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

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<td><strong>1981</strong></td>
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<td><em>September 14, Monday</em></td>
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<td><em>126th Session begins.</em></td>
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<td><em>October 2-3, Friday-Saturday</em></td>
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<td><em>November 25-30, 6:30 a.m. Wednesday to 6 p.m. Monday</em></td>
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<td><em>December 16, Wednesday</em></td>
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<td><em>Autumn Term closes.</em></td>
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| **1982**                    |
| *January 7, Thursday*       |
| *Winter Term opens.*        |
| *March 10, Wednesday*       |
| *Winter Term closes.*       |
| *April 1, Thursday*         |
| *Spring Term opens.*        |
| *May 28-30, Friday ev'g through Sunday noon* |
| *126th Anniversary*         |
| *May 30, Sunday at 2 p.m.*  |
| *Graduation of Sixth Form of 1982* |
| *June 4, Friday*            |
| *Spring Term closes.*       |
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The Cover: Ripley Greppin '83 joins in the singing of a hymn during the special Chapel Service on April 3, 1981 marking the 125th Anniversary of the School's founding on that same date in 1856.


Design: Joanna P. Drummond
The Rector's Letter

Dear Alumni & Alumnae

"Have you had a good year?"
This simple question, seemingly innocuous in meaning, comes sailing through the air every now and then in the course of Anniversary and Graduation weekend. The questioner and I are usually standing on some very busy real estate: the grass near Memorial Hall, during the coffee break of the Morning Symposium, with hundreds of visiting alumni and their wives (now occasionally a husband) as well as parents of graduating sixth formers, students, faculty and their spouses. All swirling about. Or it is the shore of Turkey Pond, and a race has just ended, with one boating club in happy pandemonium. Indeed, it can be almost any place during this busy and joyous weekend.

With so much vitality everywhere, so much evidence of accomplishment and satisfaction, so many speaking so happily of so much, with indications of an achieving school so widespread as to be almost deafening—what possible answer is there but, Yes, of course, a wonderful year.

"Have you had a good year?" But, yes. Of course. How could you even ask?

But there is a complication here. This simple question is not totally simple.

While this straightforward query is being stated, a bit of skepticism is showing on the face of the questioner. At the edges of the eyes; in a slight turn of the upper lip; sometimes, a countenance clouded in doubt. The questioner seems to be thinking: "I know you are going to answer: Oh, yes, a wonderful year. But come on, now. You have had some problems, haven't you? Let's be forthcoming, fully."

How to answer?

Particularly, in the crowded moments of the weekend, when others are waiting to say hello. Some, impatiently.

Yet here is a major question of trust and confidence.

I say, slowly and clearly, hoping I am understood: "Everything that we expected has hap-
pened. Much of what we had hoped for, has happened. Some of what we anticipated might happen, has happened. But not everything. So, to sum up: Yes, it has been a wonderfully fine year."

Everything that we expected? The School has been busy and very hardworking. Again this year approximately sixty-two percent of the grades given for classwork and examinations have been Honors or High Honors. Undefeated athletic seasons, or league championships, were achieved in boys' soccer, ice hockey, and lacrosse. The girls' first eight won the Worcester Regatta, establishing a new record, seven seconds better than the best previous time by a girls' crew. Debaters again dominated the New England schools participating in major tournaments, prevailing over large and small schools equally. Plays and concerts and dances and special programs filled weekend hours with pleasant activities that often were welcome opportunities for individual and group performance.

Everything that we expected? Yes, a busy, achieving School, happy and fully engaged.

Much of what we had hoped for, has happened?
Fifty-two percent of the Form of 1981 graduated with honors, seventeen having achieved diplomas with highest distinction, that is, summa cum laude. By far, this is the most distinguished academic record of a St. Paul’s graduating form. Many students, supported by faculty and student friends, found through earnest striving more satisfying understandings of themselves and their opportunities and talents, consolidating positions of acceptance and appreciation at levels of strength and maturity beyond what we could reasonably have thought possible. Individual achievements in the visual arts, in dance and music and drama, have brought personal satisfactions and widespread admiration to many.

Yes, there has been tremendous accomplishment this year. Far beyond what we could reasonably have planned for. Much of what we had hoped for has happened....

Some of what we anticipated might happen, has happened. What in the world did you anticipate, rather than expect or hope for? The questioner wanting to know whether we have had a good year has tranquility in mind. Have you had a tranquil year? Have you had a year without “problems”? We do not expect tranquility. St. Paul's School is a learning, developing, changing community. Students and faculty and spouses are all engaged in learning and teaching. Though age and experience and hopes and expectations vary greatly, individuals in the St. Paul's community confront change and experience growth, each day, in areas of significant human concern. Understanding one's self. Understanding one's world, and acceptance of it. Tolerance, and finally acceptance, of personal disappointments and frustrations, of hopes dashed. (Momentarily? Candid analysis says: forever. The heart responds: no, perhaps tomorrow...) And there is happiness, too, substantial achievement. A few triumphs. Personal satisfactions are increasing.

The journey toward maturity cannot be tranquil. It requires risk and testing as well as analysis and consolidation. We anticipate that there will be situations each year that disappoint individuals as well as the School. Personal decisions, reached with hope and expectation, sometimes lead to frustration and unhappiness. Such is the process of learning, particularly in adolescent years.

“Have you had a good year?” We have indeed had a full year. There have been many satisfying accomplishments and satisfying personal developments. Our many expectations have been fulfilled. So many hoped for things have been achieved. Some, but not all, of the things we anticipated have taken place.

“Have you had a good year?” Yes. Of course. A wonderful year.

* * * *

Alumni and alumnae: thank you once again for your continuing support for the School and for me. I am most grateful to each of you.

Sincerely,

June 13, 1981
When not faced with stacks of accumulated student essays to read and comment upon, English teachers are an enviable lot; not only does the profession afford time to reconsider well-loved books, but also opportunity to introduce and discuss them with bright young people. One such perennial favorite for me is Henry David Thoreau's *Walden*. I never tire playing agent for Thoreau's philosophy, for although his prose style may be somewhat florid for modern student tastes, and although his allusions may assume a classical educational background few of us now display, his ideas remain both fresh and provocative.

Inevitably, the closing class discussions engender debate whether or not Thoreau's experience at Walden Pond was a failure, the contention that it was arising from Thoreau's abandoning "maintaining body heat" in his rude, pond-side shack after but two years. I counter with the observation that Thoreau had never intended to spend his entire life at Walden, that the experience served as an agent, as a vehicle, transporting him the rare opportunity to examine and to define life in general and then to direct his own life in particular in accordance with those definitions. I finally suggest that in many ways St. Paul's School serves each student as a "Walden," an agent of both time and educational resource to accomplish successfully just what Thoreau managed.

Agents for learning and living at St. Paul's School certainly are not restricted to the school or to its teachers, nor do only students learn. Two English springer spaniels have served me well as the agents of a great deal of joyous observation here this spring in our daily walks on the Collier Path encircling the Lower School Pond. Spring came early to Millville, and returning from the March break, the dogs and I found no snow and but a bit of black, honeycombed ice left in the "Gulf of Mexico" area of the club hockey rinks.

I am always surprised that our School, situated in the state capital and surrounded by elegant old Colonial farms which have mostly lost their battle with tenaciously creeping suburbia, seems just at the edge of the wilds. St. Paul's School is truly Waldenesque—not the despoiled pond E. B. White describes with its discarded bathing trunks undulating in the shallows and its general picnicker's trash, but an idyllic spot, lovingly preserved for one hundred and twenty-five years. Thus, among others, two families of beavers are quite comfortable here.

I first saw the beavers at St. Paul's School last autumn just before freeze-up when returning from dinner in the dim evening light of late October. From the bridge on The Long Walk, I watched the VanderWolk's golden retriever swimming full-tilt in wide cir-
cles after a young beaver there below in the freezing water. Both were enjoying the chase immensely, the beaver whacking his broad tail on the surface with a resounding “ka-fwhop!” whenever the dog gained on him. This spring the beavers crept out early, climbing ashore where the ice had receded a couple of feet near the New Chapel to chew on an oak they had felled in the late fall, the preferred poplar and birch trees long since exhausted. I remember I had thought it a pity the oak had gone, but this spring the beavers cleaned up the branches and bark, and when the sun grew warm, a line of small painted turtles adopted it as a favored sunning ramp, as they have the other beaver logs in the pond: a use for everything and really no pity at all, although the School’s grounds crew and the School coffers may tire of feeding choice hardwoods to the beavers.

My springers were very interested in the beavers, although Thistle, the pup, sniffing late one night along the shore near the Community Center, took fright and flight when a “ka-fwhop” sent her springing into the air and straightened every hair on her back. There are two inlets on the north-eastern side of the pond which have small culverts running beneath Collier Path. The beavers dammed both of those up every night this spring, the grounds crew troop ing out every second day or so to haul aside the construction debris and drain the growing new ponds. The water was usually well over the path, so joggers and dogs and dogwalkers were drying feet all spring.

A pileated woodpecker took his toll on another tree along the path, carving holes about head high and scattering great chips of wood. I wondered whether any of the students had seen his work... until I heard a group of boys returning from the Lower Boat Docks singing the Woody Woodpecker Theme as they passed the tree. They were returning for eighth period after lacrosse practice and the obligatory swim on a hot afternoon, their song a modern counterpart to Thoreau’s classical allusions.

A pair each of mallards and wood ducks took up nesting residence on the pond. It is difficult to imagine a bird so brilliantly colored as the male wood duck, but perhaps he feels a kindred spirit with the sartorial elegance displayed in the Upper Dining Room these spring evenings, when that venerable hall borrows the hues of the Greenwich Country Club...

The heron has returned. One spring morning he lifted off the water beside the beaver lodge below the chutes. I like to believe he is the same magnificent Great Blue who spent the fall with us recuperating from a wing wound. He resided just below the dam at Sheldon Library, affording his audience on the bridge a daily performance of deftly snapping sunfish from the froth and foam beneath the falls. He is an SPS graduate, back a bit early for Anniversary, but welcome indeed.

The Chapel tower dominates the view wherever the School is visible from various points around the Lower Pond; it is a pleasant view and suggests the sure pervasion into all of School life which the cohesiveness that Chapel gatherings provide our community. The carillon bells float across the water on spring evenings, the distance—much as Thoreau noted of those other Concord bells two miles from Walden Pond—sweetening their melodies with the perspective nature offers, like Scottish bagpipes across rolling ridges of purple heather. And we had bagpipes at Anniversary... and they were braw!

In fact, music at St. Paul’s has been exquisite this spring: T. Page Owen ’81, carillonneur high in the tower spreading Bach, Beethoven, familiar hymns, and other delights he himself had composed for the bells... Morning Chapel Services with organist
James Wood’s inspiring and seemingly infinite repertoire, gathering admiring students about the console with a flamboyant and flawless Widor Toccata on April 20, and again with a selection for pedals alone on May 29... a spectacular Applied Music Concert by Alan Murchie ’81 on May 25, with selections from Schumann, Beethoven, Debussy, and Mendelssohn that any concert-goer would have found profoundly moving. Dazzled then, I found myself musing that for all my nature worship this spring, man has developed himself and his civilization amazingly, and if St. Paul’s has dedicated itself to excellence, surely this performance truly celebrates what the School means by that goal.

Not all spring life at St. Paul’s is Walden serenity, and if ever there were a weekend typical in its demonstration that there are no weekends for faculty when School is in session, it was the first weekend in May.

I had just turned out my reading light at midnight on Friday, dropping a half-read student essay on Crime and Punishment reluctantly, guilty in the realization that it was already a week old and as yet unread (it and its fellows would wait yet another), when my telephone rang. Middle-of-the-night calls are always worrisome, and I stumbled into my dresser in anxious haste to reach the phone.

“Mr. Clunie? It’s John Pryor (SPS ’80). Did I awaken you?”

“No, John, I had just this moment turned out the light. How are you? It’s good to hear from you... at any hour!”

“Mr. Clunie, I’m calling with a strange request. I’m joining a fraternity at Dartmouth, and a few of the brothers kidnapped me and another pledge and dropped us somewhere off in the sticks in northern New Hampshire. I know it’s late, but could you drive up for us? We’re at the junction of routes 25 and 16...” It was cold and raining, and John had been an especially good student friend... .

“John, hold on until I turn on the lights and find where you are on my atlas.” We pulled back into School at 3:30, made up the extra bed in my living room, and turned in. I had a first period class the next morning, after which I would run the boys back up to Hanover, returning in time to help Cliff Gillespie coach the SPS lacrosse team (undefeated Northern Division Champions for the past two years) in its game at 2:00. Then Saturday evening dormitory duty after dinner until midnight.

The dogs hopped onto my bed at eight on Sunday morning, their biological clocks and the warm sun advising them that it was time for their morning romp around the Lower School Pond. Tree leaves had magically appeared overnight, drawn forth with the early morning warmth, unnoticed until this morning. I recalled Frost’s lines, from “Nothing Gold Can Stay:” “Nature’s first green is gold, Her hardest hue to hold. Her early leaf’s a flower; But only so an hour. Then leaf subsides to leaf.” How true Frost’s observations had been... and the youth around us vibrant in their own golden, halcyon days.
Fiddleheads, the Stradivarius unfolding of common ferns, presaged the afternoon's Keiser Music Competition in the new Music Building. I hurried the dogs along home to Nash to bake an apple pie for the tea I had promised Marc Ducnuigeen's family, who were coming to hear their fourth former play Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata. The cinnamon and apple aroma filled the Sunday morning dormitory, teasing awakening Nash boys aroused by the Old Chapel bell just across the lawn. Marc came by, his morning having already seen him up at the head of the Lower Pond and The Cascades competing with a friend and the heron for the lean pickerel and bass, and then for a time shut up in a Music Building practice room—one last swipe at the Beethoven.

"My God, Mr. Clunie," he said. "I went into the Music Building this morning to use the big Steinway, and I thought Mr. Wood had put a tape of piano music on the stereo: great sweeping runs—incredible. I propped open the door to listen and found that it was Alan Murchie practicing his competition piece. I couldn't believe it! I haven't got a chance." He was depressed, that added to his chagrin at having come to my apartment the previous afternoon, confidently to play the piece through for me on my piano—only to have "blown" it miserably—and to have me insensitively offer him a few pointless suggestions about certain passages, remembering how Richter had played them once with effect...I stopped, recognizing with Marc that worrying about trickles when the dam had broken was futile.

I changed the subject to fishing, and he went away cheered and far more relaxed.

Mrs. Ducnuigeen and brother Jan arrived with Marc for tea at two, Marc's buoyed spirits having sunken again. But a piece of pie and the warmth of his family dredged him up again, and we all headed over to the competition. Alas, Marc had drawn the sixteenth spot on the program, a long time to wait and for spirits to sink.

The performances were spectacular. I had carted the set of Crime and Punishment essays along, expecting to sit in a corner of the balcony and read while listening, but I tucked them beneath my chair and was swept into the spectacle. Such unbelievable talent and accomplishment, such ambitious displaying of it: three original works composed for the occasion, one jazz and two classical; Stephen Ruscus '82 playing the Bruch G Minor Violin Concerto, terrifying difficult, but managed with assurance and moments of lyric magic; Elizabeth Chang '84 handling the Beethoven Second Piano Concerto with flawless assurance, the orchestra support played by her sister Jane '82 on a second piano; a breathtaking version of demanding Schumann by Alan Murchie '81; and on, and on, until finally Marc Ducnuigeen's Waldstein, crisp, with more control of the new Steinway in the Music Building setting than others had managed. And the prize was his.

St. Paul's continued its celebration of one hundred and twenty-five years this spring, particularly on April 3, the actual anniversary of the School's founding. The Rector and Mrs. Oates reenacted the horse-and-buggy arrival in Millville of the first Rector, Dr. Henry Augustus Coit, his wife, two students, and a dog. My spaniels were miffed when Mr. Oates decided that 125 years had obviated the necessity for a dog on this trip, but Toby Howarth and Liz Breckenridge, President and Vice President of the Sixth Form, enjoyed their ride. Mr. Oates expressed relief that the horse had behaved himself, and the School gathered in the Upper for a special birthday meal, complete with a cake weighing 180 pounds.

A more serious celebration occurred on the first and second days of May, when St. Paul's was host to about 250 visiting scholars and teachers for a symposium on "Schooling in America," a discussion initiated by the School early in 1979 with Daedalus editor, Stephen Graubard, and The...
American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Three distinguished scholars, Professors Sara Lightfoot and Robert Coles, both of Harvard University, and Professor Philip Jackson of the University of Chicago, particularly in the Friday afternoon session, were magnificent and inspiring. The final papers of the study's participants will appear in an edition of Daedalus later this year. The occasion seemed a fitting celebration for an academic institution dedicated to academic excellence.

And, of course, there was more, much more, for the life of St. Paul's School is nothing if not very, very full; but Anniversary approached all too rapidly for many sixth formers who, prodded by nature's spring warmth, grew nostalgic at odd moments about their interlude here in this idyllic Walden of their youth. But a glorious Anniversary: boat races, performances of drama, music and dance, reunions, prizes, the Chapel Service, the Rector's conspiracy to exclude the dogs from Graduation, the ultimate scrap of paper, the applause, the handshaking... and all was over (except final examination for underformers).

Thoreau's words come flooding back. When he had first gone to Walden Pond, he noted, "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived." He concluded, saying, "I left the woods for as good a reason as I went there. Perhaps it seemed to me that I had several more lives to live, and could not spare any more time for that one." As we who remain at St. Paul's tread the familiar, beaten pathways—including my own habitual one around the Lower School Pond with Innse and Thistle, my two springers—we wish the departed Form of 1981 Godspeed on their new paths to those "several more lives to live." We also anticipate with pleasure their return to Millville to visit old friends.
Spring Sports

M. R. Blake

Spring term athletics, in general, were very successful. Cliff Gillespie's boys lacrosse team went undefeated for the second season in a row and again earned the title as Class A New England Prep School Champions. Five members of the squad (Peter Adamson '81, Porter Gifford '82, Scott Heitmiller '81, Ben Scully '82, and Carl Weatherly-White '81) won All-New England recognition, and Weatherly-White was named to the All-American Prep Lacrosse Team.

The SPS girls crew lost only their opener to Radcliffe, and then defeated Andover, Exeter, and Northfield-Mount Hermon on the way to a decisive regatta victory at Worcester, shaving nine seconds off the course record. The boys finished a strong second to an older, heavier Kent crew at Worcester. Both boats broke the standing time in that event. During the regular season, the boys set another mark while defeating Exeter in the Academy's Bicentennial celebration.

SPS boys tennis finished the season with a strong 9–2 record, good enough for second place in the Independent School League. Boys and girls track had the largest number of team members in recent years. Catherine Murray '82 established a new girls' School record in the high jump of 5' 1½".

Anniversary 1981 was a Halcyon Day! The occasion marked the 109th Annual Boat Races and the 23rd year of rowing on the Turkey Pond course. The Halcyons won the majority of races, including the first boys and girls events. So, the Halcyon banner was raised and oars presented at the traditional afternoon Flagpole Ceremony.

SPS lacrosse at practice with Cliff Gillespie

Spring Sports Review

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An Election and Faculty Appointments

June brought some very pleasant news to Millville: the announcement that the Rector, William A. Oates, had been elected to the Harvard University Board of Overseers for a six-year term. Since 1976, he has been a member of the Overseers’ visiting committee to the Graduate School of Education and before that, to 1970, he served with a similar group visiting Harvard and Radcliffe Colleges.

During the spring term, the Rector made several appointments, to become effective September 1st. Two new faculty chairs have been filled: Clifford J. Gillespie, the new head of the science department, will become the Frederic C. Hamilton Master in Energy and Resource Studies; and Walter N. Hawley, the Charles W. Engelhard (SPS ’35) Master in Science. The chairs were established through the generosity of the Hamilton and Engelhard families to The Fund for SPS, the successful capital campaign for endowment.

In a new development, Dennis F. Doucette, the former head of the science department, will take on fresh responsibilities as computer science coordinator. His task will be to cultivate interest and awareness of computers in the School’s programs, to bolster and refine existing computer science courses, and introduce the use of computers to the offerings of all academic departments.

College Admissions

The Form of 1981, one of the School’s strongest forms academically (52% graduated with honors, including 17 summa cum laude), fared very well in the annual college admission competition. Ivy League institutions led the way! Eighteen members of the Form will go on to Harvard, 14 to Princeton, 13 to Yale, and 6 each to Dartmouth, Duke, and Trinity. Ten students were named National Merit finalists, one received a Morehead Scholarship at the University of North Carolina, and another was appointed to West Point, the first SPS alumna to be so honored! Three Fifth Formers elected early graduation this year—each plans to spend the coming year outside the traditional academic setting. One will study and work in France, another will do the same in Spain, and the third will be engaged in ballet instruction at New York’s Joffrey School.
Daedalus Symposium

“Schooling in America” was the subject of a daylong symposium held on May 1st at the School. The event, another in a series of special 125th Anniversary activities, was attended by over 250 representatives of New England schools and colleges.

The presentations focused on two topics, “America’s Schools: Too Much Conformity, Too Little Diversity” and “Toward Definition of a Good School.” Panelists were Prof. Myron S. Atkin of Stanford University; Alonzo A. Crim, Superintendent of the Atlanta Public Schools; Prof. Philip W. Jackson of the University of Chicago; and Profs. Sara L. Lightfoot, Robert Coles, and Dr. Robert C. Wood, all of Harvard University. Prof. Stephen R. Graubard of Brown University and editor of Daedalus, the journal of The American Academy of Arts and Sciences, served as moderator.

The St. Paul’s School-Daedalus project, initiated two years ago, resulted in a continuing seminar exploring such questions as: “Do we, as a society, have the schools we deserve? Ought we to be seeking other kinds of schools? What kinds of others? Are we likely to make the effort to change what is, in so many respects, already so firmly established? Can we be sufficiently self-critical to achieve wholly new objectives?”

Studies of three distinct secondary schooling situations were undertaken by the symposium speakers. The institutions were: Chicago’s Highland Park High School, the George Washington Carver Comprehensive High School in Atlanta, and St. Paul’s School. Papers prepared as a result of these studies will be incorporated in the fall 1981 issue of Daedalus.

Regional, International News

Thirty of the School’s Regional Chairmen, from all parts of the country, came back to SPS for an early spring weekend to confer with the Rector and to see the School in action. Long helpful in the admission of new students and organizing events for area alumni and visiting School representatives, the group went away better informed and aware of how they can be even more helpful to prospective students and their families, to SPS graduates studying at area colleges, and to alumni and friends in their communities.

About that same time, halfway around the world, in Tokyo, a special reunion dinner was held for SPS alumni at the home of Minoru and Kiko Makihara. The dozen or so individuals present ranged from a visiting Hooker Talcott, Jr. ’50, a formmate of “Ben” Makihara, to Motoko Mary Ohkawa who will soon enroll as a member of the School’s Form of 1985.

For several years now, periodic gatherings of SPS alumni have occurred in England and France. And now, in Japan. The Regional Chairmen are becoming ever more effective, and surely the widely scattered SPS family is the better for it all!

Spring Term Visitors

Adding in significant ways to the life of the School this spring term were numerous distinguished visiting scholars, artists, and musicians. As an illustration, a roster for the month of April follows.

April 5, Robert Tumarkin, pianist, Keiser Concert Series • April 6, Len Hill, ornithologist who spoke on the birds of Antarctica, Birckhead Lecture • April 12–13, Marylou Speaker, principal second violin of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dickey Visitor to the music department • April 13, Terry Orr and Maryanna Tcherkassky, ballet master and ballerina of the American Ballet Theatre, gave a lecture-demonstration and performance • April 18, Opening of Alumni Art Exhibition, featuring the works of Jim Bengston ’60, Bruce Carter ’66, Guy Nouri ’70, Herbert Parsons ’55, Reeve Schley ’54, and Joseph Wheelwright ’66 • April 20, Dr. Eric Chaissin, specialist in radio astronomy, Harvard College Observatory, spoke on “Deep Sky Research,” Birckhead Lecture • April 20–24, Michael J. Arlen ’48, magazine editor • April 22, Prof. G. Karl Galinsky of the University of Texas at Austin, Dickey Visitor to the classics department.
The Flight of the Quawk

After the blue door, a hallway, then the living room—and what a life is there: juke boxes, paintings, toy cars, color abounding. The curvilinear intricacies of cast-iron rococo that once supported hotwater tanks now complement plexiglass boxes enclosing assemblages of faceted mirrors, cut-out birds, posters and billboards. This is the domain of Bill Abbé, who this June retires after three decades of service to St. Paul's.

Both as an artist and as a teacher, Bill has contributed a special élan to the life of the School. The nearly daily commentaries on life in Millville posted in the corridor of the Dining Rooms under the heading Day by Day by Abbé amused both students and faculty with pertinent, inventive drawings and designs based on particular or serial events in the School, offset occasionally by a mere flower, a blue sky, and the joyful caption, "Oh, what a beautiful day!" His inimitable character showed itself in other ways as well: a dragon rising from the mists of the Lower School Pond or two intersected pandas lolling on the Flagpole lawn. Actively committed to the theater on both sides of the curtain, Abbé provided designs for the Dramatic Club and Master Players productions that sparkled with crisp brightness and wit. He made the School visible both in his illustrated maps and in the now treasured linoleum cuts he executed for the annual Broadside as well as in the Christmas cards that were
his own special offering. Whatever he touched, he brought to it his unique style of celebratory fun, so that we are touched by something recalled from childhood, an event out of the past deeper than the transitory moment of laughter. This being deeper than what appears on the surface is what has made Abbé's teaching significant.

Based on his experience and his training from school years at Avon Old Farms to his later work at the Yale Art School, Columbia, and the Art Students League, Bill's love of craft and his devotion to his skills as a draftsman and colorist have remained constant. What pains him more than anything else is a student's carelessness in technique or unwillingness to accept the mystery and magic of the effects of color. It is against his grain to carry a grudge or to ride herd on students; his respect for the individual is too high. His army years during World War II gave him no regard for the whip. He taught by example, by committing his work to public view in *Day by Day* and in numerous other ways, including his forays into the flea markets of New Hampshire, for which those who had already caught the collecting fever were welcome and novices were never turned away. Bill believes in travel, in collecting, in admiring the things of this world, and his open delight in them was an effective and infectious teaching agent, going well beyond the studio or classroom. Driving his ancient Franklin or his 1954 Corvette or the latest model of the “quawk”-mobile, Bill provided a novel approach to the presidency of the Shattuck Boat Club, and his love of the new in the old helped to resurrect the Shattuck barge.

Every vacation has given life to Bill's peripatetic nature. Morocco, Portugal, Andorra, France, Greece, India, the Caribbean, Peru, the whole world—wherever he has gone, he has worked, to return with watercolors, oils and collages and a wealth of stories. With Bill, it seems that if anything is likely to happen, it will. From these experiences, he has found that which makes others enjoy. For those of us who have known Bill, his departure will be irreplaceable. A special time and a special style go with him. As Alexander Calder said, “Most people see the surface that's funny, but there's a lot that goes on...” We shall miss him, rejoicing in the knowledge that somewhere at this world's outposts, perhaps as close as Martha's Vineyard, Abbé will find still more subjects for his visual wit.

— Thomas R. Barrett
Jay Manley Retires

The setting is Graduation. All eyes are on the graduating students as they walk up to receive their diplomas and Books of Chapel Prayers. Each boy and girl receives his or her own individual parchment. Then come the prize-winner, each receiving a medal, scroll or books. Graduates, parents, faculty, friends, all are beaming. Such a happy moment in a magnificent ceremony: the caps and gowns, the white dresses, the radiant faces, all against the backdrop of the pond, the trees, the bright sky. Has anybody given a thought to the amount of planning that went into this wonderful day? Does anyone notice the School Librarian, pacing nervously behind the podium, double-checking names, matching prizes and recipients, sometimes fighting against the wind or the drizzle to protect his awards from the elements, always ensuring that Mary Jones will not inadvertently receive Peter Brown's diploma?

For eighteen years now, Jay Manley has served as the silent, unobtrusive Master of Ceremonies on that memorable day. And for these same eighteen years Jay has been running Sheldon Library with the same meticulous, quiet and cheerful efficiency. When he came to the School in January 1963, the librarian, assisted by one secretary, staffed the building forty-five hours per week. Today, a staff of four professionals operates over seventy-two hours weekly. Circulation of books, magazines and other materials has increased by over 150 percent. More than forty-five percent of the books on the Sheldon Library shelves were acquired during Jay Manley's tenure. All of which shows how much Jay's careful and constant management has influenced the growth of this important educational resource.

However, the figures above do not convey the tone and essence of Jay Manley's directorship of Sheldon Library. This is best revealed by the building's popularity with students. Bookworms flock to it, researchers consider it the choice spot
for preparing term papers, browsers devour its magazines, and socializers enjoy its relaxed comfort. How to keep it quiet enough for the studious while allowing friends to enjoy a pleasant conversation, or even an occasional uproarious laugh? With a careful blend of tolerance and occasional feigned impatience, dispensed with an authoritative "Shhhh . . .!", Jay has achieved the impossible task of pleasing everyone.

Students and faculty in an educational institution take it for granted that the library’s function is to provide each and everyone of them with a needed item of information precisely when it is needed. Service is expected! No one has ever been disappointed on that score at Sheldon. No matter how exotic or urgent the request, Mr. Manley and his staff rise to the occasion. More than once I have called them up, thinking “This time, I’m expecting too much! How can they possibly provide me with a facsimile of page 43 of the original edition of Les Fleurs du Mal, or a copy of Le Clézio’s latest novel (just published in Paris six weeks ago)?” But the request was always filled, courteously and promptly.

Unheralded service behind the scenes—or should I say behind the stacks—is the mark of the devoted librarian. Few at Millville know how far Jay Manley’s quiet contributions extend beyond the School. In addition to his active participation in the American Library Association and his work at the Maria Mitchell Science Library on Nantucket, Jay Manley has for the past ten years been president of the Board of Trustees of the Zion Research Foundation, an organization which supports biblical research in the Near East and sponsors a series of lectures on the campuses of various universities.

Jay’s love of books is equalled only by his love of islands and his enthusiasm for architecture. For many years he has been remodelling his house on Nantucket, and recently he added a winter home in Key West to his collection. Thus, with the best of two worlds, Jay will be spending the years ahead in Massachusetts and Florida, and occasionally indulge in a favorite hobby: visiting Caribbean and European islands. We wish him many years of sunny weather, relaxation and happy memories of colleagues grateful for a job well done.

— André Hurtgen
Coming of Age in Brittany

George A. Whiteside III '81

The train heaved and then was rolling out of the station. Sultry summer mid-morning; in Brittany, August mornings are sultry and humid. I leaned out, bathed my face one last time in that dripping air. My French mother and father stood together waving on the platform. The train creaked away, and I waved back with the little French flag they had given me to remember them by. I waved the little flag proudly, flaunted it because I was part French. I am part French. No French blood pumps in my veins; rather, I am one-seventeenth French because I spent last year living in France.

It was a good year. Now, because I feel highly privileged to have had such an experience, because I glimpsed a bit of the world and learned a trick or two about life outside America, I feel an intense yearning to share my year in France.

School Year Abroad is the brainchild of three New England schools: Phillips Academy at Andover, Phillips Exeter, and St. Paul's School. The program operates in both Spain and France. It attracts high schoolers from all over America, entails applications and a tuition. School Year Abroad provides a school stocked with native teachers for its young Americans and assigns each student to a native host family, for nine months of domestic harmony or havoc. School Year Abroad is school, but its classroom is the European family. Thus, I gleaned much about life and humans from my family experiences as I passed nine months, not devoid of peril, down in the churning vortex of French domestic life.

Two years ago I was younger, a fourth former, and only half-serious about stepping out of my splendid life at St. Paul's School and subjugating...
myself to the rigors and language of a faraway country. I had begun to apply to School Year Abroad, or SYA, but my initial enthusiasm was waning. I feared that I would miss out, fall behind my peers, drift apart from dear acquaintances, miss my mother. What about colleges? That thought loomed. Of course I was fretting over ephemeral concerns. Nevertheless I saw no point in renouncing the satisfactory life at St. Paul’s for a life I knew nothing about.

But there was a point: you can never understand a book if you know only one of its chapters. So it is with people. You can never understand human nature if you know only the nature of Americans.

The idea is to come to understand two chapters of the book. The idea is to come to know two kinds of humans, two races, two nations. Then three. This attempt to know as much of the book—or as much of the human race—as is possible in one lifetime is the seeking of wisdom. You, kind reader—whether you are a scholar, or an artist, or an athlete, a pedant or layman or pudit—you are, in the long run, seeking to fill the prism of your soul with the multicolored beam of wisdom.

Now, this is rather lofty language. I mean to say that, in going to France with the SYA program, I wanted to become wise. I will not tell whether I did or not. But I will tell about my life in the city of Rennes, in the north of the country.

I arrived in France by night-ferry boat from England. It was my first contact with this dripping, godforsaken part of the earth. I was chilled, to the marrow, and alone and hungry, was staggering with three suitcases: my belongings for the year. My trepidation to speak French with someone numbed worse than the midnight fog over Dunkerque. When a conciliatory ship’s officer, with the customary French inclination to alacrity, asked the old lady near me, “Vous avez froid?” I required several searching minutes to remember that I had heard this phrase once in my beginning French class: “Vous avez froid?” Ah yes. “Are you cold?”

Three days after this, I was living in a French family. They were overweight, the house was big, and the car was a Renault. There were two younger children, a small sausage-like dog, and many excruciatingly silly smiles. The first days were painful; I cringe even now at their recollection. I recall the inescapable meals, where for no less than half an hour I had to talk French. Often it was like trying to cram paste through a funnel.

It was not encouraging to have a French sister of eleven who would snicker evilly at most of my grammar mistakes. Nor did it harden my yolky ego to find that, when I had at last gotten out, in good French, a bogglingly complex sentence, often no one at the table heard me or feigned interest in the strange babblings. Stony silence was the only reaction my painful efforts could sometimes fetch. Nor could it have been interesting, really, for my family to converse with me: my speaking level must have been that of a seven-year-old, or of an utter moron.

This continued for three months, that is, twelve weeks of gunmetal-gray rain. Clouds moved surreally, like swollen brainlobes across a dead sky. Often the people of Rennes do not see the sun from October to March. Hard work at school maintained me, for this was not all a vacation. I dwindled away hours in smoky cafes, exercising my French with some French friends, vainly trying to express the ideas that used to come so easily in English. Life was fascination, sure, and learning and experience. I had not accounted for frustration and the dismal city. Life was also drudgery.

Then the magic happened. I mean that I could now talk with my French family. I could pour forth the words with which I had been struggling to win their affection. To laugh with them thrilled me, at first. I felt honored to share in their petty concerns now, even to offer a bit of my American sympathy. It felt good to be part of a family.
And so the blunders followed, like the time I gave my French mother (I called her “Maman”) my laundry—with a pair of red socks in it—to wash. When the load came out of the machine, everything was pink. My French father (“Papa”) had pink undershirts to wear to work and we giggled about him, calling him “the man in rose.”

I cannot forget how *sympathique*—what “good sports”—my French parents were. They understood errant youth. When I went to Paris to gambol for five days with visiting American friends (while my school, of course, was still in session), Maman and Papa called in to the school secretary that I was taken with fever. I will flatter myself now: I am as devoted to my French parents as they are to me.

One day when I am an old man, I will recount my adventures, conjure up the fine memories, tell of the gaffes I made. These are experiences—born down in the churning vortex of family life in France—which I will not lose, cannot forget. My French family are people to whom I am glued for life, people of whose existence I once was, and could always have been, quite ignorant. There was anguish: I talked of that. And none of it do I regret.

I may brag: as the French idiom says, “my ankles may swell up.” I may brag that I learned a great deal during my SYA year. I studied French literature, language and idiom, even studied Calculus, but this was not all I learned. I learned not only to appreciate the daintier white wines, or the robust clarets, but also to order from a menu without bungling the words, that is, without revealing that I was not French. I learned, I think, a bit about people’s ways, the why and how. I had glimpses into stereotypes.

Stereotypes exist because, oh yes, really, there is some truth to them. And yet many are erroneous—they need to be plucked from the rest and dispelled. All peoples, all nations harbor fundamental stereotypes. The French ones endlessly intrigued me.

In France, one can obtain a ready-made image of Americans. Americans are individuals, carefree and gregarious, unencumbered by the demands of society. The typical American is young and fueled by vigor; he works furiously the week long, then
inhabits throbbing discotheques on weekends. He chews bubble gum and owns a fine pair of dungarees. American life is hard and fast and never ebbs. There is some truth to this common image.

There are, however, those Frenchmen—most often of the conservative mold—who envision the typical American differently. They see an earnest and very wealthy capitalist. They see a fancy home, several Cadillacs, vacations in the Caribbean, two maids. They believe in the “American dream”—the myth that once seduced many of their progenitors to our side of the Atlantic—more fervently than we do. To some Frenchmen, life in the States conjures up images of luxury and opulence. Of course, this stereotype, these images, this myth need to be dispelled. The wealth in our nation is an exclusive item; it is in the hands of a lucky few. The stereotype then, is erroneous.

Now, we, Americans, see Frenchmen in a number of stultified ways too. To be sure, there is some truth to certain American stereotypes of the French. But not always. First, let us look at our younger counterpart over in the land of wine and amour, the French teenager.

There exists in our country a stereotype of the typical French boy: he wears a leather jacket, whistles at all manner of girls, and smokes very young. We have only to spot him in a late-night, B-grade film, and our stereotype is confirmed. If that boy does not smoke cigarettes (the vile, sawed-off black kind) in one film, we can be sure that he will in the next.

We also have a preconceived version of the French girl, who has pouting lips and wears a cocked beret. She is rather petite, and coquettish, and possesses the kind of magically alluring eye that cannot fail to draw the French boy’s fawning attention. She seems to ignite his amorous nature as nothing else can. We can hold accountable for the popularity of this stereotype the self-styled Bardots that appear in those inimitable B-movies.

Now, especially among adolescents, kissing is quite popular in France. After all, who invented “French kissing”? I do not wish to be indecorous. Rather, I want to demonstrate that what “French kissing” calls to mind is but a patented American misconception, an ersatz myth, another stereotype.

Another myth to which Americans seem to subscribe is that Frenchmen detest Germans. This is apocryphal. It seems to be based on little more than the premise that a penchant for fine wine and froglegs is incompatible with a love of kraut and beer. Of course, if the French are calculating and surly, and the Germans raucous and unrefined, then Frenchmen must turn their noses smugly up at Germans. But on what can we postulate these “ifs”? 

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[Image of a French man and woman]
We have another stereotyped Frenchman: this is the one that loves to eat. Cheese, wine, butter, Hollandaise, goose liver, pastry, souffle—ah, there is no end to the chain of French gastronomic delights. And so French people eat, and eat well. I can attest to the truth of this statement. Once, I was invited for a Sunday family dinner to the home of a French friend. Relatives came, and, as we were settling into the seven-course extravaganza, I got talking to one of the uncles. The only way to describe this fellow is “round”; at every joint and curve of his body were bulging rotundities. He explained to me what food meant to the French: “Most people in the world,” he said, “eat to live. But the Frenchman, he lives to eat.” I could tell he was going to say more, but his voice choked off as he cramned a muffin into his mouth, then several raw oysters.

Finally, there is one stereotype we must not overlook. Curiously, when most Americans think of a Frenchman, they envision not a Frenchman, but a Parisian. In France, I learned that people do live outside of Paris. I did.

We have a solid preconception of the typical Parisian. He is scowling, brisk, aloof, and wears a pencil-thin mustache on his upper lip. His blood boils easily; when some social issue excites him, we may spot him marching—though never alone, always in a group—down the Champs Elysees, in protest. The Parisian, tourists know, is also xenophobic; he does not appreciate foreigners on his territory. Ironically, that Parisian depends on much of his income from tourists, so that he is forced into a hypocritical role. By night he may rant, protest against tourists; by day, he gets crafty, for he thinks of his daily bread, of money. I once observed, near Notre Dame Cathedral, a shifty man befriend a Japanese tourist. The two disappeared behind a statue; when they emerged, the Japanese was without his gadgety camera, and was polishing a watch on his sleeve. I glanced at my wrist, by chance. It was bare. The Japanese refused to believe me that his fine new watch was my own.

Now, after this lengthy digression into stereotypes, we come to the point. The point is that the only way to see beyond stereotypes, to shatter myths, and to dispel silly preconceived notions about a people is to live in their midst. School Year Abroad is a good program for those who are interested in whether the French are really the way they’ve always been told.

I have talked to plenty of people—from admiring grandmothers to European students living in America—about my year in France. My responses to their probes, for the most part, are just mechanical. But one sentence I always utter with conviction: I would recommend SYA to almost anyone. For, even if a student goes to France, then does not learn French, and despises the French family, and does not come to understand French stereotypes, the student will learn. If nothing else, the student will learn how to live, for one year, three thousand miles away from family, from school, from friends. And this is something that everyone must learn sooner or later; it is part of life. SYA, I think, can help some young people grow up a bit.

Few people truly understand what I mean when I say, “I lived for a year in France, with a family there.” My own parents, my American parents, cannot fully understand. It is a deeply personal experience. It is difficult to share.

It is impossible to speak of the experiences and sensations. These are innumerable. It would be pointless to tell of the splendid acquaintances I made, of the foods, like brain and liver, that Maman taught me to enjoy, or of the sixty other Americans with whom I went to classes last year. Beyond a certain point, the experience of life overseas, completely immersed in a foreign culture, is incommunicable. It is a deeply personal experience.

My train was miles—rather, kilometers—out of the station by now. The hot air was still buffeting my head; the image of Maman and Papa, standing together, apart, on the platform, waving farewell to me, had fused itself on my mind. My little flag still fluttered in the wind as the train roared on, and I was still waving it, because I was now part French, not by blood, but by experience.
In one of the many moving passages in his history of St. Paul's, August Heckscher tells of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Coit and the first two students on "that first evening of the first day," April 3, 1856. Mrs. Coit read from a psalm after dinner, "The lot has fallen unto me in a fair ground; yea, I have a goodly heritage." All through the rest of that book, those words haunted me. They were as much a problem as they were a help. It is so very easy when dealing with a goodly age, and a hundred and twenty-five is a goodlier age than most of us will see, to lose oneself in nostalgia. Reading becomes incantation, to summon the spectre of a rose, to sway to the beat of an antique drum.

I am afraid nostalgia comes rather easily to me. For the last five years I have been trying to play lord of the manor at a university older even than St. Paul's. And before that I studied and taught in two universities, one founded in the 15th century, and one in the 12th—whose gaudy regalia I am still wearing. That bent, joined to so many pictures of winter in the book (even the dust jacket shows snow), together recall to me a great poem that tells, on a winter afternoon, of the curious bump of the past into the future. I am sure Mr. Heckscher won't mind if I interweave his lovely book with echoes of Eliot's Little Gidding.

We lose, however, the whole thrust of the history, as well as of the School, if we don't hear the pregnant words with which Mr. Heckscher concludes his introduction. "Whatever the changing form of governance, St. Paul's has been a community of the young—of, and for, the young; and that in itself should infuse this narrative with life, and color the end of it with hope." We take from the past a symbol perfected, but we miss both experi-

The Rev. Timothy S. Healy, S.J.

Timothy Healy, pictured above at left with John Walker, has been president of Georgetown University in Washington for the past five years.
ence and meaning unless we look to the young to make sure that all manner of thing shall be well.

So I don't want to spend my time this morning discussing St. Paul's greats: Coit, Ferguson, Drury, or Oates. What I would like to do is spend a few minutes today talking to those members of this house, the graduates of this afternoon, who are St. Paul's most recent and abiding reality. One thing Mother Oxford taught me was that Oxford, she herself, is not her buildings, for all their beauty, nor the lovely rim of the Cotswolds on which she sits, nor all her books and ancient endowments. Oxford is the timeless coming together of young and old, and the love that ties them. What is true of great universities must be true of great schools. And thus, in these young men and women, I am talking to St. Paul's.

I can't tell you anything about where you have been, and I can't even tell you much about where you are going. I presume you are headed next year into every kind, size and shape of college this nation knows; from the ivy encrusted relics of the eastern seaboard, to laid-back pleasure domes where California slides slowly into the Pacific. What I don't know, however, about your destination, I do know about the voyage. There is another meaning to getting lost. There was once an old farmer who could read numbers but not words. He looked at a road sign and sighed, "I know how far I've come, but not where I've got to." The old farmer has something. For four years at least (more if you are lucky) you will know how far off your goal is but not what it is. That is as it should be. Maturity is sometimes defined as a tolerance for ambiguity, and ambiguity is a "voyage into the unknown, in a leaky boat, under a lowering sky, for a haul that will not bear examination." To adapt Little Gidding, "The young should be explorers." More seriously Eliot goes on:

We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.

College may indeed map the way for a different you to come back to a different St. Paul's.
My third rule is topical, and has a mad modern ring. “All relevance is relation.” I am too old to play at being McLuhan, and I hasten to add that for all that rule sounds like McLuhan, it is mine not his. The oldest wisdom any university has is to see you as man or woman before tackling you as student. That’s why it knows that the beginning of wisdom is the love of one other human being. With any luck you will find one over four years, you might even find as many as three. But if you haven’t learned to love, you haven’t learned anything at all. All education is ultimately moral—and no matter how much you learn, liberal learning has taken only if you come out free and good and loving. You can be all three and be illiterate. If anyone ever tries to sell you any kind of literacy at the price of one of these three, walk away and walk away fast. The use of all learning is “for liberation—not less of love but expanding of love beyond desire, and so liberation from the future as well as the past.” It may cost you a lifetime, but “Little children love one another” in its complete simplicity is western man’s impossible dream, and he, like you, still has a long way to go.

My last rule picks up that notion of dreaming. “Don’t be too busy to dream.” The dream isn’t a distraction; for the next four years the dream is the job. We, your elders, are now limited to dreams of the spirit. You who are young, have no such limit. You who will probably eliminate disease, and who will surely colonize the moon and half the stars, will also share with your earth-bound elders the pain and the glory that makes us men. But you have the edge on us, because you can still dream with both body and mind; while we can only laugh and grow fat watching you.

In a sense the celebration we mark today is one of our dreams. We know from experience that:

- The moment of the rose and the moment of the yew tree
- Are of equal duration.

You only know it in hope, and to some extent in impatience. You stand on a pinnacle and look forward, and we share that pinnacle as we share this School, as we share this planet. You are tempted to think that if you could slough off history you are redeemed from time. We know this is not so because “History is a pattern of timeless moments.” And we know too, because of our dreams, that on a summer’s morning in a secluded chapel, history is now and forever.

Let me for one minute resort to my trade as an English teacher and quote Caliban. His lines tell the magic of Shakespeare’s dream island. They have always been the best description of what the four undergraduate years should be, or indeed of what four good years in school have been. The magic island can be wherever we want to put it, indeed it pops up, wherever we are. It can be college or school, it can be far or near, it can be large or small. Wherever and whatever size it is, Caliban has the specifications:

- Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises,
- Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight,
- And hurt not. Sometimes a thousand twangling
- Instruments will hum about mine ears; and
- Sometime voices, that, if I then had wak’d after
- Long sleep, will make me sleep again: and then,
- In dreaming, the clouds my thought would open
- And show riches ready to drop upon me; that,
- When I wak’d, I cried to dream again.

If you’re lucky, you’ll dream in college. I hope you have dreamt here and much. If time does to you what it has done to everyone older than you in this chapel, you will, alas, wake. When you do, and until you come to God and “All manner of thing shall be well,” you too will cry to dream again.
DIPLOMAS SUMMA CUM LAUDE

Sono Aibe, with honors in Religion, Modern Language, Mathematics, and Science
Elizabeth Pinckney Breckinridge, with honors in English, Religion, Mathematics, and Art
Mohammad Reza Dana, with honors in English, Modern Language, History, Mathematics, and Science
Thomas Edmund Lawler Dewey, with honors in English, Religion, Classics, and History
*María Edith Fernández-Giménez, with honors in Modern Language
Susan Jan Gillespie, with honors in English, Religion, Modern Language, Mathematics, Science and Art
Mary Stuart Humes, with honors in English, Classics, Modern Language, and Mathematics
Arthur Edward Imperatore, Jr., with honors in English, Religion, Classics, Modern Language, and Science
Ellen Lee Kennelly, with honors in English, Religion, and Mathematics
*Alek Pierre Keshishian
James Willard Lowe, with honors in English, Religion, History, Mathematics, and Science
Melissa Elizabeth Marvin, with honors in English, Religion, and Modern Language
Nicolas Julien McConnell, with honors in English, Religion, Classics, Modern Language, History, and Music
Alan Cameron Murchie, with honors in English, Modern Language, and Music
Christopher Preston Sinks, with honors in Religion and History
Hadi Taheri, with honors in English, Religion, Modern Language, Mathematics, and Science
George Alexander Whiteside III, with honors in English, Religion, Modern Language, History, and Ballet

DIPLOMAS MAGNA CUM LAUDE

Maria Antonieta Agui, with honors in English and Modern Language
William Batts, Jr., with honors in Classics
James Harry Britton, with honors in Mathematics
Timothy Yale Carrington Cotton, with honors in History and Mathematics

The Form of 1981

Eduardo Alfonso Cruz, with honors in Modern Language, Mathematics, and Science
John Beverley Duer, with honors in Modern Language and Science
Stephen Alan Fontana, with honors in History, Mathematics, and Art
Arthur Carlisle Hodges, Jr., with honors in History and Mathematics
Toby Matthew Howarth, with honors in Religion and Music
Kaori Kitazawa, Jessica Townsend Knight, with honors in Religion
Charles Hart Montgomery, with honors in Mathematics and Science
Sara Senter Nott, with honors in Religion and Science
Ann Kennard Proctor, with honors in Music
Timothy Armistead Burrage Rives, with honors in Mathematics, Science, and Art
Chase Frederick Robinson, with honors in English and Modern Language
Elliott Ward Sparkman, with honors in Classics and Music
Marian Elizabeth Starr, with honors in Classics
Helen Blythe Strate, with honors in Religion and Science
David Roger Wheeler, with honors in English and Religion

DIPLOMAS CUM LAUDE

Katherine Saltonstall Atchley, with honors in Modern Language and Art
William Benjamin Bidlack
Polly Park Boswell
Elizabeth Anne Burham, with honors in Religion, History, and Art
Antonia Lee Chiodo
Page Anderton Chisolm
Charles Michael de Végvár, with honors in Mathematics
Monique Lynn Fuguet, with honors in Modern Language
Edith Randolpah Harris
Marybeth Hart
Timothy Prence Hellmuth
David Scott Jenkins Lister
Janet Underwood McAlpin
Diploma Recipients

Ian Nicolson McIlvaine, with honors in Mathematics
Harry Rosengarten Neilson III, with honors in Classics
Alix Mariane Paradis
Elise Saugrain Pettus
Claudia Rhodes
Andrew Hamilton Richards
Laura Lee Schniewind
Jarvis James Slade, Jr.
Diana Kristen Soule
Bruce Oliver Stone, with honors in History
Cornelia Van Rensselaer Streeter, with honors in Science
Andrew Reed Sutherland, with honors in Science
George Dwight Wilson, with honors in Classics and Science
Natalie Wolcott
Benjamin Andrew Zelerny, with honors in Religion

DIPLOMAS

Peter Stanwood Adamson
Sarah Margaret Albritton
Philip John Azar, with honors in Religion and History
John Palmer Bankson III, with honors in Science
Andrew Garrison Binger
Damian Raymond Bolduc
Nancy Peirce Chase
Cecilia Katrina Clark
Lee Blanchard Cummings
Blake Todd Dancer, with honors in Music
Noël Danforth, with honors in Religion
James Kent Demaree
Ann Margaret Gabrielle Demenyi
Thomas Lockman Denkinger
Michael Kellam Dewey
Edward Ballard Doubleday, with honors in Science
Angier Biddle Duke, Jr., with honors in Modern Language
William Mairs Duryea III, with honors in English and History
Andrew Christian Emery
Robert Saxton Fowler
Alfred Gawthrop III
Louisa Livingston Gerry

James Rumrill Hammond III
Scott Edward Heitmiller
Laura Davis Higgs
Yoichi Hiraki
Jennifer Watson Hok
Stacy Adelaide Jamar
David Fay Janney
Yong Kook Kim, with honors in Modern Language
Alexander Lion Krongard, with honors in History
Adelaide Weld Lapsley
Jeffrey Adrien Leonard
John Marshall Lindberg
Alexander David B. McCabe, with honors in English
Sean McNally
Haruki Minaki, with honors in Mathematics
Nicholas Clark Montgomery
Matthew Perry Morgan, with honors in Science
Ailsa Moseley
Julie Goddard Mott
Alexandra Victoria Mulvihill, with honors in Art
Marianna McDonnell Murnane
Thomas Page Owen, Jr., with honors in Music
Peter Standish Paine III, with honors in Modern Language and Science
Electra Reed
Samuel Seabury Reid
*Sally Ann Rousse, with honors in Ballet
Katharine Lambard Schwab, with honors in Music
Ivan Patrick Sellers
Nalin Sikand
Andrew Albright Smith
George deLancy Soule, with honors in Science
Brook Rogers Southall, with honors in History
Robert John Stubbs, with honors in Science
Reeve Byron Waud
Carl Christopher Weatherley-White
Carolyn Lindsay White
Frank McReynolds Wozencraft, Jr.
Adam David Young
Erika Lynn Zuckerman, with honors in Modern Language

* Graduating Fifth Former
School Prizes and Awards

THE CUM LAUDE SOCIETY

Sono Aibe
Natacha Irene Barber
William Batts, Jr.
Lisa Rust Brayshaw
Elizabeth Pinckney Breckinridge
Eduardo Alfonso Cruz
Mohammad Reza Dana
Thomas Edmund Lawler Dewey
Maria Edith Fernandez-Gimenez
Susan Jan Gillespie
Craig Carpenter Hoagland
Mary Stuart Humes
Arthur Edward Imperatore, Jr.
Ellen Lee Kennelly
Alek Pierre Keshishian
James Willard Lowe
Melissa Elizabeth Marvin
Nicholas Julien McConnell
Charles Hart Montgomery
Alan Cameron Murchie
Ann Kennard Proctor
Timothy Armistead Burrage Rives
Helen Ingersoll Sanderson
Christopher Preston Sinks
Elliott Ward Sparkman
Bruce Oliver Stone
Hadi Taheri
George Alexander Whiteside III

PRIZES

Drumm Latin Prize
Tara Maja McGowan
The Thomas Penrose Bennett Prize
Charles Kenneth Hood, Jr.
Franzheim Prize
Alexander Wilmerding
Hugh Camp Cup
Peter Coe
White Prize
Joseph Francis McLean
Giles Prize
Augusta Read Thomas
Sprague Prize
Elliott Ward Sparkman

Koerner Music Prizes
Blake Todd Dancer,
for composition
Marc Lutran Ducnuigeen and
Andrew MacFarlane Wilson,
for performance

Hackett Prize
Monique Lynn Fuguet

Lefebvre Medal
Nicolas Julien McConnell

Hecksher Prize
Heidi Ellen Erdrich

Schlicht One-Act Play Prize
William Mairs Duryea III

Howe Music Prize
Alan Cameron Murchie
Elliott Ward Sparkman

Oakes Greek Prize
William Batts, Jr.

Spenhoof German Prize
Yong Kook Kim

Goodwin Classics Prize
William Batts, Jr.

Greenley Art Prize
Alexandra Victoria Mulvihill

Hargate Medal
Charles Michael de Vegvar

Thayer Dramatics Medal
Alek Pierre Keshishian

Duke Spanish Prize
Maria Antonieta Agui

Malbone French Prize
Nicolas Julien McConnell

Russian Studies Medal
James Edwin Kuhn

Evans Latin Prize
Mary Stuart Humes

Coit Geometry Prize
Charles Michael de Vegvar

Crete Prize
Thomas Edmund Lawler Dewey

1873 English Composition Prize
Nicholas Julien McConnell

Vanderpool Science Prize
Susan Jan Gillespie
David Roger Wheeler

Whipple English Medal
William Mairs Duryea III

Keep American History Prize
James Willard Lowe

Keep European History Prize
Thomas Edmund Lawler Dewey

WSPS-FM Award
John Palmer Bankson III
William Benjamin Bidlack
James Willard Lowe

Horae Editor's Medal
Arthur Edward Imperatore, Jr.
Nicolas Julien McConnell

Pelican Medals
James Willard Lowe
Timothy Preece Hellmuth

Laura Higgs '81, right, receives the Field Hockey Award from Susan Gillespie '81.
Spencer-Chapin Award
David Louis Antonioli

Archer Prize
Augusta Read Thomas

Frazier Prize
Samuel McClay Yonce, Jr.

Ferguson Scholar, Fourth Form
John Cooper Lovejoy

Ferguson Scholar, Fifth Form
Natacha Irene Barber

Knox Cup
Nicolas Julien McConnell

Smith Prize
Diana Kristen Soule

Toland Prize
Charles Hart Montgomery

Rector's Awards
Kaori Kitazawa
Alan Cameron Murchie
Thomas Page Owen, Jr.
Elliott Ward Sparkman

Rector's Medal
Nicolas Julien McConnell

School Medal
Elizabeth Pinckney Breckinridge

President's Medal
Toby Matthew Howarth

The Rector presents the Malbone French Prize to Nicolas McConnell '81.

1981 ATHLETIC AWARDS

Gordon Medal – 90th Presentation
Highest Athletic Award for a Boy
Scott E. Heitmiller

Loomis Medal – 9th Presentation
Highest Athletic Award for a Girl
Laura D. Higgs

Blake Football Medal
Andrew R. Sutherland

Form of 1968 Soccer Award
Jarvis J. Slade, Jr.

Form of 1903 Hockey Medal
Arthur H. Langley

H. P. Campbell Hockey Award
Jeffrey A. Leonard

Barker Basketball Medal
Timothy A. B. Rives

Douglas Baseball Medal
James E. Wixtead

Roby Lacrosse Medal
Charles H. Montgomery

Wadsworth Cross Country Cups
Boys, Matthew P. Morgan
Girls, Jennifer W. Hok

Beekman H. Pool Squash Trophy
Laura D. Higgs

Field Hockey Award
Laura D. Higgs

Ronald J. Clark Squash Cup
Andrew C. Emery

SPS Girls' Lacrosse Plate
Cynthia S. Griffin
Alumni Association
Annual Meeting

With the Rector's customary prayers for the School and for alumni who had died since the last meeting, the Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association was called to order at noon, May 30, 1981, in Memorial Hall, by Robert L. Clark '61, President.

Mr. Clark acknowledged the presence of former Association presidents, Grayson M. P. Murphy '26, John Q. Adams '41, and Benjamin R. Neilson '56. The Roll of Reunion Forms followed, called this year by the Assistant Clerk, Pauline T. Maguire '74. The Form of 1921 had a record number of returnees for a 60th Reunion, thanks to Henry Watts and his efforts, and so did Timothy Goodrich's Form of 1926 for their 55th.

Having served on the School's faculty for five years, Linda H. Kelley was elected an honorary member of the Association. Christopher J. Elkus '59 gave the Treasurer's Report: The current value of the Association's reserve fund stands at $134,051 with 97% invested in common stocks and 3% held in cash.

The 1981 Alumni Fund

Fund Chairman, Byam K. Stevens, Jr. '48, reported that as of May 29, 1981 the Alumni Fund had received $367,592 from 2,032 contributors, running ahead of the previous year's effort by $82,324 and 48 donors. He announced that the 50th Anniversary Gift of 1931 was $230,669 from 58 members of that Form, and that 35 contributors to the 25th Reunion of 1956 had raised $50,294. Mr. Stevens also praised the efforts of several reunion forms and their chairmen for recordbreaking Anniversary Gifts: 1936, E. Laurence White, Jr., $20,179; 1926, Timothy W. Goodrich II, $12,530; 1961, Craigh Leonard, $11,633; 1971, R. Gregg Stone III, $7,214; and 1976, Elisabeth J. M. Claudy, $2,435. Great appreciation was expressed to all Form Agents and contributors to the 1981 Fund, a certain recordbreaker in the history of voluntary alumni support for the School.

In the Report of the President, Mr. Clark thanked Sanford R. Sistare for serving as editor of the Alumni Horae during the search for a successor to Roger W. Drury '32. Also recognized for their contributions to the magazine were Julien D. McKee '37 and Richard D. Sawyer '48. Introduced as new Horae editor was Josiah H. Drummond, Jr., the School's former director of development and faculty member for ten years.

Mr. Clark announced that several directors of the Association were retiring this year including past president, Horace F. Henriques, Jr. '47 and vice president, William Chisholm, Jr. '46; the others are Peter G. Gerry '64 and Michael R. Russell '72. New directors representing this year's Reunion Forms were introduced; their names appear in the roster of all Association officers and directors inside the back cover of this issue. The Form Director of the newest graduating Form, 1981, will be Nicolas J. McConnell and serving as Form Agents will be Elizabeth P. Breckinridge, William M.
Duryea III, James W. Lowe, and Marian E. Starr. The Annual Meeting was then adjourned.

Awards by the Rector, etc.

The Rector began the second part of the meeting with words of welcome and appreciation to the officers and directors of the Association for their service to the School, and to all alumni for their support of the Alumni Fund. He paid special tribute to retiring faculty members, William P. Abbé of the Art Department and J. Alden Manley, Librarian, reading citations reviewing their contributions to the School. Mr. Oates next awarded a 25-year medal to James A. Wood, Head of the Music Department and Independence Foundation Master.

The Rector presented a School Medal to retiring Vice Rector Robert E. Duke and expressed appreciation for his counsel and effective leadership of the School's fund raising activities, especially The Fund for SPS. In addition, he awarded School Medals to John H. Beust, Virginia S. Deane, and Thomas J. Quirk, Jr., all Vice Rectors, expressing gratitude for their support, advice, and friendship.

Toby Howarth, President of the Sixth Form of 1981, was introduced and addressed the gathering in his Form's behalf. Presentation of an SPS bowl to Howarth followed.

New Trustees and Retirements

James W. Kinnear III '46, President of the Board of Trustees, announced the election of four term Trustees, Robert V. Lindsay '43, Jonathan O'Herron, Honoré Wamsler, and Katherine R. N. Munson who is returning to the Board for another term. He also reported that Eugénie A. Havemeyer has been elected the School's first woman life Trustee. Mr. Kinnear noted with gratitude the retirements of Samuel R. Callaway '32, who has given twenty-one years of service to the Board, including five years as president (1974-1979), and John Elliott, Jr. '38, who has completed his four-year term.

With the usual announcements, the meeting adjourned for the traditional Alumni Parade through the School grounds.
Five graduates, a Trustee, a faculty member, and a soon-to-be alumna participated in this year’s Anniversary symposium. Each gave an interesting, sometimes humorous account of the School in his or her time. Two of these presentations follow.

The Love and Labor of Many

Come back with me briefly, if you will, to 1932.

Sixth Form Public Speaking: have you ever heard of it? It was a Saturday afternoon ritual, begun in the twenties and long since abandoned (until this morning!). Every boy knew it was his fate, some time in the Sixth Form year, to appear on the Big Study platform before the whole assembled School and deliver himself for five minutes on a topic of his choice. It was an ordeal for most. No lectern was there to conceal notes or give refuge to trembling hands. And, in May, the half dozen finalists, winnowed from those Saturday sessions, competed for the Hugh Camp Cup.

In ways like that, life here fifty years ago was predetermined. We ran on rails. (The off-highway vehicle hadn’t been invented.) Few of us aspired to run the School. We were content to help our elders run it, and we understood that we weren’t expected to chew the furniture.

Does it sound like a prison? Was it good for us? For most of us, yes, I think it was good.

Take me—a dreamy, pompous, timid child. What did SPS do for me? If I may toss in another metaphor, it surrounded all of us with ladders to be climbed—scholastic, athletic, extracurricular. I floundered in Latin and algebra and landed on the Blue List—that short roster of star flunkers which was posted on the Study wall. At the end of two weeks I would have been released, but was caught reading Sherlock Holmes in Study, and sentenced to another two weeks. My top rung on the athletic ladder was to be captain of the Halcyon fifth crew in my Sixth Form year! Other ladders—the Horae and the Concordian—led to greater achievement. So, in the end, it was a mix of defeats and satis-
factions. A good mix. And it wasn’t all ladder-work. I remember unscheduled hours of floating in a canoe on the Pond, watching turtles and dreaming. There were friendships, treasured ones. And, all the way, I was steered, chastened, and encouraged by unforgettable teachers.

The sum of it was two convictions: that boredom is nothing but a dullness in the eye of the beholder—and inexcusable; and that, though I am not assigned to turn the crank of the universe, I am expected to make my days count. Supporting these convictions was a sense of proportion absorbed from the atmosphere of the School itself. SPS never took its students or its mission lightly, yet it could always chuckle over its own undue solemnity and spot its own bluff. The School had this sense of proportion because it knew it was no bootstrap operation. It knew that the big wheel runs by faith, and the little wheel runs by the Grace of God. In 1932, the Great Depression was shaking our families, and we needed that assurance.

How did the School convey it? Just as it has done in every period; just as it does today. By surrounding us with those who were feeding, challenging, and often kidding us towards maturity, by the process described in a beautiful School prayer as “the love and labor of many.”

It was they who gave those years their worth and who made our narrowly-channelled lives a time of wide adventure. Bounded in a nutshell perhaps we were. What of it? They made us kings of infinite space.

Who were they? I recall exacting Gerald Chittenden, gruff Beach White, incorruptible John Richards, twinkling Henry Fiske. Characters as diversely positive as Willard Scudder, Theophilus Nelson, Godfrey Brinley, C. C. Monie, and John Edmonds. The volcanic Rector, Samuel S. Drury; quizzical Henry Kittredge. And so many more!

And the masters’ wives (no one had yet suggested masters’ husbands!), who gave some social balance to an all-boy school, and who threw us lifelines of tea and cookies and good conversation on Sunday afternoons.

Mike, who raked the leaves.

Mrs. Richardson, who comforted the homesick Lower Schooler and restored his buttons.

Ned Herrin, whose skilled repairs kept the shells afloat on Long Pond.

Mrs. Stanley, cheery head nurse at the Infirmary.

And great Trustees: Charles Dickey, Reeve Schley, Roy McLane—and so many more!

And the Alumni, loyal, critical, generous—hundreds and thousands of them!

They are all here today. We carry them in our lives; we return and find them here. And, yes, they have had their counterparts before and since. Together they rise around us, lifting our spirits on the tide of their affection, feeding, challenging, kidding us still to become what we might.

There is no end to the love and labor of many. Remember it! Remember them!

—Roger W. Drury ’32

**Illusion vs. Reality**

St. Paul’s School is an illusion to you, with all its ivy-clad buildings scattered over a lovely campus, its elaborate facilities, renowned faculty, diverse and inspiring student body. What junior-high-schooler leafing through a copy of the St. Paul’s catalogue wouldn’t give everything to be a part of it all, to live out the words: “In student clubs and organizations, in formal and informal games and sports, in dormitory life, in the multiple and diverse activities of the year, every student extends interest and friendship to whatever degree suits his or her concern and individuality.” Who could help but drool over those glossy pictures—one an idyllic scene of a girl playing her flute before a smiling congregation in morning chapel, another of two roommates nestled in a clean dormitory room.

Similarly, what alumnus, settling in to read his *Alumni Horae*, could not wish for those halcyon days (note: Halcyon, not Shattuck!) when the biggest worry was confronting Senor Ordonez with a paper undone or arriving at seated meal late? How the alumnus envies the School as he turns the pages: students tangled in a cheerful game of lacrosse on Hitchcock Field, someone poised pensively at the barre...in ballet. He sighs and can’t wait to return for Anniversary. He’ll be able to take a walk around the grounds and perhaps forego the Saturday morning symposium to talk with friends.

The actual present seems to fade in light of these publications (the catalogue, the *Horae*) and in the midst of this traditionally celebrated week-
end bubbling with alumni, parents, grandparents . . . all gathered for the School's 125th birthday.

There are the obvious distinctions between the conventional stereotypes and actuality: the fact that the editor of "The Pelican" is now a girl; the fact that one can receive full credit for a year at St. Paul's without once setting foot on the campus or opening a textbook. (I speak of the Independent Study Program.) Despite these things, is the School more than jovial children dancing across the pages of a yearbook? Of Course.

We may remember the bliss of idyllic youth, its successes and joys, but, all illusions aside, there is the reality of pain, pain and agony of growing up, in undergoing the changes that every person must.

Is this institution the frozen fantastical paradise it appears when you flip through the handbook, or is it a living, yearning, striving environment of young people suffering through their years of development? When describing St. Paul's present, how many of you think of the incidents that most clearly depict the struggle of life here: students feeling outcast by cliques, the emptiness of a lonely Saturday night when no one cares what you do, the ever-present competition pushing you, molding you, making you stay up till 3 a.m. only to contend with the despair and shame of failure. The frightening burden of independence, having to defend your actions and wishing so hard that your parents could just tuck you into bed and do all the hard parts for you—and, finally, graduation—the wrenching experience of departure. There is fatigue, tension, and fear of inadequacy in the blood of the School.

For this we pay so much in time, spirit, and dollars? Yes, for the School is not without triumph. It's often said that pain produces thought, thought produces wisdom, and wisdom makes life endurable. Sure enough, for all their blisters, the women's crew stroked to victory at Worcester this past week, and, for all their mosquito bites, men's lacrosse had an undefeated season. Both teams were rewarded with triumph, team spirit, and a more rugged, tested knowledge of their sports and their personal capacities.

From times of excruciating hurt (for St. Paul's is no easy experience though it may appear so), we learn to work and to love each other. We acquire a sensitivity that enables us to make friends that will always be with us. We make changes in our outlooks, strengthen our principles, increase our desire to learn more, and master the art of getting our hair cut just two days before Parents Day.

What greater triumph than the realization that you can't do everything right, and, what's more, no one expects you to be able to. I know a girl who signed up for fourteen extracurricular activities in her first year and now is a happy, solid member of only one. What happier discovery than the understanding that faculty and students must not always be opposed forces in this game of education. There is a boy in my class, who, having been "disciplined," has invited the very teacher who turned him in, to his graduation party. That's guts. It's also friendship. What greater souvenir of this School than a maturity cultivated by responsibility or a Christian outlook fostered by an interdependent community of people.

St. Paul's has changed—an increasing number of girls wear hockey helmets and more boys wear ballet slippers. However changed the School may seem, it retains its identity as a setting for growth of intellect and of spirit. To many of you, things must seem altered enormously, to others there is nothing as familiar as Mr. Hulser's chuckle or nothing as close to the heart as that exhausting trek up Fiske Hill for practice.

Whatever generation may replace us in this distinguished School, we are all part of this very present—all of us sitting in good old Memorial Hall, whose walls have seen everything from the exchange of scholarship in the Daedalus symposium held here three weeks ago to the 3-D airing of The Creature from the Black Lagoon shown three nights ago for Sixth Formers.

St. Paul's School must be an illusion—for it can be nothing else to those who aren't sweating in the midst of it. St. Paul's is more than seated meal, old yearbooks, and 1800 acres of New Hampshire land. Its kindness, its strength, both human and intellectual, can be expressed only through illusion. I stand before you, and I join you in respect and admiration for a School whose mutability yet consistent quality has continued for 125 years. I will miss it very much.

I will graduate tomorrow and join you as part of St. Paul's past. There are others who will replace me as St. Paul's School present. And together we will all be part of St. Paul's future.

—Elizabeth Breckinridge '81
50th Reunion of 1931

Preparations for our 50th Reunion began a full five years before the great occasion. At our 45th a Committee was appointed (?!)—consisting of Terry, Rodd, Tiffany, Rantoul, Thomas, Richmond, Thorndike, Rogers and Watts—to see to it that all was organized properly and that the SPS Fund was supported adequately. This powerful group pulled well together and held several meetings in New York City, at The Yale Club, for liquid lunches. Dividing the Form among the Committee gave each member six to ten classmates to contact with the goal of boosting attendance at our 50th. This worked and we had a record 38 back, out of the 69 active members of our Form. Including wives (and one sister) our party was 70 strong!

On Friday we assembled at the "Hospitality Suite" in the N. H. Highway Hotel and, just in
time, adjourned to Kimball's Lakeside in Hopkinton for an informal buffet dinner. There was a lot of noise but the speakers (and there were several) were very pleased because while no one could hear them they were most proud of what they said.

Saturday dawned clear and a majority of the 50th celebrants managed the trip to the School and the Symposium in Memorial Hall. The speeches were good and the ample coffee break allowed us to see and visit with returnees of other classes.

The athletic highlight of the weekend was our crew. At bow was Thorndike, 2 Wilcox, 3 Tiffany, 4 Pier, 5 Freeman, 6 Pillsbury, 7 Rantoul, 8 Smith, and serving as cox, Langenberg. Without dangerous complications this stalwart group rowed a quarter mile up the course, turned and then swept past the cheering throngs on the bank. Impartial observers such as wives and classmates said we were the best crew on the water that day.

Our dinner that night was highlighted by speeches by the Rector, George Smith and George Cheape who came to the Reunion from Wellington, New Zealand and spoke of his years in a Japanese prison during World War II. Smith told us of his two-year stint in Germany with Fifth Formers. Rantoul acted as Master of Ceremonies and talked too much while Frank Rogers gracefully introduced the Rector.

Chapel services and lunch wound up the weekend. It was great fun.

—Talbot Rantoul '31

25th Reunion of 1956

One hundred years ago, the Form of 1856 must have celebrated its 25th Reunion at St. Paul's. As tradition has proven, surely they must have had dinner at the Rectory on Friday night and attended performing arts events thereafter. It is quite conceivable that they even rejoined in small groups at the Brick Tower Motel later to continue newly regained memories and friendships. Symposia, Parade, lunch, races, etc.—all of this has been repeated for one hundred years; and glancing through back issues of the Alumni Horae every year, the 25th Reunion journal reads the same—an elaboration of the Anniversary Weekend Schedule. So this reporter shall depart from tradition and comment upon the “true grit” of our 25th Reunion for the benefit of those who were absent and those whose natural bent is to read this report secretly harboring the hope that their names might appear referenced as highlights of the Weekend.

The Form of ’56 has not yet finished giving financial aid to SPS in the form of the Reunion Gift. Those who earnestly have devoted weeks to the fund raising effort can be optimistic: I counted twenty-eight pairs of Gucci loafers amongst some forty-four classmates returning. (This was also confirmed by the Alumni Fund Treasurer, whose business it is to never miss a trick.) That amounts to fifty-six individual shoes valued at $80 each, or a potential gift of $4,480 to the Mish Fair. The evidence of affluence was still further reconfirmed in the wealth of pills tooted about in bulging pockets for back pain, muscle spasm, high blood pressure and the all too common headache. The value of pharmaceuticals alone would double our contribution. At the Brick Tower, I noticed also a considerable amount of swapping of cosmetic aids: hair sprays, French shaving creams and even some denture cream. Yes, materialistically we have done well!

The School is as glorious as ever: its abundance of foliage matched only by its abundance of brick and mortar. Every function of creative artistry is housed now in its own building. There is a dance building, a music building, an art building, a drama building, and even a building called Memorial Hall, where all the activities carried on in other buildings can come together under one roof. One wonders if those buildings didn’t exist, would the students’ creativity dry up and wither away? But the buildings are magnificently used; the outpouring of creative energy and accomplishment is a marvel. If the freedom to express creativity is indeed the genesis of leadership, St. Paul’s is rich in wisdom and educational skills. Yet poor old St. Paul himself still doesn’t possess even a Gucci sneaker! He never needed pills.

We dined—oh, how we dined, at Pumpkin Blossom Farm, owned and catered by to Arthur Hicks, who had been Head Chef at SPS when we were still students. Such magnificence and taste was hitherto believed to exist only in New York. Celebrating with us were many faculty friends: the Burnhams, Tracys, Rubios, and, of course, Ordonez, Jacq and Abbé. We were honored by the acceptance of Matt and Becky Warren, even though they had to decline later due to the flu. But Jose Ordonez in his pillbox apartment gave them a tiny cocktail party (no doubt with large cocktails), which was well attended by many in our Form. After the tiny cocktail party, the host naturally arrived a tiny bit late! The Warrens sent us all their thanks for the invitation and their love. I must say it was splendid to see them again at St. Paul’s!

We returned for many reasons, but one of our classmates stated perhaps the most memorable one: We lived at home as children always referencing ourselves to the context of our given families. We were owned by them and quite dependent. When we came to St. Paul’s we experienced a new family which was totally our own. We felt as individuals for the very first time, and shared with our new School family the pains and joys of growing up. So when we returned, we were reunited with our first impressions of being independent and yet bound to a family that we possessed. We were free. This awareness manifested itself in the strangest way. We gathered with wives, friends and faculty, and immersed ourselves in a mutual love shared by all. There were no leaders, no followers, no over or under achievers, no false expectations, jealousies, no anxieties over success or inadequacy, no pride, no guilt. There was simply an uncharged atmosphere of joy. Each gave a small gift of love and friendship back to all the others, and we glowed a bit with thankfulness. This was an extraordinary Reunion. I think we actually manifested in our own way what we felt was always overstated and unachievable when mentioned day after day in Chapel when we were still in School. It was indescribable, I’m sure, to all who attended, yet noticed by everyone. It was a proud day for St. Paul’s. For me, the atmosphere of our gathering
graced the buildings and grounds of the School even more than its newest buildings. It was an event which illustrated that the teaching of the School beyond the classroom had borne fruit in the lives and hearts of our classmates twenty-five years later.

Those who attended and noticed will carry with them a renewed inspiration of love and loyalty amongst our School family. For future reuniting classes, may I prescribe leaving the pills behind. Come humbly (preferably barefooted without Gucci’s) to receive a wonderfully uplifting reunion with those principles we were blessed to receive as schoolboys.

That was our 25th Reunion. My final observation was that we parted without the need to say goodbye; and very few did make the effort. When I remarked upon this to my wife and said how lovely such a parting was, I realized that the experience we had just called a reunion would more appropriately be deemed a commencement. We received infinitely more than we gave. That is, I am told, a blessing. Our Form Gift surely was to ourselves.

—Morgan Dix Wheelock, Jr. '56

60th Reunion of 1921

Our Form of 1921 has twenty-five living graduates out of an original ninety—give or take a few. Thirty of those twenty-five turned up for reunion. We are very proud of that. What is more, we all are in such good shape that we truly had a wonderful nostalgic time.

Our headquarters—like others—was the New Hampshire Highway Hotel. We were treated well there with a room for cocktails on Friday night and a larger one for our dinner on the following night. Most of us got there late Friday, with only a few attending the Latin Play and the dance, drama and music performances that evening. They were interesting and intriguing, we hear—our loss.

Saturday we got into the flow of things—with the symposium at ten o'clock. In spite of the fact that I participated in it, I can report that it was a most successful affair. Bishop Walker and Osborn Elliott moved and amused us and the two girls, Helen Hunt and Elizabeth Breckinridge, gave us a fine example of the high quality of excellence that is now prevalent in our School.

We were proud to lead the parade down “Main Street.” Only Fergus Reid of '19 with his little dog preceded us and as we divided on the curb, it was a great comparison to see the Sixth Form come through.

Lunch at the Cage was most congenial and due to the compassion of the school staff, we were given transportation to and from Turkey. Without that, many of our old bones would have creaked on the road out there. We were very grateful.

After a little rest we gathered for our dinner, still accompanied by our loyal and long suffering ladies. They came through with flying colors and kept us going, listening to our fulsome speeches with the patience developed over low these many years. Bill and Jean Oates arrived just in time to bring a fitting climax to our revels.

Sunday was a day of rest for most of us. After breakfast most of us folded our tents and quietly crept away. I was one of those, and therefore, cannot report on Chapel, lunch, and the graduation.

Anniversary was a rewarding and exhilarating experience. We came away hopefully, remembering our promise to the Rector that we all would return again for our 65th in 1986—Amen.

—Henry M. Watts, Jr. '21

55th Reunion of 1926

Reunions are the next best thing to that fantasy about coming back after life once a century, to see how things are. SPS is the scene of so big a part of our real lives—others can hear about it but only we can see it—a landscape with the Old Upper, and the ancient School building with its serried alcoves, and so on. Things were done right, in those days, under a pantheon of Kittredges, Richardses, Scudders, Monies and the like, with Dr. Drury seated as Zeus. A ghost scene, but more real to us than things like Simpson or Hargate. After us, the unshakeable began to shake, firm traditions wobbled and changed, joined by new ones, some of them infants of a year or so, personally minted by Bill Oates.

With our five-year readings we can keep more or less adjusted. We have had culture shock, of course. Art, indeed! Girls, forsooth! A school paper that refers to the Rector simply as "Oates." (For a mind-blower, imagine the Horae of our time referring baldly to "Drury.") We have emitted some "harrumphs" at recent reunions, which the patience and steadiness of Bill Oates have put to rout. For example, he pointed out to us then that the arrival of girls had taken a certain harshness out of school life. We too are mellower: graduation plus fifty-five seems like a very good age. The School looks beautiful and serene, more so than previously. The curriculum is impressive, broader and more demanding—but more appetizing than anything we knew. Student ability to make polished talks to the alumni is something to cow us.

We were more glad than ever at the chance to see each other. In fact, judging from the parade we even felt that we looked a little bit younger and sprightlier than the 50-year outfit, and seasoned observers (our wives) agreed. True, a lot of hair has hit the ground falling. But, parenthetically, a notable observation, certainly to anyone who has been around universities, was the total absence of hair on faces of any age from youngest to oldest.

We had a very good time, thanks to joint efforts by Tim Goodrich, Percy Clark and Chippy Chase. Importantly for the future, Tim was able to report (without pointing out that it was largely his doing) that we had set new records in gifts to the Alumni Fund, in the amount for a Fifty-fifth and in the proportion of those who had increased what they gave. Also, more attended a Fifty-fifth than ever before.

We left with questions unanswered. For example, as is certain to happen, when a Halcyon marries a Shattuck in the outside world, and their children arrive at SPS, what will they be? Shalcys, or Hattucks, or what?

—W. W. Howells '26

45th Reunion of 1936

We had a very fine 45th (marred to a degree by seven last minute cancellations). But with twenty-four on hand, plus eleven uxorae, all went well. A few had not been back in quite some time and a couple or three not since they attended the Last Night Service in June 1936!

The reactions of these latter were extremely interesting—a combination of wonder and great enthusiasm. No surprise here for those of us who have had reasons to go back occasionally or often.
Friday evening cocktails and dinner provided the opportunity for all to gather and greet, and later to talk and hear about one another.

Saturday morning the symposium which featured alumni speakers of various generations was most interesting. Following this, at the Alumni Association meeting, it was announced that 1936 had set yet another record—this time the largest, by quite a bit, 45th Reunion gift to the Alumni Fund.

Let me skip the parade, the Cage lunch, and colorful crew races and go to the Flaggpole Ceremony where, much to the surprise of all, down the hill came the sound of horses' hoofs, and then a glint beneath the overhanging trees, and suddenly a marvelous, spectacular barge hove into view full of standing lady and gentleman stal­warts with red and blue oars on high—what a sight!

Our Saturday night dinner was a great success studded with very funny impromptu bits and pieces of the long forgotten. Bill and Jean Oates joined us for all too brief a time. Bill said one thing which probably a lot of us had never thought about, to wit: how very aware both the faculty and students are of the loyalty and interest in SPS demonstrated by the large numbers of graduates, parents, etc., who show up for events, or simply just show up.

Gordon Stillman, our Form Vice President, regaled us with more of his seemingly unending faculty anecdotes and memorabilia of our days at School. Also present was our new Honorary Formmate, Bob Duke, who spoke of many other facets of SPS.

At this point, great thanks from all are due to Bill Chisholm and Bill Rockefeller without whose help nobody and nothing would have been in the right place at the right time, and both were.

Sunday morning the rains poured but just in the nick of time ceased as the Chapel hour drew nigh.

Georgetown University's President Healy's remarks about the attitude toward college and the desire to be involved in the world struck such a right note. And then, finally to be surrounded by “O Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem” was that final finale of which there can never be anything quite like it.

—E. Laurence White, Jr. ’36

40th Reunion of 1941

Graduates of 1941 and their wives assembled early Friday evening in the Ramada room which Speed Storer had thoughtfully reserved. The slim and youthful appearances of both husbands and wives impressed all present, granted some prejudice in the eyes of the viewers. The group divided for dinner, but many met again in Dick and Jane Mechem's room for conversation which continued into the early morning. A collect call was placed to Tim Treadwell in Memphis; accepting the charges will cost him a number of insurance premiums.

The next morning was Memorial Day, and the traditional service was held on the Library steps. Walking past the flagpole area in front of Har­gate reminded the Form of its gift in memory of those members killed in the service of their country. Mike Irving in designing the memorial did a sensitive job of creating a sense of formality and dignity in a naturally beautiful setting.

The Symposium was next on the program. Particularly impressive was the Sixth Form girl (Elizabeth Breck­inridge '81) who spoke candidly of her reactions to her years at St. Paul's. During the Alumni Parade and the walk to the Gym for lunch everyone admired the buildings and grounds, which in the full bloom of spring never looked better. The old and the new blended without conflict.

Ronnie and Ruth Clark together with a young Adams and a young Coleman, current students at St. Paul's, and a daughter in the Birmingham family joined 1941 for its reunion dinner. A table covered with old Pictorial photographs provided by John McIlwaine was a center of attraction. Doug Franchot assumed his mantle as Form President and kept things moving along during the evening. Fig Coleman expressed the appreciation of the Form to Speed Storer for his devoted service as Form Agent and presented him with a handsome decanter. Fig is
taking over from Speed, who is assuming a new role as Form Director. Ronnie Clark reminisced enthusiastically about his more than forty years at St. Paul's, giving special emphasis to his beginning under 1941's wing. Mech talked about the strong sense of caring for each other which to him was uniquely and abidingly characteristic of our Form.

Most of the Form headed home in the heavy rain Sunday morning, but a few returned to the School for the Chapel services. "O Pray for the Peace" and the "Alleluia Chorus" showed unprecedented strength in the higher voices, with the First and Second Form boys' trebles replaced by a multitude of girls' sopranos. They sounded great. The sermon by The Rev. Timothy S. Healy, S. J., President of Georgetown University, addressed to the graduating class, was outstanding. It was a moving conclusion to a weekend full of reflection and feeling.

Archer Harman, Jr. '41


35th Reunion of 1946

It is difficult to believe that many of us returning to our 35th reunion began our education at SPS just prior to our country's entry into the Second World War. What a change we witnessed from 1941 to 1946 and how many changes have transpired since.

Eighteen formmates, fifteen of whom were accompanied by their wives, came back to a beautiful, warm and sometimes damp weekend.

Friday evening found eight of us gathered for an informal dinner joined by our wives.

Saturday was not only a most informative day but was a truly fun one—renewing old acquaintances—moseying around through new and old—culminating with our Form dinner so ably planned by Phil von Stade and honored by the presence of our guest Cal
Chapin '35. We also were pleased to have Jean and Bill Oates, Ruth and Ronnie Clark, and Dick Sawyer '48 join us for a visit.

Chapel on Sunday was the high point for many of us. Never have I seen the Chapel filled so early for such a stirring service—and then, it was farewell to all for another five years.

—William Chisholm, Jr. '46

30th Reunion of 1951

Clement weather and dramatic changes marked the Thirtieth Reunion of the Form of 1951. Ten classmates returned, some with wives, Elliman with son Peter, and three, Gerry, Cluett and Kloman, with children at SPS. The long-distance prize was easily won by Peter Elliman, who is currently residing in Hong Kong where he works for Gulf Resources & Chemical Co. Runners-up for miles travelled were Mark Cluett, from San Francisco, and Art Perry, from Kohler, Wisconsin. The "dramatic" changes were most apparent not in our faces and shapes, but in the new emphasis of the School on the arts—painting, drama, dance, and music. Those present on Friday evening experienced extremely stimulating and highly professional sessions of dance, singing, chamber music, band music, a jazz ensemble, a piano concerto which received a standing ovation, and the "final exam" for an acting class. The arts clearly have added a dimension to SPS which was not present thirty years ago.

The warm and clear weather of Friday and Saturday gave way to a Sunday morning deluge which, thankfully, expired in time for Graduation. The wet weather of this spring did give rise to mosquitoes which had to have been imported from Alaska, a mild nuisance for the whole weekend. After the parade and lunch, Ken Ives took the more ambitious to Turkey Pond to boat an eight. Fortunately we were augmented by Ken's son Mike, and a classmate and we had a leisurely row in moderately successful form along the course. Perry, Kloman, Elliman, Cluett and Gurney upheld the Form, although it is doubtful that we have made converts of Cluett, Gurney and Perry, who were rowing for the first time!

At dinner on Saturday evening we hosted John and Jean Beust, who talked candidly about the School today and about John's responsibilities for the Cook scholars from Montana. Also at dinner John Lorenz showed us a picture that aptly illustrates where we all now stand—mid-life: in one arm, John held his one-year-old son John; in the other, his three-months-old grandson Garth!

—H. Felix Kloman '51

20th Reunion of 1961

Twenty years ago Stuart Douglas was the self-proclaimed King of Stickball. Now he is an ayotollah of jogging, and at 8:30 a.m. on Saturday morning of our 20th reunion he and his wife, Sue, led a group of cardiovascular fitness zealous in a fast run around the Lower School Pond. The group included Pell (always a runner), Rounsvall (a recent but extremely talented convert), Thompson (who put on a good show for his first exercise in months) and Delavan (I'm sorry, Bill, but the jury's still out on whether you ever actually broke out of a fast walk).

The physical beauty of the School remains incredible, and Saturday morning was warm and sunny. Despite these magnets, many of us eschewed the run and bravely chose to risk the perils of myocardial infarction by enjoying the all-cholesterol "Sloth's Breakfast" at the Ramada Inn.

In all, 25 members of our class attended the reunion, many accompanied
by wives and a few by children. The oldest child attending our reunion was Bobby Clark's son, who is a Fifth Former, and the youngest was Ed Tiffany's beautiful baby daughter, who appeared to be between the ages of one minute and six months.

The award for the longest distance travelled to the reunion was won by Bruce and Kim Lauritzen's luggage, which started with them in Omaha but made a detour through Patagonia before finally arriving at Concord late Saturday afternoon. Stone Ermentrout, his wife and daughter were a close second in the travel contest having flown up from Atlanta. Bob Wasson won the bronze travel medal by being a stowaway in a truckload of contraband cigarettes out of Raleigh, North Carolina.

The sights and sounds of the School were both inspiring and familiar, except perhaps to Nick Burke who approached the familiar trip to the boat races on Turkey Pond as a night compass march and managed to lead Aldrich and Walker to the old sawdust pile which is the only spot along several miles of shoreline from which you can't actually see the events.

As in every reunion, ours included a good deal of census taking. Where do you live? How many children? What are you doing? Some of the answers to the last question are Loomis is an artist; Richardson, a doctor; Britton, a farmer; Rodger, a big deal computer executive; Binny Clark, a manager of a meditation center; Jay, a head hunter; Lea, a publisher; and mirabile dictu, Hatch is a bank president.

In large measure, the success of our reunion was due to the hospitality and efforts of John and Judy Ransmeier who had us to Saturday dinner and Joan and Ed Tiffany who hosted Sunday lunch. To their horror and our delight, I am sure that we all look forward to descending upon them again in five years.

—Craig Leonard '61


15th Reunion of 1966

It must have been the pre-reunion advertisement that Ernie (Pizza by "Chuck") Economides would be catering our 15th that kept you away. Nevertheless, eight hearty souls (Jens Appel, Rick Carrick, George Cheston, John Gordon, Tom Lea, Andy Roberts, Chris Warnitz and me) braved the black flies, mosquitoes and Pizza by "Chuck" to return for our 15th reunion.

Saturday, as usual, was a beautiful day for the races. While Betsy and I were out shopping for dinner, the rest of the class met at the alumni luncheon. After lunch, and privately conducted spousal tours of the campus, we all met again on the banks of Turkey where we greatly enjoyed the races, the weather, and one another. Andy Roberts carefully scrutinized the rowing ability of each crew and seemed to pay particular attention to the Halcyon women's first boat whose form he characterized as excellent.

While Betsy and I retreated to the Snow Shoe Club to further our preparations, some of your classmates decided to prove to one another that they hadn't lost a thing after 15 years and went out and ran some godforsaken distance around St. Paul's School. Those less concerned with their waistlines and egos retreated immediately after the Flagpole Ceremony to the Snow Shoe Club where we ensconced ourselves in rocking chairs on the veranda. While enjoying several refreshing cocktails, we shared stories with our wives and traded experiences with one another. When all of us finally congregated together, we stopped providing hors d'oeuvres for the mosquitoes and retreated indoors to our dinner. Since I don't want to sound
too immodest, I'll let those who were there sing praises about dinner; however, I will tell you that Betsy and I put together a very fine lobster dinner. Dinner continued with more stories and experiences. I'll relate a little of my eavesdropping.

Tom Lea is an officer at a bank in Portland, Maine, and he and his new bride, Dale, are expecting their first child this summer. Tom and Dale used to spend their free time sailing off the Maine coast. From now on Tom will probably be sailing plastic boats in the bathtub. Andy Roberts is finishing up his residency at Massachusetts General Hospital where he is specializing in something I don't understand, and hope I never get. He and his wife, Susan, are great marathoners and both just finished the Boston Marathon. George Cheston has been working for Lenox China and has left them to put the finishing touches on his M.B.A. from Wharton, after which he intends to continue in his profession. Chris Warntz has found his niche as a mystery story writer and anticipates having the first in a series about an Andover, Massachusetts detective come out this fall, published by Houghton & Mifflin. Chris, still a bachelor, arrived in a very snazzy red sports car befitting his status as a mystery story writer. John Gordon is working for Kidder, Peabody and managing money in ways that only the Arabs understand. His new bride, Kiendl, also works for a brokerage house in New York. I think John would get my vote as the least changed of any of us who returned. Jens Appel has had some tumultuous and colorful experiences since graduating, including a stint as a draft counselor in Australia. He's now in charge of Economic Development and Grants for Roanoke, Virginia. After having left St. Paul's earlier than others of us, Rick Carrick now lives in Stowe, Vermont where he is a designer/builder/real estate broker. (Earlier this spring Andy Roberts, Rick and I got a chance to see Joe Wheelwright and Bruce Carter's exhibits at Hargate. Very excellent and impressive stuff.)

Many of us had plans to return to Boston that night; however, the good fellowship, conversation and nostalgia kept pushing back intended departure times. As the evening progressed the conversation drifted towards those of you who weren't there. Not an unkind word was said. In fact, those present genuinely missed those absent. Near midnight with promises to do it again, we all dispersed. It was a sparkling and memorable evening and we wish that next time all of you will come.

—Robert E. K. Morrill '66

### 10th Reunion of 1971

It wasn't hard to find the Form of 1971 over the recent Anniversary weekend. Many noticed that 1971 lays claim to only three panels in the Upper hallway instead of four. Few could miss the film-making crew of Oliver, Sherer and Denison as they focused their spotlights on weekend festivities. Ernie had no trouble finding his old customers in his new Archway Restaurant (formerly "Chuck's Za"). The girls cut into his pizza trade he told us, so he opted for steak. And true to form, only five were present to be counted at the Alumni Meeting as the radicals played tennis and drank beer.

Yet 1971 may have surprised those that breathed more easily with our passing ten years ago. A full thirty-five of us came back—loyal, happy, and a part of a new Tenth Anniversary Alumni Fund record.
Events centered around the hospitality of Jay Pike and his (absent) parents. Jay provided us with beers and a backgammon round robin on Friday night and on Saturday night with a great feast that featured lobster salad, ribs, barbecue, beer, Concord mosquitoes, a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Oates, guest appearances by stray members of 1970 and Rich Lederer, more beer and much more. Between the evenings we attended the usual Anniversary parade, luncheon and flagpole ceremonies, and while some spent the afternoon playing stickball and swimming, others watched the rowing and still others took on and acquitted themselves admirably against a shell from 1976 (that contained even more recent graduates).

Riker Davis had traveled the longest and Gil Parsons, the farthest to join the festivities. Dick Eaton won the Chameleon Award for the most extreme altered state; Murph, the Timeless Award for the least.

A far closer group left on Sunday than had trickled in on Friday and Saturday. We left more impressed by and more tolerant of both the School which binds us and ourselves. It was a fine weekend, marred only by the fact that so many could not share it with us. See you in 1986.

-R. Gregg Stone III '71

5th Reunion of 1976

Amazing to think that we are now old enough to celebrate a major Reunion!

For many in the Form of '76, an individual reunion with St. Paul's began at home in April, when the mailman brought us mysterious, bulky manila envelopes—our Sixth Form time capsules, courtesy of Richard Lederer. Like opening one's time capsule, meeting old formmates back in Millville began as a startling jolt of the memory and senses. The initial awkwardness was quickly overcome by pleasure as we recognized everyone's "old selves" and learned about each other's adventures and growth during the past five formative years.

We certainly made an impressive turnout: 60 people journeyed from as near as New Hampshire, Boston, and New York, and as far away as Chicago, London, and Washington state!

The highlight of our weekend's activity was a lively cookout party Saturday night at Al Heath's sister's home in Concord. The downpour late that evening brought us even closer together, laughing huddled indoors or circled 'round the keg still outside. Special thanks to Al Heath and Toni King for arranging a great party—a good time was had by all.

Physically and spiritually, St. Paul's endures as a wonderful haven. As Bish-
op John Walker commented, watching and listening to the Friday night arts performances in the new buildings was a truly religious experience. Talking with current students and observing my hostess, Toni King, in action as a dorm Groupmaster, I was grateful to see how St. Paul's continues to be a close and dynamic community of students and faculty. Hearing the Saturday symposium's moving speeches that unfolded the School's history and revealed the immutable heart of its character and purpose, I felt proud to be a part of St. Paul's.

I would like to thank Peter Henriques, Jeff Lagasse, Greg Love, and Larry Manson, who have completed a term with me as Form Agents. I look forward to beginning my term as Form Director and to working with our new Agents Jim Brown, Pam Berry and Peter Fleming.

—Elisabeth J. M. Claudy '76


Form Notes

1921
Ronald Freelander is currently serving his ninth year on the board of directors and executive committee of The Municipal Art Society of New York, and as a volunteer worker on its staff.

1927
Percy Chubb, 2d was recently named chairman of the board governing the Mystic Seaport Museum. Since 1946 he has been a trustee of the non-profit educational, maritime museum located in Connecticut.

1929
Drawings and paintings by Malcolm F. McKesson were exhibited in March at the Burke Rehabilitation Center in White Plains, New York. Oren Root and his wife, Daphne, have returned from a trip to Egypt, Jordan and Israel. “Seeing the Holy Places makes the Bible really come alive.”

1930
T. Edward Hambleton, a founder and managing director of New York's Phoenix Theatre, was feted by family and colleagues at a gala 70th birthday party in February. Among the activities was a special Phoenix production entitled "T" and described in the occasion's "Playbill" as "a drama of countless good acts." "The Seventh Annual T. Awards" and an announcement by the Theatre's directors of the establishment of a special fund honoring Hambleton for "a lifetime of selfless dedication to the American theatre," completed the celebration.

1932
August Heckscher, having completed his St. Paul's, The Life of a New England School, has begun work on a major biography of Woodrow Wilson to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

1934
Angier Biddle Duke, veteran U. S. diplomat who until March 4 was Ambassador to Morocco, has become chairman of the new United States-Japan Foundation, an organization promoting understanding and cooperation between the peoples and institutions of this country and Japan.

1937
Having retired for the second time, Thomas L. Fisher II has moved to Wolfeboro, New Hampshire, where he is president of Cross Country Interests, Inc., a real estate management and development corporation.

1938
Ogden Williams is currently serving as Washington, D. C. coordinator of the Afghanistan Relief Committee which seeks funds for Afghan refugees in Pakistan, particularly medical and surgical help to wounded freedom fighters and their families.
1939
Serving on the board of governors of the Episcopal Church Home of Washington, D. C., Frank H. Hammond is also chairman of its property committee. Dr. Robert G. Page is in private practice (internal medicine) in Londonderry, Vermont. He still holds faculty appointments at the Medical College of Ohio at Toledo and at Dartmouth.

1941
Arthur W. Howe III reports that he is retired and living on Kiawah Island, nearby Charleston, South Carolina.

1944
In March, Alexander K. McLanahan resigned the presidency of Houston's Museum of Fine Arts to return to the oil business. He is now vice president and director of Blocker Energy Corporation, a large contract drilling firm also involved in oil and gas exploration.

1950
Announcement has been made of the engagement of Jesse Atwell Brinkley, manager of the contributing membership program at the Smithsonian Institution, and George R. Packard, dean of Johns Hopkins University School of Advanced International Studies. A June wedding is planned.

1951
John L. Lorenz has joined Prentice Hall as textbook representative to independent schools in the Northeast. On February 13, he became a grandfather when his oldest daughter, Laura, gave birth to a son.

1952
Ralston H. Coffin, Jr. has left Playtex, as president of the firm's international division, to grow produce in developing countries (e.g. Egypt) for marketing in Europe and other industrial countries—a project aiming to stave off world famine from the private sector. Asa B. Davis has been promoted to senior vice president of Bankers Trust Company and is currently assigned to manage the European banking network out of London. This spring, Kent State University Press published Roderick Stackelberg's Idealism Debated: From Voëlisch Ideology to National Socialism. He is now associate professor of history at Gonzaga University, Spokane, Washington.

1953
Stephen Colgate has just finished his third book on sailing, Yachtmen's Guide to Racing Tactics (Ziff-Davis Books). His first was entitled Colgate's Basic Sailing Theory (Van Nostrand-Reinhold); the second, Fundamentals of Sailing, Cruising and Racing (W.W. Norton) was entitled Colgate's Basic Sailing Theory (Van Nostrand-Reinhold); the second, Fundamentals of Sailing, Cruising and Racing (W.W. Norton).

1955
After twelve years as headmaster of The Park School, a coeducational, independent day school serving preschool to grade IX students in Brookline, Massachusetts, Robert S. Hurbut has been given a six-month sabbatical during which he will pursue two avocations: the ministry and woodworky by apprenticing himself to clergymen and craftsmen in Vermont and Boston.

1957
Alden H. Irons, after three years working on African labor and refugee issues, begins a two-year stint this summer in the State Department's personnel office where he will be responsible for making assignments to Europe.

1959
Continuing a colorful variety of trips, "for the spice of life and to combat island fever," Roger A. C. Williams of Pago Pago, in the Samoas, reports: "Last fall, I took a backpack in Alaska's Brooks Range; over Christmas, went to Nauru and Micronesia; where I hiked over the top of Ponape with 'Micronesian Bound' and dived to the wrecks off Truk; and over Easter, took an excursion in Pago Pago."

1962
David M. Knott was married to Virginia Gregg Commander in Atlanta. She is associate editor of the Harris Action Group, a New York publisher of hunting-fishing magazines. Knott is a vice president of the investors group of Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette in New York. An associate professor of German at the University of Cincinnati, just four years out of graduate school, Richard E. Schade continues as secretary-treasurer of the Lexing Society and as associate editor of The Lexing Yearbook. He also has published two books and six articles in four years and "will continue to crank them out...both in German and English on 16th and 17th century studies (Renaissance)." Alvin A. Schall reports that his wife, Sharon, gave birth to a son, Anthony Davis, on April 16, 1981. He joins a daughter, Amanda Lanford, four years. The Schalls live in Chevy Chase, Maryland. Enjoying a temporary change from Vassar, Peter G. Stillman is a visiting professor of politics at Princeton this year.

1964
A first child, Christopher Wetherill, born September 22, 1980 to Alix and Peter Gerry. Alix is now practicing veterinary medicine in Princeton where the Gersys live. Peter continues to direct the venture capital investment activities of Citicorp in New York. J. A. Humphreys III reports the birth of a first child, Aileen Ford, October 11, 1980. Still single and living in Boston, Richard S. Spryer is enjoying his new associate as marketing manager, advertising for Continental Cablevision, Inc., one of the larger cable television companies with fifty franchises across the country. He would enjoy hearing from any SPS graduates living in the Boston area.

1965
Robert L. Hall expects to complete his doctoral dissertation, a religious history of blacks in Florida from 1565 to 1906, in time for June Commencement at Florida State University. During 1978-1979, he had a leave of absence from Florida State to pursue his studies while holding a Whitney M. Young, Jr. Memorial Fellowship. Since then, he has published four articles in scholarly journals, several book reviews, and has edited a book which will be published this spring by the University of Georgia Press.

1966
From Hugh Clark: "After what seems an eternity, am receiving my Ph.D. in middle period Chinese history. All are welcome to
buy my best-seller study from University Microfilms. Am currently teaching at Haverford College.” Among the newly married are Nancy E. Metz and George N. Lindsay, Jr. and Lorna D. Jones and Raymond E. Riggs.

1967

Scott W. Muller is serving as an Assistant U. S. Attorney in the Southern District of New York, prosecuting federal criminal cases. He also reports the birth of a son, Christopher Adams.

1968

J. T. Colby III is currently working for Matthews & Wright, a New York investment banking firm, and running in “as many 10-kilometer road races as I can wake up for!” His wife, Cynthia, is employed for a product market line of Revlon, Inc. A second child, Amanda Warrington, born May 1980, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Niles.

1969

Richard Hagerty announces the birth of a first child, Mary Gervais Street, on November 21, 1980. Visiting the School in April, Sergio Uribe would be pleased to hear from his friends if they are in South America, particularly Bogota, Colombia.

1970

N. George Host and wife, Laurie, are living in Darien, Connecticut. He practices law in Stamford; she, in Greenwich. They “seem to spend too much time house hunting.” An assistant vice president of Spaulding and Slye’s real estate brokerage division, Christopher Phillips handles commercial and industrial properties in the Greater Boston area.

1971

David Baldwin is reported newly married and working for the smallest radio station in San Francisco. Having left the Navy in April, Christopher Colby has joined Analysis and Technology in New London, Connecticut as a senior analyst. S. Riker Davis, Jr. has flown 45 miles in a hang glider over California’s Owens Valley, lives in the New Mexican mountain village of Ruidoso, and works year round at the 10,000 foot Sierra Blanca Ski Area. He adds, “Life is good!” Terry Gruber awaits the October 1981 appearance of his book, Fat Cats, a photo book which is the sequel to his successful Working Cats. Currently in his second year of surgical residency at the Medical College of Virginia, Richmond, Dr. David B. Reath is applying for a plastic surgery residency to begin in 1984. Planning a June wedding in New York, to Natalie Cole, a colleague at Boston’s WNAC-TV, is William S. Selby. They plan to live in Cambridge. Peter A. Seymour is an account executive at the New York advertising firm of Dancer Fitzgerald Sample, Inc.

1972

Thomas Hewson is employed by an energy consulting firm in Washington, D.C. After receiving an M.B.A. from the Colgate School of Business Administration this spring, Robert G. Shepley, Jr. will return to New York to begin work with Goldman, Sachs & Co.

1973

James B. Brooke has been covering Brazil for the Washington Post since last November, a job that has taken him “into the Amazon for a gold rush story, into Rio’s slums for a death squad story, and on to Copacabana beach for some in-depth reporting on a tourism piece.” He asks formmates and SFS friends to look him up, if ever in Rio. Craig M. Gordon and Susan Rueter Gordon ’74, announce the birth of a son, Benjamin Morris, on March 31, 1981. Having finished the management development program at California’s Crocker National Bank last August, John Hood is now assistant manager of the Bank’s San Anselmo branch. Charles N. Marvin, Jr. graduates in early June from the University of Minnesota Medical School, and later that month, he will begin a general surgery residency program at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. Michael L. Prentice completes the requirements of his M.S. degree in Geology at the University of Maine this summer. Beginning in September, he will be at Brown University pursuing a doctorate. He adds, “this long and very rocky road will hopefully be worth the huge effort that it is taking!” The exhibit, “Natural Images: Photography of Acadia, Maine” by T. Wayne Roberts, appeared in the Contemporary Photographers and Artists Gallery at the New Jersey State Museum in Trenton this spring.

1974

Peter J. Conolly reports that he, his SFS roommate, Topher Gayle, and Nat Goodspeed have collaborated on a brilliant 45 RPM record, due out this spring. Conolly is also engaged in research for a film production company. Lloyd Lynford is a founding member of the Private Theatre in New York. He most recently directed the world premiere of Michael Stephen’s play, “Our Father.” Alison A. Mannay is serving with the Peace Corps in Korea. Graduating from the University of South Carolina Law School in June will be Burnet R. Maybank, Jr. Bruce M. Patton has been associate director of the Harvard Negotiation Project and, after a two-year layoff, he will be returning to Harvard Law School in the fall.

1975

Jeffrey Cooley is working at Christie’s in New York, the art auction gallery. “If anyone wants a nice American painting, I’ve got just the thing!” After his first year at the University of Connecticut Medical School, Christopher Granger will be employed at the Circle L Ranch in Lovelock, Nevada this summer. Jennifer Rand spent half of the 1979-1980 academic year at the University of Seville and then crewed on a schooner travelling from Valencia to the Canary Islands. In December 1980, she was graduated from the University of Colorado and recently has announced her engagement to William S. Griffin of Buffalo. An August wedding is planned. “Alive, well, and tripping with the hip” in Boulder, Colorado, is Thomas Stone. He is a special economic consultant for Helios Energy Systems, a new solar/wind research and development group in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

1976

After three years of leisure, Marian T. Bodine is once again a college student. Crafts management is her major, a mix of crafts and small business courses. She enjoys getting back into weaving best of all. Bodine and Vicky Wilson had a chance to be roommates again at Christmastime. "Just like old times!” And she also visited Tilda Essig. Elisabeth J. M. Clady is living in a dormitory and working as assistant director of admissions at The Madeira School—"adding another dimension to my secondary school experience!” A second daughter, Bronwen Anne, born on March 22, 1981 in Rennes, France to Katherine Vickery Halsey and Woodruff W. Halsey, a member of the School’s faculty currently on assignment as director of the School Year Abroad program in France. In October, Jeffrey R. Lagasse drove across the country to visit his brother in Tucson, Arizona. On returning home, he got a job with the New Britain National Bank. He plans to return to the University of Connecticut this summer to complete a degree in finance. Douglas P. Owen graduated a year ago from Colorado College. His current interest is in education and completing requirements for his teaching certificate is his goal. Engaged as a legislative aide in Washington, on Transportation and other issues, for Connecticut Senator Lowell
Weicker, is Lisa B. Palache. John Queenan will finish his graduate studies at Cornell University’s School of Hotel Management in May. He will then become assistant manager of the Blue Pagoda Restaurant in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Jonathan F. Stone is fashioning a career as a financial administration at Honeywell’s Marine Systems Center in Seattle. “Mountaineering remains a major focus, the peaks of Washington offering endless challenges.” A member of the Class of 1981 at Amherst College, Jeffrey W. von der Schulenburg is looking for a job in Germany. After graduating from Brown, William Waggaman worked as a travelling press aide for John Anderson and family during the campaign. Since the November election he has been associated with Grey Advertising in New York.

1977
Charles J. Latchis spent a full semester of his senior year in Moscow studying Russian. He graduates from the University of Vermont this spring and plans to join the Navy in the fall. Receiving a B.A. in English from Trinity College in May, William D. Paine has been accepted to the Naval Officer Candidate School in Newport, Rhode Island. Whitney Stewart is presently a children’s librarian at the Providence Athenaeum. She is also engaged in publishing a book for children. After a year off spent working for an Irish opera festival and travelling through Western Europe, James Tung has returned to Harvard for his junior year as a psychology major. Margaret D. Ziegler and Henry C. Ferguson, both 1981 Harvard graduates, plan to be married in the SPS Chapel on June 15, this year.

1978
Scott Elder has been enrolled at Lund University in Sweden participating in a program combining international politics, social welfare policy in Sweden, environmental protection and the Swedish language. He is a junior at Brown, concentrating in international relations, and was a founder of the University’s first sky diving club and a country rock band, “Nothing Yet.” Playing varsity lacrosse, Graham W. Galloway has completed his junior year at the United States Military Academy (West Point).

1979
Notes from an outstanding second anniversary turn-out!
David Scully, the only one of the twenty-five people mentioned here who missed Anniversary, will be suffering through organic chemistry in New Haven with the Yale

WEED AND READ

“Weed and Read” began twenty years ago—the nickname came later—when my secretary’s fifteen-year-old-son asked for a summer job. To that end a program was devised which required working on the place in the morning and in the afternoon reading those “great books” for which one never finds time later in life.

After two summers the boy won a National Merit Award and got into college without difficulty. Since then recruiting has not been difficult, though there have been mistakes. For example the captain of our high school’s football team was distracted by visits from admiring girls. Also, a boy (no matter what New England boarding school he has contrived to stay in) with no interest in reading or writing can try one’s patience. Finally, after their Sixth Form boys want to work full time or spend the summer in Jackson Hole.

Let me first describe the “Read,” for it is essential to the program. John Bunyan’s Pilgrim’s Progress is required but thereafter the boy and I choose one of the titles recommended by his school (so my chagrin St. Paul’s list is less manageable than Groton’s). The norm is one volume a week. It is followed by a 500- to 600-word “book report,” comprising an abstract, a comment on the style, when relevant a contrast of the good and the bad in the important characters (for example Captain Dobbin in Vanity Fair against Fabric de Dongo in The Charterhouse of Parma), a brief analysis of the society described by an author (such as Charles Dickens in Oliver Twist) and finally what, if anything, did the reader get out of the book.

About two hours are then spent tutoring, in the English sense, the boy. This can be fun, for example, one report on George Elliott’s Silas Marner began, “I would have appreciated this book more had I known the author was a woman.” Split infinitives, misspellings and torturous sentences get marked in red.

The “Weed” part can be fun, too. It begins with ordinary maintenance: weeding (following a good rain), mowing (when the dew has dried), picking vegetables (as early as possible except for the corn), and cultivating the flower beds (after watering). But, as my mother-in-law’s cook pointed out when giving notice that she liked the family but the work was too daily, routine can become monotonous and uninspiring.

Therefore projects are mixed in. They range from grading areas to make mowing easier, leveling spots where transplanting has caused subsidence, to digging shallow ditches to drain swales. Another is pruning and clipping to increase the trompe l’oeil effect of a vista. Finally the occasional tour (always a boost to everyone’s pride in his work) needs a guide. The summer was made for a boy who showed the place to his mother and her garden club.

The careers of the “Readers” have not been easy to follow. Two at least have become Board Certified Pediatricians. None has ever had to ask for help beyond a recommendation to a college admissions office. Subjectively, the possibility that the “Weeders” will continue through life to seek the pleasure derived from maintaining and embellishing a garden is adequate reward.

—Adolph G. Rosengarten, Jr., ’23

Summer Sciences Program. Also scientifically occupied is Dinah Danby, who will be working for the Smithsonian's Center for astrophysics in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Across the Charles River, Seth Ward will substitute for vacationing lawyers and staff in his job at Hale and Dorr, a Boston law firm. George Schwab plans travel with his brother in England and France before he starts work for a New York City law firm housed at #50 Broadway. Also working in lower Manhattan is Kimball Halsey, employed through June as an auditor by the French American Banking Corporation. He will be attending Dartmouth's summer semester, as will Dave Ross, who has been in the Senate office building for the spring and returns to college where he is majoring in history. Jim Jordan also will be at Dartmouth for the summer term. Henry Azar is looking for work in Florida's construction industry, and Lili Cassels Brown is job-hunting in Vermont. Jon Faulkner will be tripping around somewhere in between, building up hours of flight time toward his pilot's license. Among those being educated this summer are Jon Chapman, taking geology with the Cornell Summer Term as part of his energy major, and Miranda Cox. She is taking intensive Russian at Middlebury, with an eye to her spring semester 1982 in Moscow. Bill Martin also plans travel for the coming school year: he is going to Germany. Meanwhile, he is working for his father this summer. Likewise, Patti Blevens will work for her father in Concord in the real estate field.

Dave Stevenson will be making a mess of real estate in Concord, as he works with a road crew tearing up and repairing pipes under the city's streets. Dede Gillespie will be leaving Concord to spend the summer waitressing and living the coastal life in Newport. Also leading the coastal life will be Virle Reid, who plans to work on a fishing boat off Maine. Chuck Clement plans to be in British Columbia planting trees there. He will be at the University of Wisconsin this coming year. David Von Gunten is involving himself heavily in government this summer. He will be working in New Jersey, first for the Burlington County Solicitor's office, then for a Republican candidate for Governor of that state. Sarah Bankson will be working in the Treasurer's office in Boston's City Hall. Helen Taws, on the other hand, will be in the private sector. She expects to be in Washington, D.C., working for network news. Katie Reid will be in Wilmington, Delaware, employed at Dupont's research labs helping to find a cure for arthritis. Anne Waskiewicz will be munching on lettuce and cottage cheese as she heads the food service in a camp for overweight girls. When asked what she would be up to for the summer, Suzanne Wamsler said, "I'm going to go home and play." She will be in Germany travelling and visiting friends, and counseling her mother, who is SPS's newest trustee. Waddell Stillman, the Form's second reunion correspondent, is working at TKG Associates, a firm that gives fund raising counsel to non-profit organizations, in New York City. He, too, will be eating lettuce and cottage cheese, given his pay.

1980

C. Redington Barrett is enjoying Princeton and probably heading toward a major in history. This spring he has been devoting time to an original spring musical of the Triangle Club. Full-time employment at a summer theatre beckons this summer. After a spring of wondering whether there is more to life than eating, sleeping, and rowing for the first freshman boat at Princeton," Hilary S. Bedford plans to spend the summer traveling in England and possibly to South Africa and Kenya. Patrick L. Dober has been enrolled in the Dynasty Internship Program in Worcester, Massachusetts this year. His activities have included starting an educational children's magazine, working for "Worcester Magazine," and an apprenticeship to a carpenter. He goes on to Macalester College in the fall. Summer plans for Martha Edson include sewing costumes for the College Light Opera Company in Falmouth, Massachusetts. European travellers for the summer include Ian MacColl, Geoffrey Underwood, and Ned Doubleday '81. Jonathan Reckford has become a member of campus governing council at the University of North Carolina, was stroke of the UNC crew, and will be working for a police department this summer.

Deceased

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

'00 — Charles Schuvelt Dewey
Dec. 25, 1980

'00 — Frank J. Sulloway
July 22, 1981; Concord, N. H.

'04 — John List Peppard
June 4, 1980

'16 — Phelps Phelps
June 10, 1981; Wildwood, N. J.

'19 — William Shepard Biddle

'22 — Theodore Martindale Purdy
July 12, 1979; New Milford, Ct.

'32 — Philip Nash de Rosset
May 2, 1981; Lemon Grove, Calif.

'39 — John Drake Stelle
Feb. 21, 1981

'80 — Theresa Winson Pratt
June, 1981

1907 — George Matthews, Jr.
died on May 25, 1981 in Chapel Hill, North Carolina after a brief illness. He was born on

June 22, 1888 in New York, the son of George and Grace Birmingham Matthews. Enrolling at St. Paul's in 1905, he was a halfback on the first Delphian eleven, a member of the second hockey team, and rowed at number two on the second Halcyon crew. In addition, he won the rope climbing events in the 1907 winter indoor games and the gymnasmium exhibition. He was a member of the Scientific Association. He attended Yale for a year or two and then became involved in family business. His military career began in 1910 when he enlisted in Squadron A of the New York National Guard Cavalry. During World War I, the Squadron became the 105th
Machine Gun Battalion, serving in France and Belgium. As a result of that tour of service, he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for outstanding conduct in combat along with the Silver Star and the Purple Heart. When World War II started he became a member of the Adjutant General’s office and was assigned to supervise the Army’s special training programs at the University of North Carolina and at Duke University. From Chapel Hill, he went overseas to serve as military governor of Landkreist Memninger in Germany. He retired from the Army with the rank of colonel, in 1954, and made his home in Chapel Hill. Between the wars and in retirement he was active in real estate and private investments. For the past several years he proudly led the traditional Alumni Parade on Anniversary and had planned to do so again in 1981. Surviving are a sister, Miss Yvonne Matthews of Connecticut, a niece, and grandniece.

1910 — Harold Alonzo Chesbrough
died at his Jacksonville, Florida home on April 21, 1981 after a brief illness. He was born on October 17, 1890 in Scottsmoor, Quebec, the son of Aaron Calvert and Martha Jane Chesbrough. Reared in Toledo where he attended private schools, he entered St. Paul’s in 1905. Two years later, he went on to the Princeton Preparatory School. A veteran of World War I, he served in Washington with the Army Quartermaster Corps. In 1919, he was married to the late Flora Franklin Justin, who died in 1938. He did not remarry. A resident of Jacksonville since 1923, he served as southeast distributor for the Willys-Overland Automotive Company. He is survived by three daughters, Jeanette C. Sowers, Suzanne C. Nelligan, and Cecile C. Newcomer; two sons, Harold Aaron Chesbrough and Justin Everett Chesbrough; thirteen grandchildren; and eleven great-grandchildren.

1914 — Thomas Blythe Scott, Jr.
died on December 24, 1980, at his home in Scottsdale, Arizona, at the age of eighty-four years. He was born on May 7, 1896 in St. Paul, Minnesota, the son of Thomas Blythe and Mary Lee Clare Scott. At the School, he was active in Old Hundred athletics, as a member of the second eleven and of the third hockey team. He received his bachelor’s degree from Harvard College in 1918. A veteran of World War I, he also served as a colonel in the U. S. Army Air Force in World War II during which he was Assistant Chief of Staff for the air offensive in Europe and the Normandy Campaign. He was awarded a bronze star and the Legion of Merit. His business career included presidencies of the Brookhaven Oil Company (1938-1979), the Daedra Corporation (1946-1979), and the Scott Corporation (1955-1975)—all independent oil and gas companies. He was a director of the Independent Petroleum Association of America. Surviving are his wife, Louise J. Scott; two daughters, Adele Blythe Carr and Mary Clare Brandt; and six grandchildren.

1918 — Richard Neal Greenwood
died on July 4, 1980 at a Plymouth, Massachusetts hospital after an illness of several months. He was eighty years old. Born in Plymouth, on September 18, 1899, the son of Levi Heywood and Mary Canna Greenland, he entered St. Paul’s in 1914. A member of the Student Council and the Concordia Literary Society, he also played third team hockey for Old Hundred. He went on to Harvard, but left at the beginning of his junior year to enter the family furniture company, Heywood-Wakefield Company of Gardner, Massachusetts. From 1929 until his retirement in 1966, he headed the firm. His civic and professional activities included membership in the executive committee of the First National Bank of Gardner, trustee of the Gardner Savings Bank, honorary trustee of Plimoth Plantation, director of the National Association of Manufacturers and a member of the board of governors of the American Furniture Mart. Surviving are his wife, Marjorie Greenland; a son Richard H. Greenland; a daughter, Drusilla Withington; two sisters, Eleanor Hornblower and Margaret Greenland; three stepsons, G. Alvin Crowell, Constance C. Crowell, and Ripley B. Crowell; nine grandchildren and nine step-grandchildren.

1919 — Livingston Ludlow Biddle II
died on February 7, 1981 in Palm Beach, Florida. He was eighty-two years old. Born in Philadelphia, he attended the Delancey School there until enrolling at St. Paul’s in 1914. At the School, he was particularly active in Isthmian athletics and rowed at position number three on the first Halcyon crew. He was graduated from Princeton University, Class of 1922. A veteran of the Marine Corps in World War I, he later served as a lieutenant colonel in the U. S. Air Force in World War II. For more than forty years, he was president of Biddle and Co., a diversified real estate and insurance firm in Pinehurst, North Carolina. His civic activities included memberships on the board of directors of Boys Harbor in New York and the Educational Institute for Disadvantaged Youth. He is survived by his wife, Suzanne Hutchinson Biddle; a son, Livingston L. Biddle III; three grandchildren; and a sister, Mrs. Thomas Markoe Robertson. His late brother, Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., was a member of the Form 1915. Three nephews, Angier Biddle Duke ‘34, Anthony Drexel Duke ’60 and Nicholas Duke Biddle ’39, and a stepson, Warwick Fay Neville ’48, also survive.

1927 — Harper Woodward
died in Branford, Connecticut on April 15, 1981. He was seventy-one years old. Born in Rochester, New York, on November 26, 1909, the son of Anne Murray Carr and Roland B. Woodward, he entered the School in 1923 where he was a member of the Cadmean Literary Society and rowed bow on the third Halcyon crew. In 1931, he graduated from Harvard College and from Harvard Law School in 1934. The next year he became secretary to Harvard president, James B. Conant. He then practiced law in New York City and Rochester, specializing in aviation matters. During World War II, he served as a colonel in the Army Air Force, and from 1943 to 1945 was a member of the advisory council to General of the Army Henry H. Arnold. In 1946, he joined Laurence S. Rockefeller as lawyer and business associate, and played major roles in such venture capital investments as manufacturing of aircraft-related equipment, rocket and ramjet engines, graphic-arts products and electronic devices. He was also a director of Rockresorts, Inc. and had assisted in the other favorite hobby. He is survived by his wife, Alison Gibson Powell Miller, and a cousin, Joseph Laquocque.

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building of resorts in the Caribbean and Hawaii. Surviving are his wife, Edith Mackinney Woodward; two daughters, Bonnie B. Christen and Belinda B. Kendall; two sons, Bruce A. Woodward and Edwin C. Laird III; a sister, Mrs. Arthur B. Treman; a brother, Beavan Woodward '23; and three grandchildren.

1932 — Alexander Orr Vietor

died in New York on March 9, 1981 at the age of sixty-seven years. Born in that same city, on November 15, 1915, the son of Carl Louis and Martha Orr Vietor, he entered the School in 1927. He was secretary of the Scientific Association, a member of the Cadman Literary Society, the third Delphian hockey team, and rowed number seven on the Shattuck first crew. In 1936, he received his B.A. from Yale and, from 1937 to 1940, was an associate of the New York naval architecture firm, Cox and Stevens. He returned to Yale in 1941 as assistant to the director of Yale Art Gallery. During World War II, he served as a consultant to the U.S. Office of Strategic Services as well as a researcher at Yale Library for the Pictorial Records Division of the OSS. He was appointed curator of maps at Yale in 1943, a position he was to hold until 1978, and during that time developed one of the world's greatest map collections. Among the maps he acquired for Yale were the 1489 Martellus map of the world and one of the two 1526 Magellan globes. After his retirement from Yale in 1978, he retained the title as advisor to the library for the collection. He was a member of the board of the New York Historical Society and the Mystic Seaport Museum, an honorary board member of the New Haven Colony Historical Society, and a director of the American Museum in Bath, England. He is survived by his wife, Anna Butler Vietor; three daughters, Martha Vietor, Louise Oliver, and Pauline Sheehan; three sons, David B. Vietor '59, Richard R. Vietor '60, and Alexander W. Vietor; and eighteen grandchildren.

1935 — Dion Keith Kerr, Jr.

1935 — Dion Keith Kerr, Jr.
died on May 13, 1981 in New York. He was born on January 30, 1916 in Washington, D.C., the son of Dion Keith and Dorothy M. Kerr. He attended the Aiken Preparatory School in South Carolina before enrolling at St. Paul's in 1930. During his time at SPS, he was a member of the Old Hundred athletic club, playing on the third eleven, and the Halcyon Boat Club. He left the School at the end of his Fourth Form year. As a young man he was a show horse and steeple chase rider. He was a trainer and breeder of thoroughbred horses, racing at first in Maryland and for the last eighteen years in New York. Prior to World War II he was a member of the reserve unit Philadelphia City Troop and, during the war, he was a bombardier in the Army Air Corps. He was a member of the American Trainers Association and the Thoroughbred Owners and Breeders Association. An avid golfer and flyfisherman, he lived in Locust Valley, New York and at Camden, South Carolina. Surviving are his wife, Shirley Bowring Kerr; a son, Dion Keith Kerr III; a daughter, Margaret Mithoefer; a brother, Hugh A. Kerr; a half-brother, James K. O'Hara; and two grandchildren.

1938 — Philip Wadsworth Schwartz

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died on February 24, 1981, at Farmington, Connecticut after a lengthy illness. He was sixty-two years old. Born in Pasadena, California, on August 25, 1918, the son of Philip and Helen Smith Schwartz. He attended the Fay School and entered St. Paul's in 1934. His activities included participation in Delphian first football, second hockey, and track team. He graduated from Phillips Academy, Andover, with the Class of 1938, and from Trinity College, Class of 1942. During World War II, he served in the Pacific with the Marine Corps and was honorably discharged as a first lieutenant. He was vice president of the Colt Firearms Manufacturing Company in Hartford early in his career. Later, he would be vice president of the High Standard Manufacturing Company, Hamden, and general manager of the Jacobs Manufacturing Company, West Hartford. Retiring from business in 1971, he owned and operated the “Black Whale” antique business in Hadlyme. His civic associations included chairman of the board of the National Bank of New England, East Haddam, and memberships in the Mystic Marine Museum and the Ferrari Club of America. Survivors include his wife, Mary Peck Schwartz; his mother; a brother, Charles Henry Schwartz; and four stepchildren.

1943 — Josiah Macy, Jr.

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died on March 25, 1979 in Palmetto, Florida. Born in New York, on December 17, 1924, the son of J. Noel Macy and Mary Martin Macy, he entered St. Paul's in 1938. A member of the Old Hundred and Halcyon Clubs, he was an enthusiastic and skillful debate for the Concordian Literary Society. He served in the United States Naval Reserve from 1944 to 1946 and resigned as a lieutenant junior grade in the early 1950s. Awarded a B.S. degree in chemistry by MIT in 1949, and a Ph.D. in mathematics from MIT in 1954, he became associated with the classified military research staff of the Johns Hopkins University Operations Research Office in Bethesda, Maryland. In 1958, he joined the faculty of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine as Assistant Professor of Physiology in Mathematical Biophysics, later being promoted to Associate Professor in 1961. At Einstein, he served as director of the Physiology Computer Laboratory, from 1961 to 1967, where he developed the “hybrid computer,” a combination of analog and digital computers. Professionally, he was best known for this combination and for using it in the analysis of neurophysiological data. In addition, he served on the NIH study section on computers in research (1962-1967) and the National Library of Medicine's Biomedical Library Review Committee. In 1967, he accepted an appointment as Professor of Biomatics and of Information Sciences at the University of Alabama, Birmingham, where he also served as director of the University's division of
biophysical sciences until his retirement in 1978. His lifelong enthusiasm for cruising sailboats dominated his recreational activities. He was living on his boat, preparing for a cruise, when he died. Surviving are a son, Josiah Macy III; three daughters, Barbara Blake, Elizabeth Macy and Ann Macy; two brothers, Archer Martin Macy '44 and Noel E. Macy '47; and two granddaughters, Lisa and Sara Kristen Macy.

1951 — The Rev. Erville B. Maynard, Jr. died in a Flint, Michigan hospital on March 23, 1981. He was forty-eight years old. He was born in Massachusetts on July 5, 1932, the son of The Rev. Erville B. and Ann Rogers Maynard. At St. Paul's, he was a member of the Missionary Society, the Acolyte Guild and Glee Club. His athletic club was Delphian, for which he was a member of the first eleven, captain of the second hockey team, and on the club's track squad. He went on to Harvard University, graduating with a B.A. degree, and later earned a graduate degree from Virginia Theological Seminary. His association with the Episcopal Church began as assistant pastor of St. Paul's Church in Flint and as priest in charge of the St. Paul's Church in Corunna. In 1963, he founded the Flint Industrial Mission, an experimental program conducting informal discussions within and between labor and management of industrial and commercial work places. Moral and human relations issues of the world of work were their focus. In 1968, he began an association with the Flint Department of Community Development, serving as citizen participation coordinator at the time of his death. He was a former member of the Flint Housing Commission and served on the 1976 Mayor’s Task Force on Housing, and also was a member of the Flint Urban League, the NAACP, and the Harvard Alumni Association. He is survived by his parents and by his wife, Leslie Graham Maynard; two sons, Benjamin and John Maynard; a daughter, Elizabeth Maynard; and a sister, Ann Welchli.

1952 — William Michael Cushman, Jr. died on May 1, 1981 in New York. He was forty-six years old. Born in Washington on July 15, 1934, the son of William Michael and Catherine Crowley Cushman, he came to the School in 1948. He was a member of La Junta, the School's boxing team, and participated in Old Hundred football. He received his B.A. from Yale and an M.B.A. from the Virginia Graduate School of Business. He served as a captain in the Air Force from 1956 to 1959, as a navigator bombardier and was a member of the military reserve. His professional career started as an associate at Arthur Andersen & Company, then as a partner at Case and Company, management consultants in New York. He joined Schieffelin and Company, the wine and spirits importers, in 1973 as controller, was promoted to treasurer in 1975 and became president and chief operating officer in 1976. Surviving are his wife, Gloria Reeder Cushman; three daughters, Catherine, Christina and Cynthia Cushman; two stepchildren, Porter and Francesca Fleming; his mother, Catherine Crowley Cushman; and an aunt, Mrs. Heywood Newbold.

1953 — William Alan Wile a retired major in the Marine Corps, died at his Virginia Beach, Virginia home on April 8, 1981 at the age of forty-six years. Born in Boston, the son of Horace E. and Rosamond Wyman Wile, he attended Lowell, Massachusetts schools before entering St. Paul's in 1949. At the School, he was active in Chapel affairs and a member of the Old Hundred athletic club, participating in football and baseball. In his third year at Middlebury College, he enlisted in the Marines and served with the Corps for twenty-three years, including two tours of duty in Vietnam. He retired from the military two years ago. His deep enthusiasm were his devotion to the Episcopal Church, his interest in St. Paul's, and his work in the service of his country. Outdoor activities, particularly gardening and fishing, were recreational pursuits when he had the time. Military honors were accorded him at committal services in Falmouth, Massachusetts. Surviving are his wife, Elaine Abbott Wile; a son, William Alan Wile, Jr., U.S.N.; a daughter, Julia Chapman Wile; a sister, Rosamond Wile Gifford; a niece and nephew; and his father, Horace E. Wile.

1961 — Michael Crawford Madeira died at his home in Sherborn, Massachusetts on April 20, 1981, Easter Monday, after an illness of six months. He was thirty-seven years old. Born in Philadelphia, on April 26, 1944, the son of Constance Bradley Madeira and Crawford Clark Madeira, Jr. of the Form of 1936, he came to St. Paul's in 1957. Very active in the life of the School, he was treasurer of the Missionary Society, an acolyte, and a member of the Glee Club, Library Society, and Le Cercle Français. He served as a Lower School supervisor during the second half of his Sixth Form year. Athletically, he was a member of the champion first Isthmian hockey team, and left wing on the School's "B" team, and rowed at number two for the first Halcyon crew. After graduation, he went on to Princeton and later received a master's degree in city planning from Yale University. He became affiliated with Industrial National Bank in Providence, Rhode Island in 1972 and, at the time of his death, was a senior vice president of the bank's Industrial National Mortgage Company. Besides his wife, Ford Sargent Madeira, and his parents, he is survived by triplets, Lindsay S., Bradley C., and Joshua L. Madeira; three sisters, Constance M. Clark, Marion Gogolak, and Elizabeth Loring; and his paternal grandmother, Mrs. Crawford C. Madeira.
THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
St. Paul’s School, Concord, N. H. 03301

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Allerton Cushman, Jr. ’54
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Steven J. Crandal ’70
William Laverack, Jr. ’75
L. Scott Scharer ’80

REGIONAL CHAIRMEN AND COMMITTEES

Atlanta ................................................. Hillyer McD. Young ’59
Austin ............................................... Michael Gagarin ’59
Baltimore .......................................... Philip C. Iglehart ’57
Boston .............................................. John M. Carroll ’46
Buffalo .............................................. Charles P. Stevenson ’57
Central Pennsylvania ............................. Spencer G. Nauman, Jr. ’51
Charleston ......................................... D. Duncan McPherson ’69
Chicago .............................................. John K. Greene ’47, Ch.
Committee: John D. Purdy, 4th ’59, Frank F. Reed, 2nd ’46, Theodore D. Ticken, Jr., ’82, and Donald W. Welles, Jr. ’45
Cincinnati ......................................... Lee A. Carter ’57
Cleveland .......................................... William Chisholm, Jr. ’46, Ch.
Committee: Chisholm Halle ’51 and David S. Ingalls, Jr. ’52
Denver .............................................. Wilkes McClave, III ’65
Detroit ............................................. Selden B. Daume, Jr. ’54
Eastern N. Y. ...................................... Michael Poulatione ’53
Hartford ............................................ Samuel P. Cooley ’49
Houston ............................................. Clive Runnels ’44
Indianapolis ....................................... Cornelius O. Alig, Jr. ’39
Kansas City ........................................... Thornton C. Carpenter ’59
Long Island, N.Y .................................... Joseph B. Hartmeyer ’45
Los Angeles ......................................... Stuart W. Cramer, III ’47
Louisville .......................................... G. Hunt Rounsvail ’65
Maine ............................................... Charles D. McKee ’58
Memphis ............................................ Timmons L. Treadwell, III ’71
Minneapolis ........................................ Edward H. Hamm ’55
New Haven ......................................... Samuel R. Callaway, Jr. ’59
North Carolina ..................................... Hugh MacRae, II ’43
Northern N. J ...................................... E. Newton Gutter, III ’58
Omaha ............................................... Bruce R. Lauritzen ’61
Palm Beach ......................................... Richard C. Cowell ’45
Philadelphia ........................................ Henry McK. Ingersoll ’47
Phoenix ............................................. J. Oliver Cunningham ’57
Pittsburgh ......................................... Henry H. Armstrong ’49
Portland, Ore ....................................... Guy B. Pope ’54
Princeton .......................................... John I. Pearce, Jr. ’57
Reno .................................................. George A. Binney, III ’54
Richmond .......................................... John W. Cochrane ’62
Salt Lake City ..................................... Hugh H. Hoge ’58

San Francisco ...................................... Charles F. Lowrey ’45, Ch.
Santa Barbara ..................................... Frank F. Reed, II ’46
Seattle ............................................. E. Bates McKee, Jr. ’51
South Louisiana ................................... Robert M. Walsley, Jr. ’64
Tampa Bay .......................................... Byron E. Beese, Jr.
Tulsa ............................................... Joseph H. Williams ’52
Washington, D.C. .................................. John P. Bankson, Jr. ’48
Westchester-Fairfield .............................. Franklin Montross, III ’47, Ch.
Committee: Mrs. Joan Montross, and Alexander L. Robinson, Jr. ’48
Wilmingon .......................................... Michael L. Hershey ’56

England .............................................. Locke McLean ’55
France .............................................. David Wagstaff, III ’55
Italy ................................................. Christian Glatron ’52
Japan ............................................... Carlo A. La Chiusa ’55

CORPORATION OF ST. PAUL’S SCHOOL

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William A. Oates, Rector .............................. Concord, N. H.
George F. Baker, 3d ’57 ................................ New York
Samuel R. Callaway ’32 ................................ Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.
John Elliott, Jr. ’58 .................................. New York
Elizabeth R. Fonfara .................................. New York
Frederic C. Hamilton ................................. Denver
Eugenie A. Havemeyer ............................... New York

Amory Houghton, Jr. ’45 ................................ Coming, N. Y.
W. Walker Lewis, 3d ’63, Treasurer .................. Washington, D. C.
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Benningham Robert ’56 .................................... Philadelphia
Ralph L. Starr ’44 ..................................... Philadelphia
Anthony C. Stout ’57 .................................. Washington, D. C.
Colton P. Wagner ’57 .................................. New York