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Cover: A lone Club hockey player, Skip Campbell '83, rounds the Lower School Pond on his way to afternoon practice.

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The Rector’s Letter

Dear Alumni & Alumnae

“What are you doing here?”

This straightforward, bald question comes singing through the air to Jean and me every now and then as we walk the streets of cities far from Millville. It may be in Harvard Square in Cambridge, where we are idling away a few minutes in the book department of The Coop, or in the record department just above. Or, perhaps we are in New York City for a committee meeting, and, with an hour or two free, we are walking on Fifth Avenue, studying people and shopping opportunities.

“What are you doing here?” asks the former student who has recognized us and dashed over to break up the reverie which city streets often induce. Or, the hail of recognition has broken up those dreams of power and accomplishment which come alive for the outlander who is feeling again the pulse of America’s greatest street.

On the surface the question seems challenging and disconcertingly brusque, but because the speaker is a friend, usually an old friend of some years—sometimes a friend with whom I have shared a tense and difficult moment—I know the question really conveys surprise at our meeting in a strange place, and pleasure for the opportunity to talk for a few minutes which friends long separated always feel when reunited.

But there is more than surprise and pleasure in the question. Far more. The questioner is asking: indeed, what is happening at School? Why are you not there? Should you not be at School to make sure that all is well?

The questioner is saying, perhaps in other words: I remember at Graduation, a few years ago—what a lovely early summer day it was—leaving you on the Chapel Lawn. And I thought, there, he will always be there, keeping the School just as I have known it, and that is good.

But now I find you on Fifth Avenue, in New York, and you look just like everyone else, hurrying on to meetings, and it is a shock and I guess I thought you would always be at School: walking on the Lower Grounds in the afternoon, standing on the docks at Turkey Pond in the spring, getting your tray at luncheon with everyone else, working in your office in the Schoolhouse with the Vice Rectors, sometimes with large committees and students—yes, occasionally in earnest conversation with one student probing some rearrangement of daily guidelines for work and play which an indiscretion had mandated.

“What are you doing here?”

In a few minutes we part. We have been pleasurably stimulated and renewed in talking about a year in Manville, the School’s best dormitory; or the record of the best Sixth Delphian football
team in School history and its coach (and splendid left end!); or the arrival of girls in 1971. Shared experiences recalled, the day a little brighter with the memory of happy earlier hours.

I confess now, in thinking about such encounters, that I have always felt a bit rueful in facing that challenging question. Perhaps I should have been at School. Perhaps I should not have left, even for a few hours. But any feeling of regret which the question has evoked in me is always dispelled promptly on returning to the School grounds. Classes and sports and activities are in happy evidence everywhere. The School is bustling. Life is going on normally.

Certainly it is a human yearning to prefer that things continue in normal patterns and there be no significant change in institutions in which we have invested much of ourselves. I remember receiving a letter from a college freshman, written on October 25, barely five months following his graduation from St. Paul's School, stating that he had heard that I was contemplating a particular change. And he cautioned me about going too fast, and in fact about the inadvisability of any change. We did not proceed precipitously, but we did make the change a few months later. Change is the inevitable course of life, to be expected, to be welcomed.

Jean and I rejoice in the election of The Very Rev. Charles H. Clark as the 9th Rector of St. Paul's School and the warm friendship and careful concern which Kelly and Priscilla Clark will bring to Millville. It has been with the greatest pleasure and happy anticipation that we have welcomed them to the Rectory for first visits. How fortunate the School is, how fortunate we all are, to know that caring hands are ready to assume leadership of the School in June. I look forward with confidence and eager anticipation to the years of the 9th Rector.

A long, cold, snowy Winter Term is coming to a close as I write. Fiske Cup finals will be held in Memorial Hall tonight. Tomorrow we gather for the final time this term in the Chapel for the Last Night Service. Many active hours of accomplishment lie behind us. Will spring have arrived on April 1 when the School gathers once again? No one can be sure, but all can be hopeful.

We send greetings and best wishes with our hope of seeing many of you here at Anniversary.

March 8, 1982
Rubics Cubes and Sony Walkmen, they're what came back from Christmas vacation. The featherweight headphones attached to mini-cassette players were first visible when students got off the buses from Boston; Porter Gifford's was the first I saw. And those sophisticated plastic play toys were everywhere in the dorm; child's play for the geniuses of the Moore Building, or a terrible distraction for the hopelessly compulsive.

I don’t mind the headphones; in fact, if you’ve ever tried them you know how transporting they are. I do mind diminutive third formers who pick up those blasted cubes and in five minutes of virtuosic handling have all of the colors correctly aligned, then arrogantly proceed to make attractive geometric patterns, and, in a final gesture of hubris, obliterate the colorful order. Those little people, I need to remind myself, are not brighter than I am, their minds just work differently.

Every Christmas brings something else. Last year, we were ridden with that insidious little volume, The Preppy Handbook, which anyone here could have written had we thought about it. We don’t deliberately pack away those stocking stuffers, either they become part of everyday life or fade quietly away, as all trendy things. So yesterday, seeing a neglected, jumbled Rubics cube in the corner of Bayard Maybank’s bookshelf, I was brought back to a cold, softly lit morning very early in the new year.

For four years, Brian Regan has been a member of the music department. He is housemaster of Center Upper, and cross-country and track coach.
WHITE SMOKE

The atmosphere of the opening Sunday morning service of the term was how I have imagined it at St. Peter’s Square during a Papal conclave. Little puffs of gray smoke had dotted the Millville sky all during the fall term: trustee visits, candidate visits, endless rumors, very good sources, unreliable sources with engaging tidbits of speculation and inference. It was an interesting and anxious time for the School as the trustees narrowed the search for Mr. Oates’ successor. White smoke was unmistakable that January morning, as it had been over Manhattan the week before Christmas. President of the Board James Kinnear greeted many before the service began and sat in a seat reserved for visiting speakers. The liturgically minded will want to know that we were celebrating Epiphany, and that the anthem was Handel’s “And the Glory of the Lord Shall be Revealed.”

If the sense of anticipation was that of a Roman Square, the announcement itself was purely American: Mr. Kinnear’s statement was intimate, yet matter of fact; appropriately dignified, but with no high sentence. In the few minutes which followed the School learned that The Very Reverend Charles H. Clark would be the Ninth Rector of St. Paul’s. The excitement surrounding this singular event, at once a destination and a signpost for the future, would be matched six weeks later when the School personally welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Clark to Millville.

The Rector-elect and his wife came up from New Haven on Thursday, February 25th. Many of us had met them during two brief visits in the fall, but on Friday morning at Chapel they were officially welcomed to St. Paul’s. Mr. Oates asked them to come into the aisle by the pulpit to be greeted by the School with what turned out to be an acclamation of jubilant and extended cheering. What followed could have been staged by Tom Brown for its evocation of boarding school lore. We sang the School hymn, “Love Divine,” at a well-marked fortissimo, and Mr. Clark gave what Warren Hulser called a “soaring address.” The finishing touch could be guessed by anyone familiar with St. Paul’s tradition and twists. How else to welcome Mr. Clark to the School? Mr. Oates knew. Like a medieval lord granting a time of celebration to honor a newly appointed but uncrowned heir apparent, he announced a School holiday. I heard a few students comment that Mr. Clark had seen in action all that was necessary to know how to be a good Rector.

VISITORS

Many distinguished guests, Dickey Visitors and Conroy Fellows among them, come to St. Paul’s each term. Earlier in January we enjoyed performances by the Boston Symphony Chamber Orchestra and the Boston Ballet, and at third period on February 15th, the School assembled in Memorial Hall for a talk by Arthur Mitchell, founder and director of the Dance Theatre of Harlem. Mitchell’s podium manner was delightful; part comedian, part car salesman. While his love and his cause were clearly the dance, his message was broader: artistic achievement of any kind requires tireless, disciplined, and well-directed work. His quipping and humorous asides were deceiving. One had only to listen to him describe his teaching methods, and follow him to the dance building where he taught an advanced class to know that he is a no-nonsense taskmaster, a cheerful but relentless pursuer of excellence.

Dr. Alec Wyton, organist of St. James Church, Madison Avenue and prominent figure in Episcopal Church music, came as Dickey Visitor to the music department and spoke in Chapel on January 26th. He brought us up-to-date on the progress of the new hymnal, scheduled for completion in a couple
of years, and took us through a sampler of hymns from the supplementary book, “Hymns-III.” He prodded us to read the texts not just sing the tunes.

We also had a visit from a popular friend this February. I heard the unmodulated voice first, cutting through the restrained din of the second floor of the Schoolhouse during the ten-minute break between second and third period. Cal Chapin was back for a few days of work in the Admissions Office, and to catch up on his many friends here (and, ya' know, bring us up-to-date on a few things). Before his retirement two years ago, the second floor was where Cal welcomed admissions visitors, coordinated work squads and tour guides, and just about everything else. He was the unseen hand which made so much run so well.

DRAMA

When third former Charlie Newton sang those forbidding opening lines: "Oh the Shark has Pretty Teeth Dear, and He Keeps Them Pearly White," I knew immediately it was going to be good theatre, for Charlie, who usually has the aspect of a cooperative choir boy, disturbingly took on the riveting gaze of the grim street singer of Kurt Weill's *Three Penny Opera*. With its dark, unhappy tale and dissonant lyricism, it is a work not easily managed by young people, yet our drama students gave a gripping performance under Michele Lettiere's direction and Greg DuBuclet's baton.

But to say that the drama is limited to faculty-directed performance would be tantamount to saying that all theatre in New York is on Broadway. Student initiated, student directed performances are frequent, well-billed events; some under the auspices of the drama program, others completely independent. The Fourth Form presented an abbreviated version of "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown" in the Middle Dining Room, which they converted to a candlelit dinner theatre. All of the acting and musical talent came from within the Form, under the direction of Elizabeth Murray and Johanna Neilson, who, as a kind of Lucy figure, had no difficulty at all communicating to her cast precisely what she wanted. Students, we discover, can be just as demanding on each other as their teachers. And the results are usually impressive.

Faculty members and their spouses had their stagetime, too. The Master Players gave a reviving antidote to "Arsenic and Old Lace," with Deedy Lederer and new librarian Rosemarie Cassels-Brown as the perilous Brewster sisters. It was twenty years since the Players put on that old chestnut, when Margaret Archer and Nella Burnham had the leading roles. With characteristic thoughtfulness, co-director George Carlisle invited back Mrs. Archer and Mrs. Burnham as special guests for the Saturday performance. Profits from the two-night run were earmarked for the SPS Advanced Studies Program and the local elementary school.

Not the least of the dramatic activities was the inter-dorm Fiske Cup play competition at the very end of the term. Though the plays themselves are remarkably good, they are incidental to the marvelous way they bring a house together, the young and old students working together toward an enjoyable and productive goal. And they give proof positive that all vicious competition is not athletic.

ATHLETIC OBSESSIONS

In another place in these pages there is a detailed record of winter sports, so I need not play the statistician, yet several highlights call for mention.

Coach Victor Young and his varsity basketball squad ran a publicity blitz worthy of J. Walter Thompson: signs, Chapel skits, jingles, and more signs. And it worked. The gym was regularly full for the home games of the team that became known as the "SPS Runnin' Rebels."

I still don't know why or when they began calling themselves that. I can only
assume it was an advertising device, an attempt at a subliminal message, or perhaps a deliberate desire to obscure. Whatever the origin, the crowds came, and the Rebels ran, and Randy Cox kept jumping, and jumping higher, and shooting better, and better, and better, and leading his team to a 15-3 season. Basketball had been “sold” at St. Paul’s.

In the world according to Garp, I mean John Irving, I mean John Buxton, life couldn’t have been better. Admissions director Buxton’s world might not be inhabited by bears but there were plenty of good wrestlers, and they showed ursine strength and stamina. Outstanding among them was Craig Spivey ’83 who last year won the New England’s and this season went to the National Prep School tournament in Pennsylvania. Watching Spivey you know that he is a gifted athlete, the anatomy and agility are there; but more importantly so are the weeks and years of intensely hard work. Running, lifting, drilling, and first-rate coaching, and more drilling have produced impressive results. One of novelist Irving’s athletically-minded characters keeps repeating “you’ve got to get obsessed, and stay obsessed.” Craig Spivey is very obsessed, and if he stays obsessed we will certainly be hearing lots more about him.

Not all exercise is restricted to varsity and club sports. There is a small group of students and faculty runners who are oblivious to the tricky footing and bracing winds of the season. John Cagle and Rich Davis, both of the faculty, appear to act as mutual consciences for a daily jog; sixth formers Rudy Scarito, Harry Brigham, and Joe McLean, whose personal routes must criss-cross most of Concord’s roads; senior member of the history department, José Ordoñez, underdressed for the weather but undaunted, makes his way through a labyrinth of paths and trails which he has blazed through thirty years of running at SPS; and there is a group of younger faculty who are reliably on the roads of Concord in late afternoon.

But the rest of us look feeble compared to Cliff Gillespie, head of the science department. One day in early February I saw him pumping up Dunbarton Road, wearing, not Adidas, or Pumas, or Nikes, not the fashionable footwear of Runner’s World for Cliff; but boots, heavy, sturdily heeled, construction boots. “That,” I said to a student walking with me, “is a different league altogether.” Tu es petra.

ART AND LIFE

A walk through the Biennial Faculty Art Show in Hargate this February would impress anyone by the diversity and talent of our faculty. The variety of mediums represented and their artistry not only indicates the personal achievement of our teachers, but the breadth and depth of what they can offer students. For this and all exhibits in Hargate, Tom Barrett’s written descriptions and verbal introductions are linguistically what the works themselves are: artful, inventive, and colorful. The art department head is one of those rare individuals whose mastery and sensitivity to language matches that of his visual artistry.

For some faculty and a few older students, as for so many across the country, this has been a Brideshead Revisited winter. Who could guess that Monday, of all nights, could be so taken over by a television program? But the fidelity to Waugh’s novel, and the tragic elegance of the story and scenery made wonderful watching, a tribute to television at its best. While I wonder about the wider American interest in the series, it clearly has an appeal for anyone with the slightest tinge of Anglophilia, of which there are more than a few in this Arcadia.

These months of new beginnings for Rector-elect Mr. Clark and his family have their counterpart in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Oates. Their year has been a series of what August Heckscher has called “final things.” At a faculty meeting early in the term, Mr. Oates gave the annual reminder to retiring and departing faculty to vacate houses or apartments by June 30th to give the School staff adequate time to prepare for new residents. With a slight pause and in a twinkling aside, he said that he read it this year with particular interest. I cannot help thinking that the Rector will miss winters in Millville, for he has been a tireless campaigner for the pleasures of cold weather outdoor activity. And from their occa-

A walk through the Biennial Faculty Art Show in Hargate this February
M. R. Blake

The winter season just ended was a busy, active one for SPS teams—with ideal outdoor conditions, lots of snow and good ice for practices and club games on the Lower School Pond. Brief reports and seasonal highlights follow.

**Basketball.** The 1982 boys team was the highest scoring and fastest of any quintet in recent years—probably the highest scoring in the School’s history. Boasting nine sixth formers, the squad lost only to undefeated Brooks and to an outstanding Governor Dummer five. Opening the season with two December wins, the team lost its first game in January to Brooks. After that, they won eight games in a row before losing to red-hot Governor Dummer in the only poor quarter of basketball played all season. Then came another winning streak, five straight including a quarter-final victory over Portsmouth Priory in the Class C Tournament. Meeting Brooks again in the semi-finals, SPS lost a great game to the undefeated champions, 95-88. The team was led by All-League and Co-captain Randy Cox ’82.

Determined, and often ahead at the half, the SPS girls were plagued by third and fourth quarter turnovers—resulting in a “building season” for the squad. Season’s highlights included an...
In their first season as a recognized SPS team, girls hockey proved to be an exciting addition to the winter season. Victories were posted over Portsmouth and Proctor. Johanna Neilson '84 was high scorer with fourteen points, nine goals.

Skiing. In the Lakes Region Championships, held at Cannon Mountain, the boys and girls alpine ski teams finished third among their respective competitors from ten schools. Joel Potter '83 and Elizabeth Murray '84 turned in best performances. The cross country squads were paced by Captain James Houghton '82, who took a first in every race, and by Batchy Carpenter '83. Captain Fiona Mellish '82 consistently placed first for the girls team.

Squash. Once again, under the expert coaching of Ronnie Clark, the boys team won the New England championship from a fine Choate squad. Unbeaten during the regular season, the team posted one of the finest SPS records ever! Leading players were Captain Greg Lee '82, Bobby Ankerson '84, and Robby MacKay '85.

The girls finished with a 6-3 season's record. Thanks to hard work and stellar performances from the five-woman team, the SPS squad defeated thirteen other schools to take a third place in the New England Championships.

Winning individual SPS squash honors were: Greg Lee '82 and Bobby Ankerson '84 (senior and junior boys, respectively); and Victoria Labalme '83 and Alexandra Strawbridge '84 (senior and junior girls).
At a special December meeting of the Board of Trustees, The Very Rev. Charles H. Clark, dean of the Berkeley Divinity School at Yale, was elected the ninth Rector of St. Paul's School. He will succeed William A. Oates, Rector since 1970, in June.

Word of the election was announced to students and faculty, and to the School’s constituencies, by James W. Kinnear III '46 on January 10, 1982. In his remarks at the School, and referring to the search process which began a year and a half ago, Mr. Kinnear said, “The Trustees traveled and corresponded widely, and looked within the School as well. We wanted a man to combine the best attributes of an educator, an administrator, an innovator, a leader, and a devout Christian, to continue the identity of St. Paul’s School as an Episcopal Church-related school. Such a man we have found in Mr. Clark.”

Born in New York City, on December 2, 1926, Mr. Clark spent his childhood in Coronado, California, and graduated from the Thatcher School in Ojai. He served two years with the U. S. Navy be-
fore entering Yale College with the class of 1948. Awarded a Master of Divinity degree from the Episcopal Theological Seminary in Alexandria, Virginia, in 1952, he received an M.A. in Old Testament studies from Yale in 1956. The Virginia Theological Seminary awarded him an honorary doctorate in 1970.

Ordained in the Diocese of New York by The Rt. Rev. Horace W. B. Donegan, Mr. Clark served as curate at Grace Episcopal Church in Hamden, Connecticut, in 1952-1953, and as assistant chaplain of Yale University from 1953 to 1957. For ten years thereafter, and under the auspices of the Overseas Department of the Episcopal Church, he held assignments in the Diocese of Singapore as a member of the faculty at Trinity Theological College, as priest-in-charge of the Church of the Ascension and St. Margaret's Church, warden of St. Peter's Hall, and canon of historic St. Andrew's Cathedral.

In 1967, Mr. Clark was appointed dean of St. Andrew's Theological Seminary in Manila, the Philippines, and priest-in-charge of St. Andrew's Congregation. In 1977, he was elected dean of Yale's Berkeley Divinity School.

Familiarly known as “Kelly,” Mr. Clark and his wife, Priscilla, have five children: a married daughter, Pamela Reynolds, and Martha, Nathaniel, Mary, and Anne. They currently reside on Armory Street in Hamden, Connecticut.

Responding to Mr. Kinnear's announcement, the Rector-elect said:

America's independent schools, among which St. Paul's is proud to be a leader, are being challenged today to reaffirm their traditional objectives. These objectives center upon a mission to prepare young Americans for leadership in the nation and in the world.

St. Paul's particular contribution to this educational mission may be seen, of course, in the excellence of its academic enterprise, but also in the nurture of those values which characterize the best we know and cherish in Western civilization, values which are deeply rooted in our spiritual heritage. St. Paul's must continue

not only to provide an environment and incentive for individual fulfillment but also for commitment to the vision of true community in a just society.

In today's dark and dangerous world the graduates of St. Paul's are summoned to a stewardship of light and peace. The School is bound to prepare young men and women for this high calling, and I am deeply grateful for the invitation of the Trustees to assume a significant share of the responsibility for the life of St. Paul's in the last decades of the twentieth century.

It is a signal honor to be asked to succeed Mr. Oates, whose distinguished leadership of the School and whose contributions to the broader scene of secondary education have greatly strengthened the worth and reputation of St. Paul's. Humbly, but with great expectations, I lay hold upon the opportunities he and his splendid faculty have made possible for the future of St. Paul's School as a community of sound learning and vital faith.
Had we been cartoon characters, a lightbulb within scalloped lines (idea balloon) would have appeared over David’s head when he first came up with the concept. There would have been curved lines at our feet to indicate motion (blurgits) as we raced to our typewriters, streaks left behind us to show distance run (hites), and a puff of dust pinpointing where we’d started (brif-fit). Then, little sweat beads would have jumped from our foreheads (plewds), indicating hard work—or fear of not making the deadline—and curse words of frustration (jarns, quimps, grawlixes and nittles) would have floated up in maladicta balloons.

Those cartoon labels, some of the several thousand whatchamacallits we learned over a three and a half year period, were provided by Beetle Bailey’s Mort Walker, one of the many professionals who donated time and talent to our project.

The project, later to become a book called *WHAT'S WHAT*, grew out of a writer's inability to find the right word to describe a subject with which he was not thoroughly familiar. In this case, it happened to be a part of a castle.

David Fisher and I had been colleagues at *Life* in its heyday. When the magazine folded, we went our separate ways professionally. David wrote books (16 of them in nine years), I edited magazines. We remained in touch nonetheless, as writers and editors are wont to do, and over the years traded a variety of publishing ideas. The project that we kept coming back to was: Why not put together a whatchamacallit book, a collection of illustrations that labelled all those hard-to-remember or easily forgotten words that one can never find in the dictionary? It would contain such things as the plastic tip of a shoelace (aglet), the furrow of skin above the upper lip (philtrum), the slang term for second base (keystone sack).

My contribution to his idea, a charitable donation that would cost us three and a half years work, was: Why stop at thingabobs, doohickies, whoosiwhatsis and thingies? Why not expand the idea to cover the entire physical world? After all, if we were intent on providing visual access to the language, why not test the concept properly by producing a reference book?

In retrospect, it remains a mystery why five of the six publishers we approached with a ragged three page outline of the project wanted to take it on. Even stranger is that none of the publishing houses we approached could envision the book as we did. One company wanted to run pictures the size of postage stamps, column after column, page after page. Another wanted to do a coffee table curiosity containing only oddities.

In frustration, I wrote to Hugh Johnson, publisher at Hammond and an old friend. There’s no rule that a reference book be dull, I told him. Why can’t imaginative trade publishers conceive of a large, visual book that entertains as well as informs?

Instead of generating a list of reasons telling us why such a book should not be done, Hugh and his colleagues responded with such enthusiasm...
Whose Time Has Come

The editors of WHAT'S WHAT: David Fisher, left, and Reg Dragonier '56. Dragonier served as a reporter, correspondent, and editor at Life magazine, then spent four years as an associate editor on the Condensed Books staff at Reader's Digest. He is currently editor of Yachting magazine.

that we quickly found ourselves with an understanding publisher, a six figure advance and a deadline.

What now? We looked at our three page proposal and its ambitious promise—to provide a visual glossary of the physical world—and we stared at the check.

We decided one thing immediately: To sink the entire advance in the book. We knew the high price of art and research, and we realized that to deliver 576 camera-ready pages on deadline we would have to engage a studio, hire mechanical artists, typesetters and indexers.

Having resigned ourselves to doing freelance work on the side in order to support ourselves while we worked on the book, just for the sport of it, we embarked on a series of debates that lasted six months. What to include? How to organize the material for ease of use? Should we include varieties and styles?

To spend half a year debating may seem curiously wasteful, but we were, in effect, embarking on a voyage of discovery. Attempts at producing visual glossaries in the past (Diderot in the 18th century, Duden more recently) had failed miserably. We had to know why. More important, in order to create a useful and popular book that provided visual access to the language for a generation of readers reared on television, we knew that WHAT'S WHAT would have to be stimulating to the eye and, we kept repeating to ourselves, informative in an entertaining way.

With those aims firmly in mind and our staff of twelve researchers and six artists in place, we approached various leaders in the graphic arts field. We asked Andy Warhol for one of the lady's shoes he had created for I. Miller (a chapter in the pop artist's life that he would just as soon forget). For women's apparel we went to Calvin Klein who created fashionable "composites" that incorporated the elements found in all types of women's clothes. And for a house—you guessed it—we contacted Charles Addams. In Addams' case, however,
we took things a step further, asking an architect friend to draw up a floorplan that corresponded to the first floor of the Addams residence. We took an extra step with the business letter as well.

Generally, business letters are of only moderate interest to anyone but the sender and the recipient, so we enlisted Sean Kelly, former editor of The National Lampoon, to draft a letter that would have wider appeal. Sean had Ebeneezer Scrooge IV explaining to a descendant of Silas Marner's why, due to labor difficulties, the firm of Scrooge and Marley (headquartered in London but now boasting branch offices in New York, Paris and Rome) would have to be closed on Christmas. We had a calligrapher create an old-fashioned letterhead and had the letter sent through the mail “postage due.”

Hoaky? Perhaps. Nevertheless, as with the Addams house and the floorplan, the business letter and the envelope have legitimate parts which we had to call out, identify and label, and we approached what might otherwise have been dull objects in a way that would appeal to the reader. Similarly, when it came to identifying the parts of sheet music, John Hill, a leading jingle writer (Maxwell House, Mountain Dew), produced a playable score titled “The Theme From The What’s What Book” that contained every possible notation one is likely to encounter on a sheet of music.

Why go to the trouble of taking those extra steps? The last thing we wanted was to produce a book, like Duden's, that would simply sit and gather dust on a reference book shelf. So, whenever we could justify it without losing reference value, we tried to impart a sense of fun. For example, Neal Adams, a leading cartoonist, created a whimsical universe containing such bits and pieces of the cosmic mass as doppler shift, black holes and quarks. Another artist produced “The Ultimate Beast,” a remarkable push-me-pull-you creature that enabled us to label those parts of animals which are distinctive to particular species. And to round out our section on human anatomy, we borrowed Michelangelo’s man-in-a-circle and applied those terms used by writers to describe parts of the body: Haunch, loin, ilial crest, flank, breech, etc.

Throughout the entire creative process we were mindful of the maxim that “to name something is to know it,” and this led us to investigate such commonplace but indecipherable objects as the Universal Product Code (UPC), credit card numbers, the coding on magazine subscription mailing labels and the names for the various elements that go into the design of commercial packages. Did you know, for example, that the red star imprinted with “All New” on your breakfast cereal box is called a burst? Or that the copy line running through the logo containing sell copy is called the interrupter? Probably not. Why should you?

Our answer to that question is: Why not? For one thing, once you've become aware of such terms and made the visual connection with the part they represent, it changes the way you view that particular object in the future. In the case of
package labeling, you will never look at your box of Wheaties quite the same way again.

To us, however, making specialized lexicons available to the lay public became an important element of the WHAT'S WHAT project because today's world is spawning new technical vocabularies used by and known only to specialists working in the field. The terms used by package designers is just one example. Those used in the paperclip industry is another, thus the lowly paperclip has no less than seven distinct parts. Without such terms, a manufacturer would be unable to communicate with a jobber or a retailer.

While we learned some of the special lexicons that are swelling our already expanding vocabulary, we noted several interesting things about the older, more stable elements as well. The terms for a castle and a prison, for instance, are quite similar. That makes sense when you stop to consider that they are both walled villages, one designed to keep people in, the other meant to keep people out. Similarly, the parts of a bulldozer and those of an army tank are practically identical, which also makes sense since a tank is nothing more than an overgrown bulldozer with armor plating and a gun. And in the courtroom, the bannister-like railing separating the spectators from those officially involved in the legal business is called the bar. Thus, when a law student succeeds in passing the bar, he or she is, in effect, allowed to move from the spectator area of a courtroom to the area reserved for participants.

Somewhat later, when WHAT'S WHAT was being sold to foreign publishers, we were surprised at the number of languages that simply haven't grown and expanded with the times. The Fins, Saudis and Israelis, all anxious to publish the book in the countries, had to drop plans to print translations of WHAT'S WHAT because their native tongues are essentially dead languages and cannot accommodate many of the 25,000 entries in the book.

After having worked for three years in what amounted to a vacuum—the publisher, our contributors and our researchers had never seen anything more than our original proposal—we were interested to see what the public's reaction would be to the book, both to the concept of having visual access to the language and to the light way we tried to execute it.

With the exception of one review, a peckish appraisal in "The New York Times Book Review," the book was greeted by the press with enthusiastic endorsement. The book buying public, moreover, unphased by the book's stiff $30 price, bought out the first printing of 50,000 copies.

Sales of this proportion hardly suggest that WHAT'S WHAT will ever become a standard or accepted reference work, but the figures did indicate that someone out there was having fun with the book. And that, somehow, made our three-year investment, just for the sport of it, seem reasonably worthwhile.
Chase chips away
to find birds in a piece of wood

Janet Clement

No, this isn't Charles (Chippy) Greenough Chase's 50th year of working in wood. That anniversary is two years away. And the Woolwich sculptor hasn't been commissioned by the National Audubon Society to carve an endangered bird species to soften Secretary of the Interior James Watt's heart.

The only news is that at 73, Chase is sculpting birds as magnificently as ever. This winter he is working on bird number 336, a Willow Ptarmigan for the mayor of Anchorage, Alaska.

Always outspoken, Chase crisply distinguishes between his work, sculpture, carvings out of one solid piece of wood, and others comprised of many pieces.

"I think the term sculpture applies to something cut from one piece. Instead of calling anything three-dimensional sculpture, we should make a semantic differentiation. For example, iron bars welded together and called 'Why Girls Leave Home' is an assembly, while Venus di Milo is sculpture," said Chase.

He was called Chippy even before he picked up a penknife to carve baseball players. But 22 years passed between the time he whittled his first bird and he turned to sculpting full time for a living.

Before World War II, Chase taught mathematics, worked for W. Starling Burgess (an America's cup yacht designer) and Bath Iron Works. During the war, he served as an antisubmarine warfare instructor, retiring as a Navy lieutenant commander.
He then returned to Maine to become a partner in the Brunswick Flying Service, using the site of the present day Brunswick Naval Air Station, which had been deactivated after the war. However, the flying service was less than a financial success.

"But I had a lot of miscellaneous fun flying and that's all I wanted to do," he recalls.

Once asked why he confined his sculpting entirely to birds, he replied, "Maybe because they fly."

His first studio was behind an old barn in Wiscasset, and his first birds were small. Later as he matured as a craftsman and became an artist, he moved into his roomy studio in Woolwich, and his works grew larger.

"There's more satisfaction out of doing a big bird. They lend themselves to sculpture. There's no sense in carving a chickadee," he said.

"I've got an order now for a California condor, life size. I've got a mammoth piece of black walnut for it," Chase went on.

The piece under discussion is 31 inches at the butt. You feel he is just itching to begin.

He says he works only in wood because "form wise a bird is smooth. Because you get the beauty of the grain in hardwood, the most satisfying medium for a bird sculptor."

Today for color variation in the bird, he uses the grain and the lighter sapwood contrasted with the darker central hardwood. He also selects his wood to resemble as closely as possible the color of the bird he is sculpting.

After preparing his template and marking the log to delineate water and bird, he gets out his electric chain saw for the first cuts. Then he chops with mallet and chisel, repositioning his template and measuring his taxidermist model every so often.

Next he takes up what he calls his right arm, a die grinder. He says, "It's a perfect shaper but sounds like a dentist drill for elephants."

He uses smaller and smaller grinders for the feet, rushes, and other delicate, intricate work. Next he scrapes the wood with a toothless hacksaw blade and sands it. Then he sprays on a clear lacquer sealer and buffs the wood with butcher's wax. He polishes wood to a mirror brightness for water and makes shimmering reflections by mashing the wood down with a whale tooth or shiny steel.

Chase produces about six birds a year, but takes as long as three months to complete some.

"I start with an idea... birdwatching, pictures, taxidermist models, my own movies," he said. Inspiration and technical expertise come, in part, from yearly trips to exotic bird habitats. But he is just as likely to bird watch at the Brunswick dump.

His models for flamingos in Honduras mahogany came from Africa where he saw 800,000 flamingos create a 50-yard border completely around Lake Kakuru. Observing 5,000 scarlet ibises in Trinidad settling on the mango roots at sunset triggered his recent and sustained interest in this species.

In the spring, he plans to go to Hawaii and Maui to see at least 85 different species native to the islands, including the pin-tailed-wigydan, a small bird with 10-inch tail feathers.

A recent television program on the bird artist and field guide writer, Roger Tory Peterson, kindled Chase's interest in visiting Antartica. This icy region is the nesting ground for a large number of birds as well as the home of the penguins.

On each trip, Chase brings home thousands of feet of film as well as the exact measurements of birds when available. "Movies give the artist an
opportunity to see shapes and conformations he might have overlooked with the naked eye as well as to study the bird in motion. You get a heck of a lot more ideas per minute with movies than with a still camera," he said.

But perhaps the hallmark of a Chase sculpture is his lifelike habitats. His birds seem as much at home in the environment he sculpts as he himself is with wood.

Chase seems to have no trouble parting with his birds. He likes to have people enjoy them. His close friend Bill Vaughn (SPS 1937) gives one to each of his children when they turn 21. The family calls it "the mature with Chase program."

Mrs. Stuart Chapin of Woolwich, another close friend, owns number 202 cormorant. "I love it," she says. "It was very natural that we should acquire a Chase. We had early whittlings, but this was our first mature one. It was made out of a chunk of ebony from Mexico. It was particularly interesting to us as we had lived and worked in Mexico."

But she adds, "The first six or eight years, we hardly saw it at all because he was always exhibiting it. We threatened to charge him rent, but he wouldn't agree because he is a very thrifty Yankee."

National recognition began for Chase after a show at the Museum of Natural History in New York in 1958 when a New York Times art critic called him "the Audubon of wood sculpture."

Over the years, he has produced numerous shows and lectures on birds. In 1975, the Maine Republican State Committee commissioned him to do an American oyster catcher for President Ford. With 13 days notice, he carved for nine hours a day for eight straight days. His comment about the sustained effort was, "It raised hell with my bluefishing."

The appeal of Chase's sculpture lies in his uncluttered clean lines and textured harmony which evokes a smooth serenity, a moment's balanced beauty. His birds possess dignity and grace, caught unaware in quiet repose, creating a fluid moment of tranquility.

Looking closely, one notices the wood grain soars up with a wing, curves across a back or straight down a bill and whirls through a mango branch, transforming the static to life and flight.
Early College Admits

Twenty-five members of the Form of 1982 have been admitted to college through the early application program. Of the thirty-six who applied, twenty-five were accepted, eleven deferred (their applications will be considered in the regular admissions pool), and none rejected. Eight were given the green light by Harvard, five by Yale, and four by Princeton. William R. Matthews '61, college admissions advisor, reports, "the results were very gratifying."

New Computer Competency Requirement

During the waning days of the fall term, a new academic requirement for students was announced by the Rector. Beginning this winter with the third form (and all forms eventually), SPS students will be required to take a short computer competency course.

The rationale for this move is two-fold. First, St. Paul's graduates are likely to be faced with college courses requiring basic computer skills and, beyond that, in the world of business, activities are becoming increasingly more computerized so familiarity with the technology can be enormously helpful. Secondly, with basic computer knowledge, the SPS student will be able, theoretically, to use the School's computer to his or her advantage in regular course work.

The course will focus on vocabulary and basic operational principles, the School's system, how computers can be used as a text editor and word processor, and elementary programing concepts. Also planned are field trips to Concord area businesses and hospitals where computers are usefully at work. Addressing SPS students, G. W. Ford '75, a mathematics teacher, said succinctly, "Don't fear the computer. Learn what it can do for you—and some of its basic capabilities and lingo."

Master Players 54th Production

Joseph Kesselring's "Arsenic and Old Lace" was the 1982 presentation of the St. Paul's School Master Players. The well-known melodrama about the homicidal tendencies of two harmless old ladies and their eccentric nephew, who believes he is Teddy Roosevelt, brought laughter to Memorial Hall in early February and financial support to the School's Advanced Studies Program and the Millville School P.T.O. Playing the well-intentioned, aged murderesses were Deedy Lederer and Rosemarie Cassels-Brown. Joseph Machlitt was nephew, Teddy. The production was directed by George Carlisle and Alden Flanders. In a positive Pelican review, Heidi Erdrich '82 concluded in part, "The play was especially attractive to the SPS audience because of personal association with the players. Those who achieved enough depth of character to rise above the preconceptions of the audience had a mystical effect on students who know them in their mundane lives."
School Receives United Way Citation

The School's faculty, staff, and students responded with unparalleled generosity this year to the annual appeal from the United Way of Greater Concord. Raising $8,320 in personal gifts, the community exceeded its $6,500 goal and increased the dollar amount by 66% over the previous year. Division chairmen were John Cagle for the faculty, Charles Cook for the staff, and Morgan Rodd '82 for students. For the first time since 1975, students were asked to participate and their involvement is believed to have contributed significantly to the drive's success. A citation for community service was awarded to the School. Rodd summed it up, "We were recognized and given merit, which means they received what we did enthusiastically."

To Save a Life

Twice a year, two faculty members, Ronald Harris and Charles Morgan, offer a course to students and faculty known simply as "CPR." Cardiopulmonary resuscitation: two ways in which someone can save a life. Harris, supervisor of the Armour Infirmary, describes it "as a means of artificial circulation and respiration"—accomplished by chest compressions and mouth to mouth/nose resuscitation. The course, sponsored by the Red Cross, trains people how to respond to situations such as heart attacks. A member of the English department, Morgan reports that the Concord chapter of the Red Cross, and its affiliates, hope to have 15% of all New Hampshire residents instructed in CPR methods by June 30, 1983. Seattle has been the most successful city in carrying out this program—there, 25% of the population has been taught CPR. It is anticipated that a dozen SPS students and faculty will be enrolled in the course this spring.

Parents Committee/ Pelican Club Meeting

A picture postcard snowfall greeted the one hundred parents who visited the School, February 19-21, for meetings of the Parents Committee and Pelican Club. The new Music Building was the site of Saturday morning's activities which included the annual business session of the Committee—business heightened by word that the 1982 Parents Fund had already achieved ninety percent of its $220,000 goal. Another feature of the morning was a special performance of Suite Opus 57 LeFevre by a woodwind quintet (Irina Faskianos '85, Hanako Yamaguchi '83, Ben Hall '84, Stephen Ruscus '82, and Peter Harlan '83) under the direction of David Seaton of the music department. Later, the Rector fielded questions from parents on topics which ranged from scholarship policies to faculty selection and in-service training. The annual Pelican Club luncheon, athletic events, a reception and dinner with faculty and sons and daughters, and a variety of Saturday evening activities (including a figure skating show and a one-act play, called "Games") rounded out a busy weekend for the Committee and Pelican Club members.

faculty notes

William O. Kellogg, head of the School's history department, is leading a privately-organized journey to the People's Republic of China, June 7-24, 1982. The tour which will include fifteen days in China, plus Hong Kong, is open to SPS alumni and students. Details can be obtained from Mr. Kellogg at the School. • Richard H. Lederer, Form of 1923 Master in English and head of department, has been appointed to the Elementary and Secondary Block Grant Advisory Committee by New Hampshire Governor Hugh J. Gallen. • Former faculty member, August Maffry, Jr. has recently been promoted to commercial attaché and director of the U. S. Trade Development Center at the American Embassy, Warsaw, Poland. • The Rev. Theodore Yardley, head of the religion department, has been named to the Charles D. Dickey Chair in Religion and Ethics. The chair, made possible by the gifts of the Dickey family and friends, honors the long, devoted service of Charles D. Dickey '11, as trustee and School treasurer from 1924 to 1962; and that of his father Charles D. Dickey (SPS 1878), who was a trustee from 1908-1919.
To the Editor,

I was pleased to read the article about the Reid family having had four captains of the Shattuck crew in the three generations (Vol. 61, No. 51). However, I must take exception to the indication that Fergus Reid III had usurped my position as the captain of the Shattuck crew in 1951. I do not wish to denigrate Mr. Reid’s athletic ability for he was on the hockey team as well as captain of the Shattuck crew and captained the Yale lightweight crew the same year that I captained the Yale heavyweight crew—1955. However, I would appreciate your restoring me to my rightful position as captain emeritus of the 1951 St. Paul’s School Crew.

Incidentally, my brother Marcus (1945) was captain of his Halcyon crew and my brother Kenneth (1950) was captain of the Yale crew in 1954. St. Paul’s can indeed be proud of the number and quality of oarsmen it has contributed to college crews throughout the years.

— Stephen Reynolds ’51

To the Editor,

I wanted to write you a note about Marshall J. Dodge III ’53, who died last week. Others will fill you in on his remarkable career as a storyteller. I just wanted to add a word about his last days.

Mike had travelled all around the world in 1981—looking, he said, for the perfect place to settle down and write a serious book on philosophy. This was his first love, the field in which he had done his graduate work. I had kept in close touch with Mike over the years and was delighted when he appeared here in January 1981, en route to the South Pacific. He stayed a few days with me and was immediately attracted to Hawaii. When he returned last month, his destination was Waimea, on Hawaii Island, which he had decided was the best place in the world for a writer. He was full of enthusiasm and hope for his new project. He would only stay one night with me, he was so eager to start work. A few days later, he was riding his bicycle near Waimea and was struck by a drunken hit-and-run driver.

It is a special tragedy to lose a man who brought so much joy to so many people. It makes no sense at all unless, perhaps, we consider that Mike had prepared himself for a major change, for a new life. The change was unexpected, but I take comfort in realizing that it found him ready.

Somehow, I think Mike would be pleased if you listed him in your class notes as Marshall J. Dodge III, philosopher, of Waimea, Hawaii.

— Peter Morse ’52

To the Editor,

I want to add my voice to the many that have arisen after the recent death of Mike Dodge.

It is always fascinating, of course, when someone you know gains national recognition. I can remember quite clearly witnessing the birth of “Bert and I” during Mike’s senior year at St. Paul’s.

Schoolmate, humorist, friend, Mike was every bit as much of a character as the Maine inhabitants he appreciated and so affectionately described. And what a relief they were from the strident fools so evident in our public life.

Mike, wherever you are I hope your audience loves you the way we did. Down here we are going to miss Bert—and you.

— Edward H. Hamm ’55
Form Notes

1913
From Reginald Sinclair: "Still breathing at 88 and thinking many kind thoughts of SPS."

1920

1925
William P. Wadsworth is "almost retired from farming and other good works."

1928
David R. Wilmerding was married on November 7, 1981 to Katherine R. N. Munson, SPS trustee and widow of Townsend Munson of the Form of 1929. "Keeping out of trouble by running Harvard's 50th Reunion next June" is Thomas Whiteside. Lewis H. Van Deusen, Jr. is still practicing law in Philadelphia.

1929
Marshall Dodge and Nancy Rennell were married on October 17, 1981 at New Haven, Connecticut. On his seventy-first birthday, John B. Walker enjoyed climbing Ayer's Rock, Northern Territory in Australia.

1932
Dr. Dallas Pratt, whose book, Alternatives to Pain in Experiments on Animals, was reviewed in the last issue of the Horae, has been named the 1981 recipient of the Albert Schweitzer Medal given by the Animal Welfare Institute in Washington.

1933
Frederic W. Jackson retired last June from Health Insurance Association of America after almost 25 years service, the last ten as vice president. Enjoying retirement enormously is Walter B. Terry. He plans to fish this summer at John Mettler's ('32) Moosehead Ranch in Jackson, Wyoming. Then in October, he will undertake a driving tour of Wales, with a couple of days in London at the end.

1934
At New York's Union Club, on February 5, the Form had a special "47½ year reunion." Frank Geer reports that in attendance were: Ault, Blodgett, Bonbright, Catherwood, Clark, Clothier, Dixon, Ewing, Harman, Jay, McLane, McVeigh, Mechem, Millet, Mixter, Pearce, Reed, Thornton, Twining, Victor, and Weeks. Movies of 1933-34 football and hockey, taken by Bill Pier and Dick Pearce, and films by John Jay provided entertainment during and after dinner. "See you in '84!" Francis A. Geer has retired from the practice of medicine in New York City.

1937
In November, Anthony Drewel Duke received the first Save the Children Humanitarian Award for his outstanding services to children throughout the nation—and specifically in the New York area through the non-profit, community-based, educational organization, "The Harbor for Girls and Boys/Boys Harbor," which he founded in 1937. Llewellyn Powell has retired from the museum and hotel business, and is living in Florida.

1938
John S. Burgess is currently a Fellow at the Georgetown University School of Foreign Service. "First semester examinations have me worried, 43 years out of SPS." John Elliott, Jr., a former SPS trustee, has announced his intentions to retire from the chairmanship of Ogilvy & Mather International, the world's fifth largest advertising agency, early in 1982. He will continue on as chairman of the agency's newly formed public responsibility committee which will coordinate the firm's many public-service advertising efforts.

1939
Donald L. Brown, Jr. was recently promoted to vice president, public affairs power group of United Technologies Corporation, Hartford, Connecticut. James Tilford retired after the sale of his Flying Service, now owned by CSX. He has a new seven-month-old grandson, lives in Florida, and "will find some new work right here in the Palm Beaches!"

1942
George S. Grove was married to Patricia McCabe Strandberg on October 1, 1981 in San Jose, California.

1943
Robert H. R. Loughborough has recently moved to Roscoe, Pennsylvania where he is the pastor of the Roscoe Presbyterian Church. Recently appointed director of development at Montgomery County Day School in Wynnewood, Pennsylvania, was George M. Williams.

1944
Clive Runnells is a general partner of Gulf Coast Cable Television which has the franchise for southwest Houston. The firm had 42,000 subscribers at the end of 1981, and expects to have close to 100,000 by the end of 1982. Ranching operations are a non-profit enterprise, he reports; but the money market fund, "Current Interest," has boomed. All well on the home front with wife and eight children!

1946
In August, Frederic L. Chapin was appointed U. S. Ambassador to Guatemala.

1948
In January, C. A. Porter Hopkins announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for Maryland's first Congressional district seat. As of January 1st, C. W. Timpson, Jr. joined formmate, By Stevens, at Stillman, Maynard & Company in New York.

1953
In April, Marshall Jeanes left Morgan Guaranty Trust to start a new bank for the

1955
Richard C. Higgins, whose translation of Novalis' “Hymnen an die Nacht” under the title, “Hymns to the Night” (Treadwell Press) as well as his original writings in German, have come to the attention of the German Academic Exchange Service. He has received a fellowship from the latter to read from his works to a literary “collegium” in West Berlin.

1957
Washington publisher, and SPS trustee, Anthony C. Stout, plans to form a new company, International Reporting and Information Systems, which will provide a world-wide intelligence service for business and government.

1958
Wynant D. Vanderpool III was married to Barrie Osborn Bishop in New York by Bishop John T. Walker of Washington. Vanderpool is vice president of the Center for Inter-American Relations in New York and is a management and design consultant.

1959
Nicholas Biddle, Jr. reports that he ran five 26.2 mile marathons in 1981. His best time was 3:01:54 in the Philadelphia Marathon on November 29—he finished among the top 11% of the runners. He is still vice president and stockholder of Keefe, Bruyette & Woods, Inc. “Three daughters thriving as they grow up all too fast!” • John A. Holmes, Jr. was married to Irene Loring on January 16, 1982. • Roger A. C. Williams has completed cataloguing some 14,066 slides, a celebration of sixty countries and territories. He spent the Christmas and New Year holidays in New Zealand where he hiked the Greenstone, Caples, and Routeburn Tracks—some 75 miles in all. The weather changed from summer to early winter, but it was a good trip!

1960
Ford B. Draper, after eleven years managing a $250 million mutual fund, has now founded his own investment management firm—Kalmar Investments, Inc. of Wilmington, Delaware. • Browning E. Maran III has completed an enjoyable sabbatical leave with his family and is now back practicing law with Gray, Cary, Ames and Frey in San Diego, California.

1962
Christopher Chapin is still a management consultant for the Management Analysis Center in Washington. His projects take him to such diverse places as Caracas where the firm is reorganizing the Ministry of Energy, to Rikers Island to improve the operations of the New York City prisons, to Juneau, Alaska presenting expert testimony on an oil company’s worldwide activities in a corporate income tax case. • Recently appointed president of the Peer-Southern Organization was Ralph Peer II. • Gordon B. M. Walker, Jr. has just joined the faculty at MIT’s Sloan School of Management.

1963
William Funk became a father on Thanksgiving Day 1981, with the birth of a daughter, Rebecca Mathewa. • Henry H. Livingston, Jr. is a lieutenant commander in the U.S. Navy Reserve, assigned to a “crusader” photo reconnaissance squadron. In January, he was promoted to deputy manager at Brown Brothers Harriman & Co. in New York. He is also serving as treasurer of the American Philharmonic Orchestra at Avery Fisher Hall. • Kim Price is still doing television commentary (news and sports) and producing documentaries. “Not the real world, but a great vehicle for peripatetic existence.”

1964
Married: Charles Resor to Nancy Nickell on November 28, 1981.

1966
R. F. Coppedge III reports that he and wife, Louise (nee Elliot), are going to live in Boston with their three sons (ages 3, 5, and 6). Recently, in London, he saw Gordon Grand who is applying his theories on theoretical mathematics and international banking for the Chemical Bank.

1967
R. Hale Andrews, Jr. and his wife, Jane, announce the birth of their first child, a daughter, Abigail Leslie, on July 28, 1981. “She has already twisted her father well around her little finger!”

1968
Frederick Pope III and his wife, Karen, have a son, Frederick, born November 28, 1981. They have two sisters, Rebecca, 4, and Emily, 2. The Popes own and edit a weekly newspaper in northern Vermont, “The Hardwick Gazette.”

1969
Thomas H. P. Whitney, Jr. is a lawyer with Choate, Hall & Stewart in Boston.

1970
Frederick H. Steele won a Swiss team bridge event at last fall's national championship tournament. • Nathaniel T. Wheelwright returned in August after spending 1½ years in a Quaker community in northwest Costa Rica where he did research for his Ph.D. dissertation, “Coevolution of fruit-eating birds and fruiting plants.” He expects to receive the degree from the University of Washington, possibly in September 1982. “Even more exciting is that my wife, Genie, and I are expecting a baby in August.”

1972
C. Louis Boice received his M.S. in Natural Resources from the University of Michigan in August 1981. He is now executive director of the Little Traverse Conservancy, a land preservation organization in northern Michigan. • Howard Grace expects to graduate in May from the Yale School of Organization and Management. He and his wife are the parents of David Ellery, their first child, born on July 17, 1981 in London. • Jonathan B. Whitney began practicing law with the New York firm of Alexander and Green in September 1981. On December 5, in Washington, he was married to the former Janine A. Safer of that city. • Mark Hollingsworth, Jr. is chaplain to the Cathedral School for Boys, Grace Cathedral, San Francisco. • Michael Sweeney is working in medical supply sales and recently purchased a house in Windsor, Connecticut, with his wife of two years, Kathie.

1974
Alexander M. Andrews was married to Julie Ann Sugalski of Philadelphia in September. He is a 1981 graduate of Case Western Reserve University School of Law and is currently a litigation and research consultant in Cleveland, Ohio. • Married: Mary Stanley Hoagland to Clarence H. King III, on December 27, 1981, in Dover, Massachusetts. She is a teacher at Greenwich Country Day School; he, an assistant treasurer at Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. in New York. • Engaged is Frederick C. Witsell, Jr. and Denise Lee Kears. A May 1 wedding is planned. • Thomas V. H. Vail, Jr. is in his first year at the University of Virginia Law School. • Just promoted to special events coordinator at New Hampshire Distributors, Inc., Thomas Painchaud is responsible for
the planning and implementing of Anheiser-Busch beer promotions in certain areas of the State. * Eric Ruttenberg is still living in New York, working as a venture capitalist in the computer business.

1975

Ian Fletcher and Yael Susan Simpson were married on June 6, 1981, in Salisbury, Connecticut. * Married: Jennifer Rand to William S. Griffis, August 16, 1981, at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario. * Henry H. Sprague is completing his master's degree in water resource management at the University of Michigan. He is waiting to hear the results of applications to several law schools.

1976

Pamela J. Berry is working in New York at Kiddler Peabody and Company, Inc., in the corporate finance computer department. * Susan Proctor was one of 16 women nationwide selected for the 1981 U. S. Rowing team, which competed in the FISA World Rowing Championships in Munich last August. At the National Women's Rowing Championships in San Diego, she won a gold medal in the Senior Pair. She is a research assistant in the amino acid lab at Massachusetts General Hospital.

1977

Having graduated from Harvard where she majored in archeology, Didi Bradley is now working at Old Sturbridge Village restoring decorative art objects in the curatorial department and helping out the archeology department. * Edward Mandell is working for IBM (Data Processing Division, Marketing Training Program) in Bedford, New Hampshire. * William Barker is "alive, fairly well, and living in New York which I find fun, exhausting, and expensive (order optional). Hello Zabo, wherever you are!" * News from Henry and Margaret Zeigler Ferguson: He is teaching science at The Maret School in Washington, D.C., and applying to Johns Hopkins Graduate School, while she is a legislative assistant to Sen. Max Baucus. * Edward Collins is applying to architecture school, is working for his father in Concord, Massachusetts, and hopes to see everyone back for the Form's 5th. * Carol Delaney graduated from Rutgers with a B.A. in Italian. She has been sworn into the Navy and will be attending Officer's Candidate School in Newport, Rhode Island beginning in July 1982.

1978

Engaged: Elizabeth P. Kent to Peter A. Nitze. A June wedding is planned.

1979

Miranda Cox plans to spend the spring semester away from Yale studying at the Pushkin Institute in Moscow. * Singing with the Dartmouth Chamber Singers is Kimball Haley.

Deceased

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

'11 — Mason Turner
Dec. 20, 1978

'16 — George Howland Chase
Oct. 24, 1981; Bar Harbor, Me.

'20 — Edward Cortlandt Parker
Oct. 14, 1981; Westerly, R. I.

'21 — August Zinsser, Jr.
Spring, 1981

'27 — Bromley Scofield Stone
Feb. 5, 1982; Palm Beach, Fla.

'30 — Frank Turner Howard
January, 1982

'31 — George Herbert Bostwick
Jan. 13, 1982; Palm Beach, Fla.

'48 — Rensselaer Wardwell Bartram III
Jan. 5, 1982; New York, N. Y.

William Henry Hawley
Former Master, 1949-52

Dwight Chapin Monnier
Former Master, 1945-47

1910 — Fordyce Barker Coe
Died on December 3, 1981 in New Britain, Connecticut. Born in New York, on November 10, 1889, the son of Sarah Werden and Dr. Henry Clarke Coe, he entered St. Paul's in 1905. Following two years at the School, he went to the Westminster School in Simsbury, Connecticut, and then to the University of Kansas. Subsequently, he was engaged in a lifetime career of office work. He was a collector of stamps and coins. Surviving are his wife, Rosalie B. Coe; a niece, Mrs. Stephen Ramsburgh; and a grandnephew, Dr. Stephen Ramsburgh.

1921 — Francis Hearne Crockard
Died on July 2, 1981 in Birmingham, Ala-
bama. The son of Elizabeth Mendel and Frank H. Crockard, he was born on June 18, 1905 in Wheeling, West Virginia, and enrolled at St. Paul’s in 1917. He was a member of the Old Hundred Athletic Club, the Shattuck Boat Club, and the Cadmean Literary Society. He received a bachelor’s degree from Yale College in 1925 and subsequently, in 1926, a master’s degree from Lehigh University. His professional life was spent as a metallurgical engineer at Republic Steel, and at the U. S. Steel Corporation where he was a product control engineer. He was a 50-year member of the American Institute of Metallurgical Engineers for which he wrote several published articles. He took early retirement due to ill health, but worked many volunteer hours at a veteran’s hospital and also with the Lost Chord Club. His interests included music, especially jazz, and taking trips. Surviving are his wife, Jane Smith Crockard; two sons, Francis H. Crockard, Jr. and Craig Smith Crockard; and four grandchildren.

1921 — Charles Franklin Dunbar
died on September 29, 1981 at the age of seventy-seven years. Born on August 23, 1904, in Beverly, Massachusetts, he was the son of Katherine Copeland and William H. Dunbar. Entering St. Paul’s in 1918, he was an Isthmian, playing on the third eleven, and a member of the Shattuck Boat Club. His activities included the Library Association and Cadmean Literary Society. After graduation, he went on to Harvard, receiving his A.B. with the class of 1925, and an L.L.B. from the law school in 1928. From 1928 to 1947, he practiced law in Boston. During World War II, he held a position at the office of Price Administration in Boston. In 1947, he became legal counsel to the Brookhaven National Laboratory in Upton, New York, a position he was to hold until his retirement in 1969. Concurrently, beginning in 1949, he was secretary of Associated Universities, Inc.—the organization which ran the laboratory on contract with the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. He remained a consultant to Associated Universities following his retirement. History, particularly that of the Civil War, and gardening were among his avocations. Surviving are his wife, Charles F. Dunbar, Jr.; an uncle, William H. Dunbar; and three grandchildren.

1922 — George Douglass Debovoise
died on November 1, 1981, in Huntington, New York. Born in New York, on June 15, 1904, he entered St. Paul’s in 1918. At the School, he was a sixth form councillor, co-editor of the “Horae Scholasticae,” recipient of the 1922 Frazier Prize (best scholar-athlete), and a member of the Concordian Literary Society. A strong, able athlete, he was an Isthmian and held positions on the SPS teams in hockey, baseball, squash and tennis. Following graduation, he went on to Harvard with the class of 1926 and then joined J. P. Morgan & Company as assistant head of the bond department. He later served as a partner in Struthers & Dean, president of The Debovoise Company, and president and chairman of the South Porto Rico Sugar Company. He was an avid reader, a lover of classical music, and known for his wit and sense of humor. Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Harvard Wilson and Mrs. Max Randall; and a brother, Robert L. Debovoise ’25.

1923 — Richard Stockton Rush
died on December 25, 1981 in Monterey, California. Born on July 14, 1905, the son of Mary Wheeler and Benjamin Rush, he entered St. Paul’s in 1918. He held memberships in the Library Association, the Concordian Literary Society and was associate head editor of the “Horae Scholasticae.” In athletics, he played Old Hundred football, hockey and ran track in the spring. He also served on the executive committee of the Squash Racquets Association. From SPS, he went on to Princeton with the class of 1927. During World War II, he was commissioned a lieutenant commander in the U.S. Navy Reserve and served as an air intelligence officer on the U.S.S. Hornet in the Pacific. During a long career as an insurance executive, he was a vice president of The Insurance Company of North America, executive vice president of the Providence Washington Insurance Company, and president of the Dana Likely Insurance Company of Rochester, New York. He was a direct descendant of two signers of the Declaration of Independence, Richard Stockton of New Jersey and Dr. Benjamin Rush, a Philadelphia doctor who is considered the father of psychiatry. His hobbies included painting, of which he sold a few, and horticulture. Surviving are his wife, Genevieve Rush; two sons, Richard Stockton Rush, Jr. and Lockwood Rush; a brother, Dr. Alexander Rush ’29; and four grandchildren.

1924 — George Clymer Brooke
died on March 14, 1981 at Belleair, Florida. Born in Ardmore, Pennsylvania, on October 29, 1905, he was the son of Rhoda Morris and George Clymer Brooke (SPS 1893). Entering St. Paul’s in 1918, he was among the most active members of his Form. He was a member of the executive council of the Missionary Society, a year-long sixth form representative to the School Council, and held memberships in the Library Association and the Cadmean Literary Society. Athletically, he was a member of the Isthmian first eleven and played defense for the club’s first hockey team. He was secretary-treasurer of the Shattuck Boat Club for which he rowed at number three on the first crew. Following graduation, he went on to Yale with the class of 1928. During his years in New Haven, he and four classmates (two of them SPS formmates) — Alexander Crosby Brown ’24, Edward H. Dodd, Jr., Thomas Marshall and Joseph Roby, Jr. ’24 — purchased a 65-foot Nova Scotian schooner, The Chance, and outfitted her in New London with the specific purpose of a post-graduation voyage around the world. Dodd was to publish a book about the trip’s experiences and hazards, Great Dipper to Southern Cross. Brooke left the boat at Tahiti and bought property there. A while later, the yacht Zaca owned by San Francisco’s Templeton Crocker came into Papeete, Tahiti, on her way West—minus a steward. Brooke applied for the job, got it, and experienced a most interesting trip through islands off the beaten track—some still cannibalistic, like the New Hebrides. Leaving the Zaca, he traveled alone through Indonesia, India, and China. By this time, the Great Depression was making itself felt, so he returned home to join the Birdsboro Steel Foundry and Machine Company (now the Birdsboro Corporation) in a Pennsylvania town of that same name. He spent his professional career with the firm and, for a number of years prior to his retirement, he served as president and chairman of the board. He was active in various Berks County civic and charitable organizations, including the United Fund of which he was chairman one year. In retirement, he and his wife moved to the Ocean Reef Club on Key Largo in Florida, and subsequently to Belleair on the West Coast. He took up painting in these years and, using mostly acrylics, produced some admirable seascapes. Surviving are his wife, Madeline Blackburn Brooke; two sons, George Clymer Brooke, Jr. ’51 and Morris Randall Brooke ’53; a sister, Rhoda B. Gardiner; and five grandchildren, including George Clymer Brooke III ’79.

1925 — Rives Skinker Matthews
died on August 14, 1981 in Phoenix, Arizona, his home for the past seventeen years. He was born in St. Louis, on March 17,
1907, the son of Jane Skinker and Claude L. Matthews, and attended St. Louis schools and Woodbury Forest School in Virginia before entering St. Paul's in 1920. He stayed but a year, withdrawing for reasons of health and climate. After studying at Princeton with the class of 1928, he took courses at the Sorbonne and began a newspaper career with the old Paris edition of the "New York Herald-Tribune." He returned to this country and worked for "The Billboard," a theatrical trade journal in New York City, before buying the weekly "Somerset News" in Princess Anne, Maryland in 1939. In 1943, he was involved in a celebrated libel case that resulted from a series of articles he wrote about a Maryland official's apparent violation of gas rationing rules. He received national support from the American Newspaper Association and newspapers around the country. The charge was eventually dropped, but the official's private ration of gas was taken away for a year. Later, Matthews ran an unsuccessful campaign for public office. He then returned to St. Louis where he joined his father's electrical pole-line hardware business. After he retired from the company, he travelled extensively and collected many artifacts, sculpture, pictures, antics and books. He is survived by two sisters, Claudia M. McGinley and Jane Matthews.

1926 — David Cleveland Gordon died on October 14, 1981 at his home in Garrison-on-Hudson, New York. He was born in Concord, New Hampshire, the son of Amy Balch and Malcolm Kenneth Gordon (SPS 1887) — long time master and hockey coach at the School for whom the current artificial rink is named. He spent his entire childhood at St. Paul's School. He loved every path, every house, every bridge and remembered fondly the school workshop where he was welcome as a little boy, the large hockey rinks where the big boys taught him to skate, and the Halcyon banner which he was loyally waving one day as he stood on theitching post when the crews rode by his house en route to Long Pond. Suddenly the Shattucks reached out, picked him up, and drove off with him, Halcyon banner and all. He treasured his early life at St. Paul's. Concord was the site of his first schooling, and he entered St. Paul's as a first former. He often reminisced about his term as principal contributor to the discovery of uranium fission. He was the principal contributor to the discovery of delayed neutrons, the basis for atomic reactors. In August 1940, he conducted experiments to show how certain electronic vacuum tubes could remain functional after being fired from artillery weapons. This was the first indication of the feasibility of the proximity fuse, a device that detonates a bomb when its sensor detects the target. The proximity fuse was of important use to the Allies in the Pacific Theater and in the Battle of the Bulge during World War II. He participated...
in all major steps in the production of the fuse. It was later used in fire control and missile systems. In recognition of his work, he was awarded the Presidential Medal of Merit in 1947. After the war he embarked on a career in microbiology. In this field, he discovered the major chemical synthetic mechanisms by which cell duplication takes place. Findings from his studies were published in "Biochemistry in Escherichia," a volume now considered a definitive microbiology text. He was a member of the Princeton University and University of Virginia advisory boards, the National Academy of Sciences and the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Surviving are his wife, Josephine Roberts; two sons, Richard F. Roberts and Edward Thomas Roberts; and a daughter, Julie Roberts; and two brothers, Walter van Braam Roberts '11 and Thomas Chambers Roberts '17.

1930 – Barclay Cooke
died at his home in Englewood, New Jersey on November 29, 1981. The son of Rebecca Barbour and Walter Evans Cooke, he was born in Paterson, New Jersey, on May 11, 1912. He entered St. Paul's in 1924 and was very active in athletics, serving on the executive committee of the Athletic Association. He was a lineman on the first Delphian eleven, captain of its first hockey team (and was named a second lineman for the St. Paul's hockey team) and played left field for the club's baseball team. He played on the hockey team at Yale, from which he graduated in 1934; and later, with other St. Paul's alumni, for the St. Nick's Hockey Club of New York.

Endeavoring to find something (in the business world) which he could enjoy and succeed in, he experimented for several years with banking, selling and manufacturing. But The Guaranty Trust often conflicted with the arrival of the Washington Senators at Yankee Stadium. Dictaphone's money and prestige hobbled his efforts at Soundscriber. Mending machines and the classics seeped through his writings on backgammon. He could enjoy and have heard of Barclay Cooke, thought of him as "Mr. Backgammon." But those, who really knew him have learned to truly appreciate his love of the opera. He regaled the children at home with self-taught piano renditions of Puccini's Tosca—or when he instructed the natives in Venice with self-taught Italian versions of Madame Butterfly. Non-captive audiences were captivated by his ability to recite themes, entire arias, of such as Domingo to Placido Domingo to Honus Wagner, P. Hal Sims, Rene LaCoste, even Hokie Baker!

Among his books were "Backgammon: The Cruelest Game," "Paradoxes and Probabilities," and "Championship Backgammon." On the back cover of "Paradoxes and Probabilities," an advance comment by Lewis Deyong, an acknowledged expert, reads, "The author doesn't side-step controversy, but candidly admits that certain positions defy concrete analysis. In other words, he doesn't claim to know everything, which is a refreshing contrast to the inflated egos throughout the world of backgammon."

Many of his happiest hours were spent playing backgammon with long-time friends at the Racquet and Tennis Club of New York—of which his son-in-law, John Soutter '53 is the President. The Club's flag was flown at half-mast on the day of Cooke's death.

A loyal, devoted alumnus of St. Paul's, he returned regularly for reunions up to 1980, when his Form had its 50th. He is survived by his wife, Madora Thomsen Cooke; two daughters, Madora Soutter and Rebecca Mclean; a son, Barclay Cooke, Jr.; a brother, Robert Barbour Cooke '32; two nieces, Marci Thomson '77 and Madora Thomson '74; and 7 grandchildren.

— Fred Kirkland '30

1931 – John Coggeshall
died at his home in Dover Plains, New York on October 29, 1981. Born on June 16, 1911, at Morristown, New Jersey, he was the son of Jane Magor and Murray H. Coggeshall. Entering St. Paul's in 1925, he was a member of the School football team, having played for the Old Hundred first eleven, and rowed at number five on the first Shattuck crew. He was a graduate of Princeton, class of 1935, and served with the U.S. Army in the Pacific during World War II. He was a stockbroker and an authority on domestic and foreign gold investments. A veteran of 45 years on Wall Street, he was an account executive with the Manhattan brokerage firm of Wellington and Company at the time of his death. An avid golfer and vegetable gardener, he and his wife celebrated their fortieth wedding anniversary, in November 1980, in Bermuda with all three children and grandchildren. Surviving are his wife, Barbara Brecht Coggeshall; two sons, David Coggeshall and Jay Coggeshall; a daughter, Audrey Kelly; a sister, Marion Pitman; a brother, Dr. Bayard Coggeshall '32; two nephews, David B. Coggeshall '73 and Charles P. Coggeshall '74; and two grandchildren.

1932 – Laurence John Brengle, Jr.
died on August 25, 1981, in Beverly, Massachusetts. Born in Morristown, New Jersey,
the son of Katharine Curtin and Laurence John Brengle, he entered St. Paul’s in 1926. He stayed for the first and second forms, contributing to the play of the Delphian second eleven and rowing at No. 4 for the Shattuck third crew. He went to the Wharton School at the University of Pennsylvania and then worked at the Fidelity—Philadelphia Trust Company. In 1939, he joined Brown Brothers Harriman and, subsequently, moved to New York beginning an association with the Chase National Bank. During World War II, he served with the U.S. Navy and, after training at Fort Schuyler and the Miami Subchaser Training Center, he was assigned to the U.S.S. Suivel, an ocean salvage vessel which he eventually served as commanding officer. He worked the English Channel, North Sea, and Irish Sea towing caissons for ports in France and performing rescue work for ships after the landings in Normandy, the Omaha and Utah beaches, Cherbourg and LeHavre. Moving to Boston, after the War, he ran the office of the Meneely Yacht brokerage firm and later formed a partnership offering design and brokerage services. In 1955, he joined the Manchester Marine Corporation on Boston’s North Shore, remaining for twenty-one years. Sailing was his great avocation. He participated in five Bermuda races and raced to Copenhagen on a Bermuda 40. The Maine Coast, Chesapeake Bay, the Baltic, Adriatic, Aegean, Caribbean—all were waters known and cruised by him. At the time of his death, he was director of the Cruising Information Center at the Peabody Museum in Salem, Massachusetts. For twenty years, he had served as director of the Children’s Friend and Family Service Society of the North Shore. He is survived by his wife, Natalie Munson Brengle; two sons, Laurence J. Brengle III ’65 and George M. Brengle; a sister, Mrs. Thomas S. Gates; and a brother, William C. Brengle.

1944 – Stuart Alexander Miller

died on May 2, 1981 in New York’s Southhampton Hospital after an illness of three years. Born on July 21, 1925, in New York, he was the son of Florence Nickols and John Vincent Miller (SPS 1893). He entered St. Paul’s in 1940 with the second form and left after his fourth form year. He was a Delphian and a member of the Shattuck Boat Club. He went on to the Northwood School and later, after serving in World War II with the U.S. Naval Air Corps, graduated from Union College. In 1949, he joined Sag Harbor Industries, an electrical manufacturing firm. Subsequently, in 1952, he bought a share of the company and ultimately became its president. Flying, boating and carpentry were his special interests. He is survived by his wife, Linda Gorton Miller; two daughters, Jennifer Alexandra Miller and Valinda Alva Miller; a sister, Nancy Arn; and three nieces and three nephews.

1944 – Robert Andrews Reath

died on August 11, 1981, in Weems, Virginia, after a lengthy illness. Born in Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, on October 3, 1925, he was the son of Mary Thompson and Thomas Reath ’07. Entering SPS in 1939, he was a member of the Halcyon Boat Club and of the Old Hundreds, for whom he played on the second football team. He went on to Princeton with the class of 1947, but served several years with the U.S. Navy during World War II. During the years 1949-1951 he attended medical school at the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University. He then became involved in business, first with Pennsurgical Manufacturing and then, from 1953 to 1969, with Smith Kline Corporation where he worked in research and development, medical education, and marketing. In 1969, he moved to Dallas, Texas, to work in the insurance and personnel fields. At the age of 50, in 1976, he left his own personnel business to enter graduate school—to pursue professionally what he had long wanted to do, counselling. He received a MS from East Texas State University in 1976 and, later in 1978, a doctorate in education with an emphasis on marriage, family, and individual counselling from that same university. In 1979, he moved to Virginia, to the Tidewater area, where he established a private practice. At the time of his death, he was a clinical member of the American Association of Marriage and Family Therapists. He was an accomplished and knowledgeable musician, also a gardener and sailor. During his two years of illness, despite surgery, cobalt and chemotherapy treatments, he made many presentations to groups of nursing and college students and to conferences of doctors and clergy—discussing his illness, his impending death, and how he was coping with it all. In January 1981, he, his wife, and two daughters participated in a training film for medical students entitled, “Family in Crisis” which was sponsored by Hahnemann Medical College in Philadelphia. A similar film was also made for seminars at St. Luke’s Seminary, Sewanee, Tennessee, in February 1981. He is survived by his wife, Anne (Nancy) Lee Reath; two sons, R. Andrews Reath, Jr. ’69 and David B. Reath, M.D. ’71; three daughters, Elizabeth W. Reath, Nancy L. Reath, and Susan B. Reath; and two brothers, Thomas Reath, Jr. ’36 and Henry T. Reath ’37.

1951 – Chisholm Halle
died unexpectedly in Cleveland, Ohio, on January 18, 1982. Born on April 8, 1933, in Cleveland, he was the son of Helen Chisholm and Walter Murphy Halle. He attended Hawken School and then public schools in Dayton until enrolling at St. Paul’s in 1945. He was president of the Glee Club and sang tenor with the choir. In athletics, he was an active Isthmian, playing left end on the Club’s first eleven, a member of the first hockey team, and pitcher for the first baseball squad. He earned positions on the School’s football and baseball teams. Graduating from Harvard in 1955, he joined the family firm, Halle Bros. Co., in Cleveland. His work there was soon interrupted by two years in the Army Reserve, but he returned in 1958 to the department store’s executive training program. Over the next six years, he held numerous buying and division management positions before becoming vice president. He succeeded his father as president in 1966. In 1971, the firm merged with Marshall Field and Co. of Chicago. Resigning as the organization’s president in 1973, he opened Chisholm Halle Inc., a ladies specialty shop, in September 1975, in the new Eton Square mall. Active in civic affairs, he was a trustee of the Western Reserve Historical Society, past president of the Cleveland Opera and a former trustee of the Greater Cleveland Boy Scouts Council. His personal enthusiasms were skiing, his home and its grounds, his family and business. Survivors, in addition to his mother, include his wife, Cynthia White Halle; three sons, Alvah Chisholm Halle, Samuel H. Halle II, and Michael G. Halle; a daughter, Pamela K. Halle; and a sister, Kate Halle Briggs.

1953 – Marshall Jewell Dodge III
died in Hilo, Hawaii, on January 27, 1982, after the bicycle he was riding in Waimea was struck from behind by a hit-and-run driver. The well-known Maine humorist was forty-six years old. Born in New York on December 17, 1935, he was the son of Mary Newbold Reed Harding of New York and Marshall J. Dodge, Jr. ’29 of Hobe Sound, Florida. He entered St. Paul’s in 1948. During his sixth form year, he was vice president of the Concordian Literary Society, an executive committee member of the Scientific Association, and was a member of the Library Association. In athletics, he was a substitute on the Old Hundred first eleven
and a member of the School's boxing team. He went on to Yale, where he was to major in philosophy. During his senior year, he and a good friend, the Rev. Robert Bryan, then a student at the Yale Divinity School, produced their first "Bert and I" record. Asked about his interest in Maine folklore, Dodge said that he spent no more than a week in Maine when the record was made and that he had learned Down East humor from a St. Paul's classmate. The title track on the first record recounted the poignant saga of Bert's rescue by the narrator (Dodge) after their lobster boat, the "Bluebird," was rammed by the "Bangor Packet," a mail and passenger vessel that traversed the Northeast coast. Dodge moved to Maine nine years ago and had been living in Portland. He frequently teamed up with other Maine humorists, entertaining audiences in and out of the State. Several years ago, he founded the "Maine Festival," an event of several days bringing together artists of all disciplines and held each summer in Brunswick, Maine. Dodge and Bryan recently published their first "Bert and I" book and were working on a new record, Dodge's ninth. He also had been writing and performing in award-winning radio commercials for a Portland dairy firm. He was in Hawaii working on a new philosophy book when the accident occurred. Funeral services were held at the Yale Divinity School chapel with Bryan presiding. Surviving are his mother, his father, and a brother, Frederic Dodge.

Former Faculty

Alexander Hay Lehmann, Jr. died on September 3, 1981, at Porter's Corner, New York. He was 64 years old. Born in New York City, he was educated at Browning and Choate, and was a member of the class of 1939 at Princeton, where he was active in the Triangle Club and was a major contributor to two of its most successful productions. After teaching at Cheshire, Andover, and Choate, he was at SPS from 1950 to 1955 as a member of the English department, although he taught Latin as well. Thereafter, he continued his career at Buckely and as assistant headmaster of the Hoosac School. He is survived by two sisters and a brother.

Sandy is well remembered for his sparkling wit, his joy of teaching, and his love of music, drama, and travel. While active in many stage performances as organizer and director, he also was able to entertain informal gatherings on the piano with all the marvelous Porter, Gershwin, and Rogers songs. His friendships cut across the conventional social groups; he mixed as easily with the athletic regulars as he did with scholars and underachievers.

But Sandy was best remembered for his easy accessibility both while at SPS and for alumni after their graduation. His famous wit, his ready empathy, his facility to listen, his equanimity to the turmoils of our transitions from youth to adulthood—these attributes gave many of us comfort and support. He was always there, whether in his apartment next to Dorm 4 in the Lower School or in his apartment on 55th Street. He could be outrageous, iconoclastic, caustic but never with intention to harm or malign others. He beautifully bridged the chasm between the young and the community pillars, to everyone's benefit.

—Herald Paumgart '56

When I came to the School in 1952, Sandy Lehmann was to be here for three more years. I had help from many colleagues, but none helped me more than Sandy, and it was in his small apartment in the Lower where I spent some of my best hours in the company of a brilliant conversationalist and the most gifted of mimics. The place was full of mementoes, good furniture, and elegant junk he poked fun at. Laughter was of the explosive sort, and with a fire in the evenings, an open door to all, his apartment was a true enclave of civilization. Sandy knew a great deal about poets, playwrights, and novelists, his comments being succinct to the humor of the situation. Time and again conversation was pure verbal fireworks. But mostly he knew about human nature, and it was there where his total kindness became evident. He gave all of himself, and he received much as he had a genius for friendship. He left St. Paul's because at that stage of his life he was very much a city man, the country being something of a joke to him. A strong attempt was made by the Form of 1956 to make him attend what turned out to be a wonderful reunion dinner last Anniversary, but he regretted, never giving an inkling of how ill he was. He was too proud by nature to ask for sympathy. I had not seen him for a very long time, but we corresponded, year after year, until his unexpected death. When he left in 1955, the School was the poorer for his departure. Every time I saw him, or corresponded with him, I felt I gained something.

—José A. G. Ordonez
### St. Paul's School Calendar

*Events at Concord, N. H. unless otherwise noted*

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<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Month</th>
<th>Day</th>
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<tr>
<td>1982</td>
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<td>1982</td>
<td>MAY</td>
<td>22</td>
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<td>1982</td>
<td>MAY</td>
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<td>Friday through Sunday noon</td>
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<td>1982</td>
<td>SEPTEMBER</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>Thursday</td>
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- Spring Term opens
- 126th Anniversary Graduation of the Form of 1982
- Last Night
- Spring Term closes
- Advanced Studies Program begins
- Advanced Studies Program ends
- 127th Session begins—all students arrive

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**Alumni Horae**

**ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL**

CONCORD, N. H. 03301