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

**Richard D. Sawyer '48, Executive Director**  
St. Paul's School  
Concord, New Hampshire 03301

**Josiah H. Drummond, Jr., Editor**  
240 Foreside Road  
Cumberland Foreside, Maine 04110

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

**1981**

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*The Cover:* Mid-February’s thaw provides a misty setting for a Foster House resident rounding the corner by Middle.

*Photo Credits:* P. B. Booth ’52, pp. 30, 31; J. B. Duer ’81, p. 7; Bradford Herzog, Covers I, II, and IV, pp. 3, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 32, 33, 35; *New York Times*, p. 21; T. C. Randall, pp. 4, 5, 6, 8; Yale Sports Information, p. 11.
Dear Alumni & Alumnae

Girls playing ice hockey? With sticks, shoulder pads, sharp skates, and helmets—all that heavy equipment so long worn by men and boys? Yes, of course, for several years, now, at many schools. This year at St. Paul’s School, the SPS Girls’ Hockey team appeared, twenty-seven strong. And, while enjoying an enthusiastic season of four games against major rivals, they eagerly look forward to a first victory . . . next year.

"Where is the girls’ hockey team?" asked early arrivals at the annual winter term Sports Banquet, a formal, seated dinner held to celebrate SPS and JV teams. They noted several unused tables in the Upper Dining Room as the dinner began at 7:15 p.m., so the absence of this team was not to be attributed to lack of space. Tables in this majestic hall, so long the center of important School functions, were filled with happy competitors and their coaches, reminiscing about the season just concluded. But members of the girls’ hockey team were nowhere to be seen.

Well, the girls knew the reason! Their petition to be recognized as a regular School interscholastic sport had been turned down earlier in the winter by the School’s Athletic Association (with the approval of the Rector, I might add). This group, having general responsibility for athletic policy, and composed primarily of faculty members who are coaches of SPS teams, and Sixth Form boys and girls who are captains of those teams, had ruled that girls’ ice hockey must become firmly established through one season of competition to demonstrate that there was sufficient interest to assure the permanency of the team in our athletic diadem.

How much the girls have to look forward to—next year. More games, probably a win, or possibly two or three, SPS letters . . . and an invitation to the winter term Athletic Banquet.

Who can wait patiently one full year before being invited to attend the athletic dinner? Not the girls’ ice hockey team. The dinner had just begun, on the night of March 4, when there was a rustle high overhead in the false ceiling of the Upper Dining Room as trap doors slowly opened and something, mostly white, began to tumble out. In a moment all could see a streamer of bed sheets hanging from the ceiling, falling almost to the floor, on which were proudly painted in large letters: “SPS Girls’ Hockey Team 1981.”

A determined girl or two had learned from some custodian of School lore, perhaps Mr. Clark, how to gain access to the catwalk high above the Upper Dining Room, an area not normally frequented by students and faculty. In fact, I have never been there myself, nor do I know how to get there. (Girls: I would like to know, some time.) A few girls slept without sheets that night, contentedly satisfied with their sacrifice in a noble cause.

Innovative ingenuity, combined with capable execution. Those qualities certainly must be needed in girls’ ice hockey. Jean and I went back to the Rectory that night, after the dinner, highly confident of a rush of victories next year from the girls’ ice hockey team.

Strange voices have been in the Gordon Rink as girls have called: “Here, pass to me.” “Over there!” “She’s there!”

Strange voices have been elsewhere, this year. In the Schoolhouse, in the Aviary. You should know that Aviary derives from “A V Area,” which means “Audio Visual Area,” which means the location of the School’s audio and TV equipment. Equipment of all kinds, checked out and in, maintained in good working order by an able member of the School staff, for use by faculty and students in any School activity: classroom teaching, preparation for public speeches or debates, the coaching of sports.

Here in the Aviary five students and two members of the faculty have been studying first year Japanese under the careful guidance of a Japanese student in her third year at St. Paul’s, Kaori Kitazawa, from Tokyo’s Seikei School. With the supervision and support of Dr. Walsh, who also
is a student in the course, Kaori is conducting an effective and successful introduction to the Japanese language for students who look forward to visits and study in Japan. Two students are now planning to spend the coming school year in Tokyo, attending Seikei School, living in homes of the School's friends there. Our hope and plan is to present this as an option for the Fifth Form year, adding to opportunities through School Year Abroad for study in France and Spain. We search now for a full-time member of the faculty to continue this aspect of our language program and to build with us an Asian Department devoted to the study of language and culture and history, first of Japan, eventually to include China and the entire area.

Ambitious hopes, yes. But we build on thirty-one years of relationships with Seikei School, Tokyo. Since 1949 we have had one or more students from Seikei with us. This year there are seven Seikei students. Each serves as a tutor for one of the students in the class, for oral drill and practice. For years the direction of travelling students has been from Japan to Millville. Now, while continuing to welcome Japanese students here, we happily extend and solidify friendships and learning through the movement of our students to Tokyo.

Strange voices. Yes, there are, as you see, in athletics and in the classroom. And the sounds of music and drama and short operas and graceful ballet fill the air as well in a busy and intense winter term. A second winter of unusual snow patterns, extreme cold, and warm, spring-like conditions. Wait 'till next year. We send best wishes from an active School.

Sincerely,

March 10, 1981

[Signature]
Mr. Burns has been a member of the Science Department since 1970.

Michael L. Burns

This year winter arrives with a vengeance: underground steam lines rupture, water pipes freeze and in some cases burst, automobile fuel lines vapor-lock, engines seize up, batteries run down. The Merrimack Valley behaves like a miniature black space, holding the cold air with a gravity force so powerful it may not let go until spring.

The faculty assembles for its first meeting of the term in a chilly Moore lecture room. The Rector, in a serious, ruminative mood, tells us that the world, in his view, is in the throes of revolution. Politics, economics, education—everything is in rapid flux. What is to become of our School? What will be the impact on secondary education across the land? What is the future of the nation? The world? Heady questions to ponder in these lower than normal, ambient temperatures.

“Stability and Change,” the theme of a recent Parents Day symposium, is on the Rector’s mind, and in this spirit he reads to us portions of a letter he received from a student who entered the School in 1956, the Dark Ages to some of the younger faculty present. The boy had attended briefly, leaving before his class graduated. More than twenty years later he had occasion to return, and it was his impression of the School after this long absence that had inspired the letter. His memories were strong, deep and loving. He described, with rather poignant nostalgia, how everything seemed to have been preserved exactly as he remembered it. But, of course, many things have changed since 1956. I imagine the daily life of the School is quite a bit different now than it was in 1956, when the author of that wistful letter moved along these worn paths. Perhaps he visited on a day when the School was not in session, when the buildings and grounds can have a magical effect, can produce an aura of immutability.

Nowadays, when the world changes so fast it seems that a generation gap develops every six months, it is difficult to imagine anything remaining stable. Yet, there is something in the matrix of St. Paul’s School that holds generation after generation of students together as fast as a crystal. What goes on here is that so special? How long can it continue? Can it continue at all?

Anyone who has spent time at SPS knows that it is a busy place, anytime of year. Many feel that the winter term is the busiest, the most intense, the term when you’re most likely to snap if you’re ever going to snap. And knowing what winter in Concord is capable of doing to the psyche, I still sense among my colleagues at this first faculty meeting an enthusiasm for the beginning of things when, as Lionel Trilling has put it, “intention is still innocent and uncorrupted by effort.”

What follows are my impressions of the goings on at St. Paul’s School this winter of its 125th anniversary.

“It gets cold in Millville,” we are told by the Rector at the first Chapel service of the new term. Wear extra sweaters if you have to, he counsels. Don’t stay out of doors longer than necessary during these days of extraordinarily low temperatures.

Outside, I ask my faculty friend, Charles Lemeland, that melancholy Norman whose mood is never more lugubrious than in winter, what he makes of this crazy weather. “This time it is the end,” he says, eyes twinkling, because he knows that this is the kind of answer I have come to expect from him.

“This will be spring before you know it,” is my lame reply. He laughs. “Not this time.”
I’m reminded of a line from Wilder’s “The Skin of Our Teeth” in which the air is described as so cold that dog’s feet stick to the sidewalks. But today the many dogs who sniff the ground outside the Chapel are having no trouble negotiating the sidewalks.

Two days later, the weather still bitter cold, we are back in Chapel for the first-Sunday-of-the-term service. The Rector delivers the first of several sermons we will hear from various members of the community, as well as from guests from outside the School, whose common theme is an examination of the inner life. “Seek and you will find.” “Knock and the door will be open.” “Ask and you shall receive.” Familiar lines from Scripture, too often interpreted literally as justifying self-aggrandizement. At the beginning of a new year some of us are more receptive to the notion of personal change than we are at other times, when effort begins to erode conviction. Mr. Oates, no doubt understanding our susceptibility to the idea, at least, of self-examination and change, offers his interpretation of the meaning of these phrases. A few days later Joe Machlitt of the Art Department will speak of the necessity for change.

A WEEK AT ST. PAUL’S: January 12-18, 1981

Alan Murchie, who, as student leader of The Committee for Social Awareness, has acted all year as the community’s superego, stands up in the pulpit Monday morning, and for an excruciatingly long time does only that—stands up. When it is clear that he will make no utterance we are compelled to focus on interesting stained glass legends in order to avoid eye contact with our neighbors across the way. Is this some kind of experiment in group stress behavior cooked up by our human relations experts, Drs. Panek and Walsh?

When Alan finally speaks, it is to remind us all that silence is what we can expect in the future unless the community shakes off its present torpor. And after the embarrassment of having your own complacency pushed in your face, it is clear that he is right. As the only time in which the entire academic community assembles on a regular basis, morning Chapel is the School’s forum. Often, the tone for the rest of the day is set by what goes on here.

The very next day, as if answering the challenge, Joe Machlitt, a new member of the Art Department, stands up in Chapel, and admitting to a case of knocking knees, argues for the virtues of change—personal as well as social. Then, two days later we are treated to a stirring tribute to Martin Luther King, Jr. by Dr. Warner Traynham, Dean of the Chapel at Dartmouth College. His eloquence is reminiscent of the late Dr. King. Listening to him recount the deeds of King during the civil rights movement of the 1960’s, inspired by what he called the “instinct of the drum major,” I recall vividly that warm April night in 1968—\[
\text{the night King was murdered. Martin Luther King was a drum major of justice, says Warner Traynham, and ends his talk on a portentous note: would the devil cast out by the civil rights movement be replaced by devils, five-fold worse than the one removed?}
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How can you keep a sharply honed conscience with so much going on outside the skin? In the first week alone there are enough activities to keep you permanently away from your devotions. Outing Club adviser Chip Morgan presents a slide show entitled, “Climbing in Peru or Alaska”; there is a special showing of a videotape of the Christmas Pageant; karate classes begin again; a stunning new collection of Ralph Steiner photographs beckon in the Hargate Art Center. All this and the regular activities: band, chorus, clubs and societies. What chance for the contemplative life?

ANOTHER WEEK January 19-25, 1981

Another full calendar. But this week the air is charged with the anticipation of 125th Anniversary festivities. There are big plans afoot for St. Paul’s Day: a Sunday morning Chapel service,
followed by a communion service in the Old Chapel, then a seated noon meal. In the afternoon, Super Bowl XV for those of that persuasion, and then the gala ball in the Upper Dining Room, the site of many a recorded acoustical disaster. This time, however, we have a band whose instruments are not electronically amplified.

On Friday, Doug Marshall, resident School historian and member of the Classics Department, gives the second in a series of talks on the School’s history. Doug observes a renewal of the theme of the struggle between spirituality and materialism in a set of graffiti on the post office wall. One statement proclaims that the aim of education is the pursuit and acquisition of money and position. The other statement chastises the first as vulgar and unworthy of the higher purposes of education at an Episcopal Church School. Applying Plutarch’s technique of comparing the subjects of his biographies, Doug draws interesting parallels of the careers of Henry Augustus Coit and Samuel Smith Drury, two prominent figures in the history of St. Paul’s School, particularly in the ways in which they dealt with, what was for them, the very real tension between these opposing philosophies.

It is clear where Coit stood on the issue. In a sermon delivered in 1889 he asks that a student imagine himself fifty years in the future and concludes with, “The richest of men comes to a moment when all that wealth can purchase is worthless to him... surely as men sow, they reap, and none can think that pleasures or riches or honors or any other earthly props will stand the sweep and pressure of Eternity.”

And Drury is no less adamant. In his first annual report as Rector, perhaps taking the lead of the great American educator, Robert Hutchins, he argues for the primacy of scholarship over athletics: “...Boys themselves are not slow to content themselves on this lower plane, and have candidly confessed that membership on the SPS Hockey Team held out far more attractions than to be a Ferguson Scholar.”

As Doug Marshall observes, the post office graffitists seem more intent on denouncing than responding to each other, but the important thing is that the dialogue continues. Amen.

Afterward, in reports, Mr. Oates does a curious thing. He announces, with no more ceremony than reading off the work-squad list, that he and Mrs. Oates will be giving instructions in ballroom dancing in the Community Center that very night. The vice rectors smile. Then, Mr. Oates adds, turning to his left and to his right, that he will be assisted in that endeavor by his second floor colleagues. Loud and boisterous applause. The vice rectors look taken by surprise. I am taken by surprise. This is maybe a joke? No joke. That evening the CC is as full as it has ever been, I am told. Mr. and Mrs. Oates and company (with a little help from dance instructor Richard Rein) take the students through a few dance steps from the dim past. They should be ready for Sunday night.

Sunday finally does arrive, a clear, cold day. No wind. Perfect for a 125th Anniversary celebration. A red carpet of sorts, with bold numerals proclaiming the occasion is laid on the center aisle of the Chapel. At our seats we find deckle-edge programs printed on special paper. Everywhere one feels the excitement.

The SPS chorus performs “Psalm 145–1 Will Magnify Thee,” written especially for the occasion by Robert J. Powell, a former head of the Music Department. The sermon is delivered by The Rev. Dr. Hays H. Rockwell, Rector of St. James Church, New York City. His theme is vision; Saul’s vision of love and forgiveness, and the function of personal vision in our everyday lives. Meanwhile, in the Upper School
kitchens, John Cagle’s crack staff is preparing a Lucullan meal of prime rib and special single-candied anniversary cakes for every table. The best silver and linen is out; centerpieces and candles. In the middle dining room sixth former George Whiteside, a descendant of Dr. Shattuck, says the grace. And the best, as they say, is yet to come.

When I arrive at the dance that night the Bo Winiker band from Boston is swinging an old Benny Goodman tune, “Don’t Be That Way.” The floor is packed with jitterbugging couples dressed to the nines. An enormous mirrored ball hangs from the ceiling and casts an eerie shadow on the wall. I notice the portraits of the School’s forbears, their stern countenances looking down on us from the walls. What would they have thought of such frivolous behavior?

At ten o’clock the Rector reads the First Night prayer, and those of us present in the ballroom (the overflow has to settle for the common room) then sing, a capella, the Salve Mater. Never in my time here have I seen so many of the community together in such an atmosphere of good fellowship and fun. I imagine these could be the elements of true spiritual unity.

After such a weekend we have every right to expect anti-climax. Not only has the School experienced an extraordinary celebration of its Anniversary, but events in the outside, or the “real” world as academics are fond of calling it, are breaking in dramatic fashion. The American hostages are free at last, a fact the press will not let us forget for a minute, and Ronald Reagan is installed in the White House.

There is a post-anniversary recovery holiday on Monday, then we are back in action on Tuesday. A little of that outside world will be coming to us this week. Former congressman from Pennsylvania, William S. Moorhead, accompanied by Mrs. Moorhead, comes as a Conroy Fellow. Speaking to the School, Moorhead appeals to a sense of noblesse oblige, urging SPS students, the most gifted in the land, to consider a life of public service. But he cautions against diving headlong into the political arena before establishing career roots. Also, there are other ways to serve, apart from seeking elected office. Involvement in local community affairs, or merely exercising the voting right, he sees as ways of making positive contributions to the political life of society.

Mrs. Moorhead, having published a book on the Washington cocktail party scene, and presently at work on a novel, eagerly shares her views on the craft of writing with members of the SPS literary society. Earlier in the week, Jane Howard, free-lance writer and author of several non-fiction works, is also a guest of the Cadmean-Concordian set. She is currently at work on a biography of Margaret Mead for which she has received a Pulitzer Prize nomination. She brings with her Jiri Grusa, Czechoslovakian novelist and poet, whose novel, The Questionnaire, got him thrown in jail for three
months in his native land. In halting English, for he has only begun to learn our language, he describes the atmosphere of artistic repression under the Soviet-controlled Czech government. He tells of how it was necessary for him to write his book with twelve carbon copies jammed into his typewriter (photocopying being too risky) and how, once finished, the manuscript had to be smuggled out of the country, to be published abroad. A 1978 review of *The Questionnaire* in the *New York Review of Books* describes Grusa's novel as "a major work in the tradition of twentieth-century prose begun by Joyce and Proust."

Grusa says he is eager to return to his country, which is more than one student can comprehend given the agony he has suffered for his art. Another student, so moved by Grusa's account of the lot of the Czech writer, says afterward, with no small amount of irony, that she has to get back to a dorm meeting where some really serious issues—like pizza deliveries—are on the agenda. Everything in perspective.

**MID-TERM APPROACHES**

*February 1-8, 1981*

The term passes alarmingly fast. Maybe it only *seems* to go by so quickly. After forty, time has a way of vanishing without a trace. Alden Flanders talks in Chapel of the symptoms of creeping middle age: difficulties in keeping off extra weight, turning more away from the things of this world in favor of the inner life. And in that interior world a dialogue arises inevitably, in which hard questions about the human condition are raised. Why no strong resistance to Hitler's official policies of genocide? Why the acquiescence to racism? As the conventional wisdom is more and more shaped by *Time Magazine* and TV shows like "The Love Boat," more compelling becomes the turn inward, and the chance to see, as Wordsworth saw,

*with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy
We see into the life of things.*

As mid-term approaches one begins to see the effects of concerted effort, for there is the regular curriculum to reckon with. There are papers to be written, tests to be studied for and taken. Some of the faculty, as well as students, begin to show up hollow-eyed, trying to stay afloat in a sea of paper work. And there is the annual epidemic. In Chapel, Gil Birney shares with us some of his more exotic symptoms of Bangkok A virus, then adroitly shifts to the disease endemic to close communities this time of year—cabin fever. You know you're coming down with the fever when your formerly beautiful roommate suddenly begins to look like a Gorgon, and smell like a Harpy. Birney's cure for cabin fever: get out. Get out in the woods, far from the crowd, and be alone. To me, this is a little like advising an insomniac to get plenty of sleep, but maybe he has something. If it ever warms up it might be worth a try.

It does warm up. "The gray back of winter," as Thomas Wolfe once described winter's back, is finally broken. Near the end of the mid-winter weekend the temperatures climb into the sixties. A soft breeze with the promise of spring behind it, moves through the School. Charles Lemeland's doomsday prediction is off. We'll live to see another spring.

An exciting visit by Dr. Berry Brazelton, father of fifth former Tom Brazelton. He talks to us in Memorial Hall about his solo visit, half-heartedly
sanctioned by the State Department, to Hanoi and Cambodia. He shows slides of the Southeast Asian version of the holocaust, in which Cambodian madman, Pol Pot, and a few hundred of his henchmen systematically attempt sociocide on the country’s middle and upper classes. As one of our leading pediatricians Dr. Brazelton was interested in the effect of this pogrom on the country’s youth. In his view, tactile neglect and child-rearing practices based on religious superstitious bode ill for the future of that segment of the population. What he did observe, however, was a marvelous resiliency of the people of Cambodia to all that has befallen them; a resiliency sadly lacking in the citizens of Hanoi.

"This is the best thing that’s happened in Mem Hall since I’ve been at St. Paul’s," I overhear one student say to another as we are leaving.

THE FINAL DAYS

As the winter term approaches its closing days, suddenly everyone feels driven to go on stage. The SPS Master Players' offering is about three weeks late this year. A twenty-four hour flu virus passes through the School like a dark star on the weekend of the performance, knocking George Tracy out of the Saturday night show. Warren Hulser, having played Tracy’s part some years ago, stands in, old trooper that he is, brilliantly. And, of course, there are the Intro plays (focussing on the course: “Introduction to Religious Studies”) where students have to rummage around in their bag of moral dilemmas, hoping to make it to the finals. (One year, with the proliferation of dramatic offerings making me feel as though I wasn’t doing my part, I thought it might be a good idea to have my biology classes act out well known life processes, such as the Kreb’s Cycle, or protein synthesis. It was a bad idea.) Now, as I write, the annual Fiske Cup house drama competition is in high gear.

This morning, one of my students says, "God, I can’t wait to go home."

Surprisingly well attended, considering all the activities in competition, the response is overwhelmingly enthusiastic. We may see more opera in the future. The SPS Ballet Company performs a world premiere, choreographed by Sally Rousse '82. After this, the J. B. Hutto Band from Chicago plays some down-home soul blues in the gym. The music is so exciting that even a couple of the old folks are drawn to the dance floor. Meanwhile, WSPS-FM, nearing the completion of a 168-hour marathon for the benefit of the organization and The United Way of Greater Concord, keeps the tunes coming. The mind spins.

At the last faculty meeting of the term my colleagues’ faces look a bit drawn, and there is less spring in the step than there was at the first meeting. The effort has been exhausting, there is no denying that, but I doubt very much if many good intentions have been corrupted. Some of us are seeking renewal in exotic places this spring vacation: the Lederers will float blissfully down the Nile; the Kelleys are off to Spain, the Hurtgens travel the greatest distance, to Japan; Tom Barrett will wear his beret comfortably in Paris; the Davises, to Mexico and Tracys to Greece.

The Burnses will stay at St. Paul’s School this spring vacation. There is still magic here when the School is not in session.
Some highlights of the winter term. The wrestling team turned in a most impressive dual-meet season, winning ten and losing only two contests. In the Independent School League, the team finished second by only 1.5 points. The following week, SPS won the New England Class A team title at MIT. Alex Krongard '81 and Craig Spivey '83 won individual championships, becoming the second and third St. Paul's School wrestlers to be so honored. Craig's brother, Paul '79, was the first SPS New England wrestling champion.

The boys' hockey team completed another excellent term, finishing the regular season tied with Thayer for second place in League play and then going right to the wire in the finals of the ISL championship tourney. SPS defeated Thayer in a playoff, but lost to Buckingham Browne & Nichols, 5-4, in a thrilling overtime championship game.

Girls' hockey was inaugurated this year, under the coaching of Sanford Sistare. Twenty-four students were involved and participated in three varsity contests. The Athletic Association has recommended that this activity become a recognized varsity sport next winter.

With the frigid temperatures early in the winter, the ice on the pond was fantastic. Club hockey and the girls' team used the ice daily—and it seemed that more students and faculty skated on the pond than in previous years. That is, until the 60-degree weather of mid-February!

Old Hundred won the club hockey competition; the Delphians, the club squash championships. SPS boys' squash posted a dual-meet record of eight wins, one loss. They finished fifth in the New England Interscholastics.

In other activities, the School hosted a March playoff game in the Class A Interscholastic Basketball tournament between Maine Central Institute and Northfield Mount Hermon, and again sponsored its Bantam Hockey tournament in the Gordon Rink. Teams from Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut participated; the Reading, Massachusetts representatives won the team championship.

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SPS SQUASH:
FOUR COLLEGE CAPTAINS!

Ronald J. Clark, Coach

Two fun questions to ask any student at St. Paul's School are the following: "Where, in the United States, were the two sports, hockey and squash, first played?" "Which sport, hockey or squash, was the first to be played at St. Paul's School?"

Many students, because of the situation, guess the correct answer to the first question. "Both sports were first played at St. Paul's School." The second question generally draws the incorrect answer, "Hockey." Then "Squash!" is the correct answer. No! Amazingly both were started in February, 1882. (This information is from the Alumni Horae which doesn't give the day. "The Rural Record" may show which was first if anyone is interested in the day of the month!)

The story and success of hockey are well known. The story and success of squash are not quite so well known. They should be. Over the years there have been few college varsity teams that did not have an SPS alumnus. There have been many intercollegiate and national champions from SPS, among them two Pools, two Patersons, two Knoxes, Sulloway, Bostwick, and Terrell. Maybe others.

When St. Paul's School became coeducational in January 1971, one of the first sports open to girls was squash. And they have done superbly. Many of these girls also went on to play on college varsity teams. Some have achieved national intercollegiate ranking: Liz Munson '74, Cackie Bostwick '75, Joan Maguire '77, and Tracy Ball '77 are a few.

In its hundredth year, the squash program is prospering. Approximately 70 students play squash as their scheduled winter sport. (This is the maximum that can be handled; more would choose squash if there were room.) This number includes club teams as well as boys and girls varsity and JV. The seven courts are busy from 1:30 until 5:30 each afternoon with scheduled matches. Recently the squash teams have been extremely successful. In the last three years the boys' varsity, which plays 12 matches with other teams each year, has lost only two of these. The girls' team, in the eight years they have been playing other schools, have had undefeated seasons in six of them. (Both teams play, among others, Exeter and Andover, which are more than twice as large as SPS in enrollment.) During the spring vacation, in 1978, a girls team of eight players went to England where they played six different school teams. Even though playing with a different ball, on courts with different dimensions, and with different scoring, the team was undefeated!

One of the most rewarding aspects of the program today is the unusual number of graduates who continue to play squash on college varsity teams. In the 1980-1981 season, there have been some 20 students who will earn their varsity letter. Four of these students were captains of their teams! This is an unparalleled achievement.

The sport of squash at St. Paul's School is almost as old as the place itself. Like the School it has been thriving, and still is.
SPS SOCCER TAKES CHAMPIONSHIP

William R. Faulkner, Coach

"That which we are, we are, and if we are ever to be any better, now is the time to begin." This Tennyson quote opened the four-page letter I sent in July to the twenty-four returning students invited for pre-school varsity tryouts. Midway between the day in June when students left SPS and that day in September when selected players would check in for double-session workouts, it seemed advisable and appropriate to bring attention to physical condition, technical skills, and mental preparedness.

Stretching, running, live-ball drills and scrimmages started the first morning; skill development and special techniques were tailored to each player; and a full-game scrimmage against N.H. College jayvees helped with inevitable squad decisions. The School could expect spirit and leadership, as well as exciting soccer, from the nineteen young men (six letter-men, eleven undefeated JVs, one club and one new player) who had earned SPS team status.

Opening against Groton we brought a superbly conditioned, unified team with high morale (a credit to the leadership of co-captains Jarvis Slade and David Janney) and shot to a 3-0 victory. St. Sebastian's fell 4-0 and a five-player scoring series was documented. We earned our 1-0 victory against BB&N's stingy defense and continued to learn the merits of team communication on the field. Against Middlesex, training and strategy notwithstanding, 0-0 was honorable on a very stormy Parents Day. With a 3-1 victory over Gov. Dummer, attributable both to often-unheralded play up-field and continuous harassment of their defense by our forwards, the hint of a fine season was whispered. Don't expect peak performance after four hours of standardized testing and a bus ride with bag lunch; being tied 2-2 at Lawrence dropped us into a first-place knot with the final team we were to play, and sent us back to consideration of basics—mental positiveness, anticipation, movement to the ball and into space.

Imagine the desire, tension, and expressions of support that flowed throughout SPS during the days before our all-important game for Division supremacy; I doubt that your imagination has conjured up enough, for this was the first year the Independent Schools League encompassed soccer.

My 30th bulletin-board notice of the term told it all: "Nothing has surpassed the team determination, effort, result, and righteous exultation experienced...I admire your total team commitment, respect you for the mental and physical strengths you have consistently developed and exhibited, and feel honored to be a part of this team which is so much greater than the sum of its parts." By 1-0 over Brooks, we earned two more practice days and a title shot.

Proud of our 5-0-2 League record, outscoring opponents 14-3, and buoyed by faculty members who had driven and students who had bused to a neutral site, we resolutely looked beyond Belmont Hill's better over-all record and niftier clothing to the wind factor and our special defense to counter their scoring threats. We took the game to them and away from them at mid-field, never allowing them to settle into a control game but capitalizing on our own opportunities. By a 3-1 score St. Paul's won the ISL Championship.

Eight SPS players were nominated for Division All-Star status, and three (David Lister, Charles Montgomery, and Frank Wozenencraft) were elected to the 12-man squad. Jarvis Slade was awarded the Form of 1968 Soccer Cup for highest distinction in teamwork, sportsmanship, and individual play.

Quality soccer doesn't just "happen" at St. Paul's; nine varsity players began their SPS careers playing second or first team club. Other students manage, video-tape, make posters, and attend games. Most of all, though, credit the individuals who formed the team and met my two requirements: be a leader, by example, within the School and be compatible with your teammates and your coach.

Yesterday, January 5th, I sent Ben Scully and Gus Wilmerding, next year's captains, an article about passing..."One of the finest sights to be seen on a soccer field is to watch a team score a goal after a brilliant flowing movement of passes that cuts the opposing defense to ribbons." With their leadership, dedicated players, and continued support, next year... .

Note: SPS continues to play Exeter, Andover, Northfield-Mt. Hermon, Kimball Union, and Holderness in non-league games.
SPS Celebrates its 125th Birthday!

"It was a small beginning which we made on the third of April, 1856; all things, large or small, must have a beginning."

—The Rev. Henry Coit, D.D.,
the first Rector

One hundred twenty-five years later, on April 3, 1981, the School gathered to commemorate the arrival in Millville of Dr. Coit, his wife, and two boys (a third, Frederick Shattuck, the grandson of the School’s founder, Dr. George Cheyne Shattuck, was already in residence). The occasion was another in a series of special events marking this Anniversary year.

At 5 p.m., William A. Oates, the eighth Rector, boarded one of the original SPS carriages for a mile and a half ride through the grounds—from Alumni House, past the Rectory and Old Chapel, circling the Quadrangle, up around the Upper School, and ending at the New Chapel. At each turn, the carriage was greeted by enthusiastic groups of well-wishers. Joining Mr. Oates for this commemorative ride were Mrs. Oates and the President and Vice President of the Sixth Form, Toby Howarth and Elizabeth Breckinridge. A procession into the New Chapel was followed by a traditional Evensong Service.

An hour or so later, the School was ready to celebrate its Birthday with the cutting of a huge cake in the Upper Dining Room. Weighing 180 pounds, the cake represented a night’s work by School bakers. It contained thirteen
Food Service staffer, Tim Gallagher

pounds of shortening, twenty-five pounds of sugar, twenty of flour, and 180 eggs. And that was just the cake! The frosting’s ingredients included fifty pounds of confectioner’s sugar, twenty-one pounds of shortening, and three quarts each of lemon filling and topping. It was enough to feed 980 people. Despite that, not much was left late that birthday night.

In all, it took two bakers three hours to decorate the cake and 625 St. Paul’s diners but ten minutes to consume it. Was it worth it? Rumor has it there are bakers and tasters waiting to do it all over again—at the next SPS Birthday celebration.
THE NEXT EVENT:
ANNIVERSARY 1981

Friday, May 29
5:00 p.m. Latin Play, Chapel Lawn
8:30 Student Drama, Dance and Musical Performances, Memorial Hall

Saturday, May 30
9:00 a.m. Memorial Day Ceremony, Sheldon Library
10:00 Anniversary Symposium, Memorial Hall
12:00 noon Alumni Meeting, Memorial Hall
1:00 p.m. Parade
1:15 Alumni and Parents Luncheon, The Cage
3:00 Boat Races, Turkey Pond
5:00 Flagpole Ceremony
7:00 Reunion Dinners in town

Sunday, May 31
9:00 a.m. Holy Communion, Old Chapel
10:30 Service for Sixth Form, Parents and Alumni, New Chapel
11:30 Luncheon for Sixth Form, Parents, Alumni, Upper School
2:00 p.m. Graduation, Chapel Lawn
3:30 Sixth Form Departs

1981 REUNION FORMS & REUNION CHAIRMEN

65th: 1916
Henry M. Watts, Jr.

60th: 1921
Francis D. Rogers
William P. Watts

55th: 1926
Talbot Rantoul
Timothy W. Goodrich II

50th: 1931
Francis E. Storer, Jr.

45th: 1936
E. Laurence White, Jr.

40th: 1941
Philip R. vonStade

35th: 1946
Henry F. Kloman

30th: 1951
George H. C. Lawrence

25th: 1956
Craig Leonard

20th: 1961
William M. Jackson

15th: 1966
R. Gregg Stone III

10th: 1971
Elisabeth J. M. Claudy
Back when F. H. LaGuardia was a name to conjure with and out-of-towners were already telling one another that the New York he ran as Mayor was a great place to visit, but they wouldn’t want to live there, I got similar advice about journalism.

“It’s a great thing to have done,” said a family friend who had been a correspondent at the battle of Manila Bay forty years before and then had moved on to a seat of power with a great banking house, “but don’t let it seduce you.”

Far removed though we are from the comparative innocence of New York before World War II (an era no more remote from the Spanish American War than Pearl Harbor is from the present), I must confess that I remain seduced. The news business—specifically reporting in the newspaper business—was and is a self-indulgent line of work to the extent that it allows the practitioner to “meet such interesting people,” as the cliché goes, and still get paid for it.

Of course, all the people aren’t that interesting and the pay remains substandard and the working conditions vary from grubby to lavish to perilous. It’s not a profession and it’s not exactly a trade and it’s very seldom an art. At its best, it’s a highly
skilled craft which reflects—and materially affects—the world in which we live. At its worst, it’s a blight on civilization and the body politic.

Broadcasters and publishers have found ways to automate most phases of journalism, but processing news without reporters stumps them. To them, we’re part of the steadily rising cost of doing business. Politicians can’t live without us, but living with us makes them nervous. The Secret Service would like to live without us, because we get in the way, but is inhibited by the First Amendment from treating us like anarchists and counterfeaters. To them, we’re “newsies,” impediments to good order who must be tolerated because modern presidents seem to need the Media.

It is nearly forty-two years since I collected my bachelor’s degree in history and leaped at a chance to fill a night copy boy’s job at the old New York Herald Tribune. In those four decades, American journalism has undergone its most fundamental changes since the inventions of the rotary press and the Linotype more than a century ago made mass circulations possible.

Since 1939, there have been revolutions in the processes of collecting and transmitting news. Teletypes replaced Morse operators and spooky new high-speed printers replaced teletypes. Presses were improved and speeded up. Now, typewriters are being phased out in favor of weird new devices that look like television sets with keyboards and transmit news copy directly to the composing room. This technological advance, which has eliminated most human typesetters from the newspaper business, has in the process touched off intermittent strikes that have further changed the industry.

Squeezed by the strikes, by high costs and by television’s competition for advertising revenues, the ranks of metropolitan newspapers have thinned steadily since World War II. In New York, six newspapers have vanished, including my beloved Herald Tribune, leaving only three papers in the nation’s largest city. In Boston, the number of papers has shrunk from eight to three, in Chicago from five to two, in Los Angeles from four to two.

By a grim Darwinian law, the financially fit have survived, and the city with more than two dailies is a rarity. The resulting reduced competition has made some newspapers fat, dumb and happy, but it has also had the opposite effect.

While solvency is no guarantee of journalistic excellence, it helps. If publishers are responsible and editors are competent, newspapers running in the black are in a position to hire adequate staffs and to cover major stories wherever they break. Solvency also shields the honest publisher against the pressure special interests can exert on less successful newspapers.

At least twice during my time in Washington, the American press has materially altered the course of history, and history conversely has had its effect on the press.

In the first instance, a kind of ingenuous Coolidge-era reporting which assumed that anything a Senator said was news by definition, turned the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy from a mere parochial bully-boy into an international loose cannon. McCarthy, an obscure beneficiary of the great Republican sweep that elected the 80th Congress in 1946, seized on the issue of communism in government to get his name in the papers. Although he never documented most of the accusations he made early in 1950, he found that the technique worked with a vengeance. His problem was that the editors who took him at face value the first time around later assigned reporters to look into Joe as well as his charges. They found a man with a stunted conscience who made a game of smashing reputations.

As a member of the “sewer squad” that dogged McCarthy’s tracks for two squalid years, I have the overall impression of a full-grown adolescent who enjoyed pulling wings off butterflies, an inquisitor who relished his role for its own sake without any particular thought to its consequences.

For instance, another member of the “sewer squad” recalls being on a Senate Office Building elevator with McCarthy at the height of the Senator’s attempt to show that Communists shaped American foreign policy during the administration of Democratic President Harry S Truman. Into the elevator came Truman’s Secretary of State, Dean Acheson. McCarthy stepped forward grinning broadly, hand outstretched.

“Hiya, Dean,” the Senator is supposed to have said.
Silence, total and eloquent, was the only reply from the Secretary, who was a forbidding character in his own right, and one who played by the rules.

It took two years and several dozen blasted careers for McCarthy to build the record of legislative thuggery that made his tenure as chairman of the Senate's permanent investigations subcommittee an exhibit in the annals of witch-hunting. That record led inexorably to the Army-McCarthy hearings that became the television highlight of 1954 even as they showed the nation the essential hollowness of the junior Senator from Wisconsin. The inevitable result was the Senate censure vote that spelled the end of his demagogic career.

McCarthy was a press-built monster who lived by the sword of publicity and—almost literally—died by it. At the same time, his career was an object lesson for the working press. Newspapermen did most of the grubby work of exploring the smears that were examined at the Army-McCarthy hearings. But it was television that forced the nation to pay attention, with day after day of damning live coverage from the Senate Caucus Room, with a masterful philippic by the late Edward R. Murrow that set a courageous standard for televised documentaries. Televised journalism was here to stay, whether newspapers liked it or not.

The press played an even larger role in the Watergate affair, but it was far different. Where McCarthy reveled for a time in the publicity his witch-hunts promoted, Watergate was a kind of subterranean chain reaction that was detonated by accident. Where McCarthy was perceived early as a barbaric bully, Richard Nixon and the men around him were far more complex characters, as skilled in many areas of statecraft as they were tainted by their dirty little secret that wouldn't go away. The reason it wouldn't, of course, was that a few tough reporters—not all of whom worked for the Washington Post—pushed out enough of the facts so the genie could never be jammed back into the bottle.

Not that the Nixon people didn't make their own kind of overture to the working press. Their offering was a new and relatively civilized pressroom to replace a primitive but uniquely functional arrangement. The improvement was neither solicited nor appreciated.

The project involved the takeover of the old
swimming pool where Franklin Roosevelt exercised and at least one of his successors liked to skinny-dip. They turned the space the pool used to fill—in the colonnade that joins the West Wing (where the Oval Office is) with the Executive Mansion proper—into a duplex pressroom furnished in high Holiday Inn provincial. They put suede-covered sofas and replicas of old prints in the briefing room. Adjoining it are booths for broadcasters and wire services and stalls for the two dozen lesser agencies and newspapers that cover the White House regularly.

The renovation overlooked two factors: first, the devastation wrought by major news events—notably the unprecedented coincidence last January that brought resolution of the Iranian hostage crisis as the White House was undergoing a change of administration. The combined effect of round-the-clock occupation by television crews (nine bodies to a network) and hundreds of reporters and photographers made the press headquarters seem more like a refugee center or a Russian army command post.

The other neglected factor was proximity, and this was more than coincidence. The old pressroom, just to the right of the door into the West Wing, was inadequate by any standard. It was so cramped that four or five newspapers laid claim to every desk and it would have been impossible to get the entire press corps into the room at one time. And that was its advantage: since we couldn’t fit into the pressroom, we overflowed into the lobby through which visitors to the Oval Office generally passed.

The lobby was a boon to the working press, but it must have been a shock to visiting dignitaries. Most of the time, it was a lounge for reporters and photographers; rather a disorderly sight but a far likelier place to brace news sources than the insulated new pressroom. Because their pressroom is sealed off from the West Wing, today’s White House correspondents stand in the driveway in some pretty grim weather to ambush presidential visitors.

The first time I ever came face to face with a president was in 1951 in the old West Wing lobby. I was a new Washington hand for the old Herald Tribune, assigned to fill in while our regular White House man did something more important. I was listening to my seniors swap yams, when all at once a door opened—and there was Harry S Truman in his shirt sleeves. He stopped and traded relaxed gossip with the deans of the corps, then disappeared through another door to be president again.

Those raffish old days can’t be duplicated any more, and it’s a pity. Not only are White House correspondents barred from the West Wing without special clearance; they are also excluded by security precautions that have grown since John F. Kennedy’s assassination, from direct access to the Executive Office Building, that gray granite pile west of the White House where some of the government’s most knowledgeable bureaucrats are hidden away.

I deplore the changes because reliable information depends on access to reliable sources, and the more access is controlled, the more inhibited those sources become. Handouts and televised Presidential appearances are inadequate substitutes for direct contacts with informed officials.

Generally, the remoteness that goes with power has been intensified by the electronic age. Televised presidential press conferences remain as a visible link between presidents and their constituents, but their quality has been undermined by a steady increase in the number of reporters attending, as well as by a decrease in journalistic decorum which President Reagan is currently trying to rectify.

Jack Kennedy, a one-time wire service reporter, set a standard for handling press conferences. He could be serious without being ponderous and unresponsive without being rude.

Consider the 1962 press conference at which the late Edward T. Folliard of the Washington Post was saddled by his cable desk with an arcane question involving the situation in Laos. Eddie got up and read his question and Kennedy answered it in language twice as abstruse as the question.

"Was that responsive to your question, Mr. Folliard?" the President inquired in a tone that made it clear that he had been trying to say as little as possible without actually lying.
“Search me, Mr. President,” replied Folliard. His tone was that of a former police reporter who wanted no truck with diplomacy.

Historians will argue for decades about the merits of the many-layered investigations we classify under the collective heading “Watergate.” Whether they hounded out of office a president whose abuses differed more in degree than in kind from those of his predecessors, as some Nixon men still claim, or whether they displaced a criminal clique from power, the revelations left an indelible mark on politics, government and journalism.

Although Watergate was overdramatized as a demonstration of what used to be called the power of the press, it was more than anything else a demonstration of the power of the Constitution and laws of the United States once they are brought to bear. It remains to be seen whether the final effect will be the permanent weakening of the presidency foreseen by some pessimists, or the long-term cleansing of the political process which optimists predict.

It is argued that Watergate had a benign democratizing effect on the electoral process. Exposure of abuses in campaign financing coupled with compound dirty tricks clearly speeded the tightening of statutes designed to keep election spending more or less pure and to outlaw downright trickery at the hustings. But the effect of the new laws is double-edged; political bookkeeping has developed into a new career speciality for lawyers and accountants.

The scandals gave ammunition to reformers who held that political purity can be achieved through participatory democracy. The result was a plethora of presidential primaries.

The number of state primaries has burgeoned from seventeen in 1968 to thirty-two in 1976 to thirty-six last year. If vox populi is indeed vox dei, is it wise to have the people's voice strained through thirty-six tests conducted over a four-month period under a wildly varied system of arcane ground rules? Can the people form any coherent judgment from the slogan-studded comments of weary jet-propelled candidates who swoop from state to state making telegenic appearances, hoping (often vainly) that some coherent message has been conveyed by the political specialists on the press plane—most of whom are too tired to think and too harried to write more than routine prose. It is no wonder that in this television age, voter appraisals of candidates turn so often on surface impressions—on what pollsters call perceptions of media images.

Looking back, it was all but inevitable in the post-Watergate climate that this system would be used successfully to nominate an outsider like Jimmy Carter, who surfaced in 1975 as a shrewd but provincial southern ex-governor whose most visible expertise was in the business of campaigning. With a lot of help from the Watergate issue and from promises easier to make than to keep, he barely nosed out Jerry Ford, a decent but unspectacular product of the system.

For Carter, the presidency was an on-the-job training course, and he flunked it. Some of it was bad luck and some of it was an uninspiring television style; but more of it was ineptitude in accommodating to the much-maligned system he had captured. Elected as an outsider, he remained one. He never established a rapport with Congress or with the voters. He tried without demonstrable success to control inflation at home and outlawry abroad, and was accused of vacillation and weakness. His low-keyed leadership and his apparent reluctance to wield the power available to him made him a sitting duck for Ronald Reagan's personable, effective television-centered campaign.

Television became a factor to reckon with in presidential campaigns once it became clear that Jack Kennedy's skill as a debater against Nixon had affected the outcome of the close 1960 election materially, perhaps decisively. Now, after twenty years, television amounts to journalism's army of occupation. Television crews, manning tens of thousands of dollars worth of cameras, lights and microphones for every correspondent in the field, have all but taken over routine reporting—or so it would appear to outsiders.

At most Washington news centers except the sacrosanct Supreme Court—the White House, the Capitol, the State Department, the Pentagon—camera crews are on duty throughout the business day and sometimes into the night, ready to cover any formal event or ambush visitors deemed newsworthy. They do their job well: their pictures are sharp, their recordings clear, their reporters are among the best—certainly the best paid—in the whole field of journalism. They offer an immediacy, an impression of how things really are on
the scene, that the printed word cannot provide.

Why, then, are newspapers still in business? Why do millions of citizens plunk down a quarter or more a day for newspapers that inevitably record the same major events that were available hours before on the magic box? (Print reporters, who called all the shots only a few years ago, have plenty of time these days to ponder this question as they wait for events scheduled for prime time and move to the rear of the journalistic bus in a reportorial world keyed to background settings and camera angles.

Newspapermen may grumble, but the craft seems likely to survive as long as it remains harder for technology to explain meanings and relationships between events than it is to record the externals of what happened. Pictures may have immediacy, and recorded voices—known as "actualities" in electronic newsrooms—may impart authenticity; but how can even the best reporter using the best technique convey the meaning of a complex situation in a thirty-second time spot? How, in an era when even first class news shows must stand or fall on their ratings, does television deal with dull but important subjects like budgets and taxes, farm programs and foreign policy? The answer, for the most part, is very superficially—so superficially, in fact, that they all but invite viewers who seek facts to pursue their interest in the public prints.

Television has worked on occasion to fill the gap on its own with long documentaries on a variety of urgent problems, and some of the results have been brilliant. But there comes a point where pictures and the spoken word tend to confuse, rather than explain, where a clear printed report—well written if possible—continues to be this complicated nation's most reliable information medium. Newspapermen like to think this will remain so. And it probably will, so long as schools continue to turn out an appreciable percentage of men and women who want more in their news than entertainment—and perhaps among them there will still be a few reporters and editors.
“For NBC News, reporting from Latin America...”

Robin M. Lloyd, ’69

Our taxi moved slowly by the Colombian national guardsmen toward the stake-out. It was three a.m. Word had gotten out among members of the press that the attack was to be early in the morning.

For more than a week Colombian guerrillas had held the Dominican embassy in Bogota. One of the hostages inside was Diego Acensio, the U.S. ambassador to Colombia. Everyone expected the army to storm the building at any moment.

Press from all over the world, including the three U.S. networks, were camped outside the embassy in tents. We passed the time away huddling in blankets around campfires fighting off the cold. It was a twenty-four hour stake-out. A firefight was anticipated.

A single shot rang out. Troops scurried into position. Not known for their bravery, the Colombian soldiers dug in behind the press. There was a lot of movement in the night, but no more shots were heard. It was too dark for anyone to see what was happening. Later, we found out that one of the hostages—the Uruguayan ambassador—had escaped by jumping out of a second floor window.

The next day NBC “Nightly News” had the only pictures of the ambassador. Our hidden camera in an adjacent building had paid off. We had videotape of the guerrillas armed with bandanas around their faces. We had an exclusive, or what’s called in the journalism trade “a scoop.”

Congratulations were sent from NBC New York. The other two network teams were sent frantic messages from their producers in New York: why didn’t they have the same material?

Competition is fierce in network news. In Latin America the New York producers and editors want the sensational. One top CBS executive reportedly told his field producer, “I only want scoops. Don’t bother me with anything else.”

That means the networks want shootings, riots, and earthquakes. And that’s primarily what I’ve been covering for the last year as NBC’s Latin American correspondent. The challenge is to take those pictures of violence and sensationalism, and with your analyses put some meaning into them. With your narration you have to explain not only what, but why something is happening.

To be good at this news beat you have to know something about your subject, but you also have to be willing to take risks. You have to be prepared to get in the middle of shoot-outs, follow street demonstrations, and go after guerrillas and soldiers.

Nobody can tell you the formula for a reasonable and rational risk. I don’t think there is any such thing. Most veterans in this business will advise you simply to keep on the move. If there’s a confrontation between soldiers and guerrillas, get enough pictures to tell the story and then get out. The cardinal rule for television news crews is...
not to dally waiting for the perfect shot. You may leave with no pictures at all.

In El Salvador, my news crew was fortunate. We had a chance to visit a rural guerrilla camp far back in the mountains. Against my better judgement we decided to go after the story.

It took us three hours of hiking up steep mountains and walking through narrow jungle paths to reach them. On the way we saw the graves of several guerrillas who had recently been killed in firefights with army troops. The terrain was extremely rough, and we were all heavily laden with camera gear.

Our Indian guide kept telling us that there was only one path into the camp. If we took any other path, the guerrillas might kill us. This was the trail for friends. The guide's name was Miguel, a short, stocky peasant who appeared to be tireless. He kept looking back at us anxiously as if this would hurry us up. We were too tired to be hurried.

Finally, after crossing three rivers and climbing over four mountains, we arrived. For me it was anti-climax. The guerrillas were not armed with Cuban and Russian weapons as we'd been told. Nor were they particularly well-trained. There weren't even any signs of Cuban or Nicaraguan advisors.

The guerrillas were a motley group of peasants armed with every kind of antique firearm imaginable. They numbered about one hundred and fifty. We were the first journalists that they'd ever seen.

I had anticipated a story of Cubans helping Salvadoran guerrillas. It wasn't there. Ironically, something happened which gave us an even better story. We heard the whirr of helicopters overhead, Salvadoran army gunships combing the countryside looking for guerrillas. The order was given to fan out and take cover in the jungle. I was fascinated watching a young guerrilla hidden by dense undergrowth ready his gun to fire at the helicopter. It was a little like David and Goliath. It was also Vietnam—from the ground looking up.

Fortunately, the helicopters didn't see us. Afterwards the guerrillas showed us several bombed out farmhouses—remnants of the helicopter's last visit and evidence of aerial anti-guerrilla warfare, Vietnam-style. This hadn't been reported before.

The U.S. ambassador in El Salvador had repeatedly denied that this was happening. We had the proof on videotape that he was misinformed.

We spent two hours with the guerrillas and then left. On our way back two more helicopters buzzed over us. I knew they were scanning the hillsides with their high-powered binoculars. We were hugging the earth under a tree, hoping that there was enough cover to hide us.

Again we were fortunate. This time NBC soundman Alvaro Trenchi asked me if I thought this story was worth the risk. I thought for a second and then told him, "I'll tell you when we get out of here." The truth is I don't know the answer to that question. All four of us—the cameraman, Hermes Munoz, the producer, Don Critchfield, Trenchi and me—had just risked our lives for a story we didn't even know for sure would make a news show. It did make air, on NBC's "Nightly News."

The following day we went out with the Salvadoran Air Force and got the other side of the story. We sat beside the machine gunner in the
helicopter. It was hard to tell but we could have flown over the same guerrilla hideout we had visited the day before.

I tell myself I'll never take a risk like that again, but unfortunately I know I'll probably have to. It's part of this crazy business to take risks; to go places where most people in their right mind would never go.

It has been more than ten years since I graduated from St. Paul's. I'm not sure there's too much that ties my present life together with the one I had as a schoolboy at SPS. About the closest I got to expressing any interest in news, much less television news, at St. Paul's was reading the New York Times every day in what was then called the Sixth Form room. I didn't even like to write then. I think I only contributed one story to the Pelican in my five years at SPS.

However, there were some interests I had as a student which I still have now: history and languages. A strong liberal arts background may not be in vogue today, but it certainly helped me to pick a career I enjoy.

Some news executives proudly say that their foreign correspondents don't need to speak the language or understand a culture to get the story. That same line of thought says that reporters don't need to know anything about the country's history to report on what's happening.

I say that's ridiculous. A good reporter who knows the language and culture is going to do a better job than a good reporter who has never been to the country before.

On one level, however, these executives are right. News is not academia. More often than not news editors don't demand education and analyses from their reporters. They demand quick reflexes and fast writing.

And there's no denying that some of the best reporters currently in the business have had little formal education. Also no denying that many news scoops are pure luck.

I just happened to be the only television reporter in Cuba when the Colombian guerrillas released their hostages, including U.S. Ambassador Acensio. I was reporting on another story when word came that the plane was coming to Cuba. No one could have known for sure that they would come to Cuba. It was just luck, not intelligence, that gave us the exclusive interview with the ambassador.
Unlike most major newspapers, the television networks don't have reporters in all the largest cities in the world. They rely on moving their correspondents quickly to wherever the action is. In one two-month period I was sent from Bogota where I covered an earthquake, to the OPEC conference in Caracas, to Panama where the Shah was then in exile, to El Salvador.

In Cuba my crew and I managed to get by soldiers guarding the U.S. Interest Section to take the only pictures of the Cubans who had taken refuge there. The Cubans confiscated the videotape, but they didn't put us in jail. And eventually we got the material on NBC's "Today Show."

In Nicaragua we watched mothers and children dig up the bodies of their relatives from a secret grave. They'd been shot by the Sandinistas. These pictures made the "Nightly News."

In Jamaica we videotaped construction sites which allegedly were being used as weapons storage areas by Cubans. Those pictures also made the air.

All of this is the kind of material the networks want. And they spend thousands of dollars to get it.

In Bogota during the hostage-taking incident I spent one exhausting night bidding against the CBS correspondent for the exclusive rights to air a taped interview with the head of the guerrillas who were holding the hostages. The material was important because it represented the first pictures to have been taken of any of the guerrillas or the hostages. The bidding went on all night and went from a few thousand dollars to ultimately more than five thousand dollars. NBC won, but we also paid handsomely for the material.

In Panama during the four-month "Shah-watch," the three networks paid more than a half million dollars in salaries, equipment, airplane charters and general expenses to make sure that they would have the pictures, if there was an attack on the Shah.

It's not uncommon for the networks to spend several thousand dollars on just air charter expenses for one minute of material on an evening newscast. Frequently my crew and I are on board a Lear jet heading for some place more than two thousand miles away.

Once there, you usually face unbelievably tight
Destruction caused by hurricane in coastal Jamaican village.

deadlines. There's never a moment to spare. When the first Cuban refugees were released in Costa Rica, we left Miami before dawn in a small jet. We arrived at the San Jose airport just as the light was breaking over the horizon. We ran out onto the runway ready to start taping. There was no sign of any refugees yet. CBS news was already there with its reporter and news crew. They weren't happy to see us. They thought they had a scoop. Five minutes later the first planeload of refugees arrived. It was the lead story on the “Nightly News” that evening. That story alone cost NBC more than five thousand dollars in air charter and satellite costs. But without spending that money, the network would never have aired the story. We would never have arrived on time to film the story had we relied on a commercial flight. As it was, it was a little too close for comfort.

Network crews usually travel in groups of five. There’s not just a correspondent and cameraman, but a producer, videotape editor, and soundman. And there are boxes and boxes of highly-sophisticated electrical equipment. Significantly different from a newspaper reporter who carries a pencil, notepad, and a typewriter.

When television news crews get to a story, it’s like a small army arriving. The correspondent goes to the scene of the news with the camera crew. The producer and videotape editor go in opposite directions to set up editing equipment, usually at a local television station. Everyone is working against the clock. A satellite has been ordered for 5 p.m. New York time. The story has to be ready by then. For the producer and videotape editor there is usually a heart-wrenching struggle to get a clear satellite signal to New York. This is especially difficult from Latin America where engineers aren’t used to dealing with the pressing deadlines of U. S. networks.

Meanwhile, in New York, anxious producers are waiting to see the material. If they don’t see the tape at deadline, they may drop the story. It’s too risky to wait longer. Many times everything goes perfectly except for the satellite signal. The correspondent writes his script in time. The producer and the videotape editor put the piece together on time. But the satellite signal can’t get through. The story is dropped from the show. A heartbreaker, of course, but it happens.

Most television journalists live the same kind of life as Rock 'n Roll musicians—constantly on the road. After a year with NBC News I’ve already exhausted one passport. Hotels in certain hot spots like El Salvador have become second homes. And progressively it becomes more difficult to contemplate what it would be like to earn a living with a more “normal” job.

One network correspondent told his wife and three children when he took the job that they shouldn’t expect to see much of him from now on. As he put it, “News has become my life.” A pretty strong statement when you think about it. However, in many cases, that’s the kind of commitment the job requires.

Gradually the press corps you constantly see on the road become an extended family. You face deadlines together; you write about the same news events; you talk about other stories.

Sometimes the press corps gets so bored that they start writing about each other. At the slack periods during the Bogota stake-out reporters were so bored that they held elections and picked a
mayor for the entire group. The camp with some 50 journalists from all over the world was jokingly dubbed “Goat City.” News people have never won any prizes for cleanliness.

The local Colombian press found all of this amusing. And pretty soon all of us were on the front page of the Bogota dailies. One local reporter started to write a tongue in cheek column about life in the “city.”

It’s hard to characterize group living with other reporters. Much of the free time spent together is full of bad jokes and dry wit. When Cuba released all the American prisoners in jail, the government left the reporters inside a bus within the prison for more than an hour.

Bored and impatient, the photographer for *Time* magazine piped up, “They’re keeping us waiting so they can prepare our cells.” Someone else remarked, “Yes, you all are probably wondering why you were brought here. The Cubans would like you to open up a journalism school here in the prison.” Much laughter ensued. An absurd thought, of course, because in Cuba there is no free press.

Fundamentally I like this job so much because it’s completely unusual. In one year I’ve seen things most people don’t see in lifetimes. I’m seeing history, or at least a slice of it, firsthand. In some ways this job is like playing on a team which rarely has any home games. You’re continually seeing new places, and at the same time watching the world of politics and important events unravel in front of you.

At Princeton, I studied Latin American politics. This particular job assignment is like post-graduate education. I’ve talked to several heads of state; among them Mexican president Jose Lopez Portillo and Edward Seaga, the leader of Jamaica. The opportunity of seeing the politics of an international crisis up close is enjoyable.

Journalism is an unusual profession. One minute you’re at home with friends. The next minute, being shot at in El Salvador or looking at hundreds of earthquake casualties being carried off to a hospital. One retired *New York Times* reporter once told me when I was still in college, “Look, if you’re interested in a career in journalism, this is the way I’d describe it. Many people go through life learning a great deal about very little. I go through life learning very little about a great deal.”

Fortunately or unfortunately, that’s probably an accurate description of journalism. It’s amazing how quickly yesterday’s story fades from your memory. A good journalist tries to know something about everything. You never know what story will come your way. For that reason it’s a tremendously exciting career.

The Chapel bells at St. Paul’s seem a long way from the shootings and social turmoil of Latin America, but the demands on me aren’t that different.

In SPS classrooms we were supposed to memorize and think analytically. On the sports field we were to learn endurance and how to tolerate physical punishment.

Now, outside those cloistered halls, I feel like I’m getting paid to do much the same thing.

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NBC crew which travelled to Salvadorian guerrilla camp. Left to right: producer Don Crutchfield, guide Miguel, correspondent Lloyd, soundman Alvaro Trenchi, driver Luis Diaz, and cameraman Hermes Munoz.
At five minutes before midnight, I walked onto the bridge. The only sound was the far-off steady clank of the anchor chain finding its way into the ship—the lights of Naples, Italy but a thousand yards away. The officer of the deck, a 22-year-old Ensign, requested permission to get underway. Promptly at midnight, the anchor was aweigh and the aircraft carrier Forrestal was underway. Quietly, and with a confidence that belied his age, the Ensign gave orders that brought the ship fair on course, headed for the open sea at twenty knots.

Below the ship's bridge and throughout the 1000-plus-foot length of this magnificent ship, the night and watch crews went about the business of readying the ship for routine flight operations. Meals, laundry, and watches took place alongside youngsters preparing their sophisticated stable of 80 aircraft for flying at first light.

Our plan was to be underway early so that we could fly our airwing all of the following day and into the night; then transit south at high speed to enter the Straits of Messina (between Italy and Sicily) at 0400, rendezvous with our tanker in the Ionian Sea, take on 3,000,000 gallons of ship and jet fuel, and at 1200 fly our airwing until 0100 the next night.

An atypical day? Hardly, for we did this six times during one deployment as a part of the U.S. Navy's ever present Sixth Fleet in the Mediterran-
nean Sea. Evolutions such as this are routine and normal in our Navy of today. And what makes it all possible, and the purpose behind this article, are the young ensign as OOD, the mess man preparing meals, the plane captain working on his airplane, the young fighter pilot and so on.

As Captain of Forrestal, I would often be asked what I thought of our people who made our Navy go. My response, having worked very closely with a goodly cross section of America's youth, was that “90% were great, 5% were okay and 5% we kick out!”

It seems to me that sometimes we lose sight of the average young man and portray him as a gangster, dope pusher, dropout, long hair, or whatever. I would not begin to suggest that we don't have our problems aboard ship, but I am here to suggest that—given a fair shake from leadership, an occasional pat on the back, concern, some compassion, genuine guidance, and a good hard kick in the rear if he goofs—the average guy on a U.S. Navy ship or squadron is an absolutely spectacular individual! Allow me some perspectives, one liners, that may give a feel for my enthusiasm.

On board Forrestal, I had a very modest daily goal: to get off the bridge and out of the cabin; to tour around the ship for at least two hours per day. One day, for example, I set out to explore the angle above the main deck and made the following seemingly uninteresting observations:

Nice talk with our new Waist Cat Officer and his very competent chief.

Talked with a group of V-2 catapult guys, who said they had no complaints—said I didn’t believe them—finally got one to gripe about the chow—asked him how many complete meals he ate per day—big strapping man—said six—it can't be too bad. He agreed.

Nosed into the Flight Deck Lighting Shop and talked to a really squared-away guy who was packing and going back to civilian life. Said thanks to him for all he had done. He said “thanks for thanking me” and meant it. Discovered a head (toilet) that was a disaster—unhappy.

Talked to a young engineer who said with a smile we would have a great ship, if no airplanes.

OK, I could go on and on, but the bottom line is that an aircraft carrier is a complex machine; with planes on board, it becomes even more complex and throw in 5,000 people from Admiral to recruits, who represent all 50 states, the spectrum of ethnic and religious backgrounds, young, old, PHD to high school dropout, and it defies description.

But what made all this happen—is the man who eats six meals a day, the one who is planning to get out but works his tail off anyway, the Cat Officer working with his troops at 2300 in the evening, and so on. It's every plane captain, mess cook, pilot, baker, storekeeper who made the ship tick. As went our guys, so went the ship.

While we would have discipline problems, and once in a while something serious, most were handled at non-judicial punishment (Captain's Mast) in which the maximum punishment is restriction, fine and/or up to 3 days' brig time. We had some, mostly new people (who 3 months earlier had been an 18- or 19-year-old 100% civilian) “test the system.”

In two areas, we were particularly tough—drugs and respect for a sailor's superior petty officers and officer. Drug cases were 99.9% marijuana. The problem here is that an aircraft carrier is a dangerous piece of machinery—5 million gallons of fuel, thousands of tons of sophisticated ammunition, many complex aircraft, and demanding equipment. So for this reason, we absolutely could not allow any use of drugs or alcohol. If a man was caught (not unusual), he would receive the maximum I could levy against him. I never heard any complaints, simply because he knew he was dead wrong.

Once in a while, despite our best indoctrination, a youngster would suggest to his petty officer or chief or officer where he could “get off.” The result from the “system” was predictable, fast and generally maximum. I would say that in practically all cases the young man was most apologetic and conceded that he learned a good lesson.

Conduct ashore was always stressed to our people because each of them in a foreign land was indeed an ambassador of the United States. All it took was one out of a 3,000 man liberty party to blemish the reputation of the ship or even the U.S. In one full deployment throughout the Mediterranean, our rate of incidents ashore was but 2 sailors in 1,000. Not a bad commentary on our youngsters, particularly in view of the fact that they generally had a pocketful of disposable income and had been at sea for a couple of weeks.

I pointed out earlier that perhaps the key to success with our young people was our leaders.
Everyone on board in a leadership position was and is expected to “take care of his people.” I don’t mean to coddle, protect or baby, but to have genuine concern for his charges as individuals. Today, all of our junior officers and senior petty officers are required to attend a two-week leadership school which emphasizes the principles of counseling, human motivation, participative management, and job satisfaction.

Let me illustrate the point. If our men are to produce, then the leadership of the organization must directly and visibly care about them and respect them as individuals.

One day I was doing a long zone inspection and first on the agenda were the helicopter squadron’s berthing spaces up forward and right between the bow airplane catapults and below the flight deck. These spaces were always squared away—not a rack had a wrinkle—not a speck of dust anywhere—really sharp!

Commander Spoffard, the squadron’s CO, was there. He didn’t have to be. The inspection was the day after we got in from one of our at sea periods. He pointed out to me, quite forcibly, that in the summer and particularly when the catapults were firing, the compartment became very hot, and his men had trouble sleeping. I asked him what could be done about it. He stated exactly what air conditioning unit was to be installed, how much chill water was required, how much headroom, etc. I mentioned that we would have to fit this into the “priority list,” a euphemistic way of saying, “We’ll file it for consideration.” Much to my delight, he recognized my nonresponse for what it was and started all over. Result: the air conditioner was promptly installed.

To me this is style, and a fine example of a leader fighting for his men and taking the time and effort to act in their best interests.

A big deal? I think not. But let me say that Commander Spoffard was widely respected throughout his command as a concerned leader. The results were that his squadron outflew, outperformed, flew safer, and had a higher record of retention than any other squadron on the ship, because his people reciprocated!

The point that I am trying to make is that our young (and old) Navy people are as smart, as competent, as hardworking, have as much fun, and learn as much as any past generation. They are indeed a microcosm of our society from the Captain on down. It’s not just on the Forrestal that I see this; it’s every outfit I’ve been in.

Morale, attitudes, spirit or whatever you want

One-half of the air-wing and crew during a personnel inspection while anchored in Souda Bay, Crete.
to call it? As you might expect, it varied. Sometimes, when we had been at sea for a long time and the weather was poor, I could sense that people were down. We just had to work a bit harder at keeping the bubble (morale) pumped up. But mostly the attitudes were positive and oftentimes surprisingly so.

The photograph of one-half of our airwing and crew was taken during a personnel inspection while at anchor in Souda Bay, Crete. We had come in for three days; no liberty, just a chance to slow down, clean the ship, repair aircraft, have a flight deck cookout and a not-very-often personnel inspection. The setting was lovely—clear skies, a gorgeous bay and the mountains of Crete to the south, topped by snow (it was summer). I selected a group of about 300 people to inspect at random, and how proud I was! They stood tall, hair was cut, uniforms pressed and chests out. My group was not atypical. I stood on the back end of an airplane and told the crew how proud I was of them and offered an old-fashioned three cheers for “us guys.” You could hear it all the way to Athens!

Two or three times a week I would receive a letter or a phone call from off the ship (civilians) bragging about “our” guys.

One, a letter from a civilian shipyard worker who had lost his wallet, “... it was returned to me by RMSN Mack Burnwell at 2230. The wallet contained my personal papers and $68, all of which was returned. I have thanked the young man, but thought perhaps you would like to share my pride in the calibre of one of our Navy’s young men.”

Another from a lady who found a wallet belonging to one of our crew who went to her home to retrieve the wallet. “... a nicer representative of the U.S. Navy than this young gentleman I have never met. Not only was he a charming person, but we were so delighted to hear good cheering words about the Forrestal and “our” Navy. This young man most certainly exemplifies your fine crew of enlisted men and officers.”

And on and on and on, for our crew really did shine.

Why do they do it? Why does our shipboard sailor work 12 hours a day, 7 days a week (at sea) and still come out smiling? Why does that young Lieutenant launch in his $27 million airplane off the front end of the ship in absolute blackness? How does the crew of the Nimitz stay pumped up after 105 continuous days at sea in the Indian Ocean?

I’m not sure I have the answer. Certainly it’s not the pay, plush living, or the easy work. The mystery is not explained by economics.

I do think, though, that it has something to do with pride, being a part of a tough and competent team, having a worthwhile mission, being recognized for doing a good job and knowing they’re on the first team. And, I would submit, too, that a liberal dose of patriotism and pride in this great country of ours plays a part.

There are two bottom lines to this short tale. One is my effusive enthusiasm for the ability, competence, “can do” attitude and generally spectacular performance of our seagoing U.S. Navy officers and sailors, in spite of a tough, demanding, no nonsense environment, low pay and long hours.

The other is that from my experience there is nothing automatic about this sort of sustained performance, but rather it is the result of concerned, competent, and knowledgeable leadership at all levels—a leadership that enforces the standards, sets reachable goals, and shows absolute and genuine concern for their people.

I would submit that in the great majority of our seagoing Navy we have these ingredients: we have the esprit, and it is our people who make us the number one Navy in the world, a Navy that our country and you can rely on.
Books

MORE ABOUT PAN AM—A PILOT’S STORY CONTINUED

Horace Brock '26.
The Stonehour Press, Lunenburg, Vt., 1980

As a student at St. Paul's School during the late 1930's, I was given an English assignment by Arthur S. Pier to review a book of my own choosing, and selected a biography of Thomas A. Edison. As a result of my enthusiasm for the great inventor and his many accomplishments, the review was more like an abridgement. Mr. Pier, gentleman that he was, tactfully pointed this out to me. I hope I have learned my lesson!

This paperback of 100 pages without index is composed of a series of incredible stories of pioneering flights by Pan American pilots throughout the world. Their only link to each other is Pan American. I am reminded of Ernest Gann's classic, "Fate is the Hunter," whose equally diverse and incredible stories are held together by the fact that they are all the author's experiences. The book, therefore, can stand on its own, but there is more to it than that, as will be seen from the quotation of the first paragraph of the Introduction which follows.

"This book is a supplement to my book, 'Flying The Oceans: A Pilot's Story of Pan Am' (reviewed in the 1979 Summer issue of the SPS Alumni Horae), and fills in parts of the Pan Am story which were left out. The first chapter, 'How It All Began,' was written from the most authoritative sources I could find. Much of what was written before is inaccurate and often makes little sense. Many of the men involved at the beginning deserve more credit than they have ever received."

As an aviation historian I am grateful to the author for having collected these stories—most of them being first-hand accounts by himself and other Pan Am pilots—and commend him for the clever idea of publishing them as a supplement to "Flying the Oceans." All too often such additional material is set aside for a new edition which is not published.

What are these stories like? Here is a brief one which will give you an idea. The Doolittle mentioned is, of course, General James Doolittle. He had just returned from his famous B-25 (mistakenly called B-47's) carrier-launched raid over Tokyo, and was taking part in the evacuation of Burma. The date was May 5, 1942, and the plane was a DC-3, which normally carried twenty passengers.

"When they started up, Doolittle was standing up in the cockpit behind Moon Chin. 'You'll never get this thing off the ground,' said Doolittle, noting the seventy-four or so passengers. 'Don't worry,' said Chin. At that moment four of Chennault's AVG mechanic and radio types rushed out in front of the plane with all their equipment. Moon Chin shut down the engines and yelled out the window: 'Let those guys in.' Doolittle was fit to be tied, not worried about his skin, but unable to believe the DC-3 could get off and over the mountains to India with the new extra overload. They took off and arrived safely in India, and Doolittle went on to command the 8th Air Force in England under Eisenhower."

Fortunately it is a short book as one does not want to put it down until having read it from cover to cover.

Robert B. Meyer, Jr. '39
“WHO HATH DESIRED THE SEA?”
Percy Chubb 2nd ’27
Caribbean Printing Co., Ltd., Tortola, BWI, 1980

The soft, salted (but not spiced) language of Percy Chubb made a joy of vicariously signing on board “Laughing Gull” in the summer of 1951. Confident in the hand on the helm, the sail out of Bergen Seilforeningen opens a twenty-seven year voyage not to conclude until the anchor of “Bird of Passage” (a third Chubb boat) dropped into a small West Indian harbor following a November trans-Atlantic crossing from Las Palmas.

On reading through this little book, privately published by the author, a digest of several sea voyages, the reader is aware that the author’s own desire for the sea began as a young boy, though his early pages telescope in a few paragraphs the intervening years to the “Gull’s” Norwegian cruise. The vicarious sailor enjoyed every moment of the passage along the craggy coast of Norway even to inching into Josingfjord, where the author recalled the splendid seamanship of H.M.S. Cossack as she entered the fjord in the darkness of a World War II night and another could recall the nearest true comparison, squeezing into Sondestromfjord, Greenland on a large ship without radar momentarily expecting the crunch of steel against the steep stone wall obscured in mist.

Humor is not lost aboard the Chubb vessels. Indeed aboard “Laughing Gull” after a particularly arduous stretch from the Bahamas to the Georgia coast, the exhausted skipper, aroused from deep sleep by the arrival of the Customs and Immigration officers and to present himself properly, “put on a clean white shirt and a bow tie, brushed my hair, and as a final gesture donned my double breasted yachting jacket.” With the formalities concluded the Customs man said: “Mr. Chubb you seem to have had a strenuous trip.’ He gave me a significant look and lowered his glance to my knee level. Secure in the knowledge of my sartorial perfection, I let my eyes follow his. ‘My God,’ I shuddered, ‘I forgot to put my trousers on!’ ”

“Laughing Gull” gave way in the late 1950’s to the ketch “Antilles.” Skipper Chubb cruised in the Caribbean, raced a bit with the New York Yacht Club, with much of his time in the ten year interval before “Antilles” crossed the Atlantic in 1969 taken by duties with the America’s Cup Committee. “Antilles” came home to Peter Island by way of an Irish cruise, a passage to Lisbon, Las Palmas, the wide Atlantic. She cruised near home for several years before being replaced by “Bird of Passage,” which was built and fitted for a venture to an area which must be Percy Chubb’s favorite overseas cruising ground—Scandanavia.

While the vessels themselves are the centerpiece for Mr. Chubb’s journal, family and friends are never far removed. Each—family member, friend, ship—become part of the other in the artful weaving of a personal tapestry of sea journals. The few pleasant hours of reading encompassing twenty-seven happy and loving years aboard Chubb vessels end too quickly, but leave little question of “Who Hath Desired the Sea?”

Sanford R. Sistare
The sudden death of Robert P. T. Coffin, Jr., came as a shock to his family, friends, and school associates. For thirteen years as headmaster of The Fessenden School, in West Newton, Massachusetts, Bob had unstintingly given of himself in the manner which characterized his whole life, twenty years of which were spent in Millville. He was a personal and creative leader, eager to make the plans and the decisions himself, take the risks, and devote his seemingly boundless energy to the meticulous follow-through and successful completion of a task. During his headmastership Fessenden increased in the size of its enrollment and faculty; expanded to include the ninth grade; and completed several building programs, including a sports center which bears Bob’s name.

The first half of Bob’s life was a mixture of scholarship and adventure, sensitive creativity and brutal destructiveness, intense intellectual and physical activity. The Maine coast, in which his family was so deeply rooted; the college towns of Aurora, New York, and Brunswick, Maine, in which he grew up; the years of Navy combat in the Pacific as a carrier-based pilot; the contrasts of pre-war college life and post-war return—these provided him with a richness of experience and awareness that made him so valuable a mentor and advisor to thousands of young men at St. Paul’s and Fessenden.

Bob had the rare capacity to inspire people of all ages and backgrounds with devotion and enthusiasm. He instinctively knew what to say and when to say it—his antennae were acutely sensitive to the individual or the group, in social or professional encounters. He loved the limelight, the center stage. He could make any activity—even a trip to the town dump—into an adventure. He was a great organizer of summer picnics: all-day affairs involving large dogs and small children, fishing rods and water skis and SCUBA gear, and the challenges provided by ebbing tides, dubious anchorages, and engines of questionable reliability. Somehow Bob would orchestrate these chaotic elements into a memorable, happy (and safe!) event. Few people enjoy jokes and stories more than Bob did, and few can tell them better than he did. He was adept at the quick quip, the witty or ironic twist with a cerebral edge to it. Yet he could listen to the silence in others, understand their inarticulate despair, and provide compassion and direction and strength.

Until a knee injury curtailed his activity, Bob was a lively athlete. In soccer, skiing, and squash—as player or coach—he exhibited the “flat-hatting” qualities of the fighter pilot: he was quick, confident, combative, willing to risk. As a coach he was demanding yet supportive, capable of making repetitive but essential drills exciting and fun. He was the first SPS soccer coach, having almost single-handedly convinced the School of the importance of an alternative to football. In nine years he had five winning seasons, including two with undefeated teams. Bob also organized the first ski buses to Sunapee, and in the spring he coached discus and javelin.

Bob loved scholarship, both the learning and the teaching. When he left the admissions office at St. Paul’s, he began teaching Latin again as headmaster of Fessenden. He delighted in language and its correct, precise use—an inheritance, perhaps, from his father, Robert P. Tristram Coffin, the poet and professor of English. Woe to that individual, child or adult, pupil or friend, to tangled “may” with “can!” Years of training made him almost unchallengeable on the most arcane points of Latin grammar, to the dismay of younger, less experienced colleagues. He could draw on a deep reserve of memorized poetry, which he quoted, often in unlikely or appropriate circumstances; two favorites were Shakespeare and, not surprisingly, A. E. Housman.

He was a tinkerer and craftsman, a practical mechanic and a patient artist in wood. Balky plumbing and exquisite dove-tailing, recalcitrant chain-saw and fragile egg-shell Christmas tree ornament—he put his hand to them all with equal success. How often have I seen him, lighted cigarette propped behind his ear, reaching into his toolbox to rescue us in some summer emergency afloat or ashore, or deftly assembling a new structure for the labyrinthine Coffin model railroad.
The cigarette never burned his ear; he knew exactly when to disengage a hand to remove the butt.

Bob and June maintained in Webster House at Fessenden and in their summer home in South Bristol, Maine, the close personal involvement which made them so successful and appreciated a faculty couple in the Upper and Brewster during their years at St. Paul’s. There was a steady flow of students, teachers, friends dropping in for help and guidance, for casual conversation or soul-searching confrontation. The old Maine carpenter friend of Bob’s father, the smart suburban matron, the tearful sixth grader two thousand miles from home—in a busy schedule of school appointments and raising five children, Bob and June always had time for the unexpected guest and the unexpected problem.

Difficulties of health, culminating in a heart attack in October 1980, forced Bob to resign from Fessenden. At the time of his death from a second heart attack he was busy supervising the construction of his new home in Dunbarton, New Hampshire, and looking forward to doing much of the interior work himself. Hundreds of friends—college and Navy comrades, students and faculty and trustees from Fessenden and St. Paul’s—attended his funeral service in the Chapel of SS Peter and Paul. Phone calls and telegrams from all over the world attested to the personal sense of loss felt by those who knew him.

“You’re only going this way once and These are the days you’ll remember all the rest of your life were two of Bob Coffin’s favorite expressions. I have heard them on a summer mountaintop, at the end of a day’s skiing, on a porch in the Maine twilight, over the hood of a station wagon axle-deep in a muddy ditch. His Navy experiences, his survival in a war that took so many friends, often gave the words an extra edge. His drive, his enthusiasm, his compassion—all are incorporated in these statements, which to me are the quintessence of the man.

Alan N. Hall

Faculty Notes

Richard H. Lederer, head of the English department and Form of 1923 Master in English, has been awarded a PhD in English by the University of New Hampshire. His ten-chapter dissertation, “English Wordmaking,” is “an attempt to present the methods and content of modern morphology to a secondary school audience.”

Two SPS faculty members were speakers at the Annual Conference of the National Association of Independent Schools, held in Boston in late February. Richard Lederer’s topic was “The Verbalholic Curriculum: A Look at the Patterns and Non-patterns of Language,” and André O. Hurtgen, head of the modern languages department, discussed “The Teaching of French Poetry Demystified.”

Rodney and Roberta Tenney announce the birth of a second child, first son, Thomas Emerson Tenney, on Thanksgiving Day, November 27, 1980. Mrs. Tenney is a member of the history department.

Dr. Terrence M. Walsh, a member of the School’s counseling and human relations department, had a work on linguistics re-published in “Studies in Language Acquisition,” a collection of seven papers published in the last twelve years which, according to the preface, “reflect the latest developments in descriptions of natural languages within a framework of language teaching.”

Form Notes

1919
Harry H. Stout has for years been a member of the American Society for Testing and Materials in Philadelphia, a technical and specifications-writing organization well-known in the industrial world. In 1973, Stout, a Fellow of the Society, received an Award of Merit for his contributions to writings in copper and copper alloys. Last May he was made an Honorary Member, the organization's highest award, recognizing his leadership and distinguished work as a metallurgical engineer. In October, he received the ASTM Committee B5 Copper Club (New York) award. His son, Anthony '57, is a member of the School's Board of Trustees.

1925
Francis A. Drake and his wife are continuing to help the churches on the South Dorset coast of England.

Joining the ranks of first time grandfathers is Orton P. Jackson, with the November 5th birth of Sarah Taylor Jackson, daughter of son, Opie, and his wife Annie.

1926
In October, Dr. John L. Pool was presented the National Bronze Medal by the Connecticut Division of the American Cancer Society. The medal, the organization's highest volunteer award, recognizes Dr. Pool's long effective service to the Society and its efforts against cancer.

1928
Stewart B. Iglehart has been elected to the U. S. Hockey Hall of Fame, the second SPS alumnus to be so honored—the first having been the immortal Hobey Baker.

R. Draper Richards’ granddaughter, Toni King '76, is currently at the School as an Assistant Director of Admissions.

Arthur R. Smith and his wife, Maggie, spent last July in Japan as guests of the parents and friends of Japanese students whom he had taught during his years as a member of the faculty at South Kent School.

1929
Albert Keidel retired as Senior Vice President of The Rouse Company, Columbia, Maryland in 1976. His association with Rouse continues as a director. He also is a director of two T. Rowe Price Mutual Funds, a trustee of the Peabody Institute and of the Experiment in International Living. He winters in Florida, summers in Maine, and spends the remaining two seasons in Maryland.

For his painting of “Seventh Regiment on Riot Duty, 1834,” Malcolm F. McKeown received the Colonel Emmons Clarke Award of The Seventh Regiment Armory Centennial at its exhibition in September 1980. His chief interest remains the recording of splendid architecture.

1930
John Boit Morse created and presented a mural to the Pritikin Research Foundation, on the occasion of the 100th session of the Longevity Center. The work, an abstract composition inspired by the goals of the California Center, has been installed in the facility’s dining room.

1933
Oliver G. Stonington, M. D. recently completed a cruise around the world with “Semester-at-Sea,” a college course with 540 students. He was the ship’s physician and his wife, Kate, participated in some of the classes and teaching.

1934
C. P. Dixon and wife, Polly, moved to Old Lyme, Connecticut a year ago and love their new surroundings. They hope members of 1934 will stop by on their way to the Cape, the outer Islands, or Maine.

John C. Jay was elected to the National Ski Hall of Fame in December and, last August 16, he was married to Mary Margaret Allan of Carmel, California. He recently completed a stint as enrichment lecturer on the Royal Viking Star’s 25-day cruise to the South Seas.

1935
The University of Pennsylvania presented E. Digby Baltzell, a 1939 Wharton School graduate and distinguished sociologist at Penn, an Alumni Award of Merit on January 17. An expert in social stratification, he is credited with coining the acronym WASP and is the author of “The Protestant Establishment” and “Puritan Boston and Quaker Philadelphia.” In 1978 he received the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation Award.

1937
Lawrence Drake’s daughter, Erin, was married to Christopher Gray of the Form of 1968 in New York on October 25, 1980.

1938
Frank Trudeau was recently featured in an Adirondack Daily News article describing his successful battle to find alternate uses for the well-known Trudeau Tuberculosis Sanitarium when it was forced to close in 1954. One outcome was the current Trudeau Institute, a medical research facility led by Frank himself.

1941
For four years now, John McIlwaine has been Director of Development at the Trinity-Pawling School in New York.

1946
After being withdrawn as Ambassador to Ethiopia at the request of the country’s Marxist-Leninist government, Frederic L. Chapin has been serving as Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense in the office of International Security which specializes in Latin America.

John Stebbins has resumed teaching full-time, after a career in public and independent schools administration. Further, he reports: “First loves are the best—though my wife died, I carry on.”

1947
The Rev. David R. King has been elected Dean of the Northern Convocation of the Diocese of New Jersey, and as a trustee of the Diocesan Foundation.

1949
After five years as Dean of Graduate Studies at Stanford, W. B. Carnochan has returned to teaching in the English Department. Currently, he is on an NEH fellowship, working on a study of Edward Gibbon.

Nancy Drew and Charles S. Hoppin were married in New York. Mrs. Hoppin was formerly executive director of the Musicians Emergency Fund and Hoppin is a partner in the law firm of Davis Polk & Wardwell.
E. Holland Low is now vice president, national sales for Springfield Television which has stations in Springfield, Massachusetts, Dayton, Ohio, and Salt Lake City, Utah.

1950
John A. Hincley's multi-management company, Ruggles Service Co., has been appointed executive administrator for the American Academy for Cerebral Palsy and Developmental Medicine and the American Society of Post Anesthesia Nurses.

1952
On October 10, 1975, Eulhelbert Nevin, II set sail from Sausalito, California for Blue Hill, Maine, via the Panama Canal, where he arrived on July 11, 1980. The trip was "accomplished without incident."

1953
Forrest A. Clark, Jr. was re-elected to a second term in the Massachusetts Legislature in November.

John O. B. Sewall is currently Division Chief, Strategic Plans and Policy, Office of Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations and Plans at U.S. Army headquarters.

1954
Alfred N. Beadleston III returned to this country in December after eight years in Europe (last stop, Rome) where he was regional executive for Mideast Africa and the Subcontinent for international banking division of American Express. He now lives in New Jersey and has assumed global responsibilities for the Company's international wholesale and private banking product lines.

1955
Richard C. Higgins has moved from Vermont after fourteen years, to Barrytown, New York, opposite the Catskills on the East shore. "It's beautiful and more practical, but not the same." The year 1981-82 will find him as a guest of the German government in West Berlin, as an artist in residence.

J. Paul Horne has been elected first vice president, Research Division at Smith Barney, Harris Upham & Co., Inc. He joined the firm in 1975, after serving as a representative of the International Basic Economy Corp. in Rome and Brussels and as economic and financial correspondent for several publications including The Times (London), Institutional Investor, and Newsweek. He lives in Paris with his family.

In August 1980, Francis V. Lloyd III joined the Boston office of Lehman Brothers Kuhn Loeb, Inc. as an institutional equity sales officer.

Yoshiaki Shimizu is in his second year as curator of the Frer Gallery at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

1956
Morris Lloyd, Jr. has been named president and treasurer of the Philadelphia Contributionship Insurance Company, the oldest insurance company in the U.S. having been founded in 1752 by Benjamin Franklin.

1957
Dr. Arthur H. Horan has been elected to the executive committee of St. Clare's Hospital, fathered a son, Thomas Bramwell, (born in May, 1980), and last summer exhibited twenty abstract watercolors in Buffalo.

J. Anthony Mountain is currently Professor of Liberal Studies at the Hutchins School of Liberal Studies, Sonoma State University in California.

Married in Georgetown, Washington on January 31, 1981 were Susan E. Frelinghuysen and Robert D. van Roijen. She is a photographer and he is chairman of the Control Laser Corp. of Orlando, Florida, and a partner in the Secor Venture Capital Group in Washington.

1958
Jonathan P. Butler reports the birth of a fourth child, Cynthia Day, on August 26, 1980.

Engaged to Marolyn Bell, a teacher in Rumson, New Jersey, is John D. Hatch III. "I gain a family of three 'kids': one at Smith, one at Furman, and one Smith '85. The date is June 6."

Since 1979, Brian J. McCauley has been Director of the American School in Barcelona, Spain. He left his former position at the Managua American School "after being kidnapped by Sandinistas for keeping school 'open too long.'"

F. C. Wilson II is President of the Wilson Oil Company, Chairman of Santa Fe (New Mexico) County Republican Committee, and owner, host and busboy at La Querencia Restaurant.

1959
David B. Atkinson reports the birth of a daughter, Andrea Damon, on March 25, 1980.

William J. Burger III is an ordained Baptist minister currently serving at Fiscatawaytown Baptist Church in Edison, New Jersey. He is married and has two daughters.

Roger A. C. Williams is living in Pago Pago, American Samoa where, in November, he won the 4-mile event, posting a time of 32:31.2, in the American Samoa Runners' Association Veteran's Day Fun-Run.

1960
James G. R. Hart and family have returned to Colorado where he has been appointed Director of Personnel for the Delta County School District. "Twins, Steve and Andrea, love their kindergarten class; and wife Barbara is starting Spanish lessons."

David Victor is a senior partner with the Phoenix, Arizona law firm of Martori, Meyer, Hendricks and Victor. The firm was recently cited by the publication American Lawyer (April 1979) for the unique achievement of "corolling six (now eight) former high court clerks into its nineteen lawyer corporate firm." Victor formerly clerked with Justice Byron White. His son, David G., is currently enrolled at SFS.

1961
Stuart and Sue Douglas invite all classmates to come see them in 1981 at The Inn at Weston, Vermont. Located in South Central Vermont, where both downhill and cross country skiing abound. The Inn features excellent homecooking as evidenced by an article in Gourmet magazine (December 1978).

On September 1, 1980, Marshall P. Bartlett was named Chief Tax Attorney for Exxon Company, U.S.A. He is head of a group of fifteen tax lawyers and also serves as managing editor of The Tax Lawyer magazine. "Molly, John, Stephen and I have moved to Houston. The weather here has stayed in the 60s—we picked a good winter to move to the Sun Belt!"

John B. Hawes, Jr. reports the birth of a son, Colin Barclay, on June 24, 1980.

Announcing the birth of a second son, Christopher King, are Richard A. Wilmer, IV and his wife.
1964

About to complete his third year as Squadron Instructor Navigator with 301th Air Refueling Section at the Plattsburgh (New York) Air Force Base is Ray mond P. Payson.

Richard C. Ranck was married to the former Carol Ryall of Garden City, New York in June 1980.

1965

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Mary Tolley Richards and Edmund Bartlett III in Annapolis, Maryland. The bride has joined an Alexandria, Virginia law firm; Bartlett is a senior adviser with the Corporate Group of the Communications Satellite Corporation in Washington.

1966

Jans C. Appel, III and his wife, Linda, announce the birth of a daughter, Joy Charmain, on Valentine's Day, 1980.

Jeffrey R. Clark reports two significant items: The birth of a first child, a son, Gordon Clement, on September 22, 1980. And that he is now Supervisor of Education at the Morris Arboretum at the University of Pennsylvania.

Contributing to Boston's "First Night" Celebration (a New Year's Eve series of citywide events) was Joseph Wheelwright who made "an enormous, inflated, illuminated quarter moon" for the evening's procession.

1968

Mr. and Mrs. Mark E. Andrews III announce the December 18, 1980 birth of a daughter, Elizabeth Quay.

Christopher S. Gray was married to Erin Drake on October 25, 1980, in New York. The bride's father is Lawrence Drake of the Form of 1937. Ushers included David Parshall '65, John Taft '68, and Thomas Shortall '68. Gray, who is director of the Office for Metropolitan History, a private consulting firm, is a columnist for Avenue magazine and a freelance real estate writer. His wife is studying for an advanced degree in historic preservation at Columbia University.

A first child, Charles Elias, was born on October 17, 1980 to Maggie and H. Boone Porter. Porter is practicing law in Chicago with the firm of Altheimer and Gray, doing mostly securities and banking law work. His wife will graduate from Loyola University Law School, where she is on law review, next year.

Captain Sumner H. Waters, Jr. is currently posted to the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers Near East Projects Office which has the responsibility for the construction of two tactical fighter bases for the Israeli Army Air Force in the Negev Desert, under the terms of the Camp David Peace Treaty. Waters' career in the Army began with a commission through the ROTC upon graduation from Lehigh University in 1972. He then went on to successfully complete the Airborne School and Ranger School at Fort Benning, Georgia, and also the U.S. Army Engineering School at Fort Belvoir. He has academic degrees in industrial and civil engineering. During August 1980, in Bermuda, Waters married the former Karin Denise Foster of England. His SPS roommate, Dick Grace, ushered.

1969

Roy A. Hunt III reports that he will marry Gale Stuart Pyles in Boston on May 9, 1980. They plan to reside in the Boston area.

Jesse W. Markham, Jr. is living in Berkeley and practicing law with a large San Francisco firm. He reports that he is to be married this summer to Darcy Hartmann of Princeton, New Jersey.

Featured in Spring 1980 issue of the Yale School of Organization and Management News was Edmund Resor. The article focused on his post-Yale activities with relief organizations in the Sudan, including the introduction of animal power as a source of energy for agriculture. During his studies at the SOM, Resor worked for Cummins Engine Company in Africa, conducting market surveys for heavy tractor and trucking machinery. In October, he began work for the McKinzie management consulting firm in New York.

Livingston D. Sutro is currently in Mexico doing research for his doctoral dissertation.

1971

Yeates Conwell, Jr. is a resident in Psychiatry at Yale University and was married in June 1980 to the former E. Gay Mills.

Charles A. Kiger has recently joined the New Orleans law firm of Milling, Benson, Woodward, Hillyer, Pierson & Miller.

1972

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Megan Elizabeth Maguire of Madison, Connecticut to Daniel C. de Roulet of Manhasset, Long Island. A June wedding is planned.

Graduating from Amos Tuck School in June with an M.B.A. is Samuel W. Johnson. He "will proceed directly to the altar, marrying Shaun Smith who graduated from Dartmouth (where I met her) last June." She is now working for Connecticut General Life Insurance Company.

Konrad C. Kaltenborn received his M.D. from the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill and is now an intern at the Latter Day Saints Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah. His specialty is Internal Medicine. "'KC' still plays the cello in chamber music groups and, "in such free time as can be mustered, climbs mountains and enjoys cross-country skiing... ."

The engagement of Lisa Anne Russell and Robert B. Stockman has been announced. An early spring wedding in New York is planned. Miss Russell, a marketing assistant with the Pepsi-Cola Company, was formerly an English teacher at Phillips Academy and Middlesex School. Stockman, currently attending the Amos Tuck School at Dartmouth, was formerly an auditor with Price Waterhouse & Company in New York.

Benjamin B. Stone is manager of fish culture operations at Sea Plantations, Inc. in Salem, Massachusetts. The firm is a rapidly growing aquaculture company, selling live aquatic organisms for use in research, bioassays, and as food for humans.

1973

Joel D. Backon is currently working as a senior corporate systems engineer at Inforex, Inc. in Burlington, Massachusetts. On August 23, 1981, he will marry Mindy Lynn Turck.

John D. Campbell is a reporter for the Cedar Rapids (Iowa) Gazette.

Recently promoted to Administrative Assistant with Cleveland's National City Bank, Homer D. W. Chisholm would like to hear from SPS alumni(lae) living in the area.

Lad F. Connell is currently in his second year of teaching English as a foreign language with the Peace Corps in Togo, West Africa.

Bruce Crutcher has resumed his studies at Tulane University in New Orleans.
Blanton Craig Gourley will graduate from the UNC Medical School in May to enter a family practice residency program. Currently, he is in Haiti serving medical missions there. Gourley will marry Deborah Jean Ford of Charlotte, North Carolina on May 23, 1981.

In the last twelve months, James G. Hodder IV has completed a second year as news reporter covering the provincial legislature in St. John's, Newfoundland. Gary has also finished his requirements for an M.A. in English at the University of Pennsylvania and has begun law school at the University of Toronto.

Elizabeth R. Morison's engagement to George A. Dickinson, Jr. was announced early last fall. A November 29 wedding was planned. Miss Morison is assistant to the director of development at New York's Phoenix Theatre; Dickinson, an associate in the architectural firm of Louis Mackall & Company in Branford, Connecticut.

Lorene E. Cary, formerly a writer with Time magazine in New York, has joined TV Guide magazine's national editorial staff as an associate editor. She received a combined bachelor's and master's degree from the University of Pennsylvania and an M.A. degree from Sussex University.

The engagement of Dorothy Dann to William A. Read Knox has been announced. A June wedding is planned. Knox is a sales representative for the Rich Products Corporation in Buffalo.

Christopher C. Abbott is living in New York, working as a corporate intern for Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith. He graduated from St. Lawrence University in June 1980.

Glenn B. Aragon is managing a rock group called "The Yorks."

On July 19, 1980, Michelle Anne Robertson was married to Archibald Douglas IV, at Newport Beach, California. Douglas is currently serving as program coordinator for the California Wilderness Coalition in Davis.

Avery S. Knox is living in Manhattan and employed as a stockbroker.

Henry H. Sprague III is working on an M.S. degree in Water Resource Management at the University of Michigan and has a part-time position with the Great Lakes Basin Commission.

After spending a summer sailing and racing a "420," and finishing second in the 420 North American Championships, Martha M. Starkweather has a position with the U.S. Yacht Racing Union (the national governing body for the sport) in Newport, Rhode Island.

Wayne Stimpson was married to Jody Kelley of Underhill, Vermont on June 6, 1980, shortly after receiving his degree in psychology and mathematics from UVM. He is currently an officer in the U.S. Air Force and is enrolled in an advanced degree program at the Air Force Institute of Technology in Ohio.

Brooke Williams is working at his father's brokerage firm in Tampa and is "staying out of trouble by sailing and waterskiing."

Mark A. Anderson is working for a trading company in Sao Paulo, Brazil.

Stanton B. Bullock will graduate from Yale this spring.

Steven F. Donahoe has recently started selling real estate and oil and gas tax shelters for Robert C. Carr and Co. in Manchester, New Hampshire. He was best man at last summer's wedding of Wayne Stimpson '75.

Michael M. Ives graduated from Yale last May, and then went to Henley with his Yale crew where the boat won the Ladies' Challenge Plate for the second year in a row (1979, 1980). In July, he moved to New York and is working for Wilhelmina Models, Inc.

Named a 1981 John Boyer Scholar, Douglas R. Leland is planning to attend the Australian Graduate School of Management in New South Wales, Australia.

Michel D. McQueen continues as a local news editor for the Washington Post.

Living in Winslow, Maine, and teaching French, Latin and English at the high school is Lee Walker. She was married to Henry Ira Carpenter on August 9, 1980. Carpenter is a promotion officer for Nike Sports Shoes.

Leonard Wei graduated from Middlebury College in June 1980 and is currently in Hong Kong associated with the International Merchant Banking Group of the First National Bank of Boston. His areas of responsibilities are loans syndication, marketing and financial analysis.

As co-captain and senior defenseman of the Williams College hockey team, Peter T. Santry has helped lead his team to its best season start in 15 years, winning its own Williams Christmas Tourney and compiling an 8-2-2 record at the year's beginning.

In May, Arthur W. Zeckendorf will graduate from Tufts University (plans to receive his degree cum laude, in history) and then will likely move to Washington, D.C. to supervise the rehabilitation and partial conversion to apartments of the Shoreham Hotel overlooking Rock Creek Park.

Mark R. Bennett is working as an intern at WGBH-TV in Boston.

Lisa Harrison is enjoying her second year at Harvard. (One of her roommates is Rosemary Mahoney '79.) In January, she was playing #1 on the squash team, "but that could change at any moment when one considers the depth of our team."

Amy P. Matthews is coxing the women's varsity crew at Stanford.

Daniel Cornew is enjoying his studies at Stanford and is rowing with the varsity crew, and may possibly be asked to stroke the freshman boat.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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

The Development Office will be able and glad to help any alumnus locate a friend whose address has changed.
Deceased

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

09 — Joseph Spencer Kennard, Jr.
     Aug. 15, 1980; Kendall Park, N. J.

09 — Harold Meldrum Wall

14 — Thomas Blythe Scott, Jr.
     Dec. 24, 1980

15 — Ralph Waldo Marshall

19 — Livingston Ludlow Biddle, II
     Feb. 7, 1981; Palm Beach, Fla.

20 — Bayard Whitney Read
     Jan. 29, 1981; Rye, N. Y.

21 — Jordan Lawrence Mott
     Sept. 29, 1979; Jamaica, W. I.

28 — George Vernon Coo, Jr.
     March 21, 1980; Rumson, N. J.

31 — Orville Elias Babcock, Jr.

37 — Julio Victor Bermudez
     Aug. 29, 1980; St. Thomas, V. I.

39 — James Means
     Oct. 18, 1980

43 — Josiah Macy, Jr.
     March 25, 1979

67 — James Carroll Macdonald
     Aug. 1980; Boston, Mass.

75 — Christopher W. Magee, Jr.
     Jan. 3, 1981; at sea

04 — Donald Louis Reynolds
     Died December 20, 1980 in Dunkirk, New York, at the age of ninety-three years. Born on August 19, 1887 in Fredonia, New York, he spent his Third and Fourth Form years at the School. He graduated from the U. S. Naval Academy with the class of 1911 and remained in the service until the end of World War I. After that time, he pursued a number of business interests and retired in 1950. Throughout his life, he was a devoted citizen of this country and, in his retirement, a constant reader and scholar. He is survived by a son, Milton Marion Fenner, Jr.; a daughter, Florence Fenner Aular; and four grandchildren.

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17 — Amory Houghton, a former Trustee of the School, prominent industrialist, and former U. S. Ambassador to France, died in Charleston, South Carolina on February 21, 1981. He was born in Corning, New York on July 27, 1899, the son of Alanson Bigelow Houghton (SPS 1882) and Adelaide Wellington Houghton. Entering St. Paul's in 1913, he served as secretary of the Missionary Society, vice president of the Cadmean Literary Society, and a member of The Library Association. He also was goal tender for the Isthmian first hockey team during his Sixth Form year. Following his graduation from Harvard in 1921, he joined the family business, Corning Glass Works which manufactures specialty glass projects and which would devote his entire business career. At the time of his death he was chairman emeritus of the company, having previously served as president (1930-1941), board chairman (1941-1961), chairman of the executive committee (1961-1963) and honorary chairman (1963-1971). While on a leave of absence from Corning, he represented the country as its Ambassador to France from 1957 to 1961.

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     Died December 20, 1980 in Dunkirk, New York, at the age of ninety-three years. Born on August 19, 1887 in Fredonia, New York, he spent his Third and Fourth Form years at the School. He graduated from the U. S. Naval Academy with the class of 1911 and remained in the service until the end of World War I. After that time, he pursued a number of business interests and retired in 1950. Throughout his life, he was a devoted citizen of this country and, in his retirement, a constant reader and scholar. He is survived by a son, Milton Marion Fenner, Jr.; a daughter, Florence Fenner Aular; and four grandchildren.

17 — Amory Houghton, a former Trustee of the School, prominent industrialist, and former U. S. Ambassador to France, died in Charleston, South Carolina on February 21, 1981. He was born in Corning, New York on July 27, 1899, the son of Alanson Bigelow Houghton (SPS 1882) and Adelaide Wellington Houghton. Entering St. Paul's in 1913, he served as secretary of the Missionary Society, vice president of the Cadmean Literary Society, and a member of The Library Association. He also was goal tender for the Isthmian first hockey team during his Sixth Form year. Following his graduation from Harvard in 1921, he joined the family business, Corning Glass Works which manufactures specialty glass projects and which would devote his entire business career. At the time of his death he was chairman emeritus of the company, having previously served as president (1930-1941), board chairman (1941-1961), chairman of the executive committee (1961-1963) and honorary chairman (1963-1971). While on a leave of absence from Corning, he represented the country as its Ambassador to France from 1957 to 1961.

In earlier years, he served on many corporate boards, including The First National City Bank, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, the Erie Railroad Company, and Dow Corning Corporation. During World War II, he was called to Washington to serve as a dollar-a-year man in various War Production Board appointments, ending as Director General of Division of Industry Operations. His educational interests were far-ranging, from local school problems to service on university boards; he had been a trustee of Eisenhower College, the University of Rochester, Brookings Institute, Tabor Academy, and St. Paul's School as well as an overseer of Harvard University. He received honorary degrees from numerous colleges and universities, including Hobart and William Smith, Alfred University, RPI, Colgate University, and Ohio State University. In June, 1977, at the School's graduation exercises, he was named a George Cheyne Shattuck Fellow, the highest award that St. Paul's School can give to
a graduate. He also was a leader in the Episcopal Church and the Boy Scouts of America, which he served as national president and member of the National Executive Board for many years. He is survived by his wife, Laura Richardson Houghton, whom he married in 1921; three sons, Amory Houghton, Jr. '45, The Rev. Alanson B. Houghton '48, and James R. Houghton '54; two daughters, Elizabeth H. Weinberg and Laura H. Beer; eighteen grandchildren, including Amory, III '70, Robert W. '73, Quincy '80, James R. Jr. '82, and Nina '84; and three great-grandchildren.

'18 – George Armistead Armstead died on November 23, 1980, in Philadelphia. He was born on October 28, 1898, in Baltimore, the son of Samuel Gordon and Ella Howard Armstead. He was a direct descendant of Lt. Col. George Armstead, Commander of Fort McHenry during the famous battle of the War of 1812. A student at St. Paul's during the period 1915 to 1916, he then went on to the University of Pennsylvania. A Navy veteran of World War I, he was an insurance salesman for the Insurance Company of North America during the 1920s and 1930s. For most of his professional life, he was a securities dealer with Parrish & Co., retiring in 1963, after 30 years with the firm. A member of the St. Elmo Club, a fraternal organization at the University of Pennsylvania, and the First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry, he enjoyed gardening and the writings of John Steinbeck. He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth Tucker Armstead, with whom he married in 1926; two sons, Dr. Samuel G. Armstead and Henry T. Armstead '58; and three grandchildren.

'18 – Walter Rumsey Marvin died on July 15, 1980, in a northern Michigan medical facility near his summer home, at the age of seventy-nine years. He was born on August 15, 1900 in Montclair, New Jersey, the son of Walter Rumsey and Julia Collins Marvin. He entered St. Paul's in the Third Form and soon distinguished himself academically, earning a First Testimonial for the Third Form year and later, in the Fifth Form, was named a Ferguson Scholar. A member of the School Council, Missionary Society, the Scientific Association, he was assistant editor of the Horae Scholasticae (winning the Essay Medal for 1918) and a leader of the Concordian Literary Society. He went on to Yale College, graduating in 1922, and received his PhD in American History from Ohio State University. Newspaper work occupied him for several years, before becoming town clerk of Mamaroneck, New York in 1927. From 1942 to 1952 he served in the U.S. Naval Reserve, primarily with the Naval Air Ferry Command. In 1946 he moved to Columbus, Ohio, and became executive director of the Martha Kinney Cooper Ohioana Library Association from which he retired in 1965. The Rotary, the board of Planned Parenthood of Columbus, the Columbus Museum of Art, and the vestry of St. Paul's Church in Columbus—all were community activities benefiting from his involvement. He is survived by his wife, Beulah Hoagland Marvin; a daughter, Miranda Constant Marvin; a sister, Mrs. John C. Borden; three stepchildren, Judy Cosler, Constance Cosler, and Arthur Cosler III; and two grandchildren.

'18 – Frederick Shattuck Whiteside died on July 6, 1980 at his home, Woodstock Farm in Scottsville, Virginia. He was born in Boston, on October 14, 1899, son of George Shattuck Whiteside '89 and Adeline Cheever Whiteside. Entered in the School in 1914, he was a member of the Scientific Association, the Cadmean Literary Society, and contributed to Old Hundred football and Shattuck crew activities. St. Paul's was always important to him, and he valued his many family ties to the School through members of the Whiteside, Shattuck, and Williams families. He went on to Harvard, graduating with the Class of 1922, followed by thirty years association with the textile industry in the Boston area. After four years at the Whitin Machine Works, where he directed an experimental plant, he moved to Pacific Mills in 1928. There, he served until 1957, as director of purchasing, assistant to the President and Secretary of the corporation, with time out for a stint at the War Production Board during World War II. Great personal satisfaction was gained from establishing numerous textile plants in southern locations, to replace those in New England no longer competitive, while finding other uses for older facilities (i.e. the electronics industry). Upon retirement, he began a second career in 1959 as an operator, with his wife, of an Angus cattle farm. This allowed him to combine work with his lifelong love of the outdoors. At Woodstock Farm, he followed his usual practice of serving the local community in many capacities: in the Lion's Club, Chamber of Commerce, the Episcopal Church and farming groups. His individuality will be remembered by all those who knew him; his solutions to problems were especially original. In later life, he eagerly shared his knowledge of farming with young people, hoping to encourage them to return from office work to the land. Surviving are his wife, Caroline Lawrence Whiteside; two sons, Haven Whiteside and Duncan Whiteside '54; two daughters, Laura W. Butts and Henrietta W. Tranum; and seventeen grandchildren.

'20 – Walker Leach of Duxbury, Massachusetts, died May 4, 1980, after a long illness. Born in Taunton, Massachusetts, October 9, 1901, the son of Robert M. and Mary Walker Leach. He entered St. Paul's in the fall of 1916 and left after his Fifth Form year to enter Dartmouth College from which he graduated with the Class of 1923. Prominent on both the Old Hundred baseball and track teams, he was also an active member of the SPS tennis team. After college, he began an association, which lasted for over 50 years, with the Glenwood Range Company. He was Chairman of the Company's Board at the time of his death. He is survived by his wife, Vilma; two sons, Robert M. II and Danforth H. Leach '47; a brother, Malcolm Leach '23; and a sister, Mrs. Alfred Shrigley.

'21 – Thomas Banes died in Marblehead, Massachusetts on November 19, 1980. The son of Robert C. and Margaret Wrenn Banes, he was born on November 14, 1900. He was an outstanding athlete as evidenced by his SPS record: four years on the School football team and point on the hockey team, President of the Athletic Association, and captain of the Isthmian baseball team. In addition, he was a member of the Cadmean Literary Society. From St. Paul's, he went on to Harvard with the class of 1925 and then joined the Insurance Company of North America. A long career with the Wrenn Brothers stock brokerage firm followed, an association which continued until a month before his death. A devoted athlete throughout most of his life he enjoyed the outdoor avocations of gardening and birding, and the activities of the Massachusetts Audubon Society. Surviving are his wife, Charlotte Robson Banes; a niece, Frances Banes Rentschler; and a nephew, Warner J. Banes, Jr. '45.

'26 – Frederick Chalifoux Ellsworth died on December 11, 1980 in South Bend, Indiana. The son of John Chess and Alyce Frances Chalifoux Ellsworth, he prepared for St. Paul's at Fay School and entered the School in 1920. He played the saxophone in the School orchestra and the "Rubber Band," and was a member of the second Delphian football team and the fifth Shat-
Following his studies at Yale, he returned to Portland and joined the family business, Burnham and Morrill Company, of which he was an owner, officer, and director until his retirement as Chairman of the Board in 1961. He served two terms in the Maine State Senate, and was a member of various canning organizations in state and national offices and committees. Very active in community affairs, he was a director or trustee of Waynflete School, the Portland Savings Bank, Portland’s YMCA and Boys’ Club, and the Boys’ Club of America. During the last twenty years of his life, he was active in the preservation and restoration of Nelson’s Dockyard through his association with The Friends of English Harbour in Antigua, West Indies. He is survived by his wife, Norma Barton Morrill; a son, Frederick Hoeve Morrill; two daughters, Bonnie Elizabeth Fox and Sally Paterson Morrill; and five grandchildren.

'41 – Louis Frederick Geissler, Jr., died in a Huntington, Long Island hospital on October 22, 1980, after a long illness. He was born in Philadelphia on June 8, 1923, the son of Louis Frederick and Ida Greesly-Smith Geissler. Entering the School in 1936, in the Third Form, he distinguished himself as a very able athlete earning right guard positions on the Isthmian first and School football teams, and rowing in the No. 4 position on the Halcyon first crew. He went on to Princeton, graduating after a period of war service as a training officer with the U.S. Army. Shortly thereafter, he was employed by The Guaranty Trust Company of New York, remaining associated with that organization through its merger with the Morgan Bank until his retirement in 1970, as a first vice president. Then he became president of The House of the Holy Comforter Hospital, devoting the rest of his life to this work. He also served on the Planning Board of The Village of Laurel Hollow and won on the board of “Action for the Preservation of the North Shore of Long Island,” a conservation group. He is remembered as an immensely powerful person—both physically and mentally—who enjoyed nothing so much as the company of friends with whom he could match wits and wit. Surviving are his wife, Carolyn Shanks Geissler, whom he married in 1945; two sons, Frederick and Edwin N. Geissler ‘71; and a daughter, Elizabeth Geissler.

'42 – Bruce Allen MacDougall, a student in the School’s First and Second Forms, died in California. He went on to Westminster School in Connecticut and graduated from King’s Point Merchant Marine Academy. During World War II, he served as an engineering officer on cargo ships—an experience which included being torpedoed off the coast of Brazil, two days in a lifeboat and a month in Rio after his rescue. His business career focused on grocery store marketing, through an association with the Ted Bates Agency and his own food brokerage firm. He moved to California in the mid-1960’s and bought the California Food Mart News, a regional trade paper. He is survived by his wife, Marjorie Deegan MacDougall; two daughters, Lorne and Carolyn; a brother, Allan MacDougall ’37; and a nephew, Allan MacDougall III ’67.

'42 – Robert Minshall died December 22, 1980 in Hyannis, Massachusetts. He was fifty-six years old and a professor of German at Cape Cod Community College at the time of his death. Born in New York, the son of Robert and Kathryn Terhume Minshall, he entered St. Paul’s in 1938. Following graduation, he was enrolled at Princeton University and completed his modern language studies there with an academic distinction, Phi Beta Kappa and summa cum laude. He was a Woodrow Wilson Fellow in 1950 while a candidate for an MA degree. In 1952 he received a PhD from Princeton in oriental languages as a Proctor-Jacobus Fellow. The author of numerous articles for scholarly journals, he was an etymologist for the third edition of Webster’s Unabridged Dictionary, a foreign languages contributor to Bartlett’s Quotations, and linguistics consultant for Collier’s Encyclopedia. Before moving to Hyannis ten years ago, he had taught at Brown University, the University of Scranton, and Bucknell University. At the outbreak of World War II, he enlisted in the regular army and served in the Military Police. He was later recalled during the Korean conflict. An ardent collector of Indian artifacts, he enjoyed a lifetime summer association with Nantucket where he was known and respected not only for his academic achievements but for his wit and good humor. Surviving are two cousins, Alexander M. Craig and Mrs. S. C. Doran.

'53 – John Hastings Jephson, III died in Paris, France on July 18, 1980. He was born in New York on March 3, 1935, the son of John Hastings and Beatrice Dickinson Jephson. At St. Paul’s he was a participant in Old Hundred football and hockey and a member of the Shattuck Boat Club. His lifelong interest in language was evident...
FORMER FACULTY

Dr. John H. Branson (1939-1942), sixty-eight years old, died at his home in Concord in December after a long illness. He was resident School physician from 1939 to 1942 and then had a private practice in Concord from 1946 to 1965 during which he served as physician to many St. Paul's School faculty families. Born in Philadelphia, he attended school in New York. He was a 1933 graduate of Dartmouth College and a 1937 graduate of the Cornell University Medical College. A member and past president of the Merrimack County Medical Society and the Concord Hospital Medical Staff, he held numerous memberships and leading positions in various community and statewide organizations, including the New Hampshire Heart Association, the American Red Cross, and Concord Family Services. Surviving are a daughter, Mary Lee Henery; a son, John H. Branson III '67; and three grandchildren.

James Benjamin Drake (1934-1938), a teacher of modern languages, died on November 22, 1980, in Annapolis, Maryland. Born on September 8, 1908, in Bath, Maine, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Drake, he was a graduate of Phillips Academy, Bowdoin College, and Harvard University. Prior to his association with St. Paul's, he was a teaching fellow in French at Bowdoin. His teaching career continued, until his retirement in 1975, at St. James School in Maryland, and at the Allendale School and Eastridge High School in Rochester, New York. He was an enthusiastic spectator of sports, particularly soccer and track, which he coached or actively encouraged. Illness restricted this activity during his last years and his energies were divided between stamps, which he had collected since youth, and genealogy. Music was another lifelong interest; his fine bass voice contributed to church choirs in his hometowns and to the Rochester Oratorio Society. He is survived by his wife, the former Elizabeth Stockett Hill; two daughters, Mrs. Frances Stockett Iwasawa and Margaret H. Drake; a son, Harry W. H. Drake; a brother, William P. Drake; and several nieces and nephews.

Helen W. Lea, widow of Lorne Lea, a longtime member of the School's faculty, from 1923 to 1964, died in St. Petersburg, Florida on January 1, 1981. She was eighty years old. Born in Lancaster, Ohio, she moved to Florida several years ago from Concord. She was a retired school teacher and was active in various teacher's associations. She is survived by a son, Donald White of Florida, and three grandchildren.

Roy Street Taylor Carson (1929-1942) of Glen Sutton, Quebec, died in Richford, Vermont on March 26, 1980 at the age of seventy-one years. He served as Registrar during his thirteen-year association with the School's faculty. Born in Bathurst, New Brunswick, he attended Rothesay and King's College in Windsor, New Brunswick, and graduated with honors from Bishop's University in Lennoxville, Quebec. Following war service with the Canadian Army, he taught at Sir George Williams College (McGill) in Montreal and then was for many years associated with the Custom and Excise Department of the Canadian Government in Ottawa. In 1974, he and his wife, the former Daisy Schoolcraft Henderson, retired to what had been their summer home in Glen Sutton where for some time he was a consultant for area manufacturing firms. He is survived by his wife and stepson, Chad Robert Henderson; a sister, Rhoda Snell; and several nieces and nephews.

Robert P. T. Coffin, Jr. (1947-1967), a teacher of Latin and English, coach of several sports, and for ten years Director of Admissions, died in Kensington, New Hampshire on January 4, 1981. Surviving are his wife, June Miller Coffin, whom he married in 1945; three sons, Robert P. T. III, Geoffrey E., and Nathaniel C. Coffin; two daughters, Alison D. and Suzanne P. Coffin; a sister, Mrs. Vernon Wescott; a brother, Richard N. Coffin; and two grandchildren. (See page 34.)
SPS Chairs, Record, etc.

The School Chair, black with cherry arms, and carrying the School shield in gold, may be ordered from the School Store at $99.00. The School Rocker, all black, with the School shield, is priced at $88. Both prices are f.o.b. Concord and are subject to change without notice.

Chairs are shipped collect from Concord. If ordered as a gift, a chair will be shipped prepaid, and the purchaser billed.

The following items may also be purchased (shipping extra) from the School Store:—Glasses (high-ball or old fashioned) with the School shield, for $18.00 per half-dozen, shipped express collect (or prepaid and billed);

—SPS ties, four-in-hand, silk, $14.50; bow, with pointed or square tip, $6.50;

—Blazer shields, $3.50;

Halcyon and Shattuck ties are available to those eligible to wear them, at $6.50.

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 released for the School's 125th Anniversary.


Proceeds from record sales will benefit the Missionary Society’s fund raising efforts. The new record may be obtained by sending $6.00 (checks payable to St. Paul’s School) to: School Store, St. Paul’s School, Concord, New Hampshire 03301.
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