The Science Building addition moves along. Here are two recent interior views.

Alumni Horae
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The Cover: No, this is not the frigate model once moored in Hargate (now in Payson) unexpectedly swollen to monstrous size. This is a half-scale replica of the whaling bark *Lagoda*, largest ship model in the world (see page 14).

*Photo credits:* Alan N. Hall: 5; Bradford F. Herzog: Cover II and IV, 4, 7, 18, 26, 27, 32, 33, 35, 37, 39; Tom Jones: 2; Kimball Studio: 20, 23, 25; Ted Randall: 28; Matthew E. Schmitz '86: 6, 29, 34; Sanford R. Sistare: 38; SPS Archives: 19; Nicholas Whitman: Cover I, 14, 16, 17; Dora M. Voorhees: 9, 11, 13.
Dear Alumni & Alumnae

On any January afternoon I enjoy a charming vista from my study window in the Rectory. Between the two chapels and through bare branches of birches and maples, all clearly outlined against fresh snow and a crystal sky, fly a score or more of our skaters, helter-skelter and in colorful costume, in and around the rinks on the Lower Pond. And listening closely I can hear the punctuation of sticks and pucks and bodies against the boards above the slither of skimming blades on ice and the insistent joy of young voices in the crisp New Hampshire air. Doubtless these images will evoke some cherished memories of the winter term in Millville. Elsewhere in this issue of the Alumni Horae are other words and pictures to sustain the suggestion that time and changes have not prevailed against nature and tradition at St. Paul’s. Most of the scenes and occasions of our common life today are surely familiar to generations of the School’s alumni, and thus the links of love and loyalty are reforged.

Still, there is much that is unfamiliar to note and to admire about the School in winter. Do you know about the School’s Independent Studies Program which has now assumed international dimensions? Are you aware that with Andover and Exeter we help to sponsor School Year Abroad, a residential study program with centers in France and Spain? Have you kept abreast of our developing relationship with Seikei School in Tokyo, an association of more than thirty years? Students involved in these programs today are spending the winter term far from Millville, but their studies and their experience are all part of what they will remember about St. Paul’s School and the education they have received here.

Would you believe that one of our VI Formers is spending the winter in tropical Africa on an Independent Study project? Ashley Skinner is assisting medical missionaries in their ministry to the tribal people in Cameroun. She writes to me thus: “Africa is fabulous, and my Independent Study project has become an adventure that I never dreamed possible. I had no idea what to expect. Now I find myself in the heart of the jungle, surrounded by thick, lush tropical trees and a wide variety of tropical animals and birds. We are living amongst the Bulu tribe, experiencing and learning their very different way of life. This mission is offering me a wide variety of living con-
ditions: medical, linguistic, cultural, religious, and everything in between."

In not such exotic circumstances perhaps, but still far from the woodlands of New Hampshire, Nicholas Stevens is pursuing his study of Russian language, society, and culture in Moscow. Nicholas reports that “When I am not working, my ability to speak Russian is being put to the test. Russian is the primary language of the household, and I am forced to use it in everyday conversation. My grasp of the language is getting stronger and stronger every day . . . I allot certain time to do other things—go to diplomatic receptions, museums, plays, and the circus. As far as Russian culture goes, I have been immersed. Tonight I am even going to the Bolshoi Ballet.”

Diane Moss is working at the United Nations University for Peace in Paris. She tells me that her original goals were “To learn about the educational programs of the University for Peace, to familiarize myself with the current steps being taken towards international peace, to broaden my skills in communication, and to meet the challenges of independence in a foreign place.” Well into the winter term she now writes that “I have constantly been exposed to the work being done and the goals being achieved by the University. I became so absorbed in the ideas that I am now making plans to continue the work with the University in either refugee work or studies this summer in Costa Rica. I have been able to witness debates between Israeli and Soviet delegates on the subject of Israel’s occupation in Lebanon and Palestine, and the contrasting views within the Third World of the U.S. and its economic, political, and foreign policy. To discuss the challenges I have had to meet might take forever. For now, may I say that while I never could have known what to expect, I couldn’t have asked or hoped for a greater learning experience.”

Amy Lin is spending her winter term in Taiwan, teaching English as a second language to Chinese schoolchildren, and thereby testing a possible vocation in the field of education. Jennifer Koch-Weser is improving her language skills by living with a German family in Neu Isenburg and attending the Leibnizgymnasium near Frankfurt.

Closer to home, but absent from us this winter, are a number of other VI Formers on a variety of assignments under the auspices of the ISP and the oversight of its energetic and imaginative director, Charles “Chip” Morgan. Mr. Morgan tells me that Nicholas Spooner is having an outstanding experience in the advertising industry. Nick is using his artistic gifts and skills as an intern in a Boston firm. Asked what the ISP is contributing to his education, Nick’s answer is clear: self-confidence, ability, maturity. “Self-confidence”: that is a benefit of the ISP experience which others also quickly identify. Marcia Sanders bears witness to this after her first few weeks working with autistic children in New Haven. So does Danyelle O’Hara who is serving the special needs of Cambodian refugee children at a day-care center in Providence. Danyelle also reports that “I have learned about the extreme poverty that exists in America through my contact with the refugees who are some of the most unfortunate victims of that poverty. It is something that I have heard and read about, but couldn’t ever fathom it existing. I have also learned how the children who are victims of poverty are key elements in making it something bearable. The high spirits of the children and their
naiveté seem to often pull their parents through the horrors they have to face."

Perhaps the most unusual and unexpected project in a roster of eighteen ISPs during the winter term is that of Mary Chris Evans, who is working for a firm of private investigators. In her project proposal, Chris made clear that her goals were to gain a better knowledge of the death penalty, the justice system, and private investigating. Now she reports “I have learned that the court system is unreliable and that death penalty cases can be put off for years at a time. During this time the defendant must live with the fear of not knowing whether he is going to live or die. I have also learned that it is less expensive to house a person in prison than it is to go through the endless appeals involved in death penalty cases.”

The eagerly awaited reports which these young people will share with the School upon their return in early April, together with those of Craig Sherman, our SPS-Seikei Scholar for the school year 1984-85, and the students now studying at the School Year Abroad centers in Rennes and Barcelona, lend a note of heightened anticipation here in Millville to the always authentic words of expectation: “If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?” My sense is that with the measure they give to all of us on their return from such unusual educational experience, so will they keep and cherish the memories of an unforgettable winter term of work and study made possible by St. Paul’s School.

March 9, 1985
To seek the truth is to revenge oneself on Life.

It will come as no surprise to most readers of the Alumni Horae that growing up in Millville is no easy task—and the winter term traditionally marks the hardest part of a year of growth. A community of five hundred adolescents at any time creates its own peculiar and ageless stresses—Why am I not stronger, taller, more mature, more popular, more graceful, more capable?—but the winter term adds its special dark flavoring: coughs and colds and flu; the uncomfortable recognition by new students that after three months they still have much to learn about SPS; the tightening tension for many VI Formers, whose college acceptances are now in the lap of the gods and who can only stand and wait; and the seemingly relentless academic cauldron cooking away with homework after quiz after test after exam after page paragraph after term paper—another all-nighter! Yikes!

And the curriculum doesn't necessarily lead a student into broad sunny uplands of optimism (at least at first glance). So far this year my English 4 students, for example, have observed Ethan Frome and Mattie hitting that tree in Starkfield, Jay Gatsby floating in his swimming pool in West Egg, Sidney Carton mounting to the guillotine in Paris, Bigger Thomas being dragged by police through the Chicago snow, and Tom Joad and preacher Jim Casey being clubbed by California vigilantes. In the spring we will grapple with the energy and pride and fear of the Macbeths: there are indeed good reasons for St. Paul's students to conclude that life is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Winter term 1985 in some ways brought a number of disturbing issues into new focus for many students as the community sought whatever truths will balance the apparent despair and nihilism behind each morning's news-
paper headlines. (Millville is anachronistically still a print medium place—most of its inhabitants lack televisions or car radios for an early a.m. “news fix.”)

One area of concern has been “living in a nuclear age.” Last term the energetic student/faculty Committee for Living in a Nuclear Age (CLNA) arranged for several speakers, whose presentations were followed by group discussions involving the whole School. From CLNA has come a student-run organization—Students and Teachers Educating Peaceful Societies (STEP)—which is planning a spring term program. CLNA and STEP sponsored five films during the winter term, “History of the Bomb,” “Nuclear Armageddon,” “Nuclear Primer,” “What About the Russians?” and “Nuclear Winter,” as part of their goal to make St. Paul’s students informed and aware.

Another area of concern: Africa. The droughts of Ethiopia and the Sudan, the difficulties of feeding starving nations, the mind-numbing statistics of malnutrition and illness and death, the political insensitivities and ineptitudes—How can life there be so “unfair”? To help us in seeking the truth came James Brooke ’73, New York Times reporter, as a Winant Society and history department visitor, to speak on his recent visit to Angola. The Birkhead Lecturer was Tom Scott, head of the botany department at the University of North Carolina, who spoke on “The World’s Food Supply”; Dr. Scott has served as an agricultural consultant to Third World countries. The Rev. Preston Hannibal of the religion department flew to South Africa with other United States clergy, including SPS Trustee Bishop John Walker, for the enthronement of Desmond Tutu as Bishop of Johannesburg; he gave a vivid report in Chapel of his brief encounter as a black American with apartheid. The Hunger Coalition and the Missionary Society sponsored a voluntary fast on February 25, both to provide funds to the Presiding Bishop’s Fund for World Relief and to increase the community’s awareness of the world hunger problem—it was eerie to see the usually bustling midday dining halls empty of students and faculty.

HELP!!
ALUMNI CLERGY and PHI BETA KAPPA MEMBERS (or both)
DATES of ORDINATION (from 1958 on) and/or DATES OF ELECTION TO PHI BETA KAPPA (from 1965 on) are needed to update our records and to have the names carved in the appropriate places at the School.

Please send this information to Richard DeW. Sawyer, The Alumni Office, St. Paul’s School, Concord, New Hampshire 03301.

For many students perhaps the most puzzling experiences of the winter term were their encounters with the Conroy Visitor, artist Robert DiNero, and the School’s first Samuel Freeman Visitor, James Watson, co-discoverer of DNA. Life in Millville is designed—at least, in part—to create articulate, organized problem solvers who know how to ask the right questions. The question “WHY?” springs almost automatically to the lips of the student, who begins to discern a predictable academic pattern of question and answer, problem and solution, experiment and recorded data, input and output.

DiNero and Watson confounded students by their words, their actions, their ideas. Here was a major American painter who could not explain why; he simply did. Here was a Nobel prize-winning scientist whose self-deprecatory explanations of blunders and dead-ends and hunches seemed to question the validity of why. Our visitors departed leaving the School to think about, thinking, to think about feeling, to feel about both—powerful and perplexing stuff for young people (and for the not-so-young too!), but exciting as a different dimension to our search for Truth.

-A. N. H.
Maurice R. Blake

Once again the winter term was dominated by hockey at SPS. The boys and girls SPS teams posted excellent records, both in the regular season and in pre-season and post-season tournaments.

In December the boys won the coveted Lawrenceville Tournament for the first time in some years, but by the luck of the draw did not face Belmont Hill. Later in the season, the first game between these two old rivals ended in an overtime tie. The next game at Belmont Hill went to the host team. In the New England Championship game in Salisbury, Connecticut, these two outstanding teams faced each other a third time, with Belmont Hill winning by the score of 4-3.

The boys hockey team won the Taft-SPS tournament here, coming from behind in each game to win. (See also below.)

The Isthmians captured the club hockey championship over three rounds of some of the closest games seen in the club competition in some time.

Both the boys and girls basketball teams had winning records. The girls participated in the New England Invitational Tournament for the first time, losing by 4 points in the opening round.

The boys squash team posted another outstanding record, culminating in a tie for 1st place with Belmont Hill at the New England Interscholastics at Choate Rosemary Hall (29 teams participated). The girls finished 6th out of 20 in the girls division, played at Yale.

The Isthmians won the annual club championship in squash. John Musto '87 won both the junior and senior championships, and Hope MacKay '88 won both the junior and senior girls championships (junior competition is for 16-and-under). Hope finished second in the New England Championships, losing to the 18-year-old National Champion. Hope also won the Beekman Poole Cup for girls, and John won the R.J. Clark Cup for boys.

The wrestling team, in a building year with many young wrestlers, had a fine season, placing 8th among 17 teams in the annual Graves-Kelsey Tournament. Their dual meet record was 9-3.

The Nordic ski team continued to improve and, with more snow than has been the norm in the past several winters, made a fine record (final cumulative ratings: boys 4th of 11, girls 2nd of 7). The girls, especially, scored impressive wins in several meets and
placed 4th in the New England Championships.

The Alpine ski teams ended with the boys tying for 3rd in the New England Championships (10 teams), and the girls finishing 3rd of 10 teams.

Award winners for the winter term included Rutledge Simmons ’85, the boys basketball medal; Kevin Powers ’85, the Howell Campbell hockey medal; Paul Kray ‘85, the 1903 hockey medal; John Britton ’85, boys ski medal; and Jennifer McGill ’86, girls ski medal.

Florida Crew Practice

Between March 20 and March 27, 1985, voluntary crew practice will be held in Jupiter, Florida. Coaches Richard Davis, Charles Morgan, and Abigail Rodgers will take four split eights and a four for these activities. Housing, meals, and launch support are being arranged by Ery Kehaya ’42.

Girls Hockey Tournaments

Girls hockey at SPS expanded substantially during the past season. At the start of the Christmas holidays the School hosted the second SPS-Taft Tournament, which is planned as a regular alternate-year fixture. SPS won the tournament, defeating Hotchkiss 4:3, Middlesex 5:4 (Peter Arnold ’47 was the coach), and Taft 5:2 in the final game. One interesting development was that coaches from Bowdoin, Brown, Colby, Cornell, Harvard, Princeton, UNH, and Vermont “scouted” the teams.

At the end of the season the first Captains Game for girls was held at Loomis Chaffee, organized by the secondary school coaches who are members of the American Women’s Hockey Coaches Association. Players were captains, co-captains, or substitutes. The “western” team, coached by Patsy Odden, wife of Taft’s headmaster, was made up of players from Choate Rosemary Hall, Hotchkiss, Kingswood Oxford, Northfield Mount Hermon, Pomfret, and Taft. The “eastern” team, which won 6:2, was coached by Peter Arnold ’47, with players from Buckingham Brown and Nichols, Concord Academy, Exeter, Groton, Holderness, Middlesex, Noble and Greenough, and SPS. Representing SPS was co-captain Georgie Stanley ’85, a three-year veteran (co-captain Anne Soininen ’85 was unable to play because of an injury).

CADMEAN CENTENNIAL

The Cadmean Literary Society celebrates its 100th Anniversary this year. Printed below are entries from the diary of Herbert Parsons, SPS 1886. The Alumni Horae welcomes any anecdotes or reminiscences about the Society from the more recent members of the Cadmean.

Wednesday, March 4, 1885

... At 4 P.M. I came over to the school and went up to a meeting of the Cadmean Society. The Constitution was read but neither Tom Conover nor I signed it.

Friday, May 15, 1885

... Tea, study & then I went up to a meeting of the Cadmean. As visitors we had the Rector, Mr. Charles Knox, Hicks, Scudder & French [Fifth Formers]. The proceedings were pretty tiresome. Terry Boal, who was absent, had a wild dime novel piece which Kellogg read. I don’t believe Dr. Coit approved it much, as he gave Reynolds a stiff about it. Smith had a good essay on Athens & the Athenians. The selected pieces for reading took forever & were not very much. Dr. left during these. Then Reynolds read a long piece on the Cadmean (what it should &). He put in a lot of absurd ideas & said some awfully impertinent things to the 5th Formers present. On the whole his thing was very poor, I thought. Then Mr. Knox gave us a great drive with much encouragement. Hicks spoke well & said the abuse of the 5th Formers (whom I think Reynolds had in his mind were Scudder & Hodges) was because they could not get in. Scudder gave one of his “would-be” funny speeches & made a bitter word to Reynolds. Nothing which French said was against us but his oratory was not very much as he got horribly stuck. During the whole evening I sat & laughed inwardly waiting to hear Dr.’s speech but I was too previous. We were unable to have any Debate, which Mr. Knox wanted to hear very much.

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*5 meets

**4 meets
In May 1984 the American Judicature Society conducted a two-week Chinese tour with visits to Peking, Nanking, Suchow, Shanghai, Canton, and Hong Kong. The Society is the chief legal institution devoted to the improvement of the American judicial system. The purpose of its China trip was to establish a people-to-people relationship with a counterpart of legal institutions in the People's Republic.

The visiting delegation contained sixteen of the Society's lawyers, and twenty family members. Among the group were the four graduates of St. Paul's School shown in the accompanying photograph. It should be noted that the dates of our graduation spanned fifty-two years. The picture was taken in Hong Kong during the last two days of our trip, our one relaxed time, devoted entirely to sightseeing, farewell parties, and money spending. The earlier part of our visit was intellectual, educational, strenuous, and exhausting.

For example, we arrived in Peking after a sixteen-hour flight from San Francisco. Breakfast the next morning, after seven hours of fitful sleep, was followed by attendance at an early meeting at the Peking Institute of Social Sciences, and then we combed through the Friendship Store where all kinds of Chinese art, clothing, and other merchan-

Theodore Voorhees is a partner of Dechert Price and Rhoads, Washington, D.C.
disc may be purchased by non-Chinese tourists at very low prices.

After lunch we had two more meetings, the first with officers of the Chinese Law Society, the second with members of the Supreme People's Court. With the help of interpreters, questioning led to our obtaining surprising information about our Chinese counterparts and, presumably, they about us (i.e., in China there are fifteen thousand lawyers all told, in the U.S. six hundred thousand. We noted that three days later Deng Zaioping, the Chinese numero uno, announced that China must soon have five hundred thousand lawyers).

During our two remaining days in Peking, we did the customary sightseeing: climbing the Great Wall (more perpendicular than horizontal), the Summer Palace (which among other things features the Empress' famous marble boat), Tian'Anmen Square (where a million Chinese not infrequently foregather), and the Forbidden City (where the Emperors, without others being aware of it, fully established how really different from them the Emperors were).

In China

there are 15,000 lawyers . . .

in the U.S. 600,000

In addition, we met with the faculty of the Law School of the University of Peking and attempted to exchange explanations of our respective systems of Justice (there was perhaps a suggestion of ships that pass in the night).

We also met with Mr. Feng, the editor of Chinese Daily, Peking's most recently established newspaper. At the command of the Politburo, it is published in English for the benefit of foreign visitors to China. It has a circulation of eighty thousand as compared to a very large number of other Chinese newspapers, some of which have a daily circulation of over seven million. While in China we read it avidly, discovered that it contained no more communist propaganda than the Wall Street Journal, and found its editor, who was presumably appointed by the Politburo, a charming gentleman. He spoke perfect English and gave us, among many other interesting things, the explanation of how the Chinese newspapers, with a language containing over five thousand symbols in place of our twenty-six letters, were able to deal with newsprint. The explanation, like practically everything in China, was dumbfounding. China Daily was of course the only newspaper in the country which had no such problem.

On our last night in Peking, the Judicature Society hosted a banquet at the Peking Duck Restaurant in honor of sixteen guests, people who had been hospitable to us. An interpreter was seated at each of our four large tables, and the thirty-six Americans were carefully seated so as to be on both sides of our Chinese counterparts. Many toasts and speeches were offered by both hosts and guests, and the beer and rice wine soon made the interpreters almost superfluous.

We arose at five the next morning and drove to the airport. As we passed through the City, at almost every intersection we encountered large groups of elderly Chinese engaged in performing tai chi, a slow motion exercise accompanied by recitals of poetry.

After an airport breakfast at six, we had a two-hour flight to Nanking where we had a number of memorable experiences. The first was to climb to the tomb of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, three hundred and ninety-six steps up the side of a mountain. His statue, though a standing one, reminds one of the Lincoln Memorial. His tomb is in a circular temple at a lower level than the surrounding railed gallery, from which hundreds of visitors look down on his tomb and effigy. There is a strong suggestion of Napoleon's Tomb. The two men were strikingly different, but their tombs both exude overwhelming power.
Right after that, we went to the Tomb of the Ming Emperor, famous for its avenue of stone animals, and then to an ornate guest house built by Madame Chiang Kai Shek, purportedly with the permission of her husband, for trysts with a lover. Any visitor to China today is not likely to pick up much love or respect for Chiang or his wife. They certainly led us up a garden path where we entangled ourselves for nearly fifty years.

That afternoon we were taken to a Youth Correctional Farm, where two thousand male and two hundred female delinquents were incarcerated for crimes of varying degrees of seriousness. We had read long accounts of the correctional farms to which as many as a million political prisoners were banished during the Cultural Revolution (1966-1976), and on whom cruel and barbarous punishment was inflicted. We were astonished and relieved to find that after the overthrow of the Gang of Four a complete change in the handling of crime is now the rule. Under the new system, the objective is to instill in the prisoners a sincere feeling of repentance, and until that is achieved, they are not released. In the meanwhile, they attend daily classes to further their education and are taught trades to enable them to re-enter civilian life with the ability to perform useful work.

The prisoners, mostly teenagers, lived in compounds, spotlessly clean, with double-decker beds, and their clothes along with their toothbrushes arranged in neat rows. Vases of flowers were found in the girls’ dormitories. We saw the inmates in their schooling, working on their tea cultivation and sorting, and in clothes-making. We watched them in highly skilled drilling exercises and heard their singing, which was superb. We had many
individual contacts with them and found them nearly as smiling and friendly as all the other Chinese whom we met. We were told we were the first visitors to the farm.

From Nanking we went by train to Suchow, a very old city, famed for its gardens, many canals, and the manufacture of silk. In our brief stay, we drove across the Yangtze River Bridge, China’s greatest modern engineering accomplishment, and comparable with the Great Wall and the Grand Canal. We also inspected the latter, which was constructed in the Second Century A.D. and extended from Peking to Shangai, a distance of a thousand miles. Much of it is still in heavy use today.

We visited the world-famous Garden of the Humble Administrator, and spent several hours in a factory which manufactured silk. Over two thousand women were employed there (eight hours a day, six days a week, fifty-one weeks a year), opening the cocoons, sorting their contents, and spinning the thread. The temperature was in the nineties, and the work was high speed and required close, constant attention. It was the classic sweatshop and illustration of the communist treatment of the proletariat. The wage was around thirty to forty dollars a month and paid by the Government. Yet the latter also guaranteed to all workers housing at around two or three dollars a month, cheap food, medical treatment, retirement at fifty-five, and compensation for the old, the infirm, and so on. As they say, it is a way of life, and it did not deter our buying a great deal of the most beautiful and least expensive silk in the world.

From Suchow we went by train to Shanghai, where we stayed three days. The highlights were a view of one of the most famous harbors in the world during a river trip along the Huangpo River down to the Yangtze; an inspection of the Shanghai prison, which contained fewer than four thousand prisoners in a city of seven million people; attendance at an all-afternoon criminal trial for embezzlement; and an evening performance of the famous Chinese Acrobats, perhaps the most breath-taking of its kind in the world.

The prison confirmed our observations at the Corrective Farm. We saw the prisoners at work on sewing machines in an endless procession of clothing manufacture, fully illustrating the Chinese reputation of being the hardest workers in the world. We again saw them in drills, reading in unison during lessons, at lunch time, in the prison hospital and receiving medical treatment, which seemed very modern. Hard though the prisoners had to work, the prison was much more humane than ones we had visited in America.

At the criminal trial we were provided with earphones giving us instant translation. The defendant was a supervisor in a sewing machine factory, who managed to embezzle twenty diamonds used for cutting purposes. He was tried before a three-judge police court, the judges very dignified and picturesque in their red-tab uniforms. He was prosecuted both by a “procurator” and the defense counsel. They differed only, so far as we could tell, in that the latter suggested that the court might grant the prisoner leniency in the light of his confession of guilt and repentance. The prisoner was interrogated by the judges and prosecutors, told how he had stolen and attempted to dispose of the diamonds, implicated his cousin who was being tried separately, and was sorrowful about his crime, which he attributed to his desire to get married and inability to earn enough money to do so. At the conclusion of the testimony, the court recessed and withdrew, returned in fifteen minutes, pronounced sentence of guilt and put the prisoner on probation for three years. He was returned to his former job.

We entertained the suspicion that our presence in the courtroom had worked to the defendant’s advantage, but in our country many trials of first offenders end with comparable leniency. So far as the administration of justice and the protection of the defendant’s rights were concerned, Chinese law seemed a millenium behind Anglo-Saxon. On the other hand, if deterrence of crime should be the principal objective, we may be lingering well behind the Chinese. I doubt that their much publicized infliction of capital punishment is too important an explanation of their success in sharply reducing the rate of crime. Recidivism is less than three percent.

... if deterrence of crime should be the principal objective, we may be lingering well behind the Chinese...
Before leaving Shanghai, we paid a visit to a commune in which eighteen thousand people lived in their own houses, though title to them was in the state, and performed all kinds of work on their own farms. They also engaged in a variety of factory work in the commune, which contained recreation centers, movie houses, and restaurants. Seven members of the commune, who were democratically elected, directed the whole series of enterprises. We went through some of their homes, the hospital and some farms, and had a delicious lunch with the very young female who was the head commune director. All the food except the beer was produced within the commune.

It happened to be June 1, which was Children’s Liberation Day, and we attended kindergarten performances by as delightful and talented groups of very small children as could possibly be gathered together in China or elsewhere. Those from one class after another were dressed in the most colorful costumes and with their little faces all rouged up. They danced and sang enchantingly, and it was for us as moving an experience as any on our trip.

Later in the day we flew to Canton where we remained only overnight, leaving early the next morning by train for the two-hour trip across the border to Hong Kong. Our stay on the Island of Kowloon was enjoyable, particularly our visit to the City of Junks, in which as many as seventy thousand fishing people live and seldom ever step foot on land. We were also in Hong Kong at the time of the annual dragon boat races, the fore-runners by a couple of millennia of our boat races at Anniversary.

I do not believe that at any time during our visit to China, the cruelty and hardships of its Revolution were long out of mind. There was nothing there to endear totalitarianism to an American. Yet we developed a boundless admiration of the Chinese people, their courage, hard struggle to overcome the difficulty of their existence, and their great friendliness. All of us became convinced that in some presently unknown way they were working toward an eventual better life where totalitarianism would be left far behind. Even right now, China is clearly America’s friend.
When asked to write this article, my initial reaction, other than feeling complimented, was that it would be a good exercise to have to put into words many things that I tend to take for granted. Museum curators can be a very satisfying life, filled with opportunities for worthwhile accomplishments that contribute not only to the life of the community in which one's museum is located but often to a much broader audience through exhibitions and publications. I use the word life rather than job, because if the job is important to you, it does not end when the whistle blows at five o'clock; you constantly carry it with you, and sometimes your best ideas and most important discoveries occur at times or places far removed from your desk when you are engaged in something completely unrelated to your job. Your curatorial position blends into the other elements of your life, and each enriches the other.

It is difficult to imagine an aspect of human accomplishment or a natural phenomenon that does not somewhere have a museum devoted to it. The current American Association of Museums Directory contains over 1,000 pages listing over 6,000 museums dealing with subjects of every description. Thus the title of "curator" can mean involvement with almost any kind of material. Normally the function of a curator is to preside over and care for a collection. Even within a specific department of knowledge, the functions of a curator can vary widely. Some curators are virtual moles who rarely emerge from the recesses of archive, library, and store room, spending their entire lives engaged with objects and information about them. Other curators are constantly engaged with other people in teaching, lecturing, cultivating their museum's allies and raising funds. For most curators a blend of all of these activities is part of their normal activity.

The origins of my own decision to become a curator are obscure, at least in my own mind. From childhood I have been interested in artifacts of all sorts, initially simply for the objects themselves, later for the ideas and
associations the objects contained. As an indifferent history student at St. Paul’s, I sometimes wonder what my history teachers (J. Carroll McDonald, John Walker, and José Ordoñez) would have thought of the notion that I would end up as the curator of a history museum with a number of books bearing my name on the title page. Perhaps they would have been less surprised than I. At St. Paul’s certainly my friendship with Bill Abbe fostered my interest in collecting works of art, and Stanley MacConnell’s collection of antiques fascinated me, despite the fact that I had little understanding of the significance of his collection. The most memorable Conroy Fellow of my years at St. Paul’s was Frederick B. Adams (S.P.S. ’28), who was then Librarian of the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York City. He had a glamorous position, and his description of the world of art, books, and manuscripts of which he was a part was indeed alluring. Perhaps the notion of a museum career was implanted in me by his visit to the school.

I proceeded to Trinity College (Hartford), thinking that I was interested in becoming an architect. During my college years I regularly visited the Wadsworth Atheneum, America’s oldest art museum. There I became friends with William G. Wendall, Fellow in Research, who presided over the print collection. During the course of many afternoons in his office looking at etchings by Rembrandt, Whistler, Sloan, and others, we talked a lot about art and museums. It was he who first made the direct suggestion that I consider a museum career. Perhaps I had already thought of it, but from that time on, I took it more seriously. I concluded that American cultural history was the area that interested me most, and that the way to pursue it was through graduate school. I learned that the best course available for my interests was the Winterthur Program in Early American Culture, a two-year, interdisciplinary, interinstitutional Master of Arts program sponsored by the Winterthur Museum and the University of Delaware. I was accepted into that program and spent two of the happiest and most constructive years of my life there.

Even as the University of Delaware was conferring the degree of Master of Arts upon me, Local Board No. 11 of the Selective Service System was licking its chops. I promptly joined the Navy and spent four years assigned to the Navy Memorial Museum in Washington, D.C. As my tour of active duty drew to a close, I was faced with the search for employment. I thought that as I was seeking my first real job, any museum concerned with American cultural history would be fine, in order to acquire the experience which is always a prerequisite for even an entry level position. I thought that if I could indulge my interest in maritime history I would be pleased, and if I could return to the New England waterfront, that would be even better. Before I had devised a serious plan of attack, I learned that the New Bedford Whaling Museum was looking for a curator. I applied for the position, received the appointment, and assumed my duties upon separation from the Navy.

The Old Dartmouth Historical Society, more commonly known as the New Bedford Whaling Museum, was founded in 1903 by a group of people who were concerned over the gradual loss of historical material which would be essential to the preservation of knowledge of the history of the area. For many years the Society was run completely by volunteers, who accomplished a great deal. As the Society and its museum grew, so did its activities and its staff. By 1972 when I came aboard there were eleven full-time employees including a professional staff of four. The focal point of the collection was a half-scale model of a whaling bark, which was backed up by the largest collection of whaling material ever assembled. There was also a substantial collection of paintings and decorative arts such as one might expect to find in a local historical society which had been in existence for seventy years. A new Museum Theater had just been opened together with a new exhibition gallery. As my responsibilities generally concerned the care and use of the collections and the development of educational programs, there were opportunities provided by the new facilities for a variety of new enterprises.

During my first year at the Whaling Museum I had two major projects. One was to develop and teach a docent training course. Interpretation of the exhibits and guiding in the museum had never been very satisfactory. There were a number of capable people in the community—principally women whose children were in school during the day—who were interested in serving the museum. With the proper training they could provide far better service to visitors than we had ever had. I produced the syllabus for an intensive twelve-week course, conducted in the

Museums provide people with a point of reference for their own lives.

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manner of a graduate level seminar, which the Director and I taught as a team. The results were highly gratifying, and the course has been held annually ever since. Many of the docents have remained active in the Museum for years, and some have taken on a variety of additional special projects.

My other assignment was the organization and production of an exhibition and catalogue of paintings by Clifford W. Ashley (two of whose grandchildren are Jen Chardon ’77 and Steve Chardon ’75). The opportunity to produce a book was very appealing. At some time during my years at St. Paul’s I developed an interest in books and have collected them ever since, both for the information they contain and for their artistic qualities. My introduction to the latter factor came during my VI Form year through an Art Association expedition to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, where Philip Hofer, Librarian of the Houghton Library at Harvard and uncle of my formmate Philip Heckscher, conducted us through a memorable exhibition entitled “The Artist and the Book.” During my college years I had met Harold Hugo and John Peckham of the Meriden Gravure Company, who have produced some of the most handsome books ever printed. The Ashley project provided an opportunity to work with them on a book that would be excellent in typography and printing as well as a useful contribution to knowledge of its subject. The result was gratifying and initiated a series of publications which continues today.

While teaching, writing, and development of the collection constitute the principal curatorial activities, there are others of equal importance. A museum, as a nonprofit educational institution, has an obligation to provide services to the public. There is an endless influx of requests for all sorts of information which must be dealt with. Although some of the queries provide an occasion for useful research, many do not, but they all must be answered. Almost any museum activity entails an expense, and few museums have adequate financial resources. Consequently, most curators perform collateral duty as pickpockets, stretching their imagination and temerity to the utmost in an effort to raise funds for specific projects. Rattling a tin cup can be a tedious business, but when the right project is brought to the right benefactor at the right time, the result is apt to be very satisfying. Much of this work is done at the typewriter, but there is no substitute for going out and mingling with your allies. That is also one of the pleasures of the job.

One of the factors that most people consider in the choice of a career is the potential for growth or advancement. From infancy we are taught that we must constantly progress, but sometimes our notion of what constitutes progress is unclear. For an employee of the General Services Administration it is quite clear. There are numerical levels which one ascends, as there are in many businesses. In educational institutions the path is not so cut and dried. Some, indeed, view a position as a rung on the ladder on which they will gain the experience needed to ascend to the next rung. Accordingly, they move from job to job at regular intervals. But that is not the only way, for curatorship, as with any other educational activity, is by its very nature a growth position. Those who teach also learn. The knowledge and experience one gains in one’s daily activity is cumulative and diverse. It is particularly noticeable in a local historical society. The day you begin, you may know nothing at all about the history of the community of which you have become a part. But you learn, and that learning will continue as long as your curiosity endures. In addition to the specific historical information that engages your museum’s interest, there is the practical side of managing your collection more effectively, keeping abreast of the rapidly developing art and science of the conservation of artistic and historical objects, and the development of resources for the accomplishment of whatever task is at hand. If you write and publish, that, too, is cumulative, and as the years go by, the shelf which supports your contributions to knowledge develops a satisfying sag. The opportunities for growth and progress are substantial whether you move from place to place or occupy the same desk with the same title year after year.

In considering the negative aspects of museum curatorship as a profession, there is probably nothing of which the field has an exclusive proprietorship. As with any activity where one deals with a lot of people, there are bound to be problems and disappointments.
It is not always easy to get along with everybody, and there are bound to be those who will want to exert pressure on the museum to be something other than what it is or to move in some direction other than that which has been determined to be its best course. When an institution depends on the assistance of its friends and members, there are inevitably those who wish to use the institution as a means of solving their own problems. This can subject the institution to considerable stress.

The next difficulty is in striking a balance between the need to be of service to the public and the need to set aside time to pursue substantial projects of broad and lasting value. Only the largest museums have adequate staffs to serve fully the public needs. The catch there is that the bureaucracy tends to vary directly with the size of the museum, and the time your assistants save you is consumed with administrative matters. I often think of a remark made by a friend who runs a boat yard, a firm which also lives on the provision of services to its clientele: “When you run a boat yard, you have to be polite or absent.” So it is with a museum. Thus I, as a curator in a medium-sized museum, can agree with a friend who is a department head in one of the largest museums, that books are written between eight p.m. and one a.m.

One other drawback is also common to eleemosynary institutions. When you work for a nonprofit organization, there are no profits to divide up. Thus the pecuniary compensation is not likely to be comparable to that of a position in other fields of endeavor which require similar levels of education, experience, and responsibility. Frequently this seems unimportant, but with two sons coming along, I sometimes wonder whether two sets of S.P.S. tuition can be wrung out of a curatorial salary, should the need arise.

But compensations come in many forms. I believe that museums serve a useful function in society. For most of recorded history people were comparatively stationary. Families lived in the same towns and even the same houses for generations. It was not unknown to have four generations living under the same roof at once. In comparatively recent times we have become a mobile society. We grow up, go to school, and leave home to seek our fortunes. We are as likely to end up in a distant state as in our home town. Few people would think of building a house today with the idea that their children would live in it. The result has been a loss that could probably not have been foreseen, because what was lost had always been
The feeling that through improving the institution, you are making a contribution to the lives of others.

There are other more specific satisfactions as well. People arrive at the museum seeking information about their family, and you provide them with needed information. Someone's grandfather sailed on a whaleship, and you can produce a photograph of that ship. A colleague at another institution is working on a publication or exhibit, and you can help him out. You walk through an exhibition gallery and look at a number of paintings that are attractive and meaningful to your institution and reflect that some of them would not have been there if you hadn't bestirred yourself and done something about it. A portrait of a nineteenth-century citizen was deteriorating, and you found someone who would provide funds for its conservation so that it's now more useful and its future is secure. You find that a book you worked on for a long time receives a favorable review, people are buying it, and you realize that while much of what you do as part of your daily routine is ephemeral, the book will endure and be of service to many you will never know. Best of all, a curatorial position can put you in touch with a large number of like-minded people with whom you develop lasting friendships and who enrich your life in ways that defy quantification.
The Head of the Lower School was Henry C. Kittredge (master 1916-1917, 1919-1954; Rector 1947-1954), son of the great Shakespeare professor at Harvard. Kitty was pretty new when we got there in 1922. He was tall, straight, and rangy, a bit Lincolnesque, with a booming voice and a bluff and hearty personality. He was not stuffy, but he looked owlish. He believed in individualism and deliberately dignified us little boys—seventh, eighth, and undersized ninth graders—by addressing us as "gentlemen." I don’t know how many of us had been boosted that way before; it was practically mind-boggling.

Almost the only table master at the Lower that I can remember is Patsy Campbell (Howell P. Campbell ’07, master 1907-1953). (I can’t remember most of the masters’ real names, only what we called them when they weren’t there.) He was a little man, hard as a nut, with a gruff voice to match his impression. Patsy had been a great hockey player at SPS, and his effortless grace on the ice was still a joy to watch. He read the daily reports of misdeeds, etc., for the Lower School with a forbidding voice and expression. Inside, he was a born clown, which was why I liked him. When the bowl of oatmeal would arrive, with a thick crust on it, he would take it up by the rim with both hands and twirl it upside down and up again, to show us how thick the crust was. Centrifugal force helped. One day it was so thick that he got rash. After twirling it fast, he said, "Watch. Now I'll do it slowly." He did. The oatmeal went phloo-o-o, all over the table. We shouted with glee while he turned red as a radish.

Kitty sat at one end of the head table; and tall, vivacious Patsy Kittredge, his wife, sat at the other end. They’d talk back and forth cheerfully the length of the table. Every now and then the decibels in the room grew too great, and he would ding on his little bell. We’d pause, and he’d announce, "A little less noise, gentlemen!" We’d be a bit quieter, but we noticed that he’d go right on booming. So a conspiracy developed: next time Kitty did that, we’d all shut up completely and show him up as the real noise maker! It happened shortly after the oatmeal fiasco. Kitty dinged the bell.
“A little less noise, gentlemen!” We shut up like a turned-off T.V. But loud and reverberating came the voice of Henry Kittredge from the head table: “As I was saying, Mrs. Kittredge...”

Patsy Campbell felt in disgrace and was anxious to support his housemaster. “Talk, you fellows, talk!” he demanded in a loud, urgent whisper.

But we wouldn’t.

I think Kittredge felt that if he treated us as gentlemen, we would probably act as gentlemen. And it worked, to a considerable extent. But one evening when we were all together in the Common Room for some exercise or other, the lights suddenly went out. With that, I think, everyone was quietly bubbling over with delight at the daring of whoever was responsible. When they finally got the lights on again, Kitty solemnly congratulated us all for behaving so well in the emergency. I don’t think he guessed it was pure sabotage. But maybe I’m wrong.

* * * * *

My II Form dorm master, and I think my first math teacher, was Rastus Johnson (Frank L. Johnson, master 1917-1947) with his horn-rimmed spectacles—pale, long, skinny, slow, drawly, and incurably sarcastic—but with a zany grin. We who arrived in 1922 had missed a great event occurring the previous year, when the masters mimicked various characters and Johnson became forever “Rastus” and Thayer (James Appleton Thayer, master 1921-1924, 1930-1964) “Icky” from impersonating Ichabod Crane. Rastus was not overenthusiastic about my setting up a radio aerial in the dorm and warned me not to use it after lights out. Of course, I did. One night I was in transports: I received Station WGY loud as a bell. I went running to my friends’ alcoves to tell them.

Enter Rastus, who caught me in the middle of the dorm.

“What’s all this, Barry? What are you doing out of your alcove?”

Then I gave him the fatal opening: “But, sir, I’ve got Schenectady on my radio!”

“Maybe no more radio, gentlemen. It is just too distracting. I think we should have a light,والquieter room for some exercise or other, and in the common room we should keep to the study of the classics.”

After lights out.

Icky Thayer was a great general science teacher, for my money. He was enthusiastic, he knew his stuff, and he was opening the extraordinary world of science to young boys like me who had never sat in a science class before. I was fascinated, and I give him high marks for his presentation.

But he had his weakness, and my old friend Howard Greenley found it out. If you played dumb, or mock-seriously advanced some ridiculous theory, Icky would argue with you, getting excited and raising his voice higher and higher. Howard would persevere, looking very innocent, until Icky suddenly realized he was being had, and dropped his voice with a dirty look at Howard. I would never have had Howard’s nerve and admired him for it, as I always had. But I still felt in a way that it was a mean trick, as Thayer was teaching us such wonderful things.

You might think that, after forty years of teaching and with these recollections I’d never allow anyone to play this trick on me. But no, I still forget!

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In Latin that year I had Bill Flint (William W. Flint, Jr. ’08, master 1919-1945), perhaps the kindest and sunniest and most patient teacher I remember. He was a real scholar—a Ferguson scholar, if I remember right. But he was also so decent that somehow he brought out the best in all of us, it seemed. Never had to discipline.

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In English I had Gerald Chittenden (master 1910-1917, 1919-1948) for about four years, I think. He was a dignified, self-important little man with a clipped moustache, who could never let us forget that he had been a captain in World War I. He had a deadly serious expression and a faraway look in his eyes. He almost never smiled but was rather good-looking in his dry way. I liked him and learned a lot of English in his classes. He introduced us to Kipling, whom he admired, and I read Kipling for years. Chittenden married a good hostess, a very fine, gentle, intelligent woman, and they moved into a new faculty house near the New Upper. I felt happy for him.

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But I suppose the teacher who had the most influence on me the first couple of years was not an academic teacher, but the choirmaster, Jimmy Knox (James C. Knox SPS 1865, master 1868-1929)—over seventy years old, short, white-haired and distinguished, with a Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes moustache. I had come to SPS from St. Bernard’s with something of a reputation as a singer, and Mr. Knox put me right to work in the choir, which I loved. Soon I was singing “solas” with Beirne Lay, Jr., son of a master. Mr. Knox not only worked me

Another teacher who inspired me that first year was Champ Jefferys—from “Beauchamp,” one of his names.(Charles P. B. Jefferys ’17, master 1922-1930). The field of ancient history was just as new and exciting to me as science; and Jefferys, in spite of a sort of melancholy air, presented this course in a way that completely absorbed me. High marks to him, too!

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hard, he also asked me to tea every Sunday afternoon (he had delicious cakes and cookies), and often I went, along with a few other shy ones whom Mr. Knox was encouraging. He and I were so many years apart—almost sixty—yet he was a real friend to me, as far as he knew how to be, with the difference in our ages, status, and experience. Harold Payson tells me he was distressed at the severe way Mr. Knox bawled me out whenever I made a mistake at choir practice. But I don’t even remember that—so I evidently didn’t overdo it. Once he even hired a driver and limousine and took me on a drive around Long Pond.

Jimmy Knox was an Old Guard who thought that the only decent Rector St. Paul’s had ever had was Henry Augustus Coit (Rector 1856-1895). He spoke disparagingly—almost contemptuously—of Samuel Drury (Rector 1911-1938) and was quite a thorn in the latter’s side.

Knox was a well-educated human being, a fine organist and choir leader, and had done some composing; but I don’t think he had all the professional education one would expect of such a person. He had never left SPS for very long after he was a student there. He had composed “O Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem,” the School anthem, one of several which we choir boys loved to sing. At choir practice he used to hand out “lozengers,” as we called them, to anybody who wanted one—to aid the voice and calm the cough.

Up in his eyrie above the choir, in Chapel, he could be unpredictable. Once, in the middle of a sermon, the organ came out with a loud momentary bass note. Had he gone to sleep and stepped on a pedal? The gossip was that he said he didn’t like what the preacher was saying.

In the III Form I took French with an eager new teacher named Wyeth (John A. Wyeth, Jr., master 1923-1926)—slender, polite, and fresh-complexioned with a little henna moustache. He was immediately named Pinky. Pinky was a little wet behind the ears. His opening sentence was obviously rehearsed: “I don’t know whether you will like me, but I know I shall like you.” I thought this was a bit touching, but I also knew the poor man was unwittingly opening the gate to a pack of wolves. I think Pinky finally made it, but not until he had learned through hard experiences how to cope with the subversive male animals assigned to him.

After II Form the rest of my interminable Caesar and Cicero was taught me by Vaughan Merrick (John V. Merrick III ’11, master 1915-1917, 1919-1928), the vice rector, a big man with massive head, neck, and shoulders, and a deep, resonant voice often heard in Chapel solos. One semi-frown from that big face was enough to intimidate you. He was actually rather gentle in class: he didn’t have to be otherwise.

...opening the gate to a pack of wolves.

My first Sacred Studies teacher was “Deacon” Brinley (The Rev. Godfrey M. Brinley SPS 1883, master 1888-1930). Actually, he had long since been ordained a priest, but he’d come to School a deacon, and “Deacon” he remained to the boys. The Deac was fundamentally a preacher, not a teacher. He had gotten pretty heavy—probably an athlete in his younger days—and he pursed his lips and smacked them for emphasis. His delivery was slow, but everything was ringingly emphatic. I can’t remember a thing he said, only that I grew to dislike listening to him because there didn’t seem to be much mind behind those bombastic utterances. Emotion yes. Intensity, yes. But I couldn’t get out of my mind the story, true or not, that he had been kicked off the tennis courts at Newport for swearing. To me, I have to admit, the Deac was a stuffed shirt.

The following year Mr. Reid (The Rev. Walter W. Reid, master 1922-1926), a new Sacred Studies teacher, arrived. He was tall, pale, dark-haired, and thin—almost cadaverous—and had a long, pointed nose and a fanatical gleam in his eye—sort of a poor man’s Jeremiah. He always wore black and was soon named Rabbi. He wore an anxious look much of the time because he was a bit deaf, and he didn’t hear everything that was said. If he wanted you to repeat, he’d put his hand to his better ear, with a strained expression, saying “How?” He had a good course on early Church history that he’d worked out. Some of the propositions he made a case for were very convincing to me. I think that one of these was that Jesus was certainly opposed to war.
and solemnly announced, “It’s no use, Mr. Howard, it won’t work.”

The kids were just about exploding, but it wouldn’t do to laugh. Not in those days. Everyone was looking straight at me, especially the masters, that I must be as red as embers. How could anyone avoid seeing the guilt on my face? Well, I wasn’t caught.

I think we sang a capella, and the boys went out rejoicing. Later Potty opened up the piano and found the newspaper.

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The next year I was in Twenty House. Our master there was Bunny Welsh (John J. Welsh, master 1907-1946), a mild, bald-headed mathematics teacher. I have a vague recollection that his eyes were so far apart that they were nearer his ears than to his nose. But this may be just mental confusion with the Welsh Proverb which we all would recite in our choicest nasal (Bunny Welsh) accent: “If you go to Groton, you become very narrow-minded; but if you go to Groton, and then Haavad, you get so narrow-minded that you can button your ears at the back of your head.”

At any rate Bunny had the most nasal voice I have ever heard anywhere. I guess he couldn’t help it, but it sounded like a caricature. My friend Beirne Lay, Jr., used to make up jokes about him; e.g., Bunny calls up someone on the telephone and in his characteristically ponderous ultra-nasal voice says, “Ah, can you guess, ahh, who this is . . . ?”

One day I found a newspaper ad for “Bunny Welsh Rabbit” and surreptitiously posted it on the school bulletin board. I thought it was screaming. But I was surprised to find that some kids felt this was rather poor taste. No doubt they were right.

I never had Bunny Welsh in class, but as a housemaster he had a good combination: he was mild, but he was firm.

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That year I had Biscuit Fiske (Henry M. Fiske, master 1897-1940) in French. He was a little man with a wry face that looked something like a biscuit. His normal expression suggested that life stinks. Somehow it seemed very Scottish. He was head of the French department and a vigorous, enthusiastic French teacher. Although some have since insisted that his French was terrible, it seemed all right to me.

It was really funny to watch little Biscuit and Mrs. Fiske, a tall, handsome woman, walking down the road together. It was like Jeff and Mutt. But life at SPS somehow wouldn’t have been complete without them.

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If you go to Groton, you become very narrow-minded . . .

Maybe this was the year I had Beach White (Francis B. White, master 1896-1942) for a short while. My brother, ten years older, had cautioned me against him. He had found him (“Bitch,” as he was called then) tyrannical and unscrupulously unfair, and warned me never to get into an argument with him. But I guess Mr. White had mellowed. He was no longer called Bitch. I did get into an argument with him, and apparently I won; at least that seemed to be Mr. White’s conclusion. I found him stimulating, interesting, and (to me) more than fair, and one afternoon I even joined his tea group in the Old Upper, which was a pretty far-out thing for me to do.

Mr. White was a big man, sort of an egghead, with a waning quantity of white hair, not always brushed. He had somewhat piercing eyes and was impulsive, seeming to go more on intuition than by rote or order. He liked to speculate about the nature of things and people. I feel perhaps he was more or less my kind of person—though I understand he gave the Rector a pretty hard time after his (White’s) retirement, thanks partly to me. But more of that below.

Another teacher I had that year was Mr. Lay (Beirne Lay SPS 1879, master 1894-1929), Beirne’s father, in mathematics. He was a gray-haired, courtly Virginian, and would have made a fine English teacher. He was about the only person I’ve ever known who could—and did—write letters in verse just as easily as in prose. Unfortunately there was no room in the faculty for another English teacher when he applied; they offered him a place in the math department, and he stayed there. That was a tragedy. For, as a math teacher he was not very stimulating. What a waste! Mr. Lay was very hospitable to me. He and warm-hearted Mrs. Lay often had me up to Sunday tea, with bounteous goodies.

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And that year I had Spunky Spanhoofd (Edward Spanhoofd, master 1880-1929), the German teacher. He was a character. Really, he was a nice guy, but he was so German! A lasting benefit of that class, however, was that I learned “Die Lorelei” by heart and can still sing it.

It was probably in this year that I was put On Bounds by Geep Milne (George Parker Milne, master 1901-
1930). Mr. Mairs, the Librarian (George H. Mairs SPS 1884, master 1921-1932), was a pink-complexioned man who looked, to some of us, like a gorilla, and we called him Monkey Mairs. I was on my way to the Science Building one Saturday night, signed up for the Radio Club. En route I encountered a slap-happy gang heading for the Library with a pair of handcuffs. I followed them to see what would happen. The handcuffs were slapped on someone, the rest started laughing and so did everyone else in sight, and Monkey Mairs came waddling out full speed, in umbrage. The gang fled from the building, but I just started sauntering out, not being a member of the gang. Monkey Mairs grabbed me and told me to go back to the Study.

"Mr. Mairs, I wasn’t part of this!"
I protested.

"Yes, you were," he said in his thick voice; "you came in with them!"
"I had nothing to do with it, sir; I’m going to the Radio Club."

"You go to the Study. You don’t go to the Radio Club by way of the Library. You were with them..." etc.

I didn’t go back to the Study. I went to the Radio Club.

Monday, I was summoned by Mr. Milne, the Geep, the “Power Behind the Throne.” The Geep was a little man (it’s astonishing how many of the masters were little men). He was well put together, a trim natural athlete with steely-gray hair and a very serious, even forbidding, expression on his face. Unless you were a Delphian athlete, you were afraid of the Geep—and maybe even then. With his words sounding, as usual, as if they were coming out of a long iron pipe, the Geep questioned me.

"Barry, Mr. Mairs sent you back to the Study. Why didn’t you go there?"
I tried my only excuse.

"Mr. Milne, I didn’t think Mr. Mairs had any right to send me back to the Study. I was signed out to the Radio Club."

"Barry" (the voice getting deeper and more magisterial), "if a master at St. Paul’s School tells you to go out and sit in the middle of the School Pond, you have to do it. It’s boys like you that make me lose my faith in human nature."

****

My last year at SPS, I was in the Middle. Our dorm master was Jefferson Fletcher ’21 (master 1926-1929), whom I liked and admired more than any other teacher I have ever known. He was full of fun and ready to roughhouse with us at almost any time—but could change in a moment if necessary to a tough authoritarian. He was attractive, bright, interesting, exciting, cheerful, practical, lean and rugged, cultured, played the piano, had a tremendous sense of humor. He liked us boys, and he knew how to manage us—and to stimulate and inspire us. He’s the only football coach I can remember coaching me.

He had been a runner at Harvard and went to England on the Harvard-Yale team to race against the Oxford-Cambridge runners. There was a queer, fanatical oddball named Jim Coombs running the 220-yard hurdles with him, and as they got down to their marks, Jim whispered to him, emotionally, “Jeff, God be with us. God be with us!”

Eddie Farrell, the Harvard coach, told Jeff later that Jeff was the only runner he had ever seen win a 220-yard low hurdle race laughing all the way down the track.

I still have pangs when I think of Jeff Fletcher’s death. Being importuned at a roadside hot dog stand to give a lift to some suspicious-looking characters in that beautiful convertible of
New Amsterdam. However, Chappie one-upped me, as a descendant of the first English governor of New York.

He was a very interesting English teacher, having a breadth of information and anecdote far beyond that of most teachers. But he stopped me in my tracks one day on the road from the New Upper. “Peter Stuyvesant Barry,” he said, “you are all promise and no fulfillment.”

Perhaps he expected me to ask, “Well, what can I do about it, sir?” and then he might have given me some valuable advice. But I didn’t say anything. I was just staggered. And that remark stayed to haunt me.

Still, he really impressed me about one master who got to drinking one night and started running up and down dormitory fire escapes and creating a glorious hubbub. The whole school was buzzing about his escapades next morning as we went to breakfast.

I was at Scudder’s table, giggling with others about the master’s scandalous behavior, when suddenly Chappie began to talk about him in a matter-of-fact way, as if nothing had happened at all.

“You know, I think it’s very creditable about Mr. X,” he said casually. “He had become a hopeless alcoholic, when friends urged him to take a position here and try to give up drinking entirely. It must have been a terrible trial for him, but I think he has really done very well over all these years...”

I was incredulous. Didn’t Scudder know? Hadn’t he heard what Mr. X. had done last night? How could he not have heard...? Of course he had heard. And this was his civilized way of giving us a little perspective, helping us to have a little charity.

That year, I think, I took American history with Geep Milne. He taught us out of Muzzeys’s text, so excoriated by modern teachers. But, as he used it, I thought it was excellent; and from it I acquired such a complete knowledge of American history that I got through a course at Harvard largely on what I’d learned in Milne’s class.

The Geep had a very effective system of teaching. He’d give eight or ten of us a brief review question to answer on the board. The rest were to answer a question from the homework on paper at our seats. After giving us one searching, formidable look, he would walk out of the room to have a smoke in the faculty room while we wrote out answers. The challenge was pretty successful; there wasn’t much, if any, cheating. He put us on our mettle.

Then he’d come back and correct the answers written on the board, muttering in his throaty voice as he did, giving simple, but lucid explanations as he corrected, sometimes a brief comment on us or our work, often amusing. He didn’t waste words. Two or three times when I was selected to write on the board and the Geep came to what I had written, he muttered, “Barry—Barry’s got brains.” Those were three of the greatest words I had heard since I’d entered St. Paul’s, just as reassuring as Scudder’s remark had been disconcerting. I have never stopped being grateful to the Geep for those few words.

The Rector, Dr. Drury, was a big man. You felt that about him. A powerful personality and character. He was serious about life. And particularly about his responsibility in running the School. And about his relation to God (something he seemed to be less clear about but earnestly seeking). His very gait was earnest, and his head was canted to one side, bobbing earnestly with each step. He had a sense of humor, but kept it well under control. He was not a man to be trifled with, as I found out.

He was in a way our chief teacher of religion. In the clearest, most resonant speaking voice I have ever heard—a magnificent voice—he preached a sermon to us almost every Sunday—about ten minutes long and well planned—presenting his concept of Christianity. I accepted most of it, I think; I’m sure it affected my life.

One week I failed to meet some responsibility that had been announced at Reports and was called before him. I hadn’t heard the announcement because I had gone to the toilet at Reports time! The Rector, sensed, correctly, that this was a dodge and put me On Bounds. He didn’t bawl me out, was just firm and compelling.

My only real tangle with “the Drip,” as he was irreverently called, came while I was at college, perhaps my freshman year. I had just learned that the Trustees had passed a rule providing $4,000 a year to each teacher being...
retired and banning him from the area within twenty-five miles of the School. This was to prevent Jimmy Knox from making things tough for a Rector after retirement. Thinking of Mr. Lay and his family, I felt the pay was inadequate and that the exile was inhuman to someone who’d made his whole life there; it had become his home.

Steaming with righteous indignation, I drove up to Concord and commenced interviewing masters as to how they felt about this rule. They were cooperative and articulate. They didn’t like it. Armed with what I felt was compelling evidence, I went to the Rector’s office for an interview on the matter. So far, everything had gone so well that I was blissfully unaware of what was ahead. The Rector didn’t want to see me. He didn’t have much time. He had an appointment to meet with the Business Manager. I was a nuisance. But he put up with me, impatiently, for a few minutes as I naively launched my thesis with some of the enthusiasm I had had, but less confidence. He fiddled. His annoyance was become anger. I don’t remember just what he said as to the substance, probably that the Trustees had considered the whole matter and made their decision, and that was that. When I started to argue, he shut me off.

“Do you realize I have an appointment with the Business Manager?”

Somehow that was very offensive to me. I felt teachers were much more important than business managers. He was being peremptory, and I could see everything I had come for—the welfare of retiring masters who had spent their lives serving the School—going down the drain.

At that point I found that unfortunately I hadn’t yet gotten rid of a physical reaction of childhood: when badly frustrated, I found the tears would start running willy-nilly. Dr. Drury saw that and grew contemptuous.

“You can go back to your mother now,” he said witheringly.

I sensed that he had gone too far.

“If I get this typed up, will you present it to the Trustees?” I asked him, tears or no tears.

He knew he had gone too far, and felt obliged, reluctantly, to agree.

So I left, having conquered because of my unruly tear ducts. Later Rectors might curse me for it. For the Trustees were apparently swayed, they did relax the rule, and Beach White, his mind no longer right, gave one Rector a very hard time in his last years.

The next—and last—time I saw the Rector was eight or ten years later, after my marriage. I drove my wife to Concord, and to my surprise Dr. and Mrs. Drury put us up as guests in the Rectory. He was very warm and hospitable, and I was allowed to see his human side more than I ever had. He told my wife that they were proud of me, which was news to me. If he had lived to see me leave the law and become a teacher, I think he would have been prouder. for this was the kind of thing Dr. Drury hoped for from SPS graduates. And it didn’t happen too often. But his sermons probably had something to do with it.

Howell P. Campbell and some 1923 Isthmians. Behind them: the Annex, the School House (Big Study), and the Gymnasium.
Books

THE BOOK OF EDIBLE NUTS
Frederick Rosengarten, Jr. '34
Walker and Co. (New York, 1984)

If you are nuts about nuts, this book is for you. Within its 380 pages information abounds about a category of food which is unquestionably a universal favorite.

There are twelve chapters—all enhanced by photographs and illustrations—each devoted to one of the big favorites like almonds, cashews, macadamias, peanuts, pistachios, and walnuts. Usual data include: their history; their botany, including classification, description, geographic origins, and locations; historical tidbits; propagation, harvesting, and commercial significance; nutritional value; tips on storage and preparation; and recipes.

Lesser coverage is given to "thirty other edible nuts" like betel nuts (which the author points out are not edible but "masticatory"), litchi nuts, pine nuts, sesame seeds, and water chestnuts.

The main criticism of this book from a layman's standpoint is that it goes beyond the bounds which its title implies. The inclusion of sunflower seeds, sesame seeds, betel nuts, pumpkin seeds, soybeans, and others tends to dilute the focus of the book, either because they are not edible in the culinary sense or because they just do not register as nuts despite such an obscure description at this from the introduction:

The sunflower seed is an achene. A true nut resembles an achene, but it develops from more than one carpel (female reproductive struc-
ture), is usually larger and has a harder, woody wall; e.g., the difference between the filbert nut and the sunflower achene.

Overall, the book contains much to interest the reader. It was fascinating to learn that there are some one billion coconut trees planted in the world and that they have a life span of some eighty years. Also of great interest was the history of the discovery and cultivation of macadamia nuts, which have gained enormous popularity only in the last decade. To repeat, if you are nuts about nuts, this book is for you.

—Sydney P. Waud '59

CAT HIGH, THE YEARBOOK
Terry deRoy Gruber '71
Congdon and Weed, Inc., 1984
Distributed by St. Martin's Press

Terry deRoy Gruber's Cat High, The Yearbook is to high school yearbooks what Items from Our Catalogue is to L. L. Bean. Small wonder that the Literary Guild has chosen Cat High as an alternate monthly selection.

This clever, funny spoof includes more than 500 photographs—all of cats, and in various postures and outfits, superimposed on backdrops of Paw Paw High School, Michigan (located in the Tri-Kitty area bounded by Minnieousopolis and St. Paw). To assure "authentikitty" (agh), Mr. Gruber commissioned Josten's, a professional yearbook publisher, to handle the design and the printing.

Mr. Gruber shows a keen eye for detail, choosing the perfect cat for the perfect role, whether it be the class rebel and president of the motorcycle club; the Prom Queen, Sophie McMeow ("Sophisticat"), voted Most Chased; or the exchange student Abdul Catdabra ("Abacat"), whose ambition is to own his own country.

Just as humorous are cats selected for administration and faculty. The only non-feline in the book is The Top Dog—the principal. Feliximus, Thelonius T. G. Bones Grimm IX (his service to the school spans nine lives) stands beside his diplomas from Sancti Pauli and Harvard. Group pictures include members of the Cat High's "suprior" athletic teams and clubs, such as the Fishing Team, Phi Betta Katta, R.A.T.C. and the cheerleaders. True to form, Homecoming figures predominantly, as does the Prom, the class trip to Washington, and athletic contests.

Just as clever are the captions and descriptions, a feline version of what appears in yearbooks throughout America. Just as St. Paul's students do, these graduating cats include their own favorite quotations beneath their pictures—for example, "Two mice converged in a wood/ and I ate the fatter one,/ and that has made all the difference."

—George L. Carlisle

Mr. Waugh is a Manhattan restaurateur and cookbook author; Mr. Carlisle teaches "Humor & Satire" at St. Paul's School.
Dear Sir:

Peter Barry's piece in the most recent *Alumni Horae* about life at SPS in the 1920s is a splendid nostalgia-evoking account. All of us from that vintage must be grateful to him, and all are surely looking forward eagerly to his next installment.

However, one glaring omission cries out to be filled. In telling how "brew" was made, Mr. Barry fails to mention one essential ingredient: condensed milk. This glutinous substance came in a small can, whence it was extracted through two holes which we punched in the top. How we made those holes I have forgotten. A beer can opener would of course have been ideal, but that device was a long way from being invented. Indeed, beer itself was then in eclipse, hidden behind the clouds of the 18th Amendment and the Volstead Act, and beer cans were not contrived until some time after beer had been restored to the American people.

But no matter how we made the holes, the condensed milk moved through them very reluctantly. This was especially the case after a broached can had been stored for a while on a cold window ledge, as it had to be to keep the contents from spoiling. So you'd put your mouth over one of the holes, tilt the can downward, and blow into it until you had driven a suitable dose of the viscous fluid out into the mug where you had already put a generous portion of Whitman's chocolate powder.

These two components, blended by means of a spoon, made a gloriously thick, rich paste. Hard-core gluttons would surreptitiously eat a spoonful or two of this, neat, before proceeding to the next step. The more conservative of us would immediately add the hot water that turned the paste into brew.

Eheu Fugaces,

James Cooley '23

Dear Sir:

The two excellent articles in the Autumn 1984 issue of the *Horae*, "Mostly Mozart in Millville" and "St. Paul's School in the Twenties," together have evoked some personal recollections. Athletics was indeed the big thing in the late twenties and early thirties. As to music, between Jimmy Knox's departure and the advent of Channing Lefebvre in 1941, there were several individuals at SPS who greatly encouraged musical interests in the students (the undersigned among them). I refer to: John Harms, who directed the choir, master-minded the 1931 installation of a four manual Skinner organ (with antiphonal division, and predecessor of the present organ) to replace the old Hook and Hastings three manual tracker action instrument in the Chapel loft, the source of many memorable post-Evensong recitals (the John Harms Chorus in New York subsequently became nationally recognized); Ramsay Duff, who developed the first SPS Glee Club; Christopher Thomas, who was a pupil of the well-known organist Lynwood Farnam and who did much to further the cause of concerted music previously started and tenuously sustained by Mr. Straw in the old Skate House; Mrs. Thomas, a fine pianist, recognized professionally as Winifred MacBride; and Anna Hawtrey, who had a number of devoted piano pupils. What serious music there was at SPS during that intervening period can be attributed to these dedicated artists and teachers.

Yours sincerely,

Calderon Howe '34, M.D.
A full and busy schedule of musical, dramatics, and dance activities—homegrown and imported—involved much of the community during the winter term. The Joffrey Ballet Concert Group presented an energetic and varied program in Memorial Hall, Philip Neal '86 warmed up for the Prix de Lausanne competition in a special performance, and the term ended with the SPS Ballet Company winter repertory presented for the Concord community on two nights.

"The Play's the Thing...

The Fantasticks was presented by a largely III Form cast, and Lloyd Lynford '74, New York actor, playwright, and director (and English department Dickey Visitor), worked with a select group of student actors performing one-act plays and then judged the Fiske Cup one-act play competition at the end of the term. And the Master Players, after a year's inactivity, began rehearsals for a late April presentation of The Dining Room, written by A. R. Gurney, Jr. '48 and to be directed by Priscilla Clark.

Music Building Anniversary
This is the fifth anniversary of the opening of the Music Building, and an elaborate program of vocal and instrumental music was presented on January 18, 1985, to mark the occasion. Later in the term the annual joint concert with Concord High School brought together the Concord Chamber Ensemble and the SPS Chamber Orchestra. And Offenbach's chamber opera RSVP involved both student singers and instrumentalists.

In addition, the Keiser Music Series brought visitors: the Cambridge String Quartet, the Alcott Ensemble (who
played, among other pieces, a string trio composed by the late Mrs. H. H. A. Beach of nearby Henniker, New Hampshire), and a rousing trumpet and organ concert in the Chapel of SS. Peter and Paul to celebrate the 300th anniversary of Bach, Handel, and Scarlatti.

SPS debaters returned from Loomis Chaffee after debating both sides of the resolution: That the United States restore full diplomatic and economic relations with Cuba. SPS won both pro and con, 9-3, and all eight of the debaters, novice and varsity, placed in the top ten best speakers.

Winter Term Speakers

The Reverend Canon Harold T. Lewis, head of the Commission on Black Ministries of the Episcopal Church in America, was the Martin Luther King Day speaker.

Among other speakers during the winter term were Ted Landsmark '64, a Third World Cultural Society visitor; Kathryn Watterson, a Library Association speaker, whose topic was "On Being a Journalist"; and Michael Wall, a ship model expert, who talked about 18th century nautical matters, making use of the School's large frigate model to explain nomenclature.

New Hampshire World Affairs Council speaker Ambassador Robert Oakley of the U. S. Office for Counterterrorism and Emergency Planning visited School, as did Dr. Emilio Adolfo Rivero, former associate of Fidel Castro and later prisoner of the Castro regime for eighteen and a half years.

Dr. Dietrich von Bothmer, director of the department of Greek and Roman Art of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, spoke about his collection of vase fragments, which served as the Art Center in Hargate exhibit, "The Classical Image in Greek Art."

The Prix de Lausanne

At the 13th Prix de Lausanne international ballet competition, held in New York City January 24-25, 1985, Philip Neal, Jr. '86 of Richmond, Virginia—competing for the Prix de Johnson—won a second place silver medal and 2500 Swiss francs. The Prix de Lausanne, which this year involved 88 male and female dancers ages 14-18 representing 15 countries, provides opportunities for young dancers to gain entry to professional companies and to win scholarships to major ballet schools. The Prix de Johnson, a special competition within the larger one, is for students already in the major schools or, like Philip Neal, satisfied with their current situation. It is regarded as the more demanding contest; only one-third of the Prix de Lausanne contestants may be considered for the Prix de Johnson. Tied for second place with Philip was a boy from the People's Republic of China, and the first-place winner was a girl from the People's Republic of China. The Prix de Lausanne winner was another American, a boy from the North Carolina School of the Arts.

This year preliminary competitions were held in New York City and Lausanne, Switzerland. Contestants from Europe, Africa, and the Near East danced in Lausanne; competitors from the Americas and the Far East danced in Manhattan. There were eleven judges, five of whom were from the United States; three of these have been at St. Paul's School as Dickey Visitors or visiting choreographers to the SPS Ballet Company.

Fifteen contestants from the Lausanne preliminaries and fifteen from the New York preliminaries competed in the semifinals, and eight male and seven female dancers reached the finals. In the grueling three days of competition in New York, the finalists were selected after competing in a variety of activities, including a ballet technique class, an "enchainement" (learning a long variation and performing it immediately), a contemporary dance class, and a performance before a paying audience of both a classical solo (in Philip's case, the male variation from the Don Quixote pas de deux) and a free variation (for Philip an original choreographed by Diane Vivona '83 to the Second Movement of Hindemith's "Concerto for Horn and Orchestra").

It is significant that the two Americans to reach the finals are not products of the metropolitan high-pressure schools but represent an alternative pattern combining academics and professional training.
The following items may be purchased from the School Store:
The School chair, black with cherry arms, carrying the School shield, $127.00. The School rocker, all black, carrying the School shield, $126.00. Both prices are f.o.b. Concord and subject to change without notice. Chairs are shipped collect from Concord. If ordered as a gift, the chair will be shipped prepaid and the purchaser billed.

The following items also may be purchased (shipping extra):
Glasses (high ball or old fashion) with the School shield, $19.50 for six.

SPS ties, pure silk: four-in-hand, $18.00; bow with square tip or butterfly, $14.00.

SPS embroidered blazer shield, $3.75.

Fashion polo shirt, 100% cotton, white with short sleeves and "St. Paul's School" and School crest embroidered on left chest, $15.25. Sizes, S, M, L, XL.

Turtleneck jersey, 100% cotton, white with interlocked red "SP" imprint on collar, $14.95. Sizes S, M, L, XL.

Polo shirt, 100% cotton, white with two red stripes on body and short sleeves, with "SPS" imprint on left chest, $14.00. Sizes S, M, L, XL.

Long sleeve tee-shirt, 100% cotton, with "St. Paul’s” imprint down right sleeve and “SP” imprint on left chest, $7.50. Sizes S, M, L, XL.

Rugby shirt, 100% cotton, maroon as the basic color, with a white band and two narrow yellow stripes, with "St. Paul’s” embroidered on left chest, $25.95. Sizes S, M, L, XL.

Visored corduroy caps in scarlet or maroon with "St. Paul’s” in white script. Adjustable band, $5.95.

Ceramic coffee mug (3 inches high, 2% inches diameter), white with gold band on lip and "St. Paul’s School” and School crest on face, $6.25.

Ceramic ash tray (seven inches square), white with gold band and "St. Paul's School School" and School crest on face, $6.50.

The Rector has announced four sabbatical leaves for the 1985-1986 year. Thomas Barrett, head of the art department, will be preparing a textbook on visual language, doing research on 15th, 16th, and 17th century style books, and painting in Concord and elsewhere. Charles Lemeland of the modern languages department will return to his native Normandy to study the late 19th and early 20th century Norman poet Louis Beuve. School counselor David Panek will study at the Jung Institute in Zurich, Switzerland. Director of Athletics Maurice Blake will complete an earlier sabbatical leave that was interrupted at the School's request. In addition, George Carlisle of the English department will be on leave next year in an exchange with Eton College, which is sending Angus Graham-Campbell to spend the year here.

Mr. Barrett was invited by the School of Engineering of Stanford University to attend an awards ceremony at which Hadi Taheri '81 received the Frederick Emmons Terman Engineering Scholastic Award, presented annually to the top five per cent of the graduating engineering class. Hadi had chosen Mr. Barrett as the secondary school teacher most influential in guiding him during the formative stages of his career. Mr. Barrett and the teachers selected by other award recipients were flown to California as guests of the University.

Virginia Deane, vice rector, was the first recipient of the Foster Hannaford Recognition to a person who has given distinguished service to North Shore Country Day School, Lake Forest, Illinois. Mr. Hannaford was a longtime member of the Board and parent of five graduates of the school. A 1941 alumna of North Shore Country Day School, Virginia Deane returned to the school in 1946 after graduating from Smith "cum laude." She served as history teacher and department chairman, dean of girls, dean of the faculty, and received her master's degree in education from Winnetka Graduate Teachers' College. She joined the SPS faculty in 1971 and has been a vice rector since 1974. She has been a trustee of the College Board and served in several capacities with the National Association of Principals of Schools for Girls, the National Association of the Central States, and the Middle West Association of Schools for Girls.

Jennifer Horner of the modern languages department and Robert Hickey of Boston have announced their engagement. She will become director of the Independent Study Program next September, succeeding Charles Morgan, who will return to fulltime teaching and coaching.

George Chase, head of the mathematics department, recently received the Heart of Gold Award from the New Hampshire Heart Association. He has been a volunteer for over twenty years.

The January 1985 edition of Writing contains an article by guest columnist J. Kevin Fox answering the question "Why is Latin supposed to be helpful when writing or taking an English course?" Mr. Fox is a member of the English and religion departments.

Alexander Flash (mathematics 1951-1952) retired from teaching at Loomis Chaffee in June 1984 and will move to Chatham, Massachusetts, in the spring of 1985.

Norman Blake (organist and choirmaster 1961-1965) is the organist and director of music at the First Presbyterian Church in Lynchburg, Virginia, where he has been playing since 1968. In addition, as a faculty member for sixteen years at Virginia Episcopal School in Lynchburg he served as chairman of the history department, dean of faculty, and director of music. Last summer he was engaged in a European recital tour, playing in Amsterdam, Cologne, Munich, Salzburg, Lucerne, and Paris.

August Maffrey (modern languages 1967-1969) is now the commercial attaché at the U.S. Embassy in Rome.
1921
Newton Ryerson is starting his third year as executive director of the Randolph, Vermont, chamber of commerce.

1926
Frasier McCann has sold his Connecticut farm and is now footloose and supposedly free. George Whiteside writes: “Had three grandchildren graduate (two girls and one boy), all doing well, 21 to 27 years-old.”

1928
Coming to My Senses: The Autobiography of a Socialist by George Homans has been published by Transaction Books (Rutgers, The State University). It was reviewed in the January 7, 1985, Boston Globe.

1932
Peter Grace’s Burning Money: The Waste of Your Tax Dollars has been published by Macmillan and was reviewed in the October 18, 1984, Wall Street Journal.

1933
Chips Callaway has moved to Nantucket permanently, catching up on some writing he has put off for some thirty-five years. “Would like to see any of my friends. Come and visit.” Ollie Stonington writes: “Remarried to Anne Murphy, Breckenridge, Colorado, on September 23, 1984. We travelled East to see family and friends and visited St. Paul’s in late October. Was glad to see everything looking so beautiful. Had visited Baker Rink at Princeton, which was being renovated, as we noted the rink at SPS was likewise.”

1934
Former Trustee and Clerk John McLane was honored in January 1985 by the Manchester (New Hampshire) Bar Association, which presented him with its “Lawyer of the Year” award. John’s activities in the community and state have been and are numerous. He has been a Manchester alderman, a member of the Manchester Housing Authority, a trustee of the New Hampshire Hospital, and chairman of the New Hampshire Advisory Committee on Health and Welfare. He is currently the president of the Palace Theatre Trust and has played a major role in the restoration and re-opening of this Manchester landmark.

1936
Ned Look continues to be employed as the executive director of the Oregon Community Foundation.

1937
Shot Warner has been named an officier in the Ordre des Palmes Academiques, a decoration conferred for services to the cause of French culture.

1939
Cord Meyer continues to work as a nationally syndicated columnist for the News America Syndicate. New subscribers include the New York Post and the Chicago Sun Times.

1940
Bill Boswell writes: “Retired from Getty Oil Co. Am trying to become a great cook and/or photographer. Still involved in the world of sports car racing. In the good works department I have been busy with a committee commissioned by United Way and the City of Rochester reporting on the effectiveness of human services here. My goal in life is to beat my brother Charlie ’44 in our annual tennis match. So far, no success.”

1941

1942
Oz Elliott and his wife Inger were among sixteen people arrested at the South African Consulate in New York City on December 12, 1984, as part of a demonstration against that nation’s policy of racial separation. Elliott said, “I’m putting myself on the line because I think the time has come for American citizens who feel as strongly as I do about the horrors of apartheid to speak out.” Elliott, who is dean of Columbia University’s Graduate School of Journalism, was given a summons for disorderly conduct.

Paul van Buren is on leave from Temple University to be director of the Center for Contemporary Theology, at the Shalom Hartman Institute for Judaic Studies. He conducted a seminar for twenty Christian
DeLancey Nicoll and his wife Virginia have received publicity in the November 21, 1984, *New York Times*, the December 20, 1984, *Manchester Union Leader*, and in three January 1985 editions of "New Hampshire Crossroads," on New Hampshire public television Channel 11 in connection with their development of a hand potato masher hailed as "the ultimate." • Bob Loughborough was to retire on January 1, 1985, and will be living at the Whitney Center in Hamden, Connecticut.

1944

Seymour Knox was recently named chairman of the National Board of The Smithsonian Associates and also was elected on October 15, 1984, president of the Buffalo (New York) Fine Arts Academy, which is the governing board of the Albright-Knox Art Gallery.

1945

Charles Haines will be a "visiting" professor of English at the University of Hartford early in 1985.

1946

Al Bond reports: "Enjoying retirement in anticipation of 'new worlds to conquer.'"

1947

Charlie Mayer has started single engine aircraft flying. He obtained his FAA license in September 1983 and now has 126 hours of flight time. • Craig Culbertson writes: "Ranked number 2 in Kentucky in 55-year-old men's doubles tennis. Getting old!"

1948

John Bankson and Judith F. Ford were married in Chevy Chase, Maryland, on September 22, 1984. John's daughter, Sarah '79 read the lesson, son John '81 was the best man, and Bishop John Walker, SPS Trustee, officiated. Also present were two nephews, Terry Hunt '69 and Andy Hunt '77. • Herb Barry and Avraham Yacobi are co-editors of *Experimental and Clinical Toxicokinetics*, published by the American Pharmaceutical Association in 1984.

1949

John Haskell has recently been elected to the board of directors of Kaydon Corporation, the Belgian-American Education Foundation, and to the board of trustees of the Association of Graduates, United States Military Academy.

1950

Dwight Bartholomew is a physical education instructor at the Westside School, Thermal, California. • Dean Howells reports: "Am taking a walk in the private sector for a year, at Union Carbide in strategic planning. Very interesting."

1951

Mickey Youkitchenitch announces the arrival of a second son, fifth child, Franz Theodore, born September 17, 1984. • David Carter was recently elected managing director of Touche Remnant International (an international investment management firm) and Bank of Tokyo Touche Remnant Asset Management, a joint venture company—both headquartered in London. He continues to live in Wiltshire. • Steve Gurney is now director of agents' program for the Yale Alumni Fund. • Fred Church received his M.S. degree in management from Lesley College in Boston in May 1984. • Felix Kloman reports that his son Edward is in his fourth year of coaching crew at Princeton, where daughter Blair '82 is rooming with Amanda Cluett, daughter of Mark Cluett '51. Daughter Alexis is teaching at Greens Farms (Connecticut) Academy.

1952

Tom Brewster is managing director of Insight Middle East, Ltd., Nicosia, Cyprus, and managing editor of *Insight Middle East*, a monthly publication designed "to offer the long view, putting events in their historical perspective, discussing their strategic implications, and providing reasonable forecasts" of what is taking place in the area. The first issue appeared in April 1984.
1953

Paul Denison continues to serve on the board of trustee of Cate School, Carpinteria, California, with Mike Morphy ’50. (See also Form of 1958 notes.) • Hugh Clark left the University of Washington Medical School for private practice in January 1984 and is now active with the King County Medical Society Practice and Ethics Committee. His oldest son is at Lewis and Clark College, Portland, Oregon. All three boys are soccer enthusiasts and sometimes stars. Wife Suzanne manages a home care program for Group Health Cooperative, the largest consumer-owned health program in the United States. • John Sewell reports: “Am involved in NATO force development planning and long-term planning. Fascinating job. Lots of travel, which I love. I get to all the NATO capitals twice a year on defense planning matters.”

1954

In the January 21, 1985, New York appears a photo of Whitney Ellsworth in connection with an article on the sale of The New York Review of Books, of which he has been publisher. • Roger Williams wrote from Pago Pago, Somoa. He has been admitted to MENSA. Last March he hiked the Milford Track in New Zealand and on earlier trips he did the Greenstone-Caples-Routeburn, and skied the Tasman Glacier. In 1982 he climbed six more of Colorado’s “14ers,” for a total of twenty. • A report from Jim Bishop: “Set up Huguenot, Inc., in California to build solar energy plants in the West.”

1955

Gunnar Baldwin announces the arrival of grandson Zachary Hayward Baldwin on July 10, 1984. “Is he the first?” • Frank Griswold has been named bishop coadjutor of the 140-congregation Episcopal Diocese of Chicago and was to be installed in that post on March 2, 1985. He will succeed Bishop James Montgomery when the Bishop, who is 63, retires. For the past ten years Frank has been rector of St. Martin-in-the Fields, Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania. • Dyer Wadsorth writes that his daughter Sophia won the Walter Crain Cross Country Cup at Hotchkiss, where she captained the 1984 cross country team; she is also basketball captain and vice president of the student body.

1957

George de Man has been named advertising director of a new magazine—Southern Living Classics—debuting in the fall of 1985. He was previously a district advertising manager for Southern Living. He will remain based in Atlanta, Georgia. • Tony Horan has received a grant from the Veterans Administration to study the prevention of adenocarcinoma of the prostate by prophylactic cryotherapy of antecedent Atyria.

1958

Zandy Clark is building houses in Kennebunkport, Maine, and is the owner of Clark’s Unfinished Furniture in Scarborough, Maine. His son, Caleb, is at Embry-Riddle University in Arizona. • The January 1, 1985, issue of the Boston Globe carried a lengthy article on Fred Winthrop as he completed ten years as the Massachusetts Commissioner of Food and Agriculture and resigned to become director of the Trustees of Reservations, a charitable corporation and the largest private owner of conservation land in the state. During his term of office he set in motion a variety of programs, initiated legislation to preserve farmland from development (copied in eight other states), and in other ways successfully lobbied for the $400 million a year farming “industry.” Governor Dukakis praised him for his “innovative leadership,” and the president of the University of Massachusetts said, “His work... has contributed impressively to the economy of the Northeast.” • The October 1984 Sanctuary, published by the Massachusetts Audubon Society, includes an article on Seth Kellogg entitled “A Connecticut Birder.” Coming to birding only a decade and a half ago (“None of Kellogg’s teachers in prep school and later in college and graduate school saw or encouraged the English major’s interest in nature. . .”), he now has a life list of at least 340 species, and keeps his bird accounts and those of 100 fellow birders stored in his home computer. • Bob Bowler, who has been teaching at Cate School, Carpinteria, California, since 1969, was named the W. Burleigh Pattee Fellow for 1984. He will spend the year visiting schools do an in-depth study of the teaching of U.S. history in secondary schools. At Cate Bob has also developed lacrosse to the point where Cate has one of the best school teams in the western United States. He will be in New Zealand during the winter.

1959

Dr. Harmut Keil is working at the office of mechanisms, National Museum of American History, Smithsonian Institution, Washington D.C., until July 31, 1985; then he will return to the Amerika-Institut in Munich. • A French edition of Bill Everdell’s The Age of Kings will be published by the USIA. Bill reports sighting Van Schley in New York City and comments that Van lives in L. A. and runs a baseball team.

1960

“Madness,” a one-hour film about schizophrenia, part of the PBS series The Brain, was shown on Wednesday, November 28, 1984. It was written and produced by DeWitt Sage.

1961

Mike Seymour, wife Cindy, and sons Malcolm III and David moved to Tacoma, Washington, seven years ago. Mike shifted from a business career and is now a practicing marriage and family psychotherapist; he has his own practice with several colleagues and also does clinical work and consulting
with several agencies in the greater Tacoma area. * Bruce Lauritzen divides his time between the First National Bank in Omaha and rural banks in Nebraska and Iowa. Daughter Meg is a VI Former at SPS, daughter Blair and son Clark are at Brownnell-Talbot in Omaha. * John Douglas writes: “Sue and I have decided to put our country inn up for sale after more than ten years of dedication. We have earned a fine reputation nationally and feel Bob Newhart has nothing on us. Anyone interested in a life style change? Our daughter Molly was one year old on December 1.” * Marshall Bartlett has returned from four years in Houston and is now general tax counsel of Exxon International, based in Florham Park, New Jersey; the Bartletts are living in New Vernon, New Jersey, and sons John and Stephen are attending Peck School in Morristown. * Tod Rodger, wife Lynn, and Doug and Christine made a lengthy summer safari starting in Maine, driving straight through to Albuquerque, and camping in New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Wyoming, the Tetons, and Colorado. Tod and Lynn have been active starting and running AWARE, Harvard’s program to combat drug and alcohol abuse, and are also involved in the local school SADD program. * John Shatuck became vice president of Harvard University in July 1984. * Chris Jennings reports: “Currently a partner/CPA with Coopers and Lybrand, Philadelphia, doing strategic planning both for the firm and for clients. Raising two children largely by myself, staying in shape by doing lots of running.”

1962

From Rob Howard: “Still living this good life as a lawyer, parttime judge, and parttime tenor in Henniker, New Hampshire, with wife Sachiko just finishing her Ph.D. and two children at SPS; in case anyone’s visiting at SPS, we’re only twenty minutes from Concord, and the local college has a ski lift and six tennis courts.” * David Knott has recently joined Mandrakos Capital Management as a general partner after eight years at Donaldson, Lufkin, and Jenrette. A second child, a boy, was born in October 1984. The Knotts are living in Manhattan and Muttontown, Long Island. * Chad Floyd and Brenda Huffman were married on August 16, 1984. They live in Essex, Connecticut, where he is a partner in the architectural firm “Centerbrook.” Chad is currently partner-in-charge of the new Hood Museum of Art at Dartmouth and of the Stamford (Connecticut) Center for the Arts.

1963

The summer issue of The Scribbler from The Malcolm Gordon School included a photo of Amy Russell Gordon, daughter of headmaster David Gordon, dressed for her christening in the robe made in 1868 by her great-great-grandmother Gordon for her great-grandfather, Malcolm Kenneth Gordon, SPS 1887. * Peter Gagarin has been chosen by Wheaties, the “Breakfast of Champions,” as one of six winner who will get their pictures on the cereal box. He was picked from among 1,000 entrants in the “Wheaties Search for Champions” contest. Pete is a four-time winner of the U.S. Orienteering Federation’s national championship and is the current holder of the Federation’s masters title.

1964

Jim Goodwin writes: “After several years working in Boston, I started a trip around the world. There has been a little nine-year interruption in Sweden, to get a Ph.D., etc. Trip continues this summer to the Far East. Home next year to a real job again in Boston.” * Mitch Weeks and Kathleen Johnson of Redding, Connecticut, were married on November 5, 1984, in Greenwich, Connecticut. A graduate of Southern Connecticut University, she is a singer and administrator for Soundtrack Music, a recording studio in Boston. Mitch is a senior vice president of HBM/Creamer, a Boston advertising firm. Formmates Mike Howard, Livy Miller, and Rick Sperry were at the wedding. * Bob Granter writes: “I continue as manager of residential services with the Ottawa and District Association for the Mentally Retarded, and am studying counselling part-time. I have recorded 300 of my dreams in the last two years and would be interested in communicating with other formmates who are dreamers!” * Dave Bliss’s daughter, Laura Elizabeth, is now a year old.

1965

Jaye Scholl and Charlie Bohlen were married recently in Manhattan. A graduate of Skidmore College, she is the West Coast editor of Barrow’s, the business and financial weekly. He is vice president and general counsel of Kleinwort, Benson Cross Financing in Los Angeles. * Peer Wedick is living in Tiburon, California, where he is president of Atlantic Capital Corporation, a private banking firm. “About to be married for the third and last time. No children—yet.” * Gordy Strauss is director of the office of intergovernmental affairs at the U.S. Department of Commerce, a “Schedule C” appointment in the administration. * David Marshall sent a belated notice of the birth of Jane Worthington Barrow Marshall on August 10, 1983.
1966

Perry King appeared on the cover of the January 26, 1985, issue of TV Guide. He is starring in a new series called "Rip Tide." • Joe Wheelwright and Susan were to tour Oceania in January 1985. Joe has exhibitions of sculpture at Allan Stone Gallery and Sarah Pentschler Gallery in Manhattan in June 1985. • Copey Coppedge is now a partner with Boston Ventures Management, involved with leveraged buyouts and later stage financing. "Family in good shape, with three sons in hand and a daughter enroute!" • From Bob Johnston the following: "After graduating from Colby in 1970, I got married to a Scot. We lived in Scotland for about five years. I got an M.S.W. degree from Smith College in 1976. Graduating from an all-girls college ten years after SFS was an interesting experience in sex-role contrasting. Now, we have two children (one of each flavor). I direct two residential treatment programs for disturbed teens and their families. I've also had a small private practice on the side as a family therapist." • Eliza and Bill Claghorn have a son, Allan, born June 15, 1984. They now live in Pinole, California. • John Brown's next Foreign Service assignment is in Krakow, Poland.

1967

Scott Wheeler was to marry Mollie McNickle on February 23, 1985. He has been working for the Philadelphia National Bank. • Steve Barker is now the headmaster of Salisbury (Maryland) School, an elementary school (nursery through eighth grade) on the Eastern Shore. His children, Nicholas (6) and Nina (3), go to work each day with Steve. • Paul Hudson announces the arrival of a daughter, Taylor Reed Hudson, on April 11, 1984. • Chris Rice-Mandeville and his wife Jemila live and work in Santa Fe, New Mexico; they are massage therapists and practice related natural healing arts. Chris is doing additional study in furtherance of his cause as a "body-centered" psychotherapist. • Peter Wheelwright has opened a new architectural firm in New York City: P. M. Wheelwright Associates.

1968

In March 1984 Steve Ahlgren formed two companies. Steve Ahlgren, Inc., deals with contracting and landscaping. Granite State Mining Company, Inc., deals with product development and marketing services. He is a vice president of Wearay Corporation, which is a private investment firm specializing in leveraged buyouts.

1969

Al Belden and Christine Lenis of Clifton Heights, Pennsylvania, are engaged and plan to marry in April 1985. • Geoff Stevenson is working as a mime artist, primarily within the sphere of the Christian church. He is the father of two girls and a boy, with another child due in June. • From Livy Sutro: "Am teaching a couple of courses at the local community college and enjoying the heck out of it." • Charlie Bradshaw and wife Beth are teaching at Salisbury (Connecticut) School. • Charles de Carbonnel attended engineering school in Lausanne, Switzerland (1969-1975), worked at Siemens, Munich, and did his military service (1976-1977). After attending MIT's Sloan School (1977-1979), he joined Strategic Planning Associates and has recently opened a Geneva office. • Greg Vail and R. Steven Speck have formed Vail Speck Associates in Costa Mesa, California. VSA provides site, community, and regional land planning; natural resource and coastal zone management; conservation plans; and policy planning. VSA specialized in project representation and preparation of design strategies which mutually benefit development and natural resources in urban contexts. • Burke Ross is living in Mendham, New Jersey, with wife Angela and daughters, ages 8 and six months.

1970

Bert Honea is practicing medicine in rural Wyoming. "Building a cabin with my wife and two children. Climbing when I can get away." • Jessica and Alec Haverstick were looking forward to the birth of their third child in February. • Peter Culver reports the arrival of third child, Sara, born December 12, 1984. Peter continues to practice law in New Haven and is building a house in the country. • Brook Roberts announces the birth of a first son, Adam Chambers Roberts, on February 25, 1984.

1971

Howland Murphy writes: "Moved from Lehman Brothers to Merrill Lynch in August 1984. Am still a vice president in the corporate finance department specializing in small/medium-sized companies and 'high yield' securities." • Curt Karnow and Marilyn Jean Engleman were married in Philadelphia on December 28, 1984. A 1983 graduate of Harvard, she is studying for a Ph.D. in anthropology at the University of California at Santa Barbara. Curt is a lawyer with Landels, Ripley, and Diamond in San Francisco.
1972

Alan Frey has been in insurance underwriting for eight years. He, wife Veronica, and three-year-old daughter Corinna love living in Hoboken, New Jersey, where they have been for three and a half years. * Clint Van Dusen is preparing himself for a return to teaching high school French: "The way seems long, but 'Bon Courage' helps on the way." His wife Elizabeth organizes a computer art gallery, Beyond the Horizon, in Pittsburgh. * John Howell is in family practice in Yardley, Pennsylvania, and is teaching a 'computer in medicine' course at Hunterdon Medical Center. The Howells have a son, John T. Howell IV, age two and a half, and are expecting a second child. * Tom Hewson is a partner in an energy consulting firm in Washington, D.C. He and Deborah Davis were married in October 1981. * Howard Grace, who bought a house on Long Island last summer, announces the arrival of a second child, first daughter, on June 18, 1984. Son David is now three and a half. * Bob Stockman is preparing himself for a return to teaching high school French: "Have fun!" He is also working at a small venture capital firm specializing in the medical industry. His second daughter, Hope Monroe Stockman, was born on October 23, 1984

1973

Rich Jenkins is in his second year at Yale Medical School. He and his classmate, Linda G. Hudak, were to be married in March 1985. * Sil Read is now Mrs. Peter Reynolds and living in Accord, New York. She is working as a family nurse practitioner at the Rhinebeck (New York) Health Center.

1974

Gabrielle Porter Dennison and her husband Barry have bought a co-op on the West Side in Manhattan; both continue to work in banking. * Mike Wert will be joining the University of Alabama as Pulmonary Medicine Research Fellow in July 1985. * From Jared Ward: "Have returned to Boston and am working in the Bank of Boston's head office trying to recover funds from various foreign debtors who cannot or do not want to pay us back." * Alison Manny is engaged to Richard Brown Samuelson of Fairfield, Connecticut; they plan to marry in May. He is a Yale graduate, received a master's degree in East Asian economics from the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy of Tufts University, and is a candidate for an M.B.A. degree from the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania. Alison is a computer programmer for the United States Surgical Corporation, Wilton, Connecticut. * Matt Dallett was married on October 27, 1984, to Mary Pritchard, a Central America specialist at Oxfam, the international development organization. Bill Short was best man. Mary and Matt are living in Brunswick, Maine, for a year while he clerks for Justice Louis Scolnik of the Supreme Judicial Court and she writes her master’s thesis. Then back to Boston.

1975

Rickie Harvey and her husband have moved to Boston from New York City. She is doing freelance editing for various publishing houses in the Boston area, and they love the switch from Manhattan. * Elizabeth and Chip Clothier are living in Evanston, Illinois, while Chip attends the Kellogg School of Management of Northwestern University. He is working on an M.B.A. with emphasis in marketing. Before going to graduate school he worked as a buyer with Strawbridge and Clothier in Philadelphia for four years. * Liz McGowan is in Athens, Greece, working on her dissertation in classical archeology.

1976

Lisa Claudy is working as the New York "office" of a Europe-based consulting firm which directs international fund-raising programs for non-profit organizations. "It's a wonderful reason to travel to Amsterdam and Paris every few months!" * Lelie Woodrow writes: "I am still living in Paris, struggling through very troubled times but managing to write short stories and participate in a writing workshop as well as continue dressage and jumping training for a third year." * Will Waggaman and Daphne Harrison Geary were married on October 27, 1984, at St. James Church, New York city. Mike Ives was the best man. SPS guests at the wedding included Larry Manson, Chester Irons, John Queenan, Don Keyser, Angus Beavers ’78, Peter Fleming, Sims McGrath, and Peter Henriquez. A graduate of Miss Porter’s School, Farmington, Connecticut, and Colby College, Daphne is a real estate saleswoman for Charles H. Greenthal and Company in Manhattan. Will is working at Backer and Spielvogel Advertising as a manager of field services for the Miller Brewing Company account. * Jeff von der Schulen-
burg is studying for an M.B.A. in New York City. • Chris Morse and Denise Moriecarty were married in Andover, New Hampshire, on August 18, 1984. She is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin and is a teaching fellow at North Texas University. Chris is also a teaching fellow at North Texas University and a faculty member of the Selwyn School, Denton, Texas. • Hank Garfield is living in north San Diego County, working on the leading edge of laserdisk technology. He is writing “interactive movies” for the home. • Matt Estes and Mary Ellen Zator were to marry August 11, 1984. Matt is a lawyer in Washington, D. C. with Reid and Priest.

1977

Kim Henning is teaching first grade at Milton Academy, bumped into the Harmon’s (David, Jane, and Brett), and is still playing U.S. lacrosse. • Anne O’Herron and Jonathan B. Burleigh have announced their engagement. They plan to marry in June 1985. He is a cum laude graduate of Middlebury and is an administrative officer in the international department of Brown Brothers, Harriman and Company. Anne is in a master’s degree program in elementary education at Teachers College of Columbia University and has been an assistant teacher at the Buckley School. • John Dickey is working for ABC News “20/20” and living in Denver, Colorado. • Scott Elder has returned from two and a half years in Paris. He translated for Yves Saint Laurent, Inc., worked for an advertising company, did public relations during a perfume launching, etc. He skydived with a French team in the 1984 16-man formation World Cup and placed fifth. He also participated in the October 1984 “New River Bridge Day” in Fayetteville, West Virginia, during which rock climbers rappelled from the 876-foot span, English bungi cord jumpers hopped off to yo-yo to a dangling halt 300 feet below, and 248 skydivers parachuted while seventy thousand spectators cheered. In Manhattan Scott is a salesmen for Cartier and working towards his pilot’s license. • Barbie Griffin will receive her M.Arch. degree from Princeton in June. She is engaged to marry Christopher Cole (Andover ’77), who will receive his M.B.A. from Harvard Business School in June. • Mark Bennett is producing and directing for local Boston TV station WBZ-TV. • Wizzie Deans has been teaching and coaching at the New Hampton (New Hampshire) School but plans to move to Buffalo, New York, in June to a new teaching and coaching job. • After graduating Phi Beta Kappa from Brown with B.A. and M.A. degrees and honors in classics, Eric Rosenberg worked for a year before entering Columbia Law School, where he was designated a Harlan Fiske Stone Scholar for outstanding academic achievement during the 1983-1984 School year. • Ted Erhard spent spring and summer of 1984 in Scotland photographing a West Highland village for his thesis; he will be graduating from Hampshire College in January 1985. • Bruce Seabrook writes: “Having completed a leveraged buy-out of Storage Technology Corporation, I plan to devote more of my time modelling for M Magazine.” • On November 9, 1984, Todd Purdum was the featured speaker for “Journalism Day” at Western Illinois University. Todd has been working for The New York Times since 1982 and is now a news assistant, working with editors on the makeup desk and in the composing room to coordinate the paper’s layout. He has worked also for the Ashbury Park Press and the Newark Star-Ledger in New Jersey and for Newsday, the Long Island, New York, newspaper. • A photo of Judd Nelson appears in the February 1985 issue of Vanity Fair, with the comment that he is being regarded as “the next Dustin Hoffman” for his performances in four movies.

1978

Dan Schmechel is a petroleum geologist with Amoco Production Company and is living in Denver, Colorado. • Scott Elder has returned from two and a half years in Paris. He translated for Yves Saint Laurent, Inc., worked for an advertising company, did public relations during a perfume launching, etc. He skydived with a French team in the 1984 16-man formation World Cup and placed fifth. He also participated in the October 1984 “New River Bridge Day” in Fayetteville, West Virginia, during which rock climbers rappelled from the 876-foot span, English bungi cord jumpers hopped off to yo-yo to a dangling halt 300 feet below, and 248 skydivers parachuted while seventy thousand spectators cheered. In Manhattan Scott is a salesmen for Cartier and working towards his pilot’s license. • Barbie Griffin will receive her M.Arch. degree from Princeton in June. She is engaged to marry Christopher Cole (Andover ’77), who will receive his M.B.A. from Harvard Business School in June. • Mark Bennett is producing and directing for local Boston TV station WBZ-TV. • Wizzie Deans has been teaching and coaching at the New Hampton (New Hampshire) School but plans to move to Buffalo, New York, in June to a new teaching and coaching job. • After graduating Phi Beta Kappa from Brown with B.A. and M.A. degrees and honors in classics, Eric Rosenberg worked for a year before entering Columbia Law School, where he was designated a Harlan Fiske Stone Scholar for outstanding academic achievement during the 1983-1984 School year. • Ted Erhard spent spring and summer of 1984 in Scotland photographing a West Highland village for his thesis; he will be graduating from Hampshire College in January 1985. • Bruce Seabrook writes: “Having completed a leveraged buy-out of Storage Technology Corporation, I plan to devote more of my time modelling for M Magazine.” • On November 9, 1984, Todd Purdum was the featured speaker for “Journalism Day” at Western Illinois University. Todd has been working for The New York Times since 1982 and is now a news assistant, working with editors on the makeup desk and in the composing room to coordinate the paper’s layout. He has worked also for the Ashbury Park Press and the Newark Star-Ledger in New Jersey and for Newsday, the Long Island, New York, newspaper. • A photo of Judd Nelson appears in the February 1985 issue of Vanity Fair, with the comment that he is being regarded as “the next Dustin Hoffman” for his performances in four movies.

1979

Liz White is living in Watertown, Massachusetts, and working as a program manager in Harvard Square for Crimson Travel. • Judy Jordan reports: “After graduating from Stanford I decided to travel a bit. I have just returned from extensive travels around the world! I went to Mexico, Italy, England, France, Germany, Malaysia, Singapore, Japan, and Hong Kong. I even lived in a southern Chinese commune and worked in
the rice paddies with water buffaloes! I'm now back to reality. I have left the rice paddies and the chop sticks for a new job! I am now working in Santa Rosa, California, as a junior geologist in the oil business with my father."

**1980**

Richard Wesley reports: "Having survived Dartmouth, I am still in Academia at Brown doing a Ph.D. in pure math. Why? Why not! Actually, NASA wants that kind of training for shuttle astronauts, so let's hope it works out." Thierry Philippomnat wrote a lengthy letter. After graduating from school in 1979 he spent a year at Reims University studying economics, then entered the Institut d'Etudes Politiques de Paris ("Sciences Po") and graduated in 1983. He then fulfilled his military obligation serving as a Naval officer and is now studying for a Ph.D. in international economics. He hopes to be one of twenty-five people selected worldwide for a three-months program with the international Monetary Fund in Washington, D.C., in the summer of 1985. John Hornblower writes: "I am engaged to Mildred T. Rivera (a Harvard classmate), to be married in October 1985. Mildred works for Geer-DuBois, a mid-sized advertising agency in Manhattan; she concentrated in sociology at Harvard and majored in ballet at the New York High School for the Performing Arts." Hilary Bedford is living in Bronxville, New York, and working on Wall Street for Credit Suisse in the commercial lending program. She is engaged to marry Charles H. Parkhurst, Princeton '83, of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, in September 1985. Jennifer Cook is enrolled at Smith in a master's degree program in clinical social work. She spends her summers in Northampton, Massachusetts, and the rest of the year in New Haven doing her clinical training. She and William Ruhl, an architecture student at Yale, will marry in August 1985. Marion Gayer biked across the U.S. last summer. She is now a researcher at Worldwatch, an environmental institute in Washington, D.C.—"which isn't nearly as exciting as crossing the Rocky Mountains and the Great Salt Lake Desert!" Amy Berrier is in her final semester at Brown, where she is majoring in biology. She is living in an energy conservation house and coordinating a community garden and solar greenhouse project. John Pryor is working in Stamford, Connecticut, and applying to graduate schools in psychology. Sally Scott was to leave on January 26, 1985, for Peace Corps training camp, to prepare for two years of community services work in an agricultural village in Senegal (West Africa). She hopes to attend graduate school in international studies in the fall of 1987. Bert Stewart will be touring the western United States for most of the winter. Rob Russell writes: "After four years at Cornell University I'm now in Ithaca for year number five, pursuing a master of engineering degree in electrical engineering. Hopefully, my next home will be California, where it is much warmer!"

**1981**

Jim Lowe spent the 1984 summer at the Advanced Studies Program as an intern assisting Mr. Katzenbach and Mr. Sherrill in the teaching of the law and government class. Cryptic comment from Tim Cotton: "Yes, I am going to graduate!" Bill Duryea writes that a full-length play of his will be produced at Wesleyan in the spring. From Marian Starr: "I've spent the past four years at Princeton absorbed in architecture and in enjoying life. Two summers ago I worked for I. M. Pei and Partners in New York; last summer I travelled between London, Paris, San Francisco, and Toronto. Next year I plan to study painting in London, as a much-needed break before architecture
grad school. I see classmates regularly in the New York area, but it’s tough to convince anyone to visit New Jersey . . .” • Nina Streeter is a modern European history major at Harvard and “silly enough to be writing a thesis.” She is captain of the Radcliffe lightweight varsity crew and will be trying for the national team this summer. • Al Gawthrop went on a trip around the world with the “Semester at Sea” program in the spring of 1984, with stops in South America, South Africa, India, China, and Japan. He is continuing at the University of Colorado in Boulder. • Sean McDonnell writes: “Am studying goat physiology in Colorado. Hope to alter American perception of these truly wonderful creatures.” • John Duer is a senior at Dartmouth, majoring in Middle East history. He was recently named Distinguished Military Scholar in the ROTC and will be commissioned in the Army in June. • Sam Reid enjoyed a summer studying at Trinity College, Oxford, and was going to Argentina and Uruguay after Christmas; he may possibly head back to Lake Clark, Alaska, after graduation from Trinity College, Hartford. • In September Biddle Duke returned for his senior year at Duke from a semester abroad at the University of the Andes in Bogota, Colombia. In an article published in both the November 28, 1984, Chronicle of Duke University and the December 21, 1984, Southampton (N.Y.) Press, he detailed his experiences as a student in Bogota during the terrorist bombings of the U.S. Embassy.

1982

Neil Oleson is concentrating in government and rooming with Bill Graham at Harvard. Neil is on the varsity heavyweight crew and last spring at the San Diego Crew Classic saw Jim Kuhn and Brad Copithorne, who are rowing for Stanford.

1983

From Brown University comes word from Hanako Yamaguchi that she is keeping herself busy studying music and history and playing a lot of piano. • Tina Unhoch is rowing on the Yale novice crew: “I have to add my parents are thankful that the food isn’t as good here as at SPS, and I’m eating less!” • Alex Denisof spent one year studying theatre and preparing for national and international auditions. In January 1984 he was selected for the national finals of the University Resident Theatre Association at Long Beach, California. He was offered positions with full scholarship in four schools. In April 1984 he auditioned the Internationals at the UN in New York City. He was accepted to the full British program of the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art. He is now living in London and is the only American in his course. He also performed steadily through the year and continued his work in ceramics; a piece—ceramic masque—was accepted for the Bellevue Art Fair last summer.

1984

Edith Pepper and Nina Houghton reached the finals of the Women’s National Surfing Tournament. • John Gates writes that he is having a great time in Cambridge and hopes to play lacrosse. • Steve Clay has deferred his Tufts matriculation for a year and is working as a computer programmer (moonlighting occasionally at WESX in Marblehead). • Erik Ross writes: “The work at Harvard is tough but fascinating, and I’m especially enjoying a freshman seminar on the literature of exploratory natural history and the development of evolutionary theory, for which I’m reading, among other books, Darwin’s Voyage of the Beagle. I share a suite in Canaday Hall with four roommates, all good guys and each with his own computer and printer, so I don’t need to buy one (for the present). I’m fencing and playing volleyball, and I really love this place.” • Andy Hunt is rowing with the Harvard freshman lightweights. He writes: “It’s been pretty tough, almost as tough as SPS lax, but it’s going well so far. Roommates are okay, all goes well.” • A pamphlet promoting adequate and timely immunizations among school-aged persons was researched and written last spring as part of Debbie Holloway’s independent study project for the State of New Hampshire’s Division of Public Health Services. The pamphlet has now been printed and distributed widely throughout the state. • Ben Hall has been selected as a sophomore residence counselor and won the competition to be the drum major of the Brown University band next year.

Deceased

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

'14 — Theodore Babbitt
April 15, 1984

'14 — Eno Campbell
November 22, 1984

'15 — Matthew Scott Bromwell
September 16, 1984

'16 — Henry Burling Thompson
September 1984

'19 — Prescott Evarts
February 22, 1985

'21 — Harry William Gilbert
August 25, 1981

'22 — Albert Huntsman Rosengarten
July 22, 1984

'23 — Edmund Webster Mudge, Jr.
January 6, 1985

Dallas, Texas
1911—Wainwright Abbott


A graduate of Yale, in World War I he first served with the Morgan Harjes ambulance service in France in 1916, then enlisted in the French air force as a sergeant pilot in 1917. He flew with the Lafayette Escadrille (Escadrille Spad 154) and was awarded the Croix de Guerre with two citations. He later served in U.S. aviation as a first lieutenant.

He was a U.S. Foreign Service officer from 1920 to 1950, serving in London, Belgrade, Caracas, Athens, and Washington, D.C. His last post was as consul general in Dublin. His wife, the former Mary Alice Unander-Scharin of Umea, Sweden, died about ten years ago. Survivors include five nieces, Nancy Abbott Ballard, Anne Worrall Ryan, Constance Worrall Fleischman, Juliette Abbott Perry, Polly Abbott Wherry; a nephew, Walter L. Worrall ’28; grandnieces and grandnephews, including Angus Wilkie ’76.

1916—Henry Burling Thompson, Jr.

President of his Form, died on September 21, 1984, in Baltimore, Maryland, after several years of ill health. He was born in Wilmington, Delaware, on July 27, 1897, the son of Mary Wilson Thompson and Henry Burling Thompson and brother of the late James H. W. Thompson ’24. Entering School at the beginning, loved the woods, ponds, and hills around the county, and enjoyed singing in the Choir, a member of the American Quarter Horse Association and the Concordian debating team, and was president of the VI Form. He played line on the Isthmian first football team, was field marshal of the Athletic Association, rowed in the Shattuck first boat, and served as secretary and treasurer of the Shattuck Boat Club.

He entered Princeton but in 1916 joined the American Field Service, was wounded serving in France, and was awarded the Croix de Guerre. He transferred to the U.S. Air Service in 1917, while in France, and served as a scout pilot, leaving the service in 1919. He graduated from Princeton in 1920 and began his career in the textile industry, retiring in 1952 from McCampbell and Company of New York City. During World War II Mr. Thompson served in USAAF intelligence in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Burma, and India, leaving the service as a lieutenant colonel. He was awarded the Bronze Star.

While working in Manhattan he had served as mayor of Old Brookville, New York, 1938-1942. In his retirement, living at Beaver Brook Farm, Reisterstown, Maryland, he was a vestryman of St. John’s Church, Glyndon, served two terms as Director of Civil Defense for the state of Maryland, and was for more than twenty years a trustee of St. James School, near Hagerstown, at which Henry Augustus Colt, the first Rector, had been a young teacher.

His first marriage, to the former Mary Noyes White, ended in divorce. His second wife, Martha Chalfant Wheelwright Thompson, whom he married in 1946, died in 1972. He is survived by a daughter, Mary Thompson Dowey; two sons, Henry B. Thompson III and Charles D. W. Thompson ’49; his stepchildren, Martha Wheelwright Galleher and Henry Chalfant Wheelwright; his sister, Elinor Thompson Douglas; seven grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. A stepson, Clarence Watson Wheelwright ’49, was shot down over Korea in 1952.

1920—Melville Hanna Haskell

died at his home in Sedona, Arizona, on September 3, 1984. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on July 7, 1901, the son of Gertrude Hanna Haskell and Coburn Haskell, and entered School as a II Former. He was a member of the Scientific Association, the Mandolin Club, and the Rubber Band. After graduating from Yale he moved to Tucson, Arizona, and became a rancher. He was a member of the Tucson Medical Center board for twenty-five years and served also on the boards of the YMCA, Boys Club, and Red Cross. After moving to Sedona in 1968 he served on the board of the Verde Valley Guidance Clinic.

Considered the “father” of modern quarter horse racing, for many years he raised registered quarter horses on the Rincon Ranch and Stock Farm. He was instrumental in forming the American Quarter Horse Racing Association and served as a director and president; he was honorary vice president of the American Quarter Horse Association and wrote the original rules for the association; and in 1984 he was inducted into the American Quarter Horse Hall of Fame. He also served ten years as a member of the Arizona Racing Commission.

Survivors include his wife, Betty Seymour Haskell, whom he married in 1951; four sons, Coburn Haskell, Schuyler Adams Haskell, Melville Hanna Haskell, Jr., M.D., and Mark Haskell; a daughter, Mary Haskell Haywood; two stepsons, William Woodin and Barry Bettner; a stepdaughter, Barbara Riggs; eight grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

1923—John Randolph Burke

died at the Bryn Mawr Hospital, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, on October 12, 1984, of cancer. The son of Jane Revere Reynolds Burke and Nicholas Philip Trist Burke, he was born in Alexandria, Virginia, in 1906 and raised in Milton, Massachusetts. He prepared for the School at Milton Academy, and entered the II Form in 1918. His five years at SPS were very happy ones. He rowed and played ice hockey with enthusiasm, increased his early interest in English literature under “Chappie” Scudder and Gerald Chittenden, enjoyed singing in the Choir, and, from the beginning, loved the woods, ponds, and hills around the School. Most of all, he
valued SPS for his lasting friendships with formmates and masters, and other Old Boys of the School whom he met later on. To the end of his life he was wont to say that hardly a day passed which was not in some manner enriched for him by St. Paul's.

At Harvard he was a manager of the football team, a member of the Signet Society and A. D. Club, and Third Marshal of the Class of 1927. After graduation, he worked for the Lee, Higginson Trust Company until its demise in the Depression, and subsequently for several other financial institutions in Boston before enlisting in the Naval Reserve in May 1941. He served as the commanding officer of three ships—a Navy tug, an anti-submarine net tender, and LST 664—in the Atlantic and Mediterranean in the Second World War.

After some years with the Chase Bank in New York, he went to work for the Bryn Mawr Hospital, serving as its managing director from 1956 until 1971. He regarded the nineteen years of his association with the Hospital as the most absorbing and fulfilling portion of his working life. The summers of his retirement were spent by him and his wife in North Haven, Maine, where he delighted in renewing his acquaintance with old island friends, and a coastline where he had known since early boyhood. A lifelong Episcopalian, and fervent admirer of the 1928 Prayerbook and King James Version of the Bible, he was a communicant and former vestryman of the Church of the Redeemer in Bryn Mawr.

He is survived by his wife, Agnes Hayes Burke of Gladwyne; the son of his former marriage, Nicholas Randolph Burke '61; and his grandson, James Revere Burke. —N.R.B. '61

1926—John French
died of a massive heart attack on August 15, 1984, while hiking near Jackson's Hole in Wyoming with his wife, Eleanor Clark French.

John was born on January 31, 1909, in his parents' house at 40th Street and Madison Avenue in New York City. Unlike most New Yorkers, he was living, at the time of his death, only four blocks away at 144 East 38th Street, in Murray Hill.

John's first schooling was in the kindergarten of Rosemary Hall. His first report, dated October 1914, stated that 'John as a rule, is very attentive but at times very noisy.' Subsequent schooling at the Brunswick School in Greenwich, Connecticut, seems, however, to have subdued his noisiness and formed him into an excellent student. He twice won the Ames Award for excellence in his studies in his V and VI Form years at SPS, and in his VI Form year was the only member of his class listed as receiving a First Testimonial.

He entered Dartmouth in the fall of 1926. In his first year he won the Churchill Award for $100 “for the purchase of books.” The award contained the following requirements: “honesty with oneself, fairness toward others, sensitiveness to duty and courage in its performance: these qualities make character, and on character rests the structure of society.” John was elected to Phi Beta Kappa in his junior year, and as a senior he was Editor-in-Chief of The Dartmouth, was elected class president, and voted by his classmates as having “gained the most respect” among them.

John, throughout his career, continued as a ‘loyal son of Dartmouth.’ He went on to serve on the Board of Overseers of Hopkins Center, was President of the Class of ’30 1972-80 and of the Class Presidents’ Association, member of the Dartmouth Alumni Council, and President of the General Association of Dartmouth Alumni. He was very active in the Campaign for Dartmouth, and at the time of his death was serving as Class Bequest Chairman. In 1980 he was the recipient of the Dartmouth Alumni Award, which stated: ‘Yours has been a life of service to your country, to your church, International House, and Dartmouth College.’

John spent a year at Clare College, Cambridge, after graduating from Dartmouth and then graduated from Harvard Law School in 1934. In 1932 he returned to the academic community and received his M.A. at New York University. His thesis: a comparative study of farming in Yugoslavia, Poland, and Bulgaria, countries which he and his wife had visited extensively in previous summers.

He entered the Army, as a private, in 1942 and was promoted to captain in the OSS. He qualified as a parachutist and served in the Military Government in Germany from 1945 to 1949. For some time he was the U.S. member of one of the direct­orates of the Allied Control Council.

On his return to New York, he entered the law firm of Curtis, Mallet-Prevost, Colt & Mosle and became a partner in 1952.

In New York City, John’s institutional connections were broad. He was trustee and counsel to International House, an active supporter of the Metropolitan Opera and the New York Library, an active member of the Century Club and the Council on Foreign Relations, and a leading layperson in the Unitarian Church of All Souls.

The Board of Trustees of International House honored John posthumously with the following Resolution unanimously passed at its meeting on October 18, 1984, “to honor the memory of John French whose dedicated and loyal service as Secretary, Legal Counsel and Life Trustees was an inspiration and example to the entire International House Community.” (signed) Henry A. Kissinger, Chairman, and Gordon H. Evans, President.

As to hobbies, John was a music lover and an enthusiastic opera goer. He enjoyed the outdoors, and in this category hiking should go at the top of the list. He and his wife, Eleanor, climbed all 47 of the 4,000-feet and over peaks of the White Mountains and are members of the 4,000 Footer Club of the White Mountains! They back-packed in the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming with three children, five grandchildren, and three golden retrievers. They have hiked two summers in the Alps, one along the Rhine, and, as already stated, he was hiking in the Teton Mountains at his death. A wonderful way to go!

He loved gardening also, both at 38th Street where his spring tulips lured the Garden Club to visit last year, and his vegetable garden in Woodstock supplied the family with vegetables the summer through.

His first marriage, to Rhoda Walker in 1931, ended in divorce in 1947. In 1950 he married Eleanor F. Clark of Philadelphia. She survives him as do his sons, John III and Robert Walker, a daughter, Mary French Minier, and nine grandchildren, including John Billings French '75.

—E. C. F.

1926—Elam Ward Olney, Jr.
died of a stroke in Chatham, Massachusetts, on October 21, 1984. The son of Ada Blackford Olney and Elam Ward Olney, he was born in Brooklyn, New York, on February 23, 1907, but lived most of life in Morris­town, New Jersey, until retiring to Cape Cod. He entered School as a II Former and was a member of the Cadmean Literary Society and the Scientific Association. In his VI Form year he was a member of the School Council and the executive committee of the Library Association, vice president of the Missionary Society, treasurer of the Athletic Association, and a Supervisor. He was a member of the SPS baseball team and
captain of the Delphian first baseball team; a member of the Delphian first hockey team and the Delphian track team, being a member of the winning relay team at the 1925 Anniversary track meet, and the winner of the Potter Challenge Medal for the senior quarter-mile run and the Gardner Challenge Cup for the senior half-mile run at the 1926 Anniversary track meet.

Mr. Olney received his B.A. degree from Harvard in 1930 and worked on Wall Street and as the passenger sales representative for Continental Trailways of North America. He was past commander of U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 1-1101 (Chatham), fleet captain of the Stage Harbor Yacht Club, a Lay Reader and vestry member of St. Christopher’s Church, Chatham.


1927 — Harry Ingersoll Nicholas, Jr.
died at his home in Villanova, Pennsylvania, on September 15, 1984. Born in Syosset, New York, on May 6, 1908, he was the son of Dorothy Snow Nicholas and Harry Ingersoll Nicholas ’01. He prepared for St. Paul’s at Aiken (South Carolina) Preparatory School and was at School for six years. He was a Supervisor, a Camp Councillor, an accounting warden, a member of the Concordian Literary Society, the Year Book committee, the Scientific Association, and the executive committee of the Missionary Society; and as a VI Former served on the Council and played on the Delphian first football team. He was a 1931 graduate of Harvard, where he majored in economics and played on the polo team. He joined the 101st Cavalry Regiment of the New York National Guard in 1941, returning from Korea in 1946 as a major. He was awarded the Commendation Ribbon. He was a member of the New York Stock Exchange 1933-1966 and was a partner in Benton and Company when he retired.

Mr. Nicholas was an active horseman and fox hunter; for many years he and his sister Nancy joined forces in a hunting stable in Chester County, Pennsylvania. He was for three years president of the Master of Foxhounds Association and for three years president of the U. S. Pony Clubs. He and his wife were joint masters of the Pickering Fox Hunt of Chester Springs, Chester County, Pennsylvania 1962-1975. He served also as vice president of the Health and Welfare Council of Chester County.

Survivors include his wife, Josephine Auchenless Nicholas; two stepdaughters, Nina Arrowsmith and Cynthia Manion; five step-grandchildren; a sister, Nancy Nicholas; and two brothers, Frederick Snow Nicholas ’29 and Peter Hollins Nicholas ’35.

1930 — Benjamin Lincoln Huntington
of Manchester, Massachusetts, died in Beverly, Massachusetts, on November 2, 1984. He was born in Boston on April 6, 1912, the son of Sarah Higgins Pierce Huntington and James Lincoln Huntington. He entered St. Paul’s as a III Former and was an Acolyte, a member of the Propylaeum and Concordian Literary Societies, the Missionary Society, the Scientific Association, the Library Association, and a member of the School Council in his V and VI Form years. In his VI Form year he rowed on the Halcyon first crew and was captain of SPS crew. A member of the Phi Beta Kappa Squad, in 1929 he won the Oakes Greek Prize for the best sight translation of a passage taken from Xenophon together with a translation from English into Greek of a piece of prose based on the Anabasis. He received his diploma cum laude.

He received his A.B. degree cum laude from Harvard in 1934 and his M.D. degree from Harvard Medical School in 1938. He served in the Army 1942-1946, much of the time as a malaria and tropic disease control officer in the Pacific. After the war he became medical director of the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company in Boston, retiring in 1969. Dr. Huntington had served as chairman of both the finance committee and the school committee of the town of Manchester and as president and secretary-treasurer of the Coconut Isle Improvement Association, Fort Lauderdale, Florida. He had also been commodore of the Manchester Yacht Club.

He is survived by his wife, Susan H. Brewer Huntington, whom he married June 1, 1940; two sons, Samuel P. Huntington and Robert B. Huntington; and a brother, John Huntington.

1930 — Frederic McMichael Kirkland
died at his home in New York City on November 9, 1984, of a heart attack. Born in Philadelphia on September 19, 1911, he was the son of Caroline Sutherland McMichael Kirkland and Frederic Richardson Kirkland ’06. He attended Chestnut Hill Academy and Montgomery School before coming to St. Paul’s in 1926 as a III Former.

He served the School as a VI Form Councillor and as a Camp Councillor, was a member of the Concordian Literary Society, the Old Hundred squash team, and the Old Hundred track team, of which he was elected captain in 1930. As a member of the SPS track team Fred, together with three others from the School, competed that spring in the Harvard Inter-Scholastics and distinguished himself in the half mile. His dedicated participation in the grueling cross-country runs at the School still stands as a vivid part of this writer’s memory of Fred.

It was in that year as his VI Form roommate that I became aware of his deep-rooted thoughtfulness of others and of his fierce loyalty to his friends. Years later when I was in hospital in New York for an operation, he turned up as if by magic, surprising me completely and bringing with him his disarming smile, his usual cheer and good humor.

Fred had almost an obsession about people’s names. It was their full name that he always favored; first, middle, and last, and he referred to them in that way. Probably not surprising when one recalls the Saturday afternoon Rankings in the Big Study with Dr. Drury intoning each full name through the whole roster of the School, week after week. And what a knack Fred had for creating unusual nicknames for all of us. Names that stuck, whether we liked them or not.

Fred’s name was often mentioned by his friends for its vivid part of this writer’s memory of Fred. From St. Paul’s he went on to Harvard, where he was a member of Iroquois Club and Hasty Pudding. Then came work with the National Broadcasting Company before he enlisted in the Navy Officers Training Corps in 1943. He served as harbor Master at Eniwetok for most of the war in the Pacific. He subsequently worked for Western Union, Manufacturers Appraisal Company, Equitable Life Assurance, and finally Emil A. Schrotth, Inc., a manufacturer of industrial brass and copper fittings, for whom he was still energetically at work in 1984.

His time at Western Union is most memorable for me for it was there that his constantly inventive mind came to my rescue. As a salesman for Macmillan I was desperately seeking a way to get distribution of the paperback illustrated moving picture edition of Gone With the Wind into the small towns throughout the country where the picture was opening but where no book stores existed. Fred devised a plan for the
delivery of a sample copy of the book by the local Western Union manager, timed for each opening of the movie, to the most likely outlet nearest to the movie house, with provision for a telegraphic reply ordering a carton of books. We were swamped. His innovative scheme was a wild success.

Fred was an entertaining correspondent. His letters sparked with wit and in their expression always carefully shunned the conventional, just as he was wont to do in all things that he undertook. He loved games and for many years served as chairman of the games committee of the Harvard Club of New York. He ran what was acknowledged the most popular bridge tournament in the college club league, assembling approximately one hundred players each month. The calibre was high, including twenty life masters, and Fred was the winner many times, hailed as the club champion in numerous years.

A loyal, devoted alumnus of St. Paul’s, he returned to reunions up to 1980 when his Form celebrated its Fiftieth. Two years prior to that he organized practically single-handed and in a masterful fashion a mini-reunion of the Form in New York City attended by thirty-two members to establish an all-time record for the Form.

He is survived by his wife, Sally Phinney Kirkland, the former fashion editor of Life, whom he married on September 10, 1938; a daughter, Sally Kirkland of Los Angeles, active in the theater and dance; and two brothers, Charles McMichael Kirkland ‘30 and Benjamin Buck Kirkland.

Moved by words from Harriet Doerr’s lovely novel Stones for Ibarra, we can say that Fred Kirkland has “left footprints in the soil that he and his friends walked together that neither rain nor wind, nor the passing of time can sweep away.”

—Josiah Randall Williams ’30

1932—Robert Stevenson Wolcott

died in Boston on August 6, 1984; he was seventy years old. The son of Hannah Stevenson Wolcott and Samuel Huntington Wolcott, he entered School as a IV Former and was a member of the Scientific Association and the Chess Club; in his VI Form year he played on the Ithamian first baseball team. In 1936 he graduated from Harvard, where he was a member of the varsity crew.

He joined the U.S. Army Air Corps in 1940, served in France and the Rhineland as a P-47 pilot with the 371st Fighter Group, and was shot down and captured near Stuttgart, Germany, in October 1944. He was released after six months in a prisoner-of-war camp. He was awarded the Air Medal and left the service as a lieutenant colonel.

After World War II he was involved with civil aviation and later with the investment firm of Tucker Anthony and R.L. Day in Boston. He was a corporator of the Provident Institution for Savings and Peter Bent Brigham Hospital.

He is survived by his wife, Ruth Windsor Robb Wolcott of Prides Crossing, Massachusetts; three stepchildren, James Gillespie Blaine, Robin Blaine Livingston, and Nina Blaine; a sister, Edith Wolcott Devens; a brother, Samuel Huntington Wolcott, Jr. ’29; and three nephews, Oliver Wolcott, Jr. ’48; Samuel Huntington Wolcott III ’53; and William Prescott Wolcott ’63.

1934—Francis Lyman Hine II

of Greenwich Township, Bridgeton, New Jersey, died on Man O’War Cay in the Bahamas on December 21, 1984. He was born on February 2, 1916, in New York City, the son of Sibyl Young Hine and Lyman Northrup Hine, and prepared for St. Paul’s School at Greenville School. In his VI Form year he was a member of the Delphian first football team and Delphian first baseball team and a member of the executive committee of the Squash Racquets Association.

A 1939 graduate of Yale, he was a co-founder and president of Airwork Corporation, Millville, New Jersey, retiring in 1972. He had served as a director of the National Glass Plastic Corporation, as chairman of the Meta-Glas Systems Corporation, and as a trustee of Cheshire (Connecticut) Academy. From March 1941 until April 1946 he served in the U.S. Army Quartermaster Corps, including campaigns with the 1st Army in Normandy, Northern France, Rhineland, Ardennes, and Central Europe, and the occupation forces in Germany. He left the service as a lieutenant colonel and was awarded the Croix de Guerre.

He is survived by his wife, Helen McChristie Hine; four daughters, Helen Harhart, Louise Huber, Marion Storm, and Priscilla DeLong; a son, F. Lyman Hine III; a sister, Sibyl H. Harwood; his mother, Mrs. Fred G. Clark; and ten grandchildren.

1935—Norton Downs

of Canton Center, Connecticut, died in Hartford on January 11, 1985, at the age of sixty-six. Born in Philadelphia, the son of Alice Thompson Downs and Norton Downs, Jr. ’13, he entered School as a II Former. He earned his undergraduate and doctoral degrees from the University of Pennsylvania, and served during World War II as a Naval communications officer in Oran, Algeria, and Marseille, France.

He joined the history faculty of Trinity College, Hartford, in 1950 and was a specialist in medieval history, the author and editor of many textbooks and articles, including Basic Documents of Medieval History. He was the treasurer of The Medieval Academy of America. In addition, he was a leading authority on Sir Walter Scott and presented his collection of Scott’s papers, letters, and first editions to Trinity in 1979. For many years he was faculty advisor to the Trinity crew and was a founder of The Friends of Trinity Rowing; he and another crew founder were honored in 1964 by the establishment of the Mason-Downs Cup awarded to the winner of the annual match race between Trinity and the University of Massachusetts.

A long-time resident of Canton Center, he was a member of the Canton Land Trust and the Democratic Town Committee. He was a former vestryman of Trinity Church, Hartford, a vestryman of Trinity Church, Collinsville, former secretary of the Watkinson School, and an elector of the Wadsworth Atheneum.

He is survived by his wife, Marguerite Lindsay Downs; two sons, N. Thompson Downs and Lindsay Downs; a daughter, Alice L. Downs; his mother, Mrs. Edward W. Madeira; his half-brother, Edward W. Madeira, Jr.; and three grandchildren.

1938—Alfred Mortimer Hunt

of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, died at the age of sixty-five in Boston on October 31, 1984, of a pulmonary disorder. He was the son of Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt and Roy Arthur Hunt and brother of the late Roy Arthur Hunt, Jr. ’43. He prepared for St. Paul’s at Shady Side Academy and entered School as a IV Former. He was a Ranking Scholar; a Supervisor; an Acolyte; a Sunday School teacher; a member of the Missionary Society, the Glee Club, the Library Association, the Cadman Literary Society, the Dramatic Club, and the Hockey Program Committee. In 1937 he won the Oakes Greek Prize for the best translation at sight of a passage taken from Xenophon, together with a translation from English into Greek of a piece of pose based on the Anabasis; and he received his diploma cum laude.

He received his B.A. degree with honors in metallurgy from Yale in 1942 and joined the Aluminum Company of America as a technical apprentice, retiring in 1984 as secretary and a vice president of the company. He was a guiding influence in Alcoa’s
corporate philanthropic affairs as a director of Alcoa Foundation and devoted much of his energy to developing Alcoa's policies of corporate ethics and responsibility to its shareholders.

He was finance committee chairman and a trustee of Carnegie Institute; an emeritus trustee of Duke University; and a trustee of the Helen Clay Frick Foundation, the Hunt Foundation, and the Roy A. Hunt Foundation.

A life-long member of the Church of the Ascension in Oakland, Pennsylvania, he had served it as vice chairman and vestryman; he was also a trustee of the Episcopal Diocese of Pittsburgh and of Trinity Cathedral, Pittsburgh.

In addition to his membership in a number of engineering societies, Mr. Hunt was a member of the American Society of Corporate Secretaries, Inc., and a director of Allendale Mutual Insurance Company. He was a director and vice president of the Pittsburgh Regional Planning Association; a director of the Pittsburgh History and Landmarks Foundation; and a member of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission, the Pittsburgh Bibliophiles, and the sponsoring committee of the Allegheny Conference on Community Development.

He was a director of and a member of the executive committee of the Pennsylvania Horse Breeders' Association, a member of the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America, and in 1977 received the F. Ambrose Clark Memorial Award, as Man of the Year, the highest honor given annually by the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, of which he was a senior member.

Survivors include two brothers, Torrence M. Hunt and Richard McMasters Hunt '44; a niece, SPS Trustee Helen McMasters Hunt '75; and nephews Roy Arthur Hunt III '69 and Andrew McMquesten Hunt '77.

1942 — William R. Scott
died in Los Angeles of a cerebral hemorrhage on August 28, 1984. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on March 14, 1924, the son of Catharine Ann French Scott and William R. Scott. He prepared at Fay School, Southborough, Massachusetts, and entered St. Paul's as a III Former. He was a member of the Yearbook Committee, the Hockey Program Committee, the Concordian Literary Society, and the Library Association. During World War II he served as an officer aboard U.S.S. E. G. Small (DD 838) in the Mediterranean.

He received his A.B. degree cum laude from Princeton in 1946 and a doctorate from the University of Geneva, Switzerland. He was a business manager for theater people in Los Angeles, London, Paris, and New York, and maintained homes in Los Angeles and Pittsburgh, where he was a director of Carnegie Institute and the Pittsburgh Symphony. In 1983 he gave $1.1 million to Carnegie Institute Museum of Art to purchase the Manet painting "Nature Morte à la Brioche."

Survivors include his cousins, Mrs. Henry B. Roberts, of Sherborn, Massachusetts, and R. Stewart Rauch '32, of Gladwyne, Pennsylvania.

1943 — Frank McQuesten Gring
died of liver failure in Marblehead, Massachusetts, on October 2, 1984. He was sixty years old. The son of Helen Mcquesten Gring and Paul Gring, he entered St. Paul's as a III Former after preparation at Belmont Hill School. He was a member of the Missionary Society and Der Deutscher Verein, a Camp Counsellor, and in his VI Form year played line for the Delphian first football team.

Immediately after graduation he entered the USAF and served until December 1945 as a navigator in B-24s and as a radar instructor. A graduate of Harvard, he was a retired assistant treasurer of the Aluminum Company of America and had represented Alcoa Aluminum to the National Alliance of Businessmen in Washington, D.C.

Survivors include his wife, Gwendolyn Smith Gring, and a son, Frank Mcquesten Gring, Jr. of Marblehead Neck; and a sister, Barnet Gring Wallace, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

1944 — Robert Scott Lovett II
green of Greenville, Delaware, died of cancer in Wilmington, on June 15, 1984. The son of Adele Brown Lovett and Robert A. Lovett, he was born in New York City on March 19, 1927, and prepared for St. Paul's at the Allen-Stevenson School. Entering as a III Former, he was an Acolyte, a member of the Hockey Program Committee, the Cademian Literary Society, and the Scientific Association, and was awarded his diploma magna cum laude.

During World War II he served in the Navy aboard U.S.S. Gage (APA 168) in the Pacific. He was a graduate of Yale and M.I.T. and worked for the E. I. DuPont Company for thirty-four years, retiring in 1984 as manager of Licenses and Government Affairs for the biomedical department of the company. He was an expert on export regulation and foreign distribution contracts, working closely with trade associations representing exporters of scientific instruments. His most recent assignments involved management of international marketing services. He was chairman of the international affairs committee of the Scientific Apparatus Makers Association of Washington, D.C.

He is survived by his wife, Dorothy de Haven Lovett; two daughters, Evelyn de Haven Lovett and Virginia Quartley Lovett; a son, Robert A. Lovett II; and his parents.

1944 — Richard Kendall Miller
of San Francisco died on September 27, 1984, at the age of fifty-eight. He was the son of Elizabeth Jane Folger Miller and Robert Watt Miller. Entering St. Paul's from the Santa Barbara (California) School as a II Former, he was a member of the Missionary Society, the Chest Committee, the Choir, the Glee Club, and the Scientific Association. In his IV Form year he was president of the Library Association, a member of the School Council, a Supervisor, and secretary of the Dramatic Club. He played on the Delphian first football team and rowed in the Halcyon first boat.

In the Navy V-12 Program he attended Louisiana Polytechnic Institute and Duke University, and graduated in 1947 from Harvard; he also participated in a graduate management course at Edison Electric Institute. In 1947 he began working for the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, becoming vice president (general services) in April 1981.

In addition to membership in many professional organizations, he was a director of the JWP Land Company, the Santa Fe Southern Pacific Corporation, the Pebble Beach Corporation, and Cochran Airport Systems.

He was a member of the nominating committee of the American Red Cross, a commissioner of the San Francisco Police Department, chairman of the board of the San Francisco Opera Association, president of the Drum Foundation, and a trustee of the Roman Catholic Seminary of San Francisco and the Tanforan Charities Foundation.

He is survived by his wife, Ann Russell Miller, whom he married June 15, 1948; five daughters, Donna Miller Casey, Janet Miller Abbott, Marian Miller Canaan, Leslie A. Miller, and Elena F. Miller; five sons, Douglas K. Miller, Richard R. Miller; Donald J. R. Miller, David R. Miller, Mark R. Miller; his mother, Mrs. Sheldon Cooper; a sister, Marian Miller; two brothers, Paul A. Miller '42 and Robert F. Miller; and seven grandchildren.
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Detroit, MI ........................................ John D. Purdy, Jr. ’59
Cincinnati, OH ..................................... Lee A. Carter ’57
Cleveland, OH .................................. William Chisholm, Jr. ’46
Greenwich/Stormford, CT .................................... Alexander L. Robinson, Jr.’48
Hartford, CT ...................................... Samuel P. Cooley ’49
Houston, TX ..................................... Clive Runnells ’44

Lihue, HI ............................................................ W. Montague Downs ’62
Long Island, NY ...................................... Joseph B. Hartmayer ’45
Los Angeles, CA ........................................ Stuart W. Cramer III ’47
Louisville, KY ................................................ G. Hunt Rounsavall ’65
Memphis, TN ................................................ Timmons L. Treadwell III ’41
Minneapolis, MN ........................................... Albert and M. Austin III ’45
Nashville, TN ..................................................... Michael B. Wert ’74
New Haven, CT ............................................ Samuel R. Callaway, Jr. ’59
New Orleans, LA ............................................. Robert M. Walmsley, Jr. ’64
Northern New Jersey ............................... E. Newton Cutler, Jr. ’33
Northwestern New Jersey ...................... Joseph H. Williams ’52
New York, NY ............................................ John P. Bankson, Jr. ’48
New Orleans, LA .............................................. Edward H. Haggerty ’52
New York, NY ............................................. Richard J. Kearney ’49

San Francisco, CA ........................................ Charles F. Lowrey ’45
Santa Barbara, CA ............................................... Frank Reed II ’62
Tampa, FL ............................................................ Byron E. Besse, Jr.
Tulsa, OK ............................................................ Joseph H. Williams ’52
Washington, D. C. ........................................... John M. Busben, Jr. ’48
Westchester County, NY ............................ Franklin Montross III ’47
Wilmington, DE .................................................. Michael H. Hershey ’56
Wilmington, NC ............................................. Hugh MacRae II ’43

Great Britain ................................. Locke McLean ’55
France ............................................................... A. Thierry Baumgartner ’62
Italy ................................................................. Carlo A. La Chiussa ’55
Japan ................................................................. Bernard M. Mekhara ’50

Corporation of St. Paul’s School

James W. Kinnear III ’46, President ......................................... Greenwich, CT
The Rev. Charles H. Clark, Rector ............................................. Concord, NH
George F. Baker III ’57 ................................................................. New York, NY
Robert L. Clark ’61 ............................................................................. South Hamilton, MA
Frederic C. Hamilton ............................................................... Denver, CO
Eugenie A. Havemeyer ............................................................... New York, NY
Amory Houghton, Jr. ’45 .................................................................. Orting, WA
Helen McM. Hunt ’75 ........................................................................ Brookline, MA
Philip C. Iglehart ’57 ........................................................................... Greenwich, CT
Walker Lewis ’63, Treasurer .................................................. Washington, D.C.
Robert V. Lindsay ’43 ...................................................................... New York, NY
Malcolm McLane ’42, Clerk ................................................................. Concord, NH

Jonathan O’Herron ................................................................. Darien, CT
George L. Ohstrom ’45 ................................................................ New York, NY
Clive Runnells ’44 ............................................................................. Houston, TX
Kaighn Smith ’46 ............................................................................. Philadelphia, PA
Ralph T. Stagg’44 ............................................................................... Philadelphia, PA
Rowland Stebbins III ’55 ................................................................. Corning, NY
Byam K. Stevens, Jr. ’48 ................................................................. New York, NY
Robert Greg Stone III ’71 ......................................................... Boston, MA
Colton P. Wagner ’97 ........................................................................ New York, NY
Honore Thorne Wamser ................................................................. Poecing, West Germany