The School regrets to inform you that the Reverend Matthew Madison Warren, seventh Rector, died in the Exeter, New Hampshire, Hospital of a heart attack on April 7, 1986.

The funeral was held on April 9 in the Chapel of SS Peter and Paul, followed by interment in the School cemetery.
The Cover: A new variation on an old familiar winter term theme: SPS student trudging with hockey stick past the Old Chapel.

Photo credits: Rosemarie Cassels-Brown, 12-15; Frank Gibson, 24; Alan N. Hall, Cover II bottom, 4 bottom, 6, Cover IV; Bradford F. Herzog, Cover 1, 4 top, 5, 8-10, 18, 26-40; T. Brittain Stone '87, Cover II top, 7; Union Leader 17.

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The Rector’s Letter

Dear Alumni & Alumnae

In my library there is a special treasure. It came to me as a gift from Roger Drury ’32, for whose friendship I have become increasingly grateful during my first few years in Millville. Of Roger Drury’s literary gifts there can be no doubt. Long did he labor as one of this historic magazine’s most elegant editors, and those who possess the copy of Roger’s biography of his father count themselves to be particularly privileged. You will, I think, be pleased to learn that Dury and St. Paul’s: The Scars of a Schoolmaster is required (and always welcomed) reading for all new students and teachers at the School these days.

But I am referring in this letter to an earlier and lesser-known witness to Roger Drury’s vocation as an author. It is a book in which he was a collaborator. His senior partner was none other than Samuel S. Drury, himself, the fourth Rector of St. Paul’s. Roger was a V Former when he and his father authored In Pursuit of Pelicans, subtitled Unposted Letters to Friends. By chance or whim, I have re-read my copy of that wonderful little book in these latter days of the winter term. It is about the ancient Christian symbol which has found a place on the shield of St. Paul’s as a memorial of the School’s enduring educational purposes. The small volume’s “unposted letters to friends” describe a pilgrimage of father and son to the great churches of Western Europe and England in search of extant examples of the “Pelican in Piety,” stylized representations of our legendary bird as it is portrayed in the miraculous allegories of the Middle Ages. Those wondrous stories tell of the parent bird shedding its own blood to revive the dead or dying offspring in its nest, a reminder of the cross of Jesus and the Bible’s central theme of self-giving love.

It is generally understood that the pelican became a School symbol during Dr. Drury’s tenure as Rector, but in one of the “unposted letters” which make up the several chapters of In Pursuit of Pelicans Samuel Drury writes thus to his good friend, Dr. Peabody, at Groton School:

When you next visit Concord, let us walk together about our Sion and tell the Pelicans thereof. There are at least six examples in the School Chapel. Lest you think this is all my faddist doing, be it noted that the symbol was adopted long before my coming in the fine carving Vaughan placed on the pulpit. Regardless of his disclaimer of original influence and his insistence upon a tribute to the genius of Henry Vaughan, the Chapel’s architect, there can be no doubt that Dr. Drury strove hard to make the image of the pelican and its meaning stick in the minds and hearts of his young scholars.

When explaining our School Shield I feel like quoting: ‘Prayer without study is presumption. Study without prayer is profanity.’ The book is a menace without the sword of service, and the sword of service tends to egotism without the bird of sacrifice.

It is, I believe, to Dr. Drury that we owe the present shape and substance of our shield and thus the pre-eminence of the pelican not only in the formal symbolism of the School, but also in our real and best intentions.

“Are we content,” he asks of Dr. Peabody, “to turn out well-suited citizens, who all speak the same language, all dress alike, with whom religion is a sort of sentimental ornament, and to whom a life of public service is the mark of being a crank?”

His own response to that rhetorical question was a resounding “No.” SSD was certainly not con-
tent with such a picture of the product of his School, nor are we any less offended by that picture in our time. The self-sacrificing pelican remains the sign of our commitment to an education for service in every sector of contemporary society.

Never, of course, may we count ourselves to have attained, but I am bound to assure you that the School continues to assert, this central purpose amidst all the occupations of its widening enterprise. Within the complexities of secondary education in the 1980s, we return ever and again to the sure and basic core of the pelican's lesson of care for others.

So if you would be in pursuit of pelicans today, come home to Millville. The ancient Missionary Society of the School is alive and well, providing our students with opportunity to meet the needs for personal attention and material help through involvement in a number of Concord's service organizations and institutions. So does the Committee for Social Awareness with its regular turn on the roster of the Concord Soup Kitchen. Senior students are regularly encouraged to consider charitable and service-oriented projects when planning their Independent Study programs, and two IV Form girls initiated and carried through a successful clothing drive for the city's indigent during the early weeks of a winter term now coming to its close. Last weekend the Venerable Robert A. Bryan, President of the Quebec-Labrador Foundation, Inc., visited the School with talk and pictures of his work among the people of eastern Canada’s North Shore. I think he found some young recruits in Millville for summer internships with QLF.

Robert Garrett '85 has deferred his matriculation at Harvard for a year to serve as an intern at St. Barnabas College, Johannesburg, South Africa. Mary Robins '84, now at Stanford, served a year at the Easter School, Baguio, Philippines, following her graduation from St. Paul's. As a matter of interest some of you will recall that Samuel Drury was the first headmaster of the Easter School during his turn-of-the-century tour of mission in the Philippines under Bishop Charles Henry Brent.

And nowhere is that lesson of care for others taught with more regularity and conviction than in Henry Vaughan's great masterpiece, the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul. On Friday, October 3, 1986, we will begin to celebrate the first one hundred years of the Chapel's ministry at the heart of St. Paul's School. We will do so in a Service of Even-song to commemorate the laying of its cornerstone in the autumn of 1886. If you are in pursuit of pelicans and a remembrance of the spirit that drives our School, come back to Millville for that occasion. We will welcome you home then as we will welcome many of you at Anniversary in May.

March 12, 1986

[Signature]

March 12, 1986
Winter in Millville: snow, cold, and (as always) a faculty dog.

The School in Action

The sun was shining with that special clarity of a winter’s day, the sky a piercing blue, a warm breeze came across the Library Pond, and WHAM!—the head has a soft, white dunce cap, snow down the collar, in the coat pockets, and inside the boots. The winter term had begun. For if it’s not snow off the roof (usually with more warning), black ice thinly disguised with white, freezing rain, and frozen footprints like the preservation of a passing of ancient dinosaurs—then it’s not Millville in February (and January and March).

Of course, life during the winter term is not all weather—sometimes it’s food. This year an active Vegetarian Circle working with the Food Service has arranged a vegetarian entree every meal. Although Pizza Wheels is still doing a rousing business, this new addition to the usual fare is beginning to grow in popularity and may soon rival the now famous “Salad Bar” which started at cafeteria meals and moved into each dining room at sit-down meal as well.

Visitors

There has been food for the mind as well, served by the many visitors to the School. At the beginning of the term, the Freedom from Chemical Dependency organization conducted a four-day program to help students and faculty alike understand and deal with the problems of dependency. The informal, relaxed, and sharing atmosphere which put as much emphasis on the stress causing dependency as on dependency itself, and the honesty of the counselors themselves gave a healthy and productive session for us.
to keep building on.

Alumnus filmmakers Henry Chalfant '59 and Bruce Stone '81 brought two very different art films. Mr. Chalfant's film "Style Wars," featuring many of the urban '80s creativity styles, centered on the graffiti art in and on the subways of New York City with discussion of the inevitable controversy it causes. Bruce Stone's film "Albert Alcalay, Portrait of an Artist" gave a special insight into the life and work of an individual artist.

Rich Wilcox gave a slide show and lecture on the 1985 Polish-American Cho-Oyu Expedition (Cho-Oyu is the sixth-highest mountain in the world), and Dr. Melanie Staissny, an ichthyologist and assistant professor of biology at Harvard, and the recipient of the Harvard Career Development Award for women in science, spoke of her work and also of the rewards and difficulties facing women choosing science as a career.

The Keiser Music Series brought the Alcott Ensemble and also Steven Heyman, pianist, to brighten two Sunday afternoons. Sabatino Verlezza, from the Glenn-Lund Dance Company, came to the Dance Program for two weeks to choreograph a modern dance piece 'Tobi Ropo' (flying in six directions) for performance at the SPS Ballet Company's Winter Repertory Season.

Also talking with us were the Rev. Peter Moore and Brad Davis from FOCUS (Fellowship of Christians in Universities and Schools); Mr. Komoz Woodward, managing editor of "Children's Express"; the Venerable Robert A. Bryan, president of the Quebec Labrador Foundation, who spoke about opportunities for students to work with Indians and Eskimos in the teaching missions of the Quebec Labrador Foundation; and Dr. John B. Starr, executive director of the YCC Association, who compared similarities between the U.S. and Chinese education process and the almost overwhelming problems of educating one billion people in order to modernize technology and their economy. But perhaps we learned the most from the Reverend Professor Peter J. Gomes, Plummer professor of Christian morals at Harvard, who spoke at Evensong on the eve of St. Paul's Day; he knows us well and his skill as a dynamic orator made personal, warm, and human his depiction of Saul become Paul and reminded us that conversion can happen at any time in any age and that we should prepare ourselves for immense changes and challenges in our own lives.

The Arts

But our School in Action is not all outside stimulation. The members of this very diverse community also pro-
Students also found expression and outlet in drama in this, the ‘Drama Term.’ Todd Van Amburgh’s V Form English class presented five original short plays written during the fall term. Some were loud and confusing, some just confusing, one I thought I understood and knew I wasn’t supposed to—or was I? I didn’t dare ask. I do know that for one short hour I was reacting and involved one way or another in five different expressions, and the communication whether totally successful or not was at least interesting and worthwhile. From group to student/faculty duo and the presentation of Edward Albee’s Zoo Story by Pier Talenti ’86 and Colin Callahan of the art department. A fine combination of very special talents, and strong performances reflecting the interaction of two people, which is, after all, what much of education is all about—interaction between people. The III Form production of Alfred Jarry’s Ubu Rex did not create “rioting in the streets” as it did when it premiered in 1896, but it certainly provided the School with a learning experience on many levels, forcing serious thought of complex issues we sometimes take for granted—just what Mr. Jarry intended to provoke. His shade must have been laughing while we were learning.

Music has become an important part of the joy of life at SPS for me. I have little discernible talent except hidden in a large choir, so I must rely on appreciation, for all performers need an audience. The School Chorus and Madrigal Singers have made the most beautiful music in Chapel this year, and it’s a hard choice whether one would rather be privileged to listen or be part of that special experience creating that kind of music. Fauré’s “Agnus Dei” performed at the Last Night service was pure, clear, and lovely. The Chamber Orchestra and Madrigal Singers Mid-Winter Concert was a superb mix of individual and group effort. The soloists, Pier Talenti ’86 (Mozart’s aria “Non Piu Andrai” from Le Nozze di Figaro); Sayles Livingston ’87 (Fauré’s “Mai”), and Jessica Thompson ’88 (Mozart’s aria “In Uomini”), showed excellent control of their material and great skill, giving a perfect introduction to a fine musical evening. The Chamber Orchestra was directed by Susan Hoagland in the performance of “Book Green Suite” by Gustav Holst and by David Seaton in a selection with a totally different style, “Concerto VII, op.6, no.8” by Arcangelo Corelli. The Chamber Orchestra then accompanied the Madrigal Singers as they performed two songs from Randall Thompson’s “Frostiana” with lyrics from poems of Robert Frost, directed by Brian Regan. A fine program, both challenging for the performers and delightful listening for the audience.

The SPS Ballet Company Winter Season performance featured the world premiere of Sabatino Verlezza’s “Tobi Roppo,” a modern dance with a score composed especially for this dance by Elliott Sokolov. Tobi Roppo means “flying in six directions” and those six dancers did just that with such grace, strength, skill, and discipline that it was easy to forget that they were our students and not imported professionals. Also on the program was a lovely ballet choreographed by Suzanne Hayles, Artistic Director of the Hayles and Company Dancers (from Concord) to Johann Sebastian Bach’s “Violin-cello Solo No.6. in D major.” The introduction to the evening’s performance was the warm-up movement of “Concerto Grosso” directed by Paula Harrington of the SPS faculty. The final selection, the “Mistake Waltz,” was perhaps the most fitting as well as hilarious, for it was performed with the augmented company of what the Pelican called the “Athletic Ballerinos.”

Perhaps this dance should be dedicated to those original 30 SPS varsity
athletes who very firmly requested a dance program at St. Paul's in 1969.

Inspired by the visit of four primo dancers from the Joffrey Ballet Company as Conroy Visitors, with whom they had the opportunity to talk and watch perform, these athletes thought that dance would benefit them (as apparently it did benefit those professional football players with their own ballet instructors) on the athletic field in increasing agility and strength. The Rector was most receptive, and in the spring Billy Wilson, professional dancer and choreographer, was giving dance lessons to 30 students, many of them captains or co-captains of varsity sports, twice a week for an hour and a half each session. Little was said in the hearing of varsity players, and little by little it was grudgingly admitted that the dance program was effecting an increasing agility, speed, and balance on the fields. The fine dance program we enjoy is thanks initially to those original "Jocks at the Barre" (phrase courtesy of the Pelican).

The Fiske Cup Competition this year again highlighted the enormous talent, hidden and not so hidden, among our student body. Nine houses competed this year with Simpson House's "The Understanding Heart" by John Kirkpatrick, Wing Upper's "Juvie" by Jerome McDonough, and Corner House's "Clevinger's Trial" from the novel Catch 22 by Joseph Heller going to the finals in Memorial Hall. Kittredge One presented three selections from "24 Hours A.M. & P.M." while the other plays were being judged by Mr. David Chandler. Corner House won the Fiske Cup with "Clevinger's Trial"; the Greaves Awards for the best female and male actors going to Karen Taylor '87 for the part of Jean in Wing Upper's "Juvie" and to Massimiliano Guazzoni '88 for his portrayal of Jackson in "Sleeping Together" from "24 Hours A.M. & P.M." presented by Kittredge. Both performances were sensitive and true to each dramatic piece. I think James Greaves would have approved.

One cannot mention the Fiske Cup this year without applauding the incidental music provided by the Rock Trio of David Anderson '87, Josh Nickerson '87, and Matt Comyns '88, who kept everyone entertained between performances. Not conducive to conversation but even with the very, very little I know about rock music, having come to a grinding halt with the Beatles, I do know that if I block my ears and it sounds good, and my toe taps without my knowing it, then it's good music. Almost the quality of the Split-Bearded Kings, who are of course supreme.

Literary Life

The literary life of the school had not been overlooked this term either. This quotation from Gilbert Highet means the most to me both professionally and personally: "These are not books, lumps of lifeless paper, but minds alive on the shelves. From each of them goes out its own voice. . . . and just as at a touch of a button our set will fill the room with music, so by taking down one of these volumes and opening it, one can call into range the voice of a man distant in time and space, and hear him speaking to us, mind to mind, heart to heart."

The Cademean/Concordian Society presented both novelist Jonathan Strong and poet Joel Oppenheimer this term. Each discussed and read selections from his work and shared his personal creative process with those students and faculty interested in creative writing, giving them the opportunity to truly "hear him speaking . . . mind to mind and heart to heart" and understand his original intention. I particularly enjoyed Mr. Oppenheimer's comment: "A poem is the answer to a question I didn't know I'd ask myself."
During International Week the Library Association sponsored a lecture: Mr. Angus Graham-Campbell, "The Furrier at Midnight Thinks His Hands Are Full of Clouds: Some Aspects of Contemporary British and Irish Fiction" (see page 18). With the assistance of three students, he interspersed readings from most of the twenty-four or so authors mentioned. The evening was highly entertaining, well paced, motivating. From his list of about forty-five titles I had read six (!). I have work to do, and judging from the response I will need to reserve a place. For as Angus said, "Just as in both the schools with which I am presently connected the Chapel is the spiritual center of the community, so our libraries are not only our centers of learning but also the prime source for imaginative development. If the reference rooms are the repositories of knowledge, so the fiction shelves are the conservatory of the imagination.... Keats said, 'The imagination may be compared to Adam's dream—he woke and found it truth.'" I think I have been in the Reference Room too long (overexposure to debaters, no doubt), and I need to reinforce my imagination.

Classaction

Having extolled the virtues of the imagination, we must also face the grim reality that a term without exams is a term filled with term papers and research, for this also is the School in Action. Too much action and too little room, so the concrete possibility of added space for the library is one that the library staff keep close to its collective heart as we trip over V Form religion scholars struggling with an exegesis on a selected passage from the New Testament, the SPS debaters are preparing for their next debate, and (in place of exams) EVERYONE seems to assign a term paper or project. "Introduction to Economics," "Russian Revolution," and "The Thirties" have about thirty subjects to choose from; easier to deal with than "Foreign Policy," where each student follows the events in a different country but uses essentially the same periodical material for current sources.

Then we have the individual topics choices in each department (tutorial-type research and discussion for one student or two or three together). They often conflict with standard courses, and we find ourselves wringing every bit of information from the collection. The marked contrasts between individual research and the group projects (such as simulations of the decision-making during the Cuban Missile Crisis; debaters; and groups of students in courses with several sections gathering to share in legitimate discussion) is evident in all areas of a building with so few places to accommodate both methods of study, using material necessarily restricted to serve the needs of many students with similar projects. Edward P. Morgan, journalist and radio commentator, wrote: "A book is the only place in which you can examine a fragile thought without breaking it, or explore an explosive idea without fear it will go off in your face,.... It is one of the few havens remaining where man's mind can get both provocation and privacy." If you're reading that book in the Sheldon Library these busy days, you can be provoked but have very little privacy.

This has been the school in action this winter term. But we also had to come to terms with the Challenger and her crew, first "reaching for the stars" and then gone. For some it was a deep personal loss, and for most who are educating and being educated a philosophical one. We all know that "to learn means taking risks," and we understood the thrill of the "ultimate field trip"; now we must come to terms with the fact that "risk" to achieve a valued goal means accepting the consequences. Each day we take risks in the learning process, perform, and possibly fail; lose and try again; win, and then next week risk again. That is a person in action—working together, it's a school in progress, and the Challenger's legacy.
The boys and girls SPS basketball and hockey teams led the winter term teams, all posting winning records in the ISL. Many interesting games were played on the SPS grounds, including overtime wins in both sports.

While neither the boys nor the girls basketball team qualified for the post-season playoffs, both were highly rated in the League. The boys lost only four games and at one point played three consecutive overtime games against top teams. The girls basketball team was one of the strongest in years and played an outstanding game against a very talented, undefeated Noble and Greenough squad. Vince Smith '86 won the Navoni award given to the outstanding personality and sportsman in the ISL, awarded by vote of the coaches and players.

As usual, the hockey was topnotch—the ISL is considered to be among the very best hockey leagues in the country. The highlight of the season was a 4-0 win over arch-rival Belmont Hill. The ISL hockey coaches also voted Jim Pincock '86 as the outstanding hockey player in the League. The girls team was among the leaders in the League, holding the undefeated Noble and Greenough girls to an overtime tie.

Club hockey was more even than in recent years, with the Delphians scoring 7 points, the Isthmians 6, and the Old Hundreds 5.

The girls Alpine ski team had a strong season, culminating in first place in the Lakes Region championship. The Nordic squad consisted of forty boys and girls this year, marking a fine improvement in competition over the past two seasons.

The wrestling team struggled through a difficult season with young, inexperienced boys, but the total number remained between 35 and 40 contestants.

The girls squash team was second to Choate in the Interscholastic championship. Captain Chrissie Unhoch '86 was a finalist in the C division, and Hope MacKay '88 and Vanya Desai '89 capped their undefeated seasons by winning the A and B divisions.

John Musto '87 won his division at the New England Junior Championship held at Dartmouth.

Three SPS squash players entered the United States Squash Racquets Association National Tournament at Yale on March 7-9. Hope MacKay was
a semi-finalist in the Girls' Sixteens, losing to the ultimate winner. John Musto, defeated in the quarter-finals of the Boys' Eighteens by Canadian Scott Dulmage, the new champion, went on to win the Consolation. Vanya Desai won the Girls' Fourteens.

Sandy Sistare, coach of girls ice hockey, has compiled a list of SPS alumnae playing collegiate ice hockey during this recent winter season. At Princeton: co-captains Julie Bohlen '82 and Cynthia Griffin '82, Eloise Clark '84, and Anne Soininen '85. At Brown: Carol Irving '85, Georgie Stanley '85, Pam Stephenson '85. At Harvard: Jane Kalinski '84, Johanna Neilson '84, Lisi Bailliere '85. At Yale: Kate Goodale '82, Lisa Cluett '83. In addition, the following played last year but not this year: Sallie Bryan '83 and Sarah O'Herron '84 at Middlebury, Liz Simonds '83 at Yale (out with an injury). And Cynthia White '85 was to begin at Middlebury in February 1986.
Strange as it may seem, especially in New England, some people do not like hockey. In fact, several school administrators, athletic directors, and even coaches wonder what the future holds for this fine, exciting sport. Like other sports in various parts of the country, hockey can be overemphasized to the point where desired goals are overlooked.

I attended meetings with sixteen athletic directors of schools participating in the Independent Schools League. One meeting included headmasters from each school. The major subject of these meetings pertained to the present status of hockey and what should be done about it. Five of the sixteen headmasters were blunt, saying they wished the rinks and the game would "go away."

The word "pressure" comes up constantly in hockey conversations. Pressure from many different angles, especially from some parents, is of prime concern. Along with this factor is one of crowd control. Even in the private schools, where conduct was not a concern, schools are having monumental problems. One has only to read sports sections in newspapers to learn what is taking place at games.

Recently the Boston Globe reported thirty-one spectators (some parents of players) were asked to leave a school game. Coaches and administrators in Massachusetts are considering limiting attendance at games or playing at times when many adults cannot attend. At St. Paul's Gordon Rink last winter, some visiting parents caused a disturbance. The athletic director followed the incident with a strong letter to the headmaster of the visiting school. His letter was one of several concerning one person. That parent was asked not to attend further contests in which his son took part. The son, an outstanding athlete, obviously did not receive desirable training from coach or parent.

The actions of adults and youngsters at hockey games are easily seen and heard. I have seen more than enough unsportsmanlike behavior by players, fans, and some coaches. The saddest, to me, are those of little fellows who play Pee Wee and Mite hockey. I was astounded to see a small fiesty player (the best skater on the ice) refuse to shake hands at the end of the game. He verbally attacked the referee and actually spat on his coach when the man attempted to reason with him.

A Bantam goalie, with a stream of obscenities, threw his gloves at a player who had just scored a winning goal. We have seen such actions from Little League teams to college and professionals. It is sad those who set the poorest examples get the most attention. Should excusing poor behavior become a way of life? Let's not look the other way too often; anything might become acceptable.

I suggest parents who have plans for young stars give more attention to training good human beings. Only one player out of every 12,000 high school athletes makes it to the professional level.

Referring mainly to the youngsters, we might ask the following questions:

- When should the hockey season start and when should it finish?
- How many games are enough and how many are excessive? (Some teams play 50-60 games or more.)
- How many games should be played within a limited time; i.e., one weekend?
- Are overnight trips necessary? Are costs justifiable?

Recently, a Massachusetts team playing in a Bantam tournament at St. Paul's School was involved in a questionable schedule. The team played an 8 a.m. game in Concord, sped to Providence, Rhode Island, for an afternoon game, and returned to Concord for an evening game. The players were so tired they could hardly skate from one end of the rink to the other.

How important is it for a youngster to play hockey the year around? Many educators feel that for younger athletes it is more important to develop skills in several sports. It is beneficial to play for several coaches, learning from different personalities and coaching philosophies.

Mechanisms for better control of hockey are in place. The problem is they are not being used. Coaches and officials could agree that rules will be enforced, both game rules and rules of sportsmanship. Administrators and parents should enforce this move. With such support, no game should get out of control. The effort of total cooperation must prevail. The official also should be expected to know the rules and how to enforce them. Players' safety is especially important.

Pressure to win at any cost must be kept out of Little League and high school athletics. The future of all athletics and of our kids demands it.

Remember, opponents are friends. They are not the enemy to be annihilated. Play the game to master skills; develop team play and cooperation in a common endeavor. Let the youngsters play games for fun. Let them enjoy this time in their lives.

M. R. Blake

(This article originally appeared in The Concord Monitor)
Non Scholae, Sed Vitae—Vitae Utrique

Rosemarie Cassels-Brown

Not for the School, but for life—for each life." This motto which the St. Paul's School Library Association chose when it was founded on September 18, 1874, might well be emblazoned above the entrance of the Sheldon Library. Over a century later it still serves as a reminder that our most important task here in this beautiful old building at the center of the School is to help prepare our students for life beyond the sheltered world of St. Paul's—at a time when our horizons are daily expanded to include more of the rest of the world and of human experience.

This is not just a fanciful notion of one who in recent years become more and more preoccupied with thoughts about the future and the place of our students as leaders in a world in which the only constant seems to be change. Similar thoughts may have been in the minds of those who in 1901 gave the library to the School in memory of William Sheldon, a Trustee from 1877-1896; for it was not only a generous but also a farsighted gift.

At a time when an extensive library collection was not essential to the teaching as it was then done, the Sheldon family gave us a building designed to house 50,000 volumes. We have only in recent years finally outgrown the space provided eighty-five years ago!

A Place of Many Moods and Uses

The Sheldon Library was designed by Ernest Flagg (1857-1947), a distinguished American architect who studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris and upon return to New York promoted the principles and aesthetics of the "French school." His institutional buildings reflect the academic classicism and idealism of that school.

Entering the main reading room with its book-lined walls, worn leather chairs and sofas, and the busts of Homer, Vergil, Dante, and Shakespeare looking down on us from their niches in the four corners of the room, we may be reminded of a gentlemen's club of a bygone era. But on a busy evening boys and girls in distinctly contemporary
garb occupy these chairs and sofas. Some of them may actually be reading Homer, Vergil, Dante, or Shakespeare; but most of them are preparing for such diverse courses as *What is an American?*, *War and Peace*, *Classic English Gold*, or *Introduction to Chinese History and Culture.

Others may be in the Reference Room trying to make sense of a complicated set of statistical tables on the economy of South Africa, or searching the new *Kodansha Encyclopedia of Japan* for background on the samurai tradition. A group of four or five students may be sitting around the table in the Shakespeare Room preparing for a debate on capital punishment or on the national debt.

There will almost certainly be several students waiting for help with periodicals. Others, mystified by the inscrutable rules of book cataloging, will insist that we have nothing at all on World War I. When led to the right place in the subject catalog, they will be amazed to find a whole drawer full of cards on the subject from which to choose titles for their research.

On the lower level, tucked away in the only available space, under the circular stairs, two students may be sitting in front of the lighted screens of microfilm readers; one making notes on a 1945 *New York Times* front-page account of the dropping of the first atomic bomb, the other checking back issues of *Scientific American* for an article on the discovery of the structure of DNA.

At a nearby microfiche reader the editor of the *Horae Scholasticae* may be looking at the first issue of the School's literary magazine, which celebrates its one hundred twenty-fifth anniversary this year, an event the library marked with the microfilming of all one hundred and twenty-five years of the *Horae*.

Beyond this electronic corner, in the Art Room, at a table strewn with folios of the works of Italian Renaissance artists, a V Former may be making a selection for an art history presentation to be given in class the next day—while over by the window a
III Former is engrossed in a book on soccer techniques.

If we continue our imaginary tour of the library, we will pass through the history stacks, with their crowded shelves and austere study carrels, into the comfortable oasis of the McIntosh Room, its seasoned pine paneling a reminder of the 1938 hurricane which brought down many old trees in the School woods. Here we house our classics and modern language collection, including a number of foreign periodicals. With its soft chairs and large study tables the McIntosh Room is a favorite study and meeting place—especially before the beginning of “inter-visitation”—and occasionally poses a challenge to the faculty member on evening library duty. Senior faculty remember with nostalgia a time when the McIntosh Room was open only to VI Formers!

Coming up the narrow back stairs, we catch a glimpse of the rows of old leatherbound volumes in their “cages”—as yet uncataloged gift collections for which we may some day have proper shelf space.

Our brief tour would not be complete without a look at the various displays on window sills and tables. Small cards identify some of these books as recent gifts from devoted friends of the Sheldon Library. They include such treasures as the two-volume set of plates (with text) of the later paintings and drawings of John Constable, published in 1984 by the Yale University Press for the Paul Mellon Centre for Studies in British Art; the newest of the National Geographic books; and the award-winning first novel by the mother of a III Former. Others represent recent additions to our collection from several of the library’s special book funds, endowed by alumni and friends of the School. These funds, together, make up over fifty percent of our annual book budget and are visible expressions of the “love and labor of many.”

For anyone with a little time to browse through our new acquisitions, we keep in the entrance porch a large cart full of books ranging from such distinctly course-related titles as China’s Imperial Past to the latest Dick Francis novel, eagerly awaited by student and faculty devotees of this author’s particular brand of glamorous and thrilling escape reading.

Music lovers will find behind the circulation desk a cabinet which holds our growing collection of cassette tapes of classical and popular music. These may be checked out like books, and circulation is usually brisk.

A Dedicated Staff

Who are the people without whose expertise and dedicated service this busy place would be little more than a storehouse of books and somewhere to come and sit when one has nothing else to do?

Ann Louise Locke, our Assistant Librarian, in charge of reference services, celebrated her twentieth SPS anniversary two years ago. At a Library Association reception students and faculty paid tribute to her as one whose life has been centered in the Sheldon Library. For many Alumni Horae readers her name is synonymous with that of the library; and each year at Anniversary a number of alumni returning for reunions stop in to chat and reminisce with Ann Locke.

Avis Bettis, who joined the staff over seventeen years ago, has charge of our periodicals, takes care of book orders, and is invaluable as the unflappable keeper of all our accounts. Her cheerful, steady presence at the circulation desk is appreciated by all.

Both Ann Locke and Avis Bettis were honored
for their years of service at a recent staff awards ceremony in Memorial Hall.

David Levesque, the newest member of the library staff, recently joined us from the Concord Public Library. His chief responsibility is the cataloging of our new acquisitions. Six students help him, for one hour a week each, with the labeling and preparation of books for the shelves. He also spends two evenings a week giving reference help to students.

Looking to the Future

The Rector’s announcement that the development of the library would be the next major project for the Trustees’ consideration ushered in a period of careful evaluation of our future needs. A library review committee of faculty, library staff, and students, chaired by Alan Hall, met regularly throughout the year and discussed such aspects of library development as the need for additional study spaces, stack space to house a growing book collection (including room for our expanding alumni authors collection), space for current and bound periodicals, adequate space for microfilm and -fiche equipment for the increasing number of publications offered in that format, computer access to data-bases for more extensive reference services, space for rare book storage and School archives, and such basics as adequate work areas for the library staff.

These material needs directly reflect changes which have taken place over the past twenty years or so: new courses we have added to the curriculum, and the way we teach these courses; how we expect students to go about their research assignments; and the resources students, faculty, and not least parents expect to find in a good school library today.

Living in the Present

The library review committee’s report having been presented to the Rector and Trustees, and plans for the library addition gradually taking shape, we turn our attention back to the present and to the needs of the students who are here with us now.

Some of these needs are straightforward and practical and can be met by careful library instruction offered at different levels.

Library orientation sessions for all new III Formers who come to the library early in the fall term, accompanied by their English teachers, and sessions of bibliographic instruction for sections of the What is an American? history course or for the required V Form course in religion are examples of such instruction. Individual research assistance for IV Formers working on independent study projects or a “topics” course is another example. In these sessions students are gradually introduced to a range of resources available to them either here in the Sheldon Library or, when necessary, through inter-library loans via the New Hampshire State Library. Their needs are addressed at the most appropriate times, as we move from
general introduction to course-related bibliographic instruction to individual research assistance. Our aim: to make students as independent as possible and to prepare them for the sometimes intimidating world of university libraries.

The emphasis in such instruction is on locating or retrieving information, on checking facts, and on examining a variety of sources, usually in preparation for the completion of a specific assignment.

A different, but equally important responsibility is that of nurturing those who will read widely all their lives.

In the age of television and of the computer these readers, whom Samuel Johnson had in mind when he referred to "the common reader," are a minority in our culture. They are the ones who read books of serious fiction or poetry; biography, history, science; art, philosophy, and religion—books which demand time, concentration, and reflection above all.

The personal rewards of such reading are great, beginning with the realization that one is entering a conversation that has gone on throughout recorded history—a conversation in which there are many different viewpoints and approaches and rarely easy answers to the questions raised in the work of those whose books line our walls.

Such books expose us to human concerns and values not easily conveyed through other media. Ultimately, they admit us to the company of truly literate and educated men and women everywhere.

We want those of our students who are here beginning to develop such a habit of life-long serious reading to enter that company with confidence and with a sense of excitement.

Their best guides are, of course, parents, teachers, and friends who themselves read widely and who share their enthusiasm for good books. Here at School, the Library Association plans occasional "bookish" events for us, such as the talk on contemporary British writers, given recently by Angus Graham-Campbell, who is here from Eton this year teaching in the English department, where he exchanged places with George Carlisle. (See pg. 18.)

Finally, we must meet the needs of those in our busy community who come to the library simply to relax with a favorite book or magazine, to look at the sports page of the Boston Globe, to write a letter home, or just to sit and think—perhaps even to take a nap before an eighth period class!

Many needs, and many different ways to meet them; in a setting that must be inviting, with resources that challenge intellect and imagination, and a quality of library service that shows sensitivity and understanding of these needs.

The Measure of Life-Long Learning

What we do here is not easily quantified. We do not give good marks for using the library, and there are no quizzes testing a student's response to something read beyond the assigned reading for a course.

We get only occasional glimpses of those sparks of understanding set off by something read serendipitously in the creative efforts of our students: in a particularly well-written essay, perhaps; or in a felicitously-chosen quotation; in a poem published in the Horae, or a play submitted in the drama competition.

Circulation statistics, so dear to many librarians, tell us only how many books were taken out of the library. They do not tell us whether they were read; and they tell us nothing about the books used right here in the library on a rainy Sunday afternoon or during a free period on a busy school day.

It seems, then, that we must be content to nurture those who spend a few intense growing years in our midst, not expecting to see the results of our care here and now, but knowing that for some of them the process of life-long learning may have begun while reading a book in one of those comfortable old chairs, or while sitting in front of one of our sleek new electronic devices.

All we can do is to remind ourselves from time to time of a motto chosen in a more leisurely age, and to enjoy the ever fascinating process of teaching and learning.

NON SCHOLAE, SED VITAE — VITAE UTRIQUE.

Mrs. Cassels-Brown has been School Librarian since 1981.
"Reach for the Stars"

An Address at the Memorial Service for the "Challenger" Astronauts, January 31, 1986, by Joan Lonergan

I was a guest of Christa McAuliffe and the Administrator of NASA for the launch of the shuttle Challenger because I am a member of her school board in Concord.

When I was in Florida last week visiting Kennedy Space Center, I hoped I would have an opportunity to share with you some of what I saw and did. I never dreamed that I would do this at a memorial service for the astronauts today. What a devastating tragedy this is. As I watched the launch of Challenger, I was so proud of those brave men and women, of Christa, of Concord, of teachers, of being a teacher from Concord. So many hopes and dreams were on that shuttle. Christa McAuliffe had become America's teacher, and we were all on board for the ultimate field trip.

When Christa reached for the stars, she touched the future, she made a difference, and we will remember her not because of the way she died but because of the way she lived. Christa was special because she was selected from over 11,000 teachers to represent us, all of us, and share with us the excitement and wonder of space exploration. She was not selected because she had 800's on her SATs, or graduated summa cum laude from an Ivy League college, or knew important people in high places. NASA singled her out because she saw this project as an opportunity to make every citizen aware of the part we all can have in making history, in exploring new frontiers, if we are willing to accept the risks, overcome our fears, and embrace the challenge and excitement of every new experience.

While Kyle and I were in Florida, we toured Kennedy Space Center, went to briefing sessions conducted by NASA officials, and met the group of fourteen semifinalists from which Christa was chosen. The most memorable part of the trip, though, was a conversation I had with Christa's father at a reception hosted by the astronauts' spouses for family and friends in Florida for the launch. Mr. Corrigan told me that Christa had been in quarantine with the Challenger crew for several days so they would be healthy during the flight. However, NASA broke the quarantine last Thursday and hosted a picnic for the crew members and their immediate families. Mr. Corrigan looked at me with a wonderful smile, which over the past six months I have come to recognize as a family trade-mark, and said to me, "She never looked more beautiful to me. She really glowed with excitement and confidence." He was bursting with pride and love for his daughter. He knew she had no fears, no doubts.

We grieve for all the astronauts' families and friends, for our neighbors in Concord, for our counterparts at Concord High School, and for our national loss of seven heroes. We also honor their lives and their legacy—our future. Don't be content to be an observer of life, to sit on the sidelines. As Christa said so many times, "Your future is limited only by your dreams."

Reach for your stars.

Mrs. Lonergan has been a member of the mathematics department since 1979; she is vice president of the Concord School Board.
"The Furrier at Midnight . . ."  

An Address to the Library Association  
February 20, 1986  

Angus Graham-Campbell  

"The furrier at midnight thinks his hands are full of clouds."

Contemporary British fiction seems full of young middle-aged English intellectuals being harassed in the streets of New York by lunatics and drop outs. My title quotation is taken from a bizarre line spoken by such a lunatic to an English intellectual, Henderson Dores, the central figure of William Boyd's *Stars and Bars*. In some ways this strange encounter at the beginning of this novel acts as a metaphor for the contemporary British and Irish fiction I am going to discuss.

The modern British novel seems to be wanting to say goodbye to its Englishness, its provincialism, its middle-aged image, and to step out to explore a more international world. A cosmopolitan, varied, and zany world—the world I will examine today. The lunatic stops Dores on a Manhattan street and says, "The furrier at midnight thinks his hands are full of clouds." I don't know what that means, any more than Henderson Dores, but it's not a phrase that would fall lightly from the lips of a Jane Austen heroine. But as Henderson realized: it has imaginative resonance.

As does the fiction of Dores's creator, William Boyd. Boyd, in some ways, epitomizes the writer of new British fiction, as he looks beyond the shores of his own country to find the settings for his novels. His first novel, *A Good Man in Africa*, is about a weak and unsuccessful English diplomat in a steamy West African country, who just wants...
to keep a low profile and get home as soon as possible—this balding, over-weight anti-hero also appears in two stories in Boyd’s collection On the Yankee Station. Morgan Leafy is a great creation: an utterly harmless, perfectly nice, somewhat ineffective person who attracts disaster, as a candle would attract the ferocious insects that spend their time instead devouring Leafy through his sweat-stained tropical suits. Think of Robert Redford in Out of Africa. Think of the opposite. You have Morgan Leafy. Fat, ordinary, subject to unmentionable diseases (which Boyd mentions at length and in detail), stumbling from one crisis to another, Morgan Leafy is sad and funny at the same time—but he’s also resilient, noble in his sweat-stained, wobbly way.

William Boyd’s writing is comic, though it has its macabre side, and it shines a bright light on areas of experience normally kept in the twilight zones. I think that this is done to good purpose, rather than for mere effect. Young writers often believe that the frank treatment of nasty topics is racy and sophisticated—and I’m afraid that I consider that to be true of some of the writing of Martin Amis (son of Kingsley Amis), whose books like Dead Babies and The Rachel Papers delight in descriptions of all the things we would choose normally not to mention. You come away from a Martin Amis novel saying: ‘My goodness, how clever, how sophisticated, how disgusting!’ On the other hand, Boyd’s analysis of the unusual and potentially unpleasant is for a purpose. It is not gratuitous nastiness, but the responsible use of realism to emphasize a strongly felt moral point.

Perhaps Boyd’s most impressive achievement is his second novel, An Ice-cream War. This is a novel about relationships in the First World War, but unusually set in colonial Africa. The Kansas City Star compared Boyd to Conrad and Graham Greene. Deservedly, I think. Like much of the literature I will be discussing it is serio-comic, funny and sad at the same time. It also addresses the concepts of colonialism and the interference of one country into the affairs of another.

Colonialism and the decline of the British Empire have loomed large in British writing over the last decade as writers have tried to analyse the implications of international interference and the pros and cons of being a world power. Americans will be interested to ponder the mixed emotions displayed in these novels—their genuine pride in the civilizing influence of Empire: the justice, moral integrity, technological advances, and medical aid brought to supposedly backward nations. But at the same time there is a strong sense of guilt about the arrogance, racism, and assumed moral superiority of the British Empire. After all, what were we doing there in the first place?

I am not comparing the Victorian Empire with the role of America as a world power in the second half of the 20th century. What I am saying is that certain moral problems remain the same, and these books address them. Such themes inform the three splendid novels of J. G. Farrell: The Siege of Krishnapur, The Singapore Club, and Troubles. The first tells the story of a young English poet George Fleury, who gets caught up in the siege of a British township in the Indian Mutiny of 1857. As the siege progresses, civilization begins to waver among the English population, and the artifacts of culture become the articles of war—cannon are propped up behind huge busts of Greek philosophers, intricate bits of machinery from the Great Exhibition are fired as grape shot, and in one remarkable scene Fleury takes on an Indian soldier armed with a violin. Having hit the sepoy on the head with the fiddle, Fleury leaps on his shoulders and garrottes him with one of the strings. The soldier charges up and down the corridors with Fleury hanging on like a jockey until the Indian finally collapses. This is a typical Farrell scene. There is a grotesque humour, but he is not saying violence is funny—he is pointing out the absurdity of our pretentions to true civilization while simultaneously being engaged in the obscenity of war.

The grotesque also hallmarks Farrell’s Irish novel, Troubles, set at the time of the so-called troubles in 1919 when Catholic southern Ireland (the present Republic) was fighting to break away from England. The novel is set in an hotel, symbolically called the Majestic, owned by an Anglo-Irish eccentric. The hotel is an image of Britain’s decaying hold on Ireland, and by extension the Empire, and it is visibly collapsing around the despairing owner and his friend the Major, who has just returned from the First World War. The palm court turns into a jungle through which the butler stalks like a great ape, the Major finds a rotting sheep’s head in his bedside cabinet, nearly wild cats infest the building, and as the threats of violence increase, so the guests find bullets in the sugar bowls instead of sugar, and the owner’s delinquent
son starts to go round in a cocked hat carrying a hand gun and javelin. The hotel is inhabited by ferocious old ladies, the owner’s two nubile and totally unrestrainable teenage daughters, an Irish boy of an androgynous nature who mooches around dressed as a girl, and a mad man servant who eventually drinks petrol and set himself and the hotel alight. The Major, who pursues an unhappy romance with a local girl, ends up buried up to the neck by the IRA, on the tide-line of the beach. He does, however, survive to reappear in The Singapore Grip, the last of the trilogy, about Britain’s loss of Singapore in the Second World War.

And while thinking of the Far East I would like to recommend in passing J. G. Ballard’s Empire of the Sun, an extremely highly rated novel about an English boy’s experience in the last war in a Japanese internment camp. Many observers considered it to be the best British novel published in 1984. Before pursuing the Irish theme, let me mention other Empire-related novels: the Booker prizewinner by Salman Rushdie, Midnight’s Children, about the years following India’s independence from Britain; and secondly, the so-called Raj Quartet by Paul Scott, which won new fame recently as the television series The Jewel in the Crown, and his novel of World War II, The Mark of the Warrior.

But back to Ireland and to someone who took up writing fairly late in life, Jennifer Johnstone. Jennifer Johnstone’s novels are short and economical in style, but deal with powerful feelings and major issues. In The Gates (a novel that uses a crumbling Anglo-Irish house in a similar way to the hotel in Troubles) and Shadows on our Skin she addresses the tragic issue of the violence between Catholics and Protestants in Northern Ireland. The Catholic minority want British Northern Ireland to be amalgamated with the Republic of Ireland, which is, of course, an autonomous state, by no means altogether friendly to Britain. The Protestant majority in Northern Ireland are fiercely loyal to Britain and see no reason why a part of Britain should be handed over to a foreign state. While, obviously, the vast majority of people want peace, the Catholic and Protestant terrorists battle it out and the British army endeavour to keep the peace—none too peacefully themselves at times.

Last summer I stayed in Donegal, in the Republic, just over the border from Derry, a major trouble spot for the last dozen years. Although we were in the peaceful Republic, it was disturbing to be told by my host that all the downstairs windows were bullet proof, and the next day driving through Derry was a strange experience. Derry is not, as some people imagine, a smoking ruin or blood-stained battlefield. Nonetheless, we were parked at the lights when this strange thing happened. You must remember in Britain you don’t see guns—if the police carry them—and very few do—they carry them hidden. Anyway, we were parked at the lights when suddenly this armoured personnel carrier roared up alongside, and out of the back leapt half a dozen soldiers—in flak jackets, camouflage, steel helmets, and carrying machine guns—and suddenly dispersed into the passing crowds of shoppers. Then the vehicle was gone. All back to normal. I couldn’t quite believe what I’d seen. Images like that—and bloodier ones too—pervade Jennifer Johnstone’s Shadows on our Skin: a young Roman Catholic boy tries to conceal his brother’s IRA handgun as British troops carry out a brutal house-to-house search, dragging suspects from their beds, insulting the local people, and kicking furniture apart. It is uncomfortable reading from the British point of view, but Jennifer Johnstone is a writer of great integrity, and the book is deeply moving, whatever you think of the political standpoint.

... out of the back leapt half a dozen soldiers—in flak jackets, steel helmets, camouflage ...

If you want to get additional flavor of what is happening in the Irish struggle, try Cal, by Bernard McLaverty. Cal is a nineteen-year-old who lives with his father Shamie on a Protestant estate. Cal is beautifully characterized—he is sensitive, unhappy, and insecure, but he is bullied into driving getaway cars for the IRA. Then he drives a getaway car after the shooting of an unarmed Protestant policeman in the doorway of his home. A year later Cal accidentally meets the policeman’s widow and falls in love. His mixed feelings of tenderness and guilt are brilliantly evoked by McLaverty. It is a time of constant violence. While the Catholic IRA knee-cap their deserters (you hold a man down while you shoot him at point blank range through the kneecaps), the Protestant UVF are portrayed as being no better.
Another very popular book by Jennifer Johnstone is *How Many Miles to Babylon*, a story of the friendship of two young Irishmen in the First World War. It is a fine evocation of friendship, of Ireland, and of war, but it, too, is a deeply painful novel that ends in tragedy. Coincidentally, another book by a contemporary woman British writer concerned with the friendship of two soldiers in the First World War is Susan Hill’s *Strange Meeting*. Hill has a wonderful eye for characters and atmosphere. Neither book, *How Many Miles to Babylon* or *Strange Meeting*, concentrates on the horrors of the trenches, but on relationships, and it is extremely interesting to compare the way in which these two gifted women writers treat the theme of male friendship in war. Whereas Jennifer Johnstone came late to writing, Susan Hill began at school and published her first book as a teenager. A few years ago she married and had children and announced that she wasn’t going to write any more fiction. She has pretty much held to that, although she recently published a ‘ghost’ novel called *The Woman in Black*. What Susan Hill does in her fiction is to take an emotion—love, fear, madness, or grief—and examine it in great detail in a single novel. *I’m The King of the Castle* is a novel reminiscent of *Lord of the Flies*, and although it lacks the mythic quality of Golding’s novel, it achieves, to my mind, an even greater degree of tension and horror, as the eleven-year-old Charles Kingshaw is remorselessly persecuted by Edmund Hooper, the boy in whose house Charles’s mother is housekeeper.

... who at sixteen marries a South American and goes off to live on his isolated ranch.

A book on an unusual theme—bereavement—is Hill’s *In the Springtime of the Year*. It describes a young woman’s fight against incapacitating grief after the loss of her young husband in an accident. The writing is not only psychologically astute but also deeply poetic. The book, I am pleased to say, is one of healing and emotional regeneration, and it moves towards a positive ending.

A third woman writer who greatly interests me is the thirty-three-year-old Lisa St. Aubin de Terain, whose novels have exotic international settings. *Keepers of the House* is about a young English girl, Lydia, who at sixteen marries a South American and goes off to live on his isolated ranch. The novel is rich in atmosphere and is full of unusual things, like Lydia’s bad tempered pet vulture Napoleon. *The Slow Train to Milan* deals with sixteen-year-old Lisaveta, who becomes entangled in a London street with Cesar, a middle-aged Venezuelan exile who forces his way into her flat. Lisaveta falls in love with Cesar and travels through Europe with him and his friends, terrorists of some kind, avoiding the police, hiding out, and travelling the slow train to Milan. It’s a most interesting book, particularly strong on characterization and local descriptions.

If you’re looking for a more mellow read, let me mention the works of English novelist Elizabeth Taylor, who died in 1975, so her works rather predate this talk. Also *Hotel du Lac* by Anita Brookner. In 1984 I watched on TV the adjudication of the prestigious Booker prize for the best British novel of the year. Before the judge announced his decision, the six shortlisted books were discussed by a panel of experts. They couldn’t decide on the winning novel, but most of them opted for *Empire of the Sun* or Julian Barnes’ *Flaubert’s Parrot*. All they could agree on, rather embarrassingly, was that charming though it was, *Hotel du Lac* was not a serious contender and shouldn’t really be on the short list at all. Of course, it promptly won the prize of best novel of 1984.

Last summer I attended the Edinburgh book festival in Scotland, where I was fortunate enough to hear a presentation given by three outstanding young English or part-English writers who are beginning to establish a reputation over here as well: Julian Barnes, Graham Swift, and Timothy Mo, who is half-Chinese. Mo’s novels have a strong Chinese interest. *Sour Sweet*, about a Chinese restaurant worker in London, is a novel that juxtaposes Chinese traditions and lifestyles with the bustle of modern London. Mo is an extremely intelligent and witty writer, who is concerned lest his occasional satire should be felt to denigrate the Chinese people. I was interested to hear that his own father, who is Chinese, has not chosen to read any of his works. We tend to create myths round writers and put them on pedestals—it’s salutary to remember that novelists have fathers who don’t approve of their work, and that having a family might mean more to a famous writer than producing any more books.

At the book festival presentation I also enjoyed the comments of Graham Swift—he was hopelessly
non-committal: just what we hadn’t paid for. He was asked what gave him the idea for his superb novel *Waterland*, the book which had the critics comparing him to Thomas Hardy. Where did he get the idea? Swift produced about the only answer which was guaranteed to leave everyone totally dissatisfied: “Oh—I can’t remember,” he said.

It is interesting that the shy and retiring Swift (I believe his promotional tour of the States was a real strain for him), who writes about English shopowners and the haunting tales of England’s marshlands, should have become so popular over here. But his reputation is deserved. Perhaps *Waterland* is the outstanding novel I am mentioning tonight. All through the book the wet fenlands and their canals intrude on the story, almost as if they were becoming another character, as the landscape does in Hardy. *Waterland* is a complex and quite difficult book—more readily accessible are the adventuresome *Shuttlecock* and *Learning to Swim*, a collection of subtle and stylish short stories.

The third member of this trio was Julian Barnes, whose book *Flaubert’s Parrot* is delightfully original and brilliantly clever. He knows where he got his idea—he went to a museum in France where he saw a stuffed parrot which had supposedly belonged to the French novelist Flaubert. And he said, “I think I’ll write a book about that.” And he did.

... *he went to a museum in France where he saw a stuffed parrot...*

And it’s great.

Before I go on to discuss my last handful of books, I’d like to step back for a moment and try to suggest what I was doing travelling across Scotland to hear three men talk about their interest in stuffed parrots. And why I am sitting here this evening talking about fiction in this TV and computer age. Why do we bother to enlarge a library? Why buy more novels? Why read fiction at all? I have friends, intelligent, cultured academics, who never read fiction at all—sure, they’ll read history, biography, science—but not fiction. They’re busy people and essentially they argue fiction is a waste of precious time—because by its very nature it is not true. The same belittling of fiction is behind the philosophy that told my mother as a girl that it was immoral to read novels in the morning. But this is so misguided—so limited in imaginative scope. Of course fiction is true—fiction is truth distilled by the imagination—it helps us to define ourselves, to know ourselves better, to appreciate that our emotions, concerns, and problems are not unique to ourselves, but are shared by others, and by others beyond our own ethnic group and nations. Novels help us to understand ourselves and to relate to others. Fiction nurtures our awareness of the world. More than theater, more than film, more than television, fiction fosters the imagination—the reader actively creates the characters, the situations, the emotions, and relationships—and part of him or her lives them. What happened to me last Sunday as I read *Cal* was an infinitely better experience than watching even the best that television had to offer at the same time.

To take a broader view still. I believe that the development and fostering of the imaginative capacity of the individual is one of the things that define the concept of true civilization. More important, maybe, than individual spiritual security or technological advance. Bigots and tyrants fear the imagination almost as much as anything—so Hitlers and Stalins and Savonarolas burn books. Look at the imaginative sterility of totalitarian art. All great civilizations and cultures have been characterized by great feats of imaginative thinking, as well as of technological accomplishment—how do you lay the first stone of an Acropolis, or a Chartres Cathedral, or a Taj Mahal without profound imagination as well as engineering skill—or how do you dip your pen in the inkwell to write the first words of *War and Peace*, or move the first shovelfuls of earth as you landscape garden miles of countryside without an imagination that looks into the future and is confident of what it sees and the value of what it is doing. And, more importantly, without imagination and the concommitant ability to empathize with others, how do you begin to understand other peoples and their cultures, their aspirations, and their fears? What we so desperately need in these dangerous times in which we live are men and women of imagination—not an ever more complex machinery of destruction.

Just as in both the schools with which I am at present connected the chapel is the spiritual center of the community, so our libraries are not only our centers of learning but also the prime resource for imaginative development. If the reference rooms are the repositories of knowledge, so the
fiction shelves are the conservatory of the imagination. When I hear both here in America, and, I stress, back in England from students that they are too busy to read works of fiction, I am distressed. At these fine schools we should do all in our power to emphasize the educational and personal importance of reading for pleasure—this must not become a casualty in the rat race for grades and the thirst for ever more factual information. We must do all we can to combat the attitude of those like my friends who deny the value of fiction, saying, “Well, what’s the point? Novels aren’t true.” Yes, they are. As Keats said, “The imagination may be compared to Adam’s dream—he awoke and found it truth.” Novels foster this truth in a way that the flashing lights and metallic cacophony of the video game parlour can never begin to.

Being read aloud to is one of life’s pleasures...

Let me provide one personal anecdote. While browsing through the library I suddenly saw low down in a corner a familiar spine. Sure enough, it was the book which was to prove the most important of my childhood, The Eagle of the Ninth, by Rosemary Sutcliff. It’s about the Romans in Britain. I loved the book (it’s probably racist, sexist, militarist—probably one of the istyist books around—but in this case I don’t care). It was to liberate me into the world of serious fiction—I devoured all Sutcliff’s novels—indeed, all the historical novels I could find. I was also fortunate in having a father who combined his profession of history with a love of literature and of reading aloud.

Being read-to-aloud is one of life’s pleasures and one which we are allowing to die. As I travelled through the countryside, I peopled the castles and abbeys and Roman ruins with heroes and heroines, and it really is true to say that I could all but see and hear these people in my imagination. I came to love reading, and when at school my friends thought that the summit of my ambition was to play on the soccer team, my secret ambition was to be a writer. Or at least to work with literature. And that’s why I’m here.

The English academic abroad. We started with one, let’s end with one. Both Malcolm Bradbury and David Lodge are English academics and novelists, and both went on exchanges to America, and both wrote funny books about their experiences. If you want to read about caricatures of American and British national characteristics and academic institutions, go to Bradbury’s Stepping Westward (I read it on the plane over and nearly asked the pilot to turn around) or David Lodge’s Small World and Changing Places: the real star of the last two is Professor Zapp, an American specialist in Jane Austen.

But I must end. We have had no mention of spies (read Le Carré—he used to teach at Eton, and his first novel, A Murder of Quality, is set in a thinly disguised Eton—and he bases the murderer on the faculty member he most disliked) or crime (there’s lots of Dick Francis in the library) or vulgar humor—try Tom Sharpe. I hasten to add I do not denigrate these fine writers—I love their books, but my purpose tonight has been to introduce you to a new generation of men and women whose imaginative powers and international vision are producing a renaissance in the British and Irish novel.

So let me leave you with that final image of English Henderson Dores in the streets of New York confronting his lunatic. He, poor man, may have taken leave of his reason, but his imagination is still intact: “The furrier at midnight thinks his hands are full of clouds.”
Women of St. Paul's — More Memories

Gertrude Kittredge Eaton

Gertrude Kittredge Eaton arrived in Millville in 1919, the bride of Henry Crocker Kittredge, and remained until 1954 when he retired as the sixth Rector. An earlier installment of her memoirs, “Reminiscences of St. Paul’s School,” appeared in the summer 1983 Alumni Horae.

While reading the recollections of Stuyvesant Barry ’28 (Alumni Horae spring 1985 and summer 1985), I thought that perhaps some old boys might remember some of the women who also lived in the School.

Because Henry Kittredge and I were settled in a small apartment in the New Upper, the other women who lived there made the first impression on me: the Fairchilds—Mrs. Fairchild, the mother of Gordon Fairchild (Master 1915-1929), head of the Upper, and Sally, his sister. They were to me the most colorful and delightful people in the place.

Gordon’s early career had been in the diplomatic service. Mrs. Fairchild and Sally had interesting stories of the Philippines; they were in Japan at the time of the earthquake.

Mrs. Fairchild was something of a mystic. After Gordon retired and Mrs. Fairchild had died, Gordon and Sally lived on Beacon Street in Boston. I used to stay with them if I went down for a shopping trip. The guest room was a front room on the fourth floor. I remember once when I was there, Sally and I had dinner together—she had a devoted Philippine houseman—while Gordon was out at a Tavern Club dinner. Sally and I went to bed at a respectable hour. Suddenly I found I was standing at the front window—I, who never walked in my sleep or even dreamed. As I looked down, I saw Gordon getting out of a taxi. I looked at my watch: it was 2:30, a raffish hour. Next morning, Gordon and I were having breakfast together, and I said, “It’s lucky for you I’m not your sister: I’d keep
track of you,” and Gordon answered, “I knew you were standing at the window last night!” I guess some of his mother’s mystic power came to him.

The only other woman living in the Upper in 1919-1922 was Margaret Fisher (Master 1948-1960), wife of Tom Fisher ’13 (Master 1919-1942). They lived in the apartment just below us. Each apartment had a central hall that ended in a bay window with a generous window seat. Henry used to sit in our window seat after supper sometimes and smoke a cigar. When he finished the cigar, he was apt to drop it down into the shrubbery below. This careless act annoyed Tom Fisher, who asked Henry to come down and pick up all the cigar stubs that Tom claimed affected the surrounding air!

The Fishers, who were also married at the start of the war, had a baby boy, Tom, Jr., and another on the way, so Margaret was fully occupied domestically and saw very little of the boys. I used to go down to play with baby Tom, and as he was just learning to talk and his mother was no longer slim, I would show him the elephant and say, “Mama! Mama!” Tom, Sr., did not feel I was a good influence.

Later on, Tom, Sr., became interested in the Intelligence Tests—the present SATs that are still a source of discussion. Henry Kittredge discounted them, saying that any man who taught a boy for two or three weeks could give a better analysis of his intelligence than the tests. Tom was a fanatic supporter. Henry called him “I.Q. Tom.”

Among the other women who ate at the Upper in those days, I remember only Mrs. Lay, wife of Beirne Lay (SPS 1879, Master 1894-1929), who came occasionally, as she had a large family of four or five children, and they lived up next to the Fosters.

Mrs. Fiske was the wife of Henry “Biscuit” Fiske (Master 1897-1940); they lived in what Henry called a “detached villa” on the way to the Lower Grounds and gave many parties. She was a friendly, pleasant woman who sang delightfully, accompanied often on the piano by Anna Hawthrey, wife of Gilbert Hawthrey (Master 1898-1914, 1919-1934). She was Swedish and had been a concert pianist in Europe. Mrs. Fiske claimed to remember my father and said he had been attentive to one of her older sisters. Another one of Papa’s girls!

Of course, the most important woman in the place was Cornelia Drury, the wife of the Rector (Samuel Smith Drury, Rector 1911-1938). She was a “grande dame” in her own right, being a daughter of a governor of Massachusetts—Roger Wolcott—and a “proper Bostonian.” I saw a little more of her than some of the other women as I had been put on the Board of Coit House—the home founded by Henry Augustus Coit, the first Rector, for the orphans of New Hampshire Civil War veterans. I had been put on the Board as I had more free time than the women who had or were expecting children.

Cornelia Drury ran a meeting superbly. Everyone had a turn to speak, but no one was allowed to monopolize the speaking or stray from the point. I learned a lot from her that helped me later in my work with the League of Women Voters. I also learned from my visits to Coit House that warmed-over food is sometimes better than when it is first cooked. Surplus food from the dining room at St. Paul’s went to Coit House and was very good.

The Rectory entertained the distinguished guests, and parents and alumni, but the faculty did not run in and out of the Rectory. The entertainment was rather formal. One had the feeling that it was done from a sense of duty rather than just for fun!

Mrs. Foster, the wife of the Vice Rector (William Foster SPS 1881, Master 1883-1928) was Henry’s Aunt Alcina, his mother’s sister. She was never well when I knew her. She had enjoyed entertaining in the past, and she felt sorry that Mrs. Kittredge, Henry’s mother, who lived in Cambridge and met only people connected with Harvard, did not have such wide social contacts!

But the Fosters’ house was always full of boys and masters because Evelyn, Henry’s “favorite cousin,” and her husband, Fred Gardiner (Master 1923-1925), who taught art, lived there. Evelyn was a great friend of mine before I went to St. Paul’s. We did things together every day when there was no football game to watch.

Evelyn and Fred were fun, Uncle Will was charming and genial, and Aunt Alcina a friendly hostess. Foster House was the center of activity—they had a fine cook, Delia Murphy, and had Sunday breakfast parties with wonderful deep-fried fish cakes! Superb teas and evening “collations.”

It was fun living with people of all ages, the boys, our own contemporaries, and other interesting parents and friends who came to visit. It was a very full life. Good times were had by all!
On Sunday, February 16, 1986, the St. Paul’s debaters attended the Phillips Academy Debating Tournament in Andover, Massachusetts. Because this tournament is the oldest in the league, victory is generally understood to decide the New England Preparatory School Debating Championship. With an overall 10-2 record, St. Paul’s edged out Phillips Exeter Academy on speaker points and took home trophies for Best Novice Foursome, Best Varsity Foursome, and Best Overall Team. The Novices included Otis Damslet ’86 (named Best Novice Affirmative Speaker), Jenny Peter ’86, Emily Mackay-Smith ’86, and Tony Brown ’86. The Varsity was composed of Fred Singer ’86, Aileen Keshishian ’86 (Best Varsity Affirmative Speaker), Tom Hershenson ’87, and Alex Hodges ’86 (who tied for Best Varsity Negative Speaker). Nine times in the last twelve years St. Paul’s has won the Championship.

A number of awards were announced during the winter term. Fifteen VI Formers were named semifinalists by the National Merit Scholarship Program: Keye Chow, David Curley, Helen Fairman, Alison Franklin, Elizabeth Georges, Terence Gilheany, Ned Hoyt, Dion Lim, Tim Oliver, Alex Saunders, Julia Shear, Lucy Soutter, Tina Vander Veer, Adrian Vermeule, and Anne Wyman. In addition, Nysi Williams ’86 was named a finalist by the National Achievement Scholarship Program for Outstanding Negro Students. And Alex Hodges ’86 was awarded a Morehead Scholarship at the University of North Carolina.

SPS entered the “Granite State Challenge” quiz contest on Channel 11 for the first time this year and defeated Timberlane Regional High School 365 to 235. The four-student team coached by Amy Richards of the mathematics department and Jane Hammond of the history department will meet Hinsdale High School in a quarter-final round in April.

Rika Hayashi ’86, pianist, won first place in the senior division of the Arthur R. Virgin Music Competition in Concord.

Staff Service Awards were presented to about ninety members of the School staff in a ceremony held in Memorial Hall on January 24, 1986, followed by a reception. The idea for service awards arose in staff representative committees. The award for longest service—forty years—went to George P. Tripp, supervisor of General Services. Thirty-five-year pins were presented to Harold Kimball of General Services and Ed Laferriere of Food Service.

The Pelican made a giant leap forward into the world of high technology during the winter term. A complete Macintosh-Apple system will now be used to prepare the paper. This system includes two Macintosh Plus computers, one Macintosh computer, and an Apple Laser Writer printer. Software includes Macwrite, Macpaint, and Page Maker. As Perkins Miller ’86, retired editor, wrote: “The new technology no longer requires the expensive paraphernalia of typesetting silver paper, activator and deactivator developing solutions, memory tape, machine fuses, and a myriad of layout equipment. *The Pelican* is free from chemical dependency.”
Faculty Notes

At the final faculty meeting of the winter term the Rector paid tribute to Maurice “Bud” Blake: This is Bud Blake’s last faculty meeting before he begins the last term of a sabbatical leave which began some years ago and was foreshortened. This leave will be followed by Bud’s retirement. In fact, this is his very last faculty meeting at St. Paul’s School. His first was in 1959 when he arrived to begin a successful career as coach of at least three varsity teams—SPS football, basketball, and lacrosse. Since 1974 Bud has been the School’s Director of Athletics. The reputation of St. Paul’s School depends upon many things, of course, but the place where most young men and women, their teachers, their parents, and friends come into contact with the members of our family, our attitudes, our principles, our standards, our performance is on some field or court or rink or pond where athletes are in competition. For many years Bud Blake has been in large measure responsible for nurturing the School’s good reputation through the teams and individual athletes who have played for St. Paul’s School under his leadership. I am proud to have known Bud during his last four years at the School, and I want to express my own personal thanks, as well as those of a grateful School, for all he and Betty have done for St. Paul’s, and I want to wish them every happiness in the time ahead.

Two faculty children have been born since our last issue. Mackswell Douglas Dickson was born on January 29, 1986; his parents are Laura and Douglas Dickson of the mathematics department. The other new member of the Millville community is Christian Gamaliel Beaman Flanders, born December 5, 1985, to Birgitte and Alden Flanders, head of the religion department.

Landya Boyer (admissions) and Patrick McCafferty (history) have announced their engagement. They will be married in the Chapel of SS Peter and Paul on June 21.

Thomas Barrett, head of the fine arts department, had a show, “The Sporting Life,” recent paintings with an athletic theme, at the Manchester (New Hampshire) Institute of Arts and Sciences, January 18-February 28, 1986.

The Rev. Preston Hannibal of the religion department has accepted a position as assistant minister of Memorial Church at Harvard University. Alden Flanders has accepted a call to be rector of The Church of Our Redeemer, Lexington, Massachusetts.

The March 1986 issue of New Hampshire Profiles contained a photo of emeritus master Warren Hulser, one of the cast of Painting Churches, a Community Players of Concord production which last year won the New Hampshire Community Theatre Association Drama Festival. That issue also contained a photo of and a brief article by Richard Lederer of the English department on surviving March in New Hampshire.

Paul T. Giles, emeritus master in music, was honored at Concord’s 1986 First Night Celebration when he retired after twenty-six years as conductor of Nevers’ 2nd Regiment Band, an instrumental organization that originated in 1861 as the band of the 3rd New Hampshire Volunteers. A resolution from the City Council was read by the Mayor, who also conducted one selection at Mr. Giles’s urging, a resolution from the New Hampshire Legislature was presented by State Senator Susan McLane, and Mr. Giles and his family were feted at a reception following the concert.

Mr. Giles, director of instrumental music at St. Paul’s for fifteen years, played in Nevers’ Band for nine years before assuming the conductorship and will remain with the Band as a player. He continues to teach part-time at SPS, maintain a busy schedule of private lessons, and serve as president of Local 374 American Federation of Musicians.

Diane Souvaine Horn (English and mathematics 1975-1977) and her husband, Richard, are assistant masters of Lee D. Butler College, one of the new residential undergraduate colleges at Princeton University. Diane is also a member of the department of computer science, and her husband is a member of the history department.
On anyone who made unhappy noises about the menus, however, he could (and did) come down hard. By this he taught two lessons: first, if anything was wrong with the rations (and it never was . . . whatever else, we were always well fed at SPS), it was Mr. Mac’s business to complain, not yours; second, if you bitched about the chow, you were to be excused from having to eat it (!) . . . i.e., you went hungry, and the rest of us got your ration.

Very salutary. At Mr. Mac’s table, everybody got as much as he could eat, AND everybody’s plate went to the scullery CLEAN.

—John M. deS. Verdi ’44

(The following letters relate to the cover of the summer 1985 Alumni Horae, which depicted the SPS Band leading the Anniversary Parade, and to an anonymous letter criticizing that cover, which appeared in the autumn 1985 issue.)

Sir:

I’m writing about that cover of the Alumni Horae—it was charming!

—William O. Boswell ’40

Sir:

You should ignore/burn/paper a birdcage with letters like that! As a member of the Form of 1969, I remember marching in a similar parade, which no one would even photograph with the thought of an Alumni Horae cover. Such photograph would more likely have been the cover for an article on rebellious college dissent! Hyperbole aside, your cover photo was downright placid by comparison, and if anything, should reinforce opinion that at SPS, things don’t really change at the rate they do elsewhere. (Which is exactly what the anonymous writer hopes for. Even better, that they should not change, period!)

At my recent 15th reunion I was surprised at how much of the “heritage” and “tradition” the School has retained, in spite of the turbulence of recent years. In times that are at best troubled, and at worst apocalyptic, SPS seems to be aging gracefully. Not to do so would be the kiss of death. If it makes the Anonymous Writer feel any better, I, too, wish for times past (though I’m sure they are not the same sort of memories as his), but must resign myself to doing the best I can today, regardless of my yesterday.

It seems the School is doing the same, with high regard for yesterday. The Anonymous Writer should also know that there is one alumna out there who, in spite of all his own attempts to the contrary, left SPS with the most valuable lessons of all: A sense of decency, responsibility, ethics, and fairness—all sorely lacking, and very missed by this writer, in the world now before us. And a sense of human potential, and horizons, upon which we ourselves put the sole limitations.

Sir:

A memory of Mr. Mac (see autumn 1985 Alumni Horae):

I was acquainted with him by reason of being seated at his table in Lower School Dining Hall. Mr. Mac subscribed to the idea that a well-fed boy was a healthy boy, whence he further believed that a happy boy would feed better than an unhappy boy. Among the devices he employed to this end were one-liners, which he collected for distribution at table (sample: “A hot day at the circus: the heat was in tents!”). I don’t remember that anyone ever disliked Mr. Mac (or his jokes), and his table was consistently characterized by happy noises.

—Dean Auslander ’68

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—Dean Auslander ’68
These are lessons which will never be "unlearned," and which any school would be proud to take credit for. And which no photograph will ever portray. Or negate. As long as the School accomplishes this, cover photos, or comments to cover photos, or comments to comments to cover photos are dust in the wind.

Signed with no hesitation whatsoever!

—Bob Bennett '69

Sir:

Sending unsigned letters is certainly tacky.

We were pleased to see SPS Band on the cover of the Horae, leading the annual alumni "parade."

May the SPS Band play—and march, and stroll, and strut—on!

—Meg Ziegler Ferguson '77

Henry C. Ferguson '77

Sir:

As a graduate with the Form of 1985, I was enraged to read the unsigned letter in the autumn '85 Alumni Horae. I highly disagree with this very inarticulate and unconfident writer. To me, the summer Alumni Horae cover illustrates a fond memory of an honored tradition. I find nothing about it tacky or third rate. In fact, I find very little about SPS third rate. It is obvious that this "sad alumnus" is quite removed from the real "today's SPS."

I wonder if this alumnus has spent any length of time at the school recently. I also wonder if he or she has ever been to one of Mr. Timothy Howell's lectures, or one of Mr. Thomas Barrett's art history lectures, or one of Mr. Clifford Gillespie's lacrosse practices, or even a candlelit Christmas service. I am sure that if this person has, they would find nothing to be "ashamed of." I, for one, am just as proud to be a part of SPS as I am to sign my name to this letter.

—Amanda S. Washburn '85

Sir:

I was dismayed to read the anonymous letter published in the autumn edition of the Alumni Horae. As a recent graduate of the School I was tempted to instantly disregard it, both out of loyalty to SPS and out of the belief that anyone who will not affix their signature to their convictions cannot be given much credence.

Then, upon looking at the picture, I realized that the band does not look its best in that picture, and, by extension, neither did the School. I began to wonder if this critic was right. Was this lack of polish symptomatic of the School as a whole?

Fortunately, I think not. Certainly the band is unpracticed and might even verge on tacky—were Anniversary a solemn ceremony. This, however, is not the impression of Anniversary I have received. First, in defense of the band, it was not intended to march, and its primary purpose has never been to march. It is intended as a concert band. Anniversary has been the only occasion it is ever required to march, and it has a very few practices to get down something which other bands practice long hours to perfect. Add to this the fact that Anniversary now falls in the middle of exam week, and it becomes evident the band does reasonably well.

Perhaps, then, given the difficulty of achieving a reasonable resemblance of perfection, the band ought to be removed from the Anniversary parade? Again, I think now, for the spirit of the Anniversary weekend and the Graduation exercises that go with it is one of celebration rather than of a grim marshaling of the troops. The band is not spectacular, but that is not the object of the exercise...

As to the far more serious charge—that the standards of the School are declining—I am unqualified to speak on how the School has changed from the Fifties or even the Seventies, except through what I have read. I am told that many alumni believe that it is true, that standards have slipped. I tend to disagree.... Yes, the level of dress has changed; coat and tie are not required for class. No, we do not have twenty-one seated meals a week, nor do we have Chapel eight times a week. My father decries these retreats from his time at St. Paul's and certainly sees them as losses. Yet, at the same time he sees a rise in academic standards and does not object to the type of person I became at SPS.

What he does feel is that these other losses combined with such things as increased weekend privileges reduce chances for the community to bond together, for the development of relationships between the students and masters, and the loss of opportunities to instill the peculiar values and virtues of the school. This may all be true, there may be opportunities and inspiration lost, but that does not mean that the lessons of St. Paul's go untaught or its values go uninstilled. Nor does it mean that the standards of Henry Coit are abandoned.

Whenever I needed to talk to a master at SPS, I found one willing—no matter what time of day or night. I made friends at St. Paul's—students and masters—whom I still value. Yet, whenever I needed correcting, there was always a master, friend or no, to tell me so quite clearly.

St. Paul's prepared me for life beyond its gates, intellectually, socially, and, as much as I sometimes fought it, morally as well. Its lessons are pertinent, certainly not tacky, and nothing to be ashamed of.

I am proud of St. Paul's successes and all too conscious of its failures, for it has both. As an institution, though, its failures are fewer and its successes greater than those of most other institutions. Perhaps the band isn't perfect—that has been the case for years—and perhaps there are standards that have changed or even declined. There, is, however, an essential kernel founded in an attempt to continue the vision of Henry Coit and Dr. Shattuck, which remains unchanged. For that I am grateful.

—S. Ward Atterbury '85
importance of Shakespeare in general and Hamlet in particular to the theme of fatherhood and sonship in that work. The irreverent Buck Milligan tells Haines that Stephen Daedalus "proves by algebra that Hamlet's grandson is Shakespeare's grandfather and that he himself is the ghost of his own father." Daedalus' theories are given their fullest explication in the "Scylla and Charybdis" episode of Ulysses but, more graphically, by the plot itself which ultimately joins a father (Leopold Bloom) with a son (Daedalus).

For Mr. Cheng, Shakespeare is a critically important vehicle for understanding Joyce's purposes in Finnegans Wake. "Besides equating himself with Shakespeare as fellow artist-creators and playwrights who write the folios of their worlds, Joyce conceived of the world of the Wake as drama, as a Shakespearean play. Like Shakespeare, Joyce viewed the world as a state, the 'worldstage' of the Wake."

Mr. Cheng's work is divided into three parts. The first section, in the author's modest words, "attempts to make critical and interpretive sense of some important and recurring Shakespearean allusions and motifs." I found it a seminal essay which brings conviction and clarity to some very difficult material. It will prove extremely helpful to any reader who has gathered the courage to tackle the Wake.

The second section of Mr. Cheng's book is essentially a reference work. It offers us a compendium of Shakespearean allusions in the Wake arranged by their place in the Joyce text. What constitutes an allusion? As Mr. Cheng admits, "...Shakespearean allusions in the Wake are not bright apples hanging from low boughs, ripe for easy picking." How, then, does one spot them? "My method was to steep myself in Shakespeareana and to carefully read the plays, then to read and re-read Finnegans Wake just as carefully, with ears cocked and eyes open for any Shakespearean echoes (blank verse rhythms were often a tip-off), references, and allusions." The effort produces such oddities as "bare godkin" and "manorwombanborn." The curious must consult Mr. Cheng's book to discover the Shakespearean sources.

The final section of Shakespeare and Joyce consists of a series of appendices. The longest of these contains a listing of Shakespeare's works by play with references to the text of the Wake. Of greatest interest to the general reader, however, is appendix 5 (pp. 236-243) entitled "Wake Chapter Summaries of Shakespearean Themes." Like the introductory section, it is indispensable reading for the general reader of the Wake.

James Joyce so often seems frustratingly like a leprechaun. Just when we think we have him in our grasp, he pops up behind us laughing at our ineptitude. Vincent John Cheng has encouraged us to keep trying. There is a pot of gold, and it is almost within our reach.

-J. C. Douglas Marshall
Dr. Marshall is head of the classics department.

THE MOUNTAIN OF NAMES: A HISTORY OF THE HUMAN FAMILY
by Alex Shoumatoff '64
Simon and Schuster
(New York, New York, 1985)

When I was in college, freshmen were required to take a history course which, as we put it, covered the years between the Cave Man and Calvin Coolidge in one semester. Alex Shoumatoff has written a history and anthropology of the whole human family in less than three hundred pages. There are countless thousands of fascinating facts in this book, drawn from every conceivable source, professional and amateur, from Time magazine as well as sociological and anthropological textbooks, from casual dinner table conversations to apparently endless discussions with two bright anthropologists, Lionel Tiger and Robin Fox (who, it has been said, first met in the London Zoo). The book reminds
me of a high pile of “Do You Know” cigarette cards we boys used to collect in the 1920s.

Do you know, for instance, that three-fourths of current undergraduates “cannot give you the first and last names of all four of their grandparents”—that the author knows a Brazilian woman who “probably has close to a thousand living relatives through only one of her great-great-grandfathers, who had sixteen children and eighty-six grandchildren, and lived to see seventy-two of his great-grandchildren before dying in 1959 at the age of a hundred and twenty”—that Brigham Young had fifty-three children by nineteen of his twenty-seven wives, and that “among the thousands of his direct descendants in the seventh generation was Steve Young, quarterback on the football team at Brigham Young University, who in 1984 signed a forty-million-dollar-plus contract with the Los Angeles Express...”—that the “aging Hirohito of Japan is the one-hundred-and-twenty-fourth emperor of the Yamato dynasty”—that “the present Duchess of Medinaceli, who lives most of the year in Seville...besides her principal title, which dates from 1368, has accumulated fifty-nine others—more than anybody in the world”—that “the British aristocracy is probably the most fluid of Europe’s hereditary elites...The families in the brewing business—Allsopp, Bass, and Guiness—were thus made Lords Hindlip, Burton, and Iveagh, respectively, and are referred to by some as the ‘Beerage’...that “an ambitious commoner like the journalist David Frost, for instance, who married the daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, can get his blood into the aristocracy in the next generation.”

It is often difficult to relate the facts which fill page after page of this book with its central theme, which is that the modern ego-centered world has replaced the kin-centered world which has characterized most of man’s history. Thus the above facts are to be found in the first five chapters which cover kinship, pedigrees, inheritance, and aristocracies. The next three chapters, the most well done by far, cover the rise of individualism, or the “Me” and “ego” centered societies of our era. Thus, all of us know of the rising divorce and suicide rates; that the “feminist movement and the large number of single women in their thirties and forties today are largely a result of the post-war baby-boom”; that “families headed by never-married mothers have soared since 1970—from 234,000 to 1,092,000—an increase of three hundred and fourteen percent (there is no information about how many of these pregnancies were intentional, however).” And so forth and so on.

The concluding chapter covers in detail the author’s visit to the Vault in a mountainside in Utah, where the Genealogical Department of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints eventually hopes to store, on microfilm, all the names in the whole history of the human race. Hence the title of this book. I learned a lot from it but would have preferred far fewer facts and a bit more systematic analysis of them.

—E. Digby Baltzell ’35

Mr. Baltzell is Professor of Sociology at the University of Pennsylvania.
The boy’s father, a practical, down-to-earth sort of man, an outstanding physician ambitious for the success of his only son, had decided that he should leave St. Paul’s in his V Form year and tutor at a famous tutoring establishment to secure early entrance into the Yale Scientific School. Dr. Drury saw nothing good in the plan, and made his attitude quite clear to young Bishop.

Largely because he thus left prematurely, Dr. Bishop’s recollections of St. Paul’s are less detailed, and on the whole less lively, than at other parts of his story. (It is strange, for instance, that the book’s supposed photograph of the SPS Chapel shows a different building altogether!) But he learned to play squash, a life-long enthusiasm; he formed with young Christopher Emmet a friendship that opened him to a wide range of interests; and he came to appreciate New Hampshire’s arctic climate. “One of the coldest spots in the world,” he describes Concord. And he tells how, many years later, when his son was serving during World War II in Germany, he came across a Russian who spoke some English. “This is a very cold night here,” said the Russian. The son replied: “You, Sir, have never been to St. Paul’s!”

Dr. Bishop is modest in telling about his later career, which brought him to the top of his profession as a heart specialist. An appealing glimpse of him is given in the introduction by Norman Vincent Peale. The famous preacher had been troubled by fits of dizziness.

“You are all right!” Dr. Bishop asserted; “just pushing yourself too hard as usual. Ease up.” And, says Peale, “All at once I felt perfectly well. Such is my supreme confidence in this great physician.”

Whatever Dr. Bishop might have told of these later years could not have been more interesting, and would not be surrounded by so affectionate a haze, as this account of his youth and family background. The best part of any memoir is the act of remembering—not the recounting of official facts. So there lives in the doctor’s imaginations, and in the reader’s, the grandfather who survived shipwreck clinging to a board; the mysterious rich godfather so carefully cultivated by a prudent mother; the mother herself, all solicitude, over-possessive by today’s standards; even the Irish nurse, Mary Smith, who was so much missed when she went back to her native land.

Dr. Bishop has had a delightful life, and he emerges from these pages as a man whose acquaintance one is glad to have made.

—August Heckscher ’32

THE FRENCH-AMERICAN MARKET, KITCHEN AND TABLE
by William H. F. Spencer ’47
Kent Printing Corporation (Chesteron, Maryland, 1985)

For all food lovers planning trips to French-speaking countries, be they continental Europe or the Caribbean, The French-American Market, Kitchen and Table is a companion you should consider. A perfect size for travellers, William H. F. Spencer’s bilingual dictionary is brimming with food-related information. Not only does it provide the hungry tourist with survival vocabulary and helpful phrases for dining and communicating in restaurants, but it also includes seven pages of wine terminology—the ideal tool as you set out to appreciate the wines of France. For those of a more rustic bent, there are wonderful hints for picnicking.

The American searching to translate and the Frenchman trying to comprehend will, at last, have a useful guide. The frustrated tourist will be able to talk freely about bagels, Harvard beets, Thousand Island salad dressing, and TV dinners. For those to whom terms such as Baked Alaska, happy hour, Key Lime pie, and square meals have been a source of bewilderment, the horizon is clear of confusion.

The main body of Mr. Spencer’s dictionary is devoted to two very complete listings of culinary terms both in French and in English. Entries range from cooking techniques, ingredients, and utensils to detailed descriptions of regional dishes and traditions such as the “trou normand.” Have you ever wondered what the difference between Brie de Meaux and Brie de Melun is? . . . or why Castelnaudary and Carcassonne have different cassoulets? . . . or what the name of that special perch found in Lac Léman is? The answers to these and all other queries inspired by fine foods and Julia Child are to be found in Market, Kitchen and Table. Thus one does not even need to travel to benefit from the information given in this little dictionary; one just must be a lover of French and French cuisine.

—Jeanne L. Windsor

Mlle. Windsor has been teaching French at St. Paul’s since 1978.
Thomas C. Roberts is in good health but reduced to hobbling around with a cane because of an artificial knee and hip.

Ducky Drake writes: “My wife, the Rev. Louise H. Drake, had her service of Induction on November 29, 1985, as the new Pastor of the Iver and District United Reformed Church, which is located in Richings Park, a section of Iver. I, though retired, help her in this ministry on a volunteer basis. We are only about five miles from Eton and from Windsor. It is a great privilege to be serving in this area of England.”

Billy Howells writes: “Still traveling to anthropological conferences, in places like Paris and Saipan, to inflict my research papers on colleagues (do unto others).”

David Dana reports: “Still kicking!” • Herbert Potts sent a lively communiqué about a Bahamas cruise aboard Ecor Rouge, during which he commandeered the bos’n’s chair and had himself hoisted to the masthead to rig the jib block and halyard while setting sail off Great Guana Cay.

Malcolm McKesson has started a business for promotion of the arts—The Performing and Creative Arts Productions, Inc. • Quincy Thordike reports: “Continue to enjoy summers in France, where I bought a place near Sully-sur-Loire two years ago.”

Baldy Terry writes: “Had a fine visit from Kitty and John Pillsbury during and just after Hurricane Gloria. No power, no water, but plenty of laughs.” • The Jack Harrisons moved to Shaftsbury, Vermont, in 1984, to what had been their summer home for thirty-eight years.

Stew Rauch has retired as chief executive officer of The Philadelphia Contributionship, America’s oldest property insurance company, but continues as chairman of the board. He has been succeeded by Morris Lloyd, Jr. ’56.

Larry White retired on December 31, 1983, from the Fredericks Company after twenty-five years as president. He is a volunteer director of development for the Phelps School, Malvern, Pennsylvania, and spends summers on Lake Champlain at Essex, New York, trying to sail as much as possible. • Clint Childs writes: “Retired but have no time to rest!”

The autumn 1985 issue of Penn Arts and Sciences contained a lengthy tribute to Digby Baltzell, who will retire in the spring from the University of Pennsylvania after thirty-nine years on the faculty there. The article estimated that close to 100,000 undergraduates have taken courses from Professor Baltzell. A fund to honor him will
be established upon his retirement. (A book review by Professor Baltzell appears on page 30 of this issue.)

1937

Lew Powell is moving back home to Connecticut after sixteen years in Florida.

1938

Ned Page founded and is president of UCI, Incorporated, environmental consulting engineers. He is a member of the Massachusetts Hazardous Waste Advisory Commission and president of the Boston Guild for the Hard of Hearing. His wife, Barbara, graduated with distinction in English.

1940

Newton McVeigh writes: "All well here— enjoyed our reunion last June—the School looked great!"

1942

Paul Van Buren is on leave from Temple University until early retirement in June 1986. He is busier than ever lecturing all over the country, writing, and working for the NCCJ.

1944

Bob Weeks moved to Jacksonville, Florida, where he has been the vicar of Servants of Christ Episcopal Church since August 1, 1985. He reports: "After ten years in Darien, Connecticut, Ann and fourteen-year-old Mary and I are enjoying Florida. Son Stephen writing for National Review, New York City. Daughter Kathy teaching Latin at Convent of the Sacred Heart, New York City. Son David in third year of engineering studies at Union College, Schenectady."

1946

Comment from Allan Bond: "No more BLUE LIST! Gee: Wish I was starting all over again!" • Fred Chapin continues to inspect American embassies overseas and hopes to be assigned to one again shortly.

• The December 23, 1985, issue of The New Yorker contained an article on the 478-page catalogue of the Metropolitan Museum's exhibition "India!" The catalogue—India: Art and Culture 1300-1900, Metropolitan Museum/Holt, Rhinehart, and Winston—is written by Gary Welch, who organized the exhibition. The reviewer wrote: "...I cannot recall ever seeing such a wealth of material so beguilingly presented. Welch leads us through India's history... and cultural development in a prose so light and supple that it is literally difficult to stop reading."

1948

From King Curtis: "...in Mexico on sailboat Hestia with wife Lois and occasional children en route to Tahiti and New Zealand over the next year. Can be reached on ham radio Manana Net 14.340 Hz 11 a.m. Pacific standard time; call KA7UKT."

• Larry Noble reports: "1982: established educational counseling practice—advising students and families on admission to independent schools and colleges; January 1985: first grandchild arrived: Catharine Conklin O'Brien!"

• Bob Lewis continues to be a New York City literary agent. • Al Malabre is hard at work on a new book for Random House on how the U.S. economy has grown increasingly uncompetitive in recent decades. • Gil Kenney will become chairman of the Yale Alumni Fund on July 1, 1986, coincident with Yale's new President, Benno Schmidt, Jr. He is also a member of the D.C. Baseball Commission, which is seeking to bring major league baseball back to the Nation's capital after a fifteen-year absence.

1949

Chris Beets is director of the Public Psychiatry Fellowship at the New York State Psychiatric Institute.

1950

Cryptic comment from Dwight Bartholomew: "My ship comes in in 1990... at the airport." • Jim Colt writes: "We have moved from our large, cheery, but somewhat impractical house in Milton to a much smaller, modern Acorn House that we built on Betty's parents' farm in Wenham. The move, which consumed two years, is working out well." • Dean Howells writes: "Returned from a year of strategic planning at Union Carbide in Danbury, Connecticut (no kidding!), and am back in director of politico-military analysis at the Department of State."

1951

John Lorenz recently joined Addison-Wesley publishers as their private school representative in the Northeast. He is still coaching ice hockey (summers) at the college level.

1953

John Sewall is in his second year at SHAPE in Mons, Belgium, working on NATO issues with specific regard to force planning and long term planning. "A superb job—exciting and full of challenge." • Ken Mann has left Tucker Anthony after six years to join corporate finance at Dean Witter Reynolds, working in the New York headquarters and doing business in the northeastern states.

• Hugh Clark reports: "With two boys now in small liberal arts colleges—Lewis and Clark, and Occidental—both parents are working hard. Suzi is manager of a home health program for Group Health Cooperative of Puget Sound; Hugh is now in private practice and head of the medical section at Swedish Hospital and Medical Center."

34
1954
Earlier this year Ted Stevens transferred to the Personal Trust department of Manufacturers Hanover. He reports: "Can still disco till dawn!"

1955
Parker Packard and Jane deL. Smith were married on January 2, 1986, and are living in Salem, Massachusetts. * Jerry Day writes: "I have exchanged the state air of a downtown office 102 stories high for one in midtown with a roof garden. My new address is Eriac, Inc. (Educational, Religious Investment Advisory Corporation)."

1956
Fred Espy writes: "Gave up smoking on 1/12/86. Toughest thing I've ever done!" * Gus Jaccaci and Mary Alma Baker were married on August 17, 1985, in New Lebanon, New York, where they live and work together as futurist management consultants. * Mickey Lloyd became chief executive officer of The Philadelphia Contributionship on January 1, 1986. He had served as president and treasurer since October 1980. The company, founded by Benjamin Franklin, is the oldest property insurance company in America. Mickey has served as a trustee of Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, since 1979 and is currently co-chairman of its development campaign. He is also manager of Pennsylvania Hospital and chairman of its annual fund, board member of the Metropolitan Philadelphia YMCA, partner in the Urban Affairs Partnership, and co-chairman of the special gifts section of the United Way of Southeastern Pennsylvania. * John Wilcox writes: "I have become the coordinator of AIDS Project New Haven Connecticut. Recently been very involved with human rights, anti-war, and gay rights. Very fulfilling period in my life." * Dean Palmer reports that he is footloose and fancy free after a year and a half as the headmaster of Ford Country Day School in Los Altos, California. * Morgan Wheelock was recently appointed by the Board of Overseers of Harvard College to serve on the visiting committee to the University's Graduate School of Design. Morgan's Boston firm, Morgan Wheelock, Inc., has been responsible for numerous international projects ranging from the redesign of the Royal Enclosure at Ascot for Queen Elizabeth II to the design of Thoroughbred horse farms, Mediterranean resorts, private rooftop and penthouse gardens, and corporate world headquarters.

1958
Tom Jay is assistant headmaster for administration at St. John's School, Houston, Texas. * Chuck Sinkler writes: "Started my own company in 1985 (Charles Sinkler and Associates, Inc.) for design and installation of industrial wastewater treatment equipment. Daughter Emilee started III Form at St. Andrew's School, Middletown, Delaware; son Charles IV in seventh grade at Wyndcroft School, Pottstown, Pennsylvania; wife Pepper continues to expand her catering business, 'The Pepper Pot.'"

1959
Pete Neill was recently appointed president of the South Street Seaport Museum in New York City.

1960
Chris Kurten has moved to Nokia Electronics, where he is production manager for transmissions systems. He lives in Helsinki, Finland, with his wife and two sons. * Jim Robbins was named president of Cox Cable Communications in September 1985. He was senior vice-president (operations) and has been with the company since 1983. Earlier he held positions with Boston's WBZ-TV News; Continental Cablevision of Miami Valley in Dayton, Ohio; Viacom Cablevision of Long Island, New York; and Viacom Communications. Cox Cable Communications operates 36 cable TV systems in 21 states.

1961
Jim Hatch, after some sixteen years in banking, has become the president of the Skip Barber Racing School, the world's largest such organization. It is in Canaan, Connecticut, and uses the nearby Lime Rock Park race track, one of fifteen used throughout the country by the school, which has bases in Wisconsin, Florida, and California. Thousands of people are taught competitive driving, and many go on to race (Danny Sullivan, the 1985 Indy winner, was a Skip Barber instructor, and one-third of the Indy entrants were graduates). Jim continues on the board of the bank as vice chairman.

1962
In December 1985 Ralph Peer was elected to the board of directors of the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers (ASCAP). Ralph is the president of Southern Music Publishing Company, a vice president and director of the National Music Publishers Association and the Harry Fox Agency, a lifetime director and past president of the Country Music Association, and a former trustee of the Copyright Society of the U.S.A. * Bill Liewens writes: "I have successfully overcome a bleak cancerous tumor diagnosis a year ago, and with good luck and lots of hard work, I am on the road to recovery. I may even be able to jog again in a year or so." * Dan Barbiere writes: "I have a beautiful wife and three great children (twin boys seven and a daughter ten). My financial planning business is always interesting because all the rules change every year."

1964
Jim Goodwin says it's great to be back in New England after ten years in Sweden, but he is still in Europe half the time. He's looking for mediocre squash players in the Concord, Massachusetts, area. * Marguerite Martin Jenkins and Sheldon Clark were married in Warrenton, Virginia, recently. Mrs. Clark, who is known as Rita, is a graduate of Miss Porter's School, Farmington, Connecticut, attended Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida, and is a graduate of Flight Safety International, Vero Beach, Florida. She is a helicopter pilot. Sheldon is a senior vice president of Joseph H. O'Brien Securities Management, Inc., in Manhattan and executive vice president and a director of the United States Oil Company also in Manhattan. * David Irons, after two years as director of external affairs at Harvard's
John F. Kennedy School of Government, has moved to San Francisco, where he is working half-time at the University of California’s Center for Research in Management while still consulting in public policy and management at Harvard Medical School’s Center for Biochemical and Biophysical Sciences and Medicine. • Haven Pell comments: “My most recent amazement was to discover that my nine- and seven-year-old sons have a twenty-one game hockey schedule this winter. This, in Washington, which seems like the Confederacy. At SPS we only played fifteen!”

1965

Jaye and Charlie Bohlen announce the birth of Avis Alexandra Bohlen on October 31, 1985. • Penny Crandall Johnson and Bucky Putnam were married on November 25, 1985, in Warren, Connecticut. A graduate of the University of Florida, she is a co-founder of and a partner in the Manhattan design firm of Kolberg/Johnson Associates. Bucky is a project manager for the Davis Development Corporation of Brookline, Massachusetts, and New York City.

1966

Tom Streeter is a full-time college student again. He has switched from criminal law to patent law. “Crime does not pay, but here is a gift to the Alumni Fund anyway.” • Joe Wheelwright was commissioned to create a fetish for Copley Square in Boston for the recent New Year’s celebration. The people of Boston were invited to foliate with their resolutions a fifteen-foot personage carved from a pine tree. • Alfred Ajami reports: “Aging gracefully. Am out of the office and back in the lab, permanently—at least until the next venture comes along.”

1967

After Xerox moved him three times in seven years, Ham Clark is now in the Xerox headquarters in Rochester, New York. P. Hamilton Clark IV was born in April 1985. • The School extends its sympathy to Kay and David Reingold, whose son, Evan B. Reingold, died October 7, 1984, of epiglottitis, at eighteen months. A daughter, Alison Elizabeth Reingold, was born on October 4, 1985. • Chris Rice-Mandeville is studying at the University of New Mexico for a B.A. in psychology and women’s studies. His interests are body-centered psychotherapy, addictive behaviors, and “men’s issues.”

1968

Gordon Fearey has opened a word processing service at 150 Nassau Street, New York City. He was to give a poetry reading at “77 Barrow Street” in November 1985 and at “The Back Fence” in December 1985. • Bill Hohn has been elected to the board of directors of World Vision, U.S., the largest Christian relief and development organization in the United States. He continues to make his living as a California Mercedes Benz dealer, just celebrated his thirteenth anniversary, and has children ages ten, six, and three. • Will Whetzel is senior vice president, Henry A. Bacher, Inc., a British investment banking firm. • Jim Robinson reports that Hilary Stenhouse Robinson joined older sister Emily (three and a half) on Easter Sunday 1981.

1969

Phil von Stade writes: “After living in foreign lands like France, South Africa, and Texas, I have now settled permanently (?) in Westport, Connecticut, where I work as a computer- and computer-graphics consultant.” • Charlie Scribner was elected a vice president of Macmillan Publishing Company last year. He lectured at the Metropolitan Museum and was to go to Vienna in January 1986 to lecture on Rubens. • Anne-Marie and Ed Resor announce the arrival of their first child, Elizabeth Resor, on December 10, 1985. The Resor’s will be moving to Khartoum, Sudan, in the first half of 1986; Ed will be the director for Save the Children in Sudan, responsible for that organization’s refugee and development programs. • On November 9-10, 1985, at the California Institute of the Arts in Valencia, California, The Conquest of Mexico was performed. Peter Garland was executive producer, composer of the music, and co-writer of the scenario. In addition, his ensemble group, Peter Garland and Musicians, played the music, with Peter on harpsichord and percussion. Program notes of the production listed Peter as editor and publisher of SOUNDINGS Press and author of Americas: Essays on American Music and Culture 1973-

1980. His Mutachin Dances has been released on a Gold Blue EP, and a new work, Sones de Flor (trio for violin and percussion), will have its first performance at the 1986 New Music America festival in Houston. • Mike Livanos reports the birth of a first child, George Michael Livanos, on February 4, 1985. A second child is expected in the summer of 1986.

1970

Barbara and Ben Franklin have returned from traveling in East Africa, six weeks in Tanzania and three weeks in Kenya. They climbed Mounts Kenya and Kilimanjaro, visited game reservations, and spent a week on the Indian Ocean near Dar-es-Salaam. Ben continues to run Teton Mountain Touring, based in Driggs, Idaho, and will be running a Mount McKinley climb in Alaska for Mountain Madness, a Seattle organization. Barbara, a biologist with the Forest Service, is currently working on a plan for the whole Greater Yellowstone eco-system, which includes five or six National Forests and two National Parks.

1972

Jennifer Anne Duke and Alex Rutherfurd were married in New York City on November 2, 1985. • Frazer Pennebaker sent an update report to José Ondrex: graduated from Hampshire College in 1977, worked for three years in antique furniture restoration, and began “filling in” on the accounting and office side of Pennebaker Associates in 1981. Frazer was married last April.

1973

Martha and Charlie Marvin are expecting a second child in September. Charlie will finish a five-year general surgery residency at the Mayo Clinic in June and plans for a two-year plastic surgery fellowship at Strong Memorial Hospital, University of Rochester (New York). • Tom Emmet is working as a production assistant in film and TV. He graduated from NYU Film School with a B.F.A. in 1980. • Charlie Rouse writes: “I am still in education but am out of the classroom working as director of admissions at St. Stephen’s Episcopal School (Texas). My wife, Susan, is teaching English here and helping me tend to our menagerie of dogs, cats, and fish.” • Sandra Pierce and Alan McIlhenny were married in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on October 12, 1985. • Kate Turpin has a new job as a supervisor with the Case Management Program of the City
of Seattle's Division on Aging. "I have seen Helen Hunt, who is trying to survive her residency out here, and Robin Retew is in fine form working in Olympia as a state revenue analyst." • Bill Matheson has been elected a governor of the Northeast Circuit of the U.S. Polo Association. • John Campbell is working as a business reporter for the morning newspaper in Rochester, New York, The Democrat and Chronicle. He is married to the former Barbara Dougan of Iowa, who is an attorney with Monroe County Legal Assistance Corporation. • Steel Stillman's first show, Mixed-Media Photographs, was held February 1-16, 1986, at the John Gibson Gallery in New York City. • Arthur Humphrey has decided to return to the U.S. after six years abroad to join the H.J. Heinz Company in Pittsburgh. • Jeremy Wintersteen reports the birth of a second son, Peter Nicholas Wintersteen, on July 23, 1985.

1974

Bob Mix was married on August 17, 1985, to Carmen Rosa Perez at the Church of Santa Rita de Casia. He is at the University of Maryland working on his master's degree in geographic economics. • Nat Goodspeed writes: "I married Renée Laurion in 1982. She got her D.D.S. in 1984, when we moved to Rochester. We have two children born exactly two years apart: Peter and Melanie, who was born this January." • Kaign Smith reports the birth of Benjamin Kaign Smith on August 30, 1985. • Brewster Carroll is living in New Jersey and traveling the globe on behalf of the New Jersey State Division of International Trade. • Gabrielle Porter Dennison writes: "My husband, Barry, and I are happy to be back living in New York City and recently survived the horrors of renovating our co-op apartment." • Joan McEvoy of Stamford, Connecticut, and Steve Minichillo were married on May 24, 1984. Both are graduates of the University of Arizona. • Bruce Patton writes: "I have been appointed Lecturer on Law at Harvard Law School, teaching Negotiation. I am also heavily involved in commercial and international consulting, mediating, and training."

1975

Clay Hoes writes: "Recently I completed a master's program in mineral economics at the Colorado School of Mines. I am currently working at Pennzoil as a development geologist. I recently finished 289th at the Nice (France) World Triathlon Championships." • Jeff Cooley reports: "Son Ben doing great at sixteen months. New baby due mid-April; Cooley Gallery thriving."

1976

Ted Mach writes: "I am capturing the name of all knowledge at the source of thought—becoming a teacher of the Science of Creative Intelligence and the Transcendental Meditation technique." He is at the Maharishi International University in Fairfield, Iowa. • Lisa Palache writes: "Am still in downtown Washington, D.C., working as a special assistant to the head of the Federal Railroad Administration at USDOT. Besides making sure that our nation's railroads are safe, we are also busily trying to sell Conrail, so I spend most of my time up on Capitol Hill briefing Senatorial and Congressional offices about the Department's desire to merge Conrail with Norfolk and Southern Railroad—all Forms need one good bureaucrat!" • Mike Kennedy has two children, Michael and Kyle, and is vice president of Citizen's Energy and vice president of Citizen's Con-
was a classmate of Tracy's at Yale. He reports on consumer affairs for The New York Times. Tracy has been a project manager for the Luedtke Aldridge Partnership, a real estate development firm in Dallas. Gigi Cruz received her M.B.A. in finance last June and has been working as a financial analyst for Butler Computer Graphics in Denver. She writes: “I plan to marry a fellow MBA-er in June.”

1977

Peter Santry is working at Bankers Trust in New York City in the middle market group. Liz Schein Krengel writes: “I am working as a ‘market research and product development specialist’ at Blue Cross of Washington and Alaska. It’s really exciting to be in such a turbulent industry!” Shelley Robinson is living in Albuquerque, New Mexico, working at The Tamarind Institute of Lithography and getting a master’s degree in art at the University of New Mexico. Alicia Benedict Bullock and Topher Dow were married in New York City on January 11, 1986. Mrs. Dow, a graduate of Taft and Boston University, is a candidate for a B.S. degree in nursing from the State University of New York Downstate Medical Center in June. Topher is an independent producer of special effects for film and television. Nick Newlin is playing the part of John Rugby in the Folger Shakespeare Gallery’s production of The Merry Wives of Windsor in Washington, D.C. He is also playing the role of a troubadour in Much Ado About Hamlet in the Discovery Theater at the Smithsonian Institution. He will perform at several Renaissance festivals in the spring and spend the summer in Europe, studying in Paris and performing there and elsewhere. Matt Moore will be doing his neurosurgery training at Harvard in the Brigham and Women’s Hospital and in Children’s Hospital. Chris Aranosis is living in Brooklyn and working in Manhattan at Wang Labs, and working on pop songwriting in the evenings. Chris sees Vinnie Peterson, who lives a couple of blocks away. Weezie Bodman Petrie is teaching art outside of Boston, painting, and will have her first show in April. Lawrence Browning has finished his Master of Architecture program at the University of Washington and is working in Seattle for Wyatt Stapper Architects. Tracy Ball and William Robson Greer were married in Boston on January 18, 1986. He is a graduate of St. George’s School, Spokane, Washington, and was a classmate of Tracy’s at Yale. The November 1985 issue of Seventeen included an article on Judd Nelson, whose newest film is Blue City, based on the Ross Macdonald thriller. Judd is starring in Orphans at the Burt Reynolds Dinner Theater in Jupiter, Florida. Tom Luz has signed on as an associate at the Manhattan law firm of Donovan, Leisure, Newton, and Irvine. 1979

Liz White writes: “Am currently an intern teacher at the Park School, a private day school in Brookline, Massachusetts. Also doing graduate work in education. I’m enjoying life in Boston, and hope to be teaching in the area next fall.” After what will be three years in the professional sports business at International Management Group in Cleveland, Ohio, Seth Ward will enter Harvard Business School in the Class of 1988. Dexter Brown has joined Stuart Ford, Incorporated, in Richmond, Virginia, as advertising account executive in the agency’s account service group. He was formerly with Doyle Dane Bernbach in New York City. Katie Reid and Jeffrey Scott Koeze are engaged and plan to marry in July. He is a graduate of the Cranbrook School, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, and the University of North Carolina, where like Katie he was a Morehead Scholar. He is a senior at the University of Virginia Law School. Katie is an administrative associate at the Clean Water Action Project in Washington, D.C.

Lisa Harrison and George Blackmore Lemmon, Jr., are engaged and plan a September wedding. He attended Haverford (Pennsylvania) School and graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy and Harvard. He is a financial analyst for the Owosso Group, an investment concern in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. Lisa is an assistant treasurer of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company in Manhattan. During the Christmas holidays José Ordoñez was a guest of Richard Mergeson, a second lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, at the Ceremony of the Keys, held at the Tower of London. Richard was the officer on duty. Like the more familiar Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace, the Ceremony of the Keys is part of the pageantry and tradition of London and has taken place for some seven hundred years every night at 10 P.M. Dave Ross writes: “I will graduate from Cornell Law School this spring and, hopefully, will begin practicing law in Manchester, New Hampshire, in the fall.” Chris Dillenbeck and
Richard Sands Woods is engaged to marry in May. He is a graduate of Choate and Yale and received an M.B.A. degree from the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania. He is a vice president of Standish, Ayer, and Wood, Inc., a Boston investment firm. She is at the University of Virginia Law School. • Evelyn Van Ingen and John Buckman Fell III are engaged. A graduate of Hotchkiss and St. Lawrence University, he is a commercial banking officer in the financial institutions division of Chemical Bank in Manhattan. Evelyn is the assistant to the photograph editor at Woman's Day magazine in New York City.

1980

Igor Blozovski is at Yale getting a master's degree in physics. * Andy Greenbaum reports: "Still in NYC crunching numbers for a large Wall Street firm. Soon plan to quit work and start working nights at Chippenhales." * Gifford Cochran is designing and building apartments in Boulder, Colorado, with a friend. * Mike Fell graduated from UVM in 1984 and is working at Lockheed Missiles and Space Company, Sunnyvale, California. * Helen Crane is living in Manhattan and working at Goldman, Sachs and Company. * Will Schwalbe is living in Hong Kong and working as assistant editor of Insight Magazine. * Ian MacColl writes: "I am living in San Francisco waiting for a job to drop into my lap. A club has been formed along with other unemployed graduates. Members include Ann Hutchins, Ned Doubleday '81, and Marian Starr '81. New members welcome! (Also, I'm looking for a job in an industrial design firm if anybody has any connections.)" * Martha Eddison was to finish her undergraduate career at Harvard in January 1986. * Red Barrett reports: "Living in NYC. Trying to raise money for SPS, while working on Wall Street, organizing a theatre-extravaganza in NYC with the Princeton Triangle Club, and playing a lot of paddle tennis during the week and on weekends!" * Jon Reckford is working for Goldman, Sachs and Company in New York and looking forward to taking next year off before returning to school. * Billy Stride and a partner are owners of the Good Harbor Fillet Company, a seafood processing plant in Gloucester, Massachusetts. * John Outwater is doing research and working on his doctorate at MIT. * Tom Reynolds is enjoying life in the Big Apple, working for Bantam Books' marketing division. * Nat Copple writes: "I am in my first year of the University of Washington Medical School. As an English major, I'm finding the coursework a little more difficult than my peers do, but I'm told we'll all be in the same boat by February. I spent a very fine summer in Red Lodge, Montana, working in the nursing home there." * Scott Scharer writes: "I'm working for Deloitte Haskins and Sells as well as attending NYU Graduate School of Business Administration. In my 'spare' time I continue to study Japanese with a tutor from Columbia University." * Betsy Trimble is living in Manhattan and working there in the media department of Ogilvy and Mather Advertising. * John Hornblower is the founder and president of the World Honey Corporation; after fourteen months of business he has six Japanese companies interested in importing his product and is selling to five hundred stores in the U.S., including the Bradleys and Pathmark chains. The product is a combination of three flavors of granular bee pollen, purchased from beekeepers all over the country, blended in the Bronx, and packaged in four-ounce containers for shipping and sale. * Sara Holbrook is working in Washington, D.C., as publications assistant at the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars. * Susanah Robins is living in Manhattan with Jennie Hunnewell and working at Prudential-Bache with Bruce Monrad and Sarah Bankson '79. "Looking to do something with next year, possibly business school and maybe something more creative." * David Berry recently became a CPA and is working for Coopers and Lybrand in Manhattan. He and his wife Deb live in Brooklyn. * Geoff Underwood is working in the educational media division of the National Geographic Society in Washington, D.C.

1981

Marian Starr writes: "I'm home in San Francisco after spending the fall at Cambridge University. I'm working part-time for an architecture firm, taking graphics and painting classes at a local academy, and waiting to hear from seven architecture graduate schools in April! If anyone finds themselves in the Bay Area, please look me up!" * John Duer is finishing his training in Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and will be assigned to a unit in Stuttgart, West Germany, as a Pershing missile officer for the next three years. * Sponsored by the Cadmean-Concordian, Bruce Stone visited School in January to present a twenty-two-minute sixteen millimeter film, Albert Acalay: Portrait of an Artist, made as an independent project at Harvard, where Bruce is majoring in film. Acalay is an prominent abstract expressionist. * Jamie Purviance graduated from Stanford in June 1985 as an economics major. He is living in Palo Alto and working as fund raiser for the Muscular Dystrophy Association. * Jim Lowe is working for the Mayor's Transit Office in New York City. He is one of eighteen college graduates selected from more than one hundred candidates to be a New York City Urban Fellow for a year. An article about the program,
with a photo of Jim, who was extensively quoted, appeared in the January 5, 1986, New York Times. • Page Owen is doing graduate work in botany at the University of California, Riverside. • Jarvis Slade graduated from Stanford with honors in political science and is now working in Dallas for Booz Allen and Hamilton, a management consulting firm. • Polly Boswell is ski instructing in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. • Ned Doubleday has returned from a trip to Tibet and the base camp of Mount Everest. He is now seeking employment in either New York City or Hong Kong. • In May 1985 Ann Proctor graduated with honors in history from Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and Pi Gamma Mu (social sciences honor society). She received the Susan E. Martin Award for the senior female scholar/athlete and the Susan P. Proctor Award for her contribution to women's crew at Trinity. This award was named for Ann's sister Susan, SPS '76 and Trinity '80, a member of three U.S. national crews—1981, 1982, and 1983—who participated in three world's championships. Ann is now in Paris studying for an M.A. in French from Middlebury. In Paris she met Sophia Faskianos. • Ellen Kenney reports: "Teaching at SPS, as you know—also coaching girls varsity crew. Plans for next year are to be in Cambridge and doing work with some organization like American Friends Service Committee as a way of expressing my increasing interest in the fields of social service, religion, and education." • Lisa Marvin writes: "Am working in New York City for Polo/Ralph Lauren, in the international licensing division, managing and quality-controlling men's active-outdoor wear in overseas markets. It sounds a lot more glamorous than it is! Looking forward to seeing everyone at the 5th reunion!" • Scott Heitmiller is teaching math and science at the Fessenden School, West Newton, Massachusetts, and coaching soccer, wrestling, and lacrosse.

1982

Nicole Gallagher writes: "I'll be graduating this June with an honors degree in social studies at Harvard. I am suffering the typical senior agonies—will they ever be finished, and will I ever get a job? I spent last summer in London at a management consulting firm, and am applying to American and British firms in the same field for next year." • Rudy Scarito worked last summer in a Volunteers for Peace international work camp program in Finland, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. After the work camps she went hiking in the Tatras mountains in eastern Czechoslovakia. • Trisha Patterson has taken the year off and is working in the cable TV field full-time. She was a bridesmaid in the San Francisco wedding of Michele Lim '79 to Dr. Frank Helm on February 1, 1986, where she saw Sarah Davidson '79. • Julie Bohlen and Cynthia Griffin are co-captains of women's varsity ice hockey at Princeton. • James Hornblower writes: "I am still enjoying myself up here in Clinton, New York. Looking forward to our fifth reunion." • Tracy Tullis writes: "Spent last summer working at a small publishing company in the Village in New York City—became enamoured of the City. I graduate from Brown in May. Post-Providence plans are indefinite, but I do know I dislike grey flannel and floppy paisley ties." • Ernie Scalandre graduated from the Wharton School in May 1985 and started at Kidder, Peabody two days later. • Charlie Hood writes: "I am no longer a physics major, but I am still at Cornell, dabbling in geology, meteorology, and alternative energy sources (I am desperately trying to learn how to become mechanically inclined!). I am keeping in close contact with John Reynolds and Chuck Doucette at RPL." • Wendy Saliba is doing graduate work in linguistics at Columbia after nearly four years studying and working in Africa and Southeast Asia. • Maria Fernandez-Gimenez reports: "I am back at Yale after a year off during '84-'85. I spent last year wandering through the West, working at a midwifery clinic in Kentucky and counseling mentally ill adults in Milwaukee. For the past two summers I've worked for the National Park Service (in South Dakota and Utah) as a language interpreter and naturalist. In the winter I am a philosophy major." • Donald Miller is being kept busy at Princeton by the squash team and the chemistry department. He is thinking of boarding school teaching next year and then will take a look at medical school. • Guste Thomas spent last summer in Paris studying music composition on a fellowship from L'Ecole d'Art Americaines and is busy composing at Northwestern University. • Justina Ray writes: "Have loved my years at Stanford; now entering the fourth year, majoring in biology. My main love has turned out to be zoology. I spent this past summer on the water off Cape Cod avidly researching humpback whales, and would like 'some day' to be active in wildlife conservation and research—even as a career! I have been playing lacrosse for Stanford since freshman year. Edith Pepper '84 and Nina Houghton '84 and I are among those helping to successfully build the reputation of collegiate lacrosse on the West Coast." • Peter Cooley spent the 1985 summer as a mountaineering ranger on Mount McKinley in Alaska, assisting in search and rescue; he also made a solo ascent of the mountain. • Tom Brazelton is still studying anthropology and public health at UNC. After seven months in Japan he will go to Alaska this coming summer to study native healing systems and to hunt bear. • Amy Field reports: "Clo Dickey and I were in a first aid course this fall at Middlebury. I will be graduating in the spring, and in September I'll be at University of Pennsylvania's Dental School, going for a D.M.D." • Dave Putnam is living in Somerville with Jonathan Harvey and another Harvard senior, looking forward to graduating in June.

1983

Bobby Lapsley is playing lacrosse at Harvard. Last summer he sailed across the Atlantic from South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, to County Cork, Ireland, via St. John's, Newfoundland. • Richard Kennelly is rowing on the Harvard varsity heavyweight crew and hopes to row in the world championships this summer. He has switched from a comparative religion concentration to one in English. • Jeff Mallas writes: "Just hangin' loose at Club Stanford. Hope to go
back East soon—but just to visit.” • Eddy George is a junior at Swarthmore and is also continuing as a registered firefighter with Fire Company 14, where he was recently promoted to lieutenant. • Peter Haupt is studying in London for his second semester. • Ashlea Ebeling spent last summer studying Italian in Florence and traveling to Egypt, Greece, Switzerland, and Austria. In Florence she met Steve Ruscus '82 and Walter Lee. She is the current editor of Duke's features magazine, Tobacco Road.

1984

Ben Hall had another radio play produced on WBRU-FM in Providence, Rhode Island. Titled See You in Eleven Years, it was directed by Charlie Newton '85.

1985

David Boit reports that he is having a great time at Eton, has had his revenge on you [in other words, has won an argument, etc.].

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—Charles Augustus Otis III
Died 1982

'17—John Borie Ryerson
January 21, 1986
West Palm Beach, Florida

'21—A. Ledyard Smith
December 5, 1985
Needham, Massachusetts

'22—William Ogden McCagg
February 13, 1986
Stonington, Connecticut

1918—Floyd Delafield Crosby
Died of bronchial pneumonia at his home in Ojai, California, on September 30, 1985. He was born in New York City on December 12, 1899, the son of Julia Floyd Delafield Crosby and F. V. S. Crosby; after preparation at the Tuxedo Park (New York) School he entered St. Paul's as a I Former. He was a member of the Concordian Literary Society and in his VI Form year was captain of the Ithsonian second football team. He entered the U. S. Naval Academy just before his graduation in 1918 but was discharged with the end of World War I. He worked on Wall Street before studying photography at the New York Institute of Photography. He then met ichthyologist William Beebe and participated in an expedition to Haiti to photograph underwater sea life. (He later was to become the first cameraman to shoot three-strip Technicolor footage underwater.)

In the late twenties Mr. Crosby became a close friend and colleague of Robert J. Flaherty, the famous documentary director. At Flaherty's request he went to Tahiti and served as cameraman for the film Tabu, which Flaherty and the German director F. W. Murnau were making. For this work Mr. Crosby won an "Oscar," the 1931 Academy Award for Best Cinematography. In the thirties and forties he worked as cameraman for other documentary greats—Pare Lorentz and The Riter and Fight for Life, Joris Ivens and The Power and the Land—and again for Flaherty and The Land.

During World War II he served with the U. S. Army Air Corps in the Overseas Technical Unit of the Air Transport Command, flying over two hundred thousand miles to make briefing films to instruct new pilots in the use of various air routes around the world. He was awarded the Air Medal and left the service as a major in 1945. In 1947 he shot My Father's House in what was then still Palestine; he returned to Israel in 1963 to shoot the Israeli film Sallah.

In the early 1950s he was the cameraman for such major feature films as Robert Rossen's The Brave Bulls and Fred Zinnemann's High Noon; for the latter he won the Hollywood Foreign Correspondents Golden Globe for Best Black and White Photography in 1952. He then began a twenty-year association with producer-director Roger Corman and served as his cameraman for more than twenty films, including such minor classics as Attack of the Crab Monsters and the Edgar Allan Poe films starring Vincent Price and Peter Lorre. Among Mr. Crosby's more than eighty career films are The Monster from the Ocean Floor, The Wonderful Country, The Purple Hills, and How to Stuff a Wild Bikini.

He taught cinematography at UCLA in 1951 and again in 1957 after his retirement from the motion picture industry.

His first wife, Ophile Whitehead Crosby, died many years ago. He is survived by his second wife, Betty Cormack Crosby, whom he married in 1960; and two sons, Ethan Crosby and David V. C. Crosby.

1919—John Freeman
A resident of Cambridge, Massachusetts, for forty years, died at his home in Somersett Bridge, Bermuda, on December 3, 1985, at the age of eighty-four. He was born in Cape May, New Jersey, the son of Corinne Keen Freeman and Walter Jackson Freeman, and raised in Philadelphia. He entered School as
a III Former and was a member of the Cadman Literary Society and the Forestry Club. As a VI Former he was a member of the Delphian first football team and was secretary of the Halcyon Boat Club, rowed in the Halcyon first boat, and was a member of the SFS crew.

He received his B.A. degree from Yale in 1929 and began a career with Houghton Mifflin Company which ended with his retirement in 1966 as a director of the company and director of educational sales.

Survivors include his wife, Mary Freeman; two sons, Jefferson Freeman and MacGregor Freeman; two daughters, Anne F. Mayo and Penelope Olson; and ten grandchildren. A brother, Norman Freeman '20, died in 1975.

1924—Nicholas Biddle
died at his home in Sarasota, Florida, on January 20, 1986. He was born in New Rochelle, New York, on August 3, 1906, the son of Elizabeth LeRoy Emmet Biddle and Nicholas Biddle (SPS 1896). After preparation at St. Bernard's School he entered the II Form in 1919. In his VI Form year he was a member of the Missionary Society and the School Chest Committee, on the council of the Concordian Literary Society, the treasurer of the Library Association, the manager of the Dramatic Association, on the executive committee of the Squash Racquets Association, a Supervisor in the Lower School, and a member of the School Council.

He graduated from Harvard in 1928. During World War II he served from April 1941 until February 1946 as a U.S. Navy officer. He was the commanding officer of U.S.S. Schmitt (DE 676) in the Atlantic and Mediterranean and commanding officer of the U.S.S. Walter X. Young (APD 151) in the Pacific and during the occupation of Japan. He left the service as a lieutenant commander and was awarded the Commendation Ribbon.

Before moving to Florida he had served as a member of the planning board of Oyster Bay Cove, New York. He retired from Lever Brothers Company in 1971.

He is survived by his wife, Virginia Morris Biddle, whom he married in September 1928; three daughters, Virginia Biddle, M.D., Katherine B. Moore, Elizabeth B. Barrett; a son, Nicholas Biddle, Jr. '59; and nine grandchildren, including C. Redington Barrett III '80 and Ray Morris Barrett '83.

His formmate, J. Lawrence Pool, M.D., writes: “Nick, as boy and man, had a keen, whimsical sense of humor, a droll way of speaking that always went straight to the heart of matters, and a love of adventure. It was he who invented the game of jumping from a third floor window of the old Middle into the deep snowdrifts we had in those days, and enjoying the ‘free falls.’ He too was the first in our Form to own a motorcycle. It so intrigued a beautiful young lady, often seen on its back seat, that she married him. And he was the first in our Form to cross the Atlantic under sail, in a schooner with neither motor nor radio. Indeed, he loved the sea and was an expert sailor, as I know from cruising with him. No wonder he had such a distinguished career in the Navy in World War II.

“Above all I think of him, throughout his life, as holding high, but without ostentation, the banners of truth and kindliness ever before him. He was a rare and wonderful friend at School, at college, at sea, and in life, who stood for life’s highest standards.”

1927—Benjamin West Frazier II
goof Garrison, New York, died in New York City on August 17, 1985. He was the son of Juliet Rawle Frazier and Herbert Frazier (SPS 1890) and was born on June 20, 1909. From Penn Charter School he entered St. Paul’s as a V Former and was a member of the Missionary Society. In 1931 he graduated from Harvard, where he was photographic editor of the Crimson. He attended Harvard Business School and worked on a freighter to Hong Kong and India, and later he was an assistant purser on the Grace Lines to South America and to England.

During World War II he served from March 1942 until May 1946 as an Army reporter for Yank and Stars and Stripes in the European Theater of Operations. He was on a press boat off Normandy on D-Day and landed shortly after the invasion. He was awarded the Air Medal for flying with the Dutch to observe bombing raids.

After summering in Garrison for many years, he became a permanent resident in 1927 and began restoring old houses in 1938. Eventually he restored at least ten houses, some of which are currently being restored. He was the founder of the Hudson River Conservation Society, president of the Constitution Island Association, president of the Putnam County Historical Society, and a member of the Boscobel Restoration Association. He was an expert sailor, as I knew from cruising with him. No wonder he had such a distinguished career in the Navy in World War II.

1927—John Rainey McGinley
cared in Manchester, Connecticut, in 1896, died in the Stamford, Connecticut, Hospital on January 22, 1986. He was seventy-seven. Born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, he was the son of Gertrude Holden McGinley and Thomas A. McGinley and entered the II Form after preparation at the Fay School, Southborough, Massachusetts. He was a member of the Missionary Society, in his VI Form year he was a member of the Ithacian first baseball team.

He graduated from Harvard in 1913 and joined the Marine Midland Bank in New York City, from which he retired in 1969, senior vice president in charge of the personal trust department. During World War II he served in the U.S. Navy from September 1941 until October 1945, leaving the service as a lieutenant commander.

In addition to being a director of a number of corporations, he served on the board of directors of many charitable and philanthropic organizations including the Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies, Inc., the Travelers Aid Society, Cancer Care, Inc., and the Legal Aid Society of New York City. He was a member of the National Board of Arbitrators of the American Arbitration Association. He had been president of the Association of Harvard Clubs, president of the New Canaan Harvard Club, and a board manager of the Harvard Club of New York City.

He is survived by his wife, Claudia Matthews McGinley, whom he married in 1933; two sons, John Rainey McGinley, Jr. '54 and A. Rives McGinley; four grandchildren; and a sister, Elizabeth Borden. Another son, Thomas Atterbury McGinley '58, died in 1956.

1927—Richard Rowland Stebbins
died in Boston on February 15, 1926; he had suffered a stroke two weeks earlier. A resident of Cambridge, Massachusetts, he was born in Dallas, Texas, the son of Gertrude E. Stebbins and Theodore Stebbins, on February 3, 1909. After preparation at the Buckley School in New York City, he entered St. Paul's as a I Former in 1921. He was a member of the Scientific Association, the Concordian Literary Society, and the School Council. In his VI Form year he was
on the Delphian first football team and the SPS football team. After graduating from Harvard in 1931 he worked in New York with the accounting firm of Arthur Young and Company and later with Manufacturers Trust Company and—before and after his World War II Army service—Lybrand, Ross Brothers and Montgomery. In 1949 he opened his own accounting firm in Boston, which he merged in 1951 to form Shaw and Stebbins. He later was the controller of Judson L. Thomson Company, Waltham, Massachusetts, and then treasurer for the O'Day Corporation of Fall River, Massachusetts.

He served two five-year terms on the park and planning board when he lived in Medfield, Massachusetts, and was treasurer and vestryman of the Church of the Advent there. In retirement he was the treasurer of the Cambridge Art Association. He was a former member of the American Institute of Accountants and the Massachusetts Society of Certified Public Accountants.

He is survived by two daughters, Gertrude Stebbins Bartlett and Edith Value Stebbins Sweeney; two sons, Richard Rowland Stebbins, Jr. '55 and Daniel H. Stebbins '56; and eight grandchildren. His wife, the former Edith Harleston Parker, died in 1984.

1927—Rowland Stebbins, Jr.
President of the Form of 1927 and former Trustee of St. Paul's School, died in Southampton (New York) Hospital on December 13, 1985. The son of Marion Lyman Stebbins and Rowland Stebbins, he was born in New York City on August 18, 1908, and entered St. Paul's as a II Former. He was a member of the Library Association, the Scientific Association, the Yearbook Committee, and the Missionary Society; an Acolyte; an assistant editor of the Horae Scholasticae; captain of the Halycon Boat Club; and vice president of the Concordian Literary Society. He graduated cum laude and received the School Medal.

He received his B.A. degree from Yale in 1931 and his LL.B. degree from Columbia Law School in 1934. He was for many years a partner of Hughes, Hubbard, and Reed in Manhattan. He served in the U.S. Army Air Force in World War II from March 1942 until January 1946; he left the service as a lieutenant colonel and was awarded the Legion of Merit.

For more than twenty-five years he was a trustee of Southampton Hospital and served also as a trustee of St. Andrew's Dune Church, Southampton, and as a trustee and vice president of the Lenox Hill Neighborhood Association in New York City. He was a member of the executive committee of his Yale class and chairman of its bequests and endowment committee. He was a Trustee of St. Paul's School from 1961 to 1977.

He is survived by his wife, Josephine Small Stebbins; his son, Rowland Stebbins III '55; his sister, Marion S. Heydt; his brother, H. Lyman Stebbins '29; and six grandchildren. A daughter, Vail S. DuBois, died in 1983.

1932—Richard Fitzgerald Baum
Died of cancer at his home in Stonington, Connecticut, on September 2, 1985. Born in Chicago on June 17, 1919, he was the son of Gertrude Fitzgerald Baum and James Edwin Baum '08. After preparation at the Institut Carnal, Rolle, Switzerland, and the Chicago Latin School, he entered St. Paul's as a III Former. He was a member of the Forestry Club and the Cadmean Literary Society; treasurer of Le Cercle Français; and a member of the School Council. He was a member of the Old Hundred football team, the Old Hundred track team, and the Old Hundred baseball team.

He graduated from Harvard with the Class of 1936 and received an M.A. degree from the University of Chicago. In his early business career he served in executive positions at the Chicago Brick Company and the Wedron Silica Company. He was also a director of Pebble Beach (California) Corporation. In World War II he served with the 42nd Infantry Division in the Rhineland and Central Europe campaigns, winning the Bronze Star and three battle stars. He left the service as a captain.

After the war he wrote fiction for The Atlantic Monthly, Esquire, and other magazines; articles based on his marine and wilderness experiences; and most recently writings in the field of philosophy for The Intercollegiate Review and The South Atlantic Quarterly. His book, By the Wind, chronicled cruises up and down the East Coast and in the Caribbean aboard his engineless cutter Little Dipper. An ardent fly fisherman, he was active in a number of conservation and outdoor organizations in this country and Canada.

Survivors include his wife, Isabel Staton Baum; a daughter, Louise A. Baum; two sons, Mitchell W. Baum and Thomas L. Carver; a nephew, Alfred Gawthrop, Jr. '57, and a grandnephew, Alfred Gawthrop III '81.

His formmate, Penn Holsapple, wrote from Montana: "He was certainly one of the most interesting and intelligent of our SPS classmates. He was never at home with the 'good old boy' network but always happiest following some beautiful mountain stream with his only companion, a husky dog. We were both loners but always enjoyed each other's company because we shared a deep and abiding love of the Rocky Mountains, their wildlife, and the absence of human intrusion."

1934—Blair Lee III
Acting Governor of Maryland 1977-1979, died at his home in Silver Spring, Maryland, of lung cancer on October 26, 1985. He was born in Silver Spring on May 19, 1916, the son of Elizabeth Wilson Lee and E. Brooke Lee. After preparation at St. Albans School in Washington, D.C., he entered St. Paul's as a II Former in 1929. In his VI Form year he was a Supervisor, a Crucifer, a Camp Councillor, a Sunday School teacher, a member of the Library Association and the Missionary Society, a member of the council of the Concordian Literary Society, an assistant editor of the Horae Scholasticae, the secretary of Le Cercle Français, and a member of the School Council. He received his diploma magna cum laude.

He graduated as an American history major from Princeton in 1938 and attended law school at George Washington University in Washington, D.C., before entering the Navy in 1941. He was U.S. Naval Attaché in Santiago, Chile, and then served on convoy duty in the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. He left the service as a lieutenant commander in 1945.

He became editor of the Maryland News, a weekly newspaper in Montgomery County, Maryland, bordering Washington, D.C.; in 1949 he was president of the Maryland Press Association. He served on the Maryland National Capital Park and Planning Commission and the National Capital Planning Commission before running successfully for a seat in the Maryland House of Delegates in 1954, where he served until 1962. In 1958 he was named Legislator of the Year by the Maryland Legislative Correspondents Association.

After a unsuccessful bid for the U.S. Senate in 1962, he returned to his planning commission post for four years and was then elected to the Maryland Senate in 1966. He became Maryland's Secretary of State in 1968. He was elected Maryland's first Lieutenant Governor under a constitutional
change approved by the voters in 1970. When Governor Mandel was indicted on and later convicted of corruption charges, Mr. Lee served as the state's chief executive for seventeen months. Unsuccessful in the 1978 Democratic gubernatorial primary, he retired from politics. He was serving his second five-year term as a member of the University of Maryland Board of Regents at the time of his death.

He appointed both the first black and the first woman to sit on Maryland's highest court, the Court of Appeals. He pressed for programs to raise teacher salaries, increase state funding for public schools, and improve the quality and national stature of the University of Maryland.

Survivors include his wife, Mathilde Boal Lee; a daughter, Jeanne Lee Sataloff; six sons, Frederick B. Lee, Philip L. Lee, John F. Lee, Blair Lee IV, Christopher G. Lee, and Joseph W. Lee; two brothers, E. Brooke Lee, Jr., '86, and Bruce Lee; and six grandchildren.

1938—Robert Crooks Stanley, Jr.
died at his home in Red Bank, New Jersey, on December 5, 1985. He was born on Staten Island on August 5, 1918, the son of Alma Timolat Stanley and Robert C. Stanley, and after preparation at the Malcolm Gordon School, Garrison, New York, entered St. Paul's as a II Former. He was an Acolyte; a member of the Forestry Club and the Chest Committee; the treasurer of the Missionary Society and the Athletic Association; and a member of the Council in his VI Form year. He was a member of the Delphian first football team and the SPS football team.

He attended Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, New Jersey, of which he later was a trustee and from which he received the Centennial Medal (1970) and honorary degrees in mechanical engineering (1975) and engineering (1981). During World War II he served as a U.S. Army officer in the Middle East and with the 44th Cavalry Reconnaissance Troop in the European Theater. He was awarded the Soldier's Medal, the Silver Star, and the Purple Heart.

He was a member of the public relations department of International Nickel Company 1945-1952, and his career in the mining industry continued until his death, at which time he was a director of Lac Minerals Ltd., Canada, the incorporation of two companies of which he had been president.

Chairman of the Monmouth County Republican finance committee from 1967 to 1978, he had served as a New Jersey State Republican committeeman since 1969, as a delegate to four National Conventions, and as a member of the Electoral College in 1984. He was active as a fund raiser for the GOP at county, state, and national levels beginning in 1957.

He was on the executive committee of the Monmouth County Council Boy Scouts of America, served as the council vice president, and was a trustee for sixteen years; he received Scouting's Silver Beaver Award in 1980.

He began his service as a trustee of the Monmouth County Medical Center in 1955 and later was president and chairman of the board; a hospital wing was dedicated in his name in 1979. He was also a trustee of the National Council on Alcoholism, the Monmouth Conservative Foundation, MCOSS (a non-profit family health and nursing care service), and the Pop Warner Little Scholars, Inc. He was a member of the New Jersey Hospital Association, the Monmouth College President's Council, and the Monmouth College Business School Advisory Council; he received an honorary Doctor of Humane Letters degree from the college in 1985.

He and his wife, Judith, were the first couple to receive the “Others” Award from the Salvation Army for humanitarian service.

He is survived by his wife, the former Judith Hurley; two daughters, Jennifer Beardsley and Kate Griswold; a son, Robert C. Stanley III; and four stepdaughters, Lisa H. Goodspeed '76, Shelley Huber, Catherine Huber, and Andrea Huber. Another son, Philip Timolat Stanley, died in 1974.

1952—B. Turner Schley
died on July 29, 1985, in Cashiers, North Carolina. He was born on September 29, 1934, in Santa Barbara, California, the son of Viola Tuckerman Schley and Grant Barney Schley '27. He entered School as a II Former and was a member of the Missionary Society, the Glee Club, the Library Association, and La Junta. In his VI Form year he was a Supervisor in Manville, a member of the Delphian first football team and the SPS football team, the Delphian first baseball team, and the School boxing team.

He received his B.S. and M.S. degrees in civil engineering from Stanford and at the time of his death was president of Cashiers Valley Development Company.

He is survived by his wife, Mary Griffin Schley; sons Michael Schley and Joshua Barney Schley; daughters Caryn Hofer, Diane Schley, and Mary Stirling Schley; a stepson, Robert Magowan; three grandchildren; his mother, Mrs. Sigvard Hansen; and four brothers, Wolcott Tuckerman Schley '55, G. Barney Schley, Jr. '59, Kenneth Chaloner Schley '61; and Sigvard Hansen, Jr.

1952—Richard Trimble III
of Mason's Island, Connecticut, died in Mystic, Connecticut, of a heart attack on August 5, 1985. He was the son of Winifred Loew Trimble and Richard Trimble, Jr. '22 and was born in New York City on January 31, 1934. He prepared for St. Paul's at the Buckley School and entered School as a III Former. He had lived on Mason's Island for twenty-three years and very much enjoyed the comforts and pleasures of living in a small New England town. He loved boats and spent many happy hours sailing and motoring around Fishers Island Sound throughout the spring, summer, and early fall. He was an active member of the Mystic Seaport Museum, doing volunteer work at the G. W. Blunt White Library.

He is survived by his wife, Irene Jerkowitz Trimble; two daughters, Irene Elizabeth Trimble '80 and Cora Trimble; two sisters, Winifred Trimble Carter and Mary Ann Parkinson; and an aunt, Mrs. Perry R. Pease.

Anne S. Hooper Rexford
widow of emeritus master Clarence Earle Rexford (master 1909-1917, 1919-1946), died in Franklin, New Hampshire, on February 15, 1986. She was ninety-five and had lived in or near the School for almost seventy years, beginning in 1919 when she arrived in Millville with her husband when he returned from World War I service.

She was a graduate of the Castle School, Tarrytown, New York, where she had been captain of field hockey, and she took an intense interest in the first seasons of SPS field hockey after the arrival of girls, attending practices and games. She was a trustee of the Centennial Home in Concord for many years and had been responsible for the Millville Christmas parties held in the Community Center which used to be near Scudder.

Her funeral service was held in the Old Chapel, where for many years she was a Sunday School teacher and a member of the Millville Mission Women's Auxiliary. The Rev. Edmund K. Sherrill of the religion department officiated at the service, master emeritus Warren Hulser and George Tracy of the classics department were lay readers, and James Wood, head of the music department, was the organist.

Survivors include a daughter, Mrs. William D. Rhodes; a son, John Rexford '40; and four grandchildren.
The Alumni Association

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Treasurer and Fund Chairman, Albert Francke III ’52 .... New York, NY

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to Anniversary, 1986

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Minneapolis, MN .......................... Minneapolis, MN

New Haven, CT ............................. New Haven, CT

New Orleans, LA ............................ New Orleans, LA

New York City ............................. New York City

Northern New Jersey ........................ New Jersey

Omaha, NE ................................. Omaha, NE

Philadelphia, PA .......................... Philadelphia, PA

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Pittsburgh, PA ............................. Pittsburgh, PA

Portland, ME ............................... Portland, ME

Princeton, NJ ............................... Princeton, NJ

Richmond, VA ............................... Richmond, VA

Salt Lake City, UT .......................... Salt Lake City, UT

San Francisco, CA .......................... San Francisco, CA

Seattle, WA ................................. Seattle, WA

South Carolina ............................. South Carolina

Tampa, FL ................................. Tampa, FL

Washington, DC .......................... Washington, DC

Westchester County, NY ............... Westchester County, NY

Wyoming, DE ............................... Wyoming, DE

Wyoming, WY ............................... Wyoming, WY

France ............................... A. Thierry Baumgart ’62

Great Britain ............................. Great Britain

Hong Kong ................................. Hong Kong

Italy ............................... Carlo A. La Chiusa ’55

West Germany ............................. Ery W. Kehaya ’42

Corporation of St. Paul’s School

James W. Kinney III ’46, President .......................... Greenwich, CT

The Rev. Charles H. Clark, Rector .......................... Concord, NH

George F. Baker III ’57 ................................ New York, NY

Loren E. Cary ’75 .................................. Philadelphia, PA

Robert L. Clark ’61 .................................. South Hamilton, MA

Randolph H. Guthrie, Jr. ’53 .......................... New York, NY

Frederic Hamilton .................................. Denver, CO

Eugenie A. Havemeyer .................. New York, NY

Helen McM. Hunt ’75 .................. Seattle, WA

Philip C. Iglehart ’57 .......................... Greenwich, CT

Walker Lewis ’63, Treasurer .................. Washington, D.C.

David T. McGovern ’46 .......................... Paris, France

Malcolm McLane ’42, Clerk .......................... Concord, NH

George L. Ohrstrom ’45 .................................. New York, NY

Edmund P. Pillsbury ’61 .......................... Fort Worth, TX

Clive Runnells ’44 .................................. Houston, TX

Kaighn Smith ’46 .................................. Philadelphia, PA

Ralph T. Starr ’44 .................................. Philadelphia, PA

Rowland Stechens III ’55 .................. Corning, NY

Byam K. Stevens, Jr. ’48 .......................... New York, NY

Robert Gregg Stone III ’71 .................. Boston, MA

Colton F. Wagner ’57 .................................. New York, NY

St. Paul’s School Calendar
1986

APRIL 2
   Wednesday

MAY 30-JUNE 1
   Friday to Sunday

JUNE 1
   Sunday

JUNE 6
   Friday

JUNE 22
   Sunday

AUGUST 2
   Saturday

SEPTEMBER 9
   Tuesday

OCTOBER 25
   Saturday

Spring Term Begins

130th Anniversary

Graduation of the Form of 1986

Spring Term ends

29th Advanced Studies Program begins

Advanced Studies Program ends

131st Session begins all students arrive

Parents Day