ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL CALENDAR

(Events at Concord, N.H. unless otherwise noted)

1980
December 17, Wednesday  Christmas vacation begins; SPS Hockey vs. Middlesex, Watson Rink, Cambridge

1981
January 8, Thursday  Winter Term opens
February 13-16  Mid-Winter Weekend
1:30 p.m. Friday to 6:00 p.m. Monday
March 11, Wednesday  Spring Vacation begins
April 2, Thursday  Spring Terms open
May 29-31  One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Anniversary
Friday evening through Sunday noon
May 31, Sunday
June 5, Friday  Graduation of the Form of 1981
  Spring Term closes

Alumni Horae
Published by The Alumni Association of St. Paul's School

St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H. 03301
Richard DeW. Sawyer '48, Executive Director
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Vol. 60, No. 3 Autumn 1980

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"Abbe's View of the Issue"

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Photography:
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Providence Journal Bulletin p. 144
Dear Alumni & Alumnae

Could you tell me, Mr. Oates, how important are the SCATs?"

It was just after Reports on a bright, crisp October morning. We were standing on the front steps of the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul, where the School now gathers following Morning Chapel Services. I had announced that Third and Fourth Formers, instead of attending classes the next day, would “take the SCATs” — the School and College Ability Tests.

And now a Fourth Former was talking with me, and I could sense from the concerns expressed in this simple inquiry that there were many other questions in mind: An objective test? Mr. Oates, why do schools have general ability tests? Why do all of these tests, including the College Boards, rate me against the performance of my friends? Why is there so much competition in the world? How am I doing? What do others think of me? And, Mr. Oates, what do you think of me?

Concern on the face of this fine young friend expressed personal pain and worry, certainly, but there was more. Why, oh why, is our world like this?

How can such questions be answered?

My thoughts went back to a comment by Winston Churchill in answer to a question asked in 1943, when he had spoken in public to assist a party member in an election. General questions about the conduct of the war had turned personal and hostile, when Churchill in impatience turned back the gathering force of the inquiry with humor.

“So much to do, so little time.”

How can such questions be answered in the brief moment available to us, I thought, as we walked together to the Schoolhouse, where classes would begin in a few minutes?

Of course there are no answers. There are comments. And, there are responses. I first expressed, with conviction, words of support and reassurance, as my questioner was a student of great talent whose grades always were at the Honors and High Honors levels. The future for this fine Fourth Former was sure: entrance into any college, even the most competitive, and any graduate school.

Entrance into life? A life of meaning and service and productive effectiveness?

What have our objectives in St. Paul’s School been during the past few years, concerning the issues suggested in these questions?

We recognize, of course, that competition, for better or for worse, is an integral part of our Western traditions and will remain so. At the same time we know that there are many ways available to respond to the competition of the world.

Students need to be encouraged to pursue studies in subjects long part of the regular School curriculum: English and mathematics and history and science and religion and languages, ancient and modern. They need to be encouraged to achieve mastery at the furthest level of proficiency of each subject as it is understood in modern scholarship. At the same time studies in the arts — drama, music, the dance, and the visual arts — present opportunities for accommodation to the skills of
the craftsman. The discipline of learning emerges from understanding the possibilities of expression integral to the arts. Such discipline may be understood, and accepted, in a far richer context than otherwise is open to students.

Thus answers to questions, or better perhaps, responses to questions, come from within a developing understanding that authority has several roots. One root is learning and scholarship, the source of the most satisfying answers available at the present moment to significant queries. Another root is located deeply within the conditions of activity, defining the necessary discipline of the craft.

Educational activity in St. Paul's School now requires experience in both kinds of learning, moderated by skilled and caring members of the faculty. We hope, and plan, that these experiences help our students to move toward a maturity disciplined by a questioning understanding, and supported by the faith that an individual can make sense of the world's perplexities and accommodate himself to them and achieve a productive life. Our students move, we hope, toward understanding and accepting the competitiveness of the world and its other sharp realities while holding themselves accountable to their own personal demanding standards of excellence.

A strenuous objective? Yes. But anything less is not faithful to the opportunities that have been provided for us, students and faculty, at St. Paul's School.

I send best wishes from all of us in Millville, and our gratitude and appreciation for your continuing interest in us and your wonderful support that make our lives here possible and fulfilling.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

November 3, 1980
School began as it always should on the type of day the perfectionist decrees for early autumn in New Hampshire. Toby Howarth, President of the Sixth Form, and his fellow officers, Elizabeth Breckinridge, Vice President; Carl Weatherley-White, Secretary; Nicholas McConnell, Treasurer were the first to greet arriving new students and their families as generations of other officers have in the past. But this year was different—the School’s 125 year.

For years WILLIAM ABBÉ has guided both beginning and accomplished students in their pursuance in the craft of drawing and painting. His own “Day by Day” representations of the life of the School have brought the full emotion of a single day’s activity to a five by seven piece of paper. In this his retirement year from the faculty, it seemed appropriate to ask him to portray “The School in Action” as we, who are in Millville see it “Day by Day.”
And as they have for nearly each of those 125 the new students attended their First Night service in the Old Chapel. With the entire School assembled in the Chapel the following morning, the Rector set the tone for the term, indeed, for the year.

Welcome, to everyone, to the 125th year of St. Paul's School.

...In educational activity we seek the development of the ability to make informed judgments. The ability to formulate questions that need to be addressed. The awareness of how to proceed: in gathering information in considering information, in making balanced and sound judgments.

These are tasks for education. For students. And faculty.

...There is tremendous need in our country and in our world for men and women who are capable of exercising mature judgment. Of reaching responsible decisions. In our country the right to work for development and change in society is established, and protected. There is a great need for people who are capable of exercising this right for the benefit of all.

...School life is important. This year is important. For each of us, and for our country. Let us determine to make the most of our opportunities this year. And, I hope we shall all enjoy our experiences together.
And thus we began together.

All finding their way to classes; the new seeking the when and where of the fall athletic program. What club am I in? What team am I on? Will I know someone when I get to the field?

Knowing his propensity to discourse about the School, a voice made a quick introduction to Senior Master Ronald J. Clark's annual talk about the Work Program, but as one can see, Mr. Clark wove a tale of the Program around comments of an earlier era. Of Dr. Drury; of Mr. Knox, and Mrs. Stanley.
Following busy daily schedules, weekends provide time for happy occasions with each other and the concerns of others. Dancing under the light of the moon on the Chapel Terrace. The collection by the Missionary Society of unused furniture for a Sunday afternoon auction; the proceeds to go to an activity of the Society. The quick trip to town.
There is something for all on a typical Sunday evening. But which? Or English? Or Latin? Or math?

Just as we reach the point of too much of everything, there comes a most welcome announcement. CRICKET!

Games are played. Some won. Some lost. But the exhilaration, the “psych” of today’s language, is high. Yes, it is hard work, but above all it is fun, and a part of enjoying “our experiences together.”
Lest we all too easily forget the natural beauties of this place, a blue heron came to remind us. He spent several days in the area of Hargate, perched for all to see in contrast to the brilliance of the foliage, some of the best in years. He fished at the dam, allowing us to watch him enjoy his meals as we trudged along to the Upper for ours.

As this is written the fall term is just half completed. Athletic teams have games to play, courses have novels to read, verbs to decline, equations to solve; yet with the publication of the School's new history, the recording of music, we are acutely aware of the inheritance we have of these 125 years.
Crew Wins
First at Henley

Richard F. Davis

On seven previous occasions over a twenty-six year period St. Paul's School crews have sought an elusive prize, the Princess Elizabeth Cup at the Henley Royal Regatta. Three crews had attained the finals, but only one, the 1980 boys' varsity, captured the Cup. There is happiness in Millville.

This year's trip to England followed the pattern of recent journeys at the Mecca of rowing—with one major exception, the time on the grandstand receiving plaudits, gold medals, and The Cup. Planned by Coolidge M. Chapin '35 (Uncle Cal to the crew), the victory was a proper send-off to the man who has planned and managed (and this coach is willing to say, led) all of the School's trips to Henley.

After a few days of degenerative activity following Graduation, the newest alumni returned for double practices and were joined by the undergraduates after examinations so that by Wednesday we had our full squad of thirteen (an VIII and a coxless IV) together. The most difficult task of the venture for me, the selection of those who would participate in this fantastic opportunity, was completed. Which oarsmen from the Second Varsity, winners of the New England Championship in May, should be selected as spares for the School eight at Henley? Additionally, one of our oarsmen in the First Varsity could not compete in the schoolboy eights race at Henley. Because of age eligibility rules for the Princess Elizabeth Cup, one of the thirteen events at the Henley Royal Regatta, our varsity stroke, Wayne Ruesswick was ineligible, but he was eligible to stroke the coxless
four. Dick Egbert, the IV Form stroke of the second boat, known as the Boy Wonder, moved into the stroke seat of the first eight. The rest of the stern four of the Worcester Regatta champions completed the four. There are no English schoolboy races in coxless fours for foreigners, and our spares' boat was destined to race college and elite crews.

The double practices continued through the early part of June on Turkey Pond. Soon a daily routine of eat, row, eat, sleep, row, eat, sleep developed. There was a break for two days to allow a quick trip home and a respite from rowing.

On to England
Cal, as usual, had us booked for an evening flight to England on the Wednesday three weeks before the start of the Regatta. Few of us slept on the flight over. On arrival, we slept—walked through Customs and boarded a bus for Henley. Unlike previous trips, when Windsor Castle appeared from behind the trees along the way as we sped down the M-4, a few boys actually were able to focus on it. Some of them must have slept on this flight.

“No one sleeps,” is the dictum for the first day. We had only two days to make the adjustment to British Summer Time and be ready to compete on Saturday morning. The VIII and IV were entered in their respective Senior “B” events in the Marlow Regatta, held on the Thames nine miles downstream from Henley.

Upon arrival at Henley the bus (“coach”) took us to the boat tents. We were anxious to see our boats but found that jacq had been damaged on the flight over. However, Peter Bowley, who has been our boatman in England since 1971, had the gash repaired, and the boat was rigged and ready to row; then on to the hotel, a quick breakfast at the railroad station grill (run by the same people who were here in 1975—everything seemed to be exactly as it had been five, even nine years before). Following breakfast we had a short practice on the Henley course. Just as the VIII was launching, Peter arrived with the coxless IV borrowed from Jesus College, Oxford, and the coach’s bike. Cal always resisted my efforts to obtain a tandem bike that he could steer and pedal while I pedaled and coached. The day was clear and cool, but it seemed foggy to us. Later, we drove to Marlow and the anxiety of driving on the left on narrow, windy roads kept everyone awake. We walked along the S-shaped course through cow pastures and around irate swans with their goslings. Upon return to Henley we had another “practice.”

Cal noted that this was the first time an SPS crew had ever practiced twice on the first day. The turnout could hardly be called a “practice”—a sixth club crew rows better than we did that day. Most of us had been awake since 8 a.m. Wednesday and it was now 10 p.m. E.D.T., Thursday. Fortunately, the gogginess also prevented us from seeing how poorly we were rowing. Since it was 5 p.m. British time we returned to the Imperial Hotel for supper and then, at last, to bed.

The next morning, Friday, June 20, we were mentally on English time although our bodies were still making some transitions. Scott Scharer, the coxswain and captain of the Shattucks, took a map of the Thames, and the crews set off downstream through three locks to Marlow. We practiced on the mile-long Marlow course that afternoon with an VIII from Buckingham, Browne & Nichols. After supper we talked about the next day’s race and went to bed wondering and worrying. The coxless IV had never raced and was still having steering problems. The VIII had not raced since the Worcester Regatta four weeks before, had a new stroke, and was having trouble rowing above 35 strokes per minute. We knew the British crews would start in the high 40’s or low 50’s and row the body of the downstream race in the upper 30’s. The SPS crews who had made the finals at Henley (1973 and 1975) had also won the Marlow Regatta. Would we? Could we? Some oarsmen sleep well the night before, the coach doesn’t.

IV and VIII at Marlow
The VIII’s first race at Marlow was at 10:15 a.m. Hereford looked huge, Shiplake looked lean and fast. Both crews jumped us at the start, despite our stroking at 43, dropping to 38 at the half mile mark. We took the lead and “oozed” down to 33 at the finish. Everyone was happy and relieved. We could do it!

The IV raced at 2:45 against Kings College, London. We led all the way, but were constantly being steered back into our lane by the Umpire. Finally with only 20 strokes to go and in front of thousands of spectators, we veered into Kings, collided, Clay McCardell went over the side, though not out of the boat, and we were disqualified. Grim, discouraged, and deeply disappointed, the IV soon bounced back to encourage and cheer the VIII in their next race. Wayne Ruesswick accompanied me in the Umpire’s launch. Our competition was St. Edward’s School, Oxford, and their coach, wearing a Junior World Championship blazer and
chain-smoking, and a contingent of parents also rode in the launch. We all chatted with each other and the officials about Henley in the '40s and '50s as if at tea. Reeve Schley's purpose in creating the fund we use for the Henley trips, "to better relations among English-speaking peoples," was being accomplished here and in numerous other instances despite the intensive competitiveness we all felt. St. Edward's proved to be the best competition of the day. They rowed the race as we planned to—even pace, rather than starting very high and fast ("fly") and then rowing a slower second half ("and die"). The race was fast (4:48 for the mile), the margin narrow (¾ length) and exhausting. It was now 5:40 p.m., and were scheduled to row the finals at 6:40. Fortunately for us, in the other semi-final race, an oar broke at the start, the race was delayed and the finals set back to 7:40 p.m.

The delay was what we needed. Jon Reckford, #6 and captain of the Halcyon, told me after the race that even the first ten warm-up strokes hurt. Once again we were jumped at the start, we took the lead at the ½ mile mark, but Cherwell (an Oxford University third boat) charged back in the last quarter. Despite deep tiredness (jet lag was having its effects at this hour) the VIII held a lead and won by ½ length; time 4:48. The VIII received pewter mugs and The Fraser Bowl also won by the 1975 SPS crew (5:25). Earlier in the day, we had admired the trophies including The 'Schools' Challenge Vase won by the 1973 SPS crew (5:14) and The 'Public Schools' Challenge Cup won by the 1971 SPS crew. The names of the members of those winning crews are engraved on the trophies.

"Brushes" Before Henley

After a picnic supper on the tailgate of Cal's "estate wagon," we returned to Henley. Tired but buoyed by success and always hungry the boys donned their Halcyon or Shattuck club blazers, and we had a late dinner at the Catherine Wheel. It had been a long and lovely day. We could; would we?

The next morning the crews rowed their boats back from Marlow to Henley. The boys walked their boats around the last lock since heavy holiday power boat traffic was tying up the lock. While launching the boat from the back, part of the bank gave way and John Hornblower, #5 in the VIII, slowly sank into the Thames. Fortunately John is a good swimmer because the rest of us were so doubled up with laughter that we could not help him.

Sunday afternoon was used to rest. On Mon-

day we began double practices again. The VIII and the IV "brushed" with a variety of crews: our American friends, BB&N, and Noble and Greenough; the Hong Kong Police; Trident, a crew from the University of Witswatersrand, South Africa, with whom we had practiced in 1975 and whose coach had coached the Emanuel crew who won the Princess Elizabeth Cup in the finals with our 1966 crew; Pembroke College; and Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

On Wednesday we drove to Oxford, borrowed two boats and rowed on the twisty section of the Thames that Oxford uses for bumping races. We toured the college buildings and had the good fortune of being in several college chapels when the organist was practicing.

We continued double practices for the week, despite a race with Eton Saturday afternoon. Steve Bain, #3 in the VIII, expressing what was on the minds of others, was concerned that we would not have enough energy for the race. The VIII justified my confidence in them by winning by two lengths. Cal and I, in reviewing previous races with Eton, calculated that St. Paul's had a slight edge in the totals. The IV was again plagued by misfortune. Leading the Eton four as they approached Remenham Club, about ¾ of the way up the course, the four collided with a novice sculler who had stopped on the course in the SPS lane. Tom Hok, bow and steersman, of course had no reason to think someone would be stopped on the course and could not see the sculler. The IV got underway again, but Eton had taken the lead and held it. The oarsmen from both schools enjoyed a delightful dinner in the Leander Club, located next to the boat tents. When it was time for the Eton oarsmen to return to school, the boys were reluctant to break up.

On Saturday we motored to Woodstock, toured Blenheim, the Duke of Marlborough's palatial home, and then on to Oxford to attend Evensong at Christ Church Cathedral. Our oarsmen who sing in the SPS Chorus were most impressed by the power and beauty of the Cathedral choir. The boys exhibited some symptoms of withdrawal, because this day was our first day without rowing since June 11, eighteen days ago.

With the Henley races but four days away, we cut back on the amount of practice time and concentrated on style and speed. The boys were aware, from watching films, that their style was not as clean as previous SPS Henley crews, but I reminded them of what they knew—strength and determination win races. We could; would we? I wasn't sleeping much at night.
Monday afternoon we had tea at Shiplake College, the school we had defeated in the first race at Marlow. In the Henley Draw, held the previous Saturday, we were matched with Shiplake in the first race on Thursday. The IV had drawn Dartmouth College, a crew selected by the Stewards to be one of the top two crews in the Visitors' Cup Race. The tea was delightful, and the Shiplake boys were engaging hosts despite our imminent race.

On Tuesday, we visited Eton as the guests of the crew and enjoyed seeing that great English public school. The boys particularly enjoyed seeing the 15th century classroom which has been in the continuous use, the Eton boat houses, their own boat and oar building shop and, of course, the Chapel. Once again the organist began to play as we entered. I began to feel that this trip might be a little more special.

Wednesday morning was a period of rest and of washing clothes, and that afternoon the boys had a good, final practice. As the VIII was turning around at the end of the course, however, another boat ran over the bow, knocking off the bow ball and entry number and became stuck on our bow decking. Dave Janney, #4, jumped out of the boat and pried the other boat’s bow off our deck. Just one more episode to add to pre-race nervousness.

IV and VIII at Henley

One hundred races were scheduled for Thursday. As I entered the Stewards’ Enclosure to watch the early races, the Dartmouth coach approached to tell me that one of his IV had an attack of appendicitis, and they were looking for a replacement. Would we be willing to postpone the race until later in the day? Of course, we could not capitalize on our neighbor’s misfortune. Now a long and disquieting wait began for the IV.

The Shiplake race was better than I expected. Instead of being jumped at the start we took the lead immediately, rowed high (two weeks ago we couldn’t), and finished two lengths in front. We had lost the first race at Henley in 1971 to the eventual winner of the Princess Elizabeth Cup that year, but losing the first race is awfully hard after coming all that way. We had survived the first test.

Just before the Stewards were ready to cancel the IV’s race, Dartmouth found one of their vacationing lightweight oarsmen jogging in Hyde Park and rushed him to Henley. We were on the water when they boated. The School received many compliments for our sportsmanship in being willing to wait. The boys wanted to win and rowed hard, but were overcome by an experienced and more mature crew. Matt Morgan, #2 and philosopher of the crew, remarked “Rowing hard is fun. I want to work even harder next year.” The IV was frustrated but not beaten. They had rowed well, losing to a selected college crew.

The Hampton School crew, our competitors on the second day, Friday, had finished fourth at the British Schoolboy regatta, but may have been adversely affected by wind in an unprotected lane. In practice before Marlow we had difficulty raising the stroke, but since racing in England began we never settled the stroking sufficiently after the high stroking of the racing start. Before the Hampton race we gathered on the “landing stage” and discussed bringing the stroke down. At the start, Hampton stroked at 42, SPS, 44. At the ½ mile mark Hampton was stroking 41, SPS, 37. At the Barrier, approximately two minutes from the start, Hampton stroking 38 led St. Paul’s, stroking 35, by a canvas. At the halfway mark, Fawley, we had taken a lead of a canvas. The crew continued to expand the lead until they held a two-length
lead at the finish. Dave Berry, #7, also known as "Frank" because of his role in his dorm's Fiske Cup Play, *Frank Merriwell at Yale*, came out of his shoes during the last eighth of a mile. Thus our finishing spurt was not strong, but enough to win. When our boys went over to talk with the Hampton oarsmen, the Hampton crew said they had always been at least three-quarters of a length ahead after the start.

The crew was so nervous about Saturday's race against King's School, Chester, that they made me nervous. King's had eliminated Eton in the first round. Eton in over 100 years of rowing at Henley had evidently never lost in the first round. The SPS crew took the lead early in the race and increased the lead to one and a half lengths at the three-quarter mile mark. At the mile King's, Chester, reduced the lead to one length. At the finish we maintained our lead. We were in the finals—the third St. Paul's crew to make them. On Sunday we would face St. Joseph's Preparatory School from Philadelphia.

**The Finals**

By luck St. Joseph's had been placed in the other half of the Draw. I knew that if we were successful St. Joseph's would be the crew to beat. We watched their races intently. St. Joe's rowed a very steady, low stroking (32) race. In every race they were behind at the half-way mark, and then rowed through the opposition. One of the BB&N oarsmen remarked after losing the semi-finals to St. Joseph's: "They just gobbled us up." Having a lead would not be enough to win the final. Could we really win the Princess Elizabeth Cup? Yes, but it didn't really seem possible after all these years of trying. Always a bridesmaid, never a bride. It didn't really seem possible after all these years of trying. Always a bridesmaid, never a bride.

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We all attended the Regatta Service Sunday morning. Our crew and the King's School crew took up the offering. Not much was eaten at lunch, and the table conversation was monosyllabic.

Once again at the dock before the race we talked (well, I talked, they listened) about the need to settle after the racing start and pulling hard. Would they settle? We had never had to win a race in England in the last twenty strokes. Could we do that if necessary?

A new English friend, Angus Robertson, a Regatta Steward, picking up the race in progress, announced over the public address system: "The final race of the Princess Elizabeth Cup is in progress. St. Paul's School, Concord, U. S. A. on the Berks station, stroking at 41 lead St. Joseph's Preparatory School, United States of America, stroking at 42, by a quarter of a length. At the quarter-mile mark St. Paul's School, stroking 37, leads St. Joseph's Preparatory School, stroking 34, by three-quarters of a length.

"St. Paul's School have increased their lead to one and a quarter lengths* at the half-mile station. St. Paul's are stroking 34. St. Joseph's are stroking 32." Stroking 34! They settled! But a length and a quarter won't be enough to hold off St. Joe's.

"At Fawley St. Joseph's Preparatory School, stroking 32, have reduced St. Paul's lead to one length. St. Paul's are stroking at 34." Here they come. We always took the lead at the halfway mark. St. Joe's is starting to come through. Can we hold them off? I could see in the binoculars now, despite the shakiness of my hands, that we were rowing cleanly and right together.

"At the three-quarter-mile station St. Paul's, Concord, U. S. A., have increased their lead to slightly more than one length." They shall not pass!

"At Remenham Club St. Paul's have raised the stroke to 35 and lead St. Joseph's Preparatory School, who continue to stroke 32, by one and a half lengths." Beautiful, beautiful. Don't catch a crab, don't catch a crab.

The rest is something of a blur. But I clearly remember the crew drifting beyond the finish, two lengths ahead, slumping with exhaustion and Peter Paine's arm rising in the bow index finger signaling number one.

**The Prize**

A few hours, many smiles, back-slaps, congratulations, and embraces later, the VIII was standing on the awards stand receiving what appeared to be the biggest piece of silver possible. They shared the award ceremony with the U. S. Olympic Eight, in which Charlie Altekruse '75 rowed 4 and with the Yale University J. V. VIII in which Mike Ives '76 rowed 3. Tiff Wood '71, who stroked the U. S. Olympic double in the finals that day, was the third SPS alumnus present who had rowed at Hen­ley in an earlier school crew.

Winning was wonderful. Yet for me what was said at the victory dinner was the high point of the trip. (While we tell our teams: "Go out there and win;" win is a code word for all those objectives we have in teaching sports; those values a sports

*The English speak of a crew in the plural.*
program can develop.) How rewarding it was to hear the boys express their realization of what the rowing program had meant to them. They talked about teamwork, their respect for each other and their opponents, finding their limits, their gratitude to the School, and to all who helped them. As Dave Berry commented later, "It got a little sappy, but it was good."

The next day Tom Hok, John Lindberg and I flew home. At Logan Airport I watched John, #4 in the VIII, show his family the gold medal he had won at Henley, I knew John would never be able to explain what rowing at Henley was, but I also knew his parents would realize how John, like his crewmates, had grown and developed during the trip.

The capture of The Princess Elizabeth Cup, a long-sought prize, made this Henley trip different from the previous seven. But this trip, similar in plan to the others, also resembled them all in what was learned and indelibly impressed on the participants.

On three occasions RICHARD DAVIS, teacher of history and coach of crew, found himself at the Henley Regatta's finish line with great expectations and anticipations. Would his crew win the Princess Elizabeth Cup? His account of this year's expectations and anticipations reveals that the outcome is all in the hands of nine people.

THE EIGHT AT THE AWARDS CEREMONY — HENLEY.
Peter Paine '81, bow; David Janney '81, #2; Stephen Bain '80, #3; John Lindberg '81, #4; John Hornblower '80, #5; Jonathan Reckford '80, #6; David Berry '80, #7; Richard Egbert, Jr. '82, stroke; and Scott Sharer '80, coxswain, with the Princess Elizabeth Cup.
Henley—
The View from the Bow

Peter S. Paine '81

"Henley!" thought I two years ago while standing on the banks of the Thames. "Wouldn't it be great if I could row here someday. But, no, I'll be lucky if I make first boat before I graduate, and even if I did, the Rector would never send us."

"Henley," said Mr. Oates last spring. "I've decided to send the School crew to the Henley Regatta." I almost fell flat on my face for the second time in two weeks. I had made first boat two weeks earlier.

Everyone on the first boat had high hopes that spring morning. We had just received, as a gift, a new set of lightweight carbon-fiber oars. Complementing this light equipment was our crew's average weight, 170 pounds, the heaviest in SPS history. I weighed only 155, something our coach, Mr. Davis, never let me forget. "Eat more, Paine," was all I heard for the next three months. I'm still 155.

The regular season progressed well. We gave the Harvard 1st Freshmen heavies a close race, being beaten by only eight-tenths of a second.

We then went on to triumph over Andover, set a course record by nine and two-tenths seconds, with one minor hitch. Exeter was eight-tenths of a second in front of us.

That was an aggravating loss, but we hoped to make it up at Worcester a week later. But luck was not with us. Equipment failure and a misunderstanding of starting rules saw us in fourth place at the finish line. A dejected and frustrated crew staggered out of the boat that day. We had one more chance, and that was Henley.
I was not my usual elated self when I walked out of my last exam a week and a half after Worcester. Because now I had free time—for rowing. And that is exactly what the eight and the four did for the next week and a half. Two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon. Morning being anywhere between 5:30 a.m. and 12 noon, and afternoon, in Mr. Davis’ dictionary, only ended when it was too dark to see.

Although the coxless four made significant progress in practice, the eight failed to reach the goals they had set for themselves.

On to England
And so, with mixed feelings of apprehension and expectation, we boarded the plane on the evening of Wednesday, June 18th. We arrived in London early the next morning and were immediately subjected to Mr. Davis’ Patented Time Change Shock Treatment. That is to say, we were not permitted to close our eyes until that evening. After 36 hours of enforced consciousness and three practices, we had no trouble sleeping.

...Marlow...
Saturday brought the Marlow Regatta which took place on a winding stretch of the Thames, nine miles downstream from Henley. The eight was competing for the Fraser Bowl which consisted of three sudden death races. If a crew didn’t win a race, it was out for the day.

We were suffering from jet lag and not exactly optimistic as we lined up with two other crews for the start of the first mile race.

English crews start very quickly but tend to fade in the second half of a race; they “fly and die.” We fluttered a bit but did not die, and came from behind to win by two lengths.

Later that morning, the coxless four, plagued by steering problems, collided with their opponent and were disqualified.

The members of the eight were, if anything, more disappointed than those of the four. The four had been, and continued to be, a constant source of inspiration to the whole crew because of their willingness to work hard and row well, even
when matched against more experienced opponents. In a relatively short period of time they had managed to master the tricky handling characteristics of a coxless four and turn in competitive times as well. Their disqualification was a serious blow to crew morale.

The second race for the eight was not as decisive as its first. We were jumped at the start by St. Edward's College, but our 20 sprint at the half mile put us ahead, and we rowed frantically, though not very well, to win by just a quarter of a length.

We were now in the finals against two very good crews, one of which was St. Paul's of London. We were known as "St. Paul's of Concord, U. S. A." Again, we were jumped at the start, and, again, our 20 sprint put us in front of both opponents. With a quarter mile to go we were reaching the end of our endurance, but managed to push through the intense pain to win.

Winning was, of course, pleasant. But we won more than just pewter mugs and a hard fought for glass of wine at dinner. We gained confidence, resolve, and a feeling of boat unity. We now knew that we had a shot at the Princess Elizabeth Cup, just two weeks away.

..."Brushes"...

The next Saturday brought a "friendly race" with Eton. To quote Mr. Davis, "In a friendly race, one is friendly to one's opponent before the race and after it. During the race, all friendship ceases." We took his advice and beat the Eton eight by two lengths on the mile and five-sixteenths course. Ill fortune, however, was still with the four which hit a lady sculler blocking its path and was unable to regain the lead it had had over Eton. A delicious supper with Eton at the Leander Club that evening helped solidify friendships made before the race.

On Monday we had tea at Shiplake College with the Shiplake crew, our opponents in the first round of racing on Thursday at Henley. There was much conjecture as to whether or not the strawberries and cream had been poisoned. Everyone was waiting to see who would drop dead first.

...Henley...

Fortunately, the eight was still alive on Thursday when the starter's flag came down. By now we had beaten the English at their own game and, instead of being jumped ourselves, we jumped Shiplake at the start and rowed away from them.
to win by a comfortable two and a half lengths.

Friday’s race was against Hampton School, a very light crew. They led in the first two minutes, but, again, our patented 20 sprint at Fawley, or half way, put us in front, and we slowly opened up to win by two lengths.

We had been fairly confident in our ability to row through our first two opponents, but Saturday’s semi-final race against the King’s School, Chester would be no pushover. They were fast and seasoned, and we knew that we would have to put our bodies on the line in order to win. We were off to an incredibly fast start, but they stayed with us; we could not shake them. They battled us all the way and were gaining on us when we crossed the finish line, just two-thirds of a length ahead.

... The Finals...

We had made the finals, the third SPS crew to do so. The crew we were to race on Sunday was St. Joseph’s Prep of Philadelphia. They had been chosen to represent the U. S. at the Junior Olympics in Belgium, and had beaten our best time at Henley by five seconds. They were fast; we were scared.

Lunch on Sunday proved to be a singular experience. I managed to hold down two french fries and a few glasses of some Squash. Hardly anyone talked; the atmosphere resembled that of a cell block of prisoners on death row. We had the physical strength to win, but it was will power that counted now.

That day we rowed our best race ever. Nothing went wrong; everything went according to plan. We jumped St. Joe’s at the start, and then settled to a lower than usual, but stronger, racing beat. Blades clicked in and out of the water with precision, and St. Joe’s notorious for their strength in the middle 1000 meters, could not move on us. With an eighth of a mile to go, we had two lengths of open water. St. Joe’s racing strategy had failed.

... AND the Cup...

Minutes later, we floated airborne to the docks, supported by the volume of our swollen heads. We were, in fact, gaining altitude. Mr. Davis and Mr. Chapin were forced to pop the stern four to get the boat on the water again.

It was suggested that we sell our plane tickets and simply drift back home on the prevailing winds. In any case, were obliged to fill our pockets with lead shot for the awards ceremony. The British, I’m sure, would not have appreciated the aerodynamic demonstration.

The crew that hit the water that Sunday afternoon was very different from the nine people who climbed into the boat before the Exeter race a month and a half earlier. We were no longer just nine people; we were one boat, with one will and one purpose.

There is a saying, “The crew who wants it, wins it.” And that afternoon we wanted it, and we won.
The accident—
a big gambol pays off

E. Lawrence Katzenbach

During the last spring vacation E. LAWRENCE KATZENBACH of the English Department, conducted a group of Fifth Formers through England to see at first hand the scenes of which they had read in English classes, a trip originated several years ago by George Carlisle.

We found The Block in a little tower out behind the Crown Jewels. There were two ax marks cut into the wood, so this one had really been used, twice hopefully, the thought of needing more than one whack being a bit too gruesome, even for us.

Mary Stuart Humes knew why we had sought out The Block and brought her to it. For fourteen days, across the length and breadth of England, we had quested for this doorstep in the gateway of Elizabethan history, the better to send Mary Stuart Humes the way of her bifurcated namesake. "And to think," said Mary, "how much wasted effort I've put into getting myself together."
Fourteen days earlier, getting into a blue van outside the Upper, Mary didn’t know about the beheading in which she was to star. Lily Gayley didn’t know that five different sorts of weather could be experienced in a single hour. Mike Dewey didn’t know that he would shortly be chasing a middle aged Englishman over a mountain in a near blizzard. Andrew Zelermeyer didn’t know that man cannot live on Cadbury Chocolates alone. And Sophia Faskianos, Annie Proctor, Liz Breckinridge, and Bruce Stone didn’t know that all men, in all times, have lived in Chestnut Hill.

I didn’t know how we were going to survive. When we left St. Paul’s, exhausted from the rigors of the winter term, only Mike had pinkeye. Bruce had it by the time we got to Heathrow Airport, and I had visions of all of us, locked up in some London hotel room for two weeks, unable to drive, unable to see the country, drooling at each other while on a binge of perpetual reinfection.

It didn’t happen. Liz took Bruce to a pharmacist and returned with some conjunctivitis con-founder. The rest of us were busy violating all the rules for adjusting to The Time Difference. We were sleeping—in the one room the hotel had ready for us; sleeping all over the furniture, the suitcases, the floor, and each other; sleeping like a family of ten cats.

When we woke up that rainy London afternoon, the cat fur around the eyes had disappeared, but the family feeling remained. Together, we tried out umbrellas and Undergrounds. Together, we explored the British Museum and traced the trail of English history from the Stone Age to the statesmen. Neolithic burials. Roman coins. Viking carts. Elgin Marbles. Our first, and last, effort at ingesting Whimpyburgers. That night we marched down Regent Street, through Picadilly Circus, and into Gerrard Street for a ten course meal of the finest food England has to offer. Chinese. A row of headless Pekin ducks dangled upside down in the window, but I did not yet know enough to interpret them as a sign.

The next day, we picked up our rented bus, purchased a clutch of theatre tickets (so that we could live well when we returned penniless), piled our luggage on top, and pulled out into downtown London traffic for my first lesson in left-handed driving. Fortunately, size was synonymous with safety. Our great Gulliver of a bus compelled the Lilliputian English cars to compensate for my misdirected reflexes. First stop: Eton.
I'd never been there before. To Waterloo, yes. But never to the playing fields of Eton. "What do we do here?" they asked me.

"You seek knowledge," I advised, as if I had some. "And, if possible, you bring it back."

Right away we found out that the cherubic young men in the black coats and tails were mostly much younger than we'd expected. One of us wanted to take one of them home, as a pet. "And their rooms are covered with posters of the Rolling Stones and Cheryl Ladd, just like ours," others reported.

"Say, look what we've got!" shouted Mike and Bruce, and they produced Timothy Wilson-Smith, an Eton Master who had taught at St. Paul's the year before. I was discovering a few things, too: first, that spontaneous exploration was exciting, and, second, that we were lucky. Very lucky. In one day we had rid ourselves of pinkeye and picked up Wilson-Smith.

"Where's Windsor Castle?" we asked him. He was terribly nice about it, very English, very much the gentleman. He just gestured upwards, over the roofs of the houses by which we were standing, to the rows of gray, crenelated battlements which comprised almost the entire horizon.

"I'll take you there," he volunteered.


"Well, you see there was this Duke William, in Normandy. That's in France. And he wanted to succeed Edward the Confessor as King of England. But they picked Harold Godwin, although he didn't have as good a claim as William because William was, shall we say, a real bastard. Needless to say, William was very bummed out. So, in 1066..."

By the time we got to the hotel in Salisbury, Mary'd gotten to Henry II. The eight kids dispersed to sample Indian delicacies, Italian cuisine, fish and chips. My six year old daughter Allita and I found an open door in the Cathedral Close. The Cathedral was there, right where I remembered it, its astonishing, spearpoint spire pointing at the full moon, its massive stonework gleaming moonwhite in the spotlights, its buttresses seemingly crouched as if the whole Cathedral were about to leap into the night. So much stone; so ready for flight. I'd last been there half my life ago, when I was a student. Nothing had changed but me.

"Actually, the purists object to Salisbury Cathedral," Timothy Wilson-Smith had told me, "because it's too pure." Actually, that's why it's my favorite. The Thirteenth Century conception perfectly realized. No changes in style between one tower and another. Almost no gaudy Victorian monuments to the Empire marring its nave. Only the vaulted Gothic arches, pillars touching each other's finger tips, like hands in prayer. Every line drawing the eyes heavenward toward that reverent medieval ideal.

That's what I told them when I shared my Cathedral with the students in the morning. It was Sunday, of course. (Always lucky.) There was radiant sunshine. The grass glowed with raindrops and springtime. A florish of daffodils blew their golden trumpets in welcome. At the end of the service, the Dean of the Cathedral, in full regalia, swept out from behind the communion rail, moved through the congregation, and gave a private, personal blessing to my sleeping, still jet-lagged daughter. I was flabbergasted. The students were very much impressed. "How'd you get him to do that?" asked Annie.

I feigned mild surprise at the question. "On this tour," I told her, "everything's been prearranged."
The arrangements for that afternoon included a drive to Dorchester, the Casterbridge of which some had been reading in Fifth Form English, a hike through a laurel rich woods to Thomas Hardy’s cottage, and an assault on Maiden Castle, the grandest of the Iron Age Hill Forts—Liz, Lily, and Annie scrambling breathless up ringed, dirt walls, seventy-five feet high. To think the Romans actually took it. How annoying it was that some popular pseudo-scientists could argue that outer space aliens had educated the earthworkers of Maiden Castle, thus denying them the right to inate intellect. I much preferred to picture some Neolithic Newtons, breeding science with religion and conceiving Stonehenge.

We saw it just after sundown on Salisbury Plain, saw it looming black against the blackening sky. This time I really did prearrange the late evening arrival. Only at night do the now fenced in monoliths, protected from the twin menaces of tourism and the I. R. A., retain their original magnificence and mystery. We peered through the fence and the night at the stones, as they huddled against one another, and, to their stark silence, we could say nothing at all.

Speech had returned by morning, and we left Salisbury to another Golden Oldie from the Stacks of Wax: “The War of the Roses” by Mary Stuart Humes and the Antiquities. “I mean, Henry VI had lost France, lost his advisors, lost his control over England. I mean, he had definitely de-coped, as it were. . . .”

We stopped at Old Sarum to observe the mating of an Iron Age Hill Fort with a Norman Keep, to talk about rotten boroughs and William Pitt. We paused at Avebury for all of us to get into the museum at half price because Sophia was under sixteen, and to climb the standing stones which virtually encircled the town. Then Cirencester and the remains of Rome. The Cotswold hamlets, and a discovery of major geo-political importance.
First there were hints. "You know what this village looks like?" asked Mary. "It looks just like Chestnut Hill!"

Next there were questions. "Mary, what does *this* place look like?"

"Why it, too, looks just like Chestnut Hill!"

Then, theories. "Mary, does even this look like Chestnut Hill?"

"Why, yes! It does!"

And, finally, the astonishing conclusion.

"Mary...."

"Yes."

"This is Chestnut Hill."

Strange but true! Chestnut Hill was not, as we had thought, in the State of Pennsylvania. Chestnut Hill was in the state of mind.

Still reeling from this realization, we rested that night in the only truly great hotel on our tour—the Studley Priory, in Horton-cum-Studley, Oxfordshire, England, Chestnut Hill. In 1966, the Studley Priory had become Sir Thomas More's house for the film "A Man For All Seasons," and, in 1980, it was selected by the ten of us as the visual embodiment of the standard of living to which we would most like to become accustomed.

We wrote letters home on elegant stationary, in an Elizabethan drawing room, before a huge fireplace, and gorged on elegance. We slept in high beamed bedrooms which one entered through arched stone doorways. We read about the building's beginnings in 1184, its expropriation along with other monastic lands by Henry VIII, its Elizabethan rebuilding in 1587, its 335 years in the hands of John Croke's descendants, among whom we now counted ourselves.

Bruce and I were investigating a passageway beneath the bar when we came upon Mike curled into a fetal position at the bottom of some stone stairs. Was he drunk? Was he dead? No, he had just tried to take the stairs with excessive enthusiasm, impacted on the low, monk height ceiling of the stairwell, and fallen unconscious to the floor.

"Don't feel foolish," Mary comforted him. "All of us have found this place a knockout."

The next morning we dined for breakfast like lords and ladies, loaded the bus, and left for Wales.

We tried not to notice that, as we departed the Studley Priory, we had again become mice and our bus, a great white pumpkin. We couldn't help but notice, however, that it was Tuesday morning, that we had been in England for just four days, that they had felt like four weeks. A magical time difference. Our glass slipper.

On the way to Wales, we passed a large, very official sign warning us to "Beware of Migrating Toads." We bewared. In the back of the bus, Mary had us up to Henry VIII. "You see Katherine of Aragon wasn't coming up with an heir to the throne, but Henry wasn't sure he could get into divorce. Then, when he got a load of Anne Boleyn, he said, "Hey-ey! Go for it!'"

We were going for Northern Wales, Conwy and a hotel within the town walls, beneath the Castle. By the time we got to Betws-y-Coed and stopped for gas, it was almost dark. Even in the fluorescent lights of a Shell station, however, we could see cascading waterfalls, a river brimmed with the melting of mountain snows. A little later Conwy smelt of the sea.

In the morning we clambered around the
slippery, rain blackened ruins of the great Edwardian Castle in the fog and mist. Even without its roofs and floors, the twenty-one towers seemed grim in height and history. In this very Chapel Tower, Richard II had been betrayed to Henry of Lancaster. We listened to the seagulls shrieking and knew that Richard had heard exactly that sound from exactly these windows.

Then it was hike around the walls of Conwy and ride the bus down the coast to Caernarfon and the shade of that Welsh rebel Owain Glyndwr. The sun had sunk shafts of light through the cloud banks illuminating this tower and that one, while leaving their neighbors in gray gloom. We climbed through the maze of twisting tunnels inside the towers, sometimes emerging in sunshine, sometimes in darkness. To think of Edward's erecting such structures in just six years. To think of standing this close to the Crusades on which he'd learned how.

There was one more castle to see, the best one. Could we get to Harlech before it closed? Only if we found every shortcut and never missed a turn. (Good luck again.) We arrived there with forty minutes to spare, and the sunshine was at last triumphant. No other visitors, just us. Like Edward, I had built this castle once, in the summer of sixth grade, a perfect scale model of my boyhood fantasies.

From the battlements we saw that the sun had turned the Irish Sea from gunmetal gray to brilliant blue. The grass in the courtyard was that vivid green of early spring. And suddenly, there was a hailstorm, little pellets of ice glistening on the castle walls. And then a rainbow, starting right beside us, right up against the gatehouse, and stretching out over the valley toward the still gray mountains of Snowdonia.

“Mary, is this Mary Stuart otherwise known as Mary Queen of Scots? And she's the one you're named after?”

“Naturalmente.”

“Oh, Mary...”

“Oui.”

“Are you, by chance, familiar with the theory that those who read history are doomed to repeat it?”

“Mon Dieu!” said Mary. “I fear I may shortly be losing my mind... as it were.”

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“Mon Dieu!” said Mary. “I fear I may shortly be losing my mind... as it were.”

There it was. The unifying purpose. We weren’t here just to explore English literature and history. We were here to experience it, in Mary's case to duplicate it.

Next morning, Thursday, everyone went out to buy Welsh sweaters, no group being larger than two. Yet everyone returned having selected sweaters of exactly the same style and design. Thus uniformed, we departed for the Lake District, Mary now underguard. It took us only a single hour by our watches to leave Wales, but during that time span we endured sunshine, fog, rain, sleet, snow, and a return to sunshine. Given our magical timeframe, however, the passage may have taken five days.

Whatever really happened, we seemed to arrive in Grasmere, home of Wordsworth, heart of the Lake District, that very night. The Traveler's Rest, our lodgings, I had secured as a result of my lunatic excitement over learning that one could dial England direct. I had never been to Grasmere before, had had no idea where to stay and so, having obtained the Grasmere exchange, I had dialed a number at random. The very nice, if somewhat surprised, lady who had answered the phone had recommended the Traveler's Rest and given me its number. Whoever she was, she had certainly picked the right place.

We crossed a little stream getting from the parking lot to the inn, sheep and cows browsed in the fields beside us, and the pub proved to be the center of Cumbrian foxhunting. By nine, Friday morning Mike was out with Dr. Hugh Davies, the Rest's only other guest, a longtime foxhunter, a gracious and generously accommodating guide, and an English Quincy (read: coroner).

One doesn't chase foxes on horseback in the Lake District. One runs, on foot, straight up and down the fells (mountains), with only a sandwich or two and no water, wearing thin jackets on the fell tops in sixty mile per hour, snow drenched
winds, while binocularing the racing, baying hounds. "When I looked at these over fifty, pot bellied, Cumbrian farmers, I thought it'd be easy," moaned a red cheeked, windburned, exhausted Mike from his bed that evening. "But, oh man, can those guys truck."

While Mike was out self-destructing, the remaining nine of us had taken the eight mile hike from the inn up to Easedale Tarn, a walk Wordsworth and Coleridge had once enjoyed. Our path led us around stone cottages and steep sloped fields, climbing steadily, flirting with a waterfall white with energy and exuberance. At the top, there was the Tarn, the smooth lake, its treeless, sheep trailed shores, and the sitting, the silence, the sudden privacy of self.

On the way back, my six year old gathered tufts of sheep's wool from bushes and fences. Dr. Davies had told Sophia, one of St. Paul's prima ballerinas, that his daughter was also a dancer, a former London ballet dancer and now a Las Vegas showgirl, that she had once stuffed Cumbrian sheep's wool into the toes of her slippers. My daughter had been eavesdropping.

That night, I taught a voluntary class on Wordsworth in the pub to my eight students and assorted foxhunters. The tiny wood/coal fire drew us together. Lily, on her guitar, taught us songs, and Dr. Davies sang along. We let him in on our plans for Mary, a project to which he responded with appropriate professional curiosity.

On Saturday, Andrew, Bruce, and a recovered Mike went off for Foxhunt II. Andrew returned shortly with a stomach ache, due, I gradually discovered, to his failure to eat anything but candy bars since London. "It's all right," he promised me. "When we get back to London, I'll go to McDonald's."

Determined to walk Andrew into a capitulation to English cooking, I led the remaining eight on an eleven mile marathon around Grasmere Lake, Ridal Water, and back to Dove Cottage, Wordsworth's home during his most creative years. Despite the Romantic inspiration of the mist and the water, we were getting tired as we crossed the wooden bridge over the River Rothay. But we were still lucky. There turned out to be a pub on the other side, a pub with a warm fire and food and deer heads on the walls. Even Andrew nibbled.
In Dove Cottage, the caretaker, already a friend from the pub at the Traveler’s Rest, worked Wordsworth’s cuckoo clock for us. He spun the hands around and around to get the bird to sing the hours. Because of our private time warp, the whirling hours seemed exactly appropriate. Surely, we had been here that long.

The sense of chronic disorientation became even more severe in the morning, Sunday again, when we tried to go to the eight o’clock service at Wordsworth’s church. We sat in the pews by ourselves for a while, then went outside to ask a man walking his dog what time it was. “About nine fifteen,” he replied, as politely as a Wilson-Smith, pointing up to a confirming clock in the steeple. Apparently, the English had gone on Daylight Savings Time but, as far as we could tell, had kept their intention to do so entirely to themselves. What was worse, our time disease appeared to be catching. The good folks at the Traveler’s Rest were as surprised by the changeover as we were. I began to suspect that this sudden misplacing of an hour was somehow connected to the migrating toads, that England was in the grip of some Japanese science-fiction creature.

There was no need to worry about our safety, however, because Mary, in despair, perhaps, over her upcoming rendezvous with history, had developed a frightening weapon—the Romantic Poets Memorial Clichegun. “Mary, describe that picturesque scene over there.”

“Ah yes,” Mary would begin, “the fleecy clouds cluster about the rocky crags whilst the lambs gambol upon the windwhipped green.” And the green would brown, the crags erode, and the lambs bleat their collective message of muttony doom. “There the laughing rills gambol down the weathered slopes...” And the streams would self-pollute. Firing at random, Mary left the road to Emily and Charlotte Bronte’s Haworth in smoking ruins. No need to fear some poor science-fiction monster, not with Mary at the ready to describe it to death.

The town of Haworth seemed transfixed by Death. The thick, brown gravestones in the cemetery which stretched from the church to the Bronte’s vicarage were placed horizontally, filling every space with what looked like rubbed, broken benches for the departed. Oversead, the winterbare trees were filled with crows, the air grotesquely filled with their consumptive cawing. In that sad house, old Mr. Bronte had outlived his wife and all his children, listened to those very crows, as Richard had his seagulls.

We marched along the muddy path to the falls at which the Bronte girls had whispered themselves into fantasies of Heathcliff. A wet snow blew off the Yorkshire moors, whiting the brown winter heather. A fellow walker, not knowing that our luck had commanded his presence, showed us the stone chair on which Charlotte had sat, told us why the few, abandoned farmhouses along the way had slabs of rock protruding, beneath the roofs, on every corner. Seats they were, for witches, to keep them from flying down the chimneys as they flew their appointed rounds in the night, I decided on a second surcharge for special effects.

On Monday we headed back to Oxford, stopping briefly to chase peacocks at Byron’s Newstead Abbey, seeing another ominous sign: “Moving Plant” (perhaps the voracious inspiration for the migrating toads), and finally playing tag with time through antique colleges, hearing the echoes of scholars past.

As we loaded up for London and for the last time, I watched Annie, Sophia, and Liz passing luggage up to Bruce and Andrew on the top of the bus. Mike was preparing to navigate, sitting in the front with the maps and the sheep skull we carried on the dashboard, a macabre memento of foxhunting on the fells. Lily was readying her guitar for a final try at “And I dreamed I saw the knights in shining armor” by Neil Young. Allita had Sophia doing her hair and Mary reading her a book about Queen Elizabeth. If I’d really had the power, I would have found us some nice convenient time warp, and we’d be loading still, somewhere on the road to Timbuktu by now.
But we were bound for London, our ten day old theatre tickets to “Oliver,” “The King and I,” “My Fair Lady,” and so on hot in our hands. This time we weren’t sleepy, so—Hey-ey, we went for it. The National Gallery (and my chance to share my Dutch Paintings), Trafalgar Square (which my daughter proclaimed “the most pigeonous park in the world”), Westminster Abbey (in which I resisted, for the last time, my desire to destroy all those horrible marble monuments to that collective English delusion of Empire, to wit, that they were Romans). And there was Andrew at last McDonaldizing his innards. And there was Parliament, St. Paul’s, Old Bailey, a boatride down the Thames...

“Mary, do you know where we’re going?”
“To Chestnut Hill, perchance?”
“Would you believe the Tower of London?”
“Oh dear,” said Mary. “In all this excitement, I certainly hope I don’t lose my head.”

“How would you like to be sent home, Mary, my dear?” asked Andrew the self-appointed Ax Man. “In one package or two?” We, in turn, inquired of a Beefeater the directions to The Block. The little tower. Behind the Crown Jewels.

“To think,” mourned Mary, “that I shall spend the rest of my life trying to get ahead.”
Alas, even the most fortunate of people must have that moment in which their luck runs out. In this case it was our luck, not Mary's. As she gamboled up to The Block, Mary felt compelled to let us know that Elizabeth, to avoid public outcry, had had Mary Queen of Scots beheaded, yes, but not at the Tower. Rather, the event had taken place at Fotheringay Castle, a place by which we had passed a few days before. Curses! Foiled by the very history we had hoped Mary doomed to repeat!

The next day, Mary Stuart Humes and nine of her now subservient royal retinue boarded a plane in Chestnut Hill, London, and flew home to Chestnut Hill, Boston. Our two week, or two month, or two year tour was over. Actually, not quite. The images, the insights, the people, and the places, even the humor have had a way of staying with us. This June, for instance, I was driving to a wedding in Philadelphia, and my daughter had been showing off by reading me road signs for the last six hours. Nothing about toads. Nothing about plants. Then—"Daddy, that sign says 'Chestnut Hill.'"

"So it does."
"Are we in England?"
"That's a little hard to explain . . . but we're not."
She thought about it for a while, tried again. "Does Mary Stuart Humes live here?"
"Yes, she does."
"Well then," she spoke deliberately, developing the plan, "the first thing we need to do is to find out where she lives. The second thing is to get ahold of an ax."
Dance is the fastest growing art form in America. Throughout our country and here at St. Paul's, young people want to explore the physical artistry and discipline of their bodies. Through their discovery of technique, grace, and movement, they are learning how beautifully the mind and body may coordinate. This is the most important single lesson I can teach at School, a lesson that has powerful analogies in the other academic and physical disciplines we value so highly.

Thanks to the wonderful support and encouragement of the Rector, Philip Burnham, the Alumni, parents, faculty, and of course, the students, St. Paul's has reflected the national trend. Six years ago, there were fifteen students enrolled in a program that consisted of three classes a week. Today there are more than forty students enrolled in the three levels of ballet offered here at School.

Included under the academic curriculum, and offering courses to beginner, intermediate, and advanced students, ballet fulfills the School's basic requirement in the Arts. The program is designed to meet the needs of all students, from the beginner who is seeking a new experience, to the athlete who wishes to work on agility and coordination, to the serious dancer who has professional aspirations.

The beginners' section, while stressing the physical aspects of dance, uses a text to augment knowledge of classical technique, and students are
introduced to the basics of rhythmic analysis. Through our video library, the student is introduced to the major ballet companies, and receives lectures and reads a text on the history and development of classical ballet.

The advanced curriculum is designed as an alternative for intelligent young students who wish to study dance seriously but who also desire a solid academic education. Classes are offered six days a week under the academic curriculum, with a second daily class offered during the afternoon athletic period. Included in the curriculum are technique classes, pointe and variations, adagio, and men's class.

We make extensive use of video tape in the classroom; we travel to professional dance performances, have guest teachers and bring at least one distinguished professional dance company a year to perform at the School. In addition to attending performances in our local area (Boston, Dartmouth, and the University of New Hampshire), the advanced ballet class travels to New York on alternate years to observe and take classes, and to see several performances of our major professional ballet companies.

Another important aspect of the dance program is the use of the School's Independent Study Program wherein a Sixth Form student may devise a program of study designed for his or her particular interests and desires. Thus, a serious ballet student may spend all or part of the Sixth Form in New York at a professional dance school. Projects under this program in the past have included study at the Martha Graham and Alvin Ailey Schools, choreography, interning at the New Hampshire Commission on the Arts, and writing a ballet text book designed for high school beginners.

**The New Dance Facility**

A shining example of the School's continuing support and encouragement is the new dance building. Completed and opened last spring, this magnificent new building is having a major impact on the range and scope of the program, providing ample opportunities for students to express themselves through performances and choreography, as
well as giving outstanding studio space, and a heightened sense of program moral associated with having our own home.

This wonderful new facility contains a very large main studio and a secondary practice area. Both studios are equipped with built in barres and mirrors, and a specially designed, marvelously soft five-layer basketweave floor construction. In keeping with the concept that has proven so successful in the two other new facilities, the dance building has been designed primarily as a classroom space, but with built in permanent bleacher seating, a sound system, electrical capability for theatrical lighting, and a catwalk for technical control, the building provides us with excellent space for workshop type performances. In addition, there are dressing facilities for both male and female students equipped with lockers, showers, and dressing tables, and an office for the faculty.

Although I am the only full time St. Paul’s School Master in the dance program, there are two part time teachers who do an excellent job working with and teaching our students. Suzanne Taylor, a former soloist with the Boston Ballet, and currently Director of the New Hampshire School of Ballet works with us four days a week. She teaches ballet technique, pointe and variations, and rehearses and choreographs for the SPS Ballet Company. Irene Alm accompanies all our classes on the piano, and teaches basic rhythmic analysis.

As a new and growing organization, the SPS Ballet Company should be greatly aided by the completion of the new building. Using the afternoon athletic block to rehearse and expand its repertoire, this group of dancers is becoming more visible on the St. Paul’s scene. Our performance season traditionally starts with the Parents Day Program, and is followed by a three day Holiday Season of the second act variations of the Nutcracker. This year we are planning to add a three day repertoire season in addition to our closing on Anniversary Weekend. We are also trying to augment the performance schedule with out of school programs such as an annual Nutcracker presentation in Warner, New Hampshire, and performances for Muscular Dystrophy in Manchester.

All of this is not to suggest that we are turning St. Paul’s School into a professional ballet school, but to emphasize that dance as an academic subject should offer our students the same opportunities for advanced study provided by other disciplines. In a liberal arts curriculum we want our students to explore as many areas as possible and to keep their options open. At the same time, we want students with specific talents to develop and channel them into possible future careers. Just as some of our students will go into careers in writing, science, and business, so others should have the opportunity to enter professional dancing. St. Paul’s School provides an opportunity for intelli-
RICHARD REIN has been teaching dance at St. Paul’s for six years, a period when the program has blossomed from fruitful beginnings to full flower in its own quarters, a building occupied last spring.

gent young students who wish to study ballet seriously but who also desire a solid academic education.

The experiences of a few of our students serve best to illustrate what our program is all about. John Scheft ’77, is a young man who studied seriously with us for three years. He lacked the talent to pursue dance as a career, but his interest was so keen that he wrote a manuscript for a ballet text book as an Independent Study Project. John is at Harvard, and perhaps might continue to write about dance in the future. Kaja McGowan ’78, is studying ethnic dance in Bali through Wesleyan University, and Linda Richards ’78, is studying dance therapy at New York University. Sophia Faskianos ’80, is a serious and professionally oriented dancer who graduated after the Fifth Form to pursue her training on the professional level. She auditioned for and was accepted in the Prestigious School of American Ballet in New York, where she spends her afternoons; mornings consist of classes at Barnard College. Two current students, Alek Keshishian and Sally Rousse, have applied for early graduation, so that they might also continue their ballet training on the professional level. Alek began his classical training here at St. Paul’s and along with Sally studied last summer at the School of American Ballet.

St. Paul’s School has prepared these students with an outstanding academic education, the ability to continue this education on the higher levels, and the possibility to pursue a career within the dance world if they so choose. Hopefully we have also enlightened others who, along the way, will become the supporters of the arts in the future.

Where do we go from here? What can we plan for and look forward to in the future? With the curriculum now established and the new building a reality, we should be able to attract to the School serious academic students who are equally serious about their dance training. We must look to expand our performance season. Perhaps in the future we could consider a guest choreographer to work with our students. Through this method, students will have the exhilarating experience of working with different artists. Moreover, if we can send our athletic teams to other schools, why not our ballet company? What a marvelous opportunity for our students to express themselves while representing our School.

Much has been accomplished yet much more remains to be done. It is an exciting challenge, and the new dance building provides us with the inspiration as well as the facilities to pursue our goals.
Mission Impossible

William O. Kellogg

Take one hundred fifty new students, divide them into groups, keep them busy for two hours having fun...Mission Impossible? Not at St. Paul's..." This quotation was the opening paragraph of a letter received from the President of the Sixth Form of two years ago thanking me for helping with Mission Impossible, a new tradition for the opening days at St. Paul's. There is much more to Mission Impossible than fun, something I suspect most students who have participated realize.

Mission Impossible now consists of eight fifteen-minute activities, which new students are asked to perform during a 2-hour period on one of the first days they are at School. The activities require a variety of skills, both physical and mental, but the common element in all is that they require group effort. To understand the goals of the exercise and what is done, it is necessary to have some understanding of the origin of Mission Impossible at St. Paul's.

In the spring of 1975 during some informal discussions with Third Formers in the Origins of the West classes, the issue of being a new student at St. Paul's was explored. Recalling their own arrival, the students wondered what it would be like the following fall when their Form would almost double in size with the arrival of the new Fourth Formers. The students decided they would try to make the transition easy for their new Formmates and to integrate them into "their Form."

A two-part plan was developed. First, the then Third Formers were organized to write letters to all new Fourth Formers, telling them about the School. Second, a series of Outward Bound-type exercises were arranged for the first day, and these were given the code name, "Mission Impossible," which has stuck. The Mission Impossible that first year called for seven physical challenges, which only group effort could solve. Each group was made up of equal numbers of old and new Fourth Formers. The exercise went a long way towards accomplishing the goal of integrating their new classmates into the Form. Simultaneously, but in separate groups, the Third Formers of that year also participated in the program.

Discussions with the participants of the first Mission Impossible revealed a strong belief that the event should be repeated the following fall, and in the planning it became obvious that those who had already taken part in the program might easily dominate the groups. The decision was made to include for the future only new students and Mission Impossible had a new goal: to provide an experience wherein new students would come to know well others with whom they shared a common challenge. That second year the new Third and Fourth Formers, after a morning of Mission Impossible, went off to lunch talking animatedly with classmates they did not know two hours before but with whom they had shared these challenges. Mission Impossible had a new reason for being and continues as an important part of the Opening Days' schedule.

Over the years a number of changes have taken place in the planning and execution of Mission Impossible. Rather than ten randomly selected new students, the groups now consist of two godfather groups. "Godfathers" in this place are those faculty not assigned to dormitories who meet several times...
early in the year with five or six new students. Now, when the new students meet with their godfather for the first time, they have already shared the challenges of Mission Impossible and go on to share other experiences during the transitional period at their new school.

Another significant change in Mission Impossible is that the Sixth Form, under the leadership of the class officers, has taken over the organizing and supervising of the program. As a result of the Sixth Form's participation in planning, the types of Mission Impossible challenges have been broadened, creating another slight shift in the program's purpose. While the exercises continue to require group effort, they are not now only physical. The plaque for the Form of 1976 in the Upper cloister, which commemorates the start of Mission Impossible, illustrates the shift. It portrays two hands, helped by a third hand, tying a knot—an excellent symbol for cooperation and group effort.

Certainly, from what we hear, one result of Mission Impossible has been to supply fun for new students as the thank-you letter indicated. There are, however, other reasons for the activities. Mission Impossible provides new students—strangers to the School and to each other—a shared experience in which each can contribute something to the group effort. There are no adults giving directions, and thus new students are forced to take on leadership positions from the time of their arrival. A close observance of the groups in action reveals many types of strengths and abilities in the students, and in subtle ways these abilities are drawn upon in the future by the students in a Form.

When Mission Impossible is held on the first full day at School, it helps orient students to the School. While friendships, quickly formed, may not always be close ones, the intensity of the shared activity provides everyone at the start with a few people whom he knows. The godfather meetings then reinforce this feeling.

The activity also provides a cohesiveness for the School from the start. All students presently at School have partaken in Mission Impossible. It forms a part of the SPS experience, one to which students often refer. The fact that half of this year's Sixth Form wanted to participate in planning this year's Mission Impossible attests to its lasting impression. The Form of 1981 talked often on the first days of this year about how they struggled over the electric fence or where they were led blindfolded. Such reminiscences are a vital part of the life of every community and provide it with its folklore and its continuity. Mission Impossible is fun, but it is more—it is an important "rite of passage" into the St. Paul's community.

WILLIAM O. KELLOGG, for many years Head of the History Department, has been a key to the success of Mission Impossible.
The New Students

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

Form | Student | Alumni Relationships
--- | --- | ---
IV | Helen Hoover Amick | Nicholas Biddle '24
IV | Robert William Ankerson Jr. | C. Redington Barrett '80
IV | Ray Morris Barrett | B
III | Maria Elizabeth Bentel | Elizabeth P. Breckinridge '81
III | David Stephen Bernat | John C. Breckinridge '57
IV | Andrew Keith Block, Jr. |
IV | John Charles Bohan |
III | David Kenneth Boston |
IV | Joseph Cabell Breckinridge | *Charles D. G. Breckinridge '27
IV | Sallie Catharine Bryan | F
III | Shawn Michael Burgess |
IV | Tracy Ruth Burke |
III | Philip Hassel Burnham |
III | Timothy Warren Busler |
III | Julia Ford Carpenter |
IV | Dan Waldron Catlin |
III | Elizabeth I-Yin Chang |
V | Janie I-Tsen Chang |
III | Christopher Thomas Chappell |
III | Leslie Cheek IV |
IV | Richard Jay Chernick |
IV | William Ellis Conklin | Alice L. Conklin '75
IV | John Lawrence Gray Corsello |
III | Lynn Anne Cross |
III | Claudia Lynn Cummins |
III | Scott Andrew Daniels |
III | Nicholas Bruno Dematte |
III | Chauncey Foulke Dewey, Jr. | *Albert B. Dewey '11
IV | Nicole Christina Donnelley | F
III | Andrea Elizabeth Durkin |
IV | Ashley Victoria Ebeling |
IV | Keith Andre Farrar |
III | Theresa Jane Ferns | Mary K. Ferns '80
III | Jay Howard Finney |
III | Heather Lee Flewelling |
III | Garron Yates Frantzen |
IV | Fiona Jane Fulton |
III | John Davis Gates, Jr. |
III | Anne-France Gaudillat |
III | Antonia Hollis Gayley | *H. Clifford Gayley '18
III | Virginia Elizabeth Gilbert | GF
IV | Hilary Louise Graham | Eugene Vanderpool '25
IV | Lynne Ann Greenberg | F
III | Glen Edward Hadwen II | Oliver G. Gayley '48
III | Benjamin Kellock Hall | B
IV | Edward Willoughby Middleton Hampton | Clifford V. Gayley '79
IV | Kate Truslow Hanley | s
IV | Winston Damon Harrison | Lily G. Gayley '81
III | Jonathan Chapin Hatch |
III | Lynn Hawley |
IV | Christopher Armitt Heckscher |
III | William Gustaf Henry | *Andrew K. Henry '10
III | William Gustaf Henry | F
IV | Emily Denison Hewitt | William L. Henry '53
IV | George Lyon Hinman |
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<td>Jeffrey Arthur Hoover</td>
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| III  | Nina Bayard Houghton | *Alanson B. Houghton 1882  
GF Amory Houghton '17  
F James R. Houghton '54  
b James DeKay Houghton '82 |
| III  | Stephen Joseph Huettner |                      |
| III  | Andrew Nelson Hultkrans |                      |
| IV   | Susan Alexandra Hurlimann | *Albert S. Ingalls 1891  
GF David S. Ingalls '16  
F David S. Ingalls, Jr. '52  
S Louise H. Ingalls '80 |
| III  | Sharen Ann Izard |                      |
| V    | Audrey Joan Austin Ivanetic |                      |
| V    | Jasper Reimut Johannes Josef Jochimsen |                      |
| IV   | Stephen Isaac Kahn |                      |
| IV   | Kari Olavi Kontu | Tracy A. LaSalle '82  
III Troy Roystan Lawrence |                      |
| IV   | Anne LaBarr Lederer | Howard H. Lederer '82  
III Thomas Francis Costello Lena |                      |
| III  | Joseph Bernard Letourneau |                      |
| IV   | Anne Margaret Loemker |                      |
| IV   | Kenneth Wightman Lord |                      |
| IV   | John Cooper Lovejoy |                      |
| IV   | Jessica Lutes |                      |
| IV   | John Carkhuff MacDonald |                      |
| IV   | Lorna Duncan Mack |                      |
| IV   | Bridget Marley Mahoney |                      |
| IV   | Lisa Ann Marier |                      |
| IV   | Sarah Reeves Martin |                      |
| IV   | Christopher Douglas Masterson |                      |
| III  | Alexander Haddon Ferguson Maybank | *Joseph Maybank III '49  
B Joseph Maybank IV '80  
b Bayard R. Maybank '82 |
| III  | Gregory Gerard Maynard |                      |
| III  | William Barksdale Maynard |                      |
| IV   | Peter Donaldson McClure |                      |
| IV   | Nathaniel Seymour McCormick |                      |
| III  | David James McCusker |                      |
| III  | Tara Maja McGowan | *Kaja M. McGowan '78  
III Cherita Lynn McIntye |                      |
| IV   | Scott Messina |                      |
| IV   | Daniel Torrey Middleton | *Keith T. Middleton, Jr. '56  
step-F John W. Aldrich '61 |
| IV   | Gordon Alexander Millsbaugh III |                      |
| III  | Timothy Mobley |                      |
| III  | Carol Lynne Moheban |                      |
| III  | Sarah McIsaac Murphy |                      |
| V    | Catherine Grace Murray |                      |
| IV   | Jonathan Seth Nicholas | *Harry I. Nicholas '01  
GF Frederick S. Nicholas '29  
F Frederick S. Nicholas, Jr. '53  
b Gerrit J. Nicholas '80 |
| IV   | William Storm Nickerson |                      |
| IV   | Anne Elizabeth Noel |                      |
| III  | Bradley Philippe Noel | *Ogden C. Noel, Jr. '53  
III Barbara Holland Nottebohm |                      |
| V    | Jonathan Edward Nuechterlein |                      |
| III  | Sarah O'Herron | *Jonathan O'Herron, Jr. '75  
S Anne O'Herron '77 |
<p>| III  | Maria Angela Hidalgo Ong |                      |
| III  | Juanita Ortiz |                      |
| III  | Sandra Maria Elisa Palomino |                      |</p>
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<td>Nicholas Alexander Zvegeintzov</td>
<td>F Alexander A. Zvegeintzov '57</td>
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GGGF Great great grandfather  B Brother who is an alumnus
GGF Great grandfather  S Sister who is an alumna
GF Grandfather  b Brother presently in School
F Father  s Sister presently in School
* Deceased
While this is written prior to the conclusion of the full season of fall athletics, the summary of team records is complete through the last regularly scheduled games. The term "regularly scheduled" is used here since it is possible the SPS boys' soccer team will play for the Independent School League Championship should it win the final game against Brooks School.

Athletic action at the Lower Grounds began with a two-hour game scrimmage between Tufts University and Norwich University on September 7, a grand day, with a large crowd which enjoyed seeing two fine teams.

Following our own teams' early practices and scrimmages, the seasons were played in magnificent fall weather which continued until Parents' Day when ten SPS varsity and junior varsity squads played their opponents from three visiting schools in the most difficult of conditions: cold, driving rain, and very strong winds.

New coach Caroline Nickerson has produced a fine, though young, field hockey team, and SPS girls' soccer continues to prosper under Louisa Gebelein's guidance. And, as mentioned, William Faulkner has the SPS boys' soccer team in the thick of the League championship in our first year as a member of the League in soccer.

SPS football is playing an interesting brand of football with a young, inexperienced team. Scores have been close and the games interesting as a spirited squad improves weekly.

Returning from sabbatical leave Charles Morgan has taken charge of an enthusiastic group of cross country runners, now using an expanded metrical course. The boys' and girls' teams have done well with several runners finishing high in the interscholastic meet.

Club soccer remains popular with many boys and girls. Nine club teams are competing this fall with a total of 211 students playing soccer at all levels.

Under the direction of Richard Lederer and some SPS players, more than thirty students are participating in beginning tennis, and an additional number of boys and girls are beginning squash in a program begun a year ago by Steven Ball.

Team records for the fall term follow (the figures give totals of games won/lost/tied):

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<th>Girls SPS</th>
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<td>Cross Country</td>
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<tr>
<td>Football</td>
<td>Football</td>
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<tr>
<td>Soccer*</td>
<td>Soccer</td>
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<tr>
<td>7/7/0</td>
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</table>

*Division champions

The SPS boys' soccer team won the Independent School League championship by defeating Belmont Hill School 3-1, Wednesday afternoon, November 12 on a wind swept neutral field at Brooks School. The team earned the right to the one game playoff the previous Saturday when it won the final regular game of the season 1-0 against Brooks.
Form Agents and Directors

Fall Meeting

On October 3 and 4, thirty-one officers and Directors of the Alumni Association and thirty-five Form Agents, together with twenty-five spouses and eight offspring, gathered to reacquaint themselves with the School and with each other, and to chart the course for various alumni activities for the coming year.

The visiting alumni were joined in the Gates Room for a reception and dinner on Friday evening by twenty-eight members of the faculty, the four Sixth Form officers, and the children of those visiting alumni who are presently students at the School. After dinner, Mr. Robert L. Clark '61, President of the Alumni Association, and Mr. Byam K. Stevens, Jr. '48, Alumni Fund Chairman, presented awards to Form Agents who did outstanding jobs for the Fund last year. The following Form Agents were honored, and through them the Forms they represent: Timothy W. Goodrich III '26, Derek Richardson '35, James D. Hurd '40, Hugh C. Ward, Jr. '42, Marcus T. Reynolds '45, and John O. B. Sewall '53. Each received a token of thanks from a grateful Alumni Association.

Following the awards, three students spoke about some aspect of School life and their views of it. Peter S. Paine III '81, the son of Peter S. Paine, Jr. '53, bow oar on the victorious Henley crew, spoke about his summer experiences both at SPS during the crew's preparations and at the Henley Regatta itself. Alison W. Horne '82, the daughter of J. Paul Horne '55, spoke very sensitively of the difficulties she had had adjusting to the life of an American school, having lived in Paris and Rome, for most of her life. James W. Lowe '81, spoke about the "media" at St. Paul's School. He is both editor-in-chief of The Pelican and general manager of the School radio station, WSPS. Jim discussed the development and the needs of those two organizations.

On Saturday morning, all were up early to have a quick cup of coffee and to begin meetings at 8:20. The Form Agents met for an hour and three-quarters in the Reading Room of the Schoolhouse discussing tactics and strategy for the coming Fund year. The Form Directors attended a first period class or went on a tour of the new facilities, and then began a meeting of their own which lasted for nearly an hour. They discussed their roles as Directors, and how they can best serve the School, the Alumni Association, and their individual Forms.

After a break for coffee, the Directors and the Form Agents held a joint meeting with the Rector in the Reading Room of the Schoolhouse. It continued for nearly two hours, and all aspects of School life were discussed. Questions were frankly asked and answered, and all went away stimulated by the openness of the give-and-take of the meeting.

Both the Directors and the Form Agents went to lunch with students, giving them an opportunity to discuss daily life here.

The Directors lunched in the Small Dining Room of the Upper and held their annual fall business meeting beginning a few minutes after 1:00 p.m. The principal discussion at the end of that meeting had to do with the ISP (Independent Study Program) and how the Directors of the Alumni Association might act as a resource network in support of it. Mr. Alden B. Flanders, ISP Director, spoke about the individual nature of the Program and then elicited questions. The response of the Form Directors present was very positive. Many indicated a willingness to serve and said they would so inform their respective Forms.

The meeting ended at 1:35.

Some Directors and Form Agents stayed to watch the football game with Milton that afternoon; others took the opportunity to jog in the brilliant fall color of that early October weekend.

It was a wonderful opportunity to get to know one another better, to plan for support of the School, to gain a deeper understanding of the School today and to enjoy, once again, the beauty of Millville in the early fall.

R.D.S.
I ENTERED Yale in the fall of 1932, as a Freshman in what was soon to become the celebrated class of 1936. I say "soon," because even as undergraduates we thought—and contrived to induce others to think—that we were an exceptionally gifted group of people. In the nearly fifty years that have passed since the class first met and mingled together on the Old Campus, little has happened that would lead the majority of us to modify the lofty opinion we early held of ourselves. How tiresome to strike a note of mock-modesty at this late date, when we feel so strongly that our seeming arrogance is entirely justified! Once upon a time, we were young and full of promise; now we are old and, to a readily ascertainable degree, have realized our promise. Boldly and with undiminished high spirits, we utter a loud hurrah for Yale '36.

Four of us had come down to New Haven from Kingswood, a small country-day school in Hartford, Connecticut, where our families lived. We took up adjoining quarters in Bingham Hall, aware that we were unknown and that the corridors of power within our class and perhaps within the university as well would resound to the tread of graduates of Andover, St. Paul's, Hotchkiss, Groton, and the like. On our very first evening in Bingham, from an upper floor of our entry descended a handsome apparition, in elegant dressing gown, pajamas, and slippers. His sartorial splendor struck us as resembling that of some sort of Aztec sun-god; his right hand held aloft what I mistook at first for a ritual object, which turned out, at second glance, to be a toothbrush. “Does anyone here have some toothpaste I could borrow?” he asked—not, after all, a sun-god, but Dallas Pratt, the first of the large number of St. Paul's boys whom I was to encounter and make friends with over the next few years.

For the pleasure it gives me, let me spread the names of these friends upon the page (with the proviso that, the increasing treachery of memory being what it is, I may chance to omit a couple of the dearest of them). Though some in the list are dead, a mercifully high percentage of them are not only alive but are manifesting an invincible liveliness of body and spirit, as if they had found some secret method of outwitting the myriad ignominies of age. In alphabetical order, I summon up out of the past Frick Byers, Hugh Chisholm, Robert Cooke, Peter Grace, August Heckscher, Joseph Holmes, Luther Loomis, Layton MacCartney, Henry McKnight, Arthur Pearce, Edmund Pillsbury, Dallas Pratt, S. Dillon Ripley, Dwight Robinson, Tom Stockhausen, John Sturges, Alex Vietor, and Robert Wilson. It was plain to me in Freshman year—and it is still plainer to me today—that any school capable of sending to Yale in a single year so diverse and talented an assortment of first-rate people must have had from its beginnings some mighty intention at work within its walls.

The nature of that intention, and the means by which it has successfully fulfilled itself over a period of one hundred and twenty-five years, make up the subject-matter of Heckscher's exceptionally well-written and illuminating book. In its
amplitude, the book is agreeably old-fashioned. (Its opening sentence—"A watcher in Millville one early spring day in the middle of the last century might have seen a carriage come down the road..."
—has the ring of Hardy. In New Hampshire, as in Wessex, man is a figure in the landscape, and the landscape is sure to outlast the man. Heckscher superlatively evokes the New England countryside and its effect upon the life of the school.) The book is also old-fashioned in its tact; founded as a boarding school under the aegis of the Episcopal Church, St. Paul's has been ruled by eight rectors, and Heckscher makes it clear that there has been a radical discrepancy in quality among them; without malice, he passes judgment upon them and upon the teachers who have served under them in such a way as to leave little room for wounded feelings among surviving relatives and friends.

Heckscher quotes a student who graduated from St. Paul's in the eighteen-seventies to the effect that "every school is a commonwealth in miniature," and it is a fact that to survive and prosper the structure of a commonwealth must be in a continuous state of change, yet a school, counting upon tradition to help enforce discipline, must be seen to change as little as possible from one generation to the next. As it exists today, St. Paul's is a large coeducational institution wholly unlike the tiny "church" school for boys that the first Rector, the Reverend Henry Augustus Coit, settled into a farmhouse in the distant, "north-of-Boston" woods. Nevertheless, certain profound resemblances can no doubt be found beneath the surface—certain "notions" (to use a Yankee word a shade less uncompromising than "convictions") about personal responsibility, about being of use in and to the world. Whatever the fate of the school is to be, Heckscher views it with the prudent detachment of the professional historian: "St. Paul's in the late 1970's could be viewed as a kind of modern utopia, but even utopias have their day. The school would be no exception. Other rectors, other trustees and teachers—above all, other students—would make it over by degrees, while events in the outside world were exerting their force.

And, as Browning said and Dr. Coit might well have said, "With God be the rest."

THE WORLD OF OZ
by Osborn Elliott '42
The Viking Press, New York, 1980

Oz Elliott rose from humble origins—established family, Browning School, St. Paul's, and Harvard (where he majored in hockey)—to become a young reporter for Time Magazine, editor of Newsweek in 1961 at the age of 36, a member of the Harvard Board of Overseers, deputy mayor of New York City, and Dean of Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism. On assuming this last post, Elliott enumerated for his students some of the qualities of the good journalist, including "an open mind, a willingness to learn, and the knowledge that the truth is not always what it seems; a belief in the dignity of man, and a compassion for those upon whom the world too often heaps indignities; a high regard for the riches of the English language, and a dedication to its proper use;... (and) a sense of humor."

The reader of The World of Oz is bound to be struck by how precisely and honestly Mr. Elliott practices what he preaches. Ever the sound journalist and accomplished raconteur, he generally avoids preaching what he practices and adheres to the promise made in his preface to present "a notebook of people, places, and events."

Primarily, the author shares with us his adventures during the Sixties and early Seventies, when he helped to raise Newsweek to the top of the news business by encouraging deep and compassionate coverage of the heroic and horrifying events that transpired during that decade and a half: the mindless assassinations of public figures, the conquest of space, the civil rights and women's movements, the Vietnam War, the campus and sexual revolutions, and the tumult of the cities. Along the way, Mr. Elliott deftly sketches an intriguing memoir of the great and near great who shaped the events of those turbulent years, among them Bayard Rustin, Vernon Jordan (who appeared on the cover of Newsweek and who facetiously chided Elliott for taking his picture off the cover the next week), Lyndon Johnson, and Richard Nixon ("he always struck me as a man of indirection and cunning, with no real center of gravity, no sense of humor, no human warmth").

We also meet distinguished members of the fourth estate—Phil Graham, the glittering Richard Cory who, as publisher of the Washington Post, engineered the purchase and launched the successes of Newsweek; his wife and successor,
Katharine Graham; Ben Bradlee, the perceptive executive editor of the Post; the editorial staff at Newsweek, which came to be known as the Wallendas for the high-flying circus act it executed every seven days; and the magazine’s luminaries, among them columnists Walter Lippmann and Stewart Alsop and economists Paul Samuelson and John Kenneth Galbraith.

But ultimately the person that the reader of The World of Oz comes to know best is the author himself, the wizard who vows to thrash Time’s “increasingly pudgy posterior every time we have the chance—which is exactly once a week” and, to throw in “the wrinkled rump” of U. S. News and World Report. And beat those rumps Newsweek does by increasingly “probing beneath the surface of events to find their meaning” and by betting that the reading public has a mind. We also follow Elliott’s ascent from male chauvinist piglet to supporter of women’s rights with the Newsweek family, get to know him as a proud husband and father, share memories of his years at St. Paul’s during which an imitation of Henry Kittredge’s deep throated speaking style is interrupted by the appearance and voice of Mr. Kittredge himself, and learn of Oz’s resignation from the Racquet and Tennis Club because of “its stuffy surroundings and unstated racism.”

While Elliott is justly proud of Newsweek’s upward mobility of intellect and feeling, he does not hesitate to tell us of its and his own failings. In 1964 Newsweek became the first American magazine to feature the Beatles but proclaimed that they were “satorially a nightmare” and “musically a near disaster.” Later, Time repeatedly scooped Newsweek in covering the Watergate stories, and, near the end of his term as editor, Elliott experienced a loss of energy and interest.

Throughout, Osborne Elliott’s prose style is unflaggingly readable, displaying both the lucid conviction of the practiced journalist and the playful flights of the intrepid logophile. Within the first few pages of this memoir, we learn that the author was “nattered by Nasser, charmed by Giscard, irritated by Indira” and encounter such linguistic tropes as “we biviated a bit about the then popular concept of synergy” and “Bettes bestowed a fiduciary guffaw.”

When Osborn Elliott left Newsweek to join the city government in 1976, the magazine threw him a bash at which Kay Graham, in her farewell statement, said: “Oz Elliott is one of the major journalistic figures of this period. He established excellence at the magazine and made Newsweek matter. His imprint will endure.” Those who read this book will understand why such an accolade is no overstatement.

Richard Lederer

PURITAN BOSTON AND QUAKER PHILADELPHIA
by E. Digby Baltzell ’35
Free Press, New York, 1979

Here is a book to interest the larger St. Paul’s School community—alumni, friends, and their families—not only because it includes information about the School and some of its graduates, and because it deals with two cities closely tied to the lives of many alumni, but because it makes some strong and controversial statements about the roles of such schools as St. Paul’s and such cities as Boston and Philadelphia in the history of the United States. The author, a member of the Form of 1935, is a professor of sociology and history at the University of Pennsylvania. The book contains some very satisfactory history and (to me) some not very satisfactory sociology.

What is it about Puritan Boston and Quaker Philadelphia that so concerns Professor Baltzell? The opening sentence of the preface establishes a tone and suggests a topic: “This book was written during the most anarchic and anti-authoritarian decade in our nation’s history.” Later in the preface he writes:

It is my central theory that class lies at the very core of the authority structure of any society and, moreover, it is the proper function of an upper class in any healthy society to wield authority . . . through the respect it commands throughout society for the accomplishments and leadership qualities of its members over several generations.

The bulk of the book explains how and why “Boston Brahmins produced a long tradition of class authority whereas Proper Philadelphians did not.” Professor Baltzell suggests that “Too much, rather than too little mobility and democracy . . . has marked the social structures of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania from their founding days to the present (and may be a major cause of our whole nation’s loss of confidence and moral direction today).”

A recent visitor to St. Paul’s School, a Harvard psychologist, said that anyone can be a sociologist: simply take your data and look at them from a paranoid’s viewpoint. Professor Baltzell’s book has a great deal of data, much of those data fascinating,
but the total effect of the book's format is one of statistical overkill. The format is that of a textbook, complete with turgid chapter subheadings, such as "The Philadelphia and Somerset Clubs: Assimilating Associations" and "Philadelphia: Urban Progressivism and the Hofstadder Thesis." There is a full complement of appendices with such headings as "Boston and Philadelphia Upper-Class Families with Members in the 1902 World Almanac List of American Millionaires" and "Number of Quaker Meetinghouses in Selected States, 1850 and 1950."

There is also a generous helping of jargon: such terms as hierarchical communalism, egalitarian individualism, ethnocentrism, opportunitarian democracy, and artificial aristocracy abound, some explained in detail with headings and subheadings (I.A.1.a.) like college lecture notes, others slipped discreetly into the text in an assumptive fashion. "Elitism" seems at times commendable and then condemnable. Professor Baltzell creates three definitions of importance: auslander, outsider, and cut-flower (a cut-flower is "an individual of great talent and temporary—one generational—leadership who leaves no family line of distinction"). I forgive him all his terminological excrescences for that one vivid metaphor! (What happens when a cut-flower marries a wall-flower?)

The paranoia, which appears in occasional flavorful dashes but which is strong enough to be worrisome, may be exemplified by these three quotations:

Some will agree that the increasingly classless but elitist characteristics of our society today have something to do with our stasis in leadership and increasing lack of pride in ourselves and in our nation.

There is a haunting similarity between the pattern of anarchy that followed the execution of England's king in January 1649 and the assassination of President Kennedy in 1963.

... whereas Harvard College as well as Groton and St. Paul's were class institutions until the Second World War, they are now, especially since the 1960s, increasingly anomic and elitist. One wonders whether the students and the nation will benefit from this change.

Fortunately, the sociological impedimenta are easily avoided, the jargon is not too oppressive, and the paranoia is less obstructive than that of any issue of the Manchester Union-Leader. It is to the most readable, most lively, most enlightening historical sections of the book that I wish to draw the reader's attention, because Professor Baltzell does a great service in providing, through his crisp summaries, a great deal of important information not readily available to the average reader.

As he moves back and forth between the City of Brotherly Love and the Athens of America, Professor Baltzell emphasizes the importance of religion in the founding and perpetuation of significant American values and traditions: "the hierarchical and authoritarian ethic of Puritanism, and the egalitarian and anti-authoritarian ethic of Quakerism." He selects pairs of contrasting historical figures to illustrate how the religious and ethical values became absorbed in later eras and in secular careers like politics and the law. These pairings often have a particularly vivid quality because he uses a less well-known figure with a well-known figure; for example, John Graver Johnson, a Philadelphia lawyer paired with Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., of Boston; Senator Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania paired with Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts. Examples from the arts, architecture, medicine, and education are used to drive home the argument, and Professor Baltzell makes it clear where his sympathies lie: Lodge, for example, in a "statesman," while Penrose is a "boss."

There is an excellent reappraisal of that perennial sophomoric debate topic "Heredity or Environment?" which Professor Baltzell with forensic skill dismisses by stating "... I believe it is the myths men live by, rather than either their genes or their social milieu, that determine individual fame or failure."

Myth-making is really at the heart of Puritan Boston and Quaker Philadelphia, and this is why, in the end, the book is such a delight. For all his statistical charting and sociological boilerplate, I think Professor Baltzell is really a romantic, responding to the flesh and blood figures of history and weaving a contemporary mythology for us to live by and learn from—whether it be William Penn, disappointing his father the Admiral by throwing away a promising career at Court to join the "pariah faith" (deprogramming had not yet been invented), or John Nepomucene Neumann, bishop of Philadelphia, whose fiscal incompetence in 1856 was no obstacle to sainthood in 1977, or George Cheyne Shattuck, Jr., who once inherited a summer home on the banks of the Turkey River in Concord, New Hampshire.
Michael Burns is co-author, with Sanford Smoller, of an essay “Remembering Bread Loaf 1979” to be published early in 1981 in Pembroke Magazine #13.

George Chase serves as chairman of the Board of Directors of the New Hampshire Heart Association. Earlier this year he was certified as a New Hampshire Tree Farmer.

Woodruff W. Halsey III, following three years at a school in California, has been appointed Director of the Schoolyear Abroad Program at Rennes, France. Schoolyear Abroad is a program operated jointly by Andover, Exeter, and St. Paul's. Mr. Halsey first came to St. Paul's in 1969, and now with his wife, Katherine Vickery Halsey '76 and their daughter, Comfort, will reside in Rennes.

In addition to his faculty responsibilities at St. Paul's, the Reverend Preston B. Hannibal serves as Vicar of St. John's Church, Dunbarton.

Linda Kelley serves on the Board of Directors of the Child and Family Services of New Hampshire.

Michele Lettiere, who joined the English Department a year ago, received her M.A. in English from the Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College at the conclusion of the summer session there.

Charles B. Morgan returned from sabbatical leave at the University of California, Berkeley with an M.A. in English. Two days prior to the opening of the fall term Mrs. Morgan presented him with a daughter, Sarah Alden Morgan, born on September 9.

Richard Rein, Director of Dance, served in a similar capacity at the Waumbek Center Ballet School during the summer.

Philip Burnham, who retired in 1978, taught English at New England College two years ago, returned to SPS last year as an English teacher, and this year is serving as Headmaster at Fessendon School in Massachusetts.
New Faculty

Jane E. Bianco (Modern Language) joined the faculty in March, 1980. A magna cum laude graduate of the College of Mount Saint Vincent, 1974, she received her M.A. degree in French from Middlebury College/University of Paris, in 1979. This past summer she continued post graduate work in French at Middlebury College.

A native of Ridgewood, New Jersey, Miss Bianco taught French for four years at the Immaculate Heart Academy in Washington Township, New Jersey.

Miss Bianco is a groupmaster in North Upper.

The Rev. James G. Birney III (Religion), born in Hanover, New Hampshire, is a 1976 B.A. graduate of Williams College and a 1979 M.Div. graduate of Virginia Theological Seminary. He was ordained early in 1980. After an internship at the Brooks School in Andover, Massachusetts, he taught at the Hoosac School, New York.

In 1970 he attended the Outward Bound School at Hurricane Island, Maine; his interests include climbing, crew, skiing, soccer, and cross country as well as literature and music.

Mr. Birney and his wife, Cynthia, have a young son, Benjamin. They reside in Kittredge III where Mr. Birney is a groupmaster.

Gregory P. DuBuclet (Music) attended the Advanced Studies Program as a student, and, in 1979, as an intern, working with the course, Shakespeare for Production. He was an intern in music and German at SPS in 1979-1980.

With strong interests in music, drama, and language, he plays violin, viola, bass, piano, and trombone; has helped with the Chamber Orchestra and was also the advisor to the Chess Club.

During the past summer, he has been working toward his M.A. in German at Middlebury College. He and his mother live on Fiske Road.

Anderson F. Johnston (Mathematics) majored in Biology at Princeton and received his A.B. in 1980.

At college he was a tutor in biology, calculus, and linear algebra, and worked as an English tutor for the International Students Association.

His special interests include computer programming and music. He will be a groupmaster in Manville.

Toni King ’76 (Admissions) joins the faculty as an Assistant Director of Admissions. A summa cum laude graduate of St. Paul’s, she was awarded a Ferguson Scholarship and the Knox Memorial Cup for academic achievements. She graduated magna cum laude from Williams College in June, 1980, with a major in History and additional concentration in German and French; she was elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

This past summer she led a group to Germany for the Experiment in International Living. Her interests include skiing, skating, swimming, running, horseback riding, and crew. She is a groupmaster in Armour.

Peter B. LaFond (English) joins the English Department this year following an internship in English at St. Paul’s School during 1979-80.

A 1975 graduate of the University of Maine at Orono, he started work on a master’s degree at the Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College, last summer. He has had experience in business and in adult education.

Peter will again be a groupmaster in Twenty and a coach for skiing and tennis.

Carl J. Lovejoy ’75 (Admissions) received his B.A. in American History and Black History from Colby College in 1979. He was a student teacher in Maine public schools. In 1979-80 he was an intern at SPS in History and Admissions, and he coached football, ice hockey, and baseball. He is an Assistant Director of Admissions, head of Ford House, and continues to coach.

Joseph C. Machlitt (Art) is a graduate from Minneapolis College of Art and Design with a B.F.A. in 1971. He studied art and Spanish at the University of the Americas in Puebla, Mexico, 1971-1972 and from 1976-1980 he taught art and photography at the Bishop Whipple Schools in Faribault, Minnesota.

He is a groupmaster in Wing Upper.

Caroline W. Nickerson (Physical Education) is a native of Wellesley, Massachusetts. She holds a B.S., 1980, in Physical Education from the University of Massachusetts, where she was a teaching assistant in lacrosse and ski racing.

She coaches field hockey, skiing, and tennis, and she is a groupmaster in Corner.

Ted C. Randall (Development) received his A.B. in English from Wittenberg University, and an M.A. in English from the University of New Hampshire, 1973.

In 1972 he became an instructor in Humanities at White Pines College, Chester, New Hampshire, and, later, Dean of the college. He comes to St. Paul’s School from Pinkerton Academy, Derry, New Hampshire where he was Coordinator for Alumni Affairs.

A United States Naval Reserve officer, he saw active duty in Vietnam. He has been a feature writer and free lance journalist. He and his wife, Jo-Anne, have a four-year old daughter, Ellen.

Jonathan R. White (English) graduated from Harvard University in 1977 with an A.B., cum laude, in English. This past summer he worked on an advanced degree at the Bread Loaf School of English.

In 1977 Mr. White was a coach for boys’ junior varsity soccer at Concord Academy and last year he was an intern in English at Northfield Mount Hermon School, 1979-1980.

Captain of the Harvard Freshman Lightweight Crew in 1974, he participated in the Nottingham International Regatta, the Henley Royal Regatta, and a regatta in Cairo, Egypt.

He will help coach crew, and he is a groupmaster in Center Upper.

INTERNS

Three intern teachers are working in classrooms and dormitories this year.

Paula M. Bagger (History) received her B.A. in History, magna cum laude, from Harvard University in 1980. Since September, 1978, she has been a research assistant in the Harvard History Department. She has also worked as a classroom aide with high school remedial English students in Cambridge.

Miss Bagger’s athletic interests include swimming, crew, soccer, and basketball.

She is a groupmaster in Conover.

John D. Ross III (History) earned his B.A. in History from the College of the Holy Cross in 1980. He was active in many college activities: correspondent for the school paper, a participant in the Big Brother Program, and a member of the St. Thomas Moore Pre-Legal Society. He also played on the lacrosse, hockey, football, and basketball teams. During his senior year he coached junior varsity hockey. At St. Paul’s he is coaching football this fall and is a groupmaster in Drury.

Emilie K. Smith Pearson (Science) attended high school in Salem and Concord, New Hampshire, and in 1971 the SPS Advanced Studies Program, concentrating in Biology. She started her college studies in Pre-Medicine at Agnes Scott College, Georgia then transferred to Kansas State University, and received her B.A. in Pre-Veterinary Medicine in 1977.

In the spring of 1978 she entered the Kansas Law Enforcement Academy, received State Police Certification, and was employed by the Kansas University Police Department for a year and one-half. She also worked as a veterinary assistant.

Mrs. Smith Pearson was co-captain of Concord High School’s girls’ field hockey and track teams, won the New Hampshire Girls’ 50-yard Dash, and the Region I AAU Women’s 100-yard Dash. She was president of her high school graduating class and voted the “most valuable athlete for Concord High School.”

With her husband Jerry, a teacher in nearby Weare, she lives in Foster.

Form Notes

1903
A Boston Globe story on October 11 announced the commissioning in Boston of the USS Samuel Eliot Morison, the Navy’s newest frigate, named in honor of the late sailor and scholar.

1918

1939

The fall issue of The Rolls Royce Magazine contains a lively and fascinating article on the development of the Merlin aircraft engine a significant factor in the Battle of Britain forty years ago. Robert B. Meyer, Jr., author of the article and a pilot since 1939, is presently curator of air propulsion at the National Air and Space Museum in Washington.

1941
Thomas Dolan IV was recently elected chairman of the Eastern Pennsylvania Chapter of the Nature Conservancy to the Board of the Philadelphia Zoological Society, and he is a research associate with the Urban Wildlife Research Center.

1945
A mid-summer note from Marcus Reynolds, who has recently moved to New York from London, contained a number of items about members of the Form. The Reynolds were among the SPS contingent who delighted in the crew’s victory at Henley.

Philip B. Fisher, Jr. is with the New York office of the Morgan Guaranty after an extended period at the bank’s offices in Rome.

Tench Fraser, who missed our 35th Reunion last spring, has suggested we hold an annual dinner, such as the one Monty Waterbury organized in New York last year.
Richard Henriques claims to be the only Henriques in the Portland (Maine) telephone book and hence easy to find.

1949
Francis Cunningham is the President and co-director of the New Brooklyn School of Life Drawing, Painting, and Sculpture. Dick, his co-director, and several of their students had a group exhibition, “In Plain Sight: Towards a New Art School,” at the Numeroff Gallery in New York during the summer. For further information on the Cunningham family see the Form Notes for 1974.

James E. A. Woodbury has had several poems published in the publication tnr, the new renaissance, an international magazine of ideas and opinions, published in Arlington, Massachusetts. In the most recent issue he also reviewed Theodor Adorno’s Aphorisms and Mandelstam’s Essays.

1953
Edward R. Baldwin, an architect in Toronto, was the subject of an article in Toronto Life. While the article centers on Ned’s work on the CN Tower in that city, it also speaks of his eclectic life as mountaineer, futurist, author of books on wilderness cross country skiing, energy conservationist, and designer of a low cost “gas scimming vehicle.”

Marshall Dodge continues to regale audiences with his “Bert and I” tales of Maine. At a performance in Lebanon, New Hampshire for the Connecticut River Watershed Council, he found Mr. and Mrs. E. Leonard Barker in the audience and recalled memories of their days together at SPS.

1955
Parker W. Packard is now associated with Friends Central School in Philadelphia where he is Business Manager.

1957
Navy Commander Robert T. Riker has returned to his home in Chevy Chase, Maryland following a three year tour in Okinawa. During that period he and his wife traveled extensively in the Far East.

1959
Prescott B. Wintersten, Jr. has been named assistant vice president in Equibank’s Multi-national Department. He has been with the Pittsburgh bank since 1978, and his new responsibilities involve commercial lending activities in the Far East.

1960
James O. Robbins has been named general manager for Viacom Cablevision of Suffolk Country, New York. This particular section of the company is its largest cablevision system.

1961
The Exxon Company has announced the appointment of Marshall P. Bartlett as chief tax attorney of the tax department of Exxon USA. He is also the managing editor for the American Bar Association’s publication, The Tax Lawyer.

William L. Kean was awarded his Ph. D. by the University of Texas and lives in Austin, Texas with his wife Virginia and their three children.

1963
Cara and John Groman are the parents of Madeline Anne born on July 13. The Gromans are living in Dedham, Massachusetts.

Richard C. L. Webb taught an introductory course in philosophy at Exeter last spring in addition to carrying on his parish duties. His teaching experience, he recalls, brought to mind his Sixth Form course with the late Warren Jackson.

1965
Arnold B. Chace, Jr. was married to Johnnie Caddell on October 4 in West Falmouth, Massachusetts. Mr. Chace is President of Fields Point Manufacturing Corp. in Providence, Rhode Island.

1966
Hugh F. Houghton II has received two research grants, a Penrose Fellowship from the Geological Society of America and a grant from Sigma Xi, the scientific research society. He will be finishing his Ph. D. in geology at Princeton during the coming year and will be recruiting consultants for a research consortium in economic mineral development.

Thomas N. Lea was married on June 28 to Dale Halsey of Pelham, Massachusetts.

1968
J. Ewing Walker, Jr. announces the birth of a daughter, Kate Ewing Walker, on November 30, 1979.

1969
David K. Coombs continues to pursue a program focusing on production management and industrial relations at the Boston University Graduate School of Management, and during the past summer he worked for the Boston Whaler Company in Rockland, Massachusetts. David’s wife, Toby, is working on her Ph. D. in botany.

Charles R. Hickox has been working with a group which has designed a solar kiln capable of drying lumber without the normal expenditures of other energy sources.

Robin Lloyd, often seen on NBC News, is a correspondent with the network’s news division in Miami but spends a considerable amount of his time in Latin and South America.

Procter Smith III writes that on June 1 he “gave the graduation address at Darrow School in New Lebanon, New York. On July 19, I married Laura Liane duPont at St. Paul’s Church in Brookline, Massachusetts.”

Three generations of SPS McKees aboard their yacht Xanudu II at the start of the 1980 Newport to Bermuda race. From the left are two grandsons, Philip W. Jr. and E. Bates III, three sons, Charles D. ’59, E. Bates Jr. ’51 and Philip W. Father, grandfather, and skipper is E. Bates McKee ’22 on the right.
Music from the SPS Chorus, the Madrigal Singers, the Houghton Carillon, and the Aeolian-Skinner organ in the New Chapel is now available on a recording just released for the School's 125th Anniversary.


Proceeds from record sales during the fall term will benefit the Missionary Society's fund raising efforts. The new record may be obtained by sending $5.00 (checks payable to St. Paul's School) to: School Store, St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire 03301.

1970
Craig MacColl has written that following "a great two years in Oxford" he is now at Nashota House, Nashotah, Wisconsin for his final year of seminary.

1972
Debra Sistare Holsapple was promoted to Credit Manager of United States Pencil Corporation a short while ago. She and Jeff, who is Assistant to the President of the Windsor Corp., live in Caldwell, New Jersey.

Juergen Kroher received his LLM degree from Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario and is now back in Augsburg, Germany at law school preparing for his final examinations this fall prior to beginning work for the German Ph. D. in jurisprudence.

1973
B. Craig Gourley, a senior at the Medical School of the University of North Carolina, hopes to work in medical missions on completion of his degree requirements.

Charles A. Hopkins wrote: "I recently spent a few months pounding spikes for the Burlington Northern Railroad before being laid off because of snow in eastern Wyoming. I am about to go to Hollywood where the writing possibilities for a young rake such as I are said to be sinful!"

Robert W. Houghton was married on August 30 to Sharon Kay Bowden in Marion, Massachusetts.

Gregory W. LaNouette is completing his work at the University of Cincinnati's College of Medicine and expects his degree in June 1981. He spent some time last spring at the American Hospital in Paris.

T. Wayne Roberts will have a one man exhibition of color photographs, taken in Acadia, Maine, to be mounted at the New Jersey State Museum, Trenton from March to June 1981.

1974
Marcia E. Cunningham was married to William Anawalt in New York on August 23. Sacha is an editorial assistant with Glamour magazine, and her husband is a playwright.

William P. Hills, Jr. received his degree in June from Princeton with a major in philosophy. He is now living in Boston.

Pauline T. Maguire, a member of the School's faculty, attended the Harvard Summer School studying ancient Greek and English. A year ago she was appointed assistant clerk of the SPS Alumni Association.

Suzanne Williamson Pollak and her husband Peter are the parents of twins, Charles and Caroline, born on July 15. Their first child, Peter, Jr., was born in January 1979. Suzanne and her family reside in Hilton Head, South Carolina.

1975
Eric deM. Glow reports that he is studying electrical engineering at Stanford and will receive his MSE degree in December. He will then enter Stanford's Business School.

Philippe Lieta was married in June in France to Helene Poulain.

1976
In September Peter G. Henriques wrote that he had been training for two months with the Peace Corps in Zaire and shortly expected to begin teaching English in the Shaba region of the country.

Day Hills continues her studies at Barnard College where she won the Rosemary Thomas Prize given for the best interpretive essay in French in the study of French poetic literature.

Lawrence C. Manson, Jr. graduated from Princeton in June and is working in IBM's marketing training program in Philadelphia.

1977
Peter T. Santry is a senior at Williams College and at the conclusion of the lacrosse season there, he was awarded the prize as the "outstanding male varsity lacrosse player." He has been a starter on the team in each of his three years as well as a member of the hockey team.

1978
During the past summer Kevin Foley worked for Fidelity Brokerage Services and rowed for the Riverside Boat Club. Kevin is a junior at Wesleyan where he is majoring in English and continuing his sculling.

1979
Form Agent Waddell Stillman, who keeps close track of his charges, spent the summer working as a research assistant for a political science professor at Yale. In mid-summer he wrote the following notes about formmates' activities.

Jamie Barrett is "working" teaching tennis on the French Riviera.

Kedron Barrett is working for SPS this summer in the landscaping department. On the other side of the country, Bill Cummings is employed as a logger in Seattle. And on the other side of the world, Milton Kim is teaching English to fellow Koreans, after which he will be traveling in Austria and Europe. Also traveling this summer is David Frankfurter, who is touring Scotland, and T. Grand, who is following the Rolling Stones concert tour until September.
Judd Nelson, who is at Haverford College, has appeared in various college theatrical productions, and last summer received favorable notices for his performances with the Haverford Summer Theater Festival.

Among those in the Boston area this summer are Bryan Spence, who is working at a roller rink; Miranda Cox, who is juggling a course at the Harvard Summer School and a job at Fiduciary Trust Company. Also Barbara Talcott, who is a mother's helper this summer. Next in the alphabet is Helen Taws, and she is taking advanced courses at Duke during the summer semester.

Paul Spivy has been hired to teach English to Middletown, Connecticut high school students as part of The Summer Program at Wesleyan. Austin Wilkie is employed by a delivery firm in New York City, while George Brooke is doing the same type of work for a Philadelphia law firm, and Katie Reid is an intern at the police department of Ohio State University.

Tim Stone is participating in a Merrill Lynch training program all summer, while Bill Birrell is teaching and performing guitar. Peter Gaudy is spending a couple of weeks at SPS this summer, working on the media course taught by Mr. Lederer in the Advanced Studies Program.

A goodly portion of SPS '79 is in Washington, DC this summer including Department of Transportation Congressional Affairs Division intern Seth Ward. Suzanne Wamsler, living in Georgetown, is a intern for The Heritage Foundation, a non-profit public policy organization. Bill Martin is employed by a Washington law firm which he describes as small: "just three partners, a secretary, and me." Sarah Bankson has a job at Security National Bank in Washington.

Tim Zimmerman and Alan Khazei are driving to California to experience the bi-coastal life. Cliff Gayley is getting up at 6 a.m. daily to work in an industrial gas supply company in Hartford, but he's taking time out for golf and a two-week trip to Arizona. Evelyn Van Ingen is living at home and is employed by two local summer camps as their official photographer.

1980

John O. Outwater sent the following note: "John O. Outwater is a card carrying member of the National Maritime Union. He is working nine months as a deckhand on North Atlantic oil ships, and will enter Princeton next fall."

Joseph Maybank IV is studying Japanese eight hours a day in preparation for spending a portion of his "year off" in Japan at the Seikei School.

An unofficial tally reveals that the following members of the Form have visited the School in recent weeks: Bedford, Copple, Eddison, Ferguson, Gaghen, Hok, Ingalls, McCardell, Mulvihill, Pierce, Potter, Reckford, Scharer, S. Scott, Simmons, Underwood, Van Gerbig, Williamson.

Deceased

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

'02—Parke Godwin Sedley
'18—Richard Neal Greenwood
'25—William Carson Lockwood
'28—Henry Wardwell Howell
'32—George Barnum Morrill
'33—Charles Christopher Dudley Short
'44—Milenko Aristide Nicholas Blank

'06—Francis Huger McAdoo of New York City, eldest son of the former Secretary of the Treasury, William G. McAdoo, and Sarah Fleming McAdoo, died in his 90th year in February 1980, after a long illness. Born March 11, 1889, he came to St. Paul's in 1904. An active member of the School community, he was assistant editor of the Horae Scholasticae in 1905-1906 and won the Horae medal for poetry. Further, he was a member of the Library Association, the Concordian Literary Society, the Entertainment Committee, and was an avid golfer, winning the Garretson Cup for Foursomes. He was captain of the 3rd Old Hundred hockey team in his Sixth Form year. After St. Paul's, he graduated from Princeton University, and Columbia Law School, and practiced law in Washington, D. C. and New York during the years 1913-1917. He saw active service in the U. S. Navy in World War I, enlisting on May 25, 1917, and was commissioned on July 11th of that year. He served in the Submarine Chaser Force from October 1917 to June 1918, and was aboard the U. S. S. Baleh, a destroyer, from July 1918 to January 1919, when he was discharged as a lieutenant. After the War, he joined the law firm of McAdoo, Cotton & Franklin, of which his father was senior partner. In 1923 he became a partner in a firm headed by former Governor Nathan L. Miller of New York. Later Mr. McAdoo was employed by Allied Chemical Corporation as general counsel and, five years later, was elected vice-president. He retired in 1955 due to ill health. During his active business career, Mr. McAdoo's directorships included Allied Chemical Corporation, Owens-Illinois Glass Company and Sloss Sheffield Steel & Iron Company. He was above all a great family man, enjoying his family whenever possible. He liked to sail and read and was fascinated with English history. He loved the classics and the Romantic poets. He gave his superb first editions of Shelly and Keats to the Princeton University Library. He is survived by a son, Francis H. McAdoo, Jr. '34, of Califton, New Jersey, and two daughters, Mrs. Robert P. Deford, Jr., of Baltimore, and Mrs. Peter M. Coy of Savannah, 10 grandchildren, and 6 great-grandchildren. Two of his grandsons graduated from SPS: John H. McAdd '63 and Robert B. Deford, III '69.

'11—J. Vaughan Merrick III died on October 9 at his home in South Kingston, Rhode Island. A Philadelphian by birth, Mr. Merrick attended St. Paul's from 1908 to 1911 and following his graduation attended the University of Pennsylvania from which he was a Phi Beta Kappa graduate in 1915. He continued his rowing, begun at St. Paul's, at Pennsylvania and was captain of the University's varsity crew in his senior year. As had his grandfather before him, Mr. Merrick served the University as a Trustee for a number of years.

In 1915 he returned to SPS as a teacher of Latin and he remained until 1928, when he was elected Headmaster of St. George's School. His teaching at St. Paul's was interrupted by service during World War I during which he served with distinction, receiving a Purple Heart and the Silver Star Medals, as an officer with the 110th Infantry.

In his last years at St. Paul's Mr. Merrick was a Vice Rector, and it is fitting to note that the Form of 1928's Yearbook was inscribed The Sixth Form of 1928 to J. VAUGHAN MERRICK, 3rd Inspiring master Untiring coach Beloved friend

He continued as the head of St. George's until his retirement to public service in the
town of South Kingston where he was closely associated with South County Hospital, the Robert Hale Library, and the local school committee. Throughout his life he was a voracious reader and writer of letters. He was also a member of the Tavern Club of Boston, the Headmasters' Association, the Old Campaigners Club.

Mr. Merrick leaves his widow, Beatrice, one son, Dr. John V. Merrick of Puyallup, Washington; a daughter, Mrs. Beatrice H. Bullet of Old Lyme, Connecticut; a sister, Mrs. Catherine M. Welopolska of Philadelphia; and six grandchildren.

'19—E. Richmond Gray of Sarasota, Florida, died on June 28, 1980 in the Sarasota Memorial Hospital. Born in Narragansett, Rhode Island, on October 4, 1906, the son of Gerald H. Gray and Louisa Wells Gray, he attended SPS from 1913 to 1917, leaving before graduation to serve overseas with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces during the First World War. He was associated for many years with the publishing firm of Little Brown & Company of Boston, serving as a director of the firm from 1952 until his retirement in 1966. He was a member of the Society of the Cincinnati, Society of Colonial Wars, The Union League Club of Chicago, the Sara Bay Country Club in Sarasota, and the Massachusetts Harvard Club. Further, he was assistant editor of the Yarmouth Beach, Florida, as well as eight grandchildren.

He had a long career as a broker and banker, having worked for Smith, Barney and Company, the Girard Trust Bank, and Cassatt and Company. He joined the brokerage firm of Janney Montgomery Scott, Inc., in 1942, and retired six years later. He was a member of the First Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry. He is survived by his wife, the former Rosamund Arnold of Boston, a daughter Elizabeth Gray of Evanston, Illinois, and a son Gerald Gray of San Francisco, California. Two nephews also survive.

'20—George Armstrong Elliott, Jr., the son of Colonel George A. Elliott and Anne Gibbons Elliott, was born in Wilmington, Delaware, on September 6, 1901. He came to SPS from the Friends School in Wilmington and was here from 1916 to 1920. An extremely active member of the School, he was president of the Form of 1920 in its Sixth Form year. He was also active in the Cadmean Literary Society, the Scientific Association, the Missionary Society, the Forestry Club, the Library Committee. Further, he was assistant editor of the Horse, on the Yearbook Committee, the Dance Committee, the Squash Committee, and was treasurer of the Athletic Association. A fine athlete, he played Old Hundred football in 1918, 1919, and 1920, and captained the team in his Sixth Form year. He was on the Old Hundred track team for two years, on the Old Hundred baseball team in his Sixth Form year, and made the SPS football team in both 1918 and 1919; again, he was captain of the football team in his Sixth Form year. After SPS, he attended Yale University where he graduated in 1924. There he was a member of the Elihu Club. He joined the Bank of Delaware, formerly the Equitable Trust Company, in Wilmington in 1928 and rose to become a vice president in 1940, a post he held until 1962. He was head of the Investment Division of the bank's Trust Department. For the next 11 years, he worked as a consultant for the Wilmington Capital Management, Inc., until his retirement in 1973. He served as executive director of the Wilmington Medical Center and was a past president of the Wilmington Club. An ardent golfer throughout his lifetime, he also enjoyed fishing and gardening. He was a lifelong stamp collector, as well. He is survived by his wife, Jean I. Elliott, as well as by two sons, George A., III, of Bethesda, Maryland, and Anthony I. of Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, a daughter, Jean E. Johnson of Chadds Ford, and a stepson, Philip V. Sturges of Jacksonville, Florida. Also surviving are a brother Richard G. of Wilmington and two sisters, Anne E. Raynor of New Canaan, Connecticut, and Julia E. Wells of Palm Beach, Florida, as well as eight grandchildren.

'20—Herman Kremer Grange died at his home in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, on May 31, in his 79th year. He was born in German-town, Pennsylvania on November 15, 1900, the son of William Dawson Grange and the former Louise Kremer. He attended St. Paul's School from 1915 to 1918 and was a fine football player, lettering as fullback for the 1st Delphians as well as the SPS team. He graduated from Princeton University in 1924 and received a master's degree in business administration from the Wharton School at the University of Pennsylvania in 1926.

He had a long career as a broker and banker, having worked for Smith, Barney and Company, the Girard Trust Bank, and Cassatt and Company. He joined the brokerage firm of Janney Montgomery Scott, Inc., in 1942, and retired six years later. He was a member of the First Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry. He is survived by his wife, the former Rosamund Arnold of Boston, a daughter Elizabeth Gray of Evanston, Illinois, and a son Gerald Gray of San Francisco, California. Two nephews also survive.

'26—Edwin Olaf Holter, Jr. died on September 17, 1979, in his adopted state of California. Born February 8, 1908, in New York City, the son of Sarah Porter Sage and Edwin Olaf Holter, Sr., he attended St. Paul's from 1921 to 1926 where he was an Old Hundred and Shattuck and a member of the Cadmean Literary Society. He graduated from Yale in the class of 1930, and in 1933 moved westward. He had been a resident of San Francisco or Marin County since 1953. He was president of Sage Land & Improvement Company, a timber and lumber mill, in northern California. Always a great outdoorsman, he liked fly fishing, bird shooting, and working hunting dogs in the field. He also had a lifelong fascination for the history of the state of California. He is survived by his wife, Lillian G. Holter, and four children: Anton G. Holter, Julie Holter, Henry S. Holter, and Sarah S. Holter. Also surviving are four grandchildren.

'26—John Clarkson Potter died in Beth Israel Hospital in Boston, on February 27, 1980. The son of Amy Holland Potter and Clarkson Potter '97, he was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on November 25, 1907. He entered the Second Form at SPS in 1921. A very active member of the School community, he won the David Brooks Cup in 1926 for the best essay in Anglo-American relations, he was treasurer of the Library Association, associate head editor of the Horae Scholasticae, a member of the Council of the Concordian Literary Society, played on the 1st Isthmian baseball team, and was captain and #3 on the School golf team. After St. Paul's, he attended Harvard College from which he graduated in 1930. He was a CPA and a retired partner of Coopers & Lybrand, public accountants, and worked in the Boston, New York, and Detroit offices of that firm. On his retirement in 1963, he and his wife moved to Southouth Port, Massachusetts, where they have lived in an old house and enjoyed their chief hobbies of gardening and raising
Orchids. In his later years, he resumed the writing of poetry and produced four books, a continuation of his interest in writing developed at St. Paul's. He is survived by his wife, the former Mary Paschall Davis; a daughter, Diana Corbett of Reading, Pennsylvania; two sons, Clarkson II '52 of Paris, France, and John David '62, presently living in Bahrain, on the Arabian Gulf. Other survivors include a brother, G. Holland Potter '22, of Naples, Florida, a sister, Mrs. Nora Krech of Eastern, Maryland, and seven grandchildren.

'32—Carl Knott Fried, Jr. of Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida, died after a brief illness on February 11, 1980 in his sixty-sixth year. Born in Springfield, Ohio, he attended St. Paul's from 1929 to 1932, where he was an outstanding athlete. He played guard on both the 1st Delphian and SPS football lines and rowed #5 on the 1st Halcyon win in 1932. He was born on December 26, 1906. He graduated from the Sixth Form at the age of 16 to the School crew. He was graduated from Princeton University in 1936 and served in the U.S. Navy as a communications officer aboard liberty ships and U.S. Army transports in the Atlantic as well as with the Occupation Forces in Sicily. He is survived by his wife, Jane M. Fried, three sons: Carl K. Fried, III, of the U.S. Air Force; John B. Fried of Columbus, Ohio; and Dean W. Fried of Columbus, Ohio; and five grandchildren.

'38—Philip Syng Physick, Jr., a former oil company executive and an international breeder of dogs, died in New York City at the Harkness Pavilion of the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center after a long illness. He was a resident of both Oyster Bay, Long Island, and Boca Grande, Florida. Born in Philadelphia on November 17, 1919, he was the son of John R. Fell and Dorothy Randolph Fell. He was the great-grandson of Anthony Joseph Drexel, the Philadelphia banker and philanthropist. He attended SPS from 1934 to 1938, belonged to the Old Hundred and Halcyon clubs, and served as an inspector and on the Hockey Program Committee. He was a graduate of the University of Virginia. As a United States Army lieutenant during World War II, he was an aide to General Leslie R. Groves on the Manhattan Project, which developed the atomic bomb. He later served as an observer for the United States Congress at the United Nations and was a liaison officer between the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission and the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. Joining the Union Oil Company of California in 1948, he became its manager of foreign crude oil sales. He later joined the Gulf Oil Corporation and was its eastern hemisphere manager for public relations from 1959 until his retirement in 1970. With his wife, the former Elizabith West, Mr. Fell owned the Badgewood Kennels, in Oyster Bay, and Ide, in Kent, England, which bred whippets and Norfolk and Norwich terriers. He served as senior warden of St. Andrew's in Boca Grande, Florida. In addition to his wife, he is survived by two daughters, Elizabeth Allen of Far Hills, New Jersey, and Dorothy Farrellly of Mendham, New Jersey; two sons, Philip Jr. of Spring, Texas, and Ogden of Oyster Bay, Long Island, and seven grandchildren.

'50—John Morey Ferguson the son of John A. Ferguson, Jr. and Katherine Morey Ferguson, died on May 6, 1980 in Seattle, Washington. Born on February 28, 1918, he attended SPS from 1946 to 1950, where he was an Isthmian and a Shattuck. He was a member of the Missionary Society, the Scientific Association, and the Bridge Club. He attended the University of Colorado and later the University of Washington, where he received a degree in 1968. From 1955 to 1964 he worked for the Boeing Company in Seattle. From 1968 to 1979, he was Executive Director of the Painting and Decorating Contractors' Association of Western Washington. Retiring in 1979, he filled his time with photography which he had pursued as an avocation all his life. He is survived by his wife, Ruth J. Ferguson, four children: John M., Jr., Robert K., Leslie R. and Karrie J. Also surviving are his father and two brothers, Donald A. and John A., III, as well as a grandchild, John R. Ferguson.

On September 1, 1980, Mrs. Idella M. Stanley, aged 97, died at the home of her daughter in Concord.

For 36 years, 1926-1962, Mrs. Stanley was head nurse at the Armory Infirmary. A remarkable lady, she kept the infirmary running smoothly and also made it a warm place for the many boys who came either for a minor ailment or a lengthy stay.

The infirmary was a splendid resource of the school. Today when the whole infirmary operation has been greatly reduced because of penicillin, aureomycin, etc., it seems incredible that, on occasion, there could be as many as 90 students as overnight patients and some might be in the “cooler” (as the infirmary was called until 1970 or so) for as long as three weeks. Also from time to time there might be an appendectomy which took place in the operating room on the second floor. (Now a faculty apartment?) The logistics were Mrs. Stanley’s responsibility. Engaging doctors, surgeons, nurses; ordering food, laundry, supplies were sizeable tasks. Mrs. Stanley did this all efficiently while still taking her turn making beds and administering medicines.

Mrs. Stanley was a remarkable example of courage and resourcefulness to those few who knew her well. Widowed in her twenties by a train accident, she had herself and a small daughter to support. Resolved not to be dependent, she used her small insurance to finance her study at the Elliot Hospital in Manchester where she received her RN degree. She began working at the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital in Concord where Dr. Drury met her. Impressed by her ability and her personality, he pursued her to come to St. Paul’s which she found most pleasant, and where she made things go well for those many years.

After her retirement at age 74 she lived with her daughter and enjoyed 25 years of happy life. Although moving with difficulty, poor hearing, and little vision made her last years a trial, she was not sick, recalled the SPS years fondly, and was always eager for news about the School.

R.J.C.

Milton Ben Davis, 40-42 and 46-52, a faculty member at SPS for eight years died on May 10, 1980 in Franklin, New Hampshire. Born in South Berwick, Maine, he studied at Berwick Academy and was a graduate of Bowdoin College. He taught at the Choate School, St. Paul’s School, St. Mark’s School, and the Tilton School. At SPS he taught Spanish. During the War he served as a lieutenant commander in the U.S. Navy in the Pacific. He leaves several cousins.

James Harvey Townsend died at the Veterans’ Administration Hospital in Manchester on October 17, 1980, after a long illness. Born in Washington, D.C., on November 5, 1897, he graduated summa cum laude from Harvard in 1917 and magna cum laude from Harvard Medical School in 1921. After interning at the Massachusetts General Hospital and serving in the Health Department at Yale University, he spent three years as health director at St. Paul’s. In 1927, he joined the staff at Harvard Medical School and the Massachusetts General Hospital, where he served for many years as a chief of the diabetic service and was involved in the first successful treatment of diabetic coma with insulin. He served in the Army Medical Corps in the Second World War, and after the War returned to Massachusetts as chief of medicine at Mount Auburn Hospital. After 1951 he was chief of medical service at several VA hospitals and retired in 1960. From 1960 to 1967 he was in charge of the faculty medical care program at MIT, and since 1968 he acted as a medical consultant at Sceva Spear Memorial Hospital in Plymouth, New Hampshire. He is survived by his wife, Amy Browne Townsend, two daughters, Mrs. Emily Crane of Plymouth, New Hampshire, and Mrs. Bettina Sawhill of New Canaan, Connecticut; a son, James Townsend, Jr. of Cambridge, Mass.; 11 grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.
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Baltimore

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Buffalo

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Chicago

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John D. Pardy, 4th '59

Frank F. Reed, 2nd '46

Donald P. Welles, Jr. '45

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Lee A. Carter '57

Cleveland

William Chisholm, Jr. '46, Ch.

Committee

Chisholm Halle '51

David S. Ingalls, Jr. '52

Detroit

Selden B. Daume, Jr. '54

Hartford

Charles J. Cole '36

Houston

Clive Runcells '44

Indianapolis

Cornelius O. Alig, Jr. '39

Long Island, N.Y.

Joseph B. Hartmeyer '45

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 McK. 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

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Santa Barbara

Frank F. Reed, 2d '46

Seattle

E. Bates McKee, Jr. '51

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Mrs. Joan Montross

Alexander T. Baldwin, Jr. '45

(Mt. Kisco-Bedford)

Alexander L. Robinson, Jr. '48

(Greenwich-Stamford)

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Hugh H. Hogle '58

San Francisco

Charles F. Lowrey '45, Ch.

Committee

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

Alexander T. Baldwin, Jr. '45

(Mt. Kisco-Bedford)

Alexander L. Robinson, Jr. '48

(Greenwich-Stamford)

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 '57 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . New York

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Robert L. Clark '61 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Hamilton, Mass.

John Elliott, Jr. '38 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . New York

Elizabeth R. Fondaras . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . New York

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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 '57 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . New York

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