Parents Day Drama:
Tom Stoppard's "Dogg's Hamlet"
The Cover: What more could a student desire than golden October sunshine overhead and crisp leaves underfoot? The answer is obvious: mail at the Post Office!

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The Rector's Letter

Dear Alumni & Alumnae

I'm writing this letter to you on All Souls Day, an occasion in the Church's calendar which is marked with special solemnity in the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul. I'm not sure when the tradition began at the School, but it is certainly customary now. On November 2, the day following the Festival of All Saints, and during our regular morning chapel service, the Rector reads aloud the roll of all alumni and former members of faculty who have died during the past year. As the bell tolls slowly in the chapel tower, the names on the necrology are carefully recited. Then come the prayers so familiar to generations of students and teachers: "O Lord, support us all the day long until the evening comes . . . " and "May all who have gone out from this School, whether far or near, still be present with thee . . . that they and we, drawing near to thee, may be drawn to one another by the unseen chain of thy love . . . ."

It is a moment in our full and busy timetable when the School is made keenly aware of what we call "our goodly heritage" and of "the love and labor of many" who came before us here. And it is on just such an occasion that the special qualities of the School as a family are made manifest to even the newest and most self-contained III Former. I cannot but wonder at the abiding influence of the Chapel upon our School and all its members as I reflect upon the simple service of remembrance which we observe there on All Souls Day. It is a profound influence for good, I am sure, and it is an influence we are bound to recollect and celebrate as the centenary of the Chapel draws near.

Earlier this fall, in conjunction with the annual gathering here of form agents and form directors, a service of Evensong was held in the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the laying of its cornerstone. It was a splendid opportunity to recall the foundation of our life and work as a School as well as the origins of the Chapel itself. And like the thoughts of others in attendance, I am sure, my thoughts turned back to an autumn afternoon in 1886 when the scholars and masters of St. Paul's gathered together, with a number of Concord neighbors and other New Hampshire friends, around the School's pioneering leaders to mark the true beginnings of what they called "the new chapel."

"The weather was cool, but the air was clear and bracing the entire day," according to the issue of Horae Scholasticae that appeared several days after the memorable event. That report contains news of a cricket match earlier in the day, with the Isthmians vanquishing Old Hundred by a score of 128 to 63. It is also reported that the School's new tennis courts were full of players throughout the
morning. It was a holiday to match and manifest the Rector's mood.

The actual ceremonies began shortly after noon with the recitation of Psalm 84, "O how amiable are they dwellings, thou Lord of hosts!"

On what followed, the Horae columnist reported tersely, "Some little trouble was experienced in getting the corner-stone level." A letter home to mother by one of the younger witnesses present provides us with a more lively commentary:

"... The corner stone of the Chapel was laid on Tuesday. There were fifteen ministers in line, besides several other big men. Dr. Samuel Eliot of I don't know what college delivered the address. The boys acted like fury while the stone was being laid, by talking and making everybody laugh, but at last after a great while they got it laid.

Good bye
Your loving son John"

(Which leads me to observe that the good humor of students and teachers alike at SPS, in the face of inevitable chapel embarrassments, seems to be as firmly fixed as its cornerstone; and I wonder how many boiyish smiles were repressed when Dr. Shattuck, like mighty Moses of old, struck the stone three times with a rod while the Bishop of New Hampshire intoned the appropriate words of dedication with great solemnity. In any event, the boys were soon rescued from any further explo­sions of mirth or anguish by the singing of a lusty hymn and the ringing of a bell that called them all to a welcome luncheon.)

Happily, the words spoken by Dr. Eliot that day were preserved for the inspiration of those unable to attend the ceremonies, and, in an extra­ordinary way they have retained their relevance and moment for the School across the generations. They are, in fact, a kind of precis of our self-understanding and sense of mission as a Church School in the 1980s informed by the contemporary educational principles of development and growth. In his own time Samuel Eliot was a respected educational leader, serving for a number of years as the president of Trinity College in Hartford. He was a longtime friend of the Coits and Shattucks, assisting them directly, as one of the first trustees, to realize their best hopes for the School. I think you may be interested to read what he said to the students and their teachers on that day in 1886 when the cornerstone of a building which he described as "the heart of the School in the years to come" was firmly set in place. I would wish Dr. Eliot's words to be my own, and I am pleased to end this letter to you with their timely reminder of why it is that the Chapel, one hundred years after its foundation, still plays a central role in what we call a St. Paul’s education.

"Growth is the central idea of education, as it is of the whole universe. To say that we have grown as much as we can in mind or soul, is false. To say we have grown as much as we want to, is to confess that we have no ideals, intellectual or spiritual. If we would really learn, we must really grow. About that fact there is no doubt whatever. . . .

"Growth in information, in mental grasp, in power of receiving and in power of using the knowledge which we seek...is a very noble sort of growing. It is wholly indispen­sable to anything like complete growth in our nature. We seek it in youth, we seek it still in age. The more we have of it, the more we want of it. It appears to grow itself in proportion as it helps us to grow, and widens and ascends until it soars beyond all bounds of its own, and all powers of ours. . . .

"But there is another sort of growth . . . at once the largest and the noblest growing of which we are capable. It is spiritual growth, —growth in character, in purpose, in com­munion with whatever is highest and holiest in human and in superhuman nature. If I had but one thing to say to the boys who hear me to-day, that I wished them to recollect, it would be that education, real education, must be religious. No matter where it begins or where it ends, in the nursery, the school, or the university, there is no phase of it so simple or so highly wrought, none whatever or wherever, that can safely forego its relations with the infinite.”

November 2, 1986
New Students, September 1986

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The opening days of school will soon be upon us. I had traveled from my summer home in the White Mountains of northern New Hampshire to help move my belongings from Drury House to Center Upper, my new home for the coming year. As I walked along the corridor, only the creaking of the floor disturbed the silent hall of the great building. Soon the days of summer would fade into early autumn as the School prepared to welcome new and old students alike. They would all be there—the athletes for early practice with their youthful enthusiasm and hope of making a varsity team, the members of the Pelican staff to set themselves the task of organizing their first issue, and a new group of nervous “newbs” endeavoring to adjust to the often confusing, but always exciting experience of their first days at St. Paul’s. What sort of group would I have in the House this year? Talented, enthusiastic, friendly, and cooperative would be their ideal characteristics. I would settle for nothing less. As I climbed the stairs to my new apartment, I imagined the many students who had passed this way before as members of Center Upper and felt a sense of excitement of the kind born of uncertainty in my new environment.

Upon their return, the students would see the results of renewal and change: work on newly-renovated classrooms and laboratories, and on the new wing of the Payson Science building had progressed to completion over the summer months, and the finishing touches added to a splendid facility ready to foster the growth and interest in science at the School. The dark and dreary interior of the former building has yielded to bright, well-equipped, and efficiently-designed classrooms and laboratories. A unique feature is a state-of-the-art audio-visual center located in an attractive lecture room. The new Payson also contains a reference and reading room, a greenhouse, and a computer center. In addition to the renovations, the facility will also house the Enders Resource Center, named in honor of John Enders ’15, who won the Nobel Prize for isolating the polio virus that made the development of an effective vaccine for the disease a reality. Enders’ Nobel medalion will be given to the School and

James P. Holmes

Mr. Holmes has been a member of the mathematics department since 1981.
displayed in the resource center. Made possible through the dedication, generosity, and labor of many, the new wing of Payson was dedicated along with the new Astronomy Center on October 4.

What would be the final shape and form of the piles of cobblestones which lay in the Memorial Hall parking lot last year? Throughout last fall and even during our coldest winter days, skilled masons worked under protective plastic barriers that cloaked the mystery of their artistic efforts. Now, upon returning to St. Paul’s, the students will gaze upon the intricate geometric spiral pattern of a new parking lot centered about a capstone with SPS inscribed upon it. As a mathematician, I thought of how such a pattern could be designed and marveled at how exactly the designers knew the number of cobblestones required beforehand. The new parking facility and surrounding attractive plantings complement the stately grandeur of Memorial Hall and the new brick exterior of the Payson wing.

As I checked my mail at the post office, I discovered another change which would greet our returning students. The old and antiquated boxes had been replaced by bright, shiny, new aluminum ones. The new boxes were larger and would allow for more mail and even small packages. Perhaps the congestion problem at mail time would be solved. The renovation of the post office took place in early July and included the construction of a central carousel. An additional 220 boxes had been added to accommodate a larger student and faculty population. Would I ever master that tricky new combination, I thought as my fingers spun the combination dial. Helen Adkins, our postmistress, assured me that it wasn’t all that complicated and even offered to retrieve my mail for me from the back room. My pride prevented that. A plaque on the wall, gift of the Form of 1986, “In loving memory of Peter R. Champagne, Postmaster and Friend, 1977-1985” reminded me of the loss of a good friend to all students and faculty.

Students on their way to Chapel in the morning will notice the activity of workmen, building materials, and scaffolding about the Old Chapel. The Old Chapel, which has been in need of major repairs for some years, is being restored to its original beauty. Construction, which began during the fall term, is being undertaken by the Louis Lee Company and is scheduled for completion next summer. Workmen have been busily securing the spire, reinforcing the foundation, and replacing the original rafters with steel beams. An evaluation was made by the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities to determine the best way to return the building to its original state. Once considered beyond repair and possibly to go the way of many of the original buildings on the grounds, the Old Chapel was saved, and funding for its renovation will come from reunion gifts and alumni eager to see the building restored. The traditional gathering place for the First Night Service and other events in the religious life of the School will again see new students enter its doors as did students in the early years of the School.

This year marks the centennial of the laying of the cornerstone of the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul, or the New Chapel, which took place on September 21, 1886. Since that time, the New Chapel has undergone many changes. The first major addition came in 1890 when the nave was enlarged; the present bell tower was added a few years later to give the Chapel its stately appearance. The extensive addition of 1928 lengthened the Chapel to accommodate a growing student body.

To mark the beginning of a two-year celebration of the event, the Form Agents and Alumni Association Directors joined the St. Paul’s community on October 3 for an evensong service. The speaker for the occasion was the Rev. Herbert O’Driscoll, who was no stranger to many as he had spoken in Chapel on a previous occasion. His talk, delivered in a dynamic style, dealt with the symbolism and meaning of the architecture of the Chapel and was enthusiastically received by the community. The choir, under the direction of its new director, William Fletcher, a member of the music department, performed with its traditional excellence. Future plans for the celebration include the staging of an opera, Noye’s Fludde, by Benjamin Britten, under the direction of James A. Wood, head of the music department.

Over the years there have been many changes to the New Chapel since its architect, Henry Vaughan, designed it in the Gothic Revival style based on 15th century English churches. Although many of the changes have been external and visible, others have been more subtle and often hidden from the eye of the casual observer. The elaborate wood carving and patterns of the stained glass windows create the feeling of a forest of hidden animal shapes and floral patterns. In many ways the interior of the Chapel reflects its Millville surroundings, the silent beauty of the Lower School Pond on a quiet autumn morning and the bordering forests throughout the seasons. The St. Paul’s community was given an appreciation for the history and architecture of the Chapel in a series of Chapel talks.
in which Thomas K. Barrett, head of the fine arts department, gave a history of its architectural changes and pointed out some of the interesting features of the hidden animal figures.

Photographs of the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul through the years were the subject of a display in the exhibit case located on the first floor of the Schoolhouse. Thanks to the work of José Ordoñez, who has continued his work on the School archives this year, we could all enjoy scenes of the past. Among the other exhibits during the fall have been photographic histories of football, soccer, and cross-country and, most recently, scenes of buildings long since gone from the grounds. Both faculty and students have gained a greater appreciation of the past through the exhibits. Sr. Ordoñez has devoted himself to organizing the extensive collection of photographs and correspondence accumulated over the years. Once completed, the archives will have a permanent place in the School library.

The well-being of the students of St. Paul’s has been given increased attention in recent years. The issues of health education have been considered by the curriculum committee for some time, but a program has not been developed because of anticipated problems dealing with scheduling, grading, and staffing. A health subcommittee led by Charles B. Morgan was formed to explore these difficulties and recommended to the Rector a required health and physical skills course for all new students.

This year will serve as a trial period for the program, from which a specific syllabus for the 1987-88 school year will be developed. There have been a number of visitors who have contributed their extensive experience and knowledge on health-related issues toward the success of the program. Dr. Robert Masland addressed the School in Chapel on the subject of health; Ms. Virginia Slayton, director of community and educational services, N.H. Mental Health Center, spoke to new students on the subject of health; the Freedom from Chemical Dependency organization (FCD) held a week of seminars on drug use; and Ruth Riley of the Concord Clinic spoke on “Nutrition and Health.” Other issues to be addressed include injury prevention in sports, the risk of tobacco use, sexuality, and sexually-transmitted diseases. The Infirmary under the direction of Ester A. Santos has sought to expand its concern about health beyond its physical considerations to the psychological aspects of health.

Last year, at the beginning of the school year, the Freedom from Chemical Dependency organization conducted a four-day program to help students and faculty understand the problem of dependency. This year three members of FCD returned to the School to continue their work and speak to new students about the effects and dangers of alcohol and drug use. The sessions were conducted in small groups within dormitory common rooms. The atmosphere was relaxed, and the sessions conducted in a give-and-take manner. The students could, in confidentiality, relate openly to the problems concerning dependency. The students responded well to the program with many finding it an informative and valuable experience.

This year the program was expanded in scope to include topics dealing with psychological stress and time management. Doug Baker, an FCD counselor, stated the philosophy of teaching in the program: “We don’t just teach about drugs; we give alternatives, and we give people good excuses to love themselves.”

The School community has welcomed a diverse group of visitors to St. Paul’s during the fall term. They bring with them varied interests, life experiences, and ideals to influence students and faculty alike. Mr. Michael Corke, headmaster of St. Barnabas College in Johannesburg, South Africa, since 1970, visited the School on October 3. He met with the officers of the Council, the Missionary Society, and the Third World Society, and held informal discussions with students and Form Agents on South Africa concerning the current political unrest and problems in his country. St. Barnabas under the guidance of its headmaster is in the forefront of efforts to educate South African children regardless of race and to protest against apartheid. It finds itself caught between two political factions: white people opposed to desegregation and those eager
to overthrow the existing government by force and abolish apartheid. In a Chapel talk Mr. Corke urged the School community to turn their minds to the current situation in South Africa and to help and support those who strive for racial equality and opportunity. He urged us not to believe that the current problems of his country would resolve themselves. “Don’t turn your back on South Africa and St. Barnabas. We need your help and support to survive in these troubled times.”

Dr. Linda A. Chisholm, president, the Association of Episcopal Colleges, gave a Chapel talk on service-learning programs available to our students under the auspices of the Association. Mr. and Mrs. Kikuzo Tanioka also spent several days in Millville. He is the executive director of the Seiki Alumni Association and a longtime friend of St. Paul’s School.

The trustees of the Cook Scholarship Trust visited the School on Thursday, September 25. Each year a boy and a girl are selected to attend St. Paul’s from Montana as recipients of the Cook Scholarship. Every five years the members of the Cook Scholarship Trust travel outside of their native state to meet at St. Paul’s.

The Committee on Living in the Nuclear Age sponsored the visit of Dr. Eric Cox, director, World Federalists. Dr. Cox described the Delhi Declaration and the Five Continent Peace Initiative taken by the leaders of six nations on five continents. Last year over half of the school signed the petition in favor of the Delhi Declaration.

Dr. Thomas Bieler, United Nations executive, addressed the Winant Society on “The U.N. in Crisis.” Dr. Bieler serves as the Assistant to the Under-secretary for Administration and Management of the United Nations.

J. Geoffrey Stevenson ’69 and Stewart Henderson presented an evening of mime and poetry in the drama building. The pair are on tour in the United States after enjoying many successful performances at schools and colleges in England.

Presented by the N. H. Association of English Teachers, New Hampshire poet Maxine Kumin gave a talk in Hargate auditorium about her life and work as a poet, followed by a recitation of several of her poems. Mrs. Kumin is a resident of Warner, New Hampshire, and has had an extensive writing and teaching career. In 1973 she won the Pulitzer Prize for her volume of poems entitled Up Country and in 1981 was named consultant in poetry to the
Library of Congress. Her vivid and rustic images, drawn from her New Hampshire experience, were enjoyed by all with great interest.

The Keiser Music series has continued to bring us many moments of musical pleasure from outside performers. Classical guitarist Christopher Kane entertained members of the St. Paul’s community and Concord. Mr. Kane, who lives in Concord and has performed throughout the world, offered selections ranging from *Frog Galliard* by John Dowland to the complex *Suite Compostelana*, a series of short movements by Federico Mompou depicting life in a small village.

During October the Hargate Art Center was the scene of an exhibition of paintings by Mr. Thomas R. Barrett. The paintings were produced during his sabbatical year abroad in England and Europe. Many of the paintings depict the figures of athletes in motion, ranging from the violence of a football game to the calm of a resting oarsman.

One in particular which caught my attention and became my favorite was of two intertwined black swans.

Parents Day was blessed with fine weather. Hallways in the Schoolhouse and other buildings were filled with anxious parents awaiting optimistic news concerning their son’s or daughter’s academic performance. The traditional program in Memorial Hall, presided over by the Rector, included a discussion of college admissions by Roberta E. C. Tenney, college admissions advisor, and “St. Paul’s School: Discovery” a symposium moderated by Archibald Douglas IV ’75, college admissions advisor and master in history. The student speakers, all members of the VI Form, were Alison Cornell, Thomas Hershenson, Mona Mennen, Anna Scott, and David Weymouth. They all spoke with conviction and appreciation of their past experiences at the School. This was followed by the annual meeting of the Parents Association. During the evening, parents and members of the school community enjoyed a performance of dance, drama, and music in Memorial Hall.

As I think over the many activities of the fall term, a poignant Chapel talk comes to mind whose lesson I will remember for some time. It was a talk given by John O’Neil and sponsored by the Committee for Social Awareness. Mr. O’Neil spoke impromptu and from his heart. He has been confined to a wheelchair for some years due to the debilitating disease of multiple sclerosis. He told the community of his struggles to cope mentally with his new situation, unable to walk and enjoy life as formerly. It was his struggle against mental depression and overcoming the feeling of helplessness that made an impression upon me. He told of his realization that he had to take the days one at a time and learn to rely on others who were more than willing to help him along the path of life. Indeed, no man is an island.
Although our fall athletic programs enjoyed one of the most glorious autumns in recent years, Mother Nature was determined to remind us all how precarious our outdoor fun can be living here in New England. While shouts and cheers are still echoing down on the Lower Grounds, can it be that on this day, only ten days following the final contests, we are now “enjoying” our third snow fall this November? Also, we must consider this: we are in a school calendar cycle that has us finishing this year on the earliest possible date in November. At any rate, our good fortunes did not end with our barely escaping disastrous weather, for no fewer than ten of our interscholastic teams had winning records this fall.

Coach Heather Reynolds' SPS field hockey squad took a 9-0-5 record to the ISL championship. Although more than a few SPS female athletes may be receiving “ties” for Christmas this year, it should be noted that this outstanding team had to replace eight starters from last year’s list of graduates. Christine Pillsbury '88 headed the scoring parade, and All-League performers Captain Liz White '87, Ceci Clark '88, and Laura Clark '89 were the nucleus of these undefeated champs.

“Rookie” Coach Alison Pruyne will not soon forget her first year as SPS girls soccer coach. A ten-win season put new life into the program, as the girls played a quality brand of soccer never before witnessed in Millville. VI Formers Jolly Stamat and Co-captain Karina Janson received All-League recognition; however, the real strength of the team was in its depth, as co-captain Charlotte Rice '87 and the rest of the squad accepted every challenge.

This team also had a very successful counterpart on the junior varsity level. Coach Michelle Douglas’s soccer term posted a very impressive 9-4 record, finishing with seven of those wins down the stretch.

Co-coaches Linda Churchill and Heidi Harkins spent their first fall in Concord leading the girls junior varsity field hockey team to a 6-3-4 season. One does not have to look hard for the season’s highlight; a 5-0 win on Parents Day was exhilarating.

Perhaps our SPS harriers enjoy our beautiful autumn as much as any of us. The course is splendid, and the training trails, though torturous, are equally beautiful. Could it be that these surroundings inspired our SPS boys, coached by Mr. Morgan, to an outstanding 8-2 season without the aid of a dominating runner? It was probably more the hard work and dedication exemplified by Ted Timpson '87 and adhered to by the rest of the team that did the trick. It was depth that allowed us to run victoriously over Exeter in both the dual meet and the Class A’s. Both of those races, incidentally, were
held on Exeter's home course.

The girls SPS cross-country team did not fare as well. The group, however, remained tightly knit and with co-captain and team leader Brenda Coughlin '89 returning next year, there is every reason to believe the future could be bright. Coach Colin Callahan was most impressed with some of the individual improvements the team experienced.

The boys junior varsity squad ran with the same determination exhibited by the two SPS teams. Therefore, this not only bodes well for the future, but even this past season Coach Charnley's charges were able to supply much-needed strength to the varsity when injuries prevailed during the course of the fall.

This year's edition of St. Paul's football was most successful, with both the SPS and the junior varsity teams posting winning seasons. Jerry Goubeaux '87 led the offensive attack for the Red Team, scoring via the rush, the pass, on kick return, and even following interception. The League recognized this performance with All-League honors. Two other recipients of All-League awards were co-captains Dan Smereck and David Weymouth, both of whom are VI Formers. To demonstrate the real strength of the team, its depth, Owen West and Eric Chehab were two of the many VI Formers on the squad to lead the team so well.

For this they also received special recognition. Besides the opening game win over Groton, the season high point had to be the 7-0 victory of B.B.&N. It came complete with a fourth-quarter touchdown pass and a goaline stand as time ran out.

Co-coaches Pat McCafferty and Jamie Armstrong led the junior varsity charges to a 4-2 season, hanging on for a hard-fought 13-6 win over Proctor in the season finale.

What would be termed a highly successful season for most, somehow gets labeled a "struggling" season for our boys SPS soccer team, as they posted a 7-5-3 record. Recovering from early season defeats, the team went on to record a 2-0 win over highly-regarded Lawrence and a 0-0 tie with first-place Brooks. A stellar year-long performance by Tom Boogaard '87 in goal kept many an opponent off balance, as the rest of the team, led by a balanced scoring attack and the defensive consistency shown by Rob Vincent '87 and his cohorts, challenged all comers, playing always to the final whistle. Tom was recognized for his efforts by the League, being named the All-League goalkeeper.

Coach Marshal Clunie's jayvee soccer team once again exhibited great skill, finishing the season at 7-2-3. Although the offense for the year was a bit off, the effort put forth by the boys
made this one of Coach Clinic's most satisfying seasons. A win over top-rated Milton is said to be one of the finest games in recent memory.

With the soccer programs never healthier, one does not have to look far to find reasons. Once again the Lower Grounds were covered with players from all forms participating in the club soccer program. On the first club level, the Isthmians, led by captain Brittain Stone '87, improved greatly from the start of the season to capture the title, while the second team Old Hundred squad prevented a sweep by securing the championship there.

In a less competitive setting, some fourteen females enjoyed a rigorous aerobics program led by Mrs. Pam Buxton and Dr. Birgit Rukschcio. Many of the girls showed significant fitness improvement, as they developed new interests and friendships.

Not to be outdone, the instructional tennis program run by Mr. Lederer and the instructional squash program headed by Mr. Ball both experienced a high level of participation, improving both spirit as well as skill.

As the snow mounts outside, our concerns move to the probability or lack thereof of seeing black ice, but our memories this fall will certainly keep us warm through what certainly looks like a long winter in Millville.

Sanford Sistare, coach of girls ice hockey, has announced that there will be an alumni vs. SPS girls hockey game at School at some point on Sunday, February 22, 1987. This has been a long-talked-about possibility, and every girl who has played ice hockey at SPS has been notified. Many other alumni—male and female—may wish to circle this date on the calendar and join the spectators for another “hockey first” at SPS. (Editor's note: St. Paul's School made quite some time ago a stylistic decision to use the word “alumni” for former students of the School when they are referred to in the plural.)
A Philosophical Conflict:

A Fighter Pilot's Views on the Ethics of Warfare

by Scott B. Sonnenberg '65

As I took one last look at the final approach course to ensure that it was really clear for me to lead my flight onto the runway and then added power to start the procession, I could not help wondering whether there was any job in the world better than being an American fighter pilot flying the F-16 Fighting Falcon, or Viper as it was called by the men who flew it. My gut answer was the same one I had heard in officer clubs, squadron buildings, and bars from Madrid to Bangkok. To a man, fighter pilots think they have the best job in the world. There is little doubt that the job is physically and mentally demanding, dangerous, and, to many, glamorous. The pay isn't much, but, except for a few specialties that are historically undermanned, it's the tops in the military. The camaraderie is very special, and feedback is quick. The profession has a starry past, and such names as Baron von Richthofen, Eddie Rickenbacker, and Chuck Yeager have helped to make it a prestigious career field. There is never a lack of people trying to become pilots, nor is there a lack of pilots trying to become fighter pilots.

However, as I taxied my multimillion-dollar fighter into takeoff position on the runway, I knew that I had changed dramatically since the day almost fifteen years ago when I first flew in a fighter—an F-4E Phantom II. And as I now looked out at the rest of my flight joining me on the runway, I wondered what was going on in the minds of the pilots in Number 2 and Number 4—both lieutenants on their first fighter assignments—and what their motivations were.

Over my fifteen years as an American fighter pilot, my thoughts and conclusions on the ethics of warfare have evolved gradually. It is my sincere hope that those within and without my profession will reflect on these ideas and at least agree with me that flying fighters is more than just performing the mechanics of airmanship.

When asked what I do for a living, I find myself in a bit of a quandary. If I wish to be perfectly honest, I should probably say that I'm a hired killer, but there's more to it than that. My usual response is to say that I'm a fighter pilot, but I don't think that makes the point either. Perhaps the best answer is that I'm a highly trained, intelligent, sophisticated killer with a conscience. Would I drop bombs on or strafe innocent women and children intentionally, as many people accused us of doing in Southeast Asia? No. First, I'm not trained to do that. Second, such callous actions are militarily counterproductive (ask Hitler about bombing London). Finally, I'm not an animal or a robot who either instinctively or on command reacts without fully thinking about what he's doing. I'm a sensitive person who believes in God, participates in community activities, and is repulsed by the thought of hunting, fishing, and any other activity that involves killing one of God's creatures. How then, you ask, could I have participated in 177 combat missions in Southeast Asia and be willing to fight and kill again?

"Next question," I might respond. After all, the explanation you are looking for it not an easy one. Perhaps the most coherent answer I can give is that
I have made a conscious decision that life without freedom is not life at all. I believe that God intended for people to be able to live their lives the way they wish, to worship in their own way, to work in the profession of their choice, to marry whomever they wish, to organize themselves for the betterment of mankind and to elect their own leaders, and to speak their opinions freely without fear of reprisal. Apparently there are a lot of other people who share these ideas since this credo, albeit imperfectly practiced at present, has been adopted by most Western countries. Unfortunately, there are some people who are not satisfied with these simple ideas and who must, by whatever means are available, subjugate other people to fulfill their own needs for power. One need only examine most of the recorded human history before the establishment of the United States to see this repetitious phenomenon.

The majority of human beings throughout history have not been able to exercise the simple freedoms I mentioned earlier because of the overwhelming power of other human beings. On those occasions when the oppressed people acquired the power to overthrow their oppressors, they always used it. And on those occasions when it became apparent that they did not have the power to achieve or maintain their freedoms, many chose death (witness the mass suicide by the Jewish zealots at Masada). I share the same feelings as these people, but I, as a member of the Armed Forces of the United States, possess considerable power to protect my freedoms and the freedoms of others. I have used that power and will use it again, if necessary, to protect these freedoms. The phrase “better red than dead” has been used time and again this century, and I neither agree nor disagree with it. If the majority of the people of the United States choose to live under a Communist system of government, I will be very discouraged, but I will not try to reverse the will of the majority through physical force. If, however, a Communist society is forced upon us against the will of the majority, then I'll be fighting to the bitter end.

Essentially, it is a threat to basic human freedoms that stirs this otherwise mild-mannered individual to the use of maximum force. For those who feel that the United States should not have fought in Southeast Asia, I offer as justification the state of freedom in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia today. By not continuing to assist these countries with all of our strength when they needed our help, we, as a country, acted just like the bystanders who watch the brutal rape of a young girl and do nothing to help. I believe my analogy fully conveys the feelings of a man who thinks that one of the greatest crimes against God and humanity is to have the power to stop injustice and to choose not to use it.

The problem within my profession today—and it’s one that’s been with us for a long time—is that many fighter pilots I run into are solely interested in the trappings of the job and not the actual job itself. They love going fast, impressing girls and nonfighter pilots at the bar, wearing patches, and doing all of the things that fighter pilots are “supposed” to do (get drunk and obnoxious, etc.). I don’t think very many of them have sat down and really thought through what is expected of them if they’re ever called on to use the skills they’ve been taught. I’m convinced that most of them would not change a thing that they’re doing, but it bothers me that there is so little interest in talking about the moral and ethical issues of killing someone else. That’s why I start off every flight briefing by reminding the flight members that the primary objective of a flight of fighters is to kill someone or destroy something. We can’t refuel other aircraft, we can’t rescue people, and we can’t deliver supplies. Other aircraft and pilots are tasked with

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those critical roles. Our job is one of destruction.
I'll never forget one of my first missions in Southeast Asia. My flight lead had dropped his bombs in a wooded area next to a clearing, and the forward air controller (FAC) was pleased with the drop. "OK, #2. Your leader's got the whole unit on the run, and they're trying to make it across the clearing. You're cleared in."

I didn't have bombs, I was carrying cluster bomb units (CBUs)—specifically designed to kill people, not destroy equipment. As I rolled in, I realized that a couple of hundred human beings were less than a minute away from dying—and I was their executioner. A minute later it was all over. "Nice drop, #2. There's not a soul moving. It is going to take quite a while to count the bodies. I'll call the count back to you after I land. Thanks again!"

It was over. Hundreds of human beings who had started the day off alive were now dead, thanks to me. Did I lose any sleep that night? No, but only because I had thought about the moral issues involved long before the incident and had settled them in my mind.

There's no war today, and there hasn't been one for the Air Force fighter force for over a decade. When I entered the service, I knew that I was going to war, and I was prepared for it. But as I look at the lieutenants and captains flying with me today, I know that they entered the service during a time of peace and with little or no prospect of war in the near future. Have they thought through the full ramifications of the successful employment of their training, should deterrence fail?

Another subject receiving a tremendous amount of attention today is nuclear warfare. Many of today's commentators, Lewis Thomas for one, decry the insanity of some members of the human race in getting us into the balance of terror that exists today. I must admit that I'm not overly excited by the prospect of an all-out nuclear exchange, but I also know that while I can learn from the past, I can't change it. None of the nuclear commentators whose articles I have read have offered any realistic, attainable solutions to the situation. I can sum up my feelings and those of many in my profession with the following statements.

- I completely agree that today's balance of terror is a sorry commentary on the human race and its "progress."
- I can't find one place in history where a certain act or decision would have made any difference. I think that we would have arrived in this situation sooner or later.
- I don't have a solution to the problem beyond maintaining the arms reduction talks.
- I do not believe that nuclear war is inevitable.

I've had the unique opportunity to be one of those individuals who have sat alert on a primary nuclear strike line. I often wondered what image the general public has of the pilots, both from SAC and TAF, and the other members of the armed forces who wait patiently minute-by-minute for the word to launch their destructive charges. What kind of person would do a job like that? The answer is easier than one would expect because that person is a lot like any of the other people you meet during the day—the grocer, the ad executive, the athlete, etc. He or she has simply chosen another profession. The safeguards against accidental or even unauthorized intentional launches must be seen to be believed. Are they perfect? Well, probably not, but they're good enough to allow me to go through a day without worrying about an unintentional nuclear war.

We were exercised frequently during my years of sitting alert, and there's just no way to describe the thoughts that go through one's mind when the horn goes off and you start sprinting for your aircraft. Things happen so fast that any attempt at a logical determination of the ethical and moral consequences of what might be occurring is just not possible. However, once you were in the aircraft waiting for the rest of the message, there were usually a few seconds to collect your thoughts, and that's usually when I began praying. In our hearts we always believed that every horn was an exercise horn, but we all knew that there was always a possibility that this time it could be for real. Obviously, I never got to experience the thoughts that go through a person's mind when the message is a real one and the gates open up and you suddenly realize that you're really going to launch. That's one of the many things I've wondered about but don't ever care to experience.

Would I have launched? Would I have done my best to get to the target and drop by bomb? Yes, I would have and still would. Don't I realize the consequences, you ask? As a matter of fact, I think I do, and as I indicated before, I have personally
chosen death over slavery. It is also important to remember that the decisions to build and deploy nuclear weapons were made by officials elected by the majority who voted in our country, and a majority of the voters have also freely elected the individual to initiate that exchange. As an active member of society, I support those decisions and will do my best to see that they are carried out. The moral debate in our country has been ongoing for decades, and the majority still believe that nuclear weapons are a necessary part of our arsenal. If I did not agree with the majority on this issue, I would be doing precisely what the antinuclear minority in our country is doing. I sympathize with them, and I wish that the world could be as they want it to be, but I don't believe that it ever will be, using their methods. One need only study history to see the inevitable results of unilateralism.

So am I a warmonger? No, I hate war more than most because I've been there and I've seen the devastation and misery it can cause. I've lost several close friends and seen my comrades in arms killed before my very eyes. It's a terrible feeling, and I pray that I never feel it again. But as we get farther and farther away from Southeast Asia, the percentage of those military men who have experienced war gets smaller and smaller, and the passions of the time become obscured and begin to fade away.

There are many lessons that come out of each conflict and, from a technical standpoint, I think that we have made tremendous progress in applying the lessons of our last war to our present force structure. But have we in the military addressed the deeper issues? At the senior level of command, I would answer yes. From all that I see and hear coming out of Washington, our military leaders are the most hesitant to use military force to solve a problem, whereas their civilian counterparts appear to be rather quick on the draw. However, when given a mission, as in Grenada, the military leadership has opted for the use of overwhelming force, which, history tells us, is the surest way to minimize casualties on both sides. My concern is with our younger officers. Youth always has a tendency to react more on gut feel and enthusiasm than on carefully thought-out options. Have those of us who have mellowed a little and then sat back and pondered the ethical and moral issues of our profession successfully passed on the importance of doing just that to our junior comrades in arms? I don't think that we have, and I wonder just how my lieutenant wingmen would respond to the questions I've asked.

To make the American military a more credible and effective instrument of American will, it is important that each member of our profession take the time to consider logically the arguments being put forth throughout our society and to decide for themselves where they stand. We cannot be mindless bystanders to these discussions. We are also citizens, and we must participate, if only to reassure those who rely on us that we have thought the issues through and have decided on our course of action—a course of action in accord with the will of the country.
The Tooth Fairy is a Man!

by David S. Barry ’58

It all started in 1976. After a year of lecturing in history at a small county campus in the University of Wisconsin system, I faced a turning point in my academic career. A recent Ph.D. in Byzantine history, I was unemployed. Since there were few opportunities in my field, I regretfully acknowledged the dismal outlook and submitted my dossier for government employment with the county, hopeful of a job as a bureaucrat. When all the data had been entered into the computer—my matriculation at St. Paul’s School, my B.A. in classics from Princeton University, my B.D. from Harvard Divinity School, and my Ph.D. from the University of Wisconsin—the computer dispassionately spewed forth its decision: laundry worker. It was at that point, having just fathered the first of three children, that I became a househusband. The issue was clear-cut: I had a choice between devoting myself full-time to my children and taking some job that I would have found unfulfilling. The idea of childrearing was intriguing: actually having a direct effect on the character of my children. Besides, the idea of a non-traditional course held more than a little romantic appeal for me, a would-be pioneer.

While on the intellectual level the course of action seemed a natural, given the circumstances, my decision produced an emotional journey I never would have anticipated. The itinerary was determined by an ongoing conflict between two permutations of my ego, Diaper Dave, who only “goes swimmin’ with women,” and Stud Barry, the “Saturday morning Lord of the Lawn.” This is my particular story, a model for the unspoken, painful journey that I believe any man who stays in the home and does so with equanimity has taken in some form or another.

The time is the winter of 1976. I am fumbling to get my one-year-old daughter ready for a winter foray. There is a foot of snow on the ground, she is wailing, and there are three unmatched galoshes in the cluttered hall closet (a closet, you might say, that is an objective correlative of my jumbled mind). As I search diligently for a matched pair, the mailman, bearing a package, knocks smartly at the front door and peers in, only to find Diaper Dave, squatting on the floor, small boot in hand. Stud Barry has left in disgust.

It is now July, 1976. I am at a garage sale, sweating because it is a torrid summer day and contemplating that my next activity will be to fetch ear medicine for the dog. The women around me begin to sound like a gaggle of geese. I feel that I should be in an air-conditioned office with my male peers or at least at this sale only as a check bearer for a bargain-hunting wife. Stud Barry comes crashing to the fore. I verbally beat down the woman cashier for her lack of professionalism at the register, gather my purchases together, and peremptorily leave.

Diaper Dave and Stud Barry are my antithetical, conflicting self-images. Stud Barry is the macho side; Diaper Dave is the effeminate, at least in Stud
Barry's eyes. Diaper Dave is a concerned, involved parent and husband who prepares three meals a day with an eye to their nutritional content, does the dirty laundry, taking time to sort the light from the dark colors, gets the recalcitrant toddler to swimming lessons, and considers all this work HIS; but he suffers from an abiding, haunting fear that the slightly flabby pectoral tissue characteristic of incipient middle age is really emerging female breasts. Stud Barry would heartily endorse such a diagnosis, for while he performs the same activities, he functions simply as a begrudging caretaker. When "the wife" is on the scene, he knows that the children and household duties are HERS. They are never really HIS. For like all men he is born to the purple, above all this. He may set his woman on a pedestal, but his "Lady" must also be a cleaning lady for there is "women's work" to be done. Stud Barry lives with a nagging sense of the fraudulence of his life as a househusband.

My earliest consciousness of the tension created by my homemaking lifestyle came the first time I functioned as a "hostess" for a business party given by my wife, who is a realtor. Initially when she told me of the event, I was both willing and enthusiastic. Diaper Dave discussed the hors d'oeuvres menu, prepared many of them himself, stocked the bar, and, as the hour approached, got the kids settled upstairs for the big evening. From the moment the first guest arrived, however, Stud Barry appeared, insistently whispering to me that Diaper Dave was "the perfect little hostess" or the "hostess with the leastest!" I felt in "no man's land"—no doubt I was!—being in the middle, in between, a veritable social hermaphrodite, a man acting like a woman or perhaps really a woman in man's clothing. The Diaper Dave part of me was angered at the chauvinism of Stud Barry (why not host my wife's office party?). Stud Barry was embarrassed and disgusted, convinced that I belonged in the women's corner "yacking" about the best hairdresser in town. As a result of their squabble, I belonged nowhere! Instead I lingered at the periphery of all conversations and groups.

Humor was the instinctive product of the tension of my warring sides. What began as an internal struggle gradually surfaced as a comic identity. The first instance I can recall was rather crude but demonstrates how I attempted to resolve my crisis within. My wife and I were at a neighborhood party. While exchanging pleasantries with an acquaintance, I was introduced to his brother, a doctor. After I had inquired where and what specialty he practiced, the doctor asked me what I did. Without hesitation and to my own surprise, I responded "Nothing." Needless to say my answer created a pause, if not a disruption, in the conversation. The man sputtered and stuttered: "Well-I-I, I mean uh-you-you must-you must be kidding, aren't you?!"

"No," I replied coolly, "I do nothing. As a matter of fact, I am the local authority on doing NOTHING! Why, I hop out of bed at the crack of noon to do it!"—and so on and on I went à la Catch 22.

As I reflect on that moment, I realize that although my response surprised me at the time, I was predictable, understandable, given the tension in me. Decked out in his Brooks Brothers navy blazer with the brass buttons and his gray flannels, the doctor struck me as the epitome of male success, both financial and professional. As he dilated on his specialty in hypertension, how could I introduce him to Diaper Dave, specializing in the advantages of Luvs vs. Huggies and harboring a series of Luv's coupons in his wallet? I was viewing my househusband activities from the scornful perspective of Stud Barry: Diaper Dave's life in the home did indeed amount to "NOTHING"—nothing worth mentioning to this physician. In disparaging my househusband activities I was aligning myself with Stud Barry, retrieving my male identity, resolving the conflict between Stud Barry and Diaper Dave by defining Diaper Dave out of existence. What was left was indeed a MAN, someone Stud Barry could accept as such, but a male buffoon—a man who did "NOTHING." To salvage my male identity, I had eliminated the one job I actually did do (househusbanding), and "NOTHING" was left. My comic resolution was to assume the identity of a buffoon—a type of Mr. Doolittle. To be a MAN, I had to denigrate or deny what I did—and by implication mock myself.

My role as a homemaker repeatedly thrust me into situations that produced this conflict and discomfort within. Repeatedly I found solace in my comic identity. When summer arrived and it
was time to supervise my children at the club pool. I found myself singing lyrics of my own creation: “I love to go swimmin’ with women ‘cuz women love swimmin’ with me!” (I sang this so often that my older daughter learned the song and would automatically start singing the refrain whenever we made preparations to depart for the pool.) If Diaper Dave was to act upon his desire to be a loving parent to his children I had to frequent a pool which at least on the week-days was entirely populated by “women and children.” If Stud Barry was to retain some measure of sexual identity, some measure of pride in his masculinity, and not consider himself a complete pansy, I had to be among women for some salacious purpose! I could not just be “one of the girls.” Thus almost subconsciously I created a humorous ditty to deal with my tension: on the one hand a kind of vehement statement of my masculinity, on the other a mockery of it, for clearly I was not with the women in the pool for the traditional macho reasons, particularly with a howling toddler in tow.

When summer passed and school reopened, I did my part and joined the all-female volunteers to work in the cafeteria of my daughter’s school. On my first day, the women exclaimed: “I heard there was a man in the kitchen and here you are!” to which I quickly and by now characteristically replied: “No, no, fear not, I only look like a man! I am really ‘ImposterMan.’” Surrounded by all the women, scraping carrots, filling juice glasses and cutting finger Jellos, I did not feel like a MAN. My retort that “I only look like a man” was humorous, self-mocking buffoonery, as though camouflaged by the male clothes was a female body, a patently ridiculous idea; however, the significance of my retort went deep and reflected a real tension. The body too was indeed male like the clothes, but was the person male? My assumption of a traditional female role had caused me to wonder. Stud Barry’s definition of manhood certainly did not accept the manhood of Diaper Dave.

Ironically, the women in the kitchen would not be denied in their perception of me as a man. In deference to my “manhood” they insisted that I assume the position of head of my kitchen squad. (If I was having trouble with my male ego as simply a part of the kitchen squad, what a threat to be its head!) In defense, I resorted to self-mockery and dubbed myself “Queen of the Kitchen.” Thus as Stud Barry continued to mock Diaper Dave, I was variously the “Queen of the Kitchen,” “swimmin’ with women,” or doing “NOTHING.”

In private the tension between Stud Barry and Diaper Dave expressed itself in a direct denigration of my househusband duties. If from Stud Barry’s perspective household chores were demeaning, effeminate, and stupid, then they were not to be taken seriously by a MAN. When preparing a salad I would deliberately neglect to rinse the lettuce—a waste of Stud Barry’s time after all. Diaper Dave had planned a nutritious, delectable salad, but each bite was “seasoned” with grit. At other times the “niceties” of using a vegetable knife to cut the tomatoes, carrots, etc., seemed too fastidious for Stud Barry, so I would use my teeth!

The result was a salad which appeared to be the half-eaten remains of a previous meal. Caps on jars were another area of conflict. Diaper Dave would be inclined to screw them on dutifully; Stud Barry could not be bothered. Many caps were simply disposed of to avoid the “disagreement” or the resulting mess when another unsuspecting member of the house reached for a jar with a loose cap.

Nowhere were the antithetical demands of Diaper Dave’s homemaking and Stud Barry’s need to preserve and express his masculine identity more excruciating than at my toddler’s swim lesson. Waist deep in the swimming pool, carrying my non-swimming child, I would regularly find myself lustfully staring at my fellow “hoomakers.”

What to do? It was one thing for Stud Barry to neglect to rinse the lettuce; it was quite another to forget an infant in three feet of water while struggling with sinful thoughts about “another” mother.

The setting, a group of women, was not the primary catalyst for my internal struggle; rather it was my role in that setting as a househusband, specifically as Diaper Dave. If I had been an office worker and made note of a co-worker’s figure, the tension would not have occurred. I would have been a man experiencing manly urges, Stud Barry having Stud Barry urges; but in that pool I was a househusband, Diaper Dave (was that a man, a woman, an imposter man or, perhaps, an imposter woman?), one of the group, entertaining inappropriate, lascivious thoughts about another member of the group. Was this right? I felt like an intruder, a traitor, or worse yet, ridiculously innocuous!

In reality I felt that I belonged nowhere—to no group. When I was with my male contemporaries, I felt estranged and inadequate, because even though I was Stud Barry, I was also Diaper Dave. I never knew when I took my socks off in the men’s locker room if I would find my toenails painted red (from my child’s play earlier in the day, I assure you!). Stud Barry did not consider me a real
MAN, but neither did I belong with the women, the other homemakers. Though we shared the same activities, there was always that side of me, Stud Barry, that disdained the women, and myself for engaging in “their” activities.

My feeling of isolation voiced itself in an answer I reflexively gave to a new acquaintance when he asked, “And whom are you with?” (He was “with” a nationwide food corporation.) I replied, “I am with myself.” He understood that I was self-employed, that is, that I had my own business, because he thought I was using the Idiom “I am with” in the conventional way to indicate the company or group with which one is affiliated. I was using the idiom, the phrase with all its generally accepted meaning, to state my utter isolation. While my acquaintance—and anyone else within earshot—assumed that I was indicating my affiliation, I was really stating my aloneness. “I am with myself” meant for me “I am by myself.”

Not only did I feel isolated from other people, I was, of course, isolated from myself. In perceiving myself in my househusband role as Diaper Dave, a somewhat unMANly character, I was seeing myself from a distance and self-mockingly through Stud Barry’s eyes. If I had truly been “with myself” as I had told the acquaintance from the food company, there would have been no self-mockery, but this would have meant rejection or transcendence of all my conditioning. My life-style to the contrary, I was, like most men, the product of very traditional socialization wherein I had subconsciously learned that men who are truly MEN, Stud Barrys, do not engage in “woman’s work”—at least not consistently.

Cooking, for example: It is one thing for a man to cook regularly if that cooking is done in the professional arena as a chef or short-order cook, but to do it at home in the domestic arena as I do is quite a different matter and has potentially negative implications regarding masculine identity. Witness the popularity of the barbecue apron imprinted with the phrase “MEN AT WORK.” This apron protects not only the cook’s clothing, but also his identity as a MAN, for even when men barbecue, acceptable behavior for a man because it is usually only an occasional event, the specter of femininity arises. The apron identifies the cook unequivocally as a “MAN,” but just as importantly, it characterizes his cooking as a parody of REAL WORK (as if the customary Cutty Sark in the free hand were not proof enough). The allusion to macho “road work” distances the man from the present “work” and its feminine associations. Reading between the lines, one recognizes that this is not a man “at work”; this is a MAN “at play.” If this were really a man at work, that is, a man working in the home at cooking, there would be no question that the cooking was work, but there would be a question as to the masculinity of the man! So many men have asked me incredulously, “How do you do it? How can you be a househusband? I know I couldn’t do it.” They were defining their manhood. Of course they could do it; but could they do it and still feel like MEN? Probably not. For me as for most men, role and gender identity were subliminally but inextricably intertwined.

It is almost three years now since I discovered that male identity does not need to be a function of my role. Appropriately, it was my eldest daughter, Neville, six years old at the time, who led me to this realization. One morning she came charging to the breakfast table waving a crisp new dollar bill and proudly proclaiming: “He left me a dollar! The tooth fairy left me a whole dollar this time!” He left her a dollar! She envisioned the tooth fairy as a man. I was shocked. Since I had put the money under her pillow, I knew that in this case at least the tooth fairy was indeed a male, but that she would assume that the tooth fairy was a man without knowing the whole truth was incredible to me. Did she not know that tooth fairies are female?

For Neville it was simple: the tooth fairy was both a “fairy” and a “he” with no suggestions that his maleness was adversely affected by his “fairy-ness” or vice versa. She came to the tooth fairy without preconceptions just as she had come to her househusband dad without them. She had always accepted me as both a househusband and a man—no less of a man because I assumed household duties; no less of a househusband (homemaker) because I am physically a male. She accepted the tooth fairy as a male, and I realized that when the time came to let her know, she would accept that the man, her dad, could be a tooth fairy and still be a MAN—without compromise. In her innocence she had offered the solution to my tensions as a househusband: abandonment of the traditional identification of maleness with role.

For her there had never been a “Stud Barry” whose masculinity depended upon establishing distance between himself and anything that smacked of effeminacy; no Diaper Dave whose confidence in his maleness suffered from his assumption of household duties. There had only been Dave Barry, her dad, who when given a choice to do either a stranger’s laundry or hers had made the right decision.
The Pelican Goes High-Tec

The phototypesetting machines in the Pelican office set their last lines of text this past February.

It was not the death of yet another newspaper for which the bell tolled. Quite the opposite. The sounds of silence, punctuated by the occasional whir of an entering or ejecting data disk, are the tones of progress at a very healthy publication.

The Pelican was founded September 1945. Throughout the newspaper’s first thirty-four years of life, typed articles were shuttled to and from local typesetting companies, and the printed galley proofs were pasted down by our staff. In 1979 we purchased the first of two direct-entry phototypesetters, metallic leviathans with keyboards that transfer copy from whirling fonts to strips of photo-sensitive silver paper.

The advantages of this new arrangement quickly became evident. With newsgathering, editing, and production now totally in-house, students have gained experience in all the major areas of journalism. With increased hands-on control of the typing, layout, and design of our pages, our news lag has been considerably reduced. Now events that transpire during a given weekend appear in print on the following Monday or Tuesday night. Occasionally we even come up with a scoop—news that is actually new.

This initial infusion of Pelican office technology came at a propitious time. Somebody once said that the problem with studying history is that more things keep happening. Pelican staffers face the same challenge. Each year the life of the St. Paul’s School community becomes fuller and richer, and an expansion of our news, arts, and sports coverage became imperative.

For the past six years, the typesetting machines, along with a doubling of the size of our editorial and reporting staffs, have allowed us to produce eight-page or longer editions when needed.

During the 1980s, The Pelican has received five Medalist Certificates from the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, the largest scholastic journalism organization in the United States. The 1985-86 staff earned 954 points out of a possible 1,000; “All-Columbian” status in Content/Coverage, Writing/Editing, Design/Display, and Creativity; and a Silver Crown Nomination, reserved for the top three percent of total entries received for evaluation. Impressed by such achievements, the parents of our current staff generously offered to contribute towards the upgrading of our Pelican technology.

Our first thought was to grab for another phototypesetter. But St. Paul’s School, under the leadership of Dennis Doucette and Terry Wardrop, had entered the computer age, and we had a hunch that it was time to put the computer to work outside the classroom and administrative offices.

Thus, using the funds so thoughtfully given by the Pelican parents, we have entered an era of “DeskTop Publishing,” a system of computers that is relatively inexpensive but exceedingly powerful, technically sophisticated but easily learned. The hardware consists of three Macintosh Pluses with external disk drive and Apple’s LaserWriter, which produces tabloid-size, camera-ready layout pages of high resolution. The software is MacWrite for word processing, MacPaint for instant graphics, and Aldus’s PageMaker, a formidable two-disk program that allows us to format each page on the screens—no-cut, no-wax. This array of wares is

by Richard H. Lederer
now ours for the cost of a single used phototypesetter.

One of the many advantages of DeskTop Publishing over the old typesetters is the saving of time in all stages of production. The personal computer cannot directly turn student journalists into Ernest Hemingways, but it does ease and automate many of the manual labors and free our staff to concentrate on the content of their newspaper.

With our old system, cassettes of silver paper had to be inserted into the typesetters and the strips processed, taken into a darkroom, unloaded, and developed. Corrections were then made on the galleys, and the entire line surrounding each error had to be retyped, redeveloped, and laboriously sculpted and waxed over each original line. Now these corrections are easily entered onto the screen, neatly ensconced before the LaserWriter does its work. Students don't even have to come to the Pelican office to do the word processing; they can type articles into the computers that abound in dormitory rooms and academic buildings and then bring their disks to the office.

With our previous setup, headlines had to be set separately from body type. If a headline didn't fit, it had to be retyped in a different size, re-sculpted, and re-waxed. Now text and headlines are integrated on the same screen. We enter each headline in the proper space on the page and, if necessary, blow it up or shrink it a point or two at a time until it fits just right.

Our paper looks better. The range and variety of type faces and type sizes (up to 104-point) are far greater than those of our old system, uniformity of light-dark balance is now assured, and the margins lines up perfectly. As we have discovered additional hidden delights in MacWrite and MacPaint, such as overlaying boxes with various shades of gray and printing white on black, our issues have become increasingly crisp and attractive.

We're saving money. In a recent Pelican article on our new technology, retired editor-in-chief Perkins Miller '86 waggishly observed: "The Pelican is free from chemical dependency." Gone are the expensive paraphernalia of silver paper, developing solutions, memory tape, machine fuses, and a myriad of waxing equipment, a vanishing act that yields one special benefit that warms an advisor's heart: a cleaner office in which to work.

Gone are the typesetter repairmen who, visiting from afar, charge $250 as they turn the doorknob to enter the office; now if repairs are needed, we simply tote the equipment down to the computer store in Concord.

Perhaps most important, the Pelican's adventures in state-of-the-art computer technology are teaching students a set of genuinely transferable life skills. The staff has been astonishingly bold and persevering in mastering the intricacies of word processing and electronic layout, skills that will serve them well long after they have left the newspaper office down in the basement of Alumni House.

Richard Lederer has been Faculty Advisor to The Pelican since 1979.
The Reverend John Dyson Cannon
(religion)—was born in St. Albans, Hertfordshire, England, and came to
this country during the Blitz. A graduate of Mount Hermon School, he
received his A.B. degree *cum laude* from Harvard in 1956, majoring in English,
and his master of divinity degree from
Union Theological Seminary in New
York City in 1959. He was ordained
deacon in June 1959 and priest in
December 1959. He was assistant to
the rector of St. Thomas Church (Man-
hattan) 1959-1963, assistant chaplain
at Columbia University 1963-1964,
and University Chaplain at Columbia
1965-1969, where he also directed a
four-year Trustees' Study of Religious
Life. He served as national director of
the International Education Year 1970
with the U.S. National Commission for
UNESCO, and director, Interna-
tional Management Education Project
with International Organizations, U.S.
State Department, during his time as
study director of the Academy for
Educational Development in Manhat-
He has served as assistant for financial
development to Paul Moore '37, Bishop
of New York, and as executive director
of the Venture Fund of the diocese of
New York. For the past ten years he
has been rector of St. John's in the
Village Church, Community Center,
and Colony, Greenwich Village, New
York. He and his wife, Ruth Sanchez
Cannon, have two children, Arturo (10)
and Joanna (8). Mrs. Cannon, who has
been active with many private and pub-
ic organizations in Manhattan, is a
Reyvson Fellow at Columbia, awarded
for distinguished public service, and
continues to act as a consultant to
agencies involved with low-cost housing
and Hispanic affairs.

Xionggang Chen (Visiting Fellow)—
comes to St. Paul's through the Assist
Program. He is a 1965 graduate of
Fudan University in Shanghai and
teaches English at the secondary school
level in the People's Republic of China.

Linda Diane Churchill (English)—is
a 1978 graduate of Phillips Exeter
Academy and received her B.A. degree
in English from Colby College, Water-
ville, Maine. She worked at Colby as assistant director of student affairs and spent a year as an intern in the Children's Book Department of the Atlantic Monthly Press. She then was an English intern at PEA, where she was also a dormitory supervisor and coached field hockey and girls varsity ice hockey.

John F. Green (admissions, history)—a native of upstate New York, graduated from Choate in 1977 and in 1981 with a B.A. in history from Wesleyan, where he was co-captain of the basketball team. He has done graduate work at Dartmouth. He has taught in the Middletown, Connecticut, public schools, was an Advanced Studies Program housemaster for two summers, and has taught and coached at The Rectory School, Fessenden School, and most recently Western Reserve Academy in Ohio, where he was a teacher of history and English and director of college placement. He and his wife Alison have a one-year-old son, Alexander.

Ti Hua (Chinese and Spanish)—was born and raised in Beijing, China, and received her B.A. degree in Spanish language and literature from the Peking University in 1984. She was a graduate student and teaching assistant in Spanish at the University of Michigan 1984-1986, taught in an intensive Spanish program in Salamanca, Spain, and was a language instructor at the Middlebury College summer Chinese School in 1985. She is trained in both Western ballet and Chinese folk dancing and has danced professionally.

Daniel Mark Nelson (religion)—a native of Tacoma, Washington, has worked as guide on Mount Rainier, received his A.B. degree in English and religion from Dartmouth in 1976, and then worked as an assistant editor of The Dartmouth Alumni Magazine before entering graduate school at Princeton. He received his M.A. in religion and his Ph.D. in religious ethics and political philosophy in 1986. At Princeton he served as an assistant master of Mathey College, a residential college of the University, and was also a graduate assistant. He and his wife Deborah, who joins the English department, have a two-year-old son, Jack.

Deborah Heller Bacon Nelson (English)—grew up in east and west Africa, Bagdad, and Rome and is a graduate of The Park School, Baltimore, and graduated from Vassar in 1975 with a major in American Studies. She taught history at the Hanover (New Hampshire) Middle School and Mascoma Regional High School, Enfield, New Hampshire. At Princeton she was a senior admissions officer and an assistant master of Mathey College.

Alison C. Pruyn (mathematics)—is an honors graduate of Wellesley (Massachusetts) High School and a cum laude graduate of Amherst College in 1982, majoring in economics and French with a minor in mathematics. She played varsity basketball, varsity lacrosse, and was co-captain of varsity soccer. For the past four years she has taught at Western Reserve Academy. She will receive an M.A.L.S. in mathematics from Wesleyan in 1987.

Francis Ryder (director of physical plant)—is a retired U.S. Army lieutenant colonel, having served as a facility engineer and a project engineer during his military career. He has B.S. and M.S. degrees from Worcester Polytechnic Institute in Worcester, Massachusetts, and an M.B.A. from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, New York. He and his wife Marilyn moved to Millville in October at the time of his retirement from military service. Their daughter Kristin is a V Form former, their elder son Troy a III Form former, and their younger son Sean is a seventh grader at Rundlett Junior High School in Concord.

Leonie Glen Willett (classics, history)—is a 1980 graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy, where she was a member of the Cum Laude Society, and a 1984 cum laude graduate of Harvard. For the last two years she has been on the Milton Academy faculty, teaching Latin and coaching the girls varsity ice hockey team. She has also worked for the Massachusetts Advanced Studies Program at Milton and for Skinner Brothers, a mountaineering and survival school in Pinedale, Wyoming. Her husband, Sabin, is a lawyer in Concord with Orr and Reno.

Sharon L. Woodward (admissions)—graduated from Montclair (New Jersey) High School in 1967, attended Montclair State College, and received her B.A. degree, magna cum laude, from Rutgers University with a major in French. She has taught in New Jersey and comes to St. Paul's School from The Gunnery, Washington, Connecticut, where for four years she taught French and coached basketball. She is working for her graduate degree in French at the Middlebury summer school. Her daughter, Tara, is a III Former.

James Haldeman Armstrong, Jr. (history intern)—graduated from high school in Kalispell, Montana, and then had a postgraduate year at Hotchkiss. He graduated from Princeton in 1986. During the summer of 1985 he worked for Operation Crossroads Africa, assisting Ethiopian refugees with housing construction and food distribution.

Colin M. Campbell (history intern)—of Middletown, Connecticut, graduated cum laude from Phillips Academy in 1982 and in 1986 from Yale, where he rowed for four years and as a senior was on the varsity heavyweight crew.

Heidi Anne Harkins (science intern)—graduated from Sacopee Valley High School, Cornish, Maine, where she was on the state champion field hockey team. After two years at Simmons College in Boston she transferred to Harvard/Radcliffe and received her B.A. in biology in 1986. At college she participated in varsity crew, basketball, and modern dance. She was a science intern in the 1986 Advanced Studies Program.

Donald McElwain Miller '82 (science intern)—received his A.B. cum laude from Princeton, where he was also a research chemist for two years. He was a member of the Princeton varsity squash team that finished second nationally and also played intramural soccer and hockey.

Scott Cameron Todd (English intern)—is a 1982 Andover graduate,
who received his A.B. from Williams in 1986, majoring in English. He also has studied Russian at the Middlebury summer school and spent the spring of 1985 at the Pushkin Institute in Moscow.

At the start of the School year several members of the faculty assumed new responsibilities. Joan Lonergan (mathematics) became the Rector's administrative associate to oversee the printing of a number of the School's publications, supervise press releases, work with the Parents Committee, attend the meetings of the heads of Departments, plan the staff agenda, and be involved with other development projects. Walter Hawley (science) was named director of the astronomy center. Senior Master Robert Eddy (mathematics) will share some of the duties pertaining to faculty concerns heretofore carried out by Thomas Quirk, vice rector—he will meet with the heads of departments; assist in the oversight of the intern program, faculty recruitment and faculty housing; and work with William Faulkner, registrar, on deadlines and other matters relating to the academic calendar. William Fletcher (music) has become the choir director. Archibald Douglas '78 (history) has become a college admissions advisor.

Charles Morgan (English) was part of a six-person team that made a first attempt to reach the summit of Mount St. Elias (18,008 feet) via the southeast ridge. The mountain, which is internationally famous for the challenges it provides climbers, straddles the border of Alaska and the Yukon. The team also included Steve Bain '80 and Peter Cooley '82. Peter Cooley received a grant from the American Alpine Club, of which he and Mr. Morgan are members, to help in mounting the effort. As Mr. Morgan reported: "We were turned back from the SE Ridge at about 7,000 feet and from the East Ridge at about 10,800 feet, in both cases by prohibitively dangerous conditions."

An exhibition, "Leni Mancuso/Moments in Landscapes," was held at the Manchester (New Hampshire) Institute of Arts and Sciences from October 18 to November 22, 1986. These are recent paintings by the former SPS art teacher, many done last year when she was in Europe.

Joan Lonergan (mathematics) and Clifford Gillespie (head of the science department) were members of the steering committee that planned a two-day conference, "Articulation in Mathematics and Science," in early December for forty secondary school and twenty college teachers of mathematics and science throughout New Hampshire. The purposes of the conference were to address ways in which the mathematics and science curricula might be modified to meet the needs of students in the decade ahead and to promote improved articulation between high school and college courses.

Science teacher Joel Potter in a Parents Day conference.
Sir:

I was very intrigued with the photograph on page 84 of the summer edition of the *Alumni Horae* which shows the School choir in 1913. You will see that I am seated directly in front of “Chappie” Scudder wearing a bow necktie. I am wondering whether anyone else in the photograph is still alive today. I can identify everyone in the back row and two or three of the students. For your information the student on the left end of the second row wearing a dark coat is Julian Allen, who later ran the Paris office for Morgan, Harrjes & Company. The people in the back row, left to right, are Dr. Kimball, Mr. Richards, unidentified faculty, Mr. Brinley, Mr. Knox, Chappie Scudder, student John Thayer, student Bob Toland, and student Louis Borie.

It might be of interest to know (at this late date) that the organ in the Chapel in 1913 was operated pneumatically and that the air pressure was provided by Louis Borie, who activated a pump handle to generate the pressure.

—Duncan H. Read ’15

Sir:

To one who liked and admired him tremendously, it seems wrong that the fund set up in honor of Jefferson Fletcher [’21] [master 1926-1929] is so small. I have learned from vice rector Buxton that the income is used to buy books for the Library. “The School,” he adds, “would certainly welcome any additions to the principal for that gift since we feel that our library is one of our most important resources and are always interested in providing endowment funds for book purchases.”

I hope that others who admired Jeff Fletcher will join me in adding to that fund in his memory.

—Peter Barry ’28

Sir:

I am tired of the attitude furthered in Brian Regan’s *Horae* article that although “Pray for the Peace” is not much good, it is all right to like it for sentimental reasons.

St. Paul’s boys should feel free to admire this music without disclaimer, condescension, apology, or embarrassment. It is a strong, melodious, theatrical, and effective anthem. Particularly stirring is the build from the rousing “On the rock of ages founded” to the closing “They shall prosper that love thee”—a climax only slightly marred by a sappy reprise of “I will seek to do thee good.”

I question the point of the back-handed assertion that “sung well, it becomes, somehow, better than it really is.” Personally, I think music that can sound better than it really is is far preferable to the opposite.

—Richard Wilmer ’61

James W. Kinnear ’46, President of the Board of Trustees, was named on October 24, 1986, as the new president and chief executive officer of Texaco, Inc., the nation’s third-largest oil company. He will take on these new responsibilities at the beginning of 1987.

Amory Houghton, Jr. ’45, former President of the Board of Trustees, won a Congressional seat in the recent elections and will represent the 34th District of New York in Washington.
Books

THE AMERICAN FAMILY HOME, 1800-1960
by Clifford Edward Clark, Jr., '59
University of North Carolina Press
Chapel Hill, North Carolina, 1986

The appearance, at last, of a history of the house reminds me of a play. Some five years ago, an off-Broadway comedy called The Dining Room, by Pete Gurney '48, attracted an ecstatic and loyal audience—preps of all ages seeking their roots in a room that seemed to them to exist only in the imagination of their own subculture, and replaced everywhere else by the live-in kitchen. After seeing the play, I went to the stacks of New York libraries looking for the true history of the dining room. All I found then was John Demos's A Little Commonwealth, a fine book (now a classic of American historical literature) but descriptive, alas, only of the 17th and early 19th centuries—the first age of the live-in kitchen.

Now, thanks to Clifford Clark, we at last have the book I looked in vain for five years ago; and it is a winner, a history of the family house in this country, its setting, use, and symbolism, from the early national period to the latest outbreak of suburbanism. The SPS Form of '59, which has to date published at least three novels, an analysis of the laws of ancient Athens, an essay on Brooklyn Heights, and a guide to sunbathing, can once more salute a class writer.

I warn you, Clark is serious. He's a history professor at Carleton College, holds an endowed chair in American Studies, and has already published a fine up-to-date biography of Henry Ward Beecher. This means no trifling with the historiography—an extraordinary and growing literature of which Alumni Horae readers may know only that half which deals with art, architecture, and urbanization. Nineteenth century American cultural history has been revolutionized in the past fifteen years by a band of intrepid scholars, most of them women, who have barged into the parlors and even the kitchens of George Shattuck's time and written the history of housework (Ruth Cowan and Susan Strasser), of parenting (Tamara Hareven and Philip Greven), of spousal relations (Elaine May and Helen Lopata), of the use of space (Gwendolyn Wright), and of the effect of the long confinement of bourgeois wives on American literature and politics (Ann Douglas, Linda Kerber, and Dolores Hayden).

This situating of a book in its professional context is not easy. Situating a book without reducing its generality, writing out its sparkle, or excluding the lay reader is so difficult that only a few scholars can accomplish it. Clark is one of them. He covers a hundred and sixty years of industrial America, north, south, east, and west, as well as thousands of sources from ephemeral brochures, newletters, and photographs to the houses themselves, without once getting bogged down in a suburb or losing sight of the interstate.

Though he reads his sources on many levels, both literal and symbolic, Clark has the clear chronology of a good historian. With a nod to colonial three-room post-and-beam and the "republican simplicity" of classical and Georgian, he leaps into his preferred 1800s and begins chronicling...
the "family home," object of both bourgeois family aspiration and re-forming zeal. He discerns an early period of privatization of the home, peaking in 1850; a second period of the home as expression of artistic individuality and achievement (you and I might call this the Charles Addams period); a third "modernist" or "progressive" period, beginning about 1890, emphasizing the clean and uncluttered, and climaxing in the bungalow craze; and a fourth period after World War II (this one you and I might want to call the Levittown era—but that would only be an invidious way of trying to put *hors série* the houses we ourselves were brought up in).

Again, like a good historian, Clark never fails to illustrate generalities with examples. He is wise enough not to claim his examples are all typical, but they have wonderful range and arresting appropriateness, from the planning of Larchmont in 1872 to the housing budget of a coachman in West Roxbury, Massachusetts, in the 1880s, to the frame house of Milwaukee railroad car inspector Bartholomew Koperski, around 1900. Clark also gives enough pictures of his various artifacts to make a glossy coffee-table book out of his survey. Indeed, though the book is all.photo-offset printing and there are, in fact, no plates, fine book production by the University of North Carolina Press has made *The American Home* quite elegant. To make it compact and within bounds for a university press, the publishers seem to have expanded the space for illustrations and compressed the text instead by printing it in easy-to-use double columns.

Readers thus assured of Clark's professional bona fides may settle down to *The American Family Home* and simply enjoy the details. They will be amused to find that movable furniture was the norm in 18th century Virginia, that the sofa-bed was an invention of the Charles Addams rather than the Levittown period, and that architects turned themselves into a profession in the struggle with mail-order designers and prefabricators to legitimize their 3.5% fee. Readers will, I think, be delighted to find out what a parlor was and why it vanished, or when it became the custom to have two upstairs bedrooms, one for sons and one for daughters.

My own favorite facts from Clark have to do with the long blind process by which we in this country have allowed our ideal of rural community to serve a most unpleasantly contrary reality—through our indulgence of individualism, ethnic unease, social and financial anxiety, and a habit of running away which we call "mobility." Clark has charmingly naive, century-old quotations indicating how long we have been fooling ourselves about this. By 1960 one would have thought we could have seen clearly that the suburbs, so far from being a refuge from the flood of humanity, are regularly swamped by one ethnic or class tide after another, leaving nothing permanent in the wrack except an octopus of asphalt that covers everything living to a height of one and a half stories. But then, I live in New York. Cliff lives in Northfield, Minnesota, on black earth west of Zumbrota and east of New Prague. In Northfield, the Charles Addams style is still extant. Porches serve wonderfully to keep the snow from burying the front door, while the hall and parlor keep the kids from tracking mud into the dining room.

—William R. Everdell ’59

Mr. Everdell is dean of humanities, St. Ann’s School, Brooklyn, New York.
Richard Rush
1905-1986

1923—Richard Rush

a member of the faculty from 1934 until 1965, died of heart failure in the New Milford, Connecticut, hospital on August 27. The son of Ayliffe Borie Rush and Arthur T. Rush, he was born on February 25, 1905, and entered St. Paul’s School in 1917. In his VI Form year he was a member of the Scientific Association, the treasurer of the Library Association, an associate head editor of the *Horae Scholasticae*, and a member of the council of the Concordian Literary Society.

A graduate of Harvard in the Class of 1927, he received a master of forestry degree from the Yale School of Forestry in 1929. From 1929 to 1934 he held management positions with the International Paper Company in Atlanta and New York City and then joined the mathematics department of St. Paul’s School. He did graduate work at Harvard during a sabbatical year 1956-1957 and at Princeton at the 1959 National Science Foundation Summer Institute.

He was a housemaster in the Lower 1934-1937, head of the Lower 1939-1940, and head of Middle 1940-1949. For many years he was a member of the discipline committee. He was a key member of the Hundredth Anniversary committee, and his
concern for the outdoors and environmental issues was expressed on the Birckhead Lecture committee and in his involvement in the recreational skiing programs of the School.

For many years he coached football and crew; he became vice president of the Halcyon Boat Club in 1937 and president in 1950. He was faculty advisor and coach of the Rifle Club 1942-1960. He was president of the Concordian Literary Society, advised the Record and the Horae Scholasticae, and was founding faculty advisor of The Pelican in 1945.

In addition to his participation in a number of environmental and forestry organizations in the state, he was active in the New Hampshire branch of the American Heart Association, served as its first treasurer 1952-1964, and was a delegate to the National Assembly twice during that time. In New Milford, his summer home for many years and to which he retired in 1965, he was president and treasurer of the United Way in 1967 and 1968. He also served on the board of directors of the Eliot Pratt Education Center 1970-1976 and was treasurer of that organization (he and Mr. Pratt had been Harvard classmates).

He leaves his wife, Mary S. Conover Rush; a daughter, Susan Borie Rush; two sons, Thomas W. Rush and Robert Rush; and four grandchildren.

Speedy Rush felt very much at home when he returned as a master in 1934 to the School he had loved as a boy. After graduation from Harvard in 1927, he had taken a graduate degree in forestry and for five years had tried the business world working for a paper company, but it did not appeal to him. A gregarious person with a great love for the outdoors, he was far more suited to the life of a New England schoolmaster, and when Dr. Drury suggested that there was a position open to him, he accepted with enthusiasm.

The boys soon responded to his friendly interest in their varied concerns. As a dormitory master, a coach, an advisor to many organizations he found his days were full. The boys appreciated the gentle but firm way he upheld the qualities he stood for.

In the summer of 1935 he married Mary Stevens Conover, and their house became a haven of warm and gracious hospitality for the many years until his retirement in 1965.

In 1945 Speedy felt the need for a School paper to supplement the work of the Horae. The activities of the School were becoming more diversified, and the Horae could hardly serve as a recorder and commentator on daily events and as a literary magazine. So the Pelican was born, and with the help of Jim Kinnear, Speedy made a lasting contribution to the School.

In all the aspects of the School life Speedy and Molly took part with style and grace. For those of us, boys and men alike, who shared these years with them, there are many happy memories.

"- George R. Smith '31

Mr. Smith, master emeritus, taught mathematics from 1935 to 1977.
1924

Larry Pool's son Gene '60 was married in Greenwich, Connecticut, on October 5, 1986, to Parrish Dobson. She is a Rosemary Hall graduate, a magna cum laude Yale graduate, and holds a master's degree in English from Brandeis. She and Gene are English teachers at Buckingham Brown and Nichols School in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

1931

William Van Winkle was awarded the 1986 White Memorial Foundation Conservation Award in May 1986. The Foundation, in Litchfield, Connecticut, makes an annual award to a person or organization that has contributed significantly to the field of natural resource conservation. Mr. Van Winkle, the twenty-first recipient, helped develop the Foundation and establish the Litchfield Nature Center and Museum, now the White Memorial Conservation Center.

1935

Bayard Coggeshall's son, David '73, was married on October 5, 1986, to Alexandra Christy in Wilton, Connecticut. She is a Chapin School and Stanford graduate and is a sales representative for Charles Morrow Associates, a Manhattan music production company. David is a manager with the Coggeshall Painting and Restoration Company in New York City.

1936

A. O. Smith reports that Simon and Schuster has published son Peter's first novel, Highlights of the Off-Season, which in part deals with the private boarding school scene. In addition, Smith has spent part of last summer rendering the editorial caress to the doctoral dissertation of Robert Hall '64.

1940

James Bodine was the subject of articles in the October 3 and October 6, 1986, Philadelphia Inquirer. He has announced his decision to retire in June 1987 as managing partner of the Urban Affairs Partnership, a position he has held for seven years. A former president of First Pennsylvania Bank and former Pennsylvania Secretary of Commerce, Bodine has served as watchdog, goad, and conscience of the Philadelphia business community, involving it in dealing with economic and social injustices.

1941

Archer Harman has moved to Sewickley, Pennsylvania, where he will serve as Interim Headmaster of Sewickley Academy, a coeducational day school (K-12) of about 600 students. Art Howe wrote that his son, Arthur IV, won the Pulitzer Prize for his reporting for the Philadelphia Inquirer on the “massive deficiencies in the IRS processing of tax returns.”

1942

SPS Trustee Malcolm McLane has been named the chair of the citizens advisory committee to Riverbend Counseling Center in Concord, which is a branch of the Central New Hampshire Community Health Services.

1947

George G. Walker writes: “I tried to retire, but was promptly hired back as a consultant. Now I am busier than ever!”

1948

Articles about Pete Gurney's new plays appeared in the July 18, 1986, Boston Globe and the September 19 New York Times. The Perfect Party was produced in New York at Playwrights Horizons and then moved to off-Broadway at the Astor Palace Theater. Another Antigone was scheduled to open in November at the Old Globe Theater in San Diego, California. And Sweet Sue, which had a summer run at the Williams-town (Massachusetts) Theater Festival Workshop, is scheduled to open at the Music Box Theater in Manhattan in December starring Mary Tyler Moore and Lynn Redgrave. Mr. Gurney is on leave from the MIT faculty to teach playwriting at Columbia University this year and next year.

1949

Sandy Ewing gave the 1986 commencement address at North Carolina School of the Arts.

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1950

Dwight Bartholomew wrote a lively account of the 7,869-mile family summer tour starting in Palm Desert, California, and meandering north and east to Michigan, and home via the Canadian prairie provinces, Idaho, and the Pacific northwestern states. A low point: when U.S. Customs mistook homemade toothpowder for something more lethal. He is back teaching thirty-four second graders at Westside School. * "Old hockey players never die . . ." Tom Williams sent a colorful photo of himself and Bif Lea '61 suited up for a hockey game against the Penobscot Indian Nation last winter. * Robert Merin is professor of anesthesiology at the University of Texas Medical School/Houston; editor of *Anesthesiology*; president of the Association of University Anesthesiologists; visiting professor in Vienna, Paris, Capetown last year and on to Australia, Belgium, Sweden, and Japan next year.

1951

Tony McKim writes: "2nd son going to be a IV Former at St. Mark's—his choice."

1953

In July 1986 Margareta and Harris Colt celebrated the tenth anniversary of their Manhattan store, The Military Bookman.

1955

Dyer Wadsworth has become president of Amsterdam Nursing Home Corporation, a 300-bed charitable home at 112th Street and Amsterdam Avenue in Manhattan.

1957

Gordon Seward sent an update: "I am employed by IBM, have been so since 1964. I have been involved with the development and marketing of the IBM Personal Computer since just about the beginning. Currently I am based on assignment until mid-1988 in London and am responsible for workstation (Personal Computer) support programs for the IBM sales force throughout Europe. Then I will return to one of the headquarters locations in or about White Plains, New York. In 1969 I married Verna Evans from South Wales, UK. We have one child, Andrew Gordon, aged 15, who attends the American School in London. The only one of my classmates that I am aware of in Europe is John Mulford, whom I see on my frequent trips to Germany." * David Hunt writes: "The Hunts are in Paris for one more year; if you want to see us, you had better hurry!"

1958

Miles Bidwell and Nancy Arnone Bord were married on April 19, 1986, in the Church of St. Christopher, Lyford Cay, New Providence, Bahamas. They will make their home in Cos Cob, Connecticut. * Boyd Dyer was a visiting professor at the University of Florida College of Law at Gainesville, August to December 1986. * Ed Thorne is writing a novel with the working title *Smuggle Up A Little Closer* about marijuana smugglers in the 1970s. * Lee Patterson has moved from Johns Hopkins to Duke, where he is professor of English.

1959

John Minor reports: "Nancy and I just returned from ten months in Aberdeen, Scotland, where I did engineering for a North Sea oil field. We had a grand time, even if it was the worst (read wettest!) weather in recorded history. Now back in sunny southern California, hoping to finish (finally) our home remodeling and (finally) get all our children graduated from college. Score now: one down (University of Southern California), four to go!"

1960

Gene Pool and Parrish Dobson were married in Greenwich, Connecticut, on October 5, 1986. She is a graduate of Rosemary Hall and is a magna cum laude graduate of Yale with a master's degree in English from Brandeis. Both are English teachers at Buckingham Brown and Nichols School in Cambridge, Massachusetts. * Clarkson Lindley writes: "I got my J.D. from the University of Minnesota Law School on May 10, 1986, Nancy and I bought our next door neighbor's house last year and have just finished a completely new kitchen and redo of the first floor."

Walter Foulke has joined Bankers Trust as a managing director, responsible for rescheduling less developed country debt.

1961

"Old hockey players never die . . ." Tom Williams '50 sent a photo of himself and Bif Lea in uniform for a game against the Penobscot Indian Nation last winter.

1964

Ray Payson writes: "Nothing new, but life in Hamburg, Germany, continues to be 'wunderbar!' Drop in for a visit!"
1965

Roy Farwell was to move to Kansas City in October, still with the Union Pacific Railroad law department. Mal Calder writes: “Susan and I were in Malibu, California, for Peer Wedwick’s wedding and are now building our house, of my own design, in Randolph Center, Vermont.” Bobby Coxe reports the birth of a second child, first daughter, Inger, on May 11, 1986, weight seven pounds ten ounces.

1966

Jane and Gary Trudeau had their third child, second son, Thomas Moore Trudeau, in December 1985. They live at Deep Creek Lake, Ned’s home for the past seven years.

1967

Allan MacDougall is currently in the South Pacific aboard his 48-foot German Frers design ketch. He expects to cruise New Zealand waters early in 1987 and then head for Australia, where he may work for a few years. Ned Holloway and Pamela Lynn Riehl were married in Washington, D.C., on October 26, 1985. They live at Deep Creek Lake, Ned’s home for the past seven years.

1969

Morgan Paulk writes: “My wife, Sheri, and I are spending this winter in Monterey, California, where she is working on her master’s degree in Japanese interpretation and translation at the Monterey Institute for International Studies. My daughters, Angie (8) and Stephanie (3) are currently under my care, which in itself is an education.” Geoff Stevenson and his partner, Stewart Henderson, presented a performance of poetry and mime in the SPS Drama Building on October 23. Based in England, they have been televised by the BBC and ATV and have performed at the Edinburgh Festival “fringe.”

1970

S. Gerald Hunt is living in Quechee, Vermont, with wife and three sons, Eli, Ezra, and Eben. Gerald is product marketing manager for Houghton Mifflin’s “Guidance Information System,” the most widely used computerized college search system in the country. Nat Wheelwright was the subject of a September 19, 1986, feature article in the Bowdoin Orient. Nat is Bowdoin’s new professor of ecology and ornithology, chosen from a field of more than 400 candidates. Nat’s graduate work and previous academic positions were at the University of Washington, the University of Florida, and Cornell. Much of his field work was in Columbia, Ecuador, and Costa Rica.

1971

John Gilligan cryptically writes: “1980-1982, Dominican Republic; 1983, Jacksonville, Florida; 1984, Palm Beach, Florida; 1985-present, New York City. Can’t seem to settle for permanent address yet.” Terry Gruber spent 1985-1986 at Columbia Film School, studying directing under Milos Forman and screenwriting with Frank Daniel. He will return in September to complete a feature-length screenplay and a short dramatic film. Arthur Tung is the associate minister at University Presbyterian Church, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. He and Shirley have a daughter, Catherine (2%), and were expecting a second child in mid-June.

1972

Mike Sweeney announces the arrival of a first child, Mollie Jane, on May 30, 1986. He is working for MedTronic, Inc., selling pacemakers in Connecticut. Anita Lippitt Rogers reports two children: Thomas (3) and Clayton, born October 24, 1985. "Life has never been busier or more fun!"
Alexandra Christy and David Coggeshall were married in Wilton, Connecticut, on October 5, 1986. A graduate of the Chapin School and Stanford, she is a sales representative for Charles Morrow Associates, a music production company in Manhattan. David is a manager with the Coggeshall Painting and Restoration Company in Manhattan. * Brooke Royster continues to breed and sell thoroughbreds in Lexington, Kentucky. * Jose Maldonado has left the Manhattan law firm of Weill, Gotshal Manges to accept a position as an assistant district attorney in the Office of Special Narcotics for the New York County District Attorney's office. * Will Neilson writes: “Married Pia Bundgaard in Ringkobing, Denmark, on July 2, 1983. Daughter, Sarah Marie Bundgaard Neilson, born June 6, 1985. Moving to West Hartford, Connecticut, July 1, 1986, to join a small firm importing French marine equipment to the U.S. On Memorial Day weekend had a very pleasant afternoon with Rochester, New York, area formmates John Campbell and Mark Lewis, together with Mark’s wife and two daughters, whom we liked very much.” * Sheldon Whitehouse and Sandra Christine Thornton were married in the St. George’s School chapel recently. She is a graduate of St. George’s and Yale, studied for a master’s degree in marine sciences at William and Mary, and is a doctoral candidate in marine biology at the University of Rhode Island. Sheldon is a special assistant attorney general of Rhode Island. * Steve Perkins is director or operations, Red Lobster Restaurants, Canada. He was anticipating the arrival of a first child in mid-September.

Ed Shockley writes: “Caramel Woman, my first book of poetry, is available on Hopewell Press, 802 32nd Avenue, Seattle, Washington 98122. $2.00 postage paid. It ain’t Doubleday, but my poems are good.” * Weicker Scholar Jean Molleran writes: “I am sorry I was not able to attend Anniversary, and I hope that all went well. I send you my best thoughts...” * Weicker Scholar Bundgaard writes: “I became a Sannyasin (Rajneeshee) in 1984 (the best thing I’ve ever done), changed my name to Ma Prem Kandra, lived with Bhagwan in Oregon at the commune for a year: when a love affair brought me here to Australia. I’m living my life moment to moment, happily and with as much awareness as I can.”

Bill Vickery finished another year of teaching at Purnell School, Pottersville, New Jersey, and was planning to spend the summer cycling with daughter Melissa (born June 8, 1985) in bike trailer and with wife Gallia, Princeton ’81. * Greg Townsend reports: “I have accepted a transfer to St. Louis with Xerox Corporation to continue my career interests in management. Don’t plan to stay more than a year, but who knows...” * Randa Wilkinson-Bouvier announces the arrival of Fletcher, born on March 18, 1986, weight 3 kg 435 gms. * Mimi Armstrong writes: “Moved to Atlanta, Ga. Now work for Ted Turner’s TBS. Associate producer for the Portrait of America series working on an hour-long documentary on the U.S. Territories and Virgin Islands.” * Daphne Firth writes: “My husband and I welcomed our first child, Jennifer Laine Gabrielski, on May 9, 1986. I am enjoying the summer off at our home in Manchester, Massachusetts.”
Tom Ferraro and his wife, Beth Eastlick ’78, are in Geneva, Switzerland, where Tom is now teaching American literature at the University of Geneva. They welcome all Paulies who are passing through and even encourage detours to Geneva. Frank Bradley received his M.D. degree from Hahnemann University School of Medicine in Philadelphia. He received the Dean’s Award as the outstanding student in all four years and the Hahnemann University Medical Staff Award for the highest attainment in the National Boards. He also received the Joan Kornblum Memorial Prize for excellence in internal medicine, and received academic distinctions in anatomy, medicine, pathology, pediatrics, pharmacology, and physiology. A member of Alpha Omega Alpha, the national medical honor society, Frank will complete an internal medicine residency at New England Deaconess Hospital in Boston. Randy Blossom and Dayle Matulaitis were married in the Chapel of SS Peter and Paul on June 28. Lee Blossom ’77 was best man. Mrs. Blossom is a graduate of Sawyer College. She works for Century 21, Circa 72, Inc., in Concord. Randy is vice president of Whittemore Insurance Agency in Londonderry, New Hampshire.

1976

Jeff von der Schulenburg was going to spend the summer relaxing in Switzerland. John Queenan has left the Space Program. Peter Henriques was married in Manchester, Massachusetts, on October 11, 1986, to Jeanne M. O’Neil. Horace Henriques ’73 was best man, and Lisa Henriques ’78 was a bridesmaid. Phil Ludwig ’75 was an usher, and other alumni present included Jim Streator ’76, Greg Love ’76, Will Waggaman ’76, Mike Ives ’76, Lou Werner ’72, Peter Werner ’75, and Conchita Werner ’80. Peter and his bride are moving to Sydney, Australia, where he has been transferred by Colgate-Palmolive Company. Gretchen Barlow Alexander and Peter Murnane were married in Paoli, Pennsylvania, recently. She is a cum laude Bryn Mawr graduate and a fourth year medical student at the University of Pennsylvania. Peter received his M.B.A. from the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania in May 1986 and was to join Merrill Lynch Capital Markets in Manhattan. Lisa Claudi has taken leave from fund-raising management consulting to enter the master’s program at Yale University’s School of Organization and Management. “Some intellectual recharging is absolutely in order for me right now. I’m excited to be back in an academic setting, and back in New England. Formmates passing through beautiful New Haven, Connecticut, which has become remarkably gentrified, are invited to look me up!”

1977

Harry Ferguson writes: “The Space Shuttle disaster has put space astronomy on hold for a while, and has caused me to seek new direction for my Ph.D. research at John Hopkins University. My thesis was to have been based on results from the March 6, 1986, flight of the Astro observatory. I am now going back to the good ol’ days of ground-based astronomy. In my spare time I have taken up the hammered dulcimer.” Elizabeth Rhoads Buck of Villanova, Pennsylvania, and Charles H. King III have announced their engagement and have planned an October wedding. A graduate of Agnes Irwin School and the University of Virginia, she is a travel consultant and group coordinator with Round the Globe Travel in Manhattan. He is an assistant treasurer of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company in Manhattan. Royce Barndes is working as a lawyer in New York City, associated with the firm of Cravath, Swain, and Moore. Meg Ziegler Ferguson writes: “Have finished my second year of law school at Georgetown; am senior articles editor of the Georgetown Law Journal, in charge of article selection—we get 700-800 submissions every year and publish about 15. This summer, working as a summer associate at Wilmer, Cutler and Pickering in Washington, D.C., checking out the private sector. So far, have done pro bono work on federal election law and had a lot of great lunches. This fall, will return to my part-time job as a legislative assistant to Senator Max Baucus during my last year of law school. After that, I’ll clerk for Judge Murnaghan on the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals in Baltimore.” Andy Hunt was married to Beatrice Juwanon at the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris last August. They now live in Salem, New Hampshire, while Andy owns and manages a fitness store in Lawrence, Massachusetts. Nina Bohlen reports from Mexico: “In the fall I served as coordinator for official U.S. relief efforts, following the Mexico City earthquake. Since then I have been working as a consultant for the Ford Foundation on earthquake reconstruction in the low income barrios and on monitoring and developing community development programs with women and low income groups in Mexico City. My escape from this sprawling megapolis is to retreat to the 18,000 foot volcanos on the outskirts of the city, where I work as an instructor in mountaineering.” Topher Dow is married, living in Brooklyn, working on special effects for Susan Seidelman’s new film...
Making Mr. Right. • Betsy Frank reports: "Goodbye, Hong Kong. Hello, Cleveland and Case Western Reserve Law School."
• Grant Slade writes: "After earning an M.B.A. from Northwestern University, I moved to Miami to take a job with Burger King Corporation. No, I'm not working the fryer; I am in the acquisitions department. No, I've never met Herb, and with any luck I never will!" • Phil Wallis announces the arrival of Elizabeth Roberts Wallis on May 16, 1986.

1978
Anne Bartol is back in Los Angeles after a three-year hiatus in Santa Fe, New Mexico, where, among other activities, she studied anthropological documentary film making. She hopes to write and produce features in L.A. She has run into Mike Haney, who is directing music videos and theater and developing concepts for feature production. She mentions that John Samuels, using the name John Stockwell, has been busy with acting and writing with a new director, Albert Pyun. John has appeared in Radioactive Dreams, Dangerously Close (which he also wrote), and Top Gun. • Lindsey Quirk and James Louis Polianites, Jr., were married in the Chapel of SS Peter and Paul at St. Paul's School on June 14, 1986. He is a magna cum laude graduate of Bowdoin College, where he was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa and a James Bowdoin Scholar. He is also a graduate of the University of Virginia Law School and is associated with Parker, Coulter, Daley and White in Boston. Lindsey is a recruitment administrator and legal assistant at Sherburn Powers and Needham in Boston. • Elizabeth Amy Werter and Henry Trevor were married on June 22, 1986, in Garden City, New York. She is a graduate of Brown University and is manager of acquisitions at BRS/Saunders, an electronic publisher of medical information in Manhattan. Henry is a candidate for a master's degree at Columbia Teachers College. • Elsa Collins was to be in Los Angeles from July to November looking for production work in TV and film. • After almost four years Frank Hunnewell has left his job as an assistant vice president at Morgan Guaranty and will begin his M.B.A. studies at Dartmouth's Amos Tuck School in September 1986. • Ted Erhard graduated from Hampshire College in January 1985 and has been working as a software engineer for Nixdorf Computer in Burlington, Massachusetts. He plans to relocate to the Northampton, Massachusetts, area and re-indulge himself in photography. • Andy Goodspeed has been seen alive and well somewhere near Salem, Massachusetts; he spends his time correcting the differences between engineers' fantasies and reality. • A report from Joan Mackay-Smith: "Graduated from NYU in June 1986 with a B.A. Working full-time for the International Design Center in NYC. See a good deal of Lisa Harrison '79, Lisa Henriques, Sarah Neilson and of course Pam Scher '77. Wondering where Tracy Hill and MacGregor Thomson '77 are!!

1979
Linda Love and Douglas E. Misler were married on June 7, 1986, in the Duke University Chapel. He is from Andover, Massachusetts, with degrees from Duke and Cambridge University, and is a fourth-year medical student at the University of North Carolina. • Chrisiss Dillenbeck and Richard Sands Wood were married in Locust Valley, New York. A graduate of Choate and Yale, he received his M.B.A. from the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania. He is a vice president of the investment company Standish, Ayer and Wood in Boston. Chrisiss is a member of the Class of 1987 at the University of Virginia Law School. • David Benson briefly reports: "Alive and well." • Lilly Cassels-Brown has returned from Japan and is working again for the Harvard University Press. • Sumner Roberts writes: "Busy summer. Got married to Paula Cummings Leon in June, finished my master's thesis on aerial surveys of Mottled Ducks at Louisiana State University in July, and moved back to Maine in August to begin a Ph.D. program in wildlife ecology at UMO."
• The July 7, 1986, edition of People reported that Catherine Oxburn and Judd Nelson '78 were at a private dinner party at the Sporting Club in Monte Carlo. • A report from Barbara Talcott: "Husband Doug Borchard and I just returned from a year in Sudan, working for Save the Children. We worked in an Ethiopian Refugee camp on the Sudan/Ethiopia border, and on relief and development for 400 Sudanese villages. And now, for something completely different, we will both be attending Stanford Graduate School of Business this coming fall! Enjoying all of the different possibilities in life, and resisting 'settling down,' we are having a great time."
• Hal McCord is beginning his second year at the Walter F. George School of Law, Mercer University, Macon, Georgia. • From Betsy Kenny comes the following: "Have moved to Los Angeles, where I'm director of public affairs for Norman Lear's new entertainment company, Act III Communications. I handle all political activities for Norman Lear and oversee all corporate and charitable giving. I also handle all speeches, press and public relations."

1980
Peggy Ferguson is working as a freelance graphic artist in Washington, D.C., and will marry Kevin Corrigan in May 1987. • Antonia Mulvihill has completed the first year of a Ph.D. program in French at Yale. • Tom Hamilton reports: "Have been at Dillon Read corporate finance in NYC since graduating from Yale but not associated with 'the Young and the Sleepless.'" • Richard Walsh is alive and well, living in Manhattan, where he sees Wallace Henderson and Andrew Greenebaum, who are—according to Richard—preparing for the New York City marathon. • From Colorado comes the following report from Linda Gould: "Have been an art director for largest agency in region for 2 years . . . skiing and climbing way too much! Meet up with Lucia Saunders in California for routine doses of the Grateful Dead." • Marion Goyer and her husband Andy are in rural Malawi working for Save the Children. She writes: "I've started a shallow wells program to provide clean
and abundant water and am training 20 village health promoters in Primary Health Care. As it is the ‘cold and windy’ season, old people and children are dying almost every day in our area. We hope to improve on that statistic, but it is slow work. Any visitors to Malawi, please look me up c/o Save the Children.”

A report from Diana Propper: “I have spent from May 1985 through August 1986 in Cameroon, Central Africa, working with Save the Children, a non-profit organization involved in community development projects.”

Steve Bain, Peter Cooley ’82, and Charles Morgan of the SPS English department were involved this past summer in an American Alpine Club attempt to make the first ascent of the southeast ridge of Mt. St. Elias on the border between Alaska and the Yukon. Bad weather prevented them from succeeding.

1981

Andrew Emery will graduate from Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, in December 1986. He took a year off to work in London for Lloyd’s and was working in Manhattan last summer as an intern in an assistant underwriting capacity for Chubb and Son in the department of financial institutions, quite a change from his experience as a London broker. Adam Young has graduated from Harvard and will be selling commercial real estate in Manhattan for Alf Naman, Ltd. Jamie Purviance is teaching third grade at an independent school in San Francisco. Annie Proctor wrote from Paris that she finished her M.A. in French from Middlebury and has a job as the assistant to the Deputy Director at the Atlantic Institute of International Affairs. She had a mini-reunion with Nina Streeter and Peter Paine at Henley in July 1986.

1982

Katy Hamm graduated from UNH with a degree in occupational therapy. She was to begin her nine months of clinical affiliations in September in Washington, D.C., followed by three months each in Palo Alto, California, and Rochester, New York. Preston Read graduated from Duke and went to Kenya in July on a Peace Corps assignment. Lee Williams is in South America this year. Lew Lukens will be teaching English at Tsinghua University, Taichung, Taiwan, for the next two years. Peter Cooley received a grant from the American Alpine Club for an attempt to make the first ascent of Mt. St. Elias last summer by the southeast ridge. A six-man climbing team, which included Steve Bain ’80, and SPS English teacher Charles Morgan, were turned back by prohibitively bad weather on the southeast ridge and in an attempt to reach the summit by the east ridge.

1983

Storm Nickerson writes: “Enjoy Harvard and rowing with the varsity lightweight crew. Will be working with a French bank in Paris this summer.” Last summer Tori Gilbert interned in the special events office of the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C., and will be back in Charlottesville for her final year. Ellen Hotchkiss visited Scandinavia and the USSR and will return to Hamilton College for her senior year in the fall. George Packard was accepted into the Yale Whiffenpoofs of 1987 this past spring and looks forward to a great senior year of travelling and singing. Muff Bowerman writes: “Spent a mellow junior year at the Sorbonne in Paris, and am spending the summer translating contracts for the Paris-based law firm that represents Euro-Disneyland. Will be back in New Jersey in the fall.” A photo of Lisa Guett appears in a brochure put out by the Yale Alumni Fund and the Yale Parents Program. She is one of twenty-four Yale undergraduates quoted about their experiences at Yale: “Yale is a unique combination of academic, athletic, and social rigor and vigor. My classes, ice hockey, and a recent Yale exchange in the Soviet Union represent a sampling of the diverse experiences I have had that are, in my thinking, the foundation of a Yale education.”

1984

Jane Kalinski and Eloise Clark were in Washington, D.C., Jane working for the State Department and Eloise for the World Wildlife Fund. Steve Clay finished his first year at Tufts and has been named sports editor of the Tufts Daily and sports director at TUTV, the Tufts University television station. Tom Semans has finished his first year at Duke, worked in a bank in London during the summer of 1986, and travelled to Scotland with Senior Ordoñez. Erik Ross reports: “I’m taking a break from academic pursuits this summer and working as a lifeguard and tennis-cum-swimming instructor at a beach-yacht club in the Hamptons, where I hope to concentrate on reading and tanning.” Joanna Galvin was named M.V.P. of the University of Pennsylvania hockey club for 1985-1986. She is involved with regaining varsity status for the club.

1985

Karen Christensen reports: “I had a fantastic fall in Europe and loved meeting with Ashley Skinner, David Stubbs, and Richard Baldwin in Paris. Also loved my first semester at Duke.”
Deceased

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

'18 — Reginald William Okie
June 22, 1986
Greenwich, Connecticut

'18 — Henry Young, Jr.
July 12, 1986
Bridgewater, New Jersey

'22 — John Woodford Allen
September 24, 1986
Bronxville, New York

'23 — Alexander Laughlin Robinson
September 19, 1986
Sewickley, Pennsylvania

'26 — Louis Fleitmann Watjen
September 11, 1986
Santa Barbara, California

'28 — Seymour Preston
September 22, 1986
Armonk, New York

'28 — George Curtis Rand
October 5, 1986
Woodside, California

'32 — Charles James Mills
October 22, 1986
Riverside, Connecticut

'43 — Edgar W. Baird, III
July 31, 1986

'44 — Peter Cornell Young
September 5, 1986
Greenwich, Connecticut

'48 — Joseph Stolp Sherer III

'49 — Stephen Jonathan Leonard
September 16, 1986
London, England

'54 — Alfred Nash Beadleston III
October 12, 1986
Rumson, New Jersey

'62 — Peter Durant Sanger
October 16, 1986
1916—Herbert Barry, Jr.
died at his home in Marlboro, Vermont, on August 28, 1986, after a brief illness. He was born in New York City, the son of Ethel Morgan Dawson Barry and Herbert Barry, on November 14, 1898, and entered St. Paul's as a IV Former in 1913. At graduation in 1916 he was awarded the Coit Medal for the best solution of original exercises in plane geometry. During World War I he served with the American Expeditionary Force in France as a sergeant in the 105th Machine Gun Battalion of the 27th Division.

He received his B.A. (1921), M.A. (1928), and Ph.D. (1929) degrees from Harvard and was an assistant professor of psychology at Tufts 1929-1939, when he entered Tufts Medical School, graduating in 1942. He was a psychiatrist in Boston until his retirement in 1985. He was senior consultant in psychiatry at the Massachusetts General Hospital and an instructor in psychiatry at the Harvard Medical School.

A member of many medical, psychiatric, and psychological organizations, he was founder and first president of the Northeastern Society for Group Psychotherapy, and a fellow and executive committee member of the American Group Psychotherapy Association. In an unusual father-son scientific collaboration, he and Herbert Barry III '48, M.D., published eight articles on psychiatric topics.

Surviving him are his wife, Joan D. Bolton Barry; two daughters, Lucy Barry Robe and Patricia Barry Baker; two sons, Herbert Barry III '48 and Robert Manning; a brother, Stuvesant Barry '28; and five grandchildren, including F. Godfrey Baker '82.

1916—Blake Leigh Lawrence
died at his home in Charlotte, Vermont, on June 23, 1986. He was the son of Anna C. White Lawrence and George Franchlyn Lawrence and was born in New York City on February 25, 1898. He prepared for St. Paul's at the Short Hills (New Jersey) School and entered the III Form in 1912. In his VI Form year he was a member of the executive committee of the Missionary Society, an assistant editor of the Horae Scholasticae, a member of the Scientific Association, and a second lieutenant in the School Military Company. He played on the Delphian first football and hockey teams and was selected for the School football team.

In World War I he first drove an American Field Service ambulance in the Vosges Mountains and at the battle of Verdun. He was later commissioned a second lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade of the British Army. In World War II he served in the U.S. Navy from April 1942 until October 1945. He was officer-in-charge, Advanced Intelligence Center North Pacific Area, during the Aleutians campaign; and executive officer, Air Office of the Commander of the 12th Fleet, in England. He was awarded the Legion of Merit and the Commendation Ribbon and left the service as a commander.

He received his degree from Yale in 1920 and studied also at Oxford University. For forty years he was a partner in the family-owned New York textile importing concern of Folkard and Lawrence.

He leaves his wife, Sheila Burden Lawrence; two daughters, Adele L. Auchindoss and Susan L. Winchester; a brother, John T. Lawrence; and six grandchildren.

1919—Louis Faugeres Bishop
died in his Manhattan home on June 1, 1986, at the age of eighty-five. He was the son of Charlotte Dater Bishop and Louis Faugeres Bishop, M.D. (SPS 1881), born in and a lifelong resident of New York City and a major figure in its medical world, following in the footsteps of his father, one of America's first heart specialists.

He was educated at St. Bernard's School and entered St. Paul's as a I Former in 1913, leaving at the end of his V Form year to enter Yale, from which he graduated in 1921. He received his M.D. degree from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University in 1925 and interned at Bellevue Hospital 1926-1928. He maintained a private practice in clinical cardiology until his death.

During his long career he was on the staff of and consultant to many of the New York area hospitals and clinics and involved in many national and world medical organizations. He was president of the American College of Cardiology 1960-1961 and a founder of the American College of Sports Medicine, of which he was president 1958-1959. He lectured internationally and in 1964 received the Theodore and Susan Cummings Humanitarian Award from the American College of Cardiology for his work.

He was a corporal in the Student Army Training Corps at Yale in 1918 and served in the U.S. Army Medical Corps 1942-1946, leaving the service as a lieutenant colonel. He was designated a U.S. Air Force flight surgeon in 1949.


He leaves his wife, Kathleen Sinclair Bishop, whom he married on June 17, 1925; three daughters, Kathleen Anne Cannon, Barbara Bartle, Mary Millsapgh; seven grandchildren, including Christopher Hall Bartle '70; and three great-grandchildren. His son, Louis F. Bishop III '52, died in 1982.

1919—
Richard Milford Blatchford Potter
died on June 9, 1986, after a long illness. He was the son of Emily Havemeyer Potter and Edward Clarkson Potter (SPS 1879), who was born on September 2, 1900, in Westchester, New York, and lived most of his life in Glen Cove, New York. He was preceded at St. Paul's by his four brothers: Edward C. Potter '03, Thomas W. Potter '09, Theodore H. Potter '12, and Charles R. Potter '15. In 1913 he entered School, where he was a member of the Concordian Literary Society and the Dance Committee. He played on the Isthmian first football team for two years, and in his VI Form year was also a member of the SPS football team, the Isthmian first hockey team, the Isthmian squash team, the SPS hockey team, and the SPS tennis team.

He was a purchasing agent for the General Bronze Corporation in Long Island City, New York. During World War II he
served in the United States Army Air Force from November 1942 to December 1944.

He leaves his wife, the former Sylvia A. Lathrop, of Somerset, Massachusetts, whom he married on February 4, 1950; a daughter, Adele Potter Bradley; a stepdaughter, Sylvia L. Van Sloun; a son, Clifford B. Potter; three sisters, Dorothy Coogan, Julia Kaeche, Eleanor Harris; and six grandchildren.

1922—Holland Potter
died in Naples, Florida, on April 9, 1986. Born in St. Louis, Missouri, on March 21, 1904, he was the son of Amy Holland Potter and Clarkson Potter '97 and the brother of the late John Clarkson Potter '26. He entered St. Paul's as a IV Former in 1919 and was a member of the Class of 1926 at Yale. After college he spent some time as a chemist on a sugar plantation in Cuba, then worked as an assistant producer for Twentieth Century-Fox studios in Hollywood, where he gave Xavier Cugat his start and shared living quarters with John Wayne. He worked also for the Canal Bank in New Orleans and later owned and managed farms in Middleburg, Virginia, during World War II and after 1945 in Centreville, Maryland. An active outdoorsman, he was an outstanding shot who enjoyed quail and duck shooting. He also engaged in tarpon and bonefish fishing in Florida, sailing his schooner Liat south in the winter.

Survivors include his wife, Virginia Bartlett Potter, whom he married December 19, 1931; a son, William Bartlett Potter; a granddaughter, Simone Robert Potter; a grandson, William Bartlett Potter, Jr.; a sister, Nora Potter Krech; and two nephews, Clarkson Potter '52 and John Davis Potter '62.

1923—Francis Cabeen Lea
died on May 15, 1896, in Bisbee, Arizona, where he had lived since 1858. He was the son of Belknap Lyons Lea and Langdon Lea '92 and was born on September 16, 1904, in Charlottesville, Virginia. He entered St. Paul's as a III Former in 1919. In his VI Form year he was a saxophone player in the Rubber Band, a member of the Cademean Literary Society and the Dramatic Association, secretary of the Athletic Association, and secretary and treasurer of the Delphian Club.

An outstanding athlete, in his VI Form year he was on the Delphian first football, hockey, and baseball teams and the Delphian track team, and on the SPS football and hockey teams. He won the Robbins Challenge Cup for the senior running high jump in 1923, the Harrison Cup for the senior pole vault in 1923, and he won the shot put at the 1923 Anniversary track meet. He was awarded the Gordon Medal, the first of three Lea brothers to win it (the others are Langdon Lea, Jr. '28 and Gilbert Lea '32). He was a member of the Class of 1927 at Princeton, where he excelled at football, and later attended art schools in Philadelphia. He was a story illustrator and cover artist for such magazines as The Saturday Evening Post and Country Gentleman and worked for a number of advertising agencies. For health reasons he moved to Douglas, Arizona, in 1946. He retired as chief illustrator for the Department of Defense at Fort Huachuca, Arizona, in 1974.

Survivors include his wife, Edith Whittmer Lea; three daughters, Nancy Lea Flynn, Virginia Lea, Barbara Dickey; a son, John Lea; three stepchildren, Raymond Beatle, Janet Williams, Fae Kettering; a sister, Mary Page; his brothers; and two nephews, Gilbert Lea, Jr. '61 and Thomas Nalle Lea '66.

1929—Isaac Harter, Jr.
died suddenly of a heart attack at his home on August 14, 1986. He was seventy-six. He had been a resident of Nantucket since 1967, moving there from Beaver, Pennsylvania, where he had lived for nearly forty years. He was the son of Elizabeth F. Harter and Isaac Harter '97 and was born in Barberton, Ohio. He entered St. Paul's as a I Former in 1923. In his VI Form year he was vice president of the Missionary Society, second vice president of the Scientific Association, and field marshal of the Athletic Association. He was a member of the Old Hundred first football team and the SPS football team, captain of the Halcyon boat club and the Halcyon first crew, and a member of the SPS crew.

A graduate of Harvard, he was associated for thirty-seven years with the Babcock and Willcox Tube Company, Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania. He served for several years as a Councilman for the town of Beaver. In Nantucket he was involved in a variety of church, civic, and sailing activities.

He is survived by his wife, Jane Fay Harter; a daughter, Mary Jane Smith; two sons, Isaac Harter III '53 and Michael Fay Harter '55; and seven grandchildren.

1930—Edward E. Mills
president of the Form of 1930, died at his home in Lakeville, Connecticut, on April 25, 1986. He was born in Woodmere, New York, on November 25, 1911, the son of Marion Partridge Mills and Edward Shorney Mills, and entered St. Paul's as a II Former in 1925. In his VI Form year he was a Cruciger, a member of the Missionary Society, the Cadmean Literary Society, the Library Association, the Choir, the Glee Club, the Scientific Association, the Forestry Club, Le Cercle François, the Dance Committee, the Yearbook Committee, and a member of the executive committee of the Athletic Association. He was a member of the Isthmian first football and hockey teams and captain of the SPS hockey team; he was captain of the Shattuck Boat Club and rowed on the Shattuck first crew. As a V Former he received the Frazier Prize for distinction jointly in scholarship and athletics and graduated magna cum laude.

In 1934 he graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Yale, where he played varsity hockey and sang with the Yale Glee Club and the Whiffenpoofs; in February 1986 he sang baritone in the Yale Glee Club's 125th anniversary reunion concert. He served as a governor of the Yale University Press 1954-1969. During World War II he served as an intelligence officer in the U. S. Army.

He retired in 1969 as executive vice president of the David McKay Publishing Company in New York City; he had been vice president of the New York office of the British publishing firm of Longmans, Green. He was a director of the Housatonic Audubon Society in Connecticut and in April 1986 received an award for meritorious service, including organizing the annual bird-a-thon. He spent his summers on an island in the St. Lawrence River, where he enjoyed sailing and any form of boating.

He leaves his wife, Julie Chapman Mills; a daughter, Cary Mills O'Brien; three sons, Edward Shorney Mills II, Peter Westbrook Mills, Jonathan Quimby Mills; and two brothers, George Partridge Mills '28 and Charles James Mills '32.

1931—Henry Yool
died in England on March 31, 1986, at the age of seventy-three. He had battled courageously against cancer for a number of years. He was the son of Marjorie Yool and Lieutenant Colonel George Alexander Yool and was born in Litchfield, Staffordshire, on May 9, 1912. He attended Radley College, from which he came to St. Paul's in 1929 as an English Speaking Union Scholarship student. He was a member of the Scientific Association.

He returned to England after graduating and attended Trinity College, Cambridge, receiving his degree in 1935. At Cambridge
he took up shooting and in 1937 and 1947 was a member of the British Team in World Shooting Championships. Over the years he held several county championships and was involved in several rifle associations. Before and after World War II he was a teacher of science in preparatory schools and retired in 1972 after twenty-seven years at Allhallows School, Rousdon, Devon.

He was in the British Army 1940-1946 and was involved in the development of radar and served as an instructor at Number 2 AA Command Radar School.

He is survived by his wife, Joan Mary Cresswell Green Yool, whom he married on December 18, 1948; and a son, Nicholas Alexander Yool.

1932—Oscar Menderson Schloss, Jr. of Southold, New York, died on March 2, 1986, at Sloan Kettering Memorial Hospital in New York City while valiantly struggling to win a battle against a throat tumor, diagnosed in September 1985. As a patient in a new study program of chemotherapy and radiation at Memorial Hospital which began in October 1985, he was living in Manhattan during that time.

He was born on September 24, 1913, the son of Rowena Farmer Schloss and Oscar Menderson Schloss, M.D. He prepared at St. Bernard’s School and entered the II Form in 1927. He was a member of the Cadman Literary Society, the Scientific Association, the Chess Club, and the Radio Club. He received his diploma cum laude and graduated from Harvard in 1936. He retired in 1975 as president of WWSW Radio, Inc., in Pittsburgh. A concerned environmentalist, he served on the board of the North Fork Environmental Council in Southold.

Survivors include his wife, Elizabeth Robinson Schloss, whom he married in 1965; a daughter, Joan; and a son, Peter.

1933—John Middleton of Avon, Connecticut, vice president of the Form of 1933, died August 6, 1986, in the Adirondacks while on a fishing trip. He was the son of Dorothy Hussey Middleton and Arthur H. Middleton and was born in Louisville, Kentucky, on July 9, 1914. He prepared for St. Paul’s at St. Bernard’s School in New York and entered in 1928 as a II former. As a VI former he was a member of the Library Association and the Concordian Literary Society, secretary of the Forestry Club, and a member of the executive committee of the Athletic Association. He played on the Old Hundred first football, hockey, and baseball teams and was a member of the School football and hockey teams. He won the McAlpin Cup for the 120-yards high hurdles in 1933.

A graduate of Yale in 1937, he was a retired insurance company executive and had been president and director of Covenant Insurance Group and president and director of Alamos Corporation of San Francisco. During World War II he served with the U.S. Marine Corps from January 1942 until November 1945. He was a rifle platoon leader with the 4th Marine Division in landings on KwaJalein and Saipan and a rifle company commander in the landing on Tinian; he left the service as a captain.

Survivors include his wife, Ruth Comstock Middleton, whom he married on January 14, 1950; a daughter, Holly Middleton Hopper; three sons, John Middleton III, Christopher Middleton, and David Middleton; and five grandchildren.

1938—Maxwell Evarts a resident of Mount Kisco, New York, since 1952, died on July 29, 1986. He was born in Boston on January 6, 1921, the son of Katharine Avery Morgan Evarts and Jeremiah Maxwell Evarts ’13 and entered School as a II former. He was a ranking scholar, a member of the record committee, the Concordian Literary Society, and the Scientific Association. He received his diploma cum laude and graduated from Harvard in 1942, having served in the U.S. Navy V-7 program 1940-1941. He received his LL.B. degree from Columbia in 1946 and practiced law before becoming an investment advisor with Dominick Management Corporation.

He was a board member of the Bedford-Rippowam School in the late Sixties and early Seventies and also a board member of the Harvey School, where he was a leader in building the Harvey School skating rink.

He leaves his wife, Josephine C. Harrison Evarts, whom he married June 22, 1950; two daughters, Jane R. Evarts and Emily R. Vaughan; three sons, James Maxwell Evarts ’70, Thomas W. M. Evarts, John R. H. Evarts; his mother; a brother, Jasper Morgan Evarts ’52; three sisters; and two grandchildren.

1942—Malcolm David Stevenson of John’s Island, South Carolina, died near Union, Pennsylvania, on April 28, 1986, when his glider collided in midair with another glider. The son of Maude Van Renssler Arden Stevenson and Malcolm Stevenson, he was born on March 10, 1923, in Old Westbury, New York, and prepared for St. Paul’s at Green Vale School. He was co-head editor of the Pictorial. He was a graduate of Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, New Jersey, and the Spartan School of Aeronautics, Tulsa, Oklahoma. During World War II he served with the USAAF from January 1943 to November 1945 and was a navigator with the 494th Troop Carrier Group in Normandy, Northern France, Rhineland, Ardennes, and Central Europe. He received the Air Medal with two Oak Leaf Clusters.

For many years Mr. Stevenson was one of the foremost glider pilots in this country. He established a distance record of 1,000 kilometers in the 1970s. He explored waves systems in the Rockies and flew long exploratory flights from New Mexico to Colorado. One of his last accomplishments was a world altitude and altitude gain record for motor gliders in the Mount Washington (New Hampshire) wave.

Survivors include his wife, Ruth Bowling Stevenson; a daughter, Elisabeth S. Scobie; three sons, Malcolm David Stevenson, John Philip Stevenson, Leslie Kennedy Stevenson; and a sister, Maude K. Stevenson.

FORMER FACULTY

Ladd MacMillan a master from 1942 to 1948, died at his home in Danbury, Massachusetts, on September 4, 1986. He was seventy-five. He was born in San Antonio, Texas, attended Milton (Massachusetts) Academy, and graduated from Harvard in 1935. After a year working for IBM, he taught mathematics at Milton until 1942. He left St. Paul’s to join the faculty of Hebron Academy in Maine, where he became the head of the mathematics department, and he was later director of admissions of St. Mark’s School, Southborough, Massachusetts, from which he retired in 1973. He then became the director of the education department and curator of the arts and crafts building at the Heritage Plantation in Sandwich, Massachusetts. A longtime summer resident of Duxbury, he settled there after his retirement from St. Mark’s.

He was an authority and frequent lecturer on Currier and Ives prints, the co-author of A Guide to Collecting Currier and Ives, and he and his collection were the subject of a public broadcasting television documentary on Currier and Ives. He was a member of the Duxbury Historical Society, the Duxbury Yacht Club, and an usher at St. John’s Church.

He leaves his wife, Margery Jones MacMillan; two daughters, Margery Hamlen and Susan Arentsberg; a sister, Louise M. Bates; and five grandchildren.
St. Paul's School Calendar
1987

JANUARY 7
   Wednesday
   Winter Term begins, 6 p.m.

FEBRUARY 6-9
   Friday to Monday
   Mid-winter Recess

FEBRUARY 14
   Saturday
   Parents Committee Meeting

MARCH 11
   Wednesday
   Spring Vacation begins,
   6:30 a.m.

APRIL 1
   Wednesday
   Spring Term begins, 6 p.m.

MAY 29-31
   Friday to Sunday
   131st Anniversary

MAY 31
   Sunday
   Graduation of the Form of 1987

JUNE 6
   Saturday
   Spring Term ends, 6:30 a.m.

JUNE 21
   Sunday
   30th Advanced Studies Program begins

AUGUST 1
   Saturday
   Advanced Studies Program ends

Alumni Horae
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