

10th Reunion of 1970

quickly filling in the details of our lives since we had last met. Some sober moments, and many juvenile ones, combined for a weekend in which, I think, all of us were glad to have joined.

For most of us, the weekend began on Friday as we arrived directly at school or got together with close friends before making the trip to Concord. On Friday night we gathered in our motel rooms and at the motel bar until, much to our dismay, it closed at 12:00 a.m. So then it was off to "Chucks (Piz)Za," or so we thought, but it was nowhere to be found on Main Street! (Fortunately, our mourning of the passing of such a venerable institution was premature, for we discovered the next morning that Chuck's had since removed to a remodeled city jail.) For several of us the evening was concluded with an early morning drive through the campus, and an ego-boosting rendezvous with the campus police — who mistook us for Sixth Formers!

Saturday was filled with the traditional graduation and reunion weekend activities: the alumni parade, lunch in the cage, the boat races and the Flagpole Ceremonies. But for the Form of 1970, the highlights still remained. First, and foremost, an exciting stickball contest on the site of the Old Lower which, with the beautiful (and, in too many cases, formidable) addition

of women friends and spouses, reminded us all too poignantly of one of the important ways in which the School has changed since 1970. Our day was concluded with a relaxed buffet dinner at the New Hampshire Highway Hotel — highlighted by the storytelling efforts of Chris Phillips, Randy Honea, and our waiter, and numerous small gatherings that trailed on well into the early hours of the morning. For a certain few (who will of course go nameless) there was even time to fit in a little moonlight swim at Turkey Pond.

Behind all of this, as a backdrop, there was, of course, the School. Unlike us, who seemed to have changed so little superficially, there have been many visible changes throughout the campus: from the new Tuck Shop and the magnificent new dance and theatre buildings to the substitution of a new composition surface in the cage (how will they ever build character by eliminating the dust?) and, of course, the most visible change — the addition of women. And yet, in a more subtle way the School was still the same. The essential goodness and character of the inhabitants was still there; but now allowed to be expressed and seen more freely. The School was, for most of us, I think, still the same old place, and yet better.

Peter F. Culver '70

Walking from Memorial Hall to the flagpole in the parade of reunion forms, a classmate turned to me and said, "You know, Peter, everyone still looks the same."

And he was right. Looking around, a few of us had filled out a bit, a few looked a little thinner, there was a new moustache or beard here and there (and a lot less hair on quite a few!), but most of us looked remarkably similar to those students of the Form of 1970 who left the school on a weekend ten years ago.

Not that all of us hadn't changed in many different and important ways since our graduation from St. Paul's. But all of those I saw at reunion exuded the youthful enthusiasm of a group that retained, in large measure, the idealism fostered a decade ago. And so, how easily we fell into old ways — quickly reviving the old friendships and reliving old escapades, and not so



(l to r) Front row: G. C. Burgwin, E. R. Dick, III, C. K. Gowen, C. D. Charles, W. C. Craumer, C. R. Phillips, S. W. Johnson. 2nd row: W. T. Glidden Jr., S. G. Hunt, J. S. Hogg, C. C. Karsten, D. F. Lippincott III, W. H. Stewart, A. McC. Stewart. Back row: C. H. Wagner, P. F. Culver, P. H. Blair Jr., R. J. Abrams, C. Read, A. Houghton III, T. A. Bedford, N. G. Host, L. L. Stanton III.