Alumni Horae
The Alumni Association

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Vice President, Edward C. Page, Jr. '58 .. Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Vice President, Samuel McC. Yonce '49 ... Greenwich, Conn.

Directors to Anniversary, 1983

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John K. McEwoy '33 ....... Albert R. Gurney, Jr. '48 ...... Peter J. Ames '63 ...... Todd S. Purdum '78

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Albany Michael Poutiatine '53 ....... Houston Clive Rummells '44 .... Raleigh/Durham, N. C. Joseph H. Greer '46
Atlanta Hillyer McD. Young '59 .... Kansas City Thornton C. Carpenter '59 ...... Rich mond Ernest A. de Bordenave III '61
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Charlestone D. Duncan McPherson '69 ....... Nashville Michael B. Wert '74 ...... Washington, D. C. John P. Bankson, Jr. '48
Chicago John K. Greene '47 ....... New Haven Samuel R. Callaway, Jr. '59 ....... Westminster County Franklin Montross III '47
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Greenwich/Stanford Alexander L. Robinson, Jr. '48 ....... Philadelphia Henry McK. Ingersoll '47 ...... France A. Thierry Baumgart '82
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Corporation of St. Paul's School

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Byam K. Stevens, Jr. '48 .......... New York, N. Y.
Anthony C. Stout '57 .......... Washington, D. C.
Colton P. Wagner '57 .......... New York
Honore Thorne Wamsler .......... Poecking, West Germany
## The School

- The Rector's Letter
- The School in Action
- Spring Sports
- The Form of 1982
  - Diploma Recipients
- Prizes and Awards
- Reflections:
  - William A. Oates
  - The Rev. Theodore Yardley
  - Mrs. Edna V. McLeod

## Feature

A Connecticut Yankee in Juan Carlos' Court

## Departments

- Millville Notes
- Books
- Letters

## Alumni

- Anniversary Symposium
- Alumni Association
  - Annual Meeting
- Anniversary and Reunion Reports
- Faculty/Form Notes
- Deceased

### Contents

- **Vol. 62, No. 2  Summer 1982**

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*The Cover: Bart Quillen '85, is tossed into Turkey Pond by his fellow oarsmen after a victorious Anniversary race.*

*Photo Credits: Camera 1, p. 35; Bradford Herzog, Covers I and IV, pp. 31-34, 36-39, 41, 46, 49, 54, 59-60, 62-64; Tom Jones, pp. 40, 45; Susan Marshall, p. 75; and Perron Studio, pp. 65-74.*

*Design: Joanna P. Drummond*
The Rector’s Letter

Dear Alumni & Alumnae

“Mr. Oates, why was the Last Night Chapel Service so short?”

It is Tuesday night, the last night of the Winter Term, and I am sitting in my stall in Chapel at the conclusion of the Last Night Service. Students are filing out as a lively postlude, played on the organ, fills the air. A Fifth Form boy whom I know well comes toward me to say something, and I listen attentively to him as he asks: “Mr. Oates, why was the Last Night Chapel Service so short?”

The question startled me, because the Service had not seemed to me to be short. In fact, it had lasted fourteen minutes. We had sung the traditional “Saviour, source of every blessing.” I had read the Last Night Prayer: “O God, our merciful and gracious Father, in whom we live and move and have our being, we offer thee our humble thanks for all thy loving-kindness and tender mercy...” And so on. We had had other prayers. The Madrigal Singers had sung a lovely motet by Thomas Tallis, and The School Chorus had sung an anthem, “Achieved is the Glorious Work,” by Haydn.

The Service had been as usual. Traditional hymns and anthems and prayers. The usual length. But my Fifth Form friend wanted to know why the Service had been so short.

The Last Night Service is one of the most important moments of the year, I think. A beautiful, traditional service, bringing everyone to a moment of thought and calm reflection. It is a tender moment, too, for it marks a termination of sorts. In this case, the end of the Winter Term, for only three weeks, of course. But it heralds the end of something, and the start of something else. It is a moment of fragile beauty, of great meaning and significance.

I remembered my Fifth Form friend as a new Third Former. A rollicking, happy-go-lucky boy. Full of fun. Carefree. And I thought, as he stood there, that it was likely that he had not found his first Last Night Service as a new Third Former, too short. It was too long without doubt, holding him from the wonderful snowball fights and other spirited fun with friends who awaited him outside the confines of the School Chapel, as he travelled back to his dormitory.

Time passes. Viewpoints change. New ways of looking at old experiences and events develop and appear.

Of change we have had much in these last twelve years. And that is good. But also, much remains of the old. And each day I thank our far-sighted Trustees of the 1880s, who built our Chapel. And I give thanks, also, that, as changes have taken place, we have been able to preserve and maintain some of our church traditions, the four required Morning Chapel Services that we have each week, and the other required services we have from time to time, including the Last Night Service.

The changing attitudes of this young man instruct us in why we are so fortunate. The normal resistance of youth turns in time to maturity and appreciation. This is the phenomenon we call development. But there must be an arena in which life can be lived. There must be a framework. There must be social demands, rooted in careful thought and evaluation, and hope. The presence of the School, with its aspirations and demands, provides these needed requirements, this framework.

So these years have seen changes: coeducation, a new emphasis on the fine arts, a shifting from education viewed as absolute achievement to a de-
velopmental framework, a sharing of the leadership of the School, a concentration and focus on four years of schooling instead of six.

And the years have brought many social changes: informal dress, the possibility of unlimited weekends away from School—a privilege not frequently availed of, because activities at School are so numerous and so pleasant Saturdays and Sundays—mobility in terms of field trips or excused absences from School, in numbers staggering to those with long memories who once guarded each and every class period zealously—a practice of absence now, however, well suited to the increased personal responsibility of each student for his and her learning and development—these and many other changes all joining the age-long search and drive for excellence. Excellence in writing and understanding language, our own and the languages of other people. Excellence in history and mathematics and science, in the study of ethics and religion, and the fine arts. Excellence in athletics and in activities.

Our decisions have been purposeful, arrived at after careful consideration. We have kept much of the tradition of the School we have known so long, and we have dropped some few parts that no longer serve. We have considered many changes, and we have adopted some of them.

“Mr. Oates, why was the Last Night Chapel Service so short?”

Which stirs in me the question: “Mr. Oates, why were these last twelve and a half years so short? Indeed, the last forty?”

And, implicitly, why do they have to come to an end?

This is the way of life, of course. I assure you I leave with some sadness that this part of my life, and this part of the life of the School, are drawing to a close.

But at the same time I am filled with satisfactions, of things attempted, of things achieved. Of the support of so many students and so many members of the faculty. Of so many alumni and Trustees and parents and friends.

I thank everyone—Trustees, faculty, students, alumni, parents, staff, friends—for the wonderfully generous support given to me and to the School these years. It has been my great privilege and honor to serve as Rector, and to be with you.

And now, “May the grace of courage, gaiety, and the quiet mind, with all such blessedness as belongeth to the children of our heavenly Father, be ours, to the praise and glory of his holy Name, both now and for evermore. Amen.”

Sincerely,

William A. Oates

June 11, 1982
Linda H. Kelley

Linda Kelley is a teacher of Spanish and a housemaster in Kittredge. She has served as adviser to the Committee for Social Awareness and was recently elected to the Faculty Leadership Committee for 1982-1983.

Old Man Winter refused to die! For those of us who were unable to escape from the ice and snow of an especially hard winter at SPS, it seemed as though it would never disappear. Spring was so close at hand, yet winter would not loosen its grip. We watched the six foot drifts melt away inch by inch during those March days until, only hours before the students were to return, patches of brownish green could be spotted on the Chapel lawn. “At last!”, we sighed. “Spring will appropriately arrive with the first wave of returning students.”

Such was not the case. No sooner had the busses unloaded than the first flakes of a new snow fell. Close to ten inches dropped that night and a week later, ten more. “New England weather is ruthless and cruel,” stated one of my students at the beginning of a class soon after the second April blizzard. “Forget about crew this year. We might as well start up the ski team again.” Fortunately for all of us, his coaches were not so pessimistic. While waiting for the ice on Turkey Pond to melt, they kept their oarsmen and women busy exercising, lifting weights and running obstacle courses which were fondly referred to as “torture trails.” In the meantime, head coaches Richard Davis and Charles Morgan tried to help nature along by breaking up the ice on Turkey. It was not until April 17 that the first boats were launched. Yet, by the twenty-second of May, the “crewbies” were in such good shape that all three boys’ boats and the girls’ second boat won the New England Championships at Worcester.

Just as tenacious as the grip of winter on the life of the School was the determination of William Oates, in this his last term as Rector of St Paul’s, to push on with the many projects begun during his administration. As always, the pulsating beat of student activity, faculty committee work and visiting lecturers was never ending.

Almost as soon as the term opened, in spite of the snow, we were visited by Mr. and Mrs. Eric Anderson of Eton College, England. Students were impressed by Mr. Anderson’s sermon in
Chapel that Sunday in which he compared the virtues of fairness, generosity, and love; stressing the latter two as more virtuous than the former. Two days later, Dr. Berry Brazelton seemed to continue Mr. Anderson’s theme in his talk before the School. Dr. Brazelton, associate professor of pediatrics at Harvard Medical School, spoke of “Innate Cultural Differences in Infants at Birth.” His point was that poverty reproduces itself; that if a mother is malnourished during the entire nine months of her pregnancy, 40% of the brain cells in a newborn will not function. By the time children born in underdeveloped nations reach the first grade, 60% are uneducable because of lack of food and lack of stimulus from their parents who are also malnourished. Dr. Brazelton ended his talk by stating, “The battle against malnutrition and poverty can be won through the generosity and love of one nation helping another.”

Two student organizations, the Missionary Society and the Committee for Social Awareness, went right to work on this issue. Enough money was donated from every dormitory in the School to allow the students to sponsor and support four children in four areas of the world (Bangladesh, The Dominican Republic, Indonesia and Upper Volta, Africa). Money was also raised and sent directly to a small village in Upper Volta to be spent on tools and seeds so that villagers could begin to grow their own food.

The Missionary Society stepped up its work on problems plaguing the immediate Concord area, as well. Students volunteered to visit local hospi-

tals—befriending the aged, the chronically ill and the mentally incompetent. Large sums of money were raised and donated to the United Way, clothing was collected for runaway children, and support of worldwide relief efforts became yet another project.

As the term progressed each week of School life had its special emphasis. Among them, Ground Zero Week dealt with the issue of preventing nuclear war. The highlight of the program was a debate on the size of the Pentagon budget, featuring Robert Reno (a local attorney who represents St. Paul’s School) and New Hampshire Senator Gordon Humphrey. Later on in the term we were presented with Third World Week, the purpose of which was to unify the student body at St. Paul’s by making all members of our community sensitive to the situation of the minorities who live at the School. With the help of Michele Lettieri of the drama department, the students of the Third World Cultural Society staged the play “For Colored Girls Only,” a choreopoem by Wtozake Shaonge dealing with the feelings of black women living in the ghetto and suffering double jeopardy, discrimination for being black and for being female.

Not long after, the emphasis of the School’s energy shifted from social concerns to those of dance, Japanese and computers—three of the many projects begun by Mr. Oates which will remain long after his retirement, almost as a legacy to his administration. Richard Englund, associate director of the American Ballet Theater, visited St. Paul’s as the Dickey Visitor to the dance department. Mr. Englund taught classes, conducted practices and even choreographed a ballet which was to be performed on Anniversary weekend. This term’s Conroy Fellow was Dr. Yoshiaki Shimizu ’55, curator of Japanese art at the Freer Gallery in Washington, D.C., whose explanation of the significance of the radish in Japanese culture was intriguing to some while perplexing to others. And in mid-May, we were visited by Beverly Hunter who spoke on the increasing role of computer science in schools.
Probably the most distinguished yet elusive visitor to Millville this term, as far as we the residents were concerned, was The Very Rev. Charles (Kelly) Clark, our next Rector. He had visited St. Paul's during the winter term, first to speak with members of the faculty and administration and then to speak to the School as a whole. He returned this spring for the 126th Anniversary and was introduced to the alumni and parents of the School on Sunday morning in Chapel. In his sermon, he spoke of the importance of “community” and of making the best of one’s circumstances, of one’s “here and now.” He referred to the symbols of the sword and the book, reminding us that we all have been called to be servants and agents for peace. Mr. Clark’s message was well received. It was our first glimpse of the direction in which he will go when the silver ruler, symbol of the St. Paul’s rectorship, is passed to him in mid-June.

Two major events were held this term in honor of the pending retirement of Mr. Oates. On April 14, over six hundred people enjoyed a reception and dinner at the Hotel Pierre in New York. The celebration was planned and carried out by the Board of Trustees, the Alumni Association and the Parents Association as an expression of their appreciation for all Mr. and Mrs. Oates have done for St. Paul’s School. Guests came from far and wide bringing with them gifts—some of a serious nature and others more humorous. Hugh Millard, president of the Form of 1982, gave the Rector a scroll which just about every student in the School had signed. Amory Houghton, Jr. ’45 of the Board of Trustees presented him with a pair of flippers and snorkle so that “he would have the proper equipment for his daily swims.” I am told that Mr. Oates himself gave the most moving speech that night. In it he expressed his appreciation for the support of family and friends during his years as Rector of St. Paul’s.

Not to be outdone, on April 29 the Sixth Form sponsored its own celebration in honor of Bill and Jean Oates. A formal dance was held in the Upper featuring the Bo Winiker Orchestra and the unveiling of the official School portrait of its eighth Rector. Three sixth formers, Nicole Gallagher, Tracy Tullis and Adam Snow, rounded out the evening with a recitation of an epic poem which they had written for the occasion. It was a humorous and clever account of the Oates rectorship; and it began like this:

“Our hero’s name is William Oates,
A man of history.
His tale is one we’ve memorized
And thus, the Oatessy.”

As we bid farewell to Mr. Oates, we remember his twelve years of many accomplishments: coeducation, the dance, drama and music buildings and The Fund for SPS, just to name a few. We wish him well with his continuing work on the Board of Overseers at Harvard University, the Eisenhower Foundation for the Prevention of Violence and his 150-foot long flower garden in Kennebunk, Maine.

We look forward to September with anticipation and, for some among us, a bit of anxiety. What will the future bring? Not even Kelly Clark could know for sure. Hopefully it will be a future of faculty, students and administration working together to forge the community life envisioned by Mr. Clark himself in his graduation message.
Two scenes from the dinner honoring Bill and Jean Oates, held on April 14 at The Pierre and attended by 600 alumni, parents, and friends. Among the program participants were Derek Bok, president of Harvard University, Bill's three sons, and representatives of the Alumni and Parents Associations. Pictured above is Amo Houghton '45 who spoke for the Trustees; seated, left to right, are the Rector, Jim Kinnear '46, president of the Board of Trustees, and Jean Oates.

Spring sports

M. R. Blake

With the advent of the spring term, on April 1st, all teams except the crews were outside and working. A week or so later, a ten-inch snowstorm forced everyone inside for a week. The boys and girls crews got off to a slow start, compared to the last three to four years, but came on with great improvement each week.

It was a grand year for SPS athletes, but the spring term was a real topper. Highlights of this outstanding 89-89-1 season follow.

SPS Baseball. The first winning season in several years, the first ever in Independent School League (ISL) play. Spirited team with several underclassmen. John Donnelly '82 and Sam Daume '82 were elected to the All-League squad. Carl Lovejoy '75 was the coach, assisted by John Silva.

SPS Boys Lacrosse. Third consecutive undefeated season. No opponent really tested them; scores were high. Clay Yonce '82 was elected to the All-New England and All-American teams. Ben Scully '82, Craig Spivey '83, Adam Snow '82, Jay Perrotta '82, and Eric Sorenson '84 were All-New England. Clifford Gillespie was named Northern New England Coach of the Year.
**SPS Girls Tennis.** Best season ever. Won ISL championship for the first time. Louisa Gebelein, coach.

**SPS Crew.** Steady improvement throughout the season, lost to Exeter early in the year but beat them at Worcester. First three boys' boats swept at the Worcester Regatta, and the second boat was undefeated. Trophies received: The Father Sill Bowl for men's first eights, the Dixon "Tote" Walker Bowl for men's second eights, and the Converse Prudden Bowl for women's crew.

**SPS Track.** Successful season led by captain and Gordon Medal winner Randy Cox '82, who set three new School records plus a New England record in Class A for intermediate hurdles.

In this last report of the 1981-1982 season, I want to express thanks to the many SPS parents, faculty, staff, and students who were so supportive of our teams. Your encouragement was keenly felt by both players and coaches.

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### 1982 Spring Term
Sports Statistics

|        | BOYS SPS |        | GIRLS SPS |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |        |     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The Form of 1982 Diploma Recipients

DIPLOMAS SUMMA CUM LAUDE

Natacha Irene Barber, with honors in English, Modern Language, Mathematics and Science
Lisa Rust Brayshaw, with honors in Religion, Modern Language and Mathematics
Craig Gowen Coleman, with honors in Religion, Modern Language and History
Craig Carpenter Hoagland, with honors in English, Religion, Modern Language, History and Mathematics
Stephen Emory Ruscus, with honors in Religion, Classics, Mathematics, Science and Music
Helen Ingersoll Sanders, with honors in Religion, Classics, Modern Language and History
Samuel McClay Yonce, Jr., with honors in Modern Language and Mathematics

Louisa Barclay Benton, with honors in Religion, Modern Language, Mathematics and Science
Julia Trowbridge Bohlen
Janie I-Tsen Chang, with honors in Religion and Modern Language
Lucy Alsop Chubb, with honors in Religion and Classics
Peter Alexander Cooley, with honors in Science and Music
Closey Faulkner Dickey, with honors in Modern Language
Anne Woodward Dickinson, with honors in English and Religion
Lisa Joan Dinnick, with honors in Religion and Classics
Nicole Elaine Gallagher, with honors in Modern Language
Linda Robyn Gray, with honors in English, Classics and History
Jonathan Easton Silliman Harvey, with honors in History, Mathematics and Science
Alison Wright Horne, with honors in English, Modern Language, History and Art
James DeKay Houghton, with honors in English

Katherine Masury King, with honors in Modern Language
James Edwin Kuhn, with honors in Modern Language
John LeBoutillier, with honors in Art
Gregory T. H. Lee
Donald McElvain Miller, with honors in Mathematics and Science
Catherine Grace Murray, with honors in Modern Language
David Rittenhouse Putnam, with honors in Music
Justina Coste Ray, with honors in Modern Language and Music
Jeffrey Pepper Rodgers, with honors in English, Classics and Mathematics
Francesca Elizabeth Scarito, with honors in English, Modern Language and Mathematics
Elisabeth Tate Schmitz, with honors in Religion and Art
John Christopher Song, with honors in Modern Language and Science
Augusta Read Thomas, with honors in Music
Tracy Tullis, with honors in English and Modern Language
Jennifer Robin White, with honors in History and Science
Alexander Wilmerding, with honors in Religion and History
Andrew MacFarlane Wilson, with honors in English and Music

DIPLOMAS MAGNA CUM LAUDE

David Louis Antonioli, with honors in Modern Language and Science

DIPLOMAS CUM LAUDE

Charles Clinton Baylor, with honors in Modern Language and History
John Forbes Black
Robert Lee Clark, Jr.
David Bradford Copithorne, with honors in Mathematics and Science
Frederick McCurdy Eaton, with honors in History and Mathematics
Peter Van Valkenburg Fagrell, with honors in Modern Language and History
Amy Douglas Field, with honors in Mathematics
Katharine Ann Goodale, with honors in Religion
William Charles Leval Graham
Lynne Ann Greenberg, with honors in Religion
Cynthia Satterlee Griffin, with honors in Music
Kathryn Laura Hamm
Christopher Bullock Harris, with honors in English, Mathematics, Science and Art
Charles Kenneth Hood, Jr., with honors in Mathematics
Audrey Joan Austin Ivanetic, with honors in English, History and Art
Marnix Robert André Koumans, with honors in English and Science
Tracy Anne LaSalle
Douglas Yang Lee, with honors in Science and Ballet
Bayard Randolph Maybank, with honors in Classics and Art
Joseph Francis McLean, with honors in English, Religion and Music
Hugh Millard, with honors in Ballet
Mark James Mollica, with honors in Art
Gretchen Hamilton Peter
Jane Gilbane Petzold, with honors in Mathematics
Christina Watson Pickering
John Preston Read
Nancy de Ferriere Reed, with honors in Modern Language and Art
Rhonda Junette Roberts, with honors in English, Modern Language and History
Eric Dean Schlager
Pamela Jean Thomas, with honors in Science
Serena Fortune Wilkie, with honors in Religion and Science
Margaret Randolph Young, with honors in Modern Language

DIPLOMAS
Benjamin Crowninshield Adams
Louis Andrew Adreani
Gilberto Arias, Jr., with honors in Modern Language
William Moffat Bateson, with honors in History
Charles Partridge Boswell III
Thomas Berry Brazelton, Jr.
Henry Day Brigham 3rd
Matthew Miller Carroll
Douglas Andrew Clark, with honors in English and Modern Language
Ellington James Clark
Peter Coe, with honors in Art
Kimball Prince Collins
Randy Kam Cox
Samuel Dalrymple Daume, Jr.
Marc-Alain de Niverville
John Donnelly III
Charles Edward Doucette, with honors in Mathematics
Richard Cook Egbert, Jr., with honors in Music
Mark David Eichorn
Heidi Ellen Erdrich, with honors in Religion
Emily Lewis Fisher, with honors in English
Arnold Porter Gifford
James Wainwright Hornblower, with honors in Art
Rebecca Louise Johnson
Mia Linda Shahla Khazaei
Christopher Joseph King
Blair Trapnell Kloman, with honors in Religion
Howard Henry Lederer
Jonathan William Leone, with honors in English and Science
Lewis Alan Lukens, with honors in Religion and History
Tarrant Matthew Mahony
Edward Michael Andrew Marchese
John Williams McGill, with honors in Science
Fiona Molesworth Mellish
Diana Nieves
Neil Russell Oleson, with honors in Modern Language
Ellen Shaw Osteheimer, with honors in Religion
Patricia Lee Patterson
Maxwell Julian Perrotta, Jr.
Anthony John Pirri
Alexander Maurice Prout
John Virgil Rapos
Alfred Roosevelt Reeve, with honors in History and Art
John Van Wicheran Reynders III, with honors in Mathematics
Iréné Victorine Robinson
Eunice Allan Rodd
Fellowes Morgan Rodd, Jr.
James Wyse Wrape Saunders
Dawn Cheryl Scott
Mariza Ingrid Scotch
Benjamin Pepper Scully
Adam Crocker Snow, with honors in History
Justin Barnard Solomon, with honors in History
Alexandra Baker Stockwell
Elizabeth Anne Thorne
Peter Crane Truslow
Lucera Richetta Watson
Clinton White
Manley Williams, with honors in Religion
Henry Augustus Wilmerding III, with honors in Art
School Prizes and Awards

THE CUM LAUDE SOCIETY

David Louis Antonioli
Natacha Irene Barber
Louisa Barclay Benton
Lisa Rust Brayshaw
Janie I-Tsen Chang
Craig Gowen Coleman
Jonathan Easton Silliman Harvey
Craig Carpenter Hoagland
Anne Margret Hueser
Richard Bayard Kennelly, Jr.
Victoria Ann Labalme
Teri Lynn LaSalle
Donald McElwain Miller
Catherine Grace Murray
David Rittenhouse Putnam
Jeffrey Pepper Rodgers
Stephen Emory Ruscus
Cameron Haskin Sanders III
Helen Ingersoll Sanders
Tracy Tullis
Julie Anne Won
Samuel McClay Yonce, Jr.

PRIZES

Drumm Latin Prize
Jeffrey Pann Mallis
The Thomas Penrose Bennett Prize
Harold Cooper Payson
Franzheim Prize
Rodney Bolden
Hugh Camp Cup
Sarah Kathleen Dennis
White Prize
Augusta Read Thomas
Giles Prize
Joseph Francis McLean
Sprague Prize
Cynthia Satterlee Griffin

Keiser Music Prizes
Richard Cook Egbert, Jr., for composition
Cameron Haskin Sanders III, for performance (keyboard)
Peter Franklin Harlan, for performance (instrumental)

Hackett Prize
Francesca Elizabeth Scarito

Lefebvre Medal
Richard Cook Egbert, Jr.

Heckscher Prize
Anne Romeyn Pittman

Schlich One-Act Play Prize
Adam Crocker Snow

Howe Music Prize
Stephen Emory Ruscus
Augusta Read Thomas
Andrew MacFarlane Wilson

Oakes Greek Prize
Bayard Randolph Maybank

Spanhoofd German Prize
Closey Faulkner Dickey

Goodwin Classics Prize
Helen Ingersoll Sanders

Greenley Art Prize
James Wainwright Hornblower
Nancy de Ferriere Reed

Hargate Medal
Jane Gilbane Petzold

Thayer Dramatics Medal
James DeKay Houghton
Mia Linda Shahla Khazi

Duke Spanish Prize
Joaquin Garcia-Quiros, Jr.

Malbone French Prize
Nancy de Ferriere Reed

Evans Latin Prize
Lucy Alsop Chubb

Coit Geometry Prize
John Van Wicheran Reynders III
Glen Edward Hadwen II, proxime accessit
Crowe Prize
   Douglas Franklin Williamson III
1873 English Composition Prize
   Alexander Boyd Gove
Vanderpoel Science Prize
   Donald McElwain Miller
Whipple English Medal
   Joseph Francis McLean
Keep American History Prize
   Charles Garrison Meyer III
WSPS-FM Award
   Richard Bayard Kennelly, Jr.
Horae Editor's Medal
   Heidi Ellen Erdrich
   Emily Lewis Fisher
Pelican Medals
   Iréné Victörine Robinson
   Alexander Wilmerding
   David Gardiner Victor
Spencer-Chapin Award
   Ellen Margaret Neises
Archer Prize
   Elizabeth Tucker Cluett
Frazier Prize
   John Charles Bohan
Ferguson Scholar, Fourth Form
   Thorne Sparkman III
   Christopher Rand Sklarin,
   proxime accessit
Ferguson Scholar, Fifth Form
   Anne Margret Hueser
Knox Cup
   Craig Carpenter Hoagland
Smith Prize
   Augusta Read Thomas
Toland Prize
   Julia Trowbridge Bohlen
Rector's Awards
   Robert Lee Clark, Jr.
   Emily Lewis Fisher
   Mariza Ingrid Scotch
Rector's Medal
   Nicole Elaine Gallagher
School Medal
   James DeKay Houghton
President's Medal
   Hugh Millard

1982 ATHLETIC AWARDS

Gordon Medal – 91st Presentation
   Highest Athletic Award for a Boy
   Randy K. Cox
Loomis Medal – 10th Presentation
   Highest Athletic Award for a Girl
   Cynthia S. Griffin
Blake Football Medal
   James W. Hornblower
Form of 1968 Soccer Award
   Samuel McC. Yonce, Jr.
Form of 1903 Hockey Medal
   Christopher J. King
H. P. Campbell Hockey Award
   Robert L. Clark, Jr.
Barker Basketball Medal
   Ellington J. Clark
Douglas Baseball Medal
   Samuel D. Daume, Jr.
Roby Lacrosse Medal
   Adam C. Snow
Wadsworth Cross Country Cups
   Boys, John B. Sullivan
   Girls, Anne E. Schmutz
Beekman H. Pool Squash Trophy
   Victoria A. Labalme
Field Hockey Award
   Cynthia S. Griffin
Ronald J. Clark Squash Cup
   Gregory T. H. Lee
SPS Girls' Lacrosse Plate
   Cynthia S. Griffin
Reflections . . .

William Armstrong Oates
Rector 1970-1982

Bill Oates and St. Paul’s School. Forty years of significant contributions resulted from the association. Beginning as a teacher of history and mathematics and as a coach of Delphian teams, Bill served as a housemaster of Manville and continued through a series of appointments as registrar, director of admissions, administrative vice rector, and, finally, Rector.

As is customary on the occasion of a faculty member’s retirement, a colleague, in this case Richard Lederer, head of the English department and Form of 1923 Master in English, writes an appreciation for the Horae. Two prominent SPS graduates have done the same. Amory Houghton, Jr. ’45, who served as president of the Board of Trustees during the early 1970s, writes with characteristic warmth of his longtime friend—a friendship that dates back to Amo’s days as a supervisor in the Lower School and as counselor at the School Camp in Andover. Roger W. Drury ’32, former editor of this publication and a gifted writer, shares his perspectives of the Oates rectorship—as viewed from a unique vantage point of one closely affiliated with the School, yet with the distance of geography.

At the 1982 Graduation exercises, Bill Oates was named a Fellow of the School’s founder, George Cheyne Shattuck, the highest award St. Paul’s can bestow on an individual, “. . . for contributions to humanity through a life of unbounded devotion and loyalty, for generously sharing the ‘love and labor of many,’ for assuring this School more strength to toil, more years to strive. . . .” Just as the honor and its citation were seconded by everyone present, so also are they undoubtedly endorsed by many other alumni and friends whose lives were touched by this extraordinary man.

To Bill and his wife, Jean, who also gave many years of dedicated service to St. Paul’s School, best wishes for a happy retirement.

Bill Oates, eighth Rector of St. Paul’s School, has always been lavish in praising others and a bit shy and embarrassed when others praise him. Therefore, in expressing the appreciation of a grateful School for Bill’s forty years of service and twelve years as Rector, I shall begin by talking about another educator and, perhaps, through indirection find direction out.

Once there was a fellow who decided that he wanted to become a headmaster by starting his own school. He published an impressively ap-
pointed catalogue that proclaimed how deeply he loved children and how much individual attention each student in his school would receive. Then he set about supervising the building of the school.

Every day he would go to the campus to watch the construction of the buildings and the landscaping of the grounds. Finally, all was completed except for the laying of a long cement path that ran through the center of the plant.

The masons applied the cement, and the path lay glistening in the sunshine. Just as it was beginning to dry, a car pulled up to the curb, and out jumped an excited little boy, apparently a prospective student, who squealed with delight and scampered down the path, splattering cement all over the lawn.

The headmaster started to quiver, grabbed hold of the boy, and began beating him over the head. At this point, the boy’s mother stormed out of the car, huffed up to the headmaster, and complained, “My dear sir, your catalogue boasts about how much you love children, yet here you are beating up my son! How do you explain that?”

Replied the headmaster: “My dear madam, I may love children in the abstract, but not in the concrete.”

Bill Oates loved children not only in the abstract, but also in the concrete, even if that love meant that they would often splatter cement or music or paint or dance on the lawns. Bill Oates knew that during his rectorship St. Paul’s School would educate the first generation of students in history who would live the majority of their lives in the twenty-first century. He knew that such a prospect required the richest of curricula, at the center of which was man, the creator of religious myths and symbols; mathematical, scientific, and linguistic concepts; historical, social, and psychological systems; and visual and aural beauty and order from the swirl of life.

Bill also knew that an education from the neck up was but half an education. He realized that if you close down your heart, your mind cannot stay open for very long. From the center of his rectorship shone the light of Paul’s statement in his First Letter to the Corinthians, which Bill quoted in Chapel on several occasions:

If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing.

In his January 8, 1978, Chapel talk, Bill clarified Paul’s message by saying, “Paul is stating that love must be present in our every act or our acts are without value. We remember that the word love embraces intellectual, moral, and spiritual qualities such as good will, brotherliness, and friendship.”

Bill Oates followed Paul’s advice and sought to create, in his rectorship, a ministry of love. As carefully as he attended to every aspect of the School’s operations, he was never too busy to see to the needs of each individual student. Whenever he announced the outstanding achievement of a student or the results of a student’s transgressions, his eyes would brim with tears because he truly shared that student’s joy or that student’s pain. When The Pelican’s roving reporter asked the community, “What will you remember most about Mr. Oates?” one student said, “I will always remember how understanding he has been to me and to all of us students. His encouragement has profited so many students during the years.”

At a dance held in the Oateses’ honor this past spring, Bill was presented with a scroll, signed by the student body, that read: “To William A. Oates from the students of St. Paul’s School, in appreciation for his leadership as Rector.” When I asked Bill if he would pose for a Pelican picture with the scroll, he requested that the picture taking be delayed until Jean returned to School later that week so that they both could be photographed.

Here is one clue as to why Bill Oates loved students as easily as he breathed. He was and is so quintessentially a family man that all students at St. Paul’s School were his sons and daughters. As a devoted husband and father, so loving of Margaret and Jean and his three sons—Bill, Jim, and Tom—his empathy for students was a natural and beautiful extension of his own life. No wonder that one of his favorite prayers was:

Grant, O Lord,
That in all the joys of life we may never forget to be kind.
Help us to be unselfish in friendship,
Thoughtful of those less happy than ourselves,
And eager to bear the burdens of others;
Through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Bill Oates loved St. Paul's School in the abstract
and in the concrete. For forty years his life was
fired by a Platonic idea of perfect schoolness, and
he rose every morning at 4:00 a.m. to labor on and
make that vision live in this little corner of New
England. That Bill and Jean virtually never missed
a Saturday night open house at the Rectory in
twelve years is an outward and visible sign of a
seven-day-a-week labor of love. In “The Oatessy:
An Epic Poem in Honor of Mr. Oates,” the student
poets sang:

Each week our sovereign king and queen
Throw ope their palace wide.
There guests may dine on cookies
Till they're feeling sick inside.

As one respondent to the Pelican poll com­mented, “I will remember his dreams and the
energy he had to make them come true.”

Even a brief listing of some of the items that
Bill has written about in his Annual Reports, 1971-
1981, indicates the scope of achievements during
during his rectorship: the Development Office, the Sixth
Form year, the move of the Alumni Association
to Concord, the arrival of girls, academic require­ments, the disciplinary process, Form Agents,
Human Relations, the demolition of the Lower
School, School Year Abroad, Independent Study,
the dress code, female trustees, the faculty intern­ship program, the admissions process, the Faculty
Leadership Committee, interservitation, record giv­ing by the Parents and Alumni Funds, Bob Duke
and The Fund for SPS, the arts and the Performing
Arts Buildings, creative ambiguity and personal
growth, victories at the Henley Regatta, celebra­tion of the School's 125th Anniversary, and the
DAEDALUS symposia and publications.

Most recently, Bill has spearheaded a program
at St. Paul’s that encourages all students and fac­ulty to become computer literate so that they may
partake as joyfully as possible of the fruits of our
civilization:

Oates likes to keep up with the times.
(He reads it every week.)
An issue on computers
Had him caught by their mystique.

He instantly decided that
His students should partake.
One-sided educations
Don't well-rounded adults make.
(“The Oatessy”) Even as Bill and Jean departed the grounds for
their home in Kennebunk, Maine, the School work­ers were busily digging trenches for an updated
telephone system and “pointing” the Schoolhouse,
that is, drilling out the old mortar and replacing it
with new material in order to buttress the building.

Now there’s as vivid an emblem, a metaphor,
and a symbol as one could ask for. The goodly
heritage of Bill Oates's rectorship is a school cross­hatched by diverse and complex lines of communi­cation, knitting together a vibrant community, and
a school whose structures are solid and strong—in
the abstract and in the concrete.

— Richard Lederer

B ill is gone. Sometime this summer a new
Rector takes his place.
There’s nothing unusual about this. It
has happened before. It happened in 1954 with
Matthew Warren. It happened again in 1970
with William Oates and it will happen again in
1982 with Kelly Clark.

Life moves on; inexorably, they say. And as we
are all taught, no one man is indispensable, not
even the Rector. After all how can he be? St. Paul’s
School looks over its shoulder at 126 years. There
have been too many fine, sensitive people for too
long a period involved in the life of Millville, New
Hampshire, to single out one. But that’s exactly
what I’d like to do.

Bill Oates is special. We first met in September
1942—he a Master, I a fourth former. During those
forty years through all the crazy changes of loca­tion and interest which tend to prune friendships, ours somehow continued to grow.
That's personal, yet not entirely so. He has been special with others—not everyone, I suppose. What strong personality is? But I must believe there are thousands out there who feel as I do, and whose private appreciation and affection go unpublicized. One simply cannot stand back a few paces and take honest inventory of the record of St. Paul's between September 1942 and June 1982 without seeing his imprint—stronger, possibly than any other living person. He was there, always there.

Being there, of course, is not the key. As in anything, one's unique "life giving" contribution is the only measure that counts. Bill's was strong and uncomplicated.

He had a single-minded philosophy. If you say you'll do something, don't talk about it, do it. Also, he disagreed with the comment of a rather famous contemporary writer who one day quipped, "If something is worth doing, it's worth doing superficially." Ask anybody: Superficial wasn't a word you'd glue to Bill. You didn't have to. His was a life of directness, of simplicity.

Bill loved gadgets—even color TVs. He enjoyed puttering in the garden, particularly with clippers and a hoe. Oakleaf lettuce was his specialty. He swam everyday—not in a private pool, but at the Ramada Inn. He loved music—Broadway, classical (mostly baroque) and he seldom began work after 4:00 a.m.

He sought meaning and contact in his writings, never recognition. He pushed forward the borderline of secondary education, but one seldom found him center stage. He never gave impassioned speeches. He was not a conversation dominator.

He simply was the best Headmaster in the business.

During a series of meetings prior to the publication of those brilliant articles on secondary education in DAEDALUS, I overheard one of the contributing scholars say: "You know, there is one overpowering feeling I have about St. Paul's School as I look at it juxtaposed to other high schools and independent schools in this country. It works.” Not a bad tribute in any age, particularly today.

Why did it work? Many reasons, I suppose, not the least of which was an underlying sense of purpose. The Rector's the boss. People look to him for direction. He gave it and in the process developed a bedrock philosophy of leadership and management. That's all. He knew where the School was heading.

One of his Vice Rectors said a year or so ago: "On Monday morning when I start the week, I run through what needs to be done, what was done last week. I rarely think of anything during the past seven days I would have orchestrated differently. So much time in life is soaked up in redoing things. That's not a problem here. Things get done right the first time. That doesn't just happen. Bill is there—planning, and organizing, and anticipating."

Once, I forget the date, I was eating breakfast at the Rectory. I asked Bill what he sensed was the most important characteristic of a successful parent; he'd seen so many. His answer, as usual, went right to the heart of the question. "I suppose, if you could name only one asset, it would be time. When your children need you, they need you now. The best parents I've known are the ones who are willing to drop whatever they're doing simply to be available."

This wasn't an idle comment. Bill never made idle comments. It's what he believed. It's the way he ran the School. Everybody was important.

Most times it is easier to run something new rather than to pull years of tradition on to your shoulders. Bill didn't mind. His own special radar told him the value of what he had inherited in terms of its culture, its intellectual reach, its spirit. His job was to make sure St. Paul's kept moving ahead. How else had it been so successful for more than half of this country's existence. Traditions founder unless they're kept vibrant—rediscovered—rebekieved. He knew this.

So Bill has gone, off to new adventures. But his values remain, his sense of priorities. They'll still be there for those of us who believe as he did in the greatness, the mission of this extraordinary School.

—Amory Houghton, Jr. '45

44
As Editor of the Alumni Horae, one foot in the School and one out, during most of the rectorship of Bill Oates, I was well placed to observe his easy citizenship in two worlds. For a Rector of St. Paul's leads two constituencies. Each has its own language, and he is expected to be fluent in both.

One is the tongue of the present, spoken by five hundred students who are apt to see the Rector as a personage with no commitment outside the here and now; the other is the tongue of the past, spoken in various dialects by the Alumni, who rely on the Rector to interpret the mind and doings of the living School.

If he is bilingual in this sense, if the two worlds understand him and trust him most of the time, if they can say, "he speaks our language"—he is doing well. If he can help them understand each other, uniting in mutual support and some measure of affection, then he has done very well.

Inevitably, there are suspicions: the Rector has sold out to invaders who have taken over Millville; or he secretly favors a return to the Age of the Dinosaurs; or both at once! But these are certificates of strong leadership.

By such standards, the rectorship of Bill Oates would have been a success in any period. But the gift which made him preeminently the right leader for his time was an apparently bottomless patience. That patience, to listen, to consider, to weigh alternatives, to listen again, may have been the quality most useful to him in leading St. Paul's School out of the valley of the shadow of "Vietnam."

He lacked the advantage of a rector coming from outside the School, with fresh eyes for all questions and no commitment to entrenched ways, but that did not matter. Frequent immersion in the running water of the world outside kept him flexible, enabling him to seize on problems of earlier periods and transform them into opportunities. And of course he picked up and carried forward with vigor programs begun in the Warren years—coeducation, racial integration, independent study.

His own special contribution to St. Paul's was certainly the development of a solid program in the creative and performing arts. By giving due honor to the cultivation of eye and ear, by placing the dance, for example, alongside Greek, or calculus, or chemistry, as a sibling discipline in the equipment of the educated adult citizen, he gave wider meaning to a St. Paul's education and new significance to the School diploma.

Has the curriculum been alarmingly extended? Is the day long enough to accommodate all that is now offered or required? Do the competing claims of so many parts threaten the integrity of the whole? If such worries are valid, time will settle the matter.

But in the proliferation of offerings one gain is already apparent: every student finds him or herself set in a framework which requires constant choice, whether it be selection of academic courses, decision about participation in sports, selection of friends or models of personal behavior, or general attitude. The road is not predetermined or paved. Each one must chart a course which leaves no major regret for what was done or left undone.

Thus Choice has become the hidden, but ever-present, super-subject in the curriculum.

That challenge of choice and the patience which allowed it time to mature each individual gave the Oates years their special flavor. And it goes a long way to explain the affection Bill Oates earned from the many he has trusted.

—Roger W. Drury, '32
Ted Yardley is like Santa Claus. This is a difficult contention to prove, because, although I do have Ted here for comparative purposes, I always seem to fall asleep before Santa arrives.

There are secondary proofs that, although not finally conclusive, make a strong case. One might, for instance, consider the similarity between the Yardley menage and that of the Claus household at the North Pole. The Yardley's large, comfortable house at SPS is very much like Santa's workshop, especially in the depths of winter, surrounded by snow drifts. Ted, like Santa, presides over entertainments with largesse and a happy laugh. But Barbara Yardley, like Mrs. Claus, keeps the place running with efficiency, wit, and a deep sense of love for all who cross her threshold. The sense of an elfin environment is enhanced by the little people who inhabit, or have inhabited, the house, and by the fat old corgy, Pebbles, who smiles at visitors and waddles up for a ritual tummy scratch.

But for Ted Yardley's direct likeness to the gift-giving Saint himself, I rely upon the evidence of a professor from the General Theological Seminary in New York, Ted's alma mater. The professor is Clement C. Moore, the author of *A Visit from St. Nicholas*, who retired before Ted arrived as a student; about one hundred years before.

It might help if I quote some of the relevant descriptive passages:

He was dressed all in fur,
from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished
with ashes and soot.

* * * * *
Moore does have things to say about Santa, however, that are more descriptive of Ted Yardley than these physical traits. "A wink of his eye and a twist of his head, soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread." Like Santa, Ted is a gentle man. He spreads the Gospel, not only in words, but in his manner, concerned for others' happiness and well being. The only ones who have anything to dread from Ted are those who commit an injustice against another person. Ted's gentility and humor do not prevent him from getting deeply angry in the face of inhuman behavior. (He has also been known to get angry at colleagues who were late to chapel on major feasts, or who committed gaffes during liturgical celebrations. But I pass over these minor aberrations....)

"He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work." During his tenure at SPS Ted worked hard, without saying much about it. He wrote notes every Monday to students with birthdays during the coming week, wishing them happy birthday and mentioning that we would be praying for them at the Wednesday Eucharist, which they were welcome to attend. For years he stood at the Xerox machine on Friday afternoons running off six hundred copies of "Chapel Notes" for the next week.

Of course there were parts of his work that could not be done silently. And Saint Nicholas would understand. St. Nick himself was, after all, a bishop, and as such, a teacher and preacher. Much of Ted's life at SPS was devoted to his work in the classroom and the pulpit.

He loves teaching, and he loves his students. He was always excited about new teaching methods or ideas. When a class had had an especially rigorous argument about Tillich's *Dynamics of Faith*, Ted's eyes shone with excitement; rather, I suspect, as Santa's eyes must shine seeing a child's delight on Christmas morning.
And he was able to pass this love for his subject and his students on to his colleagues. For at least one newly arrived junior member of the Religion Department who had little sympathy with Tillich, Ted Yardley opened doors and shared his intellectual adventure. He is committed to his subject, arguing tenaciously his way to the heart of understanding. The fact that this tenacity takes the form of statements like, “Well, I haven’t really thought of it that way, and you’ve really had a great deal more experience in that than I have, but . . . ,” doesn’t fool anyone, least of all Ted himself.

For those of us who could not have Ted as a teacher in the classroom, I suspect that the high point of his work as Chaplain and Head of the Religion Department was his preaching. A gentle, humorous preacher, he speaks carefully, with enormous grace, to both students and faculty in ways that both can understand. Ted is first of all a priest, and from the pulpit he shared with us the love he found in the Gospel.

Another aspect of Ted’s priesthood that we all saw was his choreography of the chapel program: singers, dancers, speakers, processions of flags, candlelit Christmas liturgies. But I will think first of Ted at the altar in the Chantry chapel on Wednesday mornings, celebrating the Eucharist. Here Theodore Yardley, the person and the priest, takes on most clearly the attributes of St. Nicholas, and through him those of Christ himself: humility, generosity, and love, feeding the flock. In Ted we saw and shared something of the new life that was born in Bethlehem and spread by St. Nicholas.

And laying a finger aside of his nose
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle.

But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,
“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a goodnight.”

I haven’t seen any reindeer at the Yardley’s house yet, but they will be there. He is driving out of sight, to Falmouth, on Cape Cod, and not the North Pole, preferring boating to travel by reindeer and sleigh.

And before he flies, we want to say to Ted, “You are, for us, like Santa Claus. You have brought us Christmas all year round, sharing the gifts of the child Christ. Thank you. Happy Christmas to you and those you love. God bless you all.”

—The Rev. Alden B. Flanders

Alden Flanders will serve as acting head of the religion department for the school year 1982-1983. He has been housemaster of Wing Upper for the past several years.
Retiring this year is Mrs. Edna V. McLeod, Supervisor of Housekeeping Services since September, 1964, she will move this summer to her lovely Higate Farm, nestled in a nearby Warner, New Hampshire, valley. On Anniversary, the Rector, on behalf of students and faculty, presented her with a School bowl with these words of appreciation:

Pappy, as she is called, has probably given more help to more students and more members of the faculty than anyone in the School. Her warm welcome greets everyone with friendship and offers of assistance. She arranges flowers and tables, she helps students decorate for dances in the dining room, she arranged to have horses brought to the School for the buggy ride on April 3, 1981, which commemorated the first day of the School. And she does countless other things that benefit all of us. She seems never to tire as she works and works and works—to make the School a happier and more cheerful place.

"Pappy" McLeod Retires
A Connecticut Yankee in Juan Carlos' Court

André O. Hurtgen

André Hurtgen has been a member of the School's faculty since 1960, and for a dozen years has been head of the modern languages department. He serves as liaison between St. Paul's and School Year Abroad.

Two years ago I visited France as a member of an evaluation committee of the School Year Abroad program in Rennes (Alumni Horae, Summer 1979). During the past spring vacation a similar committee visited the Spanish branch of SYA in Barcelona. My colleagues were Angel Rubio, Phillips Academy Andover (St. Paul's faculty, 1954-1961), and Francesca Piana, Phillips Exeter Academy. Consisting, as it did, of a Spaniard (Rubio), an Ecuadorian (Piana), and a Belgian (Hurtgen), the committee deemed itself adequately qualified to pass judgment on an American school in Spain! For a week (March 22 through March 27, 1982), we attended classes, talked for hours with students and faculty, and visited the Spanish families. This last was by far the most agreeable aspect of the trip, since we visited a total of seven families and were served champagne a total of seven times!

For those of you who are not familiar with Barcelona, let me encourage you to put it on your itinerary. It is a very beautiful city, splendidly located on the Mediterranean near the Pyrenees with a very long and interesting history. Now with somewhat over two million inhabitants, it is an active and important cultural center. Pablo Picasso lived and worked here for many years, as did Antoni Tàpies, as did Salvador Dalí (who, in fact, is still living nearby), Pablo Casals and many other artists. Of course Barcelona is most famous for its scores of architectural wonders: Disneyesque buildings by the Catalonian architect, Antonio Gaudí, the amazing art nouveau of the Orfeo Catalá concert hall, the Guell Park, etc.
In the very heart of Barcelona is the Plaza de Cataluña, a magnificent square with flower beds, trees, mosaic pavements and two very large fountains which are lighted up at night. All around it are department stores, banks, hotels and endless, noisy traffic. Just one block north of this square, at another busy intersection, is a six story building, on the third floor of which is located School Year Abroad. One floor beneath us is a branch of the Eurocentro language schools for Spanish adults. On the fourth floor above is the Instituto Femenino, a secretarial school for young ladies. As you can see, School Year Abroad is in the thick of things. Our rented space is quite Spartan: four smallish classrooms, an office for the secretary, a tiny faculty room, a small student lounge, a couple of hallways containing about 50 very skinny lockers, bathrooms and that's that. No carpets, no drapes, no frills. Every room opens onto the street. City noise is constant.

Edward Sainati of the Phillips Exeter faculty has been director of the program for the past eleven years. He does a splendid job of running a very efficient and happy school. Not only is he thoroughly at home in the American secondary education world, he is equally familiar with Spanish mentality, Spanish law and Spanish red tape. These qualities make him an invaluable person who could probably step into the U.S. ambassador's shoes in an emergency! Mr. Sainati is assisted by a young American teacher of English (on a yearly appointment). The position was held in 1981-1982 by Randy Peffer of Phillips Andover. Incidentally, Mr. Peffer was commissioned by the National Geographic magazine to write an article on Catalonia, which should appear about now.

The core of the program obviously lies in its Spanish component. SYA is blessed with an exceptional group of people. Angel Vilalta has been with the program since its inception in 1964. He teaches courses in the history of art and Spanish language. Sr. Vilalta is a vivacious and dynamic person, with a vast store of knowledge and lively sense of humor. He is personally acquainted with just about everybody who is anybody in the cultural and artistic circles of Barcelona. Every student who has studied in SYA Barcelona will tell you that, were it not for Angel Vilalta, the program would not be what it is. Vilalta is a legend in his own time. The two other members of the
Angel Vilalta, a teacher of art and Spanish language at SYA since 1964.

Below: Student placement in families is of primary importance to a successful foreign experience.

faculty are Antonio Monegal and Jordi Vilá. Sr. Monegal, a young man in his mid-twenties, teaches history, in Spanish, using the same textbooks that are used in Spanish liceos (secondary schools). Sr. Vilá teaches the mathematics courses using American texts. I asked both these men why they had chosen to teach at SYA. Both had previously held positions in Spanish liceos and both independently told me that they much preferred the challenge of our American students, the liveliness, the give and take, the curiosity, the thirst for knowledge. They also enjoyed the freedom to experiment, to be creative, opportunities they found lacking in Spanish schools.

It is important to point out that the entire faculty of School Year Abroad in Barcelona is full time. Not only the director and the American teacher of English, but all three Spanish natives are in school all day every day of the academic year. In addition to teaching, they share other responsibilities: distributing weekly allowances, planning extracurricular activities, finding families for our students and so on. Their commitment to us is total, their devotion complete. This full-time nature of the faculty is an extremely positive feature of the program.

At the time of our visit 44 students were in attendance. This means, of course, that 44 Spanish families were very directly involved with our program, for each student is placed in a separate family. As you can imagine, student placement is
of primary importance for the success of the foreign experience. Much of this work has for many years been performed by Angel Vilalta. Inevitably, problems occur, and every year a few switches have to be made. While the committee was in Barcelona, one such change was in the making. A Spanish family had asked to have their American daughter moved, and the problem was a new one for us. It appears that the Spanish sister of the girl was jealous! The American, popular, attractive and outgoing, was getting all the attention and admiration from the boyfriends of her Spanish sister.

Another incident which occurred a couple of years ago involved a girl who said that, though her Spanish family were loving, kind and warm, she wanted to move because she was being overfed! "They insist that I eat a lot, they give me big heaping servings, and big heaping seconds," said the girl. "I can't make them understand that I just don't eat that much. I came to Spain to absorb Spanish culture, but not quite in this fashion!" It fell upon Angel Vilalta to solve the problem. He found the Spanish mother adamant. She could not understand why any growing child would not eat a lot. In desperation Sr. Vilalta decided that he had to use powerful weapons. "Señora," he said, "this is not the girl's whim or fancy—this is doctor's advice." Still the mother was unconvinced, arguing that no doctor would ever tell a child not to eat a lot. As a last resort, Vilalta declared: "Señora, this is an American doctor's opinion! American medical science is very advanced. They know things over there that we don't know over here!" That argument won the battle! The mother relented, the girl stayed, didn't lose her figure, and had a splendid year in Barcelona.

Let me share with you another anecdote that will illustrate the kind of learning that takes place in Barcelona, learning that cannot possibly take place at St. Paul's School or any other school in this country. On the second day of our visit, I found myself sitting in the student lounge trying to put some thoughts on paper. However, the conversation around me was too distracting. Tanya had just walked in, having been absent from her Monday classes. It appears she had gone to Madrid for the weekend and had missed her return flight. As she entered she said: "Ola, amigos, ¿Qué tal?" And somebody said: "Hi Tanya, how are you?" "Pretty good. ¿Y vosotros?" "¿Por qué no volviste ayer?" "Oh, I missed my plane." The complete bilingualism of the conversation amused me. Such was their fluency in Spanish that the students didn't seem to be particularly aware of which language they were using.

The girl went on to tell her story. While in Madrid she went with a group of Spanish students to a bar. (It's not as bad as it sounds because this is a European "bar" or café.) As is wont to happen among European students, the conversation turned to politics. This being Spain, the conversation dealt with Spanish politics. And this being 1982, a heated debate on the decentralization of political power and the pressure for self-government and cultural independence by various regions of Spain was soon being argued. One young man began to denigrate Barcelona and to make unpleasant remarks about Catalan culture and the Catalán language. This angered Tanya, who burst out: "You can't talk that way about Catalonia! Catalonians are fine people!" This prompted an immediate apology on the part of the young man: "¡Perdóneme, Señorita, I didn't know you were from that part of the country! Please forgive my stupidity." To which the girl replied: "I am not Catalan but my family is." Some explaining followed, because the Spaniard had thought that Tanya was a native. She went on to give a spirited defense of the Catalan people, crashing to bits the Madrileños's attack.

In concluding her story, Tanya said to her School Year Abroad friends: "You know, I felt really proud to be Catalanian!" At which point I turned to her, asking: "Tanya, where are you from?" "I'm from Connecticut... Why do you ask?"

I did not reply, but silently wondered how many citizens of Connecticut share her strong love for, or even her knowledge of, that wonderful northeast corner of Spain.

Such is School Year Abroad. Young Americans learn a lot more than a new language and exotic customs. They experience another world that soon becomes their second home and adopted country.
Faculty Appointments
During the spring term, the Rector announced several changes in faculty assignments. The Rev. Alden B. Flanders will serve as acting head of the Religion Department for the school year 1982-1983, and The Rev. Preston B. Hannibal was named to The Charles D.Dickey Faculty Chair in Religion and Ethics. Succeeding Alden Flanders as director of the Independent Study Program will be Charles B. Morgan, a member of the English department.

Woodwind Quintet Shines
The St. Paul’s Woodwind Quintet performed late in the winter term at the University of New Hampshire in Durham. The event, sponsored by the New Hampshire Music Educators Association, was not a competition although musicians from other schools were present and each solo, duet, trio and quintet received grades for their presentations. The SPS quintet consisting of Peter Harlan ’83 on the bassoon, Ben Hall ’84, clarinet, Irina Faskianos ’85, flute, Stephen Ruscus ’82, horn, and Hanako Yamaguchi ’83, oboe, received the highest possible rating for their performance of F. J. Haydn’s Divertimento in B Major.

Millville School Closes
After nearly ten years of discussion and various studies, the Board of Directors of the Concord Union School District voted this spring to close the Millville Elementary School, effective at the end of this academic year. Declining enrollment and the implementation of a new “middle school” concept were cited as the chief catalysts in the decision. Located at the junction of Fiske and Hopkinton roads, “Millville” long served as the elementary school for SPS faculty children and, in more recent years, as the site for many sixth form independent study projects.

On to Maine!
Mid-June was a busy time in the Rectory as Bill and Jean Oates made final preparations for the move to their new home in Kennebunk, Maine. As expected, it was an orderly, well-planned chain of events—indeed, the garden down East had been planted some time ago, to greet them on their arrival. Their new mailing address: P.O. Box 1368, Kennebunkport, Maine 04046. In October, after a summer of “settling in” and relaxation, the Oateses will travel to Japan, visiting at the invitation of the principal of the Seikei School in Tokyo. On their return to this country, frequent visits to Cambridge and New York are likely—in conjunction with Bill’s work as a member of Harvard’s Board of Overseers and the national commission studying violence in America funded by the Eisenhower Foundation.
THE VISITOR
Chauncey G. Parker III, '45
New American Library,
Signet edition, 1981

The Gothic tale of terror has a long and distinguished tradition in Western literature. In the 1950s I lectured to the Sixth Form in a spring term English department lecture series; the subject: "The Corpse in the Cloister." In the late Sixties and early Seventies I developed a term course called "The Twisted Strand," which provided an opportunity for fifth and sixth formers to do some respectable reading (who can fault Hawthorne, Poe, and Henry James?), some historically interesting reading (Horace Walpole's The Castle of Otranto and Mary Shelley's Frankenstein), and some genre reading (Stoker's Dracula and the short stories of H. P. Lovecraft). I usually included one contemporary work; in the last year or two of the course it was Stephen King's 'Salem's Lot, which brought vampires to the Great State of Maine. We looked at a number of films, partly to compare them with the stories or novels from which they were derived, partly to analyze how different media affect the senses and the imagination, and partly to consider the "modernizing" of certain kinds of superstitions, fears, taboos.

The course raised questions about the persistence of "Gothic elements" in the world of the imagination and in the world of reality. One change noted was the rapid increase in violence and cruelty explicitly described in literature and shown on film in recent years, a parallel to be found in the differences between the "romantic" Gothic story and the "terror" Gothic story. Mary Shelley's novel of Frankenstein became a Boris Karloff film series creating the Charles Addams cartoon world that ultimately came to an end on TV with the Munsters. That is the benign world of the "good" scare of the romantic Gothic genre. In contrast, the novels like Carrie, The Shining, The Exorcist, Rosemary's Baby (and the films derived from them) indicate the explicitly described cruelty and horror which leave little to the imagination. Psycho of 1959, the classic Hitchcock Gothic film, becomes Dressed to Kill of 1981—violent, graphic, sick—yet gripping and fascinating.

This last statement brings me to The Visitor, by Chauncey G. Parker III, SPS '45, which I found violent, graphic, sick (and sickening) . . . yet gripping and fascinating. While I was professionally analyzing Mr. Parker's technique with the Gothic elements, alternately appalled and admiring, another part of me was swept up in the tale itself and with sweaty palms and pounding heart lived through the hero's agonies.

I don't know whether Mr. Parker wrote the blurbs on the front and back covers of the Signet paperback edition, which is the one I read, but the innocent reader is cleverly misled by them (a fair ploy for reader, author, and publisher if not carried too far: I recall an Armed Forces edition of The Hound of the Baskervilles, the cover of which had a gigantic dog slavering at a scantily-clad maiden tied to a post!). "The door was open—and horror came to feast," says the front cover, above the photo of a terror-stricken male face. "The ultimate nightmare . . ." says the back cover, " . . . for rising young executive Bart Hughes, his Manhattan brownstone was his castle . . . until he discovered he was not alone but had an uninvited guest in the house."

In that sentence we have a beautifully encapsulated Gothic tale. The renovated brownstone is the direct descendant of Horace Walpole's castle of Otranto, Count Dracula's castle,
Of course, like most heroes and heroines of the Gothic tale, Bart Hughes is a little dim (convention demands good blood and good breeding but not necessarily good brains), but the author must somehow get his protagonist into dangerous and terrifying situations. Nobody with any intelligence ever opened a creaking door to a dusty attic or tipped over in the early morning hours down a long dark corridor—but that's what Bart Hughes does with a vengeance. And, of course, that's where The Visitor is waiting!

What makes me "uncomfortable" about this book is the skillful blending of traditional elements, such as those I have mentioned, with a very contemporary quality to the situations Bart Hughes finds himself in. An uncompromising world of reality keeps breaking in, and it's not a Transylvanian world! For example, Bart is reluctant to share his struggles with The Visitor with one of his close friends, a realtor, because that friend may someday be needed to sell the renovated brownstone at the highest possible price. As Bart finds his struggles with The Visitor moving him in the direction of a nervous breakdown, he clamps up because he fears the bank's doctor will give an adverse report threatening to Bart's promotion. Friends with whom he does share his dilemma sensibly call his wife in Maine, and then there are long-distance phone quarrels of familiar domestic intensity. Alcohol and the accidents of bachelor existence, hardware stores and recalcitrant plumbers, security alarm repairmen and the local handyman with "the solution"—all have their logical place in Mr. Parker's predicament. But rather, there is an ending and then a surprise. To say that Mr. Parker is in the same class as Edgar Allan Poe and H.P. Lovecraft is perhaps a bit of an exaggeration, but he has mined the same vein and in a satisfyingly gruesome fashion.

I think that the most uncannily gripping horror film ever made is Night of the Living Dead. Its grainy black and white tone, its unknown actors, and its on-location, small-town setting create a sense of the ordinary. But in its worst moments Night of the Living Dead presents us with a world of zombies, of ghouls, of things that, in the comforting old Scottish proverbial sense, "go bump in the night." Chauncey Parker is not that merciful and not that kind: he presents us with The Visitor.

—Alan N. Hall

Alan Hall has been associated with St. Paul's since 1952, as a teacher of English and head of that department. He is now director of the School's Advanced Studies Program.
To the Editor,

RE: RING, BELLS, RING by Brian Regan (Autumn issue, 1981). I want to say that I enjoyed the article as I had always listened to the bells as well as climbed the Chapel tower many times to watch Dr. Lefebvre and Mr. Johnson play them. We had to sign up well in advance. It was quite an adventure to go up those winding circular stairs in the tower!

As to our small church, made of wood, sitting in the highest rock in town along the bare rocky coast of Southern Newfoundland and which would fit in the Chancel of the SPS Chapel: we cannot compare in terms of grandeur and reality of true bells, nor gothic stone!

However we have been blessed with a donor who gave us a Schulmerich Magnabell II Carillon run on magnetic taped bells. It is a fair cost for us at $3,000 (U.S.), but we love it and the amplification makes it possible for the 250 houses here to benefit from the sounds of our carillon. Even in the harbour the fishermen going out can hear these “bells.” They are timed to play at 12:30 and 6:30 p.m., enabling the people going and coming from work to enjoy the “recorded sounds.” We are slowly building up the tape library to give us the full complement of the church seasons.

Again, thanks for the great article. I simply wanted to share with you our “bells.”

—The Rev. David Plumer ’49
Holy Spirit Anglican Church
Isle aux Morts
Newfoundland, Canada

To the Editor,

I was interested to read the letter of Stephen Reynolds ’51 in the spring issue of 1982. In this letter he refers to the fact that he was captain of the Yale heavyweight crew in 1955, the same year that Fergus Reid III ’51 was captain of the Yale lightweight crew—a noteworthy achievement for St. Paul’s rowing.

I would like to point out that this same event occurred at Yale in 1937, when I captained the lightweight crew and Harcourt F. Schurtz captained the heavyweight crew. We were both members of the Form of 1933 and roommates during our sixth form year and also for our first two years at Yale.

This is certainly quite an extraordinary thing for the same school to have this record at a well-known rowing college twice in eighteen years.

—Joseph H. Bascom ’33
7811 Carondelet
St. Louis, Missouri
The 1982 Anniversary Symposium featured remarks by six students, each of whom shared their thoughts on the topic, “St. Paul’s School: Perspectives.” They were Benjamin C. Adams ’82, William J. Bennington ’83, Sara K. Dennis ’83, Audrey J. A. Ivanetic ’82, Charles G. Meyer III ’84, and Denise A. Vinson ’83. Moderator for the Symposium, and the lively discussion period that followed, was Thomas J. Quirk, Jr., Vice Rector. Two of the students’ presentations are reprinted here.

Coming to St. Paul’s has been one of the most important experiences of my life. It has helped me to find out who I am and what my role is in the world. I would like to share with everyone what my new understanding of me is, and how I’ve come to reach it.

Of course my family is very proud of me. I am the first one to receive a chance to go away to school, and they are extremely pleased that I am here and doing well. We miss each other, but we are able to understand that missing each other is but a small price to pay for such an excellent opportunity. It is much harder for my friends at home to accept my constant coming and going. Every time I come home they all ask, “Are you here to stay?” This question is annoying to me (as the answer is always, “No”), yet also pleasing to me (as it shows that they miss me).

I tend to feel that my home is no longer my home, that I don’t have any real base. This feeling stems from the fact that I am never at one particular place for a majority of the time. Sometimes, when I wake up in the morning, I get frightened because I have to think first of where I am. I must spend the first ten days of each vacation and the first two weeks of every school term simply reorienting myself to each new situation. It is a very challenging requirement, and I can feel myself getting stronger every time I conquer it.

Life here is very exciting. Each day becomes a new experience to me since I have never been a part of a community like St. Paul’s. Being a part of a very small number of minority students is what makes my experiences distinct from those of everyone else. The music, the dances, the classes, the town, etc., are all first experiences. This gives me a real sense of aloneness or uniqueness; yet it doesn’t separate me. It simply creates an opening through which I can say to the School: “Come, let me share my culture with you.”
There are limitless ways to perpetuate one's own culture amidst so many others. I am a member of the Third World Society, which endeavors to unite all minorities and show to the School community our varied cultures. My closest friends are also minority students. This is primarily because they are great individuals and we share many common interests, and secondly, because they, too, are black and everyone enjoys the comfortable, safe feeling of like individuals.

The opportunities offered to me here have also helped me to become a more distinct person. One new interest of mine that I might never have acquired if I had not come here is ballet. Ballet has enabled me to develop a deep appreciation for all forms of art. Through the self-control demanded in ballet, I have been inspired to do something that would test my so-called "self-control." Therefore, I have planned to spend my fall term next year teaching French to fifth graders in New York as an Independent Study Project. I am very excited about this and am looking forward to it with both anticipation and trepidation.

I have also had a chance to be a part of the play, "For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When the Rainbow is Enuf," along with four of my friends. I am very proud of the fact that the five of us, plus our director, were able to do something for the School that was enjoyable and pertinent to our lives.

Everyone at St. Paul's has a very distinct culture to offer to the community. I am just extremely glad that I have been able to share my world with everyone here. During my three years at St. Paul's I have grown—becoming a more independent, self-fulfilled, diverse, distinct individual. All of the things that I have talked about have all been challenges to me. By overcoming them one by one, I have grown so much, become much more confident in myself.

—Denise A. Vinson ’83
How many of you have ever listened to a symphony orchestra and envisioned yourself as its conductor or one of its members? Or, if you prefer popular music, do you pretend to be a famous rock star? Such mania could be easily cured by turning a passive interest in music to an active one. Not everyone has a burning desire to play the flute or trumpet, yet for those who do want to play, or just become more involved in music, St. Paul's is the place to come.

St. Paul's has recognized the importance of music in our lives, and the Music Department is a vital part of School life. As an applied trumpet student, I am often more aware of opportunities in this field than others, yet anyone with an active interest in music can partake in the various programs of the department. There are three general categories of SPS students in their relationship to music:

First, the student who sings or wants to sing; second, the student who is either a beginner or experienced instrumentalist; and, last, the student who has little interest in music outside of wearing a Sony Walkman or blasting his stereo.

The first category, the student who likes to sing, is able to take voice lessons, join the Chorus, and if he or she is especially good, can sing with the Madrigal Singers, who are the best singers of the Chorus. Singers have performed in Chapel, they have been vocalists accompanying the St. Paul's rock band, and the countless productions of the drama department will always need able and talented singers. Thus, the opportunities for the vocalist are here—it's up to the student to take advantage of them.
The second category—the student who is either a beginner or advanced instrumentalist. The beginner instrumentalist may take mostly private instruction as an extracurricular activity. At first, the enormity of the department—four full-time faculty and twenty-six part-time instructors—may baffle the beginner, but he must not lose hope if all he can achieve from blowing his trumpet or playing the violin are moans and screeches. Once the beginner has had a few months of experience behind him, the opportunities of the department become far more evident.

Students more competent at their instrument can easily sympathize with beginners, for they once sounded the same way. Experienced students may take Applied Music which is a credit course meeting twice a week with band required twice a week also. The able musician may join the Jazz Band, and may be asked by the department to join the Chamber Orchestra, the Brass Ensemble, a pit band for a play, or he or she may compete in the New Hampshire All-State competition or the SPS Keiser Competition. These springtime competitions are accompanied by increased hysteria in the Music Building as scores of eager musicians cram into the practice rooms every day of the week. I can vouch for this by my frequent practice sessions in the men’s room due to the occupation of every room in the building. This is a good sign for it shows the popularity music enjoys here although it may mean a constant struggle for survival of the quickest to get a practice room.

However, students need not submit to the hectic conditions of the Music Building. Students may form their own bands, or join the existing SPS Rock Band. The Independent Study Program perhaps offers the greatest opportunity for concentration for the instrumentalist: One student played the double bass with the New Hampshire Youth Orchestra last fall.

The third category consists of those students whose interest in music is limited to wearing a Sony Walkman or playing their stereos. Just because they found their childhood piano lessons monotonous and vowed never to play music again, doesn’t mean they have no interest in music. There is still hope for these people. Even if they refuse to take up another instrument, there are a variety of musical activities offered at the School. There is the Keiser Series held many Sunday afternoons with concerts by various woodwind, string, and brass ensembles, solo instrumentalists, and other professional performers. There are also frequent trips to the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts. The first students to sign up for tickets early Monday morning are the first to go. Also available is the School radio station, WSPS-FM, an extremely popular organization in which students can learn to become professional disc jockeys in just a few practice sessions. Students may take music history and other informative courses to become more musically knowledgeable, and even if they fail to partake of all these options, there are still several music performances held in Chapel, band concerts in Memorial Hall, and hymns to be sung four mornings a week.

All of us can benefit from music in one way or another. We don’t have to be the first violinists of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to enjoy music, and whether we play an instrument, sing, or just listen to music, we can always make ourselves more aware of its various forms. St. Paul’s tries to instill in its students a basic appreciation for music, and someday when I return for my 25th reunion, I’d like to hear that this tradition is still a strong and popular one in the St. Paul’s community.

—Charles G. Meyer III ‘84
The annual meeting of the Alumni Association was called to order by President Robert L. Clark '61 on May 29, 1982 in Memorial Hall. The customary prayers for the School and for deceased alumni were read by the Rector.

Mr. Clark acknowledged the presence of several former Association presidents, John Q. Adams '41, Horace F. Henriques, Jr. '47, Rowland Stebbins, Jr. '27, and Colton P. Wagner '37. The roll of reunion forms followed, read by the Association's clerk, Julien D. McKee '37. Fergus Reid, Jr. '19 was the senior alumnus present, back to celebrate his 63rd Anniversary. Having served on the School's faculty for five years, Maurice Harris, the School engineer, was elected an honorary member of the Association.

Byam K. Stevens, Jr. '48, assistant treasurer and Alumni Fund chairman, gave two reports: that the Association's portfolio (valued at $95,555) was transferred to the School's name this spring establishing The Oates Fund for the Arts; and that, as of May 28, the Alumni Fund had received $423,284 from 2,090 contributors. He noted that the 1982 Fund was some $57,000 ahead of last year's drive, and expressed the hope that, if alumni match June 1981 giving, the $500,000 goal would be achieved. Mr. Stevens announced that the 50th Anniversary gift of 1932 had realized slightly more than $100,000 from 41 donors, and that the 25th reunion Form of 1957 had raised over $52,000 from 44 members. Warm appreciation was expressed to all form agents and contributors to the 1982 Fund. Albert Francke III '52 will succeed...
Mr. Stevens as Alumni Fund chairman in the coming year.

In his report as President, Mr. Clark announced the election of new Association officers: Byam K. Stevens, Jr. '48, president; Philip C. Iglehart '57, Edward C. Page, Jr. '38, and Samuel McC. Yonce '49, vice presidents; Christopher J. Elkus '59, treasurer; and Julien D. McKee '37, clerk. He thanked the eight form directors who have completed their terms and welcomed their replacements who will serve for the next five years.

Mr. Clark then turned the meeting over to his successor, Mr. Stevens, whose first official duty was to announce that Alexander Wilmerding had been elected the form director for the graduating Form of 1982 and that the Form’s agents would be Katharine A. Goodale, Julia D. Bohlen, James DeK. Houghton, and Eric D. Schlager. The 1982 annual meeting was then adjourned.

Awards by the Rector, etc.

Mr. Oates began the second part of the meeting with words of welcome and appreciation to the officers and directors of the Alumni Association for their service to the School and to all alumni for their generous support by way of reunion gifts and the Alumni Fund. He introduced several special guests who were present: Mrs. Patsy Kittredge Eaton, wife of the late sixth Rector; Matthew M. Warren, the seventh Rector; and Kelly Clark, the Rector-elect, and his wife, Priscilla.

Turning to School matters, the Rector gave special notice to the retirements of the Rev. Theodore Yardley, head of the religion department and School Chaplain, and of Mrs. Edna V. McLeod, supervisor of housekeeping services, recounting their many, many contributions to the life of St. Paul’s School. In addition, he presented a School bowl to Carl L. Sargent III, supervisor of landscaping services, and gave special Rector’s Awards to the Vice Rectors, John H. Beust, Virginia S. Deane, and Thomas J. Quirk, Jr.

The President of the Sixth Form, Hugh Millard, was introduced and he gave a brief address. The Rector presented Mr. Millard with a bowl for his service to the School and his Form.

James W. Kinnear ’46, President of the Board of Trustees, made several announcements concerning the board’s membership: Byam K. Stevens, Jr. ’48 and Rowland Stebbins III ’55 will join the Board as term trustees, serving four years; Mrs. Elizabeth Fondaras’ term trusteeship has been extended one year as she was ill for one of the years she had served; and George F. Baker III ’57 has been elected a life trustee. Mr. Kinnear also noted with appreciation the retirement of term trustee Benjamin R. Neilson ’56. Closing his remarks, the President of the Board paid tribute to the retiring Rector, Mr. Oates. A standing ovation followed.

Mr. Oates responded briefly, expressing his gratitude for the support given him by all SPS alumni and friends, and adjourned the meeting with traditional notices and announcements.
1982
ANNIVERSARY REUNION FORMS


50th Reunion of 1932

Up betimes and off to Concord for informal cocktails and dinner, preceded by The Latin Play and, for some who were fortunate enough to have an early dinner, visits to the dance, drama and music buildings for performances by the students.

It never rains on Harvard graduation, nor on Race Day but dawn brought a heavy Scotch mist which, though it persisted all day, somehow did not dampen the festivities. A symposium conducted by six students on “St. Paul’s School: Perspectives” was followed by some extremely pertinent questions from the audience and answers by the students. The business meeting of the Alumni Association (Louis Orr being elected our Form Director), the parade (damp), lunch in the Cage, the boat races, cocktails at the Rectory and prizes at the flagpole all followed.

Dinner, as expected, was the highlight for our Form, Pug Richards acting as toastmaster and doing his usual gracious job by introducing our guests, the Rector-elect and Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Patsy Kittredge Eaton. Mr. Clark spoke of his call to the School and his preparation, which included the reading of Roger Drury’s biography of his father and Augie Heckscher’s history of the School. He also spoke of the parallels between his life and that of Dr. Drury, both having been churchmen in the Philippines. Mrs. Eaton on the eve of her 90th birthday, reminisced most delightfully with stories of the Lower School and stories of Mr. Kittredge.

The Rector and Jean then visited us and he spoke of his plans for the future and, with great feeling, of his forty years at the School. He told us of the very high standing of SPS graduates in college—higher as a group than that of any other school. And he expressed great appreciation for the contributions we, and other classes, have made saying that these monies had enabled the School to experiment successfully in many ways to better the teaching and to ensure the happiness of students, their relationships with each other and their development into adults able to cope with an adult world.

Tony Cheatle, here from England especially for this reunion, regaled us with stories of his early life as an RAF pilot in India. He spoke with nostalgia and deep appreciation for his single year at St. Paul’s as an exchange student. His enthusiasm for what he had now seen of the School was most encouraging.

The quality of life at School seemed only to be equalled by the beauty of Millville—on to the 55th.

—Henry B. Roberts ’32

64
The weather was pure Slush Season, but the occasion was all comradeship and inner glow from Bill and Jean Oates' reception Friday evening till the last stragglers left Millville convinced once more that SPS is, was and always will be a unique and enriching rite of passage. The 25th Reunion turnout by the Form of '57 was enormous, the largest ever at 47 strong. We were well supported throughout by our better halves, a high percentage of whom came, curious to check the time-struck stories, the unimaginable cronies lost to far horizons.

For many the highlight of "seeing the New SPS" came Friday with performances in music, dance and drama surpassing anything we had known 25-30 years before when the arts seemed a more remote and largely unattainable goal. That impression was confirmed Saturday morning with an excellent Anniversary Symposium featuring fourth through sixth formers whose poise, maturity and breadth in dealing with issues central to the School experience or far beyond it made us feel fortunate to have hit the "real world" (as it was frequently called, we felt, with more than a touch of irony) long before! The Real vs. School World issue got a lot of play, but an observer from the perspective of 25 years would likely note that SPS has most obviously closed that gap with the addition of female students! They were much in evidence on the podium, in the performing and plastic arts, athletics (the only marring of a glorious Shattuck Satur-

25th Reunion of 1957
day was the double blow dealt by potent Halcyon
oarswomen!), in one’s old room, library, field and
path—an altogether salubrious development.

There were a number of new buildings on the
scene since ’57 and, if one had been away that
long, such startling encounters as no Old Study,
Lower or familiar rowing course. The new build­
ings seemed harmonious, functional—and there
were rumors urging financial support of more to
come! There was art on display in Hargate and a
post office in the old Ice House, where some of
us told spouses and offspring apocryphal tales of
forced acclimatization to the rigors of New
Hamp­shire winter. Towering above all re­
assuring Chapel with its welcoming bells reestab­
lishing the quarter-hourly rhythms we lived by for
so long a time.

Nostalgia and regression were rewarded too by
the familiar faces of masters from the ’50s: Matt
Warren, Rector of our years, and, like Bill Oates
who followed, a man who shaped the School,
Messrs. Beust, Chapin, Eddy, Hall, Jacq, Kellogg,
Rubio, Ordonez, Slesnick, Schade, Tracy—many
of whom graced our 25th Reunion Dinner at
Pumpkin Blossom Farm with pungent reminiscence
and acerbic wit. Ordonez with fond recollec­tions
of Henry Kittredge (and a Saturday morning run
for the hearty!); Jacq reminding us how far our
French had slipped; Chapin that many of us still
needed a haircut; all of them that if we were lucky
enough to have children on the way or there al­
ready, as many did, they would be still in the very
best of hands.

And that, of course, is the promise fulfilled: the
best of the old is there, the best of the future waits
for those whose feet are yet to stand in the gates,
and the wonder of it all can still be summoned up
for jaded weekend reunionists who swear their SPS
is only just beginning.

—George E. N. de Man ’57
60th Reunion of 1922

We all arrived in Concord in the late afternoon of Friday, May 28th, and gathered at the New Hampshire Highway Hotel, our reunion headquarters. Those attending were Teddy and Johnnie Voorhees, Marie and Charlie Harding, Johnny Allen, and the undersigned Nat Howe. Friday evening, we gathered at a small restaurant in Concord for an informal dinner, and spent the evening catching up with each others’ recent past.

Saturday, we woke up to a rather wet and rainy day. The first event was the Memorial Day Exercises at Sheldon Library at 9 a.m. This was followed at 10 a.m. by the Anniversary Symposium, with Mr. Oates presiding. The subject was “SPS Perspectives,” with Thomas J. Quirk, Jr., Vice Rector, as moderator, and six students participating. We were much impressed by the public speaking ability and presence of the students. All in all, it was a well organized and very interesting discussion. This was followed by the Alumni parade to the gymnasium for an excellent lunch, then on to Turkey Pond for the boat races, followed by the usual ceremony at the flagpole. Saturday night we gathered at the New Hampshire Highway Hotel for our class dinner, which provided us with an additional opportunity for reminiscing. During the dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Oates paid us a visit, and we were delighted to have an opportunity to chat with them and get caught up with the School.

Sunday, there were two Chapel services at 9 and 10:30 a.m. followed by lunch in the Upper School dining room. After lunch, we packed up and were on our many ways.

To sum up, we had a most enjoyable two days. The old Anniversary customs are still very much in evidence, and brought back many memories. I only wished more members of our Form could have been present.

—Nathaniel S. Howe ’22

55th Reunion of 1927

To anyone in a position to attend his or her 55th reunion, may I offer one word of advice: Go. It’s anti-climactic after a 50th, however the smaller turnout (13 for us this year versus 45 in 1977) makes visiting less fragmented. Likewise, my reaction to being a member of this sterling form in the first place—let alone now—can be described in one word: Lucky.

Our group assembled for dinner Friday night at Kimball’s Lakeside Restaurant in Hopkinton. We were happy to toast three of our company, i.e. Percy and Corinne Chubb on their fifteenth wedding anniversary, and Elisha Lee on his birthday (not his fifteenth, he observed).

That dinner, as well as the Saturday plans and our motel arrangements, was as usual the result of tireless engineering by our Form Agent, Larry Rand. I am convinced that but for him, half of our attendees would be strung out along the highways leading to Concord in various stages of despair and disarray. So much have we come to depend upon this good soul that an observation early Saturday by one of our men that “Rand really messed up on the weather this time” was accepted without quibble. But at least, this first rainy Anniversary in our memories brought forth colorful defensive apparel for the symposium and the Alumni Association meeting in Memorial Hall.

Data revealed there indicated that our Fiftieth Anniversary gift to the Alumni Fund of $660,425 still occupies a place of eminence, but it would be great for the School if that figure could be surpassed.

The hours involved at lunch in the Cage and in campus wanderings and at the boat races yield those rare opportunities to greet friends from outside our class, most notably the very singular link with our time at School, Patsy Kittredge Eaton. Another welcome face was Dave Wilmerding’s of ’28.

As you observed the grounds, you could see why the head of landscaping services had been given an award at the Alumni meeting. And in strolling about, you faced the conflict of Memory versus Reality. I knew better, but I kept looking for the Big Study, the Gym, the Lower School and the Old Upper in their accustomed places. I was impressed with the friendliness of the students, and wondered whether I
had acted as well in the 20s. A 12-page edition of the *Pelican*, the campus newspaper, seemed of professional quality and another endeavor unknown to us in School was the exhibit of student art in Hargate.

Our Saturday dinner was at our headquarters, the New Hampshire Highway Hotel, and the ten wives present had stayed the course. We were vastly pleased with a visit from Bill and Jean Oates, who gave us a glimpse of their plans for retirement in Kennebunk and their proposed autumn trip to Japan.

The overnight slide from anniversary to graduation is imperceptible until, at Sunday chapel, you scarcely see any alumni for the eager families of graduates who have developed a canny habit of setting their clocks earlier. “O Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem” as now rendered with altos and sopranos included has to be heard to be believed, and I wish competent music critics could do this.

To our absent classmates: we talked about you, we missed you. To Bill and Jean Oates: our thanks for having known you, along with our fondest wishes for you.

—Brinckerhoff W. Kendall ’27

45th Reunion of 1937

The Form of 1937 began gathering for its 45th Reunion before dinner on Friday, May 28th, at the Ramada Inn. Those present had dinner together. Most of those present showed up for the Alumni parade before lunch which we enjoyed in the Cage. For dinner on Saturday night, we had a happy gathering and a pleasant visit with appropriate remarks from Bill Oates.

On Sunday, after Chapel, most of us drove to the McKees’s in Dublin, for a wonderful luncheon.

Our thanks to Sandy Laughlin for a superb job in planning and organizing the Reunion.

—James R. MacColl III ’37
The 40th Reunion of 1942

The 40th Reunion of the Form of 1942 produced 27 members for some part of the weekend, plus 19 wives. This is 37 percent of our active Form of 73. So much for statistics. The message for those who did not make it this time: it was fun.

Reunion started with the now traditional Friday night bash at Malcolm and Susie McLane’s. We were 35 including wives and Susie now knows just about how far the walls of the McLane’s new condominium will stretch. Names of classmates were sometimes elusive at first, but changes were minimal; Lavalle and Dolan have grown at least a foot since leaving School, while Kehaya has a full beard and carries a few more pounds than during his Shattuck rowing days. Flash bulbs popped all evening. Management hopes they will be shared. For Toby Murray, Friday night was his Reunion. He had a Saturday family wedding command performance.

School events on Saturday were impressive and are covered elsewhere in this issue. Doug Rollins and his wife, Helen, plus Nick King and Dick Emmet joined us for lunch and the picture but could not stay for Reunion dinner. For our Form, the day’s highlight at the flagpole ceremony was applauding George Grove’s niece, Cynthia Griffin, who received several athletic prizes including the woman’s equivalent of the Gordon Medal. George Holmes’ niece, Julie Bohlen, was captain of the first Halcyon woman’s boat.

By Reunion dinner time at pool side of the Ramada Inn, we were ready to reminisce. The Rector and Mrs. Oates joined us briefly to wish us well, as did Dick Sawyer, the executive director of the Alumni Association. Ronnie and Ruth Clark as our dinner guests provided our link with the SPS of today and Ronnie treated us to a short but eloquent review of his 43 years at SPS. As MC, Dan Brewster kept things moving, and brought us up to date on his life as a farmer and father of three children under five! Ery was able to report that his son had just that morning been accepted at the School for next year.

Some had to leave early Sunday. Those who stayed for chapel, lunch and the graduation ceremonies learned that Whit Dickey’s daughter, Closey, won the German Prize while Julie Bohlen was awarded The Benjamin Rush Toland Prize.

John Buffinton, our new Form Director wrote that as people left for home on Sunday, there seemed to be widespread sentiments that this was our best Reunion ever. Let’s make our next one even better.

—George B. Holmes ’42

35th Reunion of 1947

The Form of ’47 gathered in large number (25) with high spirits resulting in a super reunion by any measure. Most were accompanied by wives (some by new wives) who lent an unmistakable charm to the social gatherings, a welcome contrast to our days on the premises thirty-five years earlier. As the accompanying picture will attest, we are all still reasonably recognizable, albeit bulkier and balder, and we all enjoyed our renewed association with each other and the School.

Accommodations at the New Hampshire Highway Hotel were thoughtfully arranged at the south end of the complex—only Montross was upset by the broken gutter which spilled through his room. Friday night’s dinner was held at Osgood’s, which featured a small room and friendly waitresses. We were joined for the occasion by our Class Bishop, M. Belshaw, who brought us news of Primus King, also an ecclesiastic in New Jersey.

Saturday came on dark and full of rain, but ’47—never distinguished by the playing field or classroom—again displayed its resourcefulness by taking over two bays of the power plant garage, thereby heeding the Rector’s admonition that the consumption of
Where have all the Formmates gone? We missed you, Ted and I. Because only four of us (Ted Taws, Eddy Duding, Breezy Reid and I) showed up, there is little to report about the reunion itself, although I have considerable class news which will be appearing in the next issue of "Focus." Let me then give you my impressions of the weekend.

It rained and rained. We stayed at the Follansbee Inn in Sutton, New Hampshire—a lovely spot and had an enjoyable dinner on Friday night. Then on to the School for a kaleidoscope of dance, drama and music. As always, I am astonished by the extraordinary wealth of talent.

Ted and I had breakfast together on Saturday, then went off to School. We attended the symposium in Memorial Hall. The young men and women who spoke to us gave testimony to the excellence of their education and to the totality of their experience at the School. I was especially touched by the speech of a young black girl from Brooklyn—what a difference in her life SPS will make.

A question is asked about the relevance of the School experience: Is this cloistered, lovely place a valid means of preparing for the world that lies outside? Both undergraduates and graduates agree that the School offers a special time and place to pause in one’s development—to grow in a nurtured atmosphere, to prepare oneself for the serious business of life after adolescence.

Then the Alumni Parade. Again, in the rain. Breezy’s father led the parade! After lunch, we change and go to the boat races. We watch Ted’s son, John, stroke the third Shattuck boat to victory.

Back to dinner at the Follansbee Inn—an enjoyable evening of good fellowship. Sunday we attend chapel; the music is glorious—"O Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem" brings tears to my eyes.

—Charles W. H. Dodge ’47

Spiritous beverages be discreet and out of sight. Fortunately the rain let up enough to get everyone out for the parade, and we ran out of hors d’oeuvres before the class picture, which accounts in part for the silly grins on most faces. The boat races were pretty gloomy for us Halcyon-types, except for the girls’ crews, who were stalwart, and we then repaired to our south wing to continue discussions on the School’s future. Dinner was held in the hotel and was highlighted by George Ford’s announcement of our commendable participation toward the 1982 Alumni Fund and by the beatification of Ste. Edith Hunnewell for her devotion to duty.

The Chapel Service on Sunday was, it seemed to me, more varied, more impressive and more beautiful than ever, even in spite of having to stand for one and one-half hours behind a pillar. Most of us departed shortly thereafter by way of the Schoolhouse parking lot, where C. Parker pronounced the benediction. We may not have seen all the new architecture that we could have, but we now have a more intimate knowledge of the parking facilities.

Preparations are underway for the 40th in 1987. Biddle is in charge of decorations, Backus the set-ups... We'll see you there!
20th Reunion of 1962

Our 20th was an Anniversary to remember. We began with a small dinner Friday night at the Trinity Tavern. On hand to join the eight of us who were early arrivals for the weekend were Alan and Merry Hall, who had to contend with us at the Upper during our Sixth Form year, and José Ordoñez. José was running long before it was fashionable and is always ready for a jog around the School with a returning alumnus.

By the start of the parade on Saturday our ranks had swelled considerably. President Lloyd Macdonald led us from Memorial Hall, past Conover and Middle, and down the hill to the Rectory. Lloyd is bringing what he learned from governing at St. Paul’s to Boston, where he is running for district attorney. By the end of the weekend, numerous ’62 lapels were sporting “Macdonald for D. A.” buttons.

eyes. We hear a sermon from the Rector-elect. He appears to be a fine man. After chapel, we stand out on the lawn (it’s only damp now, not raining) and mingle. Patsy Kittredge (now Eaton) passes us by. How well she looked! We say goodbye to Bill and Jean Oates. We will miss them.

After a quick lunch downtown (Concord hasn’t changed), we go back to graduation. Mercifully, it’s only misty. In a beautiful oval by the Lower School pond, the Form of 1982 passes into the history of the School. How pretty the girls, how elegant the boys. After the presentation of awards and diplomas, the faculty forms into a line and says goodbye to the 6th Form. Other students cluster around—there is joy, happiness and tears—joy at the future, joy at the experience of St. Paul’s, a tear, that this place, this very special place, is being left behind.

Then like the Form of 1982, we return to the “real” world—leaving behind a School that grows in our affection and esteem after every visit, leaving behind a daughter studying for exams, and leaving behind the many friends we have there. I missed not seeing more of you, but it was a wonderful weekend. I hope you’ll be back for the 35th.

—J. Truman Bidwell, Jr. ’52

Left to right: E. T. Taws, Jr., J. T. Bidwell, Jr., E. J. Dudensing, W. S. Reid.
Our weekend culminated with our Anniversary Dinner at the Ramada Inn. It was a time for catching up on news of old friends, for remembering moments long past, and for appreciating the fellowship which St. Paul's has given us. The evening was made especially enjoyable by the presence of our guests Herbert Church '40, Warren Hulser, Bill Matthews '61, and their wives.

By my count, 27 of us returned for our 20th, and some awards are definitely in order. Forbes Tilghman travelled the longest distance, from Paris, France, followed by Zeb Mayhew, from Vacherie, Louisiana. The best represented part of the country was the Boston area, with Messrs. Lieve, Macdonald, Mueller, Peabody, Whitespace, and Peter Whitman all on hand. Finally, Rufus Griscom gets the award for the most inspired toast of the weekend.

My thanks to all who were able to return for Anniversary and make it such a fun weekend for all of us. See you at the 25th.

—A. Anthony Schall '62

15th Reunion of 1967

Refreshed by the monsoon sweeping across the campus and stunned by the unexpected arrival of Steve Hunter, whose beard guaranteed that each one of his hellos to his classmates generated a blank stare, the stalwarts from the Form of 1967 descended upon the Cage's Saturday lunch offering. The amalgam of formmates, wives, children and resilient female companions resulted in a group large enough to appropriate the tables originally designated for neighboring forms.

Effortlessly revertting 15 years, we wolfed the available fare and then trooped off to the far corner to pose for the Reunion mug shot. Finding not even one sucked in stomach, the camera caught the crowd pictured somewhere in this issue. Arriving back at the table, we encountered Bob Ewell—who was just passing through and maintained steadfastly that he did not want to talk to anyone who was not a potential Colby hockey player. Also on hand was David Reingold, who has evolved into a creditable impersonation of Sigmund Freud and clearly still delights in the confusion caused by his 12 inch, post-SPS growth.

For many, the next move was to Turkey Pond. For some of us, it was a damp whistle stop on the way to a nap. That Mitch Moore subsequently attempted to commit ritual seppuku suggests that the Shattucks won at least the big one.

The exchange rate at our dinner at the Snow Shoe Club was not bad. We lost Steve Barker, Bob Ewell, Steve Hunter, Scott Phillips, Abbott Reeve and David Reingold. However we picked up Tom Beale and John Landes, whose wife, Lindsay, was sufficiently attractive to counterbalance the impact of the cowboy boots John won by finishing last in a Willie Nelson look-a-like contest.

The party ran warmly and entertainingly until about midnight. Rich Lederer arrived for the second half and painted a vivid picture of the dynamic environment that obviously is St. Paul's these days. It was raining again on Sunday, which gave our windshield wipers something to do during our collective return trip.

—John H. Stevenson '67

10th Reunion of 1972


5th Reunion of 1977

A group of close to eighty men and women from the Form of 1977 returned to St. Paul’s for their Fifth Reunion. The general consensus was that the School, through the dedication and overall excellence of both its students and faculty, continues to thrive in academics, athletics, and the arts. For many, it was their first time to marvel at the dance, drama, and music facilities. Perhaps the greatest tribute to St. Paul’s was the distance travelled by some to return to Concord. Formmates came from places such as Dallas, Los Angeles, Seattle, and Aberdeen (South Dakota) both to witness the splendors of St. Paul’s and to rekindle old friendships.

Thirty-four members of the Form of 1972 returned for the tenth reunion. Many returned with spouses and children. All who have made the “leap” certainly seemed to have chosen well.

The couple who travelled farthest to make the tenth was Jürgen Kroher and his wife, Birget. They came from Munich, Germany. Of course, this may not be so great a feat as Murph Honea’s success in finding modern means of travel out of Texas or Dawes Cooke’s efforts to find his way out of the swamps of lowland South Carolina.

The Saturday evening gathering was held at the Sistare’s country house in Canterbury. The efforts of Jeff and Debbie Holsapple and Tom Penhale paved the way for a joyous evening. Even the mosquitoes seemed to have finally vacated the premises in deference to the Form of ’72. The night did not pass without some music. Alan Frey, Graeme Boone, and Tom Penhale serenaded and generally juked with saxaphone, harmonica, and flute. The music was the perfect accompaniment to the energetic conversation all around.

Most agreed that the School looked strong and healthy and that coeducation had come a long way since our Form graduated with but six girls.

—Thomas G. Hagerty ’72

The highlight of the weekend had to be the cookout and party at Matt Soule’s house. Thanks to Matt’s generosity and the efforts of Talie Ward, Peter Santry, and Alix Murnane Hillyer in organizing the Reunion, the event was a great success. Amidst a fabulously festive atmosphere, those returning found time to share not only in SPS memories, but also in some of the remarkable experiences that members of this Form have had since graduation five years ago. Let us hope that the next five years are just as exciting and enriching.

—Edward S. Mandel ’77

Faculty Notes

Robert R. Eddy, School registrar and teacher of mathematics, has been elected a vice president of the American Heart Association. He is a member of national association's board of directors and chairman of the New England Region, overseeing the Association's varied operations in the six states. Members of the School's mathematics department have long been affiliated with the local, state and national Heart Association—beginning with Richard Rush '23 and continuing now with George W. Chase, current department head, who has just completed a term as chairman of the board of directors of the New Hampshire Heart Association.

During the spring term, William R. Faulkner, of the mathematics department and a member of the New Hampshire Legislative Academy of Science and Technology, attended the National Convention on Precollege Education in Mathematics and Science in Washington, D.C. The convocation addressed the issue of growing scientific and technological illiteracy. *Richard H. Lederer, head of the English department and Form of 1923 Master in English, has been writing and broadcasting a series of language programs for WEVO, New Hampshire's Public Radio Station, and is serving on Governor Gallen's Educational Advisory Committee.

The Rev. Henry M. P. Davidson, who served at the School from 1926 to 1935, received an honorary doctorate at the 159th commencement exercises of the Virginia Theological Seminary on May 20, 1982. * Born to Joan Dorman Davis, a former assistant director of admissions, and her husband, Gardiner, a daughter, Laura English, on March 30, 1982, in Seattle, Washington. * Matthew and Becky Warren celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary with a special evening cruise aboard the Viking Sun. Joining the seventh Rector and his wife for the June 11th event out of Portsmouth Harbor were scores of St Paul's faculty friends, past and present.
The Faculty Century Club
On March 30, six masters who came to St. Paul's in September 1962 gathered with their wives at George and Sally Chase's house to celebrate a collective century (and more) of service.

Pictured, from left to right, are (first row) Susan Marshall, Gretchen Doucette, Sally Chase, and Lou Sawyer and (second row) Douglas Marshall, Dennis Doucette, Richard Lederer, Deedy Lederer, William Faulkner, George Chase, and Richard Sawyer.


Form Notes

1923

1924
Dr. J. Lawrence Pool reports that his latest book, entitled America's Valley Forges and Valley Furnaces (200 pp. Illus.) has been published by Studley Press, Dalton, Massachusetts 01226.

1925

1928
Bruton Strange reports that his hip replacement operation of year ago has been a great success. He and his wife, Jane, traveled to Paris in early March for her daughter's marriage—then to Stowe, Vermont, to Palm Beach, and back to Stowe in time for his 50th reunion at Yale.

1929
T. Mitchell Hastings, after thirty years of pioneering commercial FM radio broadcasting, has found real satisfaction in helping St. Paul's students build a new FM station for WSPS. With increased power and improved facilities, WSPS-FM is among the most popular extracurricular activities in terms of student participation. * From Malcolm McKesson: "I am far from retired, but stubbornly persist in developing my art in the field of architectural representation which I propose for use for the benefit of preservation." He has completed a model (scale 1/20) of the 1610 Galleon "The Prynce Royale," which he keeps at the little lake at a park in Tannersville, New York. He also would like to finish a small, two-foot model of this masterpiece of 17th century marine architecture.

1930
In February, it was announced that Archibald Cox had retired from full-time teaching at Harvard University. The specialist in constitutional and labor law will continue to teach part-time at Harvard Law School this spring.

1931
During 1981, The Rev. Charles Goodwin continued to serve the Diocese of Pusan, as a monthly preacher at St. Gabriel's Church. A research article of his, "A Neglected Poem by John Donne," has been accepted for publication in Yonsei Nonchong. * The family and friends of Francis Day Rogers have established in his honor an endowed fund supporting the curatorial department at the Mystic Seaport Museum in Connecticut. Rogers has been a Mystic trustee since 1939, and served as board president from 1967 to 1971. * Malcolm Seymour's book, Puritan Migration to Connecticut, was published on May 1st. "It is a family genealogy 'plus.' More a study of several families and the political, social, and other pressures that led them to leave England." • In 1453 John Talbot lost his life at the Battle of Castillon. In 1982, a street in Castillon-la-Bataille, France, will be named in his honor. Claire and Talbot Rantoul will attend the July 17th ceremonies.

1932
President Reagan has appointed J. Peter Grace chairman of a new private-sector study group that will report to the President on ways to cut Government operating costs. Grace is chairman and chief executive officer of W. R. Grace & Company.

1934
Married: Susan Van der Poel to William S. Pier, on May 1, 1981.
1936
As he doesn't get East anymore, Charles A. Painter extends a cordial invitation to form­mates and SPS friends to visit him in Laguna Beach, California.

1937
John Oliver moved last September from McLean, Virginia, to Rochester, Vermont. His new house is expected to be completed in early spring.

1939
David Challinor has become a leading veteran single sculler in the East, in the fifty and over age group. On October 18, 1981, he won the veterans singles at the Head of the Charles Regatta in Cambridge, and on October 24, won the senior veterans singles at the Head of the Schuykill in Philadelphia. He rows out of the Potomac Boat Club, Washington. • Norman F. S. Russell, Jr., retired in 1981. The youngest of his two daughters graduated from Princeton in June. "Am enjoying life on the farm, plus travel."

1941
John Mellwayne reports the arrival of his fifth grandchild on March 13 in Santa Fe, New Mexico. "Mother Melinda and child doing well." • Richard W. Mechem retired in June after twenty-five years as a high school principal. Beginning in September, he will be teaching mathematics at the Tower School (an independent, elementary school in Marblehead, Massachusetts). • The marriage of Teresia Listowska Hunt and Thomas M. H. Nimick, Jr., took place in Ligonier, Pennsylvania, on May 1, 1982. They were attended by Mrs. Nimick's son, George A. Whiteside III '81, and Mr. Nimick's three children, C. Lockhart H. Nimick '79, Victoria M. H. Nimick and Cathleen H. M. Nimick.

1942
On May 28, Dr. William C. Ellis was in­ducted into the American College of Phy­sician Executives at the AAMD National Conference in Orlando, Florida.

1944
Seymour Knox III and his daughter, Helen '79, became the first father-and-daughter combination to play in the U. S. National Squash Championships in Washington.

1945
Charles Haines is the moderator for the CBC-TV series, "Mastermind." He also has a weekly program on CBS-Radio in which, with a colleague, he pronounces dryly and finally on questions of ultimate pre-eminence in any field, from baseball to music to soup. • William H. Painter is the new Albert E. Jenner, Jr. Professor of Law at the University of Illinois College of Law.

1947
On April 24, 1982 at a special Convention of the Episcopal Diocese of New Jersey at Trinity Cathedral, Trenton, Mellick Belshaw was elected bishop coadjutor of the Diocese. Since 1975 he has been the suffragan bishop, and will succeed the current Bishop at the end of this year. Belshaw's formmate, The Rev. David King, rector of St. John's Church, Elizabeth, nominated him. A point of interest: Belshaw is the second SPS graduate to be New Jersey's Bishop; Paul Matthews of the Form of 1884 served in that capacity from 1915 to 1937.

1951
From Anthony McKim: "Back in New Jer­sey; health and outlook excellent."

1952
Philip Price, Jr. is currently serving in the Pennsylvania State Senate to which he was elected in 1978, the only Republican state senator from the City of Philadelphia. He is up for re-election this year for another four-year term.

1953
From Brewster Righter: "Have moved back to London from Bermuda as yet another chapter in offshore saga unfolds. A slow but dogged marathoner. Still bald but hope springs eternal in the human breast."

1954
As of April 27, 1982, Alfred Beadleston III became deputy general manager and chief operating officer of the Burgan Bank, Kuwait.

1955
Gunnar I. Baldwin was recently elected senior warden of the Church of Messiah, North Woodstock, New Hampshire. He is busy selling anti-pollution and water saving equipment.

1956
Francis Hunnewell has been named the chairman of Brentano's Consolidated Companies, a nationwide chain of bookstores. • Brent Scudder is currently chief dispatcher for Guy-American Airways, a young airline with scheduled service between New York and Guyana plus much charter work, especially to Europe. • Morgan Wheelock's project for Queen Elizabeth II is to be built during the early spring with construction completed at the Royal Ascot in April.
William de Haven has been promoted to manager of sales in Bethlehem Steel Corporation’s Pittsburgh Sales District. * Joseph Holmes continues his work at Young and Rubicam Advertising, plus his swing band is booked virtually every weekend. “With three kids in college, it’s amazing what a man can be driven to.”

Edward B. Stott is still operating his advertising photography business, “Stott Shot,” in Vail, Colorado. He does free-lance writing and photography for a number of aviation publications, and is now on the masthead of “Aviation Convention News.” In the spring of 1980, he flew his Cessna 185 down to Brazil (up the Amazon, etc.) for several months, and, last fall, flew all around Alaska. The joys of self-employment and the single life!

Sherman Barker will be on sabbatical from Hotchkiss next year, and will be living with his family in Freiburg, West Germany. * Winfield Clark is in his fifth year as director of Dharmadhatu, a Buddhist meditation center in Cambridge, Massachusetts. * Stone Ermentrout and his wife, Melody, welcomed their second child, first son, Robert Mitchell, on November 19, 1981, in Atlanta. Mitchell joins his three-year-old sister, Dania. * Dr. Peter McKellar, who practices in Paradise Valley, Arizona, will spend two months in Paris performing an antibiotic investigation in conjunction with his specialty in infectious diseases. His children are now 13 and 19 years old and enjoying Arizona.

John Rousmaniere writes: “For the last few years I have been raising my sons and writing books. The boys are now nine and ten. The books are five in number. Fastnet, Force 10, published in 1980, has been printed in eight countries, in six languages. The Luxury Yachts, published last year, is my most recent book. I’m now at work on a boating instructional book and a historical novel, while teaching writing at the College of New Rochelle and serving as a consultant to the Book of the Month Club.” * Peter Sanger is presently developing a network of windsurfing—sailing schools. Activities are already underway in Sanibel/Captiva, Florida; Essex and Mystic, Connecticut; Watch Hill, Rhode Island; and Fisher Island, New York.
Oliver writes magazine articles for kids, and is making a living at it. He collaborates with Terry Gruber (freelance photographer) from time to time. "Teamwork has produced an occasional triumph!" Anthony Sherer was married to Pamela Brown on September 26, 1981. Formmates Terry Gruber and Rob Barker served as ushers. Charles Stewart III was married to Frances Hays Todd in September 1981. They spent a two-month honeymoon highlighted by a three-week yak trek through Bhutan in the Himalayas. "Also stayed at the Palace in Sikkim in a room inhabited by ghosts."

1972

Jonathan Deland is a resident in orthopedic surgery at Massachusetts General and Brigham-Women's Hospitals, Boston. "More importantly, Rawle Jacob, was born on March 5, 1982." Emilio E. Giralt is working as an architect in Los Angeles. From Victoria Reeve Spaulding: "On April 12, at 6:45 a.m., our second son, James Lowell, was born. That night, my husband, Joe, jumped out of a second floor window of our house as it burned to the ground—a total loss. We are fine and looking for somewhere to buy a house and plan to settle for a while. She works in the finance department. Spencer Fulweller, Jr. is back in New York studying geology. Lisa Palache is working in Washington for Sen. Lowell Weicker as a legislative aide on transportation and energy issues. Cornelia Woodrow graduated from Wellesley in 1981 and served a stint at UNESCO, Paris that autumn. She is "alive, well and living in Paris, taking Italian and Portuguese courses, and plans to summer in the south of France and Portugal."

1973

Since the day after Rio's Carnival (February 21), Jim Brooke has been serving on the Miami Herald's Latin desk. He spent the next two months in El Salvador (covering the elections and civil war), Guatemala (elections and coup), and Mexico (volcano eruption). He is now the Herald's new South American correspondent and is back in Rio, opening the South American bureau.

Heidi Hornor has been named a Fellow of the Albert Ryan Foundation at the Dartmouth Medical School for her superior performance in biochemistry and physiology research. Philippe Klein, a 1969-70 Weicker Scholar, is engaged in correspondent banking at the Brussels branch of Credit Lyonnais. He and his wife, Anne-Marie, have three children, Arnaud, 3, Helene, 2, and Guillaume, 1. Engaged are Teresa Taaffe Elms and Robert Demarest Lindsay. A June wedding is planned in California.

1974

"Rugby is the path to enlightenment"—Matthew Dallett and Stephen Gasperi is assistant treasurer, calling officer for Société Générale (a French bank) in Century City, California. Sue Palmer Ingram announces the birth of a son, Colin Andrew, on February 25, 1982. After graduating from Harvard in 1978, majoring in psychology, Martina Miller is now living in Hartford, Connecticut and working as a computer analyst for CIGNA. She plans to return to school for a master's in clinical psychology. A year ago, Jean E. Moller, a Weicker Scholar during 1970-71, was in a serious automobile accident and has been engaged in rehabilitation therapy since then. Jean is recovering slowly after several serious operations. Formmates and SFS friends who would like to write Jean can do so at the following address: 61, rue D'Amsterdam, Paris 8e, France. We all wish Jean a speedy recovery.

The engagement of Helen Barton Potter to Henry Whitney Wagner has been announced. A September wedding in Maine is planned.

Jared Ward is working for Boston's First National Bank in Rio de Janeiro. He sees Jim Brooke '73 and Oivind Lorentz '68 frequently. SFS friends are welcome at Visconde de Piraja 514, Apt. 701, Ipanema, Rio. Playing lacrosse for the spring season of the Fairfield Lacrosse Club (in Connecticut) was Gregory Wheeler. Married: Denise Lee Kearns to Frederick C. Witsell III, in Burlington, Vermont. She is an offset lithographer and he is the art director of Atkins Advertising, Inc., Burlington.

1975

George W. Ford III has completed a stint of teaching mathematics at St. Paul's and will be attending the University of Chicago next year. Beau Hurlbut has been serving as the production manager for an engineering firm in Marion, Massachusetts. "I can personally say that all is fine on Cape Cod, despite the economy here in Taxachusetts!"

On June 12, 1982, Carl Lovejoy was married to Caroline W. Nickerson, in the SFS Chapel. Carl has been an assistant director of admissions at the School for several years; his bride, a member of the physical education department. Engaged: Kathryn Ronan and John R. Marchand. An August wedding is planned. Michael Miller, Jr. has completed his first year at Harvard Business School. Martha Starkweather won the 1981 U. S. Woman's Doublehanded Sailing Championships in California, qualifying for the world championships in Sardinia, Italy, in September. James Waterbury has been appointed an assistant treasurer of Morgan Guaranty Trust Company.

1976

Lee Walker Carpenter recently joined her husband as an employee of Nike shoes in Exeter, New Hampshire, where they have bought a house and plan to settle for a while. She works in the finance department. Spencer Fulweller, Jr. is back in New York studying geology. Lisa Palache is working in Washington for Sen. Lowell Weicker as a legislative aide on transportation and energy issues. Cornelia Woodrow graduated from Wellesley in 1981 and served a stint at UNESCO, Paris that autumn. She is "alive, well and living in Paris, taking Italian and Portuguese courses, and plans to summer in the south of France and Portugal."

1977

Tracy Ball is currently working in Dallas, Texas, for Republic Bank Corporation, a multi-bank holding company. "Don't ask how an American Studies major ends up in banking!" Josh Gould reports that he is living happily in his hometown of Sücklewick, Pennsylvania, and would like to hear from fellow Paulies. He may be contacted at Johnon & Higgins, Pittsburgh branch, where he is an account executive. In 1980, John Heintz graduated from Trent University with a degree in physics. He is now employed as a geophysicist in Calgary, Alberta. Ellen D. Look is working in the oriental rug department at Sotheby Parke Bernet in New York. "Anyone need a rug? I can get a great deal for you!" Ned Mandell won the New Hampshire squash championship last winter, in Manchester. Engaged in his first year of a master's degree program at Dartmouth's Thayer School of Engineering is Jonathan Panek. Elizabeth Schein is working for a consulting firm in Cambridge, Massachusetts and will be transferring to the Palo Alto office this summer. Natalie Ward is a paralegal for an asbestos litigation firm in Boston. "I love my work but still dream of becoming a photojournalist for National Geographic!"

1978

Frederick S. Burchill was married to Andrea Joan Trepani, on April 3, 1982, in Maitland, Florida. John Cooley is travelling in Eu-
rope this summer and, in September he will be joining the training program at Morgan Guaranty Trust Company in New York. • Beth Eastlick graduated in June from Yale and will tour Europe this summer with friends. • Graham Galloway graduated from West Point with the class of 1982. He has been commissioned a second lieutenant in armor and will be trained as an attack helicopter pilot. • Martha Kinney, a University of Chicago sophomore, won an unprecedented six “firsts” in the Division III Illinois college swimming championships and was slated to enter the national championships in Pennsylvania. This is Martha’s second year of competitive swimming. She was named captain and the most valuable swimmer on the University’s women’s team.

1979

A junior majoring in economics and astronomy, Andrew Kendall will be based in Seattle this summer while driving trucks up and down the West Coast from Canada to Mexico. • Evelyn Van Ingen is the photography editor of the yearbook at Franklin-Marshall College. This summer she will be working in New York at the William Doyle Galleries.

1980

David Berry is bicycle-racing for the newly-formed Harvard Club. He plans to continue racing during the summer. • Jennifer Cook has joined the Alpha Delta Pi sorority at the University of North Carolina. She will be taking a three-week course at the Université de Montréal late this spring. • Clare Cushman has been accepted for a junior-year abroad with Middlebury’s program in Paris. She will attend classes at Reid Hall and the Sorbonne. • During the 1981-82 year, Patrick Dober served as news editor for the Macalester College newspaper and played for the Twin Cities Lacrosse Club. • Peter Doucette had a successful season as a member of the Williams squash team. He’s dreaming of going back to Germany as soon as possible! • Stuart Hartmeyer had a “super year at Princeton and a very successful squash season—the team went undefeated.”

This summer he is working in the corporate finance division of Lazard Freres in New York. • Jonathan Reckford has been rowing and was appointed executive assistant to the president of his college. He will spend this summer working for Pan Am in New York. • Melissa Solomon’s activities as a working student at Princeton, supporting her college costs through waitressing and clerical jobs, were noted in an item appearing in the May 17 issue of U. S. News & World Report.

1981

From William Duryea: “One play produced, another one soon to be published.” • George Whiteside has been travelling this year. Starting in Trinidad, his South American itinerary has included stops in Venezuela, Colombia, Equador, and Peru. He then secured passage on a Japanese freighter from Peru to South Korea. The spring months found him in Japan. He plans to return home in August and will enter Harvard in September.

Deceased

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

'09 — Robert Tailer Townsend
Apr. 11, 1982; Clearwater, Fla.

'19 — Francis Reid van Buren

'21 — Ira Fitch Brainard

'22 — Theodore Lang Baily
Jan. 25, 1982

'24 — John Bishop
May 7, 1982; Cohasset, Mass.

'25 — Howard Raycliffe Roberts
June 11, 1982; Bryn Mawr, Pa.

'26 — Clarence Burley Boutell
July 29, 1981

'26 — Robert Forster Wilson

'27 — Beirne Lay, Jr.
May 26, 1982; Los Angeles, Calif.

'31 — Thomas Armat, Jr.
July 3, 1979

'33 — Ridgway Macy Hall
June 10, 1982; Branford, Conn.

'37 — Edward Leonard Beard III

'38 — Motley Sawyer
June 15, 1982; Monument Beach, Mass.

'46 — John Oststrom Enders II
Apr. 27, 1982; Coral Gables, Fla.

'71 — Charles Albert Kiger

'73 — Bruce Thomas Ma
Feb. 27, 1982; Seattle, Wash.

Katherine Neuhaus Munson Wilmerding
Term Trustee: 1975-1979, 1981-82
July 12, 1982; New Brunswick, Canada

Frank Lemuel Johnson
Former Master, 1917-1947
May 17, 1982; Danbury, Conn.

1916 — George Howland Chase III
died on October 24, 1981, in Bar Harbor, Maine. Born on March 15, 1898, the son of Eliza Champion and George H. Chase, he arrived at St. Paul’s in 1912 from Washington, D. C. He was a member of the Concordian Literary Society, the Halcyon Boat Club and the second Isthmian eleven. He received a bachelor’s degree from Princeton and a law degree from Harvard. During World War I, he served as a Second Lieutenant in the field artillery of the U. S. Army, Camp Zachary Taylor, Louisville, Kentucky. He practiced law in Washington, D. C. until his retirement, and was a former president of the Family Service Association in the District of Columbia. Surviving is his wife, Mary Cameron Hale Chase.

1919 — Chanler Armstrong Chapman
died on March 22, 1982, at a Dutchess County, New York, hospital. He was eighty years old. Born in New York, on April 27, 1901, the son of Elizabeth Winthrop and John Jay Chapman, he entered St. Paul’s in 1915. From the start he had what SPS masters called “the wrong attitude.” Later, he
was to write a humorous memoir of that title about his days at St. Paul’s. Nicknamed “Charlie Chaplin,” his activities were legendary, as recounted in a *Sports Illustrated* article: “Once he collected a purse of $100 for monitoring a clandestine prize fight in which he was knocked out. On another occasion, boys paid 50¢ a piece to watch him fill his mouth with kerosene and strike a match close to it. Flames shot across the room. On the side, he dealt illegally in firearms, selling one Smith and Wesson .32 time after time. It jammed after every third or fourth round and, invariably, Chapman would buy it back from the disgruntled owner at a reduced price.” He was a member of the Old Hundred and Shattuck athletic clubs, the Library Association, and the Camera Club. He went on to Harvard and then worked for a time as a reporter for the *Springfield Union* in Massachusetts and the *New York Times*. Then he became a reader for Publishers Minton-Balch and for its successor firm, G. P. Putnam. From 1952 to 1969, he ran Sylvania Farms, a dairy farm and the Chapman family estate overlooking the Hudson River in Barrytown. Turned down for service in World War II because of age, he served in the American Field Service as an ambulance driver in North Africa and Burma. In 1958, he helped organize a statewide dairy farmers’ strike for fairer milk prices, the only significant farm owners strike to occur since the Depression. That same year, he and his second wife, Helen Riesenfeld Chapman, founded a monthly paper, the *Barrytown Explorer*, in response to a controversy involving split sessions in the Red Hook Schools and also to help organize dairy farmers. As publisher and contributor, he developed the *Explorer* far beyond these issues to become a forum for humor, poetry and commentary. The paper’s slogan, emblazoned above the logo, is WHEN YOU CAN’T SMILE, QUIT. A regular “Spiel” column offered Chapman’s unique observations on the world (“A sunset may be seen at any time if you drink two quarts of ale slowly on an empty stomach.”) or “What’s good for the goose is a lively ganter.” and was always signed, “Yrs. to serve, C.A.C., pub.” Throughout his life, he wrote Petrarchan sonnets, a collection of which will be published soon. He served as a member of the Red Hook School board for ten years and was a former trustee of Bard College. He was a director of the Hudson Valley Philharmonic Society. Asked by the *Sports Illustrated* writer if he had a word of advice for those who would seek the happy life, he responded, “Yes. Things are going up and coming down. Earthquakes are expected. Step in and enjoy the turmoil.” He is survived by his wife, Dr. Ida Holzberg; three sons, John Jay Chapman, Robert Chapman, and Victor Chapman; a daughter, Maria Chapman; a half-brother, Conrad Chapman; and a granddaughter.

**1921 — August Zinsser, Jr.**

Died in the spring of 1981. Born on March 28, 1902, the son of Helen Mohr and August Zinsser, he came to the School in 1916 from New York. During his sixth form year, he was a stage manager for the Dramatic Association, the fine master for the Library Association, and a member of the Scientific Association. He was stroke and captain of the seventh Halcyon crew. A graduate of Princeton with a B.S. degree in 1925, he went on to earn a master’s in engineering from Harvard in 1928 and an advanced degree in aero-engineering from New York University in 1929. He made a professional career as a consulting engineer, and was married to the late Carol Smith Zinsser. Two sons survive, August Zinsser III and Anthony Zinsser.

**1923 — Frederick Edmund Sears, Jr.**

Died on April 10, 1982 in a Pinehurst, North Carolina, hospital. He was born in Baltimore, on February 8, 1905, the son of Mary Balch and Frederick E. Sears, and entered the School in 1916. An Isthmian and a member of the Halcyon Boat Club, he served as president of the Scientific Association. He went on to Harvard with the class of 1927, and later received a master’s degree in French from that same university as well as a Certificat de’Etudes Francaises from the Universite de Grenoble. He taught French, Latin, and mathematics at the Hoosac School in New York, Somerset Hills School in Far Hills, New Jersey, and then spent twenty-four years at The Fessenbook School in New Boston, Massachusetts. His last six years of teaching were at Brookwood School in Manchester, Massachusetts. In all these schools, he coached baseball, football and hockey. Saddened by the acceptance of violence in college and professional sports, he taught his students the essence of good sportsmanship: play hard to win, but play clean; take defeat with good grace and go on to win the next game. He loved sports, particularly hockey, and played golf as long as he was able. An avid reader, he especially enjoyed history and was considered a Civil War “buff.” He and his wife retired to their summer house in Hawley, Massachusetts, and had been spending winters in North Carolina. Survivors include his wife, Kathryn Sears Sears; two sons, Frederick E. Sears III, and Paul F. Sears ’63; a daughter, Mrs. Jerome L. Sternstein; and three grandchildren.

**1925 — DeWitt Linn Sage**

Died on April 5, 1982, at his winter home in Hobe Sound, Florida. Born in Narragansett, Rhode Island, on August 15, 1905, he was the son of Marjorie Lowrie and Henry Williams Sage. Entering St. Paul’s in 1918, he was an Old Hundred and rowed at No. 2 for the first Shattuck Crew. In 1926-1927, he joined the Kivu Ruwenzori Expedition to British East Africa and the Belgian Congo, undertaken for the American Museum of Natural History to sight, trap, and classify birds. In 1930-1931, after three years with the Guaranty Trust Company (now Morgan Guaranty Trust Company) in New York, he was director of the Martin Johnson Expedition, the first sound documentary excursion to Africa, where the group photographed African tribes. Two feature films resulted. During the 1950s to 1960s, he was active in national Republican politics serving as assistant to the National Committee Chairman, and as executive secretary to the Committee from 1956 to 1940. In 1947-1948 and again in 1952, he was an aide and assistant campaign manager to Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio in his campaigns for the Republican presidential nomination. From 1955 to 1958, he was chief assistant to the director of the International Cooperation Administration, which later became the Agency for International Development. During World War II, he served as a lieutenant colonel in the Army Air Corps, participating in the invasion of North Africa. For many years, he was a director of the Sage Land and Lumber Company, which had offices in New York and California. Since 1937, he had lived in Glyndon, Maryland, and was a former trustee of Johns Hopkins Hospital. An avid hunter and fisherman all his life, he particularly enjoyed salmon fishing on the Restigouche River in New Brunswick, Canada. Surviving are his wife, Susan Slater Sage; a son, DeWitt L. Sage, Jr. ’60; two daughters, Linn Sage Rulon-Miller and Nancy Shea; a sister, Lowrie Flagg; and four grandchildren.

**1930 — John Derrick Wilsey III**

Died on January 7, 1982, in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Born in New York, on September 26, 1912, the son of Lucy Wellwood and James Wilsey, he came to St. Paul’s in 1925 from Englewood, New Jersey. During his sixth form year, he was associate...
head editor of the *Horae Scholasticae*, vice-

president of the Concordian Literary Soci-

ey, and held memberships in the Missionary

Society and Library Association. In athletics,

he was a lineman on the Isthmian first
eleven, left tackle on the SPS team, and
erowed at No. 3 in the second Shattuck boat.

He went on to Princeton, majoring in his-

tory, and then decided to pursue a career in

medicine. Retiring in June 1981, he had
gone back to school to study German. He

loved to read, play golf, and was very active in

Winston-Salem's


FORMER FACULTY

Dwight Chapin Monnier

a master and athletic director at the School


Born on March 30, 1918, in Hartford, Con-
necticut, he received his bachelor's degree

from Arnold College, now the University of

Bridgeport, and a master's from Columbia.

He was awarded a doctorate in educational

administration by the University of Buffalo.

After his years at St. Paul's, he taught in the

Orchard Park, New York, schools. From

1955 to 1957, he was engaged as a health

educator with the government of Pakistan,

and the following two years served as direc-
tor of training with the Massachusetts public

health department. In the 1960s, he was

assistant chief of the division of research

grants at the National Institutes of Health,

Bethesda, Maryland. He returned overseas

in 1967, becoming vice president of the

American University of Beirut. The Leban-

gese government recognized his service there

by decorating him with the Order of Cedars

of Lebanon. From 1973 to 1979, he was

associate director of the American College

of Cardiology. Surviving are his wife, Lor-

raine MacArthur Monnier; two daughters,

Donna Taylor and Linda Purdum; a son,

Dwight C. Monnier, Jr.; a brother, William

N. Monnier; and three grandchildren.

1948 —

Rensselaer Wardwell Bartram III

died on January 5, 1982, in New York at

Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center.

Born in New York on December 22, 1930,

he was the son of Mrs. Walter S. Hoyt and

the late Rensselaer W. Bartram, Jr. (SPS '22).

Entering St. Paul's in 1944, he was a mem-

ber of the Missionary Society and a strong

Old Hundred athlete, serving as quarterback

for the first eleven, shortstop in baseball,

and a member of the track squad. He achieved

SPS team status in football and baseball.

After graduation he went on to Yale. He

was an investment banker and a trustee of

the Mystic Seaport Museum in Connecticut.

With his family, he was a strong support-

er of various America's Cup 12-meter con-
tenders. Prior to his illness, he, his wife and

children spent two years on their yacht,

Tintagel, following and reporting the mi-

gratory patterns of big game fish. In addi-
tion to his mother, he is survived by his

wife, Donna Neilson Bartram; three sons, David

H. Bartram, Stephen M. Bartram, and Fred-

erick R. Bartram; and a daughter, Elizabeth

M. Bartram.

1950 — William Pendleton Palmer III

died on April 14, 1982, at his Falmouth

Foreside, Maine, home after a long illness.

Born on November 5, 1932, in Cleveland,

the son of Jean Hanna and William Pendle-

ton Palmer, Jr., he attended the School

from 1944 to 1947. He was an Old Hundred

and member of the Halcyon Boat Club. After

graduating from the Asheville School

in North Carolina, he received his bachelor's

degree from the University of Maine. He

was a Marine Corps veteran of the Korean

conflict. Moving to Maine eighteen years ago,

he served on the University of Maine de-

velopment committee and was a devoted

booster of University athletics, especially

the baseball team. Since 1976, he saw the

team enter two College World Series and re-

ceive national recognition. The University of

Maine at Orono baseball squad has earned

yet another berth in this year's Series. Since

Palmer's death, the players have been wear-
ing black arm bands in his honor and will do

so until their season's end. Besides his

mother, Mrs. Jean Gallien of Blue Hill,

Maine, and Thomasville, Georgia, he is sur-

vived by a sister, Jean McCrum of New Ca-
naan, Connecticut.

William Henry Hawley II

died on February 26, 1982, in New London,

New Hampshire. Born in Baldwinville, Massa-

chusetts, he was a master of English at St.

Paul's during the years 1949-1952. He re-

ceived a bachelor's degree from Dartmouth

College, a master's degree from Middlebury

College, and a law degree from Western New

England College, Springfield, Massachusetts.

For more than twenty years he taught Eng-

lish at the Peddie School, Williston Acad-
St. Paul's School Calendar
1982
SEPTEMBER 16
Thursday
127th Session begins
OCTOBER 8-9
Friday-Saturday
Alumni Association Directors and Form Agents Meetings
OCTOBER 30
Saturday
Parents Day
NOVEMBER 24-29
Saturday
Alumni Association Directors and Form Agents Meetings
OCTOBER 30
Saturday
Alumni Association Directors and Form Agents Meetings
NOVEMBER 24-29
Saturday
Thanksgiving Recess
DECEMBER 15
Wednesday
Autumn Term closes
1983
JANUARY 6
Thursday
Winter Term opens
MARCH 9
Wednesday
Winter Term closes
MARCH 31
Thursday
Spring Term opens
JUNE 3-5
Friday evening through Sunday noon
127th Anniversary
JUNE 5
Sunday at 2 p.m.
Graduation of the Form of 1983
JUNE 10
Friday
Spring Term closes

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