The Cover: Autumn silhouettes on the meadow behind the new dance and music buildings.

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Tom Jones, Cover IV, p. 92 (top)
William O. Kellogg, pp. 100–103.

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The Rector's Letter

Dear Alumni & Alumnae

In January, 1921, Samuel Drury launched a new publication at St. Paul's School. In a letter to the old boys of the School, Dr. Drury gave his budding literary venture a name, *Alumni Horae*, and also spelled out its terms of reference. The name has stuck for more than sixty years even as the format and contents of the little magazine have remained faithful to their original guidelines through decades of growth and change.

"We want to provide a way for the School and the alumni to keep in touch, and to have a medium to carry to the old boys the present disposition and activities of this place." So wrote the fourth Rector in his introduction, promising his readers a thrice-yearly letter from his study together with, "a section which we will call 'The School in Action',"...as well as the alumni pages, "a goodly assemblage of *nugalia* and communications which are bound to interest every old boy."

As to the promised Rector's Letter, Dr. Drury had this to say about his intentions:

"I shan’t attempt to put before you anything statistical, or profound, or eloquent, but shall simply write about the things concerning the School’s problems and progress which are uppermost in my mind."

I subscribe to the great man’s purpose and welcome the opportunity before me in this and in succeeding issues of *Alumni Horae* to share with you some of my impressions, concerns, and ideas about the unfolding life of St. Paul’s School.

In this first letter to you, I am bound to express my delight with what Priscilla and I have found here at the School as a home and a community. We arrived late in June to enjoy a summer of gentle orientation to the structures and routine of life at St. Paul’s School. By the end of August, I had written the following to my new colleagues and students:

"Certainly this summer has been a happy season for me and my family, and one full of adventure. It has been a time of introduction to the scenes and sounds of Millville: Chapel bells, fish flashing in the dark ponds, goldfinches in the birches, pine needles underfoot on wooded paths, new friendships forming, admiring the renovation of handsome buildings and grounds, working on rusty ground strokes at the tennis courts, settling into the Rectory, rejoicing with students and faculty in tasks well done during the School’s Advanced Studies Program for New Hampshire’s eleventh graders.

"Already the School and its environment have worked their magic upon us. Heritage and nature are swift to enchant even the most casual visitor to St. Paul’s, and with those whose lives will be fixed here for a time, their spell is sure and profound. Very shortly you for whom its sheltering forests
are familiar will be returning to this place to begin another year together, as those who teach, those who learn, and those who help to sustain our common life together in St. Paul’s School. You will be joined by others who still anticipate so much of what you already know by heart. To some of you the secrets of life in community here are well known and cherished. To others they will soon be revealed. I would guess that all of us share a good measure of great expectations for the time ahead.”

September brought the rush of opening days and a host of other “firsts” for the new Rector as the School moved smoothly and surely into the routine of its 127th session. The busy weekends of October have now been accomplished through a blaze of autumn color and a long Indian summer: Form Agents and Directors, the Trustees, and our parents have all been gladly welcomed at the School, have all been eagerly reported and happily listened to, and have at last departed, leaving us to get on with the tasks set before us in the School year 1982-1983.

Several matters have been uppermost in my own mind as I have sought to express and to exert an influence in these early days of my rectorship. They are matters which will keep their place of prominence in my list of concerns during the months and years ahead.

First of all, it has been my keen desire to identify and lift up before the School those things to which the motto in our familiar emblem alludes, the things to be learned here on earth, the knowledge of which will last forever in heaven. It is the presence of these things within our curriculum which clearly marks St. Paul’s as a Christian school and which enables us not only to pray but to work for the fulfillment of a hope, “that none who come here may go away unimproved, that none may be afraid or ashamed to be thy faithful servants.”

Of course when I use the word curriculum, I am not just referring to the courses taught in our schoolrooms, but rather to the whole course of the common life and learning, play and worship which is our “goodly heritage” and which we so thoroughly enjoy together.

You will probably not be surprised to learn, therefore, that I am presently engaged with the faculty and students in a review of our curriculum.

The purpose of this review is to strengthen the general fabric of our educational enterprise and to nurture the growth of those things which the Apostle Paul long ago discovered for us to be the eternal graces of faith, hope and love which will enable every person to live according to God’s will amid the changes and chances of an ever more fleeting and dangerous world.

It is very clear to me, by the way, that the Chapels of the School together with the Rectory are not located by accident at the center of our grounds. By design they are truly at the heart of the School as a community. Nothing will receive more of my own attention and devotion in the time before me than the opportunities to strengthen the spiritual dimensions of our common life with special attention to the virtues and values so long associated with the leadership of St. Paul’s School.

One does not put on the mantle of the Rector of St. Paul’s casually. It is a weighty vestment, worn well and truly by my eight predecessors. If I say, however, that I wear it not only in humility but with joy, it is because I am so glad to be at one with such outstanding teachers, such excellent students, and such loyal alumnae and alumni. I am grateful to you for your encouragement during my first days at the School. I pledge to you my own support now and for the time ahead in every venture you may undertake to enhance the reputation of St. Paul’s School and to fulfill its educational mission.

Sincerely yours,

November 12, 1982
The following letters have come into my hands through the kindness of a new Third Former of my acquaintance. He has given me permission to share his reactions and experiences to the beginning of the Fall Term 1982, on the condition that he not be identifiable. I have therefore taken care to change, disguise, or omit many names, while striving to keep the sense of freshness and discovery that this boy shares in his letters. I have also corrected spelling and punctuation in most cases. Great thanks are due to this young man for his willingness to share this personal material with us.

Thursday, September 16, 1982
Dear Mom and Pop,

It really wasn’t very nice of you, you know, driving off without me. I feel like Toby, the time we left him at the kennel. He looked at us like we were criminals. We were. But I don’t want to make you feel guilty, or do I?

After you left I went and sat in my room for a while. But George, my old boy, came by and said he had to go to the Gym to put some stuff in his locker, why didn’t I come and we could do some errands. I couldn’t think of any good reason not to.

We went down by those modern brick dorms and stopped in at the Post Office to get my box number and combination. I asked the man at the Post Office, who everyone calls Pete, whether you should put my PO box on all the letters and packages you send me, but he smiled at me and said he knew everybody, and everybody’s mail.

On the way to the Gym I counted license plates. I saw cars from 17 different states unloading kids and stuff. Everyone was lugging something: trunks, suitcases, shopping bags, chairs, sofas, pictures, tapestries, bookcases, and lots of other stuff of all sizes, shapes, and colors.

While George went into the Gym, I stayed outside. The football and
soccer teams went in just as we got there and I didn’t want to get in the way. They’re all pretty big.

From the Gym we went to the Schoolhouse, where I had to get an ID picture taken. I stood in line with a couple of kids from Montana, one from France, and one from New York. When my turn came I sat in this chair looking at a little light while a funny man with a big bushy beard waved at me and took the pictures.

George grabbed my arm then and we practically ran to the Upper to eat. It’s going to be hard getting used to eating with all those other people all the time, but the food makes it easier, it’s sooooo good, and there’s so much of it. I thought it was loud, but I soon discovered that I was making as much noise as everybody else.

When we went back to the dorm to put on jackets and ties my roommate had finally arrived. His family had had a flat tire on the Mass Turnpike and he was trying to get settled and get ready and meet people all at once. His name is Tommy and he’s from Houston and his family drove all the way up here which is why they had the flat tire.

Tommy even knows how to tie a tie. I’m going to pay him to teach me. You were right, much as I hate to admit it. I should have learned at home.

The jackets and ties were for church. There was a special service in the little chapel, and it was so crowded I had to scrunch up my knees and sit on the edge of a low step. And I was lucky. A lot of people had to stand.

Up into the pulpit, right over me, stepped Mr. Clark, in a black robe with a black rope around his middle. Looking way up at him from where I sat he looked even taller than when we shook hands with him this afternoon. He started with some prayers and then he talked to us, and he talked very slowly and gently. He talked about how we’d left our families, and how some of our grandfathers and fathers and uncles and sisters had all been in that little church their first night at the school. They had all felt a little lonely, like us. But we were now part of a new family with everyone who’d gone before us here, and with each other.

And I thought of Grandaddy being here in this same place his first night, and being lonely, and still growing up to be so good and so much fun. And I missed Grandaddy. And I missed you all. The guy next to me even had to wipe his eyes. I didn’t have to do that. But Mr. Clark just looked right down into us and smiled, and made me proud to be there.

When it was over, all us new kids walked across to the big chapel. It was dark, with millions of stars shining, and the tower of the big chapel all lit up, and everybody humming the hymn we’d sung, ‘Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow.’ Well, not everybody, I heard one boy ask a girl what classes she was in, and someone else was whistling a Grateful Dead song.

Inside, one teacher told us all about the building, and being to chapel on time, and being quiet. Then a minister made us sing a hymn while he played the banjo. He was even wearing his backward collar. Then the organ played the hymn and we all sang along again.

Tomorrow I’ve got to go to all my classes, and sports, and there’ll be homework, and I have to meet with my Godfather group, whatever that is. So I’d better go to bed.

Goodnight. I love you and I miss you. Love to Toby. And my ugly sister.

Love,

P.G.
Tuesday, September 28, 1982

Dear Wart,

I'm here at St. Paul's, finally. It's so much easier being here and doing everything than it was sitting at home and worrying about it.

I haven't been to church so much since we were in the Christmas pageant together in 5th Grade. We arrived Thursday and shook 1,000 hands and I got my old boy, who is supposed to show me the ropes. He runs Cross Country and is 6 foot 187 inches. He looks down on me and I feel like an ant. When will I grow? I know I've got some disease.

The head man, they call him Rector around here, is also 6 foot 187 inches. He's the one who's been doing all the church. Thursday night, Friday morning, Sunday morning, Monday morning, all in chapel, and he spoke at all of them. WOW.

There are girls everywhere here. There was even a girl with the ministers at the altar on Sunday. You remember the Madsen girl from Townsend, the tall one? Even she's here, and she sits across from me in chapel and makes faces at me. I hate having a tall girl make me feel short.

The dorm is wicked fun. Nobody's mean. All us new kids have to memorize some strange poem about the evening stretched out on a table, etherized like a patient, and recite it to the girls' dorm. The older kids don't think we'll be able to do it, but we're having secret rehearsals and will show them.

I made the soccer team! It's called Isthmian and we practice like crazy. It's not quite varsity, but it's a real team.

You should have seen my mother that opening day. Put all my underwear in my drawers and made my bed and sniffled and told my groupmaster I was a good boy and would he call if there were any problems. I was so embarrassed.

... And tell me all about Cameron's Earth Science class. I don't want to miss a thing. Ignore that girl and kill 'em in football.

Ever Loyal,
Toad (P.G.)

Wednesday, September 29, 1982

Dear Grammy,

I am now well settled at St. Paul's. Thank you for the five dollars. I will save it for the Tuck Shop when I miss breakfast. I don't need to spend it on movies because we have movies almost every Saturday night. Last Saturday was an old time western called High Noon. The first movie was Hair, about hippies. The kids even say that in a couple of weeks we're going to have Chariots of Fire. You should see that one, it's great. I've seen it five times.

On Sunday the ecology club, called Eco-Action, had a festival in an old apple orchard in one corner of the school near a dorm called Drury House. It's named for the man who was Rector when Grandaddy was here.

At the festival one boy played the guitar, real well, and we sang. And they roasted corn and there was cider and homemade peanut butter and lots of food, and tug of war and enormous circle games. And then we had an ultimate frisbee game in the long grass.

Every night except Saturday there's a service in the little chapel at 9:00. Don't tell anybody at home, but I've been a couple of times, and the minister even let me ring the bell once. It's quiet and I like to listen and say my prayers, and we get to pray for people who are sick and stuff. But
promise not to tell. Grandaddy used to tell me about having to go to chapel eight times a week, and we only have to go four, and it's kind of nice.

Wednesday is a free afternoon so I'm writing some letters now. Thanks again for the $5. Next Friday is the Groton Rally and Saturday is the big game.

Can you come up for Parents Day with Mom and Pop?

Love,

P.G.

Wednesday, October 6, 1982

Dear Wart,

Cameron's Earth Science class doesn't sound anywhere near as good as IAC-I. Sorry about the football team, but if you had coaches like ours you wouldn't have any problems.

The Rally! It was incredible! You've never seen anything like it. None of this tame stuff in a gym. It was outside, on the terrace of the big chapel, Friday night before the Groton games. The whole school streamed in from all over, singing, and chanting. The noise never stopped, it just changed when a new team was introduced, or when a new cheer was led.

Everybody had something red on: hats, sweaters, sweatshirts, skirts, pants, shoes, glasses that flashed in the dark. Everything made noise: bullhorns, tuba, trumpets, dancers, field hockey sticks, all the boys teams, all the girls teams. Go Big Red!

Nobody could get any work done that night, and I had a test the next day in French. Blown Away! But it was worth it.

And we beat Groton! In football and soccer! It's the first time we've beaten Groton in football since 1893! (That's what someone told me, but I don't
think I believe it. I don’t think they had buses back then.) And the football team is undefeated. Everybody’s really excited.

I went down on the spectator bus. I got the last ticket. We sang all the way down and you should have heard us on the way back.

But the real treat was Monday. Everybody’s been waiting for a holiday. The Rector can call them whenever he wants and he doesn’t tell anybody. The first one of the year is called Cricket Holiday. All last week in Chapel Mr. Clark would come to the blessing at the end of Reports (that’s our announcement time) and he’d say, ‘Now a prayer from Chapel Services and Prayers’ (that’s the book where the prayer is that he uses to announce holidays). Well, the whole chapel would hold its breath, ready to cheer, and then he’d just pray a plain old prayer. People were getting really mad. Some people said that maybe he didn’t know there was supposed to be a Cricket Holiday, being new and all, but not me. I think he was just playing with us.

Well, Monday he got up as usual in the pulpit, all dressed in black with the black rope around his waist, and talked about St. Francis. He said it was St. Francis’ Day and St. Francis would have been a great student at SPS because he loved the woods and the animals. And then he said St. Francis would especially like it today because he’d have lots of time to enjoy the woods and the animals because it was Cricket Holiday. Well, everybody went crazy, cheering and laughing. Then the Rector said the prayer that people were waiting for, and you’ve never heard such a loud ‘Amen’ in your life.
The new kids went for a walk around the ponds with the Rector. Then I went into Concord with some kids for lunch and bought a new record and a pound of cashews (which my groupmaster ate half of and my roommate ate the other half).

First grades yesterday. Yucchhh. Lucky they don’t go home.

Chariots of Fire is the movie Saturday night. Classy movies around here. The Madsen girl still stares at me.

I’ll try to write soon again, but can’t promise, life is busy.

Toad

Sunday, October 17, 1982

Dear Rents,

I don’t think Parents Day will ever come. Two more weeks. Bring Grammy, lots of money, and lots of food. And yourselves. Can you bring Toby?

The football team is still undefeated. We beat St. Sebastian’s yesterday and Milton last week. And the movie last week was Chariots of Fire, would you believe.

Tuesday in chapel two boys sang and played guitar. They did Simon and Garfunkel songs and were great. Everybody really cheered for them.

This weekend was the trustees meeting and I went to the lunch they had in the Upper that everybody could come to. They talked about housing and the confidence system. You should have heard some of those 5th and 6th Formers speak their minds to the trustees. I could never do that.

Friday morning Bishop Walker, who is Bishop of Washington and a trustee, spoke in chapel. He said a lot of things, but the one I remember best is that St. Paul’s is starting off on a new adventure with a new Rector, and we don’t know where the adventure will take us. I got this real funny feeling all over, like I was on a new adventure of my own here, and the school is on one too, and we’re on this adventure together. We don’t know where it will go, but it sure is an adventure. And I feel like Grandaddy has been through the adventure and is part of my adventure and the school’s.

This afternoon I went to a concert in the music building. Two guitarists. It was really neat to watch them. Especially because I’m learning guitar. It was all kinds of classical stuff, but this time I listened for themes, like you told me, Pop. I think I heard some.

Oh no! Two weeks from right now you’ll be gone and Parents Day will be over. I can’t stand it. But then that means that Thanksgiving is only three weeks after Parents Day. WOW!

Love to Grammy, and you all, and Toby, and even Janey, who isn’t really ugly, for a sister.

Love

P.G.
Fall Sports

M. R. Blake

We have had a fantastic fall in our sports program! Believe it or not, the SPS football team is co-champion of the Independent School League (ISL) for the first time—with a 6–1 record. The team beat Brooks 34–14 in the season’s finale—marking the first loss for Brooks since mid-season 1980. They had won eighteen straight games.

Led by Captain John Bohan, the 1982 football team was sparked by dedicated and talented sixth formers who had endured a long winless stretch. Fourteen fifth formers, and as many fourth formers, participated in the sport this year. These numbers, along with a JV team which had but one loss this year, bode well for SPS football in 1983.

SPS boys soccer was again successful, winning the Northern Division of the ISL. They emerged from a series of tough mid-season games virtually unscathed, suffering only two non-league losses and a tie with Buckingham-Browne and Nichols. At present, the team is preparing to meet Loomis-Chaffee for the first round of the New England Soccer Championships.

In cross country, J. B. Sullivan ‘83 won the New England Class A race, becoming the School’s first champion. The team finished third overall, our best showing in fifteen years. The boys JV squad finished second and, although our girls did not enter a team in the New England race, Anne Schmutz ‘83 ran fourth. The SPS boys, in ISL competition, drew second place.

The girls teams were also strong, with soccer and field hockey both posting winning seasons. The soccer team was plagued with injuries, but managed a 9–3–1 record. The spell-out cheer, “COPERS,” led by Jo Jo Neilson ‘84, set a new theme for Big Red field hockey efforts. They enjoyed a fall with but a single loss.

Team statistics follow. They reveal the strongest fall record ever. The weather was great most of the time and so were the teams. It was a happy autumn on the Lower Grounds!
### 1982 Fall Term

#### Sports Statistics

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Congratulations . . . .

To the School’s sixth formers who are National Merit Semi-finalists: Dennis Alvarez, Elizabeth Bowerman, Cabell Breckinridge, Peter Harlan, Anne Hueser, and Anne Loemker. Named a National Negro Merit Semi-finalist was Keith Farrar.

To Irina Faskianos ’85, on winning the New Hampshire music competition in the flute. She played Faure’s “Fantasy” from memory, Bach’s Sonata 4, and “Sweet Modale” by Bloch. The next step: the Eastern finals in February.

To Robbie MacKay ’85, for being included in “Faces in the Crowd,” a feature section of Sports Illustrated magazine (August 23, 1982, issue). He was noted for his excellent play as No. 2 member of last year’s New England championship SPS squash team, and for winning the National 14-and-under squash title a year ago at West Point, New York.

Debating Victories Continue

The SPS debating team jumped off to another winning start this fall, capturing the annual Roxbury Latin tournament with a combined score of thirteen wins and three losses. Fifteen schools competed in the debate, the topic of which was, “Resolved: that the insanity defense in all criminal trials should be abolished.” E. Lawrence Katzenbach of the English department coaches the team which entered and competed very well on both the novice and intermediate levels.

Faculty Appointments

Dance instructor Richard Rein has been named the head of the dance department—an appointment which elevates the School’s dance program to full academic department status. Dance has come of age at St. Paul’s.

Brian Regan of the music department has taken on responsibilities in the College Admissions office, assisting William Matthews ’61 in the advising of 146 sixth formers this year. Regan will serve a third of the Form, while Matthews will advise the balance. A collaborative enterprise, characterized by a valuable second perspective in individual cases, is planned.

Agents/Directors Meet

A record turnout of Alumni Association directors and form agents, and their spouses—118 strong—came back to Millville for their annual meetings during the second weekend in October. Awards were presented to agents whose forms set leading marks for gifts and participation in the 1982 Alumni Fund. The Saturday morning session featured remarks by the Rector, and a case study of ten admissions candidates led by John Buxton, the director of admissions. The difficulties and complexities of the candidate screening process and the high quality of SPS-accepted students were underscored by the exercise. It was a weekend of information, workshops, and renewing old friendships.

Independent Study

Under new director Charles Morgan, the Independent Study Program continues to find sixth formers engaged in a wide variety of on-campus, local, and non-resident projects. This year’s Heckscher Prize winner (awarded for the most inventive and worthwhile ISP proposed last spring), Romy Pittman ’83 is teaching in an elementary school and studying local customs in Appalachia. Other sixth formers are teaching at a New York City elementary school, assisting with third grade mathematics in California, investigating dolphin communication by computer, and assisting a veterinarian in Montana.
## New Students, September 1982

Including family relationships to alumni and to students presently in School.

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GGGF: Great great grandfather
GGF: Great grandfather
F: Father
*: Deceased

B: Brother who is an alumnus
S-B: Step brother who is an alumnus
S: Sister who is an alumna
b: Brother presently in School
s: Sister presently in School
The topic of discussion at this year’s Parents Day Symposium was “St. Paul’s School: Independence and Interdependence.” The Rev. Preston Hannibal served as moderator and introduced the student participants: Elisabeth Bentel ’83, Elizabeth Boweman ’83, Winter K. Mead ’83, Jack Pirozzolo ’83, Mildred Steward ’83, and George Wozencraft ’83. Two of those presentations have been selected for publication here. Preceding the panel’s remarks, William Matthews, Jr. ’61, the college admissions adviser, made a few observations about the current admissions climate.

An Island No More

No man is an island.” As my Mom said this to me for the first time, I secretly laughed. I believed that I could easily prove her wrong. I was an only child attending a public school, yet not participating fully in the social activities, music programs, nor even interacting with the people. I had come to depend upon myself for advice, musical entertainment and even as a dance partner. My radio set the theme and my imagination dressed the stage and actors. My best friend was me, and I found that we got along perfectly.
Once I arrived here at SPS, however, I found myself on another stage where I wasn't familiar with the music being played. I had to participate in some sport and musical activity, and I couldn't be an island no matter how hard I tried. People paddled over to my island inviting me to town, to play "ultimate," to dance, and to be their friend. This was no way to run an island, and now, today, I am glad that I'm not the keeper of the island.

SPS taught me that I didn't compromise my independence by being dependent, dependent upon people, places, times, situations—all of those things.

I really love music and became a member of the chorus. Now, I am a co-president of chorus—one of my most satisfying accomplishments. I couldn't have done it, however, without those individuals along the way who helped me sing and read the music correctly. Now I can pass my love of music and encouragement on to the people of the chorus. I also must fulfill chorus duties as well as be a friend to all members. They depend upon my partner and me to get certain jobs done as well as to see that things run as smoothly as possible when performance time approaches.

Dorm life was one of the easiest adjustments I had to make. It was like being in one great big family and even squabbles never seemed to hurt the camaraderie of the dorm members. This year I am the representative of my dorm to the Student Council. I am the voice of any individual in the dorm who wants to say something to the Student Council. However, I must have input, cooperation, and feedback from my dormmates in order to be an efficient dorm rep.

By becoming a member and eventually vice president of the Third World Cultural Society, I have learned that every person in an organization counts and, in order for an organization to be successful, there must be within the group a give and take of ideas, criticisms, and mutual support.

In the three years that I have been here I've learned that being dependent reinforced my independence, and has made me a strong, well-rounded individual.

— Mimi Steward '83
Working Together . . .

Entering an atmosphere such as the one here at St. Paul’s forces the student to become more independent. While the School provides an excellent base of support, it is up to the individual to become involved in the community. At first, the eager new student is tempted to join every single club, organization, and society. However, he or she will soon learn about the “theory of overextension” which occurs when a student tries to do too much too soon without quite knowing what exactly is happening. Between academics, athletics, and extracurricular activities, spare time becomes a rare commodity here at St. Paul’s. It is up to each student to decide his own priorities, be it practicing in the music building, working in the computer room, or sitting in his own room listening to the stereo.

For example, I have become involved with the Missionary Society, an organization which brings the St. Paul’s community in contact with the outside world. The Mish works closely with many activities in the Concord area, such as the United Way and a clothes and toy drive to benefit the families of state prisoners. The Mish also sends volunteers to the Concord Hospital, the New Hampshire State Hospital, and Odd Fellows Home. In addition to helping those less fortunate than themselves, the students gain a great deal of personal satisfaction. One volunteer told me, “It’s a great feeling to see a patient making progress, knowing that you have helped him accomplish this.” The Missionary Society is also active within the St. Paul’s community, organizing things such as school-wide tournaments in basketball, hockey, and volleyball, Mish used books, and Mish birthday cakes. The proceeds of our fund raising benefit the Presiding Bishop’s Fund for World Relief.

Becoming involved in any one of the many activities offered here at St. Paul’s takes a commitment, which is a scary word to many of us. Each activity has both its benefits and drawbacks. While listening to your stereo is a great way to spend the afternoon, it is sometimes difficult to study while 100 decibels of music is echoing through your ears. But if that’s what you really want to do, you should be ready to face some of the consequences, such as a constant ringing in your ears and your neighbors and groupmaster yelling at you to “turn that noise down.”

At the same time, it is impossible for the student to do everything on his own. Enter St. Paul’s community. Having five hundred students from many different cultures and backgrounds adds a great deal of diversity to the School. At the same time, St. Paul’s is small enough so that one can recognize a teacher or fellow student while walking down the path on the way to a class. I feel that there is a wide base of support at St. Paul’s. This interaction among members in the community is vital to a student’s learning process, be it in the classroom, on the athletic field, or in an extracurricular activity.

For example, teamwork is essential for success on the soccer field. Individual skill is important, but a group effort is much more productive. If a player tries to dribble his way through the defense to score a goal all on his own instead of passing the ball to a teammate who is in a better position, he’ll usually wind up on the ground and out of breath, watching the opposing team drive toward his own goal.

I think the same holds true for the St. Paul’s community. Every student should set goals for himself, and, through a commitment, strive to reach them. However, it is also important to work together, thus improving both individually and as a group. As a result, St. Paul’s will greatly benefit through this fusion of independence and interdependence.

— George Wozencraft ’83
Where would you go if you had a chance to take a trip? As the following two articles indicate, several members of the St. Paul's community chose to visit the People's Republic of China during 1982. All were intrigued and wanted to learn more about the country—and learn they did.

Bill and Ann Kellogg, longtime members of the School family (he is head of the history department), organized a three-week "Explorer's Tour" in June that took their group of eleven to eight Chinese cities plus Tokyo and Hong Kong. Joining the Kelloggs were: SPS students Bill Moore '85, Ace St. George '85, Irina Faskianos '85, and Julie Carpenter '84; a graduate of the School, Nick Parker '72; and four others, a Los Angeles couple and two ladies from Philadelphia. En route to China, the group spent a night in Tokyo and dined with Mottchi Ohkawa '84 and family. Later, in Hong Kong, they were greeted and treated to dinner and water skiing by Douglas Chen '83 and Patrick Smulders '83. For this publication, Bill Kellogg reports on several aspects of Chinese life, including the commune, the country's commitment to English, and interaction between members of his tour group and the Chinese people. He tops off the piece with some personal observations about the country and its problems.

Alex Wilmerding's plan: a 1982 winter term independent study project in China. This article recounts the highlight of his journey—beginning with an 18-day bicycle tour of southeast China and, then, a two-week train and boat excursion through the country's northern provinces—with his good friend and retired SPS art instructor William P. Abbé. This piece appeared in the August 13 issue of the Vineyard Gazette, the semiweekly newspaper serving Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, and is reprinted with permission. The illustrations are Bill Abbé's, from his travel-sketchook. Currently a student at Eton College in England, Alex Wilmerding aspires to enter Yale next September.

CHINA

From the Commune to Personal Observations

William O. Kellogg

The commune is at the center of Chinese life today. An introduction to one is high on the priority list of all tours, so it came as a surprise to our guides in Shanghai, the last city we were to visit, that we had not seen one. A visit was quickly arranged to a large commune outside the city—a visit that was to be one of the highlights of the tour.

On the hour bus ride out of town, our guide (we had a local guide at each city and no one remained with us for the whole tour) provided us with a full account of the history of the establishment of communes in China. It was a complex story of trial and error, barefoot doctors and city intellectuals, antagonisms between the central government and the local villages. The story helped prepare us for the complexity of the commune. It was far beyond a mere agricultural community as we had assumed it would be.

The commune consisted of 25,000 people divided into three cadres (former towns) and fifteen teams (former villages). We drove through the fields and on arrival were shown the pigs, chickens and cows which supplement the field crops. This gave the impression we were visiting an agricultural center, but then we were taken to the factories. There was a small sawmill which supplied lumber to several other communes as well as to the local furniture and boat-making factories. The commune
maintained its own hospital with complete x-ray equipment—proudly pointed to as “made in China.” The commune director said each commune member received a chest x-ray each year—an overcommitment to x-ray by current U.S. practices, but perhaps an indication of where Chinese medicine is in comparison to ours.

One of the many contrasts provided by China was illustrated by the next hospital room—the acupuncture center. Fully equipped with needles and with acupuncture charts covering the wall, it provided a center of treatment for many members of the commune. The acupuncture doctor was unwilling to treat me for an incipient cold—“it would require a follow-up treatment”—but she was willing to insert a needle as illustration of the process. There was no pain as the needle was inserted into my left hand between the thumb and index finger. I could feel the needle as she moved it about and for the next two days I had a very comfortable sensation in my left arm and, incidentally, the cold never developed.

The highlight of the commune visit was seeing the classrooms. The lasting impression is one of quiet, well-mannered children reciting prepared lessons in unison. Even the kindergarten children were quietly sitting at tables and the most incongruous sight was two little boys pushing a yellow tin car back and forth across a table. It is probably the only car with which they will ever have contact.

The commune offered English classes through the twelfth grade, and we listened to the sixth graders reciting but were not able to participate. In Nanjing, however, when we visited Special School #10, three of our SPS students read aloud the English lessons (short passages based on an imaginary visit to the U.S.) to the ninth grade class while the students all carefully repeated after them. The lesson how to ice skate was most appropriate, but the one on racial discrimination clearly reflected the party line and both embarrassed and annoyed our students.

The teaching and learning of English has become an obsession in China. It provided us with many pleasant and unexpected experiences. At Special School #10, housed in a former Mission School, we could talk with the school principal freely about all types of subjects from how admittance to both the Junior and Senior High level is
by special exam (a far cry from Mao's ideal of an egalitarian state), to how they have established relations with a sister school in St. Louis; from how they desperately need more science equipment to how their photocopier was broken down which hurt the academic program. We learned that two hundred students were five-day boarders since they lived too far away to make the daily bus trip to school. They used the old dorms of the former Mission School. The chapel, however, was the school storehouse. The SPS students joined the Chinese students on the athletic field playing soccer, badminton, and running sprints. Ann and I joined the principal, the English teacher, our guide and several students in a game of volleyball in the gym—a building which had suffered badly from the Cultural Revolution and shortage of funds—the windows were mostly broken and the warped floor looked more like the ripples on a sandy shore than a gym floor, but the principal was proud to have the covered area and the amount of space in the playing fields was a real luxury.

The Chinese commitment to English provided us with many memorable meetings. Ann and I would often start on a walk and not get more than half a block before someone would stop us and politely ask, “May I practice my English with you?” Invariably the speakers would be in their 20’s and were teaching themselves English by watching the national TV program on learning English. The program is broadcast three times a day, including 5:30 p.m. We asked ourselves what the response in this country would be to a nationwide TV program on the Chinese language broadcast at that hour.

We had informal, on-the-street discussions about T'ai Chi Ch'uan, ancient Chinese ritual movements expressing the Yin-Yang relationship, which Ann has studied and which she was asked to demonstrate at a park in Beijing, long hair and rock music in Nanjing, arms sales to the “province of Taiwan” in Beidaihe, the case of the American student spy and Chinese state secrets as well as the compara-

Ann and Bill Kellogg, Yu Yuan Garden, Shanghai
tive merits of Emily Dickinson and Robert Frost in Shanghai. In Shanghai we also met our oldest sidewalk conversationalist—a man in his 60's who had been a translator for the U.S. Navy in the 1940s. He proudly told us he had been to church that day and pulled out his cloisonne cross to show us he was a practicing Christian. He was the only one we met, although we did visit a Buddhist temple, where the service for the opening of the lunar month was well attended, and a mosque in Xian, where a sizeable number of older men were chatting in the courtyard and who very carefully kept us out of the main building.

In Xian I had the most thought-provoking experience of our trip as our guide, a 27 year old college senior (his normal education cycle was interrupted by the Cultural Revolution and he had worked seven years as a backhoe operator at a dam site) probed my knowledge of Marx and pleaded for books which would give the full information on communism and other economic systems as he knew he was not being told all he should know. He was embarrassed that he was not allowed to show our tour group his college and so invited me alone for an evening visit—a visit which would require another article to describe and analyze. I hope to return to Xian leading another group next summer to pursue this friendship.

The SPS students did not pursue contacts as actively as we thought they might. They did, however, have several good experiences including one on our Huangpo River cruise when four of them taught our guide, her boyfriend, and another guide how to play rummy. It was an excellent two-hour session and I'm sure it won't be forgotten by the participants. It is an example of the type of contact which the tour permitted.

The trip down the Huangpo River from Shanghai to where it joins the Yangtze was just one of the "usual" tourist activities we enjoyed. We visited the Forbidden City and Great Wall, toured factories and saw the recently discovered clay soldiers—6,000 strong—which guard the tomb outside Xian of the first emperor of united China, 221-206 B.C. They are a most amazing example of craftsmanship.

The most vivid impression I have, however, is of the number of people that were on the streets at...
any hour. We arrived at the Beijing Airport at 9:30 p.m. and were driven into the city through streets lined with people—people reading under the street lights, playing mah jong in the gutter, standing, talking, or walking slowly. That night my first walk alone at midnight along the Beijing streets revealed the same number of people. Streets everywhere were packed day and night and from the air this crowdedness is reemphasized as village encroaches on village in the flat lands.

For me the most important question raised by this first visit to China is, "With all those people how can one modernize if modernization includes extending the material benefits of the West to all citizens?" Is there enough water on the Chinese mainland to permit every individual to flush two gallons of water down a toilet twice a day? There certainly is not—even now all drinking water must be boiled. Just to create a safe supply of drinking water will be a monumental task. Certainly modernization will come to China, and the present leaders are committed to it, but Chinese modernization will have to take a different course than ours and this is a lesson we all need to learn.

There are already tremendous disparities of wealth and facilities between sections of China and between the villages and cities in the same region. Proclaiming equality as an ideal, it follows that the communists wish to eliminate these disparities. The thought alone is mind boggling; the technique unknown. Certainly one goal of Mao’s Cultural Revolution was to eliminate the gap—a revolution everyone now agrees was a disaster for China and modernization.

The problems facing China seem limitless. But perhaps that is what is so stimulating about humans—we respond to problems, we seek to change. China has a great tradition—a tradition of stability but also of change. Today the Chinese are seeking change compatible with their tradition. It is a time of challenge for us in the West—a time when the more we know about China, the more information we may offer and, thus, the more influence we may have about the choices the Chinese can make for their future.

On our trip we saw the major sites, but the sights we saw and the conversations we had were much more meaningful. All of us have impressions to share immediately, but even more we have experiences that will continuously return to us needing reinterpretations and more study. Eighteen days in China can only scratch the surface, but it is a surface that needs desperately to be scratched by Americans who must gain an understanding of China, of Chinese, and of the traditions of their society.

I hope to return to China with an SPS-connected group next summer. I want to see more of the country and to test my first reactions and interpretations against what I see and hear a year from now. I encourage others to do the same.
Bicycle is a Bridge to People for Cyclists Touring in China

Alex Wilmerding '82

By mid-morning the Chinese countryside hums in intensive activity. The bustle of commune members tending irrigated fields and the sounds and smell of produce selling in the marketplace tease the senses of a foreign bicyclist. As elderly cuddle or scold grandchildren in the darkness of a red clay and yellow-tiled dwelling, men and women delegate night soil throughout endless rows of new growth. While water buffalo overturn huge clods of earth with primitive plows, not a soul stands idle. Every available space and resource is used with incredible respect.

As if by clockwork, the day progresses. Antiquated trucks and buses rumble by as their stifling exhaust lodges soot in the far reaches of the throat. People pedal intently along the treelined roadside, each oversized black bicycle laden with pigs, produce, sacks of grain or even several family members. Every now and again the light Japanese 10-speeds will overtake a farmer straining to balance his load, and a shy but courteous "hello" will be exchanged. This is the China known only to the bicyclist, the China which beyond the pane of glass of a tour bus window is intangible.

Attracted by a new and unique opportunity for travel in China, Bill Abbe and I joined a three-week tour organized by China Passage of New York and co-sponsored by the All-China Youth Sports Federation. We arrived in Hong Kong on Dec. 27 and traveled by passenger ship to the Portuguese colony of Macau, where rented 10-speed bicycles stood unassembled. Somehow between two sets of tools and a mechanic, we produced 13 working bicycles from a pile of cardboard cartons and loose hardware and began the inaugural 375-kilometer trek into the Guang-Dong and Guangxi provinces.

As the first foreign cyclists to cross the Chinese border at Macau, our troupe of inexperienced cyclists felt like instant celebrities. To make matters worse, two bilingual guides, two representatives of the Sports Federation, a bus driver and a motorcycle driver met us at customs and went out of their way to patch tires and cater to our every need. Although we maintained a certain amount of freedom, our guides were careful and protective and watched our every move.

A motorcycle led the fastest cyclists and several kilometers behind followed a sagwagon with our luggage. The distance between front and rear left us enough at ease to stop and take pictures, to buy a banana or biscuit from the peasant or even to use the local outhouses. Nevertheless, by the time we had cycled along the Pearl River to Guangzhou or modern day Canton, our caravan had become known as an "American Bicycling Team" and was greeted on arrival in Canton by an entourage of reporters and photographers for front-page coverage of our trip.

Our Chinese hosts could not have taken better care of us. Along more isolated routes, we lodged in government guest houses and on one occasion at an olympic archery and swimming training facility where music and propaganda blared over a public address system at six in the morning. We consistently slept in canopy beds for protection from mosquitos and had an ample supply of potable
water provided in thermos containers in each room.

Unfortunately meal time left people to fend for themselves as the most delectable items in our seven-course meals inevitably fell to those most adept at using chop sticks. Starch dominated the breakfast menu which almost always included a gruel of sweet rice or fish and steamed or fried dough. While the majority of our group suffered withdrawal from cheese, peanut butter and chocolate, an enormous selection of indiscriminately chopped chicken, beef, squid, dog, frog, pork, pigeon and carp was served at lunch and dinner. Our choice of drinks included refreshing Chinese tea, a questionable brand of local orange soda, generally good Chinese beer and Mao Tai which may well be pure grain alcohol. Meals were never without surprise and discovery.

After a brief stay in Canton, we flew by Russian B-446 jet to Guangxi Province and the magnificent Guilin area. Inflight service included trays of cold tea, 747-shaped combs and a plastic-tasting candy covered with numerous layers of wrapping, the last an irremovable but edible one of rice paper. Throughout the flight a disconcerting amount of clutter and confusion prevailed as service areas and exits had been arbitrarily blocked by baggage and freight.

The highlight of our journey was undoubtedly a trip by boat down the spectacular Li River, which should not be missed on a trip to China. The Li River flows between miles of the high-peaked mountains often illustrated in ancient and traditional Chinese paintings. Towering above the river, these awkward limestone mountains rise abruptly from a plush plain of fern bamboo and stand like fingers perpendicular to one's palm. While the captivating mountains left us in awe throughout the four-hour trip downstream, we enjoyed a delicious lunch prepared in coal-filled pots of boiling broth at each table. The following day left time to bicycle up river and again take in the spectacular scenery on our return to Guilin.

We spent our last evening in the area at a performance of Carmen. Unlit parking areas adjacent to the theatre filled quickly with the almost identical, cumbersome, black bicycles; inside, the theatre was packed. Although the performance was hard to follow in Chinese, the attitudes of the audience fascinated us. During the performance people chatted loudly and ate enormous amounts of food. And just as the curtain fell, the Chinese left us dazed. They streamed out of the theatre as if an evacuation, and without so much as an applause or acknowledgement of the actors left for the parking area. This, we were told, is commonplace. By the time we had slipped out of the main exit, the heavy black bicycles and their owners had vanished into the night.
To our relief, the last leg of our journey before returning to Hong Kong included occasional travel by train through Guangxi Province. While tourists travel in a luxurious first-class car marked by wide lace seats, carpeting and a hot thermos of tea, the Chinese people must travel in cold compartments with hard wooden seats. Rail personnel are assigned to each car of the steam-powered trains. They move about the compartments constantly sweeping and mopping, yet pay little attention as to whether or not passengers mind standing up and moving each time they impede the progress of an attendant.

Bill Abbé and I returned from the People's Republic of China with very warm and exciting memories. Our bicycle tour through the southern provinces of Guang-Dong and Guangxi ensured first-hand contact with a very receptive people. Although we attracted many stares from interested bystanders, our bicycles assured mutual respect and admiration under very unique circumstances. On a bicycle China feels considerably less foreign and more inviting. We left feeling an extraordinary bond of friendship and camaraderie.
The Struggling Ancient Wonder

Egypt has the longest continuous history (7,000 years) of any country in the world today. It is the oldest nation-state. Egypt's Pyramids and the Sphinx (chiselled from rock at least twenty-five centuries before Christ) predate the other six wonders of the ancient world by about 2,000 years yet they are the only one of the ancient wonders still in existence. Today the Sphinx is struggling against time and man for its survival. The riddle remains of who built it, and when.

The Hidden Mysteries of the Sphinx

Dr. Joseph (Jalandris) Joehmans, author of *Hidden Mysteries of the Pyramids and Sphinx*, contends that the Sphinx is at least 12,000 years old from increasing geological evidence as well as from ancient Egyptian, Hermetic, Classical, Coptic and Arabic sources. Jalandris believes that the Great Pyramid and Sphinx were designed as surface structures interlinked by an underground system of hidden tunnels and vaults called "The Hall of Records"—a vast time-capsule repository of the highest wisdom and knowledge of Atlantis and other previous civilizations. According to one man's prophesy and other sources, the Hall is to be

Susan Beth Franzheim

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opened between now and the end of the century by "initiates."

The legends call "The Hall of Records," the focal point of preserved knowledge from a forgotten civilization, a virtual museum, housing actual working models and machinery of a once highly sophisticated science and technology. Jalandris writes that Tom Vallentine, who has done extensive investigation, recorded the story of an Army Colonel of the 1945 American attache staff in Cairo. "One night, in a discussion with King Farouk on the ancient mysticism of the Egyptians, the King offered to take the officer out to the Sphinx to show him a secret. Upon their arrival below the gazing figure, the American watched in amazement as Farouk touched a certain spot, and a slab opened before them. The King entered, and the American fearfully followed him down a narrow passage. In the dim light, the officer saw 'a large chamber,' and standing in front was a statue of a 'guard with a sword.' They did not dare approach further, but returned to the surface. Farouk died many years ago, and no one else has been able to locate the secret entrance again."

Jalandris continues, "Coptic tradition recorded by Al Masudi (says) there exists a single subterranean chamber under the Sphinx with entrances to all three Pyramids and each entrance is guarded by mechanical statues of amazing capabilities. The second statue—made of marble, standing with a lance or sword in his hand (just as the American Colonel reported)—has the power to 'bite and choke' an intruder until he dies from lack of breath.

"The Arab historian Altelemsani, in a manuscript preserved in the British Museum, recounted mysterious happenings at Giza in his lifetime. Arab workmen became lost and entered chambers and long tunnels not known to anyone else. They reported that in one place they saw, high on a pedestal, a statue in black stone of a man holding a lance, and another statue, in white stone, of a woman armed with a bow. The descriptions are remarkably similar to Masudi's Coptic traditions," concludes Jalandris.

In early 1977, California's Stanford Research Institute conducted electrical resistivity and sonic bombardment tests around the Sphinx and located what they believed to be four underground "cavities," one of them directly under the Sphinx's right paw. The monument has two curious additional shafts; one exists in the middle of the Sphinx's back and the second shaft exists in front of the Sphinx's chest.

The Sphinx has Cancer

"Until 1925," the American Research Center in Egypt (ARCE) notes, "the statue itself was covered up to its chest in sand. That year the Antiquities Service of the Egyptian government began a major excavation to clear and repair the statue. It took eleven years to move the huge mounds of debris. But amazingly, not a single word was published as a report from this excavation at the Sphinx. From the time it was freed from the sands, no one undertook a systematic study. Thousands of tourist photographs and postcards were produced. The Sphinx became old hat—there was little more to be known about it. This was the assumption of many authorities, and yet popular theories and speculations were still rampant about mysteries that the Sphinx might be hiding—such as secret chambers beneath the statue." In 1978 concern about the deterioration of the Sphinx grew to alarm in the press of Egypt and the West. The following year, ARCE began its Sphinx Project. The project, however, is international. "Team members include a German photogrammeter and surveyor, two British archaeologists, a French Egyptologist,
and an Egyptian chemist. In addition, there is always helpful collaboration with counterparts in the Egyptian Antiquities Organization (EAO).

The *International Herald Tribune* reported in October (1981) that the giant, catlike, stone sun-god that has guarded the burial place of Egypt's ancient kings for nearly 5,000 years "is suffering from a flaking neck, crumbling paws and 'cancerous' patches of salt spreading along blocks lining its sides. Public outcry and Parliamentary debate about the Sphinx's condition followed a series of articles in Cairo's leading newspaper which listed the causes of the Sphinx's plight as sand-storms, wind, humidity, automobile pollution and rising underground water tables."

Two weeks after Sadat was murdered, 120 limestone blocks fell off the Sphinx and created a six-by-nine foot hole. The Egyptian authorities sacked the head of the Antiquities Organization, shelved all existing restoration plans and called in the country's most eminent experts. Seven committees were set up, each with a coterie of sub-committees.

In a letter to Minister of Information Mohamed Hakki, this writer urged, "Those in positions of authority to not... play down the incident by insisting the damage was only superficial. The Sphinx's troubles can be used to bring beneficial attention to Egypt. These troubles can be used to obtain contributions from the governmental, public and private sectors of the world, at a time when these type funds are becoming scarce; a sense of urgency could motivate tourists to visit Egypt while the Sphinx is still virtually intact."

The Sphinx has made tourism a big business. Tourism earned close to $1 billion for Egypt in 1981, and many Egyptian officials are aware that the figure could more than double with some care and attention. Nassef Mohamed Hassan, Inspector
of the Pyramids and Sphinx, is unsure which of the elements is mainly responsible for the erosion but he feels pollution is the main cause and says the burst of construction along the four-lane road that runs from the heart of Cairo (nine miles west) to Giza has brought urban pollution to the foot of the desert plateau. "If I had my way, cars and buses would not be allowed up the hill to the Pyramids, or even too close to the Sphinx," Hassan says. "But the Tourism Ministry objects, saying it would be bad for business."

"The Sphinx is sick," the Al Akhbar newspaper reported in 1981. "It's suffering from acute anemia." But the method of treating the time-honored patient sharply divides restoration experts. One Egyptian expert advocates building a "wind-shield" of trees around the sixty-six foot high unprotected monument. "Those sand particles become a cyclone—they hit the Sphinx on the face, drop to the feet and the wind lifts them up again in a continuous cyclical motion."

Zawi Hawass, the Chief Inspector of the Pyramids, reported the Associated Press (1980), was responsible for the idea of adding 600 limestone blocks, mostly two feet high and a foot wide, to be laid along the sides of the Sphinx to act as a screen to ward off winds. "It is the most extensive repair work undertaken since the Greco-Roman period" when four new paws were added. Hawass and western archaeologists familiar with the erosion problem agree that the stone shield is necessary but they questioned the timing of the project; some believing all projects should be held up until the salt is flushed out and a more complete diagnosis obtained. Otherwise the same thing will happen to the new shield. "It's like a dentist filling a cavity in a tooth without cleaning out the rotten part first."

Two sources of the rock-weakening salt have already been identified. First, in bad mortar—used in earlier restorations (which number at least six, the first of which occurred about 1400 B.C.), and in the "facelift" (attempted five years ago when epoxy-like glue was injected in the neck of the Sphinx to stop the limestone rock from peeling)—which is flaking and carrying pieces of rock with it.
Salts also occur naturally in the Sphinx’s limestone. Because of the hot days and relatively cool nights of the desert, water in the air condenses and dissolves the salts lying near the surface of the statue. When the salts crystallize again, they crack pores within the stone. In recent years, scientists agree, the salt damage has been accelerated by the Aswan High Dam, more than 400 miles upriver. The new dam has raised the water table throughout the Nile Valley.

A (1980) chemical analysis of the Sphinx by Prof. K. Lal Gauri, a native of India who is a stone-preservation expert at the University of Louisville (Kentucky) with experience on projects at the Taj Mahal and the Acropolis, concludes that salt, not wind is the main cause behind the statue’s decay. “These salts, by themselves,” Gauri says, “should be harmless provided they are not repeatedly dissolved and crystallized, for which moisture is essential. Therefore, the essential area of future study is the determination of the source of water and mechanisms of its movement through the pores of the stone.”

ARCE’s Cairo Director, Dr. James P. Allen said, “The eventual restoration plan should involve vacuum-cleaning the entire Sphinx, by sucking water through the stone to flush out the salts until they reach an acceptable level. On the lower portions of the statue, the stone block veneer would be removed, section by section, so that the stone behind can be vacuum cleaned; the blocks themselves treated and put back, using specially designed mortar, and permanent replacement stones would be put in place of all the modern repair stones and the ancient stones that are too far gone to save.” “If the work is done right,” says Dr. Lal Gauri, “it should last as long as the stones of the Pharaohs.”

The more difficult stage of restoration, the restoration of the statue’s bedrock core, will involve more tests and analyses; and will cost much more than the relatively simple procedures of replacing stone blocks.

The task of producing a detailed architectural chart of the Sphinx was taken on by ARCE’s Mark Lehner who has identified not only the different periods of masonry repair but also the blocks that are decayed. As the blocks come off, each is to be given a number and recorded on the master plan. Those that can be saved will be treated, and with this method blocks can be put back exactly where they came from. Lehner has drawn to scale each and every brick-size stone of the Sphinx; a project completed last season with photogrammetry by the German Archaeological Institute. Much drafting work remains to produce the complete master plan of the statue from these separate drawings. The final product will be a kind of architectural atlas of the Sphinx. The American Research Center in Egypt is looking for a publisher.

Many Forces Conflict Over Sphinx’s Survival

A University of Pennsylvania publication advises, “The founding of the EAO—Egyptian Antiquities Organization (then known by a different name)—in the 1850s occurred as a result of the desire to end the ransacking of Egyptian sites which had occurred in the earlier years of that century. The organization’s responsibilities include protecting all known sites from damage, conserving and restoring standing monuments, excavating sites which are of particular interest or are threatened by constructional or agricultural works, and expropriating (with suitable compensation) land upon which ancient remains are discovered. The Organization enhances the work of foreign expeditions, by assigning each an inspector to insure that the standards of research desired by the government are maintained and to facilitate the expedition’s work. It is the only Near Eastern country which still divides ‘finds’ with foreign excavating institutions, thus generously making available to communities throughout the world examples of art and artifacts of its past. The Organization has maintained a traditional hospitality to foreign scholars and expeditions. Political vicissitudes have sometimes modified this but usually foreign scholars have received the salutation ‘ahlan wa sahlan’—‘Welcome!’—from this proud and generous people who have granted us the privilege of sharing with them the exploration of their unique and extraordinary past.”
Egypt's most eminent Egyptologist, Dr. Labib Habichi, welcomed my husband, Ambassador Kenneth Franzheim II (former Nixon envoy to New Zealand, Fiji, Tonga and Samoa), our daughter, Tracy, and me to Egypt. "How happy am I to hear that you are now in the field of Egyptology!!"

The American Research Center in Egypt had offered us a deal we couldn't refuse: "The opportunity to work on the mysterious, magical malignancy-plagued Sphinx."

The FRANZHEIM synergy TRUST had raised or contributed around $30,000 given to ARCE before our work in Giza began. Immediately after Sadat's murder, we mailed the first of several hundred ("The Sphinx has 'cancer'—the ARCE has a 'cure'") appeals to demonstrate non-political support for Egypt at a time most needed. Most proudly, this writer obtained from the World Sephardi Federation (headquartered in Geneva) a traditional Jewish gift of "Chai" ($18); their contribution was for 100 times "Chai" ($1,800) in tribute to Sadat's mission of peace to Jerusalem. Other gifts of support were realized from Texas friends, former colleagues in the Foreign Service, and Egypt-oriented corporations.

After two weeks at the Sphinx in the spring of 1982, we were interviewed by Egypt's leading newspaper Al Akhbar as word of our constructive criticism of the authorities had reached the Sadat family's Dr. Adly el-Shirbiny, as well as Time magazine's ear. Instead of saying "temaali"—never mind; it doesn't matter—or oft-spoken "el hamdiillah"—thank God, Dr. Ahmed Qadry Mohamed Helmy, EAO Chairman, on our very last day of work at the Sphinx, revoked the pink pass which allowed us free access to all of Egypt's antiquities. We were barred from the site. Qadry had said "masala"—good-bye!

If there had been any crime committed against the Sphinx, this observer felt it was "wastefulness."

In our opinion, the on-going Sphinx restoration activities being conducted by the Egyptians after the temporary repair of the six by nine foot hole, in October 1981, was a waste of money, skilled manpower and materials—none of which Egypt could afford. We contended they needed to put their impatience on hold until the FRANZHEIM synergy TRUST'S six-month funded joint research project of ARCE and Dr. Gauri was presented.

A prominent academic told us, "The lesson of the Sphinx (for the FRANXHEIM synergy TRUST) may be that when something is both important and highly visible the difficulties multiply accordingly. There were simply too many forces at conflict over the Sphinx for any kind of rational policy. Even patience, which is my preferred back-up approach, is most likely not useful in this case."

Dr. Gauri's exhaustive study produced the needed information for the job of replacing badly weathered stone and mortar from the veneer of the Sphinx. Dedicated to the Sphinx, Gauri has charged nothing above expenses for his extensive work with the project to date. As of May 1982, we are pleased to report Dr. Gauri's proposal for joint Egyptian-American Sphinx preservation work has been accepted and will be actualized "Inshallah!"—God-willing.

Egypt's Ambassador to Washington, Ashraf Ghorbal, whose qualities of forthrightness and marvelous sense of humor seem always present, told this writer he wanted "a re-marriage, not a divorce" to occur between the FRANZHEIM synergy TRUST interests and Egypt. Abraham Lincoln said: "Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."
When you speak or write, there is no law that says you have to use big words. Short words are as good as long ones, and short, old words—like sun and grass and home—are best of all. A lot of small words, more than you might think, can meet your needs with a strength, grace, and charm that large words don't have.

Big words can bog down; one may have to read them three or four times to make out what they mean. Small words are the ones we seem to have known from the time we were born, like the hearth fire that warms the home.

Short words are bright like sparks that glow in the night, moist like the sea that laps the shore, sharp like the blade of a knife, hot like salt tears that scald the cheek, quick like moths that flit from flame to flame, and terse like the dart and sting of a bee.

Here is a sound rule: use small, old words where you can; if a long word says just what you want to say, don't fear to use it.

But know that our tongue is rich in short words. Make them the spine and the heart of what you speak and write. Short words are like fast friends. They will not let you down.

The title of this article and the six paragraphs above are composed entirely of words of one syllable. In setting myself this task, I did not feel especially confined. In fact, the structure helped me to focus the power of the message I was trying to put across.

Various studies show that eleven words comprise twenty-five percent of all spoken English words, and all eleven are monosyllabic. In order of frequency, they are: I, you, the, a, to, is, it, that, of, and, and in. Similarly, in written English the ten words used most often are, in order of frequency: the, of, and, to, a, in, that, is, I, and it.

For centuries, our greatest poets and orators have recognized and employed the power of the monosyllable. Nobody used the short word better than William Shakespeare, who had his dying King Lear lament:

Richard Lederer, a frequent contributor to the Horae, is head of the School's English department and writes a weekly column, "Looking at Language," for the Concord Monitor. This piece appeared in the September issue of a new national high school magazine called Writing! and is reprinted here with permission.
And my poor fool is hang'd!
No, no, no life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? . . .
Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,
Look there, look there!

When asked to explain his policy to Parliament, Winston Churchill responded with these ringing monosyllables:

I will say: it is to wage war, by sea, land and air, with all our might and with all the strength that God can give us.

And, in his “Death of the Hired Man,” Robert Frost explains that

Home is the place where, when you go there,
They have to take you in.

You don't have to be a great author or statesman to tap the power and eloquence of small words. This past winter, I asked my ninth graders at St. Paul's School to write a composition using only one-syllable words. Many of the students felt that, with the pressure to produce high-sounding polysyllables now relieved, they were able to produce some of their best writing of the year.

Here are two examples:

“What can you say to a boy who has left home? You can say that he has done wrong, but he does not care. He has left home so that he will not have to deal with what you say. He wants to go as far from you as he can. He will do what he wants to do.

“This boy does not want to be forced to go to church, to comb his hair, or to be on time. A good time for this boy does not lie in your reach, for what you have he does not want. He dreams of ripped jeans, shirts with no starch, and old socks.

“So now this boy is on a bus to a place that he dreams of, a place with no rules. This boy now walks a strange street, his long hair blown back by the wind. He wears no coat or tie, just jeans and an old shirt. He hates your world, and he has left it.”

—Charles Shaffer '85

“For a long time we cruised by the coast, and at last came to a wide bay past the curve of a hill, at the end of which lay a small town. Our long boat ride at an end, we all stretched and stood up to watch as the boat nosed its way in.

“The town climbed up the hill that rose from the shore, a space in front of it left bare for the port. Each house was a clean white with sky blue or grey trim; in front of each one was a small yard, edged by a white stone wall strewn with green vines.

“As the town basked in the heat of noon, not a thing stirred in the streets or by the shore. The sun beat down on the sea, the land, and the back of our necks, so that, in spite of the breeze that made the vines sway, we all wished we could hide from the glare in a cool, white house. But, as there was no one to help dock the boat, we had to stand and wait.

“At last the head of the crew leaped from the side and strode to a large house on the right. He shoved the door wide, poked his head through the gloom, and roared with a fierce voice. Five or six men came out, and soon the port was loud with the clank of chains and creak of planks as the men caught ropes thrown by the crew, pulled them taut, and tied them to posts. Then they set up a rough plank so we could walk from the deck to the shore. We all made for the large house while the crew watched, glad to be rid of us.

“It turned out to be a pub, and when I had had a long drink in the cool, dark room, I felt much less hot and worn. By the time I came out, the crew had left, and the shore was still once more. I picked up my bag from the ground where it had been tossed and set off up a side street to take a look at the town.”

—Celia Wren '85
ANCIENT RUINS OF
THE SOUTHWEST:
AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL GUIDE
David Grant Noble ’57
Northland Press,
Flagstaff, Arizona, 1981

A New Mexico rancher and his
cousin on a cool December morning
rode down a canyon looking for stray
cattle. In this “rough wilderness in
which no sensible cowboy would want
to lose his cattle” the nineteenth cen­
tury cattlemen were startled to see a
200-room cliff dwelling set in a great
open cave in the canyon wall. Richard
Wetherill, the Mancos rancher, spent
most of his remaining years digging
and exploring the seven hundred-year­
old Indian villages he had “discovered.”

Photographs and clay models exhib­
itied at the Centennial Exposition at
Philadelphia created such a stir that
for awhile visitors were diverted from
the main attraction of exhibition,
Alexander Graham Bell’s invention,
the telephone.

David Grant Noble ’57 has written
a superb guide to physical remains of
ten thousand or more years of human
occupation in the four corners region
of the United States. Ancient Ruins of
the Southwest not only describes the
major sites, the caves, petroglyphs, irri­
gation canals, and pueblos, but also
presents brief, fascinating histories of
the peoples who inhabited the area.
The visitors to the Centennial Exposi­
tion might well have been distracted
from Bell’s new invention by the ar­
chaeological treasures of the South­
west. One of those sites, Pueblo Bonito
in Chaco Canyon, contained over 800
rooms in five stories and was not sur­
passed until 1880 with the advent of
structural steel.

The elusive past of these peoples:
The Mogollon who first brought corn
and pottery to the region (“the
Mexican connection”), the Hohokam
(“those who have gone”), the Anazasi
(“ancient ones”), the Sinagua (“with­
out water”), the Salado (“salt”), and
the Spanish conquistadores and mis­
sionaries is evoked through interpreta­
tive information and a multitude of ex­
cellent black and white photographs,
mostly taken by the author. One can­
not read the book without wanting to
visit these beautifully structured vil­
lages. Ancient Ruins is more than a
guidebook and my students have found
it a helpful and interesting source in
their research.

Some of the theories advanced for
the sudden abandonment of many of
the sites in the thirteenth century —
overpopulation, exhaustion of farm
land, and depletion of natural resources
— remind us of modern-day concerns.
A severe drought, at any rate, combined
with other factors caused many of these
spectacular sites to be evacuated. Some
were to be reoccupied later, and many
to lie in the arid climate preserved in
one of the greatest collections of ar­
chaeological ruins in the world.

David Noble’s archaeological guide
is filled with tips for the traveler as
well as giving a broad understanding
of the prehistory of the Southwest.
Through warnings of pitfalls to be
avoided, the author reveals his exper­tise, humor, and love of the area and
its past.

“At these intersections one must
traverse wide expanse of deep sand de­
posited by past flooding, an experience
not recommended to anyone without
a four-wheel drive vehicle. The author
himself spent the better part of a day
at one of these lonely spots, digging
out his car by hand and wondering, as
his perspiration evaporated in the des­
ert heat, how he ever became interested
in southwestern prehistory.”

—Richard F. Davis

Richard Davis is a member of the
history department.
New Faculty

Lorene E. Cary '74 (English) has been an associate editor of TV Guide for the past two years and, before that, a writer for Time and editor of the Middle East Center News, University of Pennsylvania. In 1978, she received her B.A. and M.A. degrees simultaneously from Penn and subsequently earned another master's degree from Sussex University, England. She is a groupmaster in Corner.

Douglas J. Dickson (Mathematics) is a 1981 graduate of Middlebury College who served as a calculus intern with the School's Advanced Studies Program and then, in 1982, supervised computer operations for the summer session. He is a groupmaster in Manville.

Erika A. Hageman (Admissions) is a 1980 graduate of Harvard College and a master of divinity candidate at the Episcopal Divinity School. She has served as a part-time assistant at the Hilles Library, Harvard, and worked at Exodus House, a drug rehabilitation program in Harlem during the summer of 1982. She is a groupmaster in North Upper.

Paul S. Lyzun (Art) comes to St. Paul's from Cheshire Academy in Connecticut where he was an art instructor and cabinetmaker. He received his B.F.A. from Michigan's Siena Heights College and has an M.F.A. from the Rhode Island School of Design. With his wife, Linda, he is living in Flanders.

F. David Newman (English/Drama) received his B.A. from Oberlin College in 1962 and an M.F.A. from Yale in 1965. He began his career as an English teacher at The American Institute, Florence, Italy, and subsequently served as director of theater at North Shore Country Day School, Winnetka, Illinois, assistant professor of theater, Oberlin College, and as director of theater at Denver's Colorado Academy. He, his wife, Miriam, and daughter, Mary Elizabeth, are living in Wing Upper.

Stephen J. Sanford (Computer Science), a 1981 graduate of Dartmouth, has been active in computer-related teaching as a systems programmer and analyst both in Hanover and abroad, in France. Last year he was associated as a French teaching assistant at Dartmouth's study abroad program in Arles/Bourges, France. He is a groupmaster in Simpson.

Standing (left to right), F. David Newman, Paul E. Sugg, Jr. (I), Douglas J. Dickson, H. Todd Van Amburgh (I), Maria-Anna V. Zimmerman, David B. Miner (I), Lorene E. Cary '74, Mary Alice McGillicuddy (I), and Erika A. Hageman, Kneeling (left to right), Paul S. Lyzun and Stephen J. Sanford.

Intern Teachers

Four intern teachers have joined the faculty this year. Mary Alice McGillicuddy (Classics) received her B.A. degree from the College of the Holy Cross in 1982. She is a groupmaster in Alumni. David B. Miner (History) is a 1982 graduate of Yale and lives in Center Upper. Paul E. Sugg, Jr. (Science), a groupmaster in Corner, received his bachelor's degree from Hamilton College. H. Todd Van Amburgh (English/Drama) graduated from Trinity College in 1982 and lives in Ford. He was a student in the Advanced Studies Program during the summer of 1977 and, in 1981, served as an ASP English intern.
Faculty Notes

Married: Caroline W. Nickerson of the physical education department and Carl J. Lovejoy '75, assistant director of admissions, on June 12, 1982, at the School. Louisa Gebelin, a member of the athletic department, was a bridesmaid. John Marchand '75 served as best man, and Thomas Painchaud '74 and Richard Ryerson '76 were ushers. • Peter B. LaFond of the English department was married to Cathy Kirkland of South Carolina on August 7, 1982, in the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul. The LaFonds met during the 1981 session of the Advanced Studies Program. • Born to The Rev. James G. Birney III and Mrs. Birney, a daughter, Rebecca Reeves, on July 9, 1982, at Concord Hospital. • Roberta E. Tenney was awarded a certificate of advanced studies by the Graduate School of Education, Harvard University, last June. Of the history department, she is a member of the executive committee of the New Hampshire Council on World Affairs. • Linda H. Kelley, a member of the modern language department, has been elected Concord's regional representative to the New Hampshire Board of Child and Family Services. • Sanford R. Sistare attended a National Defense Executive Reserve workshop in Maryland during the summer. He is assigned to the Federal Emergency Management Agency. The Sistare's son, Arthur '74, was married on October 17 in the Old Chapel. Their daughter, Julia, was married the preceding day in Canterbury, New Hampshire. • Head of the modern languages department, André O. Hurtgen is the author of Poèmes Pour Le Cours Avancé (Independent School Press, 1981) and attended Harvard's summer school, studying intermediate Japanese. • Jennifer L. Horner of the modern languages department received an M.A. degree in German from Middlebury College this summer. • Dr. J. C. Douglas Marshall, classics department, has been appointed to a second term on the advisory council of the Princeton University classics department and is editor of a section called "Pédagogus" in the journal Classical World. • William O. Kellogg, head of the history department, is state coordinator for National History Day, 1983, and authored the second edition of "How to Prepare for Advanced Placement Examinations in American History," a publication in the Barron's Educational Series. • Art department instructor Joseph Machlitt attended the summer session of the Blackhawk Mountain School of Art in Colorado and has been named the School's eastern representative. • W. Marshal Clunie of the English Department was elected president of the Kennebago Lake campowners association. • Anne Downes' artwork has been included in the 1982 Boston Printmaker's National Exhibition, the Potsdam Prints National Exhibition in New York, and in the Brainerd Art Gallery's New York travelling show for 1982-1983.
1925
Richard M. Ludlow is “in good health, takes a swim daily, and is active in local civic affairs.”

1934
Last February, in Michigan, John Jay was presented a plaque commemorating his induction into the National Ski Hall of Fame. In March, he was awarded special recognition by the Ski Industries of America for his contributions to skiing as a cinemato- grapher.

1935
Hanging up his mace and retiring from office is William G. Anderson, for seventeen years the marshal of Harvard University. During his tenure, he welcomed some 18,000 foreign visitors. Bayard Coggeshall reports that he and Mary went on a two-week pediatric safari in Kenya in November 1981. They visited two villages in which son, David ’73, worked as a farmer two years ago. Travelling to India in February 1982, they visited four villages, targets of human development projects, to which Mary contributed three years ago. “Good progress in self-help.”

1937

1938
John S. Burgess, a former lieutenant governor of Vermont, is running for a Windham County house seat this year. Halfburton Fales 2d, a partner in the New York City law firm of White and Case, has taken office as president-elect of the 33,000-member New York State Bar Association.

1939
Samuel C. Myer is still an investment and financial consultant in Bermuda, but makes trips to the United States every few months.

1941
Erskine H. Courtenay, Jr. returned for his third summer session as a “student” in oil painting at Ecoles d’Art Americaines, Palace de Fontainebleau, France.

1945
Fred Roberts is retiring from his marine research business this fall and will move to Woodbury, Connecticut, where he and his wife, Addy, will raise and train horses. Alex Vagliano, recently retired from Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, now lives in Norfolk, Connecticut. The Form’s new Agent, Bill Willis has expanded his executive search firm with the addition of affiliates in Stockholm, Copenhagen, London, Paris, Vivey (Switzerland), Melbourne, Sidney, and Hong Kong.

1948
A. R. Gurney’s “The Dining Room” is an off-Broadway hit which has received the drama desk nomination for the outstanding new play from the New York Times. One of several regional productions of the play is scheduled to open in November in Portland, Maine.

1949
G. A. Kelly writes: “For the past two years I have been visiting professor of the humanities and political science at the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. My book Victims, Authority, and Terror: The Parallel Lives of d’Orleans, Gustine, Baillly and Malesteres was recently published by the University of North Carolina Press.”

1954
G. Edward Stevens was recently appointed vice president in charge of the new Wall Street Private Banking Department at Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company in New York.

1961
Stuart Douglas is in his ninth year serving the public at his Vermont country inn. James Hatch was elected a director of the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston for a three-year term, starting January 1982.

1962
E. W. “Toby” Hall, curator of collections at the New Bedford Whaling Museum in Massachusetts, has written a new book, Sperm Whaling from New Bedford. The book features the photographs of Clifford W. Ashley, taken in 1904 while aboard the bark Sunbeam. Robert R. Howard III has been elected a member of the Hillsboro advisory committee of the Bank of New Hampshire.

1964
Dr. Theodore Bahr, president of the Episcopal Radio and Television Foundation, served as executive producer for the Knoxville World Fair exhibit The Power, a simple, direct and powerful statement of basic creedal belief—the Gospel of Jesus Christ—shared in common by sixteen religious denominations. From C. D. Everdell: “I continue in my eighth year as senior architect and designer for the Bechtel Corporation. Our group has grown from 4 to 90 in this period and our work includes new airports, office buildings, and new towns in Saudi Arabia, where I visit frequently. Recently we have designed the King Khaled Airport in Riyadh, due to open in 1984, and are working on a 20,000 person community in the eastern province near Dhahran. Personally I have been completing a 14,000 square foot, private residence in Jeddah which will open in September. Betsy and I have a boy, Cobie, 5, and a girl, Ellie, 2, and live in San Francisco.” Vice-president for planning at Allied Information Systems Company in Trumbull, Connecticut is Richard Johnson. Richard Sperry is happily engrossed in his work as advertising manager for Continental Cablevision, the nation’s tenth largest cable TV company, headquartered in Boston.

1966
From Tom Streeter: “I used to keep criminals out of jail. Then I started locking them up. Now I let the ‘young Turks’ lock them up, and I keep them locked! Such is the life of a criminal appellate lawyer.”

1967
Abbott Reeve announces the birth of another daughter on May 12, 1982.

1968
Born, a son, Mark Edwin IV, on June 15,
1982, to Mr. and Mrs. Mark E. Andrews III. * Richard Grace lives on Long Island, works in the City for Control Data Corporation, and has three children: two daughters, Corey, 4, and Kelly, 1, and a son, Stewart, born June 19, 1982. * Ordained to the Sacred Order of Deacons, on June 5, 1982, in Massachusetts, was David Alexander Tait.

1970

Thomas Bedford and wife, Cook, have returned to California, where he joined the Walnut Creek office of Drexel Burnham Lambert, Inc. * Last spring, David J. Madison was laid off by the Bethlehem Steel Corporation and was engaged in a search for a new position.

1971

Guy Antonioli announces the birth of his first child, Guy Charles II, on September 2, 1981. He is an account director with a subsidiary of the D'Arcy MacManus and Masius advertising agency. * Hornor Davis writes: "Still living in wild, wonderful West Virginia. After several months leave of absence from a law firm I have officially resigned and am now executive director of the Museums at Sunrise, a children's museum, planetarium and art museum complex in Charleston, West Virginia. * Engaged: Howland Murphy to Jean Parker. An early October wedding is planned. * A daughter, Amy Armstrong, was born on September 18, 1981, to Mr. and Mrs. Donn A. Randall. * Peter Seymour is working at the Dancer Fitzgerald Sample advertising agency in New York. * Robert Taylor is a second year resident in obstetrics and gynecology at the University of California, San Francisco. He received his M.D. and Ph.D. degrees from the Baylor College of Medicine. His wife, Martha, is a pediatric resident at UCSF. * Christopher Wood reports: "Still can't seem to extricate myself from competitive rowing. I won the elite single at the Head-of-the-Chambers regatta a year ago for the third consecutive year. Will be trying out for the U.S. team again in the summer. Career? What's that?"

1972

Awarded the degree of Doctor of Law, cum laude, by the University of Chicago Law School, in June, was Locke Bowman III. He was named to the Order of the Coif for outstanding academic achievement and is now serving as clerk to Federal Judge Hubert Will in Chicago. * The marriage of W. Ian Laird to Mary Louise Viscardi took place in Manhattan, New York. She is a sales representative with the Houghton-Mifflin Publishing Company; he joins the New York law firm of Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft in October. Alexander Schwartz served as best man.

1973

Gordon Bearn writes that he is now married and still a graduate student in Philosophy at Yale. * Graduating last May from the University of New Mexico Law School, Billy Gover is now a law clerk for U.S. District Judge Jucin G. Burciaga. * Arthur Humphrey is living in Athens, Greece, and working for PepsiCo International in its African region. * From Michael Prentice: "Hanging in there at Brown University's geology department. Got some work published—see May 21 issue of Science and Nature. * William Smithy graduated from the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons in May 1981 and is currently a surgical resident at New York's Roosevelt Hospital. * John Vaskov was married to the former Suzan E. Russell on July 11, 1981. He is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania (1977), the University of Pittsburgh Law School (1980) and is now law clerk to the Hon. Barron F. McCune, U.S. District Court, Western District of Pennsylvania. * Now working as an analyst and programmer for the Ontario ministry of revenue, Terry Wardrop has also started on his MBA at the University of Toronto. Sheldon Whitehouse is a graduate of the University of Virginia law school and is now clerk to Justice Neely of the Supreme Court of Appeals in West Virginia.

1974

Bruce Chan is working as a deputy public defender in San Francisco, handling misdemeanor jury trials. * W. A. Read Knox and his wife, Nancy, announce the birth of their first child, Arabella Read, on September 9, 1982. Read is currently working in the credit department of the Mercantile Bank in Baltimore. * Bruce Patton writes: "Still winding my way intermittently through Harvard Law School. I am a founder and associate director of the Harvard Negotiation Project which produced a book entitled Getting to Yes. * Announcement has been made of the engagement of Audrey Maynard to Kaignh Smith, Jr. A September wedding was planned. * Jim Walley reports the birth of his first daughter, Alison Nicole, on February 27, 1982. Last May, he received an MFA in film and video from the California Institute of the Arts. * Last May, Michael Wert graduated from the Vanderbilt Medical School, winning high honors in the department of medicine and receiving the Albert Weinstein Award for outstanding performance in the field of internal medicine. He has been offered a residency in internal medicine at Vanderbilt, remaining there for the completion of his training. * Kenneth Williams is currently employed as chief clerk of the building services department at the Philadelphia Gas Works. He hopes to enter Temple University in January to pursue an MBA degree.

1975


1976

Douglas Owen is certified to teach the elementary school grades and is working on a master's degree in Education. * From Jonathan Stone: "After two years of ice climbing and ski mountaineering in the Northwest, I will be returning to New England to recharge my intellectual batteries at Harvard Business School this fall. Time to wear off this Seattle rust."

1977

Ens. William D. Paine graduated from the Surface Warfare Officers School with distinction on July 8, 1982. After attending Naval Justice School, he will be serving on board the U.S.S. Moinester, a frigate homeported in Norfolk, Virginia. * Maurice "Cito" Selinger spent a good part of last year writing specifications for a nuclear plant which was later terminated. He has entered law school this fall. * Working in Minneapolis for a grain exporting firm is Grant Slade. He enjoys "the job, the city, and especially the summer weather after a recordbreaking winter."

1978

From Peter Concannon: "Having recuperated from a dismal academic career at St. Paul's, I have scored a 771 on the LSAT's, graduated magna cum laude from little known Westminster College in Pennsylvania, and will attend Georgetown University Law Center in the fall." * Elisabeth Deans spent last year at Sun Valley, Idaho, enjoying one of the best ski seasons ever and playing lots
of ice hockey with the Senior League and a new women’s team. • Scott Elder graduated from Brown University in June, majoring in international relations. A summer job working with Yves Saint Laurent in Paris has turned into a permanent one for Scott, but his permanent address remains 89 Breezy Hill Road, Stamford, Connecticut. • Amy Nobu is attending Albany Medical College in New York.

1979
Dexter Brown spent the summer as an entrepreneur in Charlottesville: selling advertising, publishing an area “summer guide,” organizing a few promotions for a local shopping mall, and studying marketing management. • Catherine Oxenberg, a New York model, played the part of Lady Diana Spencer in the Hallmark Hall of Fame TV movie, “Charles and Diana: A Royal Romance.”

1980
Betsy Trimbly is majoring in American history and on the staff of “The Daily Pennsylvanian” at the University of Pennsylvania.

1981
Peter Adamson played varsity lacrosse at Duke last spring. This summer found him in Newport, Rhode Island, with formmates

Deceased

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

‘11 — Henry Sullivan Marcy
‘12 — Alden Denning Bonfils
‘22 — William Roscoe Bonsal, Jr.
       July 17, 1979; Camden, S.C.
‘22 — Nathaniel Saltonstall Howe
       Oct. 18, 1982; Lyme, Conn.
‘27 — Percy Chubb 2nd
       Oct. 8, 1982; Morristown, N.J.
‘28 — Richards Draper Richards
       Aug. 25, 1982; East Hampton, N.Y.
‘29 — John Noyes Mead Howells
       Oct. 16, 1982; Portsmouth, N.H.
‘31 — Allen Hurlburt Minor
       June 18, 1982; New York, N.Y.
‘52 — Louis Faugeres Bishop III
‘81 — Kaori Kitazawa Walsh
       Dec. 7, 1982; Tokyo, Japan
       Dr. Terrence Myrick Walsh
       Master, 1974-1982
       Dec. 4, 1982; Tokyo, Japan

1905 — Norman Armour died on September 27, 1982, in New York. He was ninety-four years old. Born on October 14, 1887, in Brighton, England, he was the son of Harriette Foote and George Allison Armour. He grew up in Princeton, New Jersey, and entered St. Paul’s in 1901. During his sixth form year, he was president of the Athletic Association, a football player for the Old Hundred, active in the Lawn Tennis Association, and served as secretary-treasurer of the Shattuck Boat Club. He was a councillor of the Concordian Literary Society, a member of the Entertainment Committee, and a participant in the Washington’s Birthday Theatrical. From St. Paul’s, he went on to Princeton with the class of 1909. He received a law degree from Harvard in 1913 and returned to Princeton for diplomatic studies in 1915. He then began a lifelong career in the Foreign Service, serving as minister or ambassador for a dozen countries and at one time was Assistant Secretary of State for Political Affairs. One of his first diplomatic assignments was in Petrograd, now Leningrad, where he witnessed the disintegration of czarist Russia and, in 1918, the signing of the treaty that took Russia out of World War I. He helped Princess Myra Koudacheff flee to Sweden and was arrested by the Bolsheviks in Moscow. Escaping, he made his way to Finland. He later married Princess Myra, and the couple had a son, Norman Armour, Jr. (SPS ‘38), who died three years ago. After serving in embassies in Brussels, The Hague, Montevideo, Rome, Paris, and Tokyo, he was sent in the 1930s to Haiti where, as ambassador, he arranged the withdrawal of the U.S. Marines that had been stationed there for almost two decades. The Marines had landed there in 1915 with orders to protect the nation in the event of a German invasion in World War I. In 1938, he was given full ambassadorial rank and assigned to Chile. The following year he went to Buenos Aires, where the Government was sympathetic to the Axis powers. Recalled to Washington in 1944 after relations with Argentina had deteriorated, he became director of the State Department’s Office of Latin American Affairs and worked on the Dumbarton Oaks Conference on world security affairs. Late in 1944, he took over the embassy in Madrid, but quit after nine months out of “disgust” with the Fascist Government there. After thirty years of duty with the Foreign Service, he retired in 1945. In 1947, however, he returned as Assistant Secretary of State but retired again after two years. In 1950, he reluctantly retired for a year as Ambassador to Venezuela. In an interview in 1976, Mr. Armour indicated that, of all the memorable events in his career, the one which made him most proud was something he did after he retired. He referred to a widely publicized open letter that he and four other retired diplomats wrote in 1954 protesting Senator Joseph R. McCarthy’s attacks on the Foreign Service. In retirement, he “only wanted to get away from the world.” He and his wife bought a rambling farmhouse in Gladstone, New Jer-
sey, and also kept an apartment on New York’s Fifth Avenue. In addition to his wife, he is survived by four grandchildren, including Norman Armour III ’55.

1915 – James Hervey Ackerman
died on October 7, 1982, at Lake Wales, Florida, after a long illness. Born on July 12, 1896, the son of Janet and Marion Smith Ackerman, he came to St. Paul’s in 1908. A Delphian, he played on the third eleven and hockey teams, rowed at No. 6 on the second Shattuck crew, and won the 440-yard dash in the Fall Handicap Games of 1914. He held memberships in the Forestry Club, the Scientific Association, the Cadmean Literary Society, and played second violin in the School Orchestra. He went on to Princeton University with the class of 1919. During World War I, he served as a lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps, was wounded in action and awarded the Purple Heart and the Croix de Guerre. He devoted his professional career to business and before his retirement, he was president and chairman of the Dragon Cement Company, which was acquired by American Marietta, now Martin Marietta. He was a member of the World War I Overseas Flyers, a past president of the United States Seniors’ Golf Association, and many other golf organizations. Surviving are his wife, Janet Greason Ackerman; a daughter, Sidney Bacon ’86; and five grandchildren, including Shelly Brooks Robinson ’77. His son-in-law is Frank Brooks Robinson ’50.

1917 – Francis McNeil Bacon III
died on July 16, 1982, at his home, “Sherrewoque,” in St. James, New York. Born in Short Hills, New Jersey, on May 14, 1899, he was the son of Pauline Post and Francis McNeil Bacon, Jr. He entered St. Paul’s in 1913, played on the first Old Hundred hockey team, was treasurer of the Scientific Association, and held memberships in the Halcyon boat club and the Cadmean Literary Society. He went on to Harvard with the class of 1921 and later received a graduate degree from Oxford University, England. In 1927, he founded the firm of Bacon, Stevenson and Company and was a member of the New York Stock Exchange until September 1968. He was co-inventor, with Harold Vanderbilt, of contract bridge. Other enthusiasms included golf, skiing, hockey, and backgammon. He is survived by his wife, Antoinette Frissell Bacon; a son, Varick McNeil Bacon ’51; a daughter, Sidney Bacon Stafford; two grandchildren, Montgomery Bacon Brookfield and Susan Brent Brookfield; and a sister, Pauline Bacon Herrick.

1924 –
Winston Frederick Churchill Guest
died on October 25, 1982, at Mineola, Long Island, New York. Born on May 20, 1906, the son of Amy Phripps and Frederick E. Guest, he entered the School in the spring of 1921. He held memberships in the Concordian Literary Society, the Delphian athletic club and Shattuck boat club. Active in tennis, he was secretary-treasurer of the Lawn Tennis Association and played at No. 4 on the SPS tennis team. He graduated in 1923, after his fifth form year, and went on to Yale with the class of 1927, and then to the Columbia School of Law. During the 1930s he practiced law in New York City. An expert polo player, he was ranked at 10 goals in both the outdoor and indoor sport – the top rank for ability. In 1930, he was one of the United States players who successfully defended the international polo trophy against the British team. In 1934, he married the former Helena Woolworth McCann; their marriage subsequently ended in divorce. In World War II, he was a captain in the U.S. Marine Corps. He lived at Templeton, his estate in Old Westbury, Long Island, where he maintained the Templeton racing stables. He also had a home in Palm Beach, Florida. Surviving are his wife, C.Z. Guest; a daughter, Cornelia C. Guest; three sons, Frederick Edward Guest ’56, Winston Guest, and Alexander M. D. Guest; a sister, Diana Manning; a brother, Raymond Guest; and six grandchildren. Also surviving is a cousin, Ogden Phripps ’26.

1925 –
William Perkins Wadsworth
died on July 22, 1982, at “The Homestead,” the Wadsworth family home in Geneseo, New York. Born seventy-four years earlier at the same place, on September 16, 1906, he was the son of Elizabeth Greene Perkins and William Austin Wadsworth. He grew up in Livingston County and came to St. Paul’s in 1920 from the Fay School in Massachusetts. A quiet, very likeable fellow, he was an active Delphian, playing football, track, and running cross country. He also participated in the School’s boxing program. He went on to Harvard, graduating in 1929, and then returned to Geneseo where he managed the family’s farms and real estate holdings of some 15,000 acres. In 1929, he married Martha Doty Scofield and together they had three daughters and a son. Mrs. Wadsworth died in 1958. The following year, he married Penelope Weare Crane. During World War II, he served with the U.S. Army and rose to the rank of major with the 101st cavalry. He was stationed from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on the west to Saalfelden, Austria, on the east. Three interests dominated his life—agriculture, civic service, and foxhunting. In Geneseo, he served on the village sewer commission, the board of education, and was a town councillor for thirty years. A justice of the peace for thirty-four years, an active member of the volunteer fire department, he was for a time chairman of the zoning board of appeals. He was a member of the board of governors of the Genesee Valley Hunt and was a past president of the Master of Foxhounds Association of America. Small boat sailing, skiing, and tennis rounded out his recreational pursuits. He viewed his primary mission in life to be “the preservation of the fertility and efficacy of the agricultural land entrusted to me by my ancestors.” And his secondary mission: “the preservation and encouragement of the economic, aesthetic, recreational, and historic advantages of country living.” A friend recounted, “He was a worker, not an aristocrat. When something needed to be done, he was always there with his sleeves rolled up. He never did anything for show in his life.” Surviving are his wife; a son, William Austin Wadsworth; three daughters, Winifred W. Lloyd, Sara W. Wood, and Martha W. Heen; and many grandchildren, including William P. Wood, Jr. ’71, Louisa B. Wood ’77, and Martha Wadsworth ’86, and great grandchildren. Three step-grandsons are SPS graduates: Avery S. Andrews III ’67, Owen W. Andrews ’75, and John S. Andrews ’79. A son-in-law is William P. Wood ’45.

1926 – Clarence Burley Boutell
died on July 29, 1981, in Norwalk, Connecticut, after a long illness. Born in Washington, D.C., on February 8, 1908, the son of Avis Burley and Roger Sherman Gates Boutell (SPS 1899), he entered the School in 1922. His activities included assistant editor of the Horae Scholasticae, treasurer of the Scientific Association, and councillor of the Concordian Literary Society. He was a Delphian and Shattuck boat club member. Following graduation, he had started on a scientific course at Stanford University but books and writing lured him away. Following a year in Europe, he went into book publishing, taking a job as advertising manager for Alfred Knopf. During the next twenty-five years, he managed to spread his experience over almost the total range of commercial writing. He served a number of publishing houses, including Putnam’s, Coward-McCann, and John Day. He worked for several magazines—one of them, The Saturday Review—and was editor of a book club. As a newspaperman, he wrote a syndicated
column on books and authors for the New York Post and authored two successful books for children. With Sterling North, he also compiled and annotated Speak of the Devil, an anthology distributed by the Literary Guild. During World War II, he helped establish and was first chairman of the Council on Books in Wartime, an organization which spread over thirty-three million free books to men and women in uniform. His last professional association, in the late 1960s, was with the Famous Writers School in Connecticut. Following his retirement, he continued his interests in writing and his hobby of Basset hounds, travelling regularly to field trials and shows. His wife, the former Helen Paulsen, died in 1970. Surviving are two daughters, Patricia Denlinger and Christine Raynor; a son, William B. Boutil; and nine grandchildren.

1926 — Robert Forster Wilson died on February 24, 1982, at his home in Washington, D.C. Born in Middletown, Ohio, on July 27, 1907, he was the son of Helen Forster and Harry Thomas Wilson. He entered St. Paul’s School in 1921 and soon became an outstanding SP’s athlete. A member of the Delphian and SP’s football, ice hockey and baseball teams, he was elected captain of the Delphian football team in his sixth form year. He was awarded the Gordon Medal for 1926 and was graduated sum laude from the School. At Yale, with the class of 1939, he was a member of Psi U, the Sword and Gun Club and the Cup men, as well as playing on the Yale football, baseball and ice hockey teams. In his senior year he was the captain of the 1929-1930 Yale hockey team which posted the best win-loss record of any hockey team in Yale history. After Yale, he was associated with the Kroger Company in Cincinnati, Ohio, and then joined Magruder Food Stores in 1935. During World War II, he was a captain in the Army Air Corps. From 1947 until his retirement in 1967, he served as president and chairman of Magruder, Inc., after which he was associated with the Department of Commerce for four years and as director of the Washington Better Business Bureau. Besides skating, his hobbies were sailing, tennis and bridge. In 1937 he married Marie Louise Hansen and had two children, a son Brian and a daughter Nancy. Marie Louise died in 1977. In 1980, he married Eugenia Harding of Middletown, Ohio, who presently lives in Washington. His many friends will surely miss his contagious enthusiasm and enjoyment of life.

—Daniel H. Hickok '26

1927 — Beirne Lay, Jr. a retired Air Force Colonel, died May 26, 1982, in UCLA Medical Center, Los Angeles, after a long illness at home. He was born on September 1, 1909, in Berkeley Springs, West Virginia, the eldest son of Beirne Lay (SPS 1879), a master at the School, and Marian Colston Hunter Lay. Entering St. Paul’s with the first form of 1920, he sang in the choir all his time at School, joined the Cadmean Literary Society, played on the first Old Hundred football and hockey teams in his sixth form year, and graduated in 1927. Beirne took his B.A. degree at Yale in 1931. At New Haven he boxed and rowed and happened to see a movie, “Wings,” starring Buddy Rogers, that fixed the course of his life—it ignited in him a fierce desire to become a pilot.

In June, 1938, at Kelly Field, Texas, he was commissioned a lieutenant in the U.S. Army Air Corps and assigned to the 20th Bombardment Squadron at Langley Field, Virginia, for two years of active duty. More flying than even he could have requested came in the winter of 1934, when the Army was ordered to fly the air mail, with no planning or preparation. He wrote me about his Chicago-Nashville night run: “Airmail pilots fly a day run two or three years as co-pilot before they go out alone, knowing every foot of the ground. They call it legalized murder when we go out at night for the first time alone in ships strange to us and inadequately equipped.” In 1937, he dramatically flew a P6 pursuit plane to Concord for his tenth reunion at St. Paul’s, just as his first book I Wanted Wings was being widely displayed in hometown bookstores. In 1938 Beirne married Miss Ludwell Lee of Hampton, Virginia, in a military ceremony. Two months after Pearl Harbor, in February 1942, he flew to England with Maj. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, who had assembled a staff to organize the Eighth Air Force. As a lieutenant colonel, he became commander of the 487th Bombardment Group. He was shot down over France in April, 1944, leading his eleven mission, was concealed by the French Underground, and with their help returned to England after three suspenseful months. His decorations include the Purple Heart, the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal.

In 1946, Beirne retired with the rank of colonel and returned with his family to Hollywood, to resume writing. He was always tuned to the romance and drama that aviation held for earthmen, and he conveyed the excitement of it all very effectively in such articles as “Should I Jump?”, Death Over the Cities,” “I Saw Regensburg Destroyed,” “Presumed Dead,” and “Down in Flames, Out by Underground.” These articles appeared in Saturday Evening Post, Harper’s, Fortune, Reader’s Digest and Esquire. Besides I Wanted Wings, his best-known books were I’ve Had It, 12 O’Clock High (with Sy Bartlett), Someone has to Make It Happen, Russia is Winning, and Earthbound Astronauts. Beirne always credited Prof. John Berdan of Yale for his insistant “Identify by specific detail!” He won renown for screenplays for some of the above books plus The Gallant Hours, Jet Pilot, Toward the Unknown, Strategic Air Command, and Above and Beyond—the last two of which won Academy Award nominations. Among his many awards were two he cherished: The Air Force Association arts and letters award of 1956 and a distinguished patriotic service citation from the Department of the Air Force.

Aside from such public success, his personal expressiveness needs recalling. For example, he wrote me once that he had come across the perfect epitaph, inspired by the asterisk in the sports pages opposite the golfer who shoots an 82 in the Masters—“Withdrew.” On another occasion, he wrote: “I could never say, as so many people do about their lives, that ‘I wouldn’t change a minute of it.’ I wouldn’t live it all over because I couldn’t stand the excitement.” He had to undergo a fluoroscopy of a lung shadow because “they want to find out if it is malignant, malicious or even vindictive.” And then, “Now I’m taking five weeks of laser radiation, five times a week. If this doesn’t work, the cry will be, ‘Back it up! I’m ready.’” My favorite: When Roger Drury asked him to review Horace Brock’s ‘(26) book, “Flying the Oceans,” for the Alumni Horae, Beirne responded “Dear Roger. Roger. Beirne.”

Beirne Lay was my oldest and my lifelong friend. He did not find it easy to relate to many of the St. Paul’s boys, but he lived his dreams and he made it to the stars. I cherish a thousand memories of him. He is survived by his widow, Ludwell, of Los Angeles; two daughters, Philippa and Frances Lay, and two sisters, Mrs. Robert McClanahan and Mrs. W. Brown Morton, Jr. His brother, John H. Lay ’29, Lt. Col. (ret.), USAF, died in 1973.

—Brinckerhoff W. Kendall ’27

1927 — Samuel Percival Weston, Jr. died on October 9, 1982, in LaJolla, California. A native Californian, he was born on December 10, 1909, the son of Effie Turner and Samuel Percival Weston. He entered St.
Paul's in 1923 and held memberships in the Scientific Association, the Delphian athletic club and the Halcyon boat club. A graduate of Yale University with the class of 1931, he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa during his junior year. From 1941 to 1967, he was employed by the Solar Aircraft Company and Rohr Corporation, serving as editor of various company publications. He served as librarian of the La Jolla Country Day School from 1967 until 1972, when he retired. Over the years, he was active in, and served on the boards of, numerous civic and charitable organizations, including University of California Extension, Great Books of San Diego, Library Association of La Jolla, San Diego Open Forum, United Cerebral Palsy, Family Service Association, and United Community Service. Perhaps his most active and sustaining avocational involvement was with La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art. The last survivor of the several La Jollans who founded the Museum (then called the Art Center of La Jolla) in 1940, he served numerous terms as a member and officer of the Museum's board, including president in 1969-70. He is survived by his wife, Marcia Tracy Weston (his first wife, Helen, died in 1969); two sons, David Weston and S. Peter Weston; and two granddaughters.

1929 - James Church Coggill died on July 18, 1982, in New York City. Born in New York, on February 7, 1911, he was the son of Helen Hickox and George Coggill. Entering St. Paul's in 1924, he was a Delphian and member of the Shattuck boat club. He graduated from Yale College in 1933 with a B.A. degree and then, in 1937, from the Law School of the University of Virginia. Subsequently, he was admitted to the Bar in Virginia and New York and to several Federal Courts. A specialist in admiralty law, he was associated with the firms of Kirlin, Campbell, Hickox, Keating and McGann and then Haight, Griffin, Deming, and Gardiner in New York. During World War II, he served with the U.S. Army Air Corps in the Technical Training Command, mostly at Yale, and then attended the Army's Judge Advocate General's School in Ann Arbor, Michigan. He did not complete the latter course as he was needed by the Army and transferred to the Judge Advocate General's department and assigned to the Military Sea Transportation Service in Washington, D.C. He was released from active duty with the rank of captain. After the War, he continued his association with the Military Sea Transportation Service, until he retired and returned to New York City. Memberships in a number of New York hereditary, patriotic, and military societies were among his retirement interests and activities. He is survived by a brother, George Coggill '25; and a cousin, Charles R. Hickox, Jr. '39.

1929 - Walter Coggleshall Janney, Jr. died in Phoenix, Arizona, on February 1, 1981, at the age of sixty-nine years. He was born in Ardmore, Pennsylvania, on May 29, 1911, the son of Pauline F. and Walter C. Janney. Entering St. Paul's in 1924, he was a member of the SPS Dramatics Club, the Delphian athletic club and the Shattuck boat club. After graduation, he went on to Princeton University with the class of 1934, and then to Harvard Law School where he received his degree in 1937. He served with the Air Force during World War II and then, from 1949 to 1963, was engaged as an attorney with the U.S. Government and international organizations in this country, Hong Kong and Switzerland. Since 1967, he had been a resident of Arizona. He is survived by his wife, Mary Louise M. Janney; six sons, Walter C. III, Oliver, Samuel, Curtis, James and Kimber Janney; three sisters; and one granddaughter.

1933 – Ridgway Macy Hall died on June 10, 1982, at his home in Stony Creek, Branford, Connecticut. Born June 21, 1914, in West Orange, New Jersey, he was the son of Helen Macy and Irving K. Hall of New York City. He was educated at St. Bernard's School in New York before entering St. Paul's School in 1928. A member of the Forestry Club, he was a halfback on the first Delphian eleven and was a Halcyon. He continued his education at the Bentley School of Accounting and Finance in Boston, Massachusetts. Associated with International Business Machines from 1934 to 1939, then with Crittall-Federal Company in Waukesha, Wisconsin, he was with copper section of The War Production Board in Washington, D.C. from 1942 to 1944. During World War II, he served as chief warrant pay clerk of the U.S. Naval Reserve. From 1946 until his retirement as chairman in 1977, he was associated with The Blake and Johnson Company of Waterbury, Connecticut, and Bea­fort, South Carolina. From 1955 to 1968 he was a corporator and director of the Waterbury Savings Bank (now The Banking Center) and, from 1972 to 1976, he was a director of The First Carolina Bank of Beaufort. Active in many civic and community organizations, he received the Junior Chamber of Commerce award of 1951 as "Young Man of the Year." He was a director and president of The Mattatuck Museum in Waterbury; a director and then president of the Waterbury Civic Orchestra; and a director of the Waterbury Foundation, the Waterbury Child Guidance Clinic, and the Waterbury Boys Club. While a member of St. John's Episcopal Church he served as chairman of the music committee. He was also a trustee of Saint Margaret's School. While a resident of Beaufort, he served on a Fine Arts Committee of the Beaufort Museum and was instrumental in developing a collection of South Carolina Art for that community. For the past four years he had been an executive committee member of the Yale University Art Gallery Associates, and a director of the Branford Land Trust. Surviving are his wife, the former Lucy Elton Wayland; two sons, Ridgway M. Hall, Jr. '59 and Elton Wayland Hall '62; a daughter, Eleanor Hall Cleve­lenger; four grandchildren; and a sister, Olivia Hall Luetteke.

1938 – Motley Sawyer died on June 15, 1982, in Monument Beach, Massachusetts, after a brief illness. He was sixty-two. Born in Boston on February 25, 1920, he was the son of Kathryn Motley and H. Eugene Sawyer, Jr. Entering St. Paul's in 1932, he was an Isthmian, played No. 2 on the SPS squash team, and was a member of the Shattuck boat club. He attended Yale University with the class of 1942 and enlisted in the Navy Reserve in December of 1941, serving in various areas of patrol in the Atlantic. From 1945 until his retirement in 1980, he was employed by the Mason-Nealan Company of Norwood, Massachusetts, as a systems analyst, having learned and developed insights into the use of computers in the early days of their development. He loved the sea and "messing about in boats," and read a great deal, particularly in the realms of science, aviation and the exploration of space. In addition, he was a radio "ham," a devotee of classical music, and an excellent tennis player. In 1942, he was married to Betty B. Sawyer. Together, they had five children, three of whom survive. The couple was divorced in 1976. Surviving are three daughters, Kathryn Sawyer White, M. Elizabeth Sawyer, and Jean Sawyer Railton; two granddaughters, Katrina A. White and Jessica Sawyer White; and a sister, Kathryn S. Gillies.

1940 – Roderic Ladew O'Connor died on October 24, 1982, in Far Hills, New Jersey. Born on August 10, 1921, the son of Dorothy Williams and James W. O'Connor,
he entered the School in 1935. An active member of his form, he was a member of the School Council, the Missionary Society, treasurer of the Dramatic Club and of the Library Association, and vice-president of the Cadmean Literary Society. A member of the Athletic Association's executive committee, he was an Isthmian, a Shattuck, and coxswain of the School crew. From St. Paul's he went on to Yale University and then received his law degree from Yale Law School in 1947. He served two tours of military duty in Europe during World War II, and was awarded the rank of Commander of the Order of Orange, one of the highest decorations bestowed by the Netherlands. As a navigator with the 15th Air Force, he completed fifty combat missions. During 1951 and 1952, he was in West Germany attached to the command of the U. S. High Commissioner. He joined the State Department in 1953 as special assistant to Secretary of State Dulles. For the next three years, he served as a policy technician to the Secretary and was a member of the U.S. delegations to several post-war conferences, including the 1954 meeting of foreign ministers in Berlin, a nine-power meeting in London in 1954, and the heads-of-Government four-power meeting in Geneva in 1955. He was appointed administrator of the Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs with the rank of Assistant Secretary of State in 1957. A member of the New York law firm of Kelley, Drye, Newhall and Marshall between 1947 and 1950 and from 1959 to 1969, he served as vice president and director of Ciba-Geigy Corporation, a Swiss manufacturer of pharmaceuticals and chemicals with an office in Summit, New Jersey. In 1969, he returned to public service when appointed assistant administrator for East Asia operations of the Agency for International Development by President Nixon. In 1973, he was elected president of the Citizens' Budget Commission, a nonpartisan, business-oriented watchdog over New York City finances. Surviving are his wife, Ingrid Elgar O'Connor; a daughter, Christina A. O'Connor; and a son, Michael J. O'Connor. His nephew is James O'Connor Whitlock '66.

1943 — Charles Payson Coleman
died on October 21, 1982, at his home in Glen Head, Long Island, New York. He was fifty-seven years old. Born in Englewood, New Jersey, on October 16, 1925, the son of Elinor Payson and Douglas Rulison Coleman, he entered St. Paul's in 1939. An Old Hundred, he was a linesman for the first eleven, played on the first hockey team and subsequently was named to the School team, and rowed at No. 7 on the first Shattuck crew and at No. 5 on the School crew. He was a member of the Missionary Society, the Acolyte Guild, and the Cadmean Literary Society. After graduation, he went on to Williams College and Columbia Law School. In 1950, he joined the New York law firm of Davis Polk & Wardwell, became a partner in 1957, and since 1971, had served as chairman of the firm's management committee—guiding Davis Polk during a period of substantial growth. He specialized in corporate law and was an adviser to many prominent clients, including American Telephone and Telegraph Company, General Motors, the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, and Morgan Stanley & Company. He worked on the security issues of many major American corporations and on bond issues in this country by Australia, Canada, Italy, Britain and Venezuela. He was a trustee of the Church Pension Fund of New York, an overseer of the Cornell University Medical College, and a director of the Community Hospital at Glen Cove. An active sportsman, he was especially fond of skiing, tennis, golf and sailing. Surviving are his wife, Mimi Louise Wainwright Coleman; three daughters, Penny, Linda, and Susan Coleman; a son, C. Payson Coleman Jr.; his mother; a brother, Douglas R. Coleman, Jr. '45; and four grandchildren. He is also survived by a nephew, C. Philip Coleman '78; a brother-in-law, Peter Stuyvesant Wainwright '44; and two cousins, Leighton H. Coleman, Jr. '49 and Eliot B. Payson '30.

1951 — Elliott Bates McKee, Jr.
died in a plane crash on July 18, 1982, in Wenatchee, Washington. He was forty-eight years old. Born on January 10, 1934, in Mt. Kisco, New York, he was the son of Katherine Fillsbury and E. Bates McKee (SPS '22). Entering St. Paul's in 1945, he was to assume prominence in the life of the School, serving as president of the Missionary Society, treasurer of the Sixth Form of 1951, and as a contributor to "The Pelican." He was an Isthmian, a member of the club's first eleven, a defense man in first hockey, and catcher on the first baseball team. He was selected a member of the School's hockey and baseball teams. At graduation, he received the John Hargate Medal, for highest rank in mathematics, and the School Medal, for excellence in the performance of School duties. He went on to Yale, receiving a B.S. in geology in 1955, and then to Stanford for a Ph.D. in the same discipline. In 1958, he joined the geology faculty at the University of Washington, an association that was to last until 1972 when he resigned to pursue a business career. He continued to hold the title of curator of minerals at the Burke Memorial-Washington State Museum. In 1972, he authored "Cascadia: The Geologic Evolution of the Pacific Northwest," a definitive textbook still used at the University of Washington today. Leaving the University, he became president of McKee and Mooney, Inc., a diversified marine-oriented company. More recently, with university colleagues, he founded Cambria Corporation, a geologic consulting firm. Throughout much of his life he was an avid racing and cruisingachtsman. He had re-entered competitive sailboat racing during the past year, putting together an exceptionally strong crew which finished second overall in the 1982 Swiftsure race over the Memorial Day weekend. The season was to have been his "Last Hurrah" in big boats, as he and his wife planned to return to dinghy-type racing with their twelve-year-olds in 1983. Sailing was a family pursuit: two older sons were named Seattle's sailor-of-the-year for the years 1980 and 1981. He started flying three years ago; it was an insatiable interest. Two days before the accident, he had received his twin-engine rating, and was working on his flight instructor's and seaplane ratings as well. One of the purposes of his last flight was to complete information-gathering for a re-write of "Cascadia," which he felt an obligation to revise. Survivors include his wife, Pamela McKee; a daughter, Katherine McKee; five sons, Bates, Jonathan, Charles, David, and John McKee; his father; and two brothers, Philip McKee and Charles D. McKee '58.

1971 — Charles Albert Kiger
died on May 7, 1982, in New Orleans. Born on July 16, 1952, in Washington, D.C., he was the son of Jean Myrick Moore and Dr. Joseph C. Kiger. Entering St. Paul's in 1966, he was a member of the Outing Club, the choir, and the Old Hundred athletic club, lettering in soccer and participating in hockey. He was an oarsman for the Shattucks. Following graduation, he went on to Harvard College, receiving his B.A. degree in 1976. In September of that year, he married Vida Kajfez. During the time he attended law school at the University of Mississippi, they lived in the countryside with Buck, a treasured yellow labrador, and a constant supply of little, yellow puppies. The summer of 1980 found Carl joining the New Orleans law firm of Milling, Benson, Woodward,
Hillyer, Pierson & Miller. A few months later, in November, a daughter, Jennie, was born. They lived across the river from downtown New Orleans and Carl’s SPS friends would surely have recognized him standing on the topmost, outside deck of the ferry on the way to work each day, always in his broad-brimmed hat, very often in the pouring rain. Carl and Vida were very happy in New Orleans and were on the verge of buying a house there, delighted to be so close to the “piney woods” of the South which they loved. He died on a rainy morning when a large truck veered out of its lane and struck his car. Surviving are his wife, Vida Kajfez Kiger; a daughter, Genevieve Kajfez Kiger; his parents; a brother, John J. Kiger ‘72; and his grandmother, Mrs. A. B. Moore.

**TRUSTEE**

Katherine Neuhaus Munson Wilmerding
died on July 12, 1982, at Campbellton, New Brunswick, Canada. A native of Houston, Texas, who attended Smith College, she had been a resident of Philadelphia’s Main Line area for almost forty years. A leader in civic and community affairs, she was first named to the board of trustees of the old Philadelphia General Hospital in 1954, then appointed and reappointed to terms by three Philadelphia mayors. She also worked with the United Fund, participated on the boards of the Fund’s health and welfare agencies and was a leader in its annual Torch Drive. She served as president of the Associated Day Care Services, as a trustee of the Philadelphia Divinity School, and as a trustee of the Episcopal Divinity School of Cambridge, Massachusetts, with which the Philadelphia school was merged. At the time of her death, she was serving her second term trusteeship at St. Paul’s—having been elected to a first term, May 1975 to April 1979, and then again serving from April 1981 until her death. Her association with the School ran deep, as she was wife, mother, sister, and grandmother to SPS graduates. Her ready smile, sympathetic ear, and sincere interest in others won her many student and faculty friends at the School. Her first husband, who died in 1979, was Townsend Munson ’29. A son, the late Townsend Munson, Jr., was a member of the Form of 1956. Surviving are her husband, David R. Wilmerding ’28; two daughters, Kate Munson Rowe and Elizabeth Palmer Munson ’74; a son, George R. Munson ’55; three grandchildren; and four brothers, Hugo V. Neuhaus ’54, Joseph R. Neuhaus ’55, James H. Neuhaus ’43, and Philip Neuhaus. Among the Wilmerding family survivors are David R. Wilmerding, Jr., ’53, Harold P. Wilmerding ’55, and Alexander Wilmerding ’82.

**FORMER FACULTY**

Sir Robert Birley
the head master of Eton College, who, in the autumn of 1955, spent six weeks with his family at the School marking the start of the 100th Anniversary celebration, died in England last July at the age of seventy-nine. A distinguished educator, he had served as head master at Charterhouse before assuming the post at Eton. In retirement, he dedicated his life to activities designed to further Anglo-German relations in education and culture.

Frank Lemuel Johnson
a mathematics teacher at the School from 1917 to 1947, died on May 17, 1982 at a Danbury, Connecticut, hospital. He was eighty-six years old. Born in Newtown, Connecticut, on June 12, 1895, the son of Alma Camp and Charles Johnson, he was educated in the Newtown Schools and was a 1917 graduate of Trinity College. After college, he came to St. Paul’s and remained for thirty years. From 1947 to 1960, he worked at the Newtown Savings Bank. An organist and carillonneur, he was a member of the Guild of Carillonneurs of North America and the Vergilian Society. Active in community affairs, he was a founder of the Newtown Historical Society and served as trustee and former treasurer of the Cyrenius H. Booth Library and of the Newtown branch of the Salvation Army. Perhaps one of his most enjoyable pursuits was his organ playing and his times at the Trinity Carillon during summer concerts. He was married to the late Edith Clayton Johnson, and is survived by several nieces and nephews.
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