Head of the History Department, has become Director of Activities and chairman of the Activities Committee,
which plans and coordinates all extracurricular activities in the School.

Richard Lederer, Form of 1923 Master in English, is the new Head of the English Department. Early in August, he received mention in William Safire's column, "On Language," in the Sunday Magazine of the New York Times, for his observation that the expression "a whole nother ball game" is a rare example of an infix in English. Mr. Lederer has informed the Horse that an infix is "a word plunked down in the middle of another word, in this case 'whole' inserted into 'another.'"

John Mayher, who taught History and "Oral English" at SPS from 1926 to 1951, and played memorable roles in early productions by the Master Players, and who then went on to become a legendary teacher and housemaster at Phillips Exeter Academy, died in Litchfield, Connecticut, July 25, 1979, at the age of seventy-six. Born in Easthampton, Massachusetts, the son of Philip and Katherine Bartlett Mayher, he went to Deerfield School and was a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Amherst College in the class of 1926. For fifteen of his forty years on the Exeter faculty, he was chairman of the history department, and he was the Academy's first Robert Shaw White Professor of History. In addition, he coached plays and debating and taught public speaking, and from 1967 to 1970 he headed a program which gave Exeter and Andover students experience working in the office of public officials in Washington, D.C. He was reputed to be the only teacher in the office of public officials in Washington, D.C. He was reputed to be the only teacher in the history department who followed them throughout their careers. After retirement in 1971, he lived in Litchfield, crowding his life with useful activity of many kinds. He had headed the town Historical Society, Red Cross, and Commission for the Aging, and was a zealous member of the Democratic Committee and the League of Women Voters. He was also president of the Greater Litchfield Preservation Trust, and a member of the scholarship committee of the Litchfield County University Club. He put his fine speaking voice into service, reading for the Oliver Wolcott Library program of Reading for the Blind. During both his Exeter and his Litchfield years, he participated in regional and national professional associations. He was a liberal and a man of the world, who nevertheless loved the landscape, shoreline, people, and heritage of New England. Meticulous, it is said, to the point of donning rubber gloves when he filled his fountain pen, he kept the details of his life in perfect order, but accepted change in the school or in the world around him with grace and often with wit, and usually with enthusiasm. He is survived by his wife, the former Elizabeth C. Magary, to whom he was married in 1956; two brothers, Lawrence T. and Philip Mayher; a sister, Gretchen Mayher, and two stepsons, A. D. and Douglas K. Magary.

Joan F. Mundy of the Mathematics Department is on leave of absence this academic year, working on her doctorate at the University of New Hampshire.

William C. VanderWolk of the Modern Languages Department is also on leave this year, teaching English to French university students in Paris, and re-immersing himself in the French language.

New Faculty

W. Marshall Clunie (English) has taught his subject for ten years at Governor Dummer Academy, the last five of those years as department chairman. He graduated with a B.A. in English from Franklin and Marshall College in 1962, and had a year of graduate study at the University of Pennsylvania. He spent the past summer on a two-month white-water expedition in Canada, in furtherance of his special enthusiasm for canoeing. He is a groupmaster in Ford.

Heather E. Couch (Admissions), an intern in German in the Advanced Studies Program in 1978, graduated from Mt. Holyoke College last May. In January of her senior year, she worked as an intern in development at the Center for Lifelong Learning at Curry College, Milton, Massachusetts. She is a groupmaster in Alumni House and is serving as an assistant director of admissions.

Norman L. Harvey (Science) has come from retirement for a one-year appointment to the faculty, after a career which included thirty-five years in business and industry and five years as a high school physics teacher. A 1934 graduate in electrical engineering from Iowa State University, he has done graduate work in electronics at Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute and Columbia University. From 1972 to 1977 he taught physics at Marblehead (Mass.) High School. He and his wife, Ila, are living in Drury.

Michele L. Lettierie (English/Dramatics) has been head of the English/Theatre department at the Stoneleigh-Burnham School in Greenfield, Massachusetts. She received a bachelor's degree in Speech and Theatre from Bates College in 1972, and has had graduate study in theatre at the University of New Orleans. Last summer she studied in England, as part of her candidacy for an M.A. at the Middlebury College Bread Loaf School of English. She is a groupmaster in North Upper.

Joan Z. Lonergan (Mathematics) is a 1974 summa cum laude graduate of the University of New Hampshire. She has taught mathematics at four high and junior high schools in the Concord school system. She and her husband, Michael, a Concord lawyer, and their two children, live in Concord.

Pauline T. Maguire, '74 (Classics/English), has studied for a year at Oxford and the Sorbonne, since graduating in 1978 with a degree in Classics and English from Princeton. She received her SPS diploma, magna cum laude, in 1974, with honors in Classics. She is a groupmaster in Alumni House.

Leanna B. Miles (Mathematics), who spent the past year as a graduate assistant in mathematics at the University of Montana, received her undergraduate degree, cum laude, from Duke University in 1975. Keenly interested in outdoor recreation, she lived at a ranger station in Idaho during the past summer. She is a groupmaster in Kittredge.

Brian Regan (Music/History) as ASP intern in the summer of 1977, and an intern in the History and Music Departments last year, has joined the faculty this year as a full member. At Wesleyan University, he was president of the class of 1977 and, for three years, University Chapel organist and carillonneur. He was organist for the Advanced Studies Program this past summer. He is a groupmaster in Wing Upper.

David D. Seaton (Music) is a 1967 graduate of Duquesne University with a B.S. in Music Education. He completed his Master of Music program at the New England Conservatory of Music in 1969 and, two years later, received an Artist Diploma from the Conservatory. He has performed in chamber music concerts in Massachusetts and New York. He has also appeared with the Boston Pops Orchestra and the Boston Opera Company. With his wife, Judy, and eight-year-old son, he is living in Simpson.

Emily A. Souvaine (English) graduated last spring from Harvard where she majored in American Intellectual and Literary History, with emphasis on writing. During the summer of 1978 and 1979, she was first an intern and then a teacher in the Phillips Academy Summer Program. She is a groupmaster in Middle.

Clinton M. Van Dusen, '72 (French), recipient of the Rector's Medal in 1972, is a 1977 graduate of Princeton. For the past two academic years, he has studied successively French, and European History, at the Universities of Reims and Rouen, France. While enrolled at the Université de Rouen, in 1978-79, he taught at the Lycée Corneille in Rouen.
He is a groupmaster in Kittredge.

Four intern teachers have joined the faculty this year. John E. Bean (Science) received his B. A. from Middlebury College in 1977, and has been taking courses in Pre-Engineering Studies at the University of New Hampshire. He spent his junior year at the University of Salzburg, Austria. He is a groupmaster in Mansfield. Gregory P. DuBuclet (Music/German), a former Advanced Studies Program student and, last summer, an intern in the ASP's Shakespeare course, is a 1979 graduate of the University of New Hampshire. He is a groupmaster in Armstrong. Peter B. LaFond (English) received his degree in English at the University of Maine in Orono, in 1975. Since then he has worked in business and as an adult education teacher. An outdoor sports enthusiast, he is a groupmaster in Conover/Twenty. Carl J. Lovejoy, '75 (Admissions/History) received his degree in American History and Black History at Colby College in 1979. While at Colby, he was a student teacher in the local public schools. An assistant director of admissions, he is a groupmaster in Corriener.

Form Notes

1903
Named for the late Rear Admiral Samuel E. Morison, a guided missile frigate, the fourth of its class to be built for the Navy at Bath Iron Works, was launched in Bath, Maine, on July 14.

1930
William G. Foulke has completed and published privately a history of the business and family life of his grandfather, Calvin Pardee (1841-1923). The book was researched and partly written, but left unfinished, by his brother, the late C. Pardee Foulke, '25, who died in 1974. Centering on the evolution of the family's enterprises in railroads, iron and coal mining, the lumber and steel industries, and more, the account shows that five generations have had a hand
in the Pardee companies down to the present day. Fifteen members of the family have been students at St. Paul's School.

Nelson D. Jay has been elected treasurer of the board of directors of the Aspen (Colorado) Center for Environmental Studies.

1932
An essay by Richard F. Baum, entitled "Notes on Progress and Historical Recurrence," recently appeared in The Intercollegiate Review. Baum has become a trustee of the Intercollegiate Studies Institute, publisher of the Review, an organization of academics and others which provides "through publications, seminars, and summer schools a counterpoise to the frequently socialist and 'humanist' (read atheist?) tilt of higher education."

1937
Norman S. Dike, Jr., who has practiced law in Geneva, Switzerland, since 1958, was the organizer of a service of homage to the late Earl Mountbatten of Burma, held in the English Church in Geneva, in September. About one thousand people of many nations were present to honor the man who, Dike said, "incarnated all that makes up the grandeur of England." Lord Mountbatten was murdered by IRA extremists in Ireland, late in August.

Christian A. Herter, Jr. has moved to Santa Fe and is teaching at the University of New Mexico.

Eric P. Swenson's 47-foot sloop, Toscana, with a crew of eleven, stood more than twenty hours of gale winds and heavy seas in last summer's Fastnet Race without severe damage, and finished a race which was called "the worst disaster in the history of yacht racing." Some two dozen boats were sunk or abandoned and nearly a score of sailors lost. One of Swenson's crew members was John F. Roumaniere, '62. For Swenson's own summary of the experience, see Letters, p. 150.

1938
The life and character of Benjamin R. Toland, who was killed on Iwo Jima in World War II, were the subject of a Memorial Day address in Edgartown, Massachusetts, last May, by the Rev. John D. Schule, Jr. formerly of Henniker, New Hampshire. "How many of us," asked the speaker, "are contributing what Ben Toland would have contributed if he had not died on Iwo Jima?"

1943
Francis L. Whitmarsh, Jr. and his wife Nesta are the parents of twin daughters, Sarah and Mary, born August 1, 1979. Mrs. Whitmarsh is the former Nesta Stephens of Aberporth, Wales, U.K. Whitmarsh is vice-president of Laidlaw Adams Peck, members of the New York Stock Exchange, stationed at the firm's European headquarters in Brussels, Belgium.

1950
Henry E. Drayton, Jr. has been chief staff officer of the United States Naval Ocean Systems Center, for the past two years. The Center is a 2500-man research and development installation in San Diego, California.

John A. Hinckley, president of the Institute for Continuing Education, Richmond, Virginia, has been named executive director of the American Academy for Cerebral Palsy and Developmental Medicine, effective January 1, 1980.

1953
Col. John O. Sewall is at present working in the office of the Secretary of Defense in Washington, in the area of defense policy guidance and contingency planning.

1955
Henry P. Cole, Jr. of the Geophysical Institute at the University of Alaska, in College, Alaska, writes that "after finishing my tenth year in Alaska, I have found it both arduous and marvelous and I would be happy to assist any of our class who are pondering a trip North."

Yoshiaki Shimizu has given up his post as a teacher of art at the University of California, Berkeley, to become curator of Japanese Art at the Freer Gallery in Washington, D.C. He extends a personal invitation to all SPS people to visit the gallery when they are in Washington.

1956
Huntington Barclay is president of Jog-a-Lite, Inc., makers of reflective safety gear for runners, which has grown into a million-
dollar business in less than two years, with an affiliate in Canada and distributors in Europe, South Africa, and the Far East. Jog-a-Lite headquarters are in Silver Lake, New Hampshire.

1957
Bukk G. Carleton, 3d has acquired The Gateway, a 60-acre condominium resort at Campion, in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and writes that he would be pleased to offer alumni guests a ten per cent discount.

1959
Roger A. C. Williams is "still working at the NOAA Clean Air monitoring station in Samoa, and saving up to see more of the green world."

1961
John Ransmeier and his partner, Tom Diehl (a master at New Hampton School), reached the finals of the New Hampshire Men's Doubles Tennis Championships in June, defeating Richard Lederer. Form of 1923 Master in English, and his partner, Richard Lantine, in a hard-fought three-setter in the semi-finals.

1962
John P. Rousmaniere, a member of the crew of Eric Swenson's Toscana, (see Letters, page 130) was the author of a vivid account of the Fastnet Race which appeared in the New York Times of August 16.

W. Grey Terry was married to Katherine Chillian Koo, daughter of Mrs. Gertrude Y. Renaud of New York and Teh-Chang Koo of Taipei, Taiwan, October 13, 1979, in New York City. Terry is on the staff of General Motors Corp. in New York City.

1964
Capt. Raymond P. Payson, USAF, spent six weeks last spring at an air base operated by the United States Air Force in England, working as a staff KC-135 tanker navigator. He made good use of his spare time to tour such places as Stratford-upon-Avon, Cambridge, and London.

Alex Shoumatoff's latest book, "Westchester: Portrait of a County," was published by Coward, McCann & Geoghan, last spring.

1965
William F. Draper, Jr. was married to Emily R. Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence E. Williams of Short Hills, New Jersey and Sagaponack, New York, September 15, 1979, in Short Hills. Draper is a representative of Guild Investment Management, a Malibu, California, money-management concern.

1966
Alfred M. Ajami was married to Martha Jane Bradford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Bradford of Boston, Massachusetts, August 11, 1979, in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

David Alan Caney is assistant legal counsel of the United States House of Representatives Committee on Government Operations.

Bruce Edward deG. Carter is assistant professor of Fine Arts and chairman of the Department of Fine Arts at Marycrest College, Davenport, Iowa.

Roy F. Coppege, 3d reports the birth of his third son, Roy F. 4th, June 14, 1979.


Lawrence P. Terrell is in the private practice of law with the Denver, Colorado, firm of Gorsuch, Kirgis, Campbell, Walker & Groves, and is specializing in energy law.

1967
Avery D. Andrews and his wife are parents of a son, James Allen, born March 21, 1979.

1968
Thomas J. Mcgear is sales manager for International Proteins Corp., in New York City.

1969
Charles Eric de Carbonnel was married to Katrina Vanderlip, daughter of Mrs. Kelvin Cox Vanderlip of Portuguese Bend, California, and the late Mr. Vanderlip, August 4, 1979, in Portuguese Bend.

Jesse W. Markham, Jr. finished law school at the University of California, Berkeley, in May and has begun work with the San Francisco law firm of McCutchen, Doyle, Brown & Enersen.

S. Alexander Haverstick, 2d and his wife, Jessica, are the parents of a daughter, Emily Whalen, their first child, born June 21, 1979. Haverstick is with Brown Brothers, Harri man, in New York City.

Amory Houghton, 3d was married to Stephanie Taylor French, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William T. French of Darien, Connecticut, September 8, 1979, in New York City. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Alanson B. Houghton, '48, uncle of the bridegroom. Amory Houghton is a consumer salesman for the Corning Glass Works.

Stephen G. Moorhead was married to Susan Appleton Stone, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bragdon Stone, Jr. of Middletown, Connecticut, September 8, 1979, in Middletown. Moorhead is law clerk for Justice Richard Neely of the West Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals.

Richard S. Trutanic was married to Cynthia Leila Howar, daughter of Raymond J. Howar and Elaine S. Howar, both of Washington, D. C., September 22, 1979, in Washington. Trutanic is with the Washington law firm of Hogan & Hartson.

1971
Lieutenant j.g. Christopher J. Colby, USN, was cruising under the arctic ice towards the North Pole aboard the Navy's nuclear-powered attack submarine Archerfish, on April 6, 1979, the seventieth anniversary of Admiral Peary's discovery of the Pole. When the ship surfaced at the Pole, Colby and other crewmen had an opportunity to walk on the ice.

Samuel R. Foerstmeyer has received an M.B.A. degree from Columbia and begun work in the finance department of the Ford Motor Co.

Terry deR. Gruber is the author of "Working Cats", published in October by Lippincott. The book is a picture and text "portrait of cats on the job": cats which live and/or work in unusual places like theatres, churches, public and private offices, factories, galleries, schools, etc.

Todd K. Howard is in his third year of medical school at the University of Cincinnati, Ohio.

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.

1972
Howard E. Grace is in the multinational group at Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co.

Anita W. Lippitt was married to Michael Rourke Rogers, June 30, 1979. Anita received a degree of Master of Architecture at the University of Pennsylvania in the spring and hopes to be working in Stamford, Connecticut, where she and her husband will
live. He is a financial planning analyst with Champion International Corp. in Stamford.

1973
Craig M. Gordon has entered the Yale School of Forestry. He and his wife, Susan (Ruetter) Gordon, '74, both graduated from Northern Arizona University in May. Susan, who is a registered nurse, expects to work in a hospital in New Haven.

John A. Vaskov is in his third year of law school at the University of Pittsburgh.

Abbott C. Widdecombe was married to Margaret H. Child, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah H. Child, Jr. of Boston, Massachusetts, September 7, 1979, in Boston. Widdecombe is a commodity account executive at E. F. Hutton Co. in New York City.

Lloyd N. Lynford has joined the American theater director Richard Foreman, as assistant director of a new production which is being rehearsed in Rome, Italy, for autumn performances in Rome and Milan. Lynford directed a production of Sam Shepherd's "Action," in Boston last summer.

James P. Rutherford is in his second year at the University of Virginia Law School. He graduated summa cum laude from the Near Eastern Studies Department at Princeton last year.

1975
Glenn B. Atkinson is a computer programmer for Prudential Insurance Co.

Mary B. Bigelow has graduated from the University of Toronto and is assisting a Canadian anthropologist in field work on the Eskimos of Northern Baffin Island.

Kevin McCaffrey was married to Corinne A. Simo, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred V. Simo of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, September 1, 1979, in Pittsfield.

Kathryn J. Tucker was married to Philip H. McMahon of Concord, New Hampshire, August 12, 1979, in the Chapel at St. Paul's School.

Elizabeth Schein writes that "after an incredible six months in Florence, I'm on my way back to Stanford to major in comparative literature."

1978
Todd Purdum, Form Director for 1978, is a member of the Princeton University Press Club, covering campus and town news for the Asbury Park Press. Late in June, he forwarded to the Horae the following fat package of Form Notes:

Jason Selch, after a narrow escape from Peruvian muggers last summer, and from a serious knife wound that left him with hepatitis, entered the University of Chicago at mid-year, and will be studying there this summer to catch up. Dan Mapel is working for The Dartmouth as an intercollegiate news editor, responsible for dispensing daily briefs on happenings at colleges throughout the northeast. Elsbeth Collins, still active in drama, was elected to the executive board of Princeton University's Theatre Intime, an organization whose past members include Joshua Logan and Jimmy Stewart. Henry R. Trevor is working as a reporter for the Brown University Daily Herald, covering the student government beat. André Boissier is keeping up his interest in squash but finding time for drama as well. He starred in a campus production of e.e. cummings's "him" at Princeton last spring. Elizabeth Kent, playing on the Harvard women's lacrosse team, was selected as an Ivy League "Athlete of the Week" last spring.

Lisa A. Marsh worked last summer as a trainee in clinical microbiology in Basel, Switzerland, as a supplement to her six-year honors program in Medical Education at Northwestern University. "The Swiss," she reports, "are hardworking and energetic and it is somewhat of a relief to return to my studies at Northwestern. School is tough but the preparation at SPS was excellent."

Claire S. Werner is attending Parsons School of Design, in New York City.

Deceased

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

06 - Eugene N. Welch, date unknown
16 - Nickels B. Huston, Oct. 28, 1979
16 - James Gore King, Sept. 22, 1979
18 - Keith T. Campbell, 1975
26 - Whitney Stone, Oct. 21, 1979
28 - Robert F. Ford, Oct. 21, 1979
29 - Townsend Munson, Nov. 1, 1979

04 - Phineas McCray Henry, a member of the Iowa bar for sixty-eight years, died at his home in Des Moines, Iowa, June 12, 1979. Born in Des Moines, April 9, 1889, he was the son of George F. and Rose Cassady Henry. He was a graduate of St. Paul's in 1904 and of Harvard in 1909. After a year at Harvard Law School, he transferred to Drake University Law School where he received his law degree. Upon admission to the bar he joined the firm of Henry & Henry with his father and brother, practicing law with that firm until its termination in 1970, and then alone until his last illness. He served as an acting captain of ordinance in the 125th Field Artillery in World War I, with two months' service in France. In 1922, he became general counsel of Equitable Life Insurance Co. of Iowa, and in 1928 a director, staying with the company as vice-president and general counsel from 1937 to his retirement in 1959. Even after retirement he retained responsibility with the company as a director and member of the finance committee. In 1950 he received a distinguished service award from Drake University, and in 1978 Equitable of Iowa established a scholarship fund at the University in his name. He was a member, and had been an officer also, of state, county, and city bar groups and of the Des Moines Club and the city library. Mountain climbing on vacations in Canada and Switzerland kept fresh an enthusiasm formed in the Rocky Mountains in his thirties; he was a member of the American and Swiss Alpine Clubs. Surviving are his wife, Elizabeth R. Henry; a son, Patrick Henry; two grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

07 - John Baker Holiister, Cincinnati lawyer, foreign aid administrator in the Eisenhower Administration, and SPS Trustee from 1942 to 1946, died in Cincinnati, Ohio, January 4, 1979. The son of Howard K. and Alice Keys Holiister, he was born in Cincinatti, November 7, 1890, and lived there all his life except for periods of schooling in New England, of war service and relief work overseas, and of government assignments in Washington. He studied at SPS from 1905 to 1907, was a member of the winning Cadman debating team in the joint debate of 1907, graduated, and went on to Yale where he was a member of the class of 1911. After a year of study at the University of Munich, he enrolled at Harvard Law School, receiving his law degree in 1915. He attended the first officers training school at Plattsburg in
the summer of 1917, was commissioned, and served in France as captain of an artillery battalion in the closing months of World War I. Immediately after the war, his college and law school friend, Robert A. Taft, interested him in the work of Herbert Hoover's American Relief Administration, and he worked with that agency in Poland and Lithuania for four months. He then returned to the United States and in 1920 entered the practice of law in Cincinnati with the firm later named Taft, Stettinius & Hollister. Upon the death of House Speaker Nicholas Longworth in 1931, he was appointed to fill out Longworth's unexpired term in the House of Representatives. He won reelection to that seat in 1932 and 1934, but went out of office in the Roosevelt landslide of 1936. In 1940, he was an advisor to the presidential campaign of Wendell L. Willkie, and he continued active in national Republican politics in the campaigns of 1944, 1948, and 1952—in the last of these, supporting the unsuccessful candidacy of his friend Robert Taft for the GOP nomination. For a time after World War II, he worked in Europe with the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. He held two important posts during the Eisenhower Presidency, first as executive director of the Second Hoover Commission on the organization of the executive branch of the Government, 1953-55, and then as director of the International Cooperation Administration, administering United States foreign aid, 1955-56. During the latter period, he was a member of the President's inner circle of national security advisers. He served as a director of New York Life, Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, Standard Brands, and a great many other companies, and remained an active partner in his law firm until his death. For decades he was a trusted advisor and friend of a broad range of national leaders in business and public life, yet his abundant humor and essential modesty remained untouched. He is survived by his wife, Florence B. Hollister, whom he married in 1962; a son and partner in his law firm until his death. For a time he owned a farm in Litchfield, Connecticut, where some of his happiest childhood years had been spent, and he was a lifelong lover of the woods and of camping. He is survived by his wife, Emma Lawrence Busk; two sons, Fred T. Busk and Joseph R. Busk, Jr., '45; a daughter, Mary L. Chamberlain, and a stepson, Samuel D. Robins, Jr.

'12 — Ira Hedges Washburn died in Greenwich, Connecticut, July 24, 1979. The son of Mortimer F. and Margaret Hedges Washburn, he was born in Havrestraw, New York, August 11, 1892, and entered St. Paul's in the Second Form in 1907. He was an able athlete, speedily and aggressive on field or ice, who became vice-president of the Athletic Association. In his Sixth Form year he played on the Old Hundred and SPS football teams, won his club letter in hockey, and rowed bow on the Halcyon Crew. As a visitor to Millville during his son's years at St. Paul's, he claimed he could identify the sons of his friends because they skated the way their fathers had. He graduated from Yale in 1916 and a year later had begun World War I service as a captain of field artillery, leading to action overseas with the AEF during the last year of the war. He began his postwar career in the family brick business in Kings­ton and Saugerties, New York, heading it for some years while at the same time guiding real estate interests in Manhattan. Later he was with Devoe & Raynolds Co. (now a division of Celanese Corp.) until retirement in 1960. He was an ardent skier from the days of that sport's first popularity here in the early thirties, and he sailed competitively on Long Island Sound in New York 30 and 10-meter class boats. He was devoted to St. Paul's, returning for frequent visits and watching with pleasure the School careers of his son and grandson. He is survived by his daughter, Jean W. Clark; a son, Ira H. Wash­burn, Jr., '45, and three grandchildren, the eldest of whom is William M. Washburn, '79.

'13 — Charles Maury Jones died at his home in Bedminster, New Jersey, October 13, 1978. Born in Red Bank, New Jersey, June 28, 1894, he was the son of W. Strother Jones, '77, and Katharine Hoagland Jones, and the third of four brothers who graduated from St. Paul's. He was a fine oarsman, having a seat in the Shattuck Crews of 1912 and 1913; a bass in the choir, and leader of the Sixt h Form year he played in the cross country runs of 1915 and 1916, running against his Delphian twin brother, was a notable feature of those con-
tests, as spectators saw the brothers finishing near the front of the pack every time. John won a first place and two seconds in the runs each year, being defeated by his twin only once—in the final run of 1916. He went on from St. Paul's to Princeton, where he rowed on the varsity crew. Of his career after graduation from college, the Horace has been unable to secure any details. He is survived by a son, John Sinclair, Jr., '51, and a brother, Robert O. Sinclair. His brother Murray died in March, 1978.

'18 — Edward Starr, Jr., retired Philadelphia investment banker, died in Philadelphia, June 24, 1979. Born March 30, 1900, to Edward and Mary White Starr, he came to St. Paul's in 1914 in the Third Form. He captained the second Delphian football team in the year of his graduation and was a Concordian and a member of the squash committee. From St. Paul's he went to Yale, where he received his bachelor's degree in 1922. His career in the investment banking business in Philadelphia, with the original Drexel & Co., in which he became a partner, was interrupted for five years of service in the Air Force during World War II. In that period he was chief of the factory representatives section of the planning and maintenance division of the Air Technical Service Command in Europe, and executive director of the Office of the Foreign Liquidation Commissioner in the United States, with the final rank of colonel. He was awarded the Legion of Merit. A man of independent character and strongly held opinions, he enjoyed fishing and hunting and was a loving family man who was appreciated both as a father and a true friend by his children. He was the father of two sons, Edward Starr, '54, '42, and Ralph T. Starr, '44, and a daughter, Mary Anne Ritchie, and grandfather of Peter T. Starr, '74, and Nancy R. Starr, '75 — all of whom survive him. He was a brother of the late Floyd T. Starr, '23.

'22 — Samuel Hatfield Gilbert died in Devon, Pennsylvania, January 24, 1979. He had recently retired as a real estate salesman for Edward E. Cullen of Bryn Mawr, and had earlier been associated for many years with the Baldwin Locomotive Works and several coal firms. He was a member of the First Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry. The son of John and Maude Gilbert, he was born March 23, 1903, in Rydal, Pennsylvania, and was a graduate of St. Paul's and Yale. He studied at the School for the full six-year course, becoming field marshal of the Athletic Association and Ithmian secretary in his Sixth Form year. He was Ithmian hockey goalie for two years — the second as captain of the team —, captain of the Ithmian squad team, and for two years a member of the Ithmian baseball team. In addition he was a substitute SPS hockey goalie, a member of the School squash team, and a Cadmean. The School and the friendships formed there meant much to him throughout his life. He is survived by four sons, Samuel H. Jr., '46, Theodore V., William P. and Allen Gilbert; a daughter, Joan G. Borie; a brother, John Gilbert, and fifteen grandchildren, one of whom is C. Louis Borie, Jr., '72. He was a brother of the late Rowland Gilbert, '28.

'22 — Alfred Newbold Lawrence died at his home in Lawrence, New York, June 8, 1978. A native of Lawrence, founded by his family in the nineteenth century on the southern shore of Long Island, he was born May 14, 1903, the son of John and Alice Lawrence. In his six years at St. Paul's he became vice-president of the Scientific Association, secretary-treasurer of the Rifle Club, and a member of the Concordian. He also began to show talent as a runner, as a member of the winning Ithmian relay team in 1922. He won a track letter at the end of his sophomore year at Princeton, but then transferred to Massachusetts Institute of Technology for completion of his undergraduate course. His career was in the aviation and electronics industries, with such firms as Sperry Gyroscope Co., United Aircraft Products, Pratt & Whitney, and Grumman — where he had a hand in development of the landing vehicle. Since retirement in 1970, he had lived in Lawrence. He is survived by a son, Alfred N. Lawrence, Jr., '50; a sister, Alice Lawrence; two step children, Robert Kennedy and Joyce Duffy, and two grandchildren.

'23 — Royal Bruce Burnett died August 2, 1979, in Salinas, California. Born December 13, 1904, in Temple, Texas, the son of Royal Bruce and Mary Adelaide Burnett, he studied at the School from 1919 to 1922, was a member of the Library Association and the Rifle Club, and played on the Ithmian baseball team in his last spring at St. Paul's. His college junior year was spent at Stanford University, but he graduated from Harvard in 1927 and from Harvard Business School three years later. A resident of Salinas from 1957 until his death, he engaged in the lettuce-marketing business for many years. More recently, he worked as an investment broker. He was a Salinas city council member for four years and had been president of the Salinas Community Chest. He was affiliated with service, social, and country clubs in the area, but his strongest loyalty was to St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Salinas, where he had held every office in the parish at one time or another. Although he had become an enthusiastic mountain climber during a year at school in Switzerland before college, and in his senior year at Harvard was a substitute on the polo team, his recreations in later life were chiefly golf and duck hunting. He is survived by his wife, Louise Burnett; a son, Thomas B. Burnett; two daughters, Mrs. Jennifer Harris and Mrs. Beatrice Foster; a sister, Mrs. Beatrice B. Armstrong; seven grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

'24 — Archibald Stevens Alexander, Under Secretary of the Army in the Truman Administration, died at his home in Bernardsville, New Jersey, September 4, 1979. He was the son of Archibald S. Alexander, '97, and Helen Barney Alexander, and was born in New York City, October 28, 1906, and came to St. Paul's in 1918 for the full six-year course. The best scholar of his Form, he was chosen as a Councillor and served as a supervisor in the old "School." He was a member of the Scientific and Library Associations, vice-president of the Cadmean and a member of its debating team, and a skillful writer of prose and verse who became a head editor of the Horace. Recipient of many academic prizes, he was a Ferguson Scholar in 1922 and 1923, winner of the Whipple Medal in English Literature, the Oakes Greek Prize, the Malbone French Prize, and the Keep Prize in American History (twice), and, at graduation in 1924, the first boy to be honored with the Knox Cup for the highest sustained level of scholarship during his school years. At Princeton, where he was a member of the class of 1928, he was chairman of the Nassau Literary Magazine, and won membership in Phi Beta Kappa. With a law degree form Harvard in 1931, he entered the New York City law firm of Carter, Ledyard and Milburn, becoming a partner in 1940. He served in Army Intelligence for four years in World War II, rising to the final rank of lieutenant colonel, in Australia, the United States, and Europe, and won the Legion of Merit and French decorations. His first contacts with public service at the federal level came after the war, when he was a public member of the Foreign Service Selection Board and assisted in a special report on security and personnel problems for the Atomic Energy Commission. In 1949 he resigned his law partnership to become Assistant Secretary of the Army, and a year later was made Under Secretary, serving in that position for the remainder of the Truman Administration. During this same period he began to take active part in reorganization of the Democratic Party in New Jersey, following the overthrow of the Hague political machine, and in 1954 became New Jersey State Treasurer. He might have continued in this post but for a decision to resign in 1955 to head the national committee supporting Adlai Stevenson's second campaign for the Presidency. He was chair- man of the Rutgers University board of governors, 1956-59; a director of the New Jersey state commission on tax policy, 1956-63; a director of the Free Europe Committee, 1959-62; and assistant director of the United States Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, 1965-69. In addition he served as a member of the Bernardsville Borough...
Beauveau Borie, 3d died in Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania, August 29, 1979. He was the son of Archibald Church, Bernardsville. When he found leisure time, he liked to spend it on such outdoor activities as wood-chopping and pruning the trees and shrubs on his grounds. He is survived by his wife, Jean Sears Alexander; a son, Archibald S. Alexander, Jr., ’51; four daughters, Helen Prevost, Susan Powers, Jean S. O’Donnell, and Whitney Alexander, and ten grandchildren.

'24 — Beauveau Borie, 3d died in Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania, August 29, 1979. He was born in Rydal, Pennsylvania, May 3, 1906, the son of Charles L. Borie, Jr., ’88, and Helen Sewell Borie, and was the youngest of four brothers to come to St. Paul’s, entering the School in Form I, 1919. His many abilities soon established him as a leader. In the year 1923-24, he was Treasurer of the Sixth Form, secretary-treasurer of the Forestry Club, head acolyte, vice-president of the Athletic Association, secretary-treasurer of the Executive Committee of the Halcyon Club, and Halcyon Crew captain. He was also a member of the Concordian council, the executive committee of the Missionary Society, the honor committee, and the Scientific Association. In the Dramatic Club’s production of “Charley’s Aunt” on Lincoln’s Birthday that year, his performance in the role of Spettigue won top honors. He wrote occasionally for the Horae, and for one term was a supervisor in the Lower. His athletic achievements included membership on the SPS football team for one season, and the Old Hundred for two, but it was on Long Pond that he achieved real note, as “the best oar at St. Paul’s in many years.” He stroked the Halcyon Crews of 1922, 1923, and 1924, the last two of them to victory. In all three years he was named to the SPS Crew, and in 1924 he was both Halcyon and SPS captain. At the University of Pennsylvania, from which he graduated in 1928 with a degree in fine arts, he stroked the varsity crew for two years. He became a partner in John Wagner & Sons, Philadelphia importers, soon after graduation from college and when the firm changed hands in 1952 he went to work for the University of Pennsylvania, where he was assistant director of the Bequest and Deferred Giving Department. He retired from this position in 1974. He had been a member of the First Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry, since 1926, and during World War II he served as a volunteer with the Philadelphia Port security force and as a volunteer instructor with the Interceptor Command. He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth E. Borie; a son, Beauveau Borie, 4th, ’51; two daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Williams and Mrs. Jeanne B. Tustian; a brother, Henry P. Borie, ’20; seven grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren. He was a brother of the late Charles L. Borie, 3d, ’75, and William J. S. Borie, ’15.

'24 — Schuyler Loree Mathews died in Fort Walton Beach, Florida, where he had lived for ten years of retirement, November 18, 1978. A native of New York City, he was born April 29, 1906, the son of Harold Chauncey and Edith C. Mathews, and entered the Second Form in 1919. He was one of the scholastic leaders of his Form and was a member of the Library and Scientific Associations and the Cadmean, as well as the Forestry Club. He graduated from Harvard in the class of 1928. He made a career of private and commercial flying in New York State, and attained the rank of lieutenant commander in the Navy in World War II, serving for three and a half years on assignments which included duty as assistant plans officer on the staff of the commander of the Pacific Fleet Air Forces, and as an officer on USS Hamin (AV-15) in the Okinawa campaign. In 1951 he became a civilian flight instructor for the Army. During his retirement years, he took pleasure in sailing and building boats. Surviving are three sons, Anthony T., Clinton S., and David C. Mathews; a sister, Mary Churchill Barker, and two grandchildren.

'25 — the Horae regrets an error in the obituary of William Dudley Livingston, ’21, in our summer issue: Mr. Livingston’s brother, John G. Livingston, Jr., ’25, who was listed there as a surviving relative, died in June, 1976, and a notice was printed in the autumn issue that year.

'26 — Granville Oldfield Barclay died in Palm Beach, Florida, July 18, 1979. He was seventy-one years old. Born in New York City, the son of Julian S. and Gertrude O. Barclay Ulman, he entered the School in 1921 with his brother, the late Henry A. Barclay, ’26. (Both brothers later dropped the name Ulman under which they were enrolled during their school years.) Though small and lightly built, he became an effective end on the Delphian and SPS football teams of 1925. He graduated from SPS in 1926 and from Harvard in 1930. In 1935, he and his brother Henry formed a stock exchange partnership with the late Peter Baldwin, ’25, under the firm name of Ulman Brothers and Baldwin. He served during World War II as a first lieutenant in the Army, in the Pacific Theater. He was an avid horseshoe rider who spent many summers at a ranch in Wyoming, and he was a tournament-class backgammon player. Surviving are his son, Huntington Barclay, ’56; a sister, Mrs. Frederick Wall; a stepsdaughter, Joan M. Parker; a stepson, and two grandchildren. He was also the brother of the late Rutgers Barclay, ’29.

'28 — Newell Armsby died in Larkspr, California, July 2, 1978. He was born in San Francisco, California, May 29, 1908, the son of George N. and Leonora Wood Armsby, and came to St. Paul’s as a First Former in 1922. He attended the School for three years only, and shortly afterward went to work for the investment banking firm of Blair & Co. After some six years with that company, in which he had become head of its trading department in San Francisco, he retired to pursue personal interests. He was an accomplished amateur photographer and was noted for his part in the production of plays by the Bohemian Club of San Francisco each year. He is survived by his wife, Ruth W. Armsby, and a sister, Leonora Armsby Hendrickson.

'28 — Paul Roberts died in Villanova, Pennsylvania, early in the decade of the seventies, according to information recently received by the Alumni Association. A native of Villanova, the son of H. Radcliffe and Eleanor Page Roberts, he studied at St. Paul’s from 1920 to 1926, but did not graduate. He was a member of the Isthmian track team in 1925. Moving directly into business, he was engaged in the coal industry in Pennsylvania, and later in the tire retreat business. He is survived by his wife, Sidney Roberts, three daughters, Sidney Gould, Robin Clarke, and Diana Roberts, and a brother, Howard Radcliffe Roberts, ’25.

'30 — Frank Hamilton Davis, former Vermont State Treasurer, died in Burlington, Vermont, April 2, 1979. The son of Frank H. and Elizabeth Clark Davis, he was born June 13, 1910, in New York City, entering the First Form in the fall of 1923. He was at St. Paul’s for five years; rowed on the Shattuck Crew in 1927, and won Old Hundred football and hockey letters in the following school year. During World War II, he served for three years in the Coast Guard, becoming lieutenant in command of a submarine chaser, first in the Atlantic and later in the Pacific. Before moving to Burlington in 1947, he had been a member of the New York Stock Exchange. In Burlington he worked as an account executive for several investment firms, and was treasurer of the city Republican Committee. From 1962 to 1969 he was a member and for a time chairman of the city housing authority, and he was a Burlington representative in the lower chamber of the state legislature in 1967 and 1968. His service as State Treasurer began with election to the post in 1968 and he was twice reelected. He had been president of the Vermont Ecumenical Council and Bible Society, and he was active in recreational clubs of the area. An avid outdoorsman, he was his family’s firm and gentle teacher in sailing, skiing, and rowing, the sports which had captured his own lifelong devotion. He is survived by his wife, Virginia H. Davis; three sons, Frank H. Jr., Timothy C., and...
Derrick H. Davis; three daughters, Elizabeth Crossman, Leslie Davis-Jeffers, and Marjorie F. Davis; and seven grandchildren. His brother, Daniel Abner Davis, '31, who was living at the time of Frank Davis's death, died on August 4, 1979 (see below).

'31 — Daniel Abner Davis died at his home in Charlottesville, Virginia, August 4, 1979. He was born in Morristown, New Jersey, the son of Frank H. and Elizabeth Clark Davis,ers of his Form, but he did not return for the Sixth Form year to take up the offices of Secretary of the Sixth Form and Shattuck Captain to which he had been elected. As a Fifth Former, he was a fast, aggressive line­man on the Old Hundred and SPS football teams, and that spring he rowed for the third year on the Fourth. He turned up as a councilor, winning a place on the honorary SPS Crew in recognition of persistently fine performance just below first crew level. He was also a Fifth Form Councillor and a member of the Forestry Club. A member of the class of 1935 at Harvard, he worked in New York City in the last part of the decade of the thirties, for the United Fruit Co. and American Viscose Co., returning to the latter after World War II service as damage control officer on the destroyer USS Ordronaux in the Italian, Southern France, and Okinawa campaigns. Sailing had been his favorite recre­ation since he experienced it during summers on Mt. Desert Island, Maine, as a boy; he also enjoyed tennis and golf. After retire­ment to Charlottesville, he served for several years as secretary of the local mental health association. He is survived by his wife, Alida D. Davis; two sons, Daniel A. Jr. and Michael H. Davis, and four grandchildren. He was a brother of Frank H. Davis, '30, who died on April 2, 1979.

'35 — William Washburn Myrick died in New York City, July 26, 1979, after a brief illness. The son of Julian Southall and Marion Wash­burn Myrick, he was born in New York City, May 24, 1917. At St. Paul's, he became a member of the Council and a supervisor, and was elected to the Cadmean, the Deutscher Verein, and the Dramatic Club. He won top laurels at Thanksgiving, 1934, for the consist­ency of his performance in a character role in Drinkwater’s “The Bird in Hand.” He served also as an acolyte, Sunday School teacher and crucifer, and was a counselor at the School Camp in Danbury. The onset of World War II, soon after his graduation from Harvard in 1939, drew him into three and a half years of army service, during which he saw duty as a sergeant in North Africa. After the war he practiced law in New York City, first with the firm of Wash­burn & Gray, and finally with Dickerson, Reilly & Mullen until his death. He was an avid yachtsman who was a frequent parti­cipant in New York Yacht Club cruises, and a loyal alumnus of the School. He is survived by two sisters, Shirley M. Clyde and Cynthia M. Saltzman.

'37 — Walter Webb Reed, marine underwrit­­ing executive, died in Burlington, Vermont, October 7, 1979. At the time of his death, he was universally regarded as the dean of American hull underwriters. He was born July 9, 1918, the son of Henry Hope Reed, '07, and Elizabeth Leeds Reed, and came to St. Paul's in the Second Form in 1932. Able in both studies and athletics, he became a member of the Concordian and the Library Association and was vice­president of the Cercle Français and winner, in 1956, of the Malbone French Prize. He was chosen vice­president of the Athletic Association and secretary­treasurer of the Old Hundred Club. He played on his Club and School football teams in 1935 and 1936, captaining them both in the latter year, and he won seats in the Halcyon and SPS Crews of 1937. After graduation from St. Paul's in 1937, and three undergraduate years at Harvard, he joined the American Viscose Insurance Syndicates in New York City and began his career of nearly four decades in the insurance of ships and related risks. From late 1942 until the close of 1945, he was in military service in the Army in the Far East. In January, 1946, he resumed his position with the insurance syndicate and over the next twenty years climbed the ladder of respon­sibility to the position of underwriter, which he held from 1967 to 1972. He resigned from the syndicate late in 1972 and, in the fall of 1974, reentered the insurance world as chairman of the board of Reed and Brown, Inc., marine underwriters. He retired July 1, 1978. Possessed of high intelligence, imagi­nation, and humor — qualities which fitted him well for his profession —, he was also a lover of opera and of the civilizations of Greece and France. He is survived by his wife, Joan Reynolds Reed; three daughters, Jenny R. Slot, Natalie Reed, and Eliza Reed; a brother, Henry Hope Reed, Jr., '34, and two grandchildren.

'39 — Charles Morgan Aldrich, Jr., clothing industry executive, died at his home in Way­zata, Minnesota, August 6, 1979, after a long illness. He was fifty­eight years old. A native of Connecticut, the son of Charles M. Ald­rich, '12, and Priscilla Aldrich, he was at St. Paul's from the Fourth Form year to graduation, becoming a member of the Con­cordian, Scientific Association, and Forestry Club. During World War II, he served as an Army sergeant in the Pacific Theater, and after the war he joined Munsingwear Inc., in Minneapolis. He held a variety of positions in the company, finally becoming vice­president and general manager of the men's and boys' division, the post he held at the time of his death. Surviving are his wife, Nancy Aldrich; his mother; four sons, C. Morgan 3d, Thomas, Harry, and Mark Aldrich; two daughters, Linda and Betsy, and two grand­children.

'42 — Alvin Foye Sortwell, Jr. died in Bever­ly Farms, Massachusetts, June 28, 1978. A native and lifelong resident of Beverly Farms, he was born September 8, 1922, the son of Alvin F. Sortwell, '10, and Elise Pollard Sort­well. He studied at St. Paul's from 1936 to 1939 and completed his secondary school­ing at Kimball Union Academy. During four years in the Air Force in World War II, he was a gunner in the 98th Bombardment Group, with service in the Balkans, Italy, and Central Europe, and was awarded the Air Medal. After the war for many years, he operated S&K Tree Service in his home town. He was a member of the Massachusetts Ar­borist Association, and a long­time member of the vestry and choir of St. John's Church, Beverly Farms. Surviving are his wife, Jennie Sortwell; two sons, Alvin F. 4th, and Lawrence W. Sortwell, and two sisters, Mrs. Anne Clement and Mrs. Harry Castleman.

'43 — John Cecil Adams, Jr., a student at St. Paul's from 1938 to 1941, died April 28, 1979. Our information about his life is scanty, but he is known to have served dur­ing World War II, first as a civilian in the Army Transport Service and later as officer of an Army rescue and salvage tug in the Mediterranean. After the war he joined Coffin & Richardson, Inc., civil engineers, in Boston, Massachusetts, and was president of that firm from 1962 until his death. He is survived by his wife, Audrey T. Adams.

'71 — Charles Carter Woods, a doctoral candi­date in comparative literature at Duke Uni­versity, was killed in an automobile accident while visiting relatives in Yorkshire, England, September 7, 1979. Born in Washington, D. C., he was the son of Lucy L. Woods, who died in the accident with her son, and E. Charles Woods, and he was a student at St. Paul's from 1967 to 1969. Surviving members of the family include his father, and a sister, Mrs. Paul de Man.

'72 — Turlough O'Brien, a devoted and ex­perienced mountaineer, was killed by a rock fall while climbing in the French Alps, Aug­ust 23, 1979. He was born in London, Eng­land, February 10, 1954, the eldest son of Donough and Madeleine O'Brien, and studied at St. Paul's for three years, 1968­71. After undergraduate study at Vassar College, he at­tended the University of San Francisco Law School, where he became editor­in­chief of the Law Review and graduated in June 1979. He is survived by his wife, the former Eliza­beth Ann Rada, a Vassar College classmate whom he married in June, 1978; his parents, and two brothers, Rushton and Quentin O'Brien.
THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H. 03301

President
Benjamin R. Neilson, '56
Ballard, Spahr, Andrews & Ingersoll, 30 South 17th St., Philadelphia, PA 19103

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

Treasurer
Robert G. Patterson, '55

Assistant Treasurer
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, 1980
Charles D. Dickey, Jr., '36
Theodore D. Tieken, Jr., '37
John M. Armstrong, '49

Beckman H. Pool, '28
John K. McEvoy, '53
Edward G. Page, Jr., '38
Q. A. Shaw McKean, Jr., '43
Albert R. Gurney, Jr., '48
Randolph H. Guthrie, Jr., '53
W. Lee Hanley, Jr., '58
Peter J. Ames, '63
Olivia H. Lorentzen, '58
Jose Maldonado, '75
Todd S. Purdum, '78

Assistant Directors

to Anniversary, 1981
Peter G. Gerry, '64
Horace F. Henriques, Jr., '47
Michael R. Russell, '72

to Anniversary, 1982
Henry B. Roberts, '32
Henry A. Laughlin, Jr., '37
George B. Holmes, '42
John K. Greene, '47
Albert Francke, 3d, '52
Philip C. Iglehart, '57
A. Anthony Schall, '62
John H. Stevenson, '67
Thomas G. Haggerty, '72
Alexandra Murnane, '77

Assistant Directors

REGIONAL CHAIRMEN AND COMMITTEES

Atlanta
Hillyer McD. Young, '59

Baltimore
Philip C. Iglehart, '57

Boston
John M. Carroll, '46

Buffalo
Charles P. Stevenson, Jr., '44

Chicago
John K. Greene, '47, Ch. Committee

Committee
John D. Purdy, 4th., '59
Theodore D. Tieken, Jr., '62

Committee
Donald P. Welles, Jr., '45

Cincinnati
Lee A. Carter, '57

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

Committee
Chisholm Halle, '51

David S. Ingalls, Jr., '52

Detroit
Selden B. Daume, Jr., '54

Hartford
Charles J. Cole, '36

Houston
Clive Runnells, '44

Indianapolis
Cornelius O. Alig, Jr., '39

London, England
John W. Lapsley, '53

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
E. Newton Cutler, 3d, '58

Omaha
Bruce R. Lauritzen, '61

Philadelphia
Henry M. Ingersoll, '47

Phoenix
J. Oliver Cunningham, '37

Pittsburgh
Henry H. Armstrong, '49

Portland, Ore.
Guy B. Pope, '54

Rochester
Hawley W. Ward, '44

Salt Lake City
Hugh H. Hogle, '58

San Francisco
Charles F. Lowrey, '45, Ch.

Committee
J. Cornelius Rathborne, '54

Santa Barbara
Frank F. Reed, 2d, '46

Seattle
E. Bates McKee, Jr., '51

Tulsa
Joseph H. Williams, '52

Washington, D.C.
John P. Bankson, Jr., '48

Westchester-Fairfield
Franklin Montross, 3d, '47, Ch.

Committee
Mrs. Joan Montross

(Mt. Kisco-Bedford)
Alexander T. Baldwin, Jr., '45

Wilmington
Michael L. Hersey, '56

CORPORATION OF ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL

James W. Kinnear, 3d, '46, President
Greenwich, Conn.

William A. Oates, Rector
Concord, N. H.

George F. Baker, 3d, '37
New York

Samuel R. Callaway, '32
Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.

John Elliott, Jr., '38
New York

Elizabeth R. Fondaras
New York

Frederic C. Hamilton
Denver

Eugenie A. Havemeyer
New York

Amory Houghton, Jr., '45
Corning, N. Y.

W. Walker Lewis, 3d, '63, Treasurer
Washington, D. C.

John R. McLane, Jr., '34 Clerk
Manchester, N. H.

Benjamin R. Neilson, '56
Philadelphia

Kaihn Smith, '46
Philadelphia

Ralph T. Starr, '44
Philadelphia

Anthony C. Stout, '57
Washington, D. C.

Colton P. Wagner, '37
New York

The Rt. Rev. John T. Walker
Washington, D. C.

Frederick C. Witsell, Jr., '52
New York