

DEXTER K. STRONG

Footnotes from the Headmaster

LAKESIDE SCHOOL 1951-1969

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To Helen



DEXTER K. STRONG

1907-1985

FOREWORD

THESE footnotes from the Lakeside headmaster's office of the 1950S and 1960s began to take shape in my mind during an attempt, a dozen years after retirement, to put in order a cellar storeroom at our home in Hansville. The process of sorting and chucking unearthed writing from those active years that I had forgotten: crises, hopes, teachers, embarrassments, failures, boys, experiments, satisfactions. Further rummaging led to notes for reports to trustees, even letters written to my Portland family that provided some unofficial slants. Nudged by an old man's urge to reminisce, I began to write.

The result, it should be clear, is incidental, not historical in the formal sense. Its approach is personal, not institutional. It is the memoir of a Lakeside headmaster who had the good fortune from 1951 to 1969 to hold that office.

I am grateful to those who have helped in this project. Daughter and son-in-law, Joan and Tom Buell, have contributed constructively throughout. Willard Wright has encouraged me from the beginning and has offered to help arrange with the school whatever use they want to make of the final product. Friends like Lynn McCuskey, Dan Morris and Bill Dougall have let me check out with them an occasional recollection just to make sure I was not too far off the mark. Then as production began to fall behind schedule, David Gardiner Davis not only rallied some dictating equipment and expert secretarial help but agreed to guide this project through publication.

Anyone who knows my wife Helen will sense the patience, understanding, and support she put into this book. Anyone who knew us well at Lakeside School in the 1950S and 1960s already knows that I could not have done that job without her.

Dexter K. Strong

The Prospect of Whidbey

Hansville, Washington

June 9, 1985

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Footnotes from the Headmaster

INTRODUCTION

D E X T E R K. S T R O N G served as Headmaster of the Lakeside School, Seattle, for eighteen years (from 1951 to 1969). He was the "dean" of independent education in the Pacific Northwest and, indeed, nationally recognized as the first Chairman of the Commission on Educational Issues (1973-1978) and as Board Director of the National Association of Independent Schools (1962-1966) and the College Entrance Examination Board (1962-1965) among other prestigious educational institutions.

Readers should be reminded of two salient features in Dexter's life that add to the flavor and value of this volume. First, he was the product of a rare combination of East and West in his educational enrichment. Second, he was also the product of a lineage which contributed to building the Pacific Northwest for over 136 years.

Mr. Strong attended primary and secondary schools in Portland, Oregon, and then Thacher School in Ojai, California, where he was both a student and then subsequently a teacher. He acquired a New England flavor as a student for four years at Williams College in Massachusetts and later as a teacher and headmaster at Pomfret School in Connecticut. Finally, he acquired some of the old world culture when he studied modern history at the London School of Economics in England.

All of this great mix of cultures was built on the robust roots of four generations of illustrious forebears in the Pacific Northwest. Mr. Strong's great-grandfather, Justice William Strong, was the first justice appointed in 1849 by the President of the United States to serve on the Supreme Court of the then Oregon Territory. In 1854 he was one of the principal draftsmen of the laws governing the then Washington Territory. Mr. Strong's grandfather, Dr. Curtis Clark Strong, was born in Portland, Oregon, and became a physician of considerable renown in that city. Mr. Strong's father, Frederick H. Strong, was also born in Portland and contributed immensely to the community as a cultural leader and a successful businessman. And, of course, Dexter himself was born in Portland and was the beneficiary of this rich family cultural heritage which, combined with his studies here and abroad, produced a "renaissance man" of the Pacific Northwest.

The purpose of publishing this volume is to keep alive the spirit of Dexter K. Strong. Although he was a man of action and decision, much of this spirit can be found in his words - his grace, wit, fairness, concern for others, sense of perspective and tolerance. His writing is understated in that he never boasts of his significant achievements. Typically, he puts himself in the background. Yet the voice of "D.K.S." resonates throughout the volume, speaking with his characteristic concern for the improvement and growth of others.

The usefulness of this book is that it gives the reader a glimpse of how this remarkable schoolman was able to create and hold a top-notch faculty of talented, diverse educators. He was a rare and great leader-a man who knew his own mind, yet who appreciated and supported, with tolerance and good will, the varied styles of those who worked with him.

For those of you who enjoyed Dexter Strong's superb essay on growing old gracefully ("71 and Counting," *Puget Soundings*, May 1980) and his fascinating history of hair styles ("Hair: The Long and the Short of It," *Seattle Magazine*, October 1967), *Footnotes from the Headmaster* will be a rich treat. It provides some vibrant pictures of school life from the points of view of students, faculty, trustees and headmaster and reveals his thoughtful altruism and kindness.

Mr. Strong had been working on *Footnotes* for a number of years. In the past 12 months he had given it almost undivided attention. When he learned that his days were numbered, he managed to complete the manuscript in time to give it to Lakeside School shortly before his death on July 30, 1985.

For this and for all of the years that Dexter Strong gave to us, we shall be eternally grateful.

Willard J. Wright
Seattle
September 1985

Mr. Wright served as President of the Lakeside School Board of Trustees from September 1951 to September 1955, during Mr. Strong's first four years as Headmaster at Lakeside.

Transcontinental Encounters

O U R decision in 1951 to leave Pomfret School in northeastern Connecticut and come to Lakeside School in northwestern Washington stirred various reactions at the point of departure. Friends were sorry to have us move 3000 miles away. Natural enough. We were sorry to leave them. Then there was a hassle about a successor. Unfortunate but all too common in independent schools.

I was not prepared, however, for misunderstanding on the part of persons who should have known better. A neighboring headmaster, at the time secretary of the Headmasters' Association, was ready to move me from active to honorary membership on the grounds that because of the transcontinental distance, I would "of course" be unable to meet the requirement of regular attendance at the annual session in Rye, New York. Another colleague, head of one of New England's most prestigious small boarding schools, wrote a condolence note: "I'm sure you'll tell me all about it some day." His assumption was that I had been fired. After all, no one in his circle would leave New England for the hinterland voluntarily. Cutting through such parochial fog and bringing a little light to these men was thoroughly satisfying.

Not so easy to take was the attitude of a Pomfret Junior who had spent his two previous years at Seattle's Roosevelt High School. "Lakeside!" he said, bewildered by the news, "a good school for bad boys." A canard based on ignorance, that I knew, but I also knew that his attitude was common among Seattle high schoolers.

In fact our move, or something like it, had been in our cards for a long time. Like my father, grandfather and great-grandfather, I was an Oregonian. Helen, my wife, had come from Concord, Massachusetts, but she had plenty of western warning.

Back in the spring of 1929 we had discussed - on a daydreaming date - the

distance between our native heaths. She was at Smith College, I at Williams, both of us seniors. I had just landed my first teaching job at Thacher in California. We were not even engaged yet, but she knew then that if she married me, she would probably end up in the West. Happily she did not seem to mind. By 1951 both her experience at Thacher and many Oregon summers had whetted her geographical appetite.

In the spring of 1929 I completed a round of visits to Deerfield, Groton, Milton, and Taft to learn something about the profession I was entering. Introductions from Mr. Thacher, my former headmaster and soon to be my boss, had opened doors so that I could talk with the likes of Dr. Frank Boyden and the Reverend Endicott Peabody. According to an April letter home, these men had great respect for Mr. Thacher and thought of his school as the only one in the far West with national standing. My report to the family of that opinion was followed by the crowing of a blatantly cocky young rooster: "Just wait about twenty years!" Even then the idea of heading up a school in the West was in my mind.

Except for the early teaching experience at Thacher, we took longer than that to reach the West Coast professionally. With some graduate work in London accomplished, we had ideas about starting a boarding school in the Hood River Valley, close to the northeast slopes of Mount Hood. There horses and pack-trips and the newly popular sport of skiing could be part of the boys' lives. This kind of thing has fancy names now, "wilderness programs" and "experiential education," but the concept is not new. That conservative old New Englander, Sherman Thacher, saw the possibilities from the day he founded his school in 1889 and made the most of them. We needed some eastern experience first, however, and took a Pomfret teaching job, planning to stay just a few years. In the end we stayed nineteen, nine of them as head, and the thought of founding a school faded. In some ways, though, a chance to return to the Northwest was the fulfillment of the old dream.

It was on October 5, 1950, that Robert Simeon Adams, Lakeside's headmaster since 1934, died suddenly of a heart attack. Unfortunately for me I never knew Mr. Adams and, because of the interregnum of acting-headmaster Jean Lambert, have always felt that I never had direct knowledge of Mr. Adams's school. In any case, I soon found that I was being considered as his successor.

Since retirement in 1969, I have helped with a number of head-hunts, working with search committees as one of the hunters. Now I am reminded by letters to my Portland family, and by some working notes taken at the time, what it is like to be one of the hunted and what it is like to wonder at times whether indeed one is being hunted at all. On November 6, 1950, I wrote:

The Lakeside business has been warming up on a back burner. I was leaving the [Pomfret] faculty room after lunch when a boy brought in a man named Clise (rhymes with ice) who asked if he could see me for a few minutes. I sat down with him right there in the Main House front hall to see what he wanted. When he identified himself as a Lakeside trustee, I decided we'd better shift our locale and we went off to the house.

Clise had a 4 p.m. appointment in New Haven to interview a candidate - it was almost 2:00 then - so he just gave me a thumbnail sketch, said Helen and I were already being favorably considered, and asked if we'd be interested. I told him we had a good job rolling now and had no particular desire to leave Pomfret. I added that the Northwest had always appealed to us and we would be interested in exploring the situation further.

The thermometer was over eighty degrees and Mr. C. was in a three-piece suit, but despite the heat and the rush, he was direct and clear. He is obviously interested in Lakeside and has an eager gleam in his eye. I liked him.

(At the time, Helen and I were about to start off on a trip through the South and Midwest to visit Pomfret alumni and look for new students.)

Clise hinted around about our coming out to have a look on this trip (I said No) or at Thanksgiving, but he didn't say anything about paying for it. I said I'd think about it. Between the end of Pomfret's fall term and Christmas, I came out to Seattle for a mutual inspection. The Northwest Airlines flight improved on covered-wagon time, even on traintime, but was still arduous. Its DC-4 left La Guardia at nine o'clock one evening. After twenty-one and a half hours of propeller-driven hedgehopping, with stops at Detroit, Great Falls and Spokane, I arrived at Seattle's new Bow Lake airport at 3:30 the next afternoon. Though comatose and bedraggled, I was hustled into immediate action. Only next day could I begin to make notes.

3:30	Arrive at airport. Met by Mr. Clise.
4:30	Informal meeting Mr. Clise's house. Met:
	Baillargeon Lester Lewis (son's
	Leo Black wedding)
	Joshua Green, J r. William Calvert
	Ray Venables (pneumonia)

Wm. O. McKay	John Davis (Milton,
Tom Youell	Harvard)
Pelly (Pres. C. of C.)	
Rolfe (young)	

(Whether the comments in that second column are for purposes of identification or to explain absences is not clear. Junie Calvert did recover from his pneumonia.)

6:30 Ceibert Baillargeon's for dinner with Venables, Willard Wright, John Davis (all on selection committee). Some talk about a democratic school. They had no questions and I was too sleepy.

(What understatement! At least once in that august company I dozed off.)

Monday, Dec. 18

A.M.	Saw Lucie and Steve [Bayne - friends since our college days]. Comparison with their decision: N. Y. vs. job to be done.
12 :00	Luncheon - Rainier Club - Venables and Wright. Talked faculty salary scale, faculty contracts (now signed by Board), faculty perquisites, business management, budget. Had faculty dossiers before lunch. Question of building up boarding department.
P.M.	Visited school. Lambert - cold, strained greeting but he warmed up. Impressions pro: good school building, chapel, refectory, adequate gym, dorm OK, boys looked pleasant and OK. Impressions contra: locked rooms including "library" which was a cell, crowded day ending at 4, only fifteen minutes for club and class meetings. No music, no dramatics, no shops, supervised study-hall. In dorm Lambert didn't knock on boys' doors before entering. Cordially greeted by Hamilton, Hammond, Parrington, and others. Petition. [This refers to a faculty request for the appointment of Jean Lambert as head.]
EVE.	Dinner at University Club - Dr. Walter Moore, Baillargeon, Clise, Davis, Youell. Talked chickens, self-reliance, and freedom (they seemed to approve), college admissions.

(Later I was to learn that Dr. Moore, besides being a superb one-man nominating committee for the trustees, was a subtle expert at raising money. At the time, I had discovered only that he raised chickens.)

Tuesday, Dec. 19

- 10:30 Called on Dr. Ray Allen, Pres. of UW. He agrees basic loyalty of Seattle's teenagers is to their high schools but sees real need for a Lakeside. Senses no antipathy from state education authorities.
- 12:00 Lunch with Leo Black. Sensitive, understanding man. Talked with him about faculty, how anxious about Lambert, developing self-discipline in boys, enrollment of minorities.
- 3:30 Called on Mr. Parsons, one of founders.
- 6:15 Dinner with Mr. Clise. Salary, expenses, etc. Got strong assurance from him, as from others, that I could have a free hand, and would have generous and loyal support.
- 9:30 Steve and Lucie Bayne. Back east you could turn anywhere and touch hands with others who felt the same. Not so out here -lonely! But a thrill.
- 1: 30 Left for Portland by train.

During a two-day stopover in Portland, discussion reflected everything from my parents' objective thinking to the wild-eyed declaration of two eastern-oriented aunts that if I were offered this job and took it, I could be compared with Albert Schweitzer. They were so pleased with this notion that "they began referring to the school as Lambarene.

My own summary, written in flight on December 22: "The NW would have to be sold on the private school idea as well as on Lakeside."

During the holidays Helen and I pondered the possibilities, professional and personal. Then it just grew on us as we came back from New Year's weekend in Cooperstown that a conclusion was being reached. We made our decision.

I called Mr. Clise, then put all my cards on the table in a letter that still reads fairly well. Time proved me wrong in hoping to build up the boarding department and in thinking that a religious program centered in the new chapel could become an effective educational force. But I knew that the heart of a school was good teaching and that an atmosphere of trust and mutual respect could help boys to become self-reliant, responsible, creative men. I outlined what I considered the division of responsibility between board and head, pointed to such obvious needs as a library, and stated my opinion that it was time for independent schools to enroll blacks (the word then was

"negroes"), a move for which Pomfret, in the eyes of its board, was not ready.

That was my platform and I thought it was pretty good stuff but it elicited nothing. "Not a peep out of Seattle," I wrote on January 10. "I don't know how let down we'll be if this doesn't come through. We still think we've made the right decision." A pleasant but non-committal letter finally arrived from Charlie Clise. Another letter to family reveals:

I called him up and found out forthwith that a guy named Harper - he's been running a school in Quito, Ecuador - had been in Seattle. Clise emphasized what a delightful person he was and how fine his record. All this as a prelude to telling me that the committee had met and unanimously voted to ask us, provided salary could be worked out. Half an hour later, Venables, chairman of the selection committee, called back and said it all officially.

Lakesiders should know what they missed. Ashby Harper became the successful head of schools in St. Louis and Albuquerque, and in 1982, at the age of 65, while still a headmaster, became the oldest person ever to swim the English Channel.

Then a hitch developed. A confirming letter from Ray Venables made no mention of my platform letter. So I called him up, said we were considering the offer favorably, but had he read my letter to the selection committee? He had not, but when I insisted that all cards be on the table, said he would see that both the committee and the board were aware of its contents. Surviving trustees have differing opinions of this incident. One says portions of the letter were hidden from a few ultra-conservative trustees, another says my terms were fully understood. At any rate, in our efforts to attract blacks, the Board was fully supportive.

Announcements were made in both Pomfret and Seattle, and in March Helen and I were brought out for an intensive four days of entertainment, meetings, and official unveiling. We called on Mrs. Adams whose urgent advice was to persuade the trustees to do something about the furnace in the headmaster's house; I conferred individually with each of the eighteen faculty; we were cordially entertained. Finally, at the official reception in the gymnasium, Gail and Jean Lambert introduced each of the scores of people who came out of the crowd in a long, long line. As the party was breaking up, with the gym floor almost empty, Weth Collins, a friend from Thacher days, came drifting in. It was reassuring to see a familiar face.

Four months later, on July 9, 1951, after crossing the continent in a two-car caravan with our daughter Joan and her friend, Maria Josephy, we drove up to the empty headmaster's house. That night we camped out, cooking in the living room fireplace and spreading sleeping bags on a bedroom floor. Next morning the moving van, so heavy that it sank the brick walk six inches, arrived during breakfast. We began to settle in.

Initiation

O N E of my first problems during the summer of 1951 was trying to discover why Mr. Fred Bleakney, a teacher of English and philosophy, spent so much time in his classroom, up there in the southwest corner of Bliss Hall's second floor. The school operated no summer program of any kind. He had no official duties that I knew about. Perhaps, I thought, he was writing a book.

He would turn up at the office now and then, not to come in and sit down but to chat for a few minutes standing up. I was always delighted to see him, though I found his remarks so guarded and his questions so cryptic that at first I was not always sure what we were talking about. As soon as I caught on to his delightful style, I began to pick up all kinds of information about the school. And of course he was busy sizing me up. Occasionally he would bring in an alumnus who had just happened to drop by. At such times he would disappear after the introductions, presumably to his classroom to go on writing that book.

Years later it occurred to me that there had been no book in the works, that the supposedly accidental visits of those alumni had been carefully arranged by a master hand, that Mr. Bleakney had been standing by all summer in case the new head was smart enough to know that he needed some breaking in.

One alumnus who turned up in this way was a 1948 graduate who had just finished his junior year at Princeton. As on all such occasions, I made the most of a welcome opportunity, bringing myself up to date on his college, pumping him about his Lakeside experience, trying to find out where the school was strong, where it needed strengthening. Near the end, as we were talking about his plans and his family, I asked him what his father did. "He's the Governor," he said. Whether I had simply missed the

name Langlie during the introductions or was walking proof that I did indeed need breaking in is not clear. Perhaps both, certainly the latter.

Another teacher who had us on his mind was Veo Small. Like Fred Bleakney, Jean Lambert and George Logan, he was a Lakeside veteran. Like them he had helped the school through the depression by teaching at least one year for next-to-nothing by way of salary. He was always cheerful, ready to undertake any task assigned to him. As director of admissions he spent much of the summer on the road, beating the bushes for boarders, but he was on hand when we arrived and with his wife, Ethel, asked us for dinner our second or third night in Seattle.

We accepted with pleasure but over the telephone asked for directions.

"We're on Dorffel Drive. Do you know where that is?"

"No, I'm afraid not."

"Well, you know Lake Washington Boulevard."

"Sorry, we don't."

"All right. Then go to the Montlake Bridge..."

In due course the Montlake Bridge became a fixture by both land and sea, but in early July 1951 it was an unknown. Finally Veo started at East 145th Street and First Avenue Northeast (the school's official address at the time) and talked us to Dorffel Drive while I wrote it all out longhand. We were that green.

The school secretary, Bird Normann, was a rich source of information, both official and unofficial. She knew boys, teachers, parents, trustees, and many alumni. She could sketch them out in broad strokes or fine outline as the occasion demanded. The second person in the office, Eileen Campbell, who had just become Mrs. Claude Johnson, resigned that summer in favor of domestic life, though she returned some years later and was the senior person in the office until her retirement in the early seventies. At the time, Ruth Steffey took her place. Mrs. Norman and Mrs. Steffey between them took care of everything except the business office. They received visitors, handled the telephone, took dictation not only for the head but for the director of admissions, were registrars, mail clerks, and the only staff we had for development and alumni relations.

Next door, in another cubicle or two, was the business office, also boasting a staff of two. The business office had just been through a crisis, the climax coming at the time

of our introductory visit in March. The incumbent business manager had refused to pay the bill for the drinks served at the dinner, arranged by the trustees, at which the faculty entertained us in the refectory. The trustees won that one. In Cebert Baillargeon's ringing words, "If he won't, we'll find someone who will." I hope there were other marks against him because his prohibitionist stance alone could hardly have been reason to part company.

By the time we arrived, the business manager was Mrs. Robinson, who had come to us from the public school system. She was a specialist in purchasing but it was in that field that Tom Youell, the treasurer, later raised a question: how did I account for the school's frequent purchase of hose? If I had noticed such items as I signed checks to pay the monthly bills, their significance had escaped me. Surely they were too small to have anything to do with fire protection. If I thought about them at all, I assumed they were to improve our lawn-sprinkling. Inquiry revealed, however, that whenever Mrs. Robinson snagged a stocking on the battered rung of a refectory chair, she bought a new pair and charged the school. Tom and I suspended that perquisite, though in a way it was supported by logic. For Mrs. Robinson and her hose, those rungs were clearly an occupational hazard.

During that first summer there was time to enjoy aspects of the Northwest other than our new job. William O. Douglas's *Of Men and Mountains*, which we had read when it was published in 1950, had introduced us to the country east and southeast of Mount Rainier. Eager to see for ourselves, we prowled the foothills and found a man in Packwood, Howard Anderson, who would let us have packhorses and riding stock without going along as a guide. In August, Helen, Joan, and I made our first trip into the Goat Rocks, and during the following summers exploring the Cascades from Snowgrass Flats to the Cougar Lakes became the recreational equivalent of finding Dorffel Drive.

Opening

A S everyone in school work knows, New Year's Day is not January 1; it is the day school opens in September. Our official gambit at Lakeside was not an unqualified success. We asked the faculty and staff, with their spouses, for dinner. The party seemed

to go well. Old timers closed the summer's gap, newcomers met oldtimers, everybody said they had a good time. Helen and I went to bed hoping that the year was successfully begun.

We learned next morning, probably from the irrepressible Patricia Shirley who had helped Helen prepare the dinner, that some of our guests had been stricken in the night. Apparently our huge casserole of turkey tetrazzini, or parts of it, had turned poisonous at some point in the preparation. Not, we felt, the ideal way to inaugurate our new year.

The ailing recovered, however, and all teachers turned up in our living room for the first faculty meeting next morning. As they gathered, they were too polite to mention the events of the night, so I simply opened the meeting with a claim to fame: although I had known many headmasters ready to poison their faculties at the end of a depressing winter term, I was the first on record to manage the feat before opening the new year.

Other omens were more propitious. The enrollment of 194 boys was some kind of record, at least for opening day. Old hands were enthusiastic in welcoming the new teachers, Henry Thomsen and the three for whom I had been responsible: Jim Winter, Bob Shirley, and Tom Rupp. According to an October letter, "faculty meetings have gone well. They didn't have any last year after Mr. Adams's death, and they're surprised and pleased to be consulted on policy." Since teachers are unlikely to relish faculty meetings, this analysis was probably self-deception on my part. Still the teachers were generous in their cooperation and support. I was lucky.

Except that Gordon Hamilton and Keith Goldsmith had chosen not to return, the school may even have had a sense of continuity. Mr. Bleakney carried on Mr. Adams's course in philosophy; Mr. Lambert's math courses were as famously demanding as ever; Mr. Small handled admissions and transportation; Mr. Marx coached and directed the athletic program. A dozen others - experienced teachers like Vern Parrington, George Logan, Claude Johnson, Bill Eiseman, Ted Hammond, Paul Cantonwine, and Charlie Harris - continued to carry their loads, heavy loads, both in and out of the classroom.

Mr. McCuskey was only beginning to earn his reputation as the ubiquitous and omniscient Gray Ghost, but even he had a role model from the previous administration. Mr. Lambert had been the dorm master before him, and the story goes that four boarders,

filing south on First Avenue one night on an after-lights expedition, sensed that their tribe had increased. Sure enough, the fifth man back there in the dark was Mr. Lambert.

First Crisis

A S E N S E of continuity, of momentum, was just what Lakeside needed to help it through the change in administration. The school community had to learn the ways of the new head. I had to learn the faces and names of 194 boys and their parents, and to establish a productive relationship with them and with the teachers. A program had to be designed at once for the recently completed memorial chapel. The need for a library was urgent. Ahead lay the task of building up enrollment. At least, I thought, the faculty is all set.

Two blows soon knocked the wind out of that complacency. First, George Logan, veteran chemistry teacher and one of the best, to our sorrow and dismay, died soon after suffering an incapacitating stroke. Then Ted Hammond, an experienced and successful physics teacher, was called up by the Navy.

As if responding to these shocks, Bishop Bayne telephoned with word about a science teacher who might be available. Someone had seen in the paper the news of George Logan's death and had consulted his priest in hopes of an introduction. The priest, doing his best for a parishioner, had routed the matter via the bishop.

The candidate proved to be well qualified - Yale graduate, Ph.D., some teaching experience - but not eager. He had known one independent school as a student, another as a teacher, and neither experience had been happy. The industrial laboratory of which he was a part was folding under him, however, and perhaps he could help out. He did not actually say, "until something better turns up," but he gave that impression. He was a chemist but could he teach physics? (I had already made a temporary appointment in chemistry.) Yes, he had taught physics and could take Hammond's classes. After checking with a professional associate in the East whom we both knew, I signed him on for the balance of the year.

Three months later I reported in a letter, "The most exciting news of the week is that our new science man likes it and is coming back." His name was Daniel Luzon

Morris, teacher extraordinary, scientist-philosopher, author, friend, who enriched us all with everything from his example in the classroom and lab to his explanation of the fourth dimension. That such a man, sure when he came that he would not like it, had found the school a congenial place to work was a tribute to his colleagues and students. In 1951 it was also encouragement to the new head, still wondering as I was about the temper of the faculty I had inherited and the kind of scholastic spirit I could foster.

On one of the occasions honoring him when he retired thirty-two years later, Dan told me gleefully that a check of his records indicated that in 1951 he never had taught physics. No matter. He was good at it, and before long moved over into his preferred field of chemistry. Given the happy coincidence of Lakeside's need and Dan Morris's availability at that critical moment, and not forgetting the intercession of the Anglican hierarchy, I consider that early appointment a miracle.

The McKay Chapel

I N September of 1951, the two projects demanding immediate attention were a chapel that existed and a library that did not. Both had had their beginnings in Mr. Adams's administration. Each was now at a critical stage.

The chapel had risen from the death in World War II of Ted McKay, Lakeside class of '38, in South Pacific combat. Mr. and Mrs. McKay, after consultation with Leo Black and others, decided that a Lakeside chapel would be an appropriate memorial for their son, and the trustees had agreed. By the spring of 1951, the memorial concept had been expanded to embrace all thirteen Lakeside boys who had lost their lives in the war, the necessary funds had been raised, and the building had been completed, a fine example of the red-brick, Georgian style that characterized the campus.

This much was clear, but a newcomer found scant guidance as to what to do next. There had been no religious motivation in the school's founding. None of its heads had been men of the cloth. The weekly chapel, so-called, held in the study-hall, had been a typical school composite: a hymn, announcements, perhaps a reading or talk. We had even lost the Reverend Vincent Gowen who had taught at the school in the late 1940s until Bishop Bayne asked him to choose between Lakeside and his church assignment as vicar of St. Barnabas on Bainbridge Island. He chose St. Barnabas. Somehow the gap between the school's secular background and the new memorial had to be closed.

First came the October dedication. Dean McAllister of the Episcopal cathedral in Spokane - father of Charles McAllister, class of '38, who had been a close friend of Ted McKay and was, like Ted, a wartime casualty - spoke the words of dedication. With Dean McAllister were Rabbi Levine of Seattle's Temple de Hirsch and a lay speaker, Mr. Frank

Davison. We lacked even the beginnings of a choir, and the congregation was not familiar with the glorious Vaughan Williams version of "For All the Saints." Otherwise the service was impressive.

By a process of which I have no recollection whatsoever, we settled on a midweek religious service consisting of hymn, lesson, talk and prayers. The speaker was usually an invited visitor but might be the headmaster, a teacher, or a student. School announcements were relegated to assemblies held on other days in the study hall. We tried to reach boys of all faiths or no faith at all, to address both mind and spirit, to search out lasting values worth living by.

Our effort to be ecumenical met one crisp rebuff. Dr. Walter Moore, a good Catholic, took me to call on Archbishop Connolly to tell him about our hopes for the chapel and to enlist his interest if not his blessing. His first reaction was a sharp, "What do you want with a chapel?" He may have had something there, but his next remark knocked my wind out: "If you allow any Catholic boys to attend services in that chapel, I will forbid Catholic boys to enroll at Lakeside." We left as soon as courtesy permitted, abashed at the outcome of our mission. Later we invited the archbishop to dispatch a priest for Catholic instruction in a classroom during our services, and although we always gladly welcomed in the chapel anyone who chose to attend, we were never proscribed by the archdiocese.

The chapel was a focus of Lakeside's religious life for about a decade. Then we decided that we could better achieve the school's educational ends by secularizing the services, continuing to consider vital matters of character and spirit in special midweek assemblies without the hymns and prayers. From today's perspective, the change has some interest when compared with the experience of colleges and schools nationwide as they dealt with the issue of compulsory chapel. Most independent colleges had laid the matter to rest before World War II after decades of retreat from required attendance. Later many independent schools, even those with longstanding church traditions, eased their chapel attendance requirements. Many of these school changes came about during the restlessness of the late 1960s and as a result of student objections to the traditional requirements. In our case the religious requirements, mild in the first place, were abandoned in the early sixties not as the result of student complaint but because

administration and faculty were seeking more effective ways to help Lakesiders become concerned and caring men.

On one point I am reasonably sure: At certain times and on special occasions, the chapel services were an effective and affective influence on the young. On November 11, for example, when we remembered by name the alumni commemorated by the chapel, the current Lakesiders, though few remembered World War II and none anticipated Viet Nam, learned something about the meaning of sacrifice and thought soberly about the ideal of peace. A simple Christmas service, in those days essentially religious, drew boys and their families in such numbers that we had to provide two services to accommodate all comers. During the weeks before Easter and Passover we read the dramatic story of Jesus facing his accusers and meeting victoriously the climactic crisis of his life. At the baccalaureate service, the lesson was always from the second chapter of Proverbs: "Keep sound wisdom and understanding, these two, and thy feet shall not stumble," and our prayers on that day, I hope, meant something to the seniors and their families.

Even after the secularization of the chapel had begun, we fell naturally into the religious spirit and mode when we had to face as a school such trauma as the assassination of President Kennedy or closer still the death of the school's student president. What follows is the talk I gave on the morning of October 4, 1965.

David Glaze

Dave Glaze's fatal automobile accident yesterday afternoon has confronted us, perhaps some of us for the first time, with the hard fact of death. This time death has struck suddenly, without warning. Friday he was here. Saturday he played in the game. Yesterday he was killed as he entered an arterial somewhere on the other side of Lake Washington. In the same accident his three passengers - Steve Abel's younger brother Bruce and Helen and Virginia Wyman - were hurt seriously, as were the two men in the car that hit Dave's car. The morning report on the injured is still cause for concern but not too disheartening. Now we must cope with the fact of Dave's death.

The first thing that comes to mind is, indeed, not Dave's death but his life: Dave as we knew him - as a student, a teammate, a classmate, class president, and this year, president of the student body. I could speak to you of his good spirit and of his concern for the best interests of this school. Or I could speak to you of our dependence upon him, of our respect for him, and of our affection for him. But I will not say these things because you know them at least as well as I.

But now he is dead. To those of you who have never had death strike so close before, let me say just one or two things. Remember Dave's family. They have been hit far harder than any of us. We can be of no help to them unless we are careful to think first of them, and only then of ourselves. This is a good first lesson. Whatever we do let us do it because it will help them, not because it will make us feel better.

The second thing I would say is, do not be ashamed of sorrow. Man has to learn, for reasons that only God knows, to live with sorrow. But we must learn that lesson and still be men of courage and dignity—and men of life, creative life. God help us in that task.

Finally, remember that, paradoxically, death is part of life. We shall all die. The important thing is not our death but the quality of our life. The important thing to remember this morning is not Dave's death, cruel and shocking as it is, but the fine quality of his life.

Prayers:

O God of peace, who hast taught us that in returning and rest we shall be saved, in quietness and in confidence shall be our strength; by the might of thy Spirit lift us, we pray thee, to thy presence, where we may be still and know that thou art God. Amen.

The Lord's Prayer.

Now may the peace of God which passeth all human understanding, that peace which the world can neither give nor take away, be in our hearts to bless us this day and evermore. Amen.

The Fix Library and Other First-Year Matters

TO return to the fall of 1951, Lakeside had in the chapel a finished building for which it had to create a program. At the same time it had in view a library program for which it had no building.

The existing library was a small locked room on the second floor of Bliss Hall. Set apart from its neighbors by wood paneling and a few shelves, it would have made an attractive classroom. (George Taylor later made good use of it as such during his many years at Lakeside.) Mr. Bleakney kept his eye on it from his classroom down the hall. Was it ever used by the boys? Rarely. My image of a library was of a light and spacious room in which students browsed among the shelves in search of a solution to a problem or something interesting to read. What I saw confirmed an earlier impression that we relied too much on textbooks, that the boys needed a broader and deeper intellectual challenge.

Mr. Adams and the trustees apparently agreed. A move for a library building had already begun, and, by hindsight at least, should have proceeded to a successful conclusion without delay. The total construction cost was about \$40,000, an infinitesimal amount when compared with the \$1,000,000 or more needed for the Pigott Library in the 1970s. Moreover, almost half the \$40,000 had already been offered by Mr. and Mrs. William Fix of Spokane as a memorial to their son George, a graduate in the class of 1941 and another wartime casualty. But there were complications.

As projects in need of funds, the library and the chapel had become competitors, and the Fix family was disturbed that the school seemed to have given preemptive priority to the chapel. At one point, the suggestion had even been made to the family that

their promised gift should be loaned to the school to finance a temporary library in the chapel basement. Fortunately that idea never got off the ground.

The trustees were justifiably wary. Enrollment was a problem, money was always short. The depression and the war, one after the other, had militated against their having any sense of security about their school. They had just lost one headmaster and knew very little about his successor. If a library was to be built, expenses lay ahead for a librarian and for books. Wisely, the trustees were taking only one cautious step at a time.

Actually the decision was made before the fall term was out. The minutes of a board meeting on October 30, 1951, record only that "Mr. Strong discussed library requirements." I remember the decisive influence of Tom Cole, a professor of education at the University of Washington, former superintendent of Seattle Schools, and the only professional educator on the board. At the crucial point in the discussion, he uttered just one short sentence: "A library in that school is a must." The formalities came later, but I could feel the trustees making their decision then and there.

For architects we continued with the firm of Bindon and Jones. They were the designers of the chapel and the professional heirs of Carl Gould who had designed the principal buildings in 1929-30 when the school had left the lake area and moved out to country-day-school surroundings north of Seattle. We agreed on a site next to Bliss Hall, the classroom building, approved plans, and on March 27, 1952, opened bids indicating a cost of about \$37,000. Matters were delayed for three weeks while the trustees closed the gap between that amount and the \$18,000 we had on hand. Finally on April 17, with another \$13,000 given or pledged, we decided to proceed. The building was ready for the opening of the fall term in 1952, with Janet Eiseman installed as librarian. We began to acquire the books and the habits we needed to make it a vital part of the school. In October, with the Fix family on hand, the library was formally dedicated in George's memory.

Looking back, it is surprising, yet revealing, that an important project costing only about \$40,000 could have taken so long to complete. The war had been over for six years; the amount needed looks tiny now. A teapot tempest? None of us—trustees, headmaster, donors—felt that way at the time. My own reminiscent footnotes about this project and its progress are happy ones. Early in the fall of 1951, when we were just getting down to business, David Whitcomb asked me to lunch. I knew him as an early president of

Lakeside's board and as a fishing crony of Bob Walkinshaw and Bob Strong, a Portland uncle. In the middle of the meal, Mr. Whitcomb explained that in some earlier Lakeside campaign, he had been unable to contribute what he felt was his share, and thereupon handed me a check for \$1,000 for the library. As a notoriously poor fund-raiser, I remember the occasion with special pleasure and gratitude.

In December I took a train to Spokane. (Was it the Great Northern's "Empire Builder" or the Northern Pacific's "North Coast Limited"? I wish I could remember. Great trains, both of them.) I had a triple mission: to look for boarding students for 1952, to attend the annual meeting of the regional accrediting association, and to meet the Fix family. The first produced no dramatic results; the second was disheartening because no one in the accrediting organization knew or cared anything about Lakeside in particular or independent schools in general. I was happy, against this sobering background, about my first contact with the Fix family.

Calling at their jewelry store, I met Mr. Fix and his younger son Jack, an alumnus of the class of 1944. Mrs. Fix was away. Undaunted, Mr. Fix asked me for dinner. We picked up some lamb chops on the way home and spent a pleasant evening together. The family now had full assurance that the school was proceeding with plans for the library, and I came away feeling that I had accomplished at least one-third of my Spokane mission.

Settling In

It would be misleading to suggest that every day of our first year was concentrated on building a library, establishing a chapel program, or coping with two emergency vacancies on the faculty. A head's attention and energies are always pulled in every direction by the various demands of the job. I was used to that. Indeed, starting all over was refreshing. Still we were new in this setting and had much to learn.

For one thing, all the boys were new boys to us, and we had to learn who they were. To that end I ate all meals at the school; Helen always came for dinner and frequently for lunch. We entertained boarders at the house and took them on weekend expeditions. When the time came in the early fall for the teachers' first comments on their students, I began the process of tying each boy's name to his educational progress.

The Mothers' Club continued to arrange periodic afternoon meetings, by classes, of mothers and teachers. This provided crucial give-and-take sessions between parents and head, followed by a chance for brief parent-teacher conferences. Gradually we began to learn who was who.

Relations with the trustees were straightforward. The board met once a month, at a men's club downtown, over lunch. The sessions consisted of a committee report or two, an oral report from me, discussion of the most important current problem (the library decision, for example, or the budget), and that was it. The burden of responsibility carried by the trustees was as heavy then as now, but the operation of the board and its committees was extremely simple. Soon after school opened, Willard Wright, the new president and the first alumnus to hold that post, asked me for lunch, and we struck up what was for me a happy and helpful working relationship that lasted not only through the four years of his presidency but throughout his much longer term as chairman of the education committee. I was lucky to start off under such a good boss and to have the continued benefit of his good judgment, not to mention the pleasure of this friendship.

One small matter is typical of that first year. During Mr. Lambert's acting headmastership, the board had ruled that the school's buses were not to be used for anything except the weekday transportation of students to and from school. Since we needed desperately to provide the boarders with some kind of weekend program — not an easy assignment for a school in the suburbs of a rainy city — this impressed me as an unreasonable restriction. We needed those buses to move skiers to the passes, for example. Once the trustees heard our case, they agreed without argument. I never did know why the restriction was imposed in the first place or why it was so easily removed. In the 1950s it was not uncommon to see on Saturday a capacious, noisy, underpowered Lakeside School bus grind and labor to the top of Stevens Pass. If we could have captured and harnessed the energy of those boys to the bus, it would have flown up the highway. Having to fit extremely heavy chains, dripping icy water and dirt, to those oversized tires was a task no faculty driver wanted to face as he let off the brakes at the end of a long day of skiing and proceeded down the mountain.

The boys' social life, insofar as it involved the school, taught us a thing or two. At the first dance, when Helen and I arrived early at the old study hall to

inspect the premises before greeting the guests, she brought startling news from the washroom designated for the use of the girls: the dance committee had decorated each of the urinals with a small pot of petunias. I was delighted with this approach to a troublesome aesthetic problem. Later in the season I stumbled awkwardly in passing on a matter of protocol. The boys were planning a dance after a basketball game and asked if I thought it should be formal. I said of course not, there was no call for black ties. "Oh no, sir! We mean do we have to wear shoes?" This fit in so nicely with our friends' concept of formality and informality on the frontier that I happily sent the story back to the Atlantic seaboard. Some of those eastern friends have never forgotten it. Meanwhile I had been introduced to the Sock Hop, an event that not only made the young happy but pleased the athletic department because it polished, rather than scarred, the gymnasium floor.

The first year was not all work, of course, nor was it all spent inside the school. Helen sang in the University of Washington's Bach chorus which she had joined on the invitation of its director, Dr. Stanley Chappell. Each year they prepared, then presented in the old Meany Hall, the B-Minor Mass, the St. Matthew Passion, or another of Bach's great choral works, a highly rewarding experience for all concerned.

As part of a regime we too frequently neglected, we took a day off and made an October trip to Hurricane Ridge. The old ferry across Hood Canal had steering problems, and in those days the only approach to the ridge for automobiles was a winding forest road that climbed up in back from the Elwha River side. We came back much refreshed.

The Portland City Club asked me to speak at one of their weekly luncheons. Their president, Dr. Richard Steiner, entitled the talk "Adolescence Makes Addled Paters," but the club's secretary made us settle for "Bringing Up Fathers."

Offered symphony tickets, we accepted with pleasure but regretfully reported in a letter (to my family, not to the donor of the tickets) that guest conductor Arthur Fiedler played everything but "Yes, We Have No Bananas." The symphony was

between conductors. Fortunately Milton Katims came over the horizon soon afterwards.

When the time came to return the hospitality that had been extended to us as newcomers, we put on a party. The invitations announced that we would be "at home" from five to seven. (That expression has never impressed me as enthusiastically cordial.) The date, April 19, was Helen's salute to her hometown of Concord and the battle by the rude bridge where the embattled farmers turned back the British. Only Bill Wright caught that overtone. A family letter provides a contemporary report:

Despite some fears that the refreshments would run out or that no one would come, the "at home" was a success. An admiral was the first to arrive and a bishop the last to leave. This gave the affair an element of class. Everyone seemed pleased and somewhat surprised to see everyone else. Charlie Clise found Hugh Brady; and Mr. Irving Clark, Sr., who hates parties and had come reluctantly, I gather, kept telling his wife what a nice party it was and stayed to the bitter end.

Just whom the guests expected to find among their fellow guests, I don't know, but Mrs. Reginald Parsons was hardly inside the door when she spotted Hoke Smith, then commandant of the 13th naval district and in full regalia. "Why!", she exclaimed, "How did you ever get him?" I was ready with the answer: The admiral and his wife, Margaret, besides having a son in the junior class, were good friends of ours. But Mrs. Parsons had hurried off to join the party. A few years after our Lakeside initiation, the two antecedents of the National Association of Independent Schools arranged for the publication of a book designed to help groups starting schools from scratch. Lakeside was well past that elementary stage, but a few sentences from the chapter on "administration" say something by implication about our first year in Seattle.

Finally, if you are called from New England or the Middle Atlantic states to head a school in the West... try to grasp how Westerners think on these matters ... They will want you to be a Westerner. They will hope that you like not only your new job but the scenery, the symphony, the climate, the local ball team, and they will do everything they can to make you happy. The chances are good that you will be — if you are ready to share their enthusiasm for their new school and their awareness of its great potential.

Clearly this returned Westerner was glad to be back and to be sharing the enthusiasm for the Northwest, Seattle, and Lakeside.

A First-Class Faculty

UNFORTUNATELY, a head, determined to attract and hold a first-class faculty, can seldom rely on the supernatural good luck that attended Dan Morris's arrival at Lakeside.

Recruiting

THE standard sources of teacher candidates at the time were the placement offices of liberal arts colleges, graduate schools, and teachers' colleges. All these had drawbacks. The teachers' colleges could seldom come up with anyone interested in a private school, and the candidates suggested were likely to be better trained in teaching methods than in the substance of their field. The Eastern college and university placement offices on which I had depended at Pomfret still had good names to suggest, but on their papers the candidates were likely to define their preferred area as "anywhere east of the Hudson." Good teachers who might want to work at Lakeside seemed scarce.

Although each of these sources provided Lakeside with some top-notch teachers, I tended to rely on other recruiting methods. Four are worth mentioning: (1) the raid (exciting though supposedly conducted with decorum); (2) a network of scouts (less dramatic but rewarding); (3) keeping a likely candidate warm on a back burner until needed (requires craft and patience but frequently pays off); (4) hoping the ideal candidate will walk through the door on his own (which takes us back to the miracle where we started). Though an appointment may involve a combination or permutation of the above, better to take one at a time.

In 1952, for example, when Bob Shirley, homesick for the East, announced in January his June departure, I thought first of George W. Taylor, who had come to

Pomfret fresh out of Exeter and Harvard, eager, idealistic, and determined to write the great American novel. Unfortunately, I had lost him as a faculty member after three or four years. At that time Fountain Valley School in Colorado offered him a department headship before I could. We kept in touch. He wrote that he had become disenchanted by his new boss and was thinking of making a move.

In situations of this kind, protocol requires the candidate to notify his present boss that he is looking, and the prowler (potential future boss) to ask permission before actually launching a raid. Neither George nor I had neglected these courtesies. There was nothing improper in Helen's and my stopping at Fountain Valley as we headed east in February — she for family visits, I for the Headmasters' Association and college-admissions work. In fact, we were installed in a lovely Spanish-styled room — the school's guestroom. I was asked to speak to the boys at evening meeting. Taylors and Strongs had a warm reunion. George assured me that he was a much better teacher than he had been at Pomfret; I said I had learned something about my trade too. We settled things promptly.

Then protocol was shot down by that model of propriety, Bob Spock (younger brother of the more famous Dr. Benjamin Spock), who came out of the Fountain Valley woodwork to let me know that he too wanted to move. We had met the year before in New York when he was leaving Brooks School after his many years there as teacher, crew coach, and dorm master. His headmaster, Frank Ashburn, thought highly of him. At that time Lakeside had no vacancy, and he went off to Fountain Valley. Now he followed me around, eager to talk. I was well-mannered enough to avoid conferring with him under the nose of our Fountain Valley host, but accepted his invitation to drive us from Colorado Springs to the Denver airport. Helen sat in back, Bob and I in front, disregarding the spectacular scenery in favor of a full professional discussion. Raid successful. So Spock came too, though that was not settled on the spot. Both he and I had first, though belatedly, thought to attend to protocol.

Incidentally, one of the boys who spoke to me as the school's evening meeting disbanded turned out to be the youngest in a clan long associated with Pomfret. A senior bound for Wesleyan, his name was David Gardiner Davis. Four

years later he too came to Lakeside. Call it a raid or call it serendipity, that twenty-four-hour stopover paid rich dividends.

That was the year Dr. Jim Naiden joined us too. The details of our negotiations escape me. I do remember the classical scholar in the man —his smile, and his distrust of the American Medical Association.

Our scouts were not organized by me or by anyone else but they did good work. Fellow teachers, parents, alumni, family, friends — they were always coming up with a suggestion worth investigation. When Jim Winter was leaving after five years to accept an appointment at Dartmouth, he called my attention to a Lakeside alumnus, Tom Wendel, whom he had happened to meet a few weeks before. A Yale graduate who had tried his hand at teaching and liked it, Tom had succumbed to his father's hope for a successor in the family department store — Lipman, Wolfe & Co. — in Portland. Tom had dutifully worked his way up to be head of the glove department. He was reported to be eager to return to teaching. So Tom Wendel came to succeed Jim Winter in both history and admissions and to lift a non-existent music program off the ground as well.

It was parent Alec Bayless and alumnus Bob Block who tipped me off that their friend, Bill Dougall, former Boeing engineer and then teacher at Germantown Friends School, wanted to come back to the Northwest. This was just when Jean Lambert was going off on leave for study at Stanford. George Taylor recommended his former student, Landon Young. Our daughter Joan and her husband Tom Buell had known Bruce Burgess at St. George's School in Rhode Island. They reported that Bruce was finishing up his army service and wanted to go on with teaching. For these and all such scouts Lakeside should be thankful.

Sometimes recruiting was a protracted process. We were on leave in 1961-62 and living for a couple of months in Athens. Dining in a restaurant about ten o'clock one night with Tom Wood, acting president of Athens college, and some of his faculty, I sat next to Dwight Gibb. He was scheduled to return to graduate work at the University of Wisconsin and was headed for college teaching. He mentioned that he might like to teach in the Northwest some day. I kept in touch with him, sometimes by letter, once by luring him down to O'Hare airport from Madison, to

keep posted on his plans and to make sure that he was not forgetting the Northwest. I knew I wanted him at Lakeside some day.

One morning in 1967, a letter arrived saying he had made up his mind: he wanted secondary-school teaching, not college, and he was looking for a job. Five minutes later, literally five minutes, a fine history teacher named Dick Boyer walked into the office to tell me that he was leaving secondary-school work for a college appointment. A touch of the miraculous there perhaps, but I had nurtured that one for five years.

Sometimes candidates just dropped in. One evening in August of 1951, just after we had learned that late enrollment would require another English teacher, Tom Rupp, who turned out to be a widely read and delightfully unorthodox teacher, came sauntering down the driveway of the headmaster's house. My first encounter with Dale Bauer was a call he made at my school office one summer when he was doing graduate work at the University of Washington. A few years later I visited him in the infirmary of St. Albans School in Washington, D.C. (he had the flu) to settle our arrangements, but it was he who had made the first move. Perhaps we had the school's need for a coach and athletic director on file at the University of Washington, but my first recollection of Don Anderson was his appearance in the office one summer morning.

Then in 1959, when we were fully staffed or thought we were, Dan Ayrault walked in. To be sure, Helen's brother, Admiral Smith, had been telling me about his fellow admiral's son, but we had no room in the son's preferred field of history. Dan came around anyway. He was a Stanford graduate, philosophy major and Olympic oarsman with the presence of a born leader. Clearly I had to make room somewhere. So we broke this newcomer in on lower school arithmetic and a stray course in beginning algebra. In due course that appointment worked out very well.

Care and Upkeep

FINDING a good teacher and attracting him to Lakeside was just the beginning. We oriented those who had taught elsewhere. Some new teachers received training. We paid the best faculty salaries we could afford and I had an everlasting concern

for the teachers' personal satisfaction and professional growth. We developed and nurtured a first-class faculty.

For couples moving into one of the on-campus houses, orientation often began with their arrival by car after a long and tiring move from somewhere else. Hot baths, liquid refreshment, one of Helen's dinners, and a night in our guestroom eased the first tension. Next morning the newcomers were ready to move into their house, confer with me, or tour Northgate's facilities under Helen's guidance. We enjoyed providing that kind of welcome. Sometimes it was not enough. Long after she was happily settled at Lakeside, George Taylor's wife, Phyllis, told us that, already homesick for Colorado as she approached Seattle, she cried all the way out Aurora Avenue before she ever laid eyes on the school. Then, after she and George opened an account at Northgate's National Bank of Commerce and paid for all their first purchases by check, every check bounced. Even granting that Aurora Avenue north of Green Lake is enough to make anybody cry, and that the bank, which had goofed, apologized to the Taylors and wrote letters of explanation to the angry merchants, we could have improved on that welcome.

For professional orientation, we counted on the opening faculty meetings and some special sessions involving the newcomer with an old hand especially assigned to the task. We encouraged each new faculty member in getting attached to a mentor.

Teacher training for the beginner right out of college or graduate school improved on the sink-or-swim introduction I had received fresh out of Williams in 1929. But it was still inadequate. Ideally, an experienced teacher should have been relieved of some teaching duties to work a period a day with a beginner on classroom skills, correcting papers, planning assignments and so on. We never had enough funds for that. We flew with fewer regular contacts between the beginner and senior teacher than I would have liked. In practice, the system (or lack of it) worked out all right. The few teachers who arrived with no classroom experience learned their trade quickly. In later years both they and I looked back on their introduction with amused nostalgia and satisfaction.

Working with the faculty was the core of my job. Students and their education are, of course, the reason for a school's existence and the primary concern of the head. But the direct influence on students is the teachers', not the head's. If the teachers are good — creative and industrious and imaginative and caring and happy — the school becomes a good school. The head has to foster the atmosphere in which most of the teachers exemplify most of these qualities most of the time.

In theory, the school's ability to attract and hold good teachers depended on our ability to pay them well. In fact, they must have had other reasons for joining up and for staying. Salaries were low, abysmally low. Compared with the competition, we were not too far out of line, paying a little better than the Northwest's other private schools, a little worse than the Seattle public schools. We were, of course, part of the American syndrome that underpays teachers, but all through the 1950s and 1960s we kept moving in the right direction. Thanks to increasing enrollment and rising tuitions, we were able to keep salaries moving up and to increase the extent and value of perquisites. This trend may have helped to hold the faculty; more basic probably was the nature of how they could work.

At Lakeside in the fifties and sixties the maximum pupil load a teacher was given was sixty students. (Contrast that with the 150-pupil load today not uncommon in many regional schools.) The maximum class size at Lakeside was sixteen students only. Compare that with the thirty students the teachers try to manage today. Our teachers taught four classes a day compared to the conventional five, thus freeing them for important time to meet with students individually, confer with their colleagues, correct papers, coach a sport, and get a jump on preparing for tomorrow's classes. This way of limiting the pupil load of the teachers made quality education expensive, but it was necessary for the kinds of questions and discussions going on in the classrooms. I believed that individual responsiveness to students on the part of enthusiastic teachers was the only way to get the substantial results I expected. I still believe it.

No faculty is perfect, but the Lakeside faculty of the 1950s and 1960s was first-class. We had a corps of solidly competent teachers offering a wide range of

proficiencies and interests, with more than our fair share of greats sprinkled in among them. Most alumni of the era would agree.

Most alumni would also agree that when I made a poor appointment, it could be a first-class, gold-plated blooper. I still feel apologetic to students, teachers, and parents who had to share, for a year, the burden of my poor judgment. Neither of the two worst mistakes in hiring was excusable, but the reason behind one of them is amazingly simple and stupid. The candidate looked perfect. He was personally attractive, clearly in command of his field, with extensive experience at an institution nationally famous for its successful teaching methods. So, like a fool, instead of making the personal, behind-the-scenes inquiries that were normally routine, I depended on two interviews and a submitted resume. Years later, his former boss called me about something unrelated. In the course of the conversation, when we were chatting about the former teacher which we had both employed, he said, "I could have told you." I had never made that mistake before, and surely I never made it again.

The school was fortunate in having some housing for the teachers who were essential to the management of the boarding department. Besides the headmaster's house, there were half a dozen others, some on faculty row, later a few across First Avenue, one (for a time) two blocks away on Corliss Avenue. In return for nominal rent, the teachers living in these facilities took turns supervising evening study hall and weekend activities for the boarders. They also ate their meals in the refectory, often bringing their families along for dinner. The quarters were not luxurious, but if a house was available, it was a strong inducement for a likely teaching candidate.

We held evening faculty meetings, first in the living room at the headmaster's house, later, as our numbers grew, in the Fix library. These meetings helped the head carry out the responsibility, delegated to him by the Board of Trustees, for professional leadership. As well, smaller groups acted with imagination, fairness, and authority.

Faculty meetings gave the head a regular opportunity to take the faculty's temperature. If the teachers as a body were running a fever, I had either to convert

the generated heat into a desirable reform or to apply administrative icepacks and aspirin.

At first I tried to confer with each teacher at least once a term. As the size of the faculty grew, that arrangement became impractical, and we depended on less systematic though still frequent contacts. I made an appointment with a teacher if I had something on my mind about his work or his welfare. And any teacher could catch me almost any time, sometimes on short notice, to discuss his teaching, or a student's problem, or a good idea, or his conviction that the school was going to hell in a handbasket and I should do something about it immediately.

One device proved important in keeping open lines of understanding and cooperation between faculty and administration. In the fall as we began to put the next year's budget into shape, I needed to read faculty sentiment on their salaries and perquisites. A man like Jim Tyler was ready to discuss the facts — principles of faculty pay —but to depend on one source only for opinion was not fair to him or the others.

We established a Faculty Salary Committee of three, elected by the faculty. Each age-group of the faculty was represented as they reflected different priorities in regard to remuneration. The device worked well. Each year the committee's recommendations were given full consideration. The decision worked its way up through administration, trustee committees on education and finance, and the full board. Thanks to rising enrollment and tuition fees, we were able to provide modest but steady increases in salaries and to introduce some helpful perquisites like life insurance and major medical protection. Far more important, with the exception of one firecracker outburst from one teacher in one faculty meeting, faculty and administration never confronted one another over this issue.

The principle that guided me in regard to faculty was always to give full play to each teacher's professional interests and individuality — his concerns, his ideals, his methods, his growth —and at the same time to make sure that we were all working together toward shared goals for the young. Simply stated, these were to help boys grow into independent, responsible, caring and creative men. Discussion could get heated about methods, program, and curriculum, but we knew where we were

trying to go. Parents occasionally, but only occasionally, commented on the political content of our courses or on the suitability of the boys' reading. Early in the 1950s, Jim Winter was startled to have a student turn up at his faculty-row door one evening and hold out, in trembling hand at arm's length, a copy of the Communist Manifesto. This brief document was part of the boy's homework for his course in modern European history, but his father refused to let him bring "the thing" into the house. Jim was disturbed, fearing he had upset the school's applecart, but I managed to make clear to the irate father the difference between what a history student should know and what he might believe. Jim's surface reaction was relief. He told me later that the incident strengthened his faith in teaching and the school.

Even during the McCarthy era, we never had to endure a witch-hunt. One family, fearing communism, used to ask me occasionally, with one eyebrow raised, if I knew what Dr. Parrington's American history classes were reading that month. (Vern had inherited his father's interest in liberal reform.) I used to say "Yes." And that, fortunately, was always the end of that.

Naturally the faculty embodied a wide range of political beliefs. Jim Tyler was for years a trustee of the local A.C.L.U.; Dennis Dunn was far enough out on the other wing to name his first son after a California governor whom he and his wife, Jennifer, admired. We made educational hay out of such difference when we could, staging before the school, for example, a debate on the nation's increasing involvement in Vietnam. In that one, two concerned teachers each gathered a team of concerned students and went at it.

Important aspects of teaching sometimes had comic overtones. One of Dr. Naiden's strengths was his belief that Latin should be taught as a language to be read, not (as older generations had to learn it) as mental calisthenics. To give his students a broad picture of Latin literature and Roman civilization, he sometimes assigned works in translation and, in line with this practice, once had a class buy and read a paperback synthesis of Apuleius's *Golden Ass*. One mother fell on this material, found it far too raunchy for her or her son, and called the school to demand that the assignment and the books be immediately withdrawn. Since I was away, Jean Lambert was in command. No nonsense about his reaction: he confiscated all the

books, left them stacked in my office, and probably told Doc Naiden to stick to Cicero.

The other teachers could hardly wait for my return. "Have you heard what has happened?... When will the bookburning be?... May we come?" First I read enough of Apuleius to understand the mother's objection, though not to agree with her determination to censor the school's reading assignments. Then I talked with Jim Naiden and found him not inclined to stand on his (and the school's) rights and mildly abashed at the dust-up. So I took the easy way out and let Mr. Lambert's edict stand. About my discussion, if any, with the irate mother, I can remember nothing; her son, a capable student and a leader, was admirable in the way he balanced his embarrassment with his loyalty to his family. As for the paperbacks, they were stashed in the attic of the headmaster's house for years, and finally, probably when we retired and moved, were thrown out. I never could bring myself to burn them.

There were many ways of evaluating a teacher's work. I never leaned on classroom visiting. Conferences with individual teachers for discussion of their aims, their methods, and their students were helpful. Senior colleagues of teachers, especially department heads, who were closer to the teacher's work than I, were constant sources of information. Comments by students, though never requested, and complaints and praise from parents played their part. So did casual observation — walking down the hall as four students emerged from Davis's English class, clamoring to continue a discussion, or being drawn into a lunch-table conversation as two seniors continued a classroom discussion of Theodore Roosevelt's Caribbean policy.

The most regular method of evaluation was a careful study of the comments on their students that teachers drafted periodically for forwarding to advisers, students, and parents. Every card said as much about the professional competence of the teacher as it did about the progress of the student. Was the analysis clear-headed? Fair? Understanding? If critical, was it constructive, did it look for causes, did it set reasonable goals for the term ahead? How well had the teacher solved by May the problems he had outlined in October? The

answers were all there; I often wondered whether the teachers knew how good they were at self-portraiture.

For Helen and me, the professional side of our relations with the faculty mingled happily with a personal side. We were likely to see more of the teachers who lived on the school grounds than of those who lived around the city. In both groups some were closer friends than others, though we tried not to play favorites. With some we exchanged suppers or an evening of bridge, with others we walked in the Olympics or Cascades on a free Saturday. Helen was friend and counselor to more than one young faculty wife. It is hard for us to imagine a vocation in which professional and personal activities can be more happily blended.

Once we even stage-managed, under unusually trying circumstances, the birth of a faculty baby. The background of the event was sobering. Truman Bullard, who had a congenital heart problem, turned up in the office one gray afternoon with his wife, Beth. His doctor had just discovered a heart infection that meant trouble. Within an hour we had him in the hands of a heart specialist, Dr. Robert King, who confirmed the diagnosis and said heart surgery was indicated. He said the patient must be strengthened before that procedure, then still in its infancy, could be attempted. Some time during the preparatory period, Truman added to his troubles by coming down with the mumps. A family letter picks up from there:

You'll never guess how we got a night off. Beth Bullard, who has been nursing a seriously ill husband for weeks, is pregnant, and this afternoon her water broke. She said to her man, "There's just one person I want to see and that's Helen Strong." So Helen, just home from a downtown luncheon hearing a talk on the Middle East, turned around and took Beth to the doctor's. About 5:15, just as I got home, Helen reported in to say maybe it was twins and they were on the way to the hospital. Would I retrieve the invalid husband from faculty row and get him over to our house? Well, it isn't twins. Beth is installed at Virginia Mason with no contractions, Truman, already fed, is upstairs in the guestroom, and Helen and I have just had a delicious halibut dinner with a nice white wine instead of going over to school. Seems a complicated way to get some time off. Somehow we keep busy...

Some of the items keeping me busy that week were Tom Wendel's resignation to accept a college job and the efforts of a California school district to lure Don Anderson away. I had just finished speaking to the Seattle Rotary Club and was scheduled to fly to New York two days later. The next report was written from the plane:

Well, we had our baby. The doctor had been trying to induce labor all day, and about 7:45, when the baby began to tire, he decided on a Caesarean. Helen, the McCuskeys, and I were dining at the Bauers' on faculty row when Truman called from our house with the latest word. He was over the mumps and seemed strong enough despite his other illness. I drove him down to Virginia Mason and, once again, spent an evening in a father's waiting room.

A Lakeside graduate was there when we arrived, his third child pending. He was very relaxed. Gave Truman all the dope. Then the alum's wife had twins totaling fourteen pounds. I found a pallet in the hall and slept for an hour. Baby fine, a boy, 7 lbs., 12 oz., and Beth back down before we left. Overslept the alarm by half an hour, but made the plane all right, it being Saturday with little traffic.

Beth has been through all the modern approach, classes at the Y., etc. Truman attended these sessions grudgingly but he was planning to be in the delivery room if he hadn't been ill. "All that lukewarm coffee I drank," says Truman, "utterly wasted!"

Truman and Beth went on to Dickenson College in Pennsylvania where they have been leaders in the college's distinguished music program. We hated to lose them, but they provided two cheerful postscripts. On February 12, 1966, they wired to report the birth of a second son, Dexter Gregory Bullard. And when we stopped to see them once in the early 1960s, to be greeted at the door by young Dexter, Truman picked up our two suitcases and carried them rapidly upstairs as dramatic proof that his experience with early heart surgery in Seattle had solved his old problem and made possible for him a normal life.

Although everything said at a farewell dinner must be discounted, there is, Helen and I believe, some truth in a statement George Taylor made at the time of our retirement in 1969. "We have," he said, "worked under a headmaster and his wife whom we especially appreciate because they have especially appreciated us."

No question — no question at all — about those last five words.

Boys — Enrollment

THE most obvious statement to make about Lakeside boys in the 1950s and 1960s is that they turned up at the door in increasing numbers and widening variety. This development and our ability to be increasingly selective at the admissions level allowed the school to begin to fulfill its purpose.

From the beginning, Lakeside's scholastic goal had been to provide a firm foundation in the liberal arts: history, literature, science, math, a foreign language, and the arts, along with the requisite abilities to read intelligently and to write well. Three factors had delayed the full realization of this goal. In the 1920s, Lakeside was busy establishing itself and changing from an elementary to a secondary school. Then came the depression of the 1930s. The school survived but was hit hard. Dislocations caused by World War II held things up for another six or seven years. That Lakeside was alive is remarkable; that it was so well established, with a fine faculty, is a tribute to the founders, the trustees, the teachers, and Mr. Adams.

There were still problems enough, mainly those stemming from not enough boys and not enough money. A recent letter from Willard Wright about Mr. Adams indicates how desperate those problems were:

This financial strain and stress did not get any better during his entire tenure as headmaster. In fact, even after the school opened in the fall of 1950, he was still working assiduously to increase its enrollment, and actually went to Yakima to get just one more student to enroll. He returned home exhausted and discouraged, and dropped dead of a heart attack in October.

Educationally, the school's key problem was too wide a spread between the abilities of its most able and the abilities of its least able students. The top boys

could, and did, play in the major leagues; those at the bottom should not have been struggling to match the abilities of the best, or even of the average, Lakeside student. Many of these boys with the least natural ability, especially those with determination, made it through, thanks to the patience and dedication of their teachers and the special help of Bill Eiseman. The need to serve them as well as we could, however, once they were admitted, prevented our doing our best for the others. Furthermore, circumstances had forced the school to admit some boys who had no desire whatever to attend.

I was convinced that, despite our need for students, some selectivity in admissions would begin to solve these problems and, at the same time, increase the public's understanding of what we were trying to do. The first step was easy: a little window dressing. If a family dropped in to look at the school, Veo Small, after chatting with them, was accustomed to first accepting the candidate and then sending him off with an application blank to be filled out later. Veo would do better, I suggested, if he were to reverse the procedure by first making his cordial sales pitch. Then, if boy and family were interested, he could hand them the application blank and promise our decision on admission only after we had examined the candidate's credentials. That switch was simple enough though not cordially received by a few overconfident families.

The next step was to deny the applications of students who probably would find our program too difficult. The message that Lakeside was not for all comers was clear enough, yet we needed new students to balance the budget. On August 30, 1951, the Education Committee considered this dilemma. In the minutes of the meeting the secretary of the Education Committee clearly showed that he was nervous: "Mr. Strong's theory seems to be that the place to begin to raise standards is with admissions." Fortunately the Committee, and later the Board, "expressed themselves as being impressed with his view and entirely in accord therewith..." Probably the last-minute enrollment of half a dozen qualified students, enabling us to begin the year with an opening-day record of 194 boys, reassured the Board, not to mention a nervous headmaster.

These first steps were, of course, nothing but risky beginnings. In the long run, the enrollment problem was solved by two national demographic facts. First, the schools were feeling the repercussions of the post World War II baby boom. Second, a greater percentage of those babies would want to go on to college.

Lakeside was in an ideal position to make the most of the overlapping trends. More and more families began to search for serious educational purpose, for stimulating teaching, for small classes, and for a program that would both challenge and help a student to do his best. Lakeside had all four attributes. The result was that the school not only grew in size but was able to select students whose abilities fell within a reasonable range, a range that would allow the least able to work profitably with the most able, and vice versa. We could offer every student a challenge to which he could reasonably respond.

Just as important, we could soon tell a family that we would not take a boy unless *he* wanted to come, or at least was willing to give us a try. This approach surprised the few families who were sure they knew better than their sons. But it worked. Those boys who came doubtfully were usually well settled by October; almost none of them elected to withdraw.

By the end of the 1950s, we were receiving several applications for every available vacancy. The enrollment crept up to, and soon passed, 250. We knew we must be doing something right but discovered some problems the school had not faced before. Our public relations were complicated by the annual necessity of sending the families of denied applicants away disappointed, confused, or angry. Sometimes all three. The difficulty of the situation was first driven home to me at a civic function one April day when I sat within chatting distance of three men whose three sons had just been respectively accepted, denied, and wait listed. We talked about the symphony or Congress or something — anything but Lakeside. Back at school, we began the best counseling system we could devise for those we had to turn away. In one respect we may have crossed even this minefield with some success. A former University of Washington dean who moved on to a college presidency once wrote to congratulate the school on "the remarkable job" it was doing,

"particularly in the way you have let good, honest quality speak out and have separated it from snobbishness." I hope he was right.

Meanwhile, the boarding department was becoming an endangered species. Of the candidates denied admissions each year, some were capable of handling the work of the school. And they were always day boys. That the demand from the boarders did not increase was understandable. In terms of facilities and program, especially weekend program, ours was a poor show compared with Thacher's or Putney's or Andover's. The builders of 1930 had had high hopes, had even left a space north of the refectory for a second dormitory, but the boarding department languished despite recruiting efforts. In the late 1950s, I recommended that we concentrate on what we were doing best and phase out the boarders to make room for day boys. The trustees agreed.

The decision was reasonable but in some ways unfortunate. Though British Columbia offered some options, Lakeside's boarding department was almost the only one of its kind in the northwestern United States. It produced more than its share of student leaders. In my first decade, for example, four of the ten elected presidents of the student body — Rae Graham, John Conway, Dave Wight, and Jamie Neils — were boarders. So were the leaders of the Rocket Society. So was John Drumheller, from an eastern Washington sheep ranch, who converted an old telephone exchange into a room-sized computer before Paul Alien and Bill Gates had even appeared over our horizon. (It occasionally blew a dormitory fuse, but it worked.) Another boarder of the 1950s became governor of the state in 1985. Over the years, however, there was not enough demand from such strong candidates and gradually we phased the operation out, the last resident student boarder graduating in 1964. Moore Hall was promptly converted into classroom space.

Broadening the Base

ANOTHER vital development in enrollment was the school's ethnic integration. To my surprise, the first Asian boy to be enrolled, a Korean refugee who came in at an odd time and under unusual circumstances, caused concern, but that subsided quickly, and shortly afterwards the admission of Paul Suzuki, in the regular way and at the

regular time, caused not a ripple. By his senior year, Paul was elected a student officer.

It took us a long time to attract successful black candidates. Early on, I consulted Willard Wright who introduced me to Ed Pratt, the executive officer of the local Urban League. Mr. Pratt explained our problem to a Dr. and Mrs. Henry, who were good enough to gather some of their friends in the black community and invite Helen and me to join them for an evening of coffee and discussion of Lakeside's need. There were no immediate results of that occasion, but a few years later, the Henrys' son entered the lower school as our first successful black candidate. If there were any rumbles about that success, I never heard them.

Unfortunately for us, Dr. Henry moved his medical practice to Tokyo before his son had even finished the lower school. Before the boy left, however, he provided me with at least one heartening experience. I was watching the buses depart one afternoon, when he came running across the oval trying to beat a classmate over the head with a book. Since they bumped my knees as they went by, they stopped to say a quick, "Sorry, Mr. Strong," then resumed the chase, both delighted with their relationship. A good omen!

It was a new summer program, inaugurated in 1965, that finally made our integration program a significant reality. We had been considering something of the kind for a year or two, and as an NAIS trustee I had watched with interest a pilot program, launched by NAIS in Boston and its suburbs in 1964. One afternoon in 1964-65, I asked Jim Tyler, Bill Dougall and Dan Ayrault to meet in my office to get down to specifics. We knew we wanted to draw boys at eighth and ninth grade levels and offer them something they needed in the way of teaching and extended experience. I take credit for suggesting that we name the project the Lakeside Educational Enrichment Program and call it LEEP (the acronym had a crystallizing effect on the meeting) and for appointing Dan Ayrault its first director, thus guaranteeing its success.

From that point, the project took off. I went after some financial support and Dan worked on the program. It was his idea, for example, that we explain our goals to the Seattle public school authorities and ask them to name five junior high schools

that would, by the nature of their enrollment, provide us with a racial mix. We then went to those five and asked each to find twelve boys who wanted to try the program at no expense to them. Some schools sent us their most deserving, others sent us those most in need of help. In every way we got the kind of mix we wanted. And we held back enough financial-aid funds to grant two full scholarships to members of that first LEEP class. They were Floyd Gossett and T. J. Vassar, and an anonymous donor put up the tuition for a third LEEP student, Fred Mitchell. We were on our way.

From the summer of 1951, there had been work to do on an almost non-existent financial-aid fund. Thanks to two alumni scholarships and a special contribution from Reginald Parsons, one of the founding fathers, we had three boys on scholarships totaling less than \$2,000. The trustees were as determined as I to increase that amount and authorized increasing funds out of operating expenses each year so that we could begin to broaden the school's socio-economic base. The establishment of the annual fund in 1954 helped, and by the late sixties we were granting almost \$30,000 a year. Not much, but both in amount and in percentage of income, better than we started with.

The size of the school, about 350 by 1969, was not the result of conscious planning, perhaps because I have always ranked size as far down the list among the characteristics that determine a school's quality. The ability of the teachers, their pupil load, the size of their classes, and above all the nature of their relationship with their students impress me as far better measure of quality. Not that we grew without discussion and some reservation. One wise teacher felt that the school had changed and he no longer knew every boy in the school by name. When we passed a benchmark, like 250 or 300, the board was likely to consider a top limit but never established one.

By the late 1960s, co-education was suddenly in style and both the independent colleges and secondary schools were moving away from the single-sex pattern. Somehow the change at the secondary level did not impress me as earthshaking. Ever since the American public high school had come of age around the turn of the century, almost all secondary education had been co-educational. So why

all the excitement? We held one full-dress faculty meeting on co-education for Lakeside and it was one of the least interesting meetings on record. The teachers who had had experience in both kinds of schools expressed some preference one way or another, but no one hammered the table. After all, good teaching was good teaching and would it make much difference whether the students were boys or girls or both? The straw vote was about 50-50, and anyway the school should not approach such a decision under a head who had already announced his plan to retire. So the matter was tabled. Watching from outside, I would say that Lakeside's subsequent decision to go co-ed has been all gain and no loss.

So much for enrollment. What about the kind of education we were offering?

Education — In and Out of the Classroom

A SERIES of notes written in 1951 and 1952 for reports to trustees or parents indicate some directions in which I wanted to move the school educationally. Objective testing of students indicated adequate achievement across the board but distinction only in the field of mathematics. The scholastic atmosphere I found to be that of "small boys doing their lessons." There was, I said, "not enough of the feeling that education can be an exciting process, opening new worlds to the student." When I first arrived, both inside and outside the classroom, the boys seemed subject to a regime for those not able to take responsibility for themselves. If they cut a class or were caught smoking, they were to "report to Mr. Lambert in his office" after lunch. Boarders were lined up on the sidewalk before breakfast for inspection, a relic of Jean Lambert's Navy days. I thought adolescent boys were able to wash their faces and brush their hair without a daily reminder from school authorities.

Probably I was being unduly critical, but I did not see how such an approach to scholastic work or such an attitude toward behavior was going to fulfill my aim for the school: "To develop in each boy the qualities that will make him a responsible, independent, creative and caring adult ready to play a constructive part in his community." Though I did put an end to pre-breakfast inspection, I had enough sense not to charge in and try to change everything at once. Better to foster all that was good in the school and build on that, following lines of broader scholarship and increased student responsibility.

No need to trace in detail the steps by which we tried to develop a more mature and liberating atmosphere in the classroom. In English, George Taylor's arrival in 1953 was a major influence. He supplemented and enforced the creative work being done by Fred Bleakney; he organized the department, correlating the work of the classes from 7 through 12; he set high standards of excellence; he demanded that the boys write and write — and eventually write well. He was the kind of teacher whose students learned a lot about Shakespeare. Dan Morris, along with Keith Goldsmith, who returned to the faculty after a year away, influenced the whole science program. In the mid-fifties a boy said as he was graduating, "I realized history was important and interesting because Mr. Winter found it important and interesting." These were just starters. I wish I could mention every teacher who helped us get away from what I saw as "the small boy syndrome."

Over the years, we tried collectively several changes aimed at the same goal. We established an adviser system with each teacher taking on about ten boys. Though we never managed to abolish study hall as a required place for students to be when not in class, we gradually relieved the abler, older, and more responsible students of its restrictions. We established a group of especially able students, called them "Adams Scholars," eased their class attendance requirement in their chosen field, and let them work on some special project in that field.

Distressed by boys', and our own, undue emphasis on grades, we first tried some palliatives, then picked a sophomore class and asked them to work all year without any interim grades on papers or tests. The class not only avoided the standard sophomore slump; it did better than it had done in freshman year. A large majority of the sophomores considered the experience a success; parents reported unanimously that they had kept well informed on their sons' progress. Only the parents of freshmen, the upcoming sophomores, expressed dread over having no grades, no marks, to use in their relations with their sons.

The experiment, in short, was a success. It taught us some good lessons about the relation of teacher and student. It also reminded us that grades are sometimes a valuable form of shorthand, not to be despised, *provided* the full

process of the consultation and counseling between teacher and student always takes precedence over the shorthand grade.

I was distressed by the length of time it took us to establish music as an important part of the program. The work in art, continued under Mr. Harris, was passed on when he retired to Mr. Walter Froelich and later took on large and successful dimensions under John Wharton. Work in dramatics was intensive rather than extensive; one full-dress play a year, first under Bob Shirley, then for many years under Phyllis Taylor. Dwight Gibb had the boys building their own kayaks in a shop converted from a storeroom in the old gym. All these contributed to the school's program, but music was a long time coming.

At first we could not find enough money to engage a full-time music man. Tom Wendel, Lakeside '42, who returned in 1956 to teach history and handle admissions, was a musician, however, and it was he who had a glee club singing before the first year was out. The singers continued under Landon Young and became good enough to join other groups in presenting such choral works as Faure's *Requiem*. Truman Bullard brought the program to full maturity, and later, Peter Seibert extended it and established it as a major aspect of our work. The first time I heard a group stand up before the school to sing, and sing well, was a moving experience for me. My heart was so much in a music program that I still deplore the length of time it took to start one.

Just before dyslexia became a household word, Jane McClelland arrived in Seattle and at Lakeside with a program to help dyslexic students understand their problem and compensate for its effects. She was a disciple of Anna Gillingham who was in turn a disciple of Dr. Samuel Orton, a pioneer researcher in the field. Mrs. McClelland established a one-to-one program and, along with the teachers she trained, was a great help, showing boys the way around their technical problems and restoring their confidence in their own abilities. Eventually the program faded, partly because Bob Spock, perfectionist that he was, began to see signs of dyslexia in every boy who misspelled a word, and had to be restrained, and partly because the school enrolled fewer boys with severe dyslexia.

Our athletic program featured interscholastic competition in conventional sports. The success of the school's teams was as important to me as it was to players, coaches, and the whole school. By hindsight, we had too little physical education as distinct from intramural and interscholastic competition. But one of Don Anderson's many winning seasons, or a junior champion skier like Jack Morbeck, or our first national championship crew, made us all feel good. Despite our emphasis on competitive athletics, however, and this is important, men like Don Anderson and Jerry Esser never forgot that their first goal was to help their players learn some of life's important lessons about work, cooperation, courage, self-confidence and self-respect.

Student Responsibility

OUTSIDE the classroom, the boys' changing response to what the school was trying to do can be epitomized by referring to two different kinds of explosions that shook the school in the 1950s.

Helen and I were entertaining a guest at home one fall evening in 1951 when a sharp boom rattled the neighborhood in a way that clearly called for the headmaster's immediate attention. Between the dormitory and the chapel I found some shattered glass, blood, and four badly shaken boarders — all seniors. They had swiped some chemicals from the lab, mixed them well in a Coke bottle, dropped in a lighted match, and, paying close attention, watched to see what happened. What had happened could have blinded them all; fortunately it only cut a few hands and legs, and scared the daylights out of everyone.

Six years later, on the day Sputnik I was launched, a new generation of Lakeside boys, still interested in the potential of explosive force, founded on their own the Lakeside Rocket Society. For almost a decade the members conducted research, experimented with a variety of fuels, constructed rocket cores which became increasingly complex, devised ways of testing pressure, thrust, and temperature within those cores, and periodically staged a firing. These firings were not Fourth of July affairs. They were controlled scientific experiments on the ground, and the Society operated, and operated responsibly, on its own. I

required the presence of a teacher at a firing, but that was just because I had to put on a show of being a responsible headmaster in case parents or trustees complained. None did.

The neighborhood had been alerted by a handbill for a ten p.m. firing; the officials arrived early, much interested. Then a glitch delayed things until 11:30 and the explosion, much louder than anticipated, according to one observer, "lit up every police switchboard in north Seattle." When the cops swarmed in, however, they were met by the state officials who assured them that this was serious Lakeside business, everything was under control, and they could go home. There were hints that an anti-noise ordinance had been violated, but I can't remember that the charge was pressed.

Though some day boys were involved, the Rocket Society unfortunately disappeared with the boarding department. While it lasted, it was not only a demonstration of self-education in scientific experiment, but also a proof that Lakesiders were quite able to act responsibly on their own.

Student Government

THE willingness of the boys to assume responsibility was also apparent in the less dramatic area of student government. We were not short on structure. Every class had its officers and took turns on such projects as dances. There was an athletic council, which Bill Friend and Johnny Curzon once revived when it was about to expire. There was a dormitory council. A committee of boys helped in the new library; another committee advised on chapel speakers; from time to time a committee would stimulate interest and activity in community service at Children's Orthopedic Hospital or at Firlands, a nearby center for the retarded. Every spring the students elected their officers, and their president became the student leader of the school. I remember them all. From Rae Graham to Matt Griffin they did yeoman service.

If I made any contribution to the system, it was to lure the boys into seeing the opportunities they had in making their contributions to the school more significant. Right off, they discovered that their student government had a

constitution; then sensing it was inadequate, they went about revising it. That happened more times than I can remember, but I do remember that the very first revision created the senate—and that Booth Gardner, later to become governor of the state, was one of the student officers leading the way in the process.

The senate was more important to the school than the school knew. Certainly it was invaluable to me as a bridge between the concerns, problems, complaints, and recommendations of the students and the efforts of the administration to maintain a cooperative and constructive society. Its influence grew slowly and varied from year to year. A student court handled minor discipline problems, including, for a time, students' traffic offenses referred to it by the police, and advised the head on dealing with major offenses. But the senate was an advisory *and* a legislative body on a broader front. Its last major legislative task in my administration was more dramatic than most of its work, but everyone, including the headmaster, learned something from it. The matter at hand was student dress.

The subject never struck me as one of the major issues of the educational world. At Pomfret, though jackets were in order for breakfast and lunch, and a suit or jacket and slacks for dinner, the boys did their work all day in jeans and sweaters. I was surprised to find Lakeside upper schoolers neatly done up all day in slacks, jackets, shirts and neckties. I was even more surprised to discover that they apparently liked their costume. Occasionally a rumor would go around that a petition for change was on its way to my desk, but none ever arrived. Some mothers, of course, remarked frequently on "how nice they do look!" Well, they did look trim, and I had no reason to complain if the boys did not.

Finally the matter surfaced as a big issue in the school year of 1967-68. The students were deeply divided; the debates in student body meetings were, I was told, spirited and long-winded. Even at the end of the year the outcome was in doubt. I watched all this from a respectful distance. Presumably the discussion occasionally mentioned that the latest version of the student constitution allowed the headmaster to veto any student legislation of which he disapproved, but no lobbyists appeared in my office; no one even bothered to ascertain my position.

The decision came in the spring of 1969. The students voted for informal dress, neat and clean but informal. That was fine by me. Of course the first few days of the new regime would bring forth some outlandish costumes, but that was to be expected. After all, the boys had been suppressing themselves for decades.

It was the mothers who exploded and I walked right into the fallout. They were meeting in the chapel and as usual expected some remarks from me before adjournment. Since I had been downtown for a noon meeting, I was wearing a business suit. Just to make clear, in what I thought was a lighthearted way, that the school still had some standards, I carried a topcoat over my arm, a furled umbrella in one hand, and a fedora in the other. Before I was halfway down the aisle on the way to the lectern, the back of my neck told me that I was in trouble. I emphasized the time and thought that the boys had given to this decision, and explained briefly my efforts to let the young manage responsibly their own affairs. It was no use. The comments from the floor reflected everything from disappointment to fury. "Hasn't the school *any* standards?" "*Why* did you wait until after we had bought all those new jackets?" They had me there. I knew I was right in letting the students act on their own behalf but saw too late that I should have arranged official sessions involving both students and parents. I deserved the grilling I got. Finally a plaintive voice in the back row said, "When are you going to make them cut their hair?" I reminded the speaker that she could have her son get a haircut whenever she chose. That drew a round of applause, and to my great relief I was off the hook.

Everything worked out all right. I still had to apologize to the Board for not foreseeing the explosion and warning them about it before their telephones began to ring. Irving Clark said that he was sorry to see coats and ties go, but that he was occasionally reminded that "neatness is the sign of a small mind," or something like that. So the Board laughed with me as well as at me and said not to worry.

Matt Griffin, president of the students and in charge of all the argument, burst out in my office with "I thought *of course* you'd veto it!" Though whether because he favored or deplored the outcome I never asked. We are still good friends in any case. A few days after informal dress had established itself, I walked out of the office to encounter Steve Bean in full regalia: jacket, creased slacks,

white shirt, and conservative tie. He astonished me. "Good Lord, Steve, you look handsome!" He adjusted his tie, grinned, and explained that he was "bucking the establishment." Dan Ayrault has always been thankful that the whole business was mostly out of the way before he took over. All he had to contend with, he says, was bare feet.

For both parents and schoolmaster, helping students assume adult responsibility is always an interesting and challenging task. Lecturing them is often counter-productive; letting them free-wheel through their adolescent years is no help to them or to the family or to the school of which they are a part. For a school, some middle way is the answer. Let the school's standards be clear, depend on teachers and older students as role models, let the boys take some risks and help them understand the importance of the results, be always ready with support and encouragement. There is an approach to try with every boy, and doing so is one of the rewards of being a teacher or headmaster.

The Head's Office

I N architectural terms, the office of the Lakeside headmaster in the 1950s was a small room, roughly opposite the head's office of the 1960s, but darker, having only one window. It did provide a private washroom and also a backdoor designed by an architect who apparently believed that a headmaster should not be without means of retreat. During remodeling guided by architect Dan Lament at the end of the decade, the room was expanded into a light space sufficient for senate meetings and family conferences. A fine old partner's desk, that had come down via my father from the office of W. S. Ladd in pioneer Portland's Ladd and Tilton Bank, was installed.

For me the office was the base of operations; for many boys it was, I suppose, in accordance with the traditions of the English-speaking world, a place to steer clear of. Only rarely, when I had some special task to accomplish in a hurry, did I ask the secretaries to hold off calls and callers. Usually I was glad to hear a knock on the door, whether the caller proved to be teacher, boy, parent, alumnus, or stray visitor. One problem puzzled me. Not the "Come in" in response to the knock on the door; that was easy. But how to respond to the invariable question, "Are you busy?" An affirmative reply was the truth but a rebuff, a negative one was both a lie and a surly welcome. I must have solved the problem because I remember the office as well populated from staff meetings at 8:00 in the morning to the last conference in the afternoon. I liked it that way.

How visitors felt about the place is for them to say, though I offer one clue. The *Tatler* once raised in print a question as to whether the headmaster tinted his hair. The doubt was reasonable. My hair was following a non-standard pattern in turning gray. Rather than respond at once, I promised in assembly to reveal the truth to the captain of

the intramural football team that became the season's champions (alumni will remember the club names: Parsons, Whitcombs, Brownells, recognizing the first three presidents of the Board). In due course, two boys turned up at the office, the winning team having been led by co-captains. One was an old friend, the other a newcomer, obviously there against his better judgment. After we had chatted for a while and I had assured them that mother nature, not the deceptive Toni Twin, was in charge of my hair pattern, they left. As they disappeared around the corner, the old-timer said to the newcomer, "See, that wasn't so bad."

One winter's day in 1964, I kept a log, minute by minute, of what actually went on in the head's office. The document, dated February 7, has survived and can now be revealed without explanation except to say, for the sake of clarity, that George Taylor had left for two years to become head of Annie Wright Seminary in Tacoma, and Hugh Smith wanted a list of guests to be invited to a speech on college admissions that I was about to make to the Seattle Rotary.

7:40	No heat in buildings.
8:05	Told Murphy — fuel igniter busted in furnace; discussed whether spare unit should be repaired and reinstalled.
8:10	Staff meeting-JAL, RHS, AY. Settled next week's calendar. Discussed policy on midyear Honor Roll and other miscellaneous matters. 20 minutes.
8:30	Placed call to George Taylor — AWS. No luck.
8:32	Talked with Jim Smith, appealing a faculty decision. 10 minutes.
9:00	George Taylor returned call. Ayrault and I, on conference call, reported on our talk with 2 Lakeside seniors who had caused a disturbance at a Seminary dance. 10 minutes.
9:16	Saw Mr. Naiden about Jim Smith's appeal. Settled. 10 minutes.
9:25	Returned Mr. Wright's phone call. Discussion of his son's college plans.
9:35	Mr. S... came in. Asked for \$100 advance to meet his insurance premiums. Granted. Discussed his teaching, philosophy of teaching. Referred him to Dr. Morris. Advised automatic monthly withdrawal from checking to savings account to meet insurance premiums. Never heard of such a plan. Most grateful. 20 minutes.
9:58	Mr. Medlicott brings in 2 <i>Yale Reports</i> . 1 minute.
10:00	Looked at <i>P-I</i> .

10:05 Attacked stack of papers on desk.
 10:15 Call from Mrs. Hennum on Denmark exchange.
 10:20 Back to papers, opening mail, dictating, etc.
 10:30 Mrs. Berg with previous afternoon's dictation to sign. 10 minutes.
 10:40 At desk-papers.
 10:45 Wife arrived with *Holiday* article on New England schools.
 10:47 Long distance call for us both. Report on East Coast family problem.
 15 minutes.
 11:02 Discussed same. Called Lake City Travel to shift reservations East.
 11:30 Back to papers.
 11:55 Called Hugh Smith on Rotary Club guests for March 11th. Not in.
 12:10 Teacher candidate phoned.
 12:20 Lunch at school and coffee with faculty. Back to office.
 12:50 Conferred with Mr. and Mrs. Eiseman on possibility of partial leave in
 1965.
 1:00 Don Anderson — wants until April 1st on contract. May go to
 California. Consulted me about possibility of leave for UW study.
 House in poor shape.
 1:50 Tom Wendel on admissions procedures for 1964-65.
 2:25 Studied H... folder.
 2:27 Conferred with Ayrault on H..., and on Honor Roll list.
 2:50 Conferred with Mr. and Mrs. H..., Ayrault, adviser and four teachers
 on Tom H.... 55 minutes.
 3:45 Back to desk papers. Finished opening mail.
 4:05 Took misdirected Hemphill Oil bills to Murphy and asked him to have
 company address them properly. Discussed Anderson house.
 4:15 Discussed PNAIS business with Ayrault and Dennis Dunn.
 4:25 Signed last of letters and a college recommendation form. Brewed a
 pot of tea.
 4:46 Got Hugh Smith on Rotary lunch details and reported on Jim's
 complaint. OK.
 4:51 Dictated, worked on papers.
 5:18 Left for home and Alumni Dinner Dance.

In the early 1950s we established the school's first endowment fund. It had
 nothing in it but it was there, ready and waiting, when the will of Reginald Parsons
 provided Lakeside with a bequest of \$30,000. From then on, it grew slowly but steadily.
 In 1954, we went to work on an annual fund, headed usually by an alumnus trustee and
 eventually involving a corps of class agents. Here again the going was slow, alumni

response being dismally disappointing at first. But the response improved, enriching the school and its program in many ways. Not until 1964 did we have a director of development and a development office at the school. General Coburn Smith was the first incumbent, fresh from his last two assignments before retirement from the United States Army, Korean combat, and the post of military attache at the American embassy in Paris. We were lucky. Coburn was a gracious, enthusiastic man, who involved himself quickly and skillfully in his new vocation. I wish we had had him sooner.

We were not strong on planning. There is documentary evidence that in 1952 I alerted the trustees to a rumor that a freeway might come up the vale between the school and the Jackson Park golf course. Since the freeway did not arrive for fourteen years, that alert may have been "long-range" but it was "planning" in only a flamboyant sense. The only major building campaign we launched was a necessary response to the school's growth in size and a Sputnik-era conviction that our physics and mathematics faculty would be more effective educationally if concentrated in one place, McAllister Hall. We also knew we must increase the endowment. Walter Wyckoff was president; Phil Padelford directed the campaign. Our professional consulting firm predicted that we could raise \$350,000; we set \$500,000 as a goal. Thanks to trustees, parents, and friends we raised \$550,000. The effort, however, though successful, was not part of a master plan. We had none.

Indeed the governance of the school was, by current standards, primitive, but it was sound. The Board of Trustees, often called the best board in town, consisted of men, some of them alumni, who gave time, thought, effort, and frequently generous financial support to the institution. The committees were fewer than in the 1980s and less involved in many aspects of school detail than their current counterparts, but the board was boss and we knew it. On the other hand, the trustees counted on the professional leadership of faculty and administration, and expected us not only to guide them on educational policy but also to handle all the aspects of operation from the fair assignment of funds available for faculty salaries to delicate decisions on admission. The balance between board and administration is a delicate one, as anyone knows who is involved in a non-profit organization, and unlike some less fortunate schools across the land we kept that balance.

Though the governance of the school is now far more sophisticated, board and administration have carefully and wisely maintained it.

Administrative Assistance

ONE lesson I never had to learn was that the head's job could not be done alone. I needed all kinds of administrative help; I knew it and I had it.

When I arrived in 1951, Jean Lambert, acting-head after Mr. Adams's death, continued as assistant headmaster until reaching the age of sixty-five when, by board policy, he resigned the post, though not his teaching. His contributions to the school were many, not only in the classroom but in such projects as a summer workshop that he created in 1958 to emphasize the imaginative, creative aspects of teaching and learning mathematics and science. Jean was steadfast and he was loyal.

There was ready help on every side. Secretaries from Bird Normann to Dorothy Berg helped keep appointments in order and laboriously translated my handwriting or dictation into letters, memoranda, and reports that had to pour forth in an endless stream. Business managers like Arthur Murphy and Frank Houghton, working with the treasurer, handled the details of budgeting and accounting and managed the plant. In this latter capacity, they had for years the genial and faithful help of old Fred Boldt whose slow smile resembled the rising sun and who remembered, without a chart, the exact location of every underground pipe and conduit on the place. I once urged Fred to take Saturdays and Sundays off, but he argued that if he did, he'd have to go to union meetings on Saturday and church on Sunday. So he hung around on weekends and once managed, on his own and without breaking his neck, to touch up and repair the tall and precipitous chapel tower.

Bob Spock was the school's last dormitory master and for many years director of the lower school, then consisting of grades 7 and 8. He was a born schoolman, superb in dealing with the young and in counseling parents, many of whom relied on him devotedly for his patience and his confidence in their sons. Though outwardly reserved, he was by no means inwardly patient with himself or with his colleagues. None of us, he often felt,

quite lived up to the standards of perfection the school deserved. Despite such doubts, or perhaps because of them, he ran a top-flight entity in his lower school.

Still more helpful on a day-to-day basis were first George Taylor, then Dan Ayrault. I was close to both personally; both were highly capable assistants. Within three years of George's appointment to the faculty, he became Dean, just the right function and title for a man whose role model was the wise and kindly Dean of Exeter, Wells Kerr. Boys and teachers respected him and liked him; he was invaluable in my links with them both and with the boys' families. He liked his assignment, in fact liked it much more than headmastering where he found "the old U.R." too burdensome. "You know," he explained, "the old Ultimate Responsibility." A humane, humorous, faithful man — the perfect dean.

Anyone who has followed Dan Ayrault's distinguished career as Lakeside headmaster can imagine him as an executive officer. When George left, Dan became director of the upper school, an invaluable link again between the head's office and the whole school, upper and lower, tending to the fulfilling of details of decisions, both major and minor, already more than ready to manage on his own the first sessions of LEEP, full of constructive ideas that made the school a better place. His contributions to Lakeside run back long before 1969.

From a selfish viewpoint, I welcomed such support because it freed me to work on parts of the job I liked the best: helping to solve the problems of boys or teachers, responding to parental concern over their sons' progress, and generally trying to keep things running so that the school kept headed in the right direction.

One assignment I relished was the college counseling that I handled from the mid-1950s, just as the competitive rush began, until the mid-1960s when the dimension of the job called for its delegation to Vern Parrington and others. Some of the boys' decisions were simple, but usually they were complex enough to involve a series of conferences. I had watched the candidates, some of them as small boys in the lower school, many of them at a distance as they went through a sophomoric stage characterized by a reluctance to talk with any adult, especially the head. Then along about junior year, they would turn up in the office, suddenly ready to talk on an adult-to-adult basis as if they had never been small boys at all.

As background and preparation, I studied the rapidly changing college admissions process, more competitive each year, and tried both to help college admissions officers become familiar with the work Lakeside was doing and to establish their confidence in the objectivity and honesty of our recommendations. With the boys, we often had to begin by establishing that their decision on a career was not necessarily a prerequisite to a choice of college. Then there was the process of learning about the different institutions they were considering, estimating the suitability of various possible matches, considering parental fears and aspirations. For the boys, the process was preparation for a step into a new world; for me it was a highly rewarding experience.

The climax came in April. There were always some disappointments, of course, but many more satisfactory arrangements than otherwise. At first many colleges, not previously in a position to be highly selective, began to go for the most able candidates. For college counselors, prediction of a candidate's chances was in those days easy. Then the colleges began to build their new classes according to broader and educationally sounder standards. They still wanted scholastic ability, but they also wanted diversity—a wide variety of backgrounds, interests, and characteristics. Prediction became difficult. I still remember, with mixed feelings, our first encounter with what some would call reverse discrimination. A white candidate with a fine record was denied admission, and a black, with a record that was also excellent but, on paper, a little lower in rank, was admitted to the same institution. To their credit neither the disappointed candidate nor his parents uttered a word of complaint.

Then there was frequently a senior who suffered the Groucho Marx syndrome. His doubts usually surfaced at least a month after everything was settled. A choice by boy and family had been made after due deliberation, the candidate had been accepted, the match looked good. Then with some hesitation the successful candidate began to think that something was wrong. The symptoms became easy to recognize though they emerged slowly. In brief, though the doubter never came to the point at once, he was saying, "If this college is willing to admit me, it can't be a very good college." Groucho fans will remember his refusing to join a club because he was not going to associate with a group who would have him as a member. A review of the situation usually reassured the doubter.

Anyway, the whole process fascinated me, and it also meant that I came to know many seniors well before they graduated.

A Brief Clarification with No Apologies

A MODERN feminist who has read this far must be climbing the wall in fury. All this emphasis on boys and male teachers; an apparently casual approach to the matter of co-education at Lakeside; the constant reference to headmasters and no reference to headmistresses. Surely I was foolish not to recruit women as teachers; I see now how much they would have added to the school. But I have no apologies for the concept of a boys' day-school, with plenty of male role models around. Lakeside was not lacking in those qualities some consider exclusively feminine — understanding and sympathy, sensitivity and concern. There is no indication that Lakeside turned out a breed of male chauvinist piglets.

A related point, more personal and more difficult to discuss, is the role that my wife played. When we began our personal and professional lives together, I made — we both made — male assumptions that in time embarrassed me. Helen was not intent on a professional or business career. Still, why should she be expected to move from Massachusetts to California just because my first job was in the Ojai Valley? Why should she be expected by Pomfret trustees and by me to entertain in our 1885 headmaster's house three thousand people a year — Sunday night suppers for seniors, teas with hearty refreshments for home and visiting teams after Saturday games, dinners at the time of trustees meetings? For this arduous job we had a financial allowance, of course, and domestic help in the kitchen. And Helen had the full appreciation of the trustees who were devoted to her. As for me, I knew that she was part of the reason I had the job and part of the reason I could hold onto it, but I came to feel, and felt for some years, the situation's rank injustice.

Helen's view is different. She has said repeatedly that she has never felt bitterness or revolt, that the role of headmaster's wife both at Pomfret and at Lakeside was the life she wanted to lead, and that she has no regrets. She knows that there have been changes now. Some school appointments are made with the understanding that the head's spouse

is to have no school responsibilities whatsoever; others are appropriately compensated for their work. One couple took an appointment as a couple, share professional responsibility as a couple, and presumably are compensated accordingly. The school world now recognizes that the old assumptions were wrong, but Helen's position is firm. "It was the life we both wanted to live," she says, "I enjoyed playing a part in the life of the school." Perhaps the nature of our personal lives has something to do with it. We solve our problems in what our daughter calls "democratic fashion." Decisions, whether about who handles what household chores or how to deal with the problems of rearing our young, have always been made together. For us, leading our professional lives together as well was simply the natural and right thing to do.

Back to the Office

NO need to end a chapter on such a serious note. There was always something going on back at the office. Take the day of the 1963 bomb scare. The official bulletin, sent to parents the next day to allay alarm, outlined the situation. "Shortly after lunch we received three calls on three different school telephones. The caller said a bomb had been placed in the school, set to go off in the afternoon. Each call referred to a different time and a different location." A report in a family letter provides more color.

Might as well start with the bomb threat of yesterday. For details, see the enclosed bulletin which I sent out to parents this morning. One of the cooks got the first call in the kitchen about one, and while I was getting her report over the phone, Eileen Johnson came into my office, looking very white, and asking me to take line two, but it was dead by the time I could answer. The third call came to the gym, like the others from a man who talked in a low, harsh, hoarse voice.

I made appropriate notes, feeling like a detective, called the police, and then finished some dictation. The cops arrived quickly and quietly. The boys tell me there were three cars in the oval but only two very pleasant sergeants came into the office. I went over the details, whereupon the senior sergeant said, "Well, Mr. Strong, what do you think you ought to do?" — an excellent response, I realized, and right in line with approved educational practices. I 'lowed as how I thought he would have a list of standard procedures to be followed in such cases. He didn't, but countered with, "You could always evacuate the buildings. When did you have your last fire drill?" Fortunately I knew — February 28 —but

ventured the suggestion that this seemed like an unnecessarily panicky thing to do.

So we sat for about forty minutes, the sergeant making periodic phone calls and me dispatching staff members to follow up on various local possibilities — an employee whom we had disciplined a few days ago (whereabouts known at the time of the calls), some of our likeliest pranksters among the students (all known to have been in class), etc. In between times we discussed the ways of cranks and crackpots and hoaxers. All very interesting.

Finally I decided to send the boys home at 2:30 after their last class. This was about two, and just as we had alerted all bus drivers and sent the announcement around to all seventh period classes the sergeant learned from the King County Sheriff's office that we were one of five institutions in this area to receive similar threats over a two-day period. Bob Spock took charge here while all the upper-school faculty and I dashed off to a meeting for junior and senior members. No further developments.

Always something going on in the head's office.

Off-Campus

MUCH of the official activity of a Lakeside head took me out of the office and off the school grounds. Near or far, an excursion usually involved spreading the Lakeside word (especially in the early days), recruiting teachers, fostering the admission of Lakesiders to college, meeting alumni, or serving other institutions, most of them educational.

Spreading the word sprang from a concern that was at first depressing: the general ignorance of what Lakeside, or any good independent school, was all about. A seatmate on a West Coast plane, for example, discovering that I was a schoolmaster but not in the public school system, jumped easily to the conclusion that I was either a priest in mufti or the warden of a reformatory.

One home-grown response to such ignorance was to accept all local invitations to speak "on some educational topic of your choice." More than one PTA, more than one service club learned that we were not a corrective institution, had high aspirations for sound and able boys, and wanted to play our part as constructive members of the community. As arrangements with a program chairman proceeded, suggested titles were never so forthright, but the subliminal message was always there.

Even more disturbing was the official attitude of the regional accrediting organization which had the authority to decide whether Lakeside would be accredited to educate boys. That first visit to Spokane in December of 1951 indicated that the Northwest Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools knew nothing of our methods or our results. In their official view, all schools within their jurisdiction (half a dozen northwestern states and the territory of Alaska) had to fall in line with all their requirements which included offering courses in shop and state history, holding school

for a set number of days a year, and determining teacher competence on the basis of courses in teacher education.

In addition to this problem, we contended with the Washington State Office of Education, an enforcer of minimum school standards that wanted to gain accrediting authority. Each year we dutifully filled out their intricate and burdensome questionnaires, made calls now and then at the state superintendent's office, and waited to see what would happen. Essentially, nothing happened. Occasionally we were "advised" that not all our teachers held official teaching certificates, but we never had to send Dan Morris to a college of education to learn how to teach, and we never lost our accreditation. In fact we were never even "warned."

We learned to live with this benign neglect and to be grateful for it, but it had its disadvantages. Reluctant to arouse the bureaucracy, I was not as aggressive as I should have been. A subordinate part of the state system, a group of athletic authorities, had ruled in the late 1940s that a student transferring from a public to a private school could not represent the private school athletically for a year. We had to go far afield to find a nearby league, and I surely should have raised more hell about that.

We did prepare the way, along two lines, for more constructive relations with the state. About 1960, the Pacific Northwest Association of Independent Schools (PNAIS) began a rotating process of evaluation among its seven members. Though simple by recent standards, the procedure indicated that we wanted to keep our own houses in order. Since it involved outside observers, it also gave us a chance to show our public school neighbors how we went about our work. A high school principal on the first evaluating team to visit Lakeside came into the office after his first morning at school to admit that the experience had astonished him.

"I had always assumed," he said, "that a Lakeside student was asked to stand up and recite, and that after he had stood up and recited, he sat down. But I didn't see *any* teacher ask *anyone* to stand up and recite. The classes I visited were involved in lively, productive discussion." Surprise, surprise!

After my day, when the process had become more sophisticated, the accrediting association accepted the PNAIS evaluation as official basis for accreditation.

Another bridge of understanding between independent schools and the state resulted from the work of the Washington State Advisory Commission on Teacher Evaluation and Certification. The meetings of the Commission seemed even longer than its title, two full days once or twice a year, but for me they were worth it. Under the chairmanship of Wendell Allen, a group of educators from the university level on down tried to resolve the key dilemma: how to design a program that would provide the state with excellent teachers and at the same time be suitable for reasonable administration by the educational bureaucracy. Was the standard teacher's certificate, training for which many candidates found dull, the only evidence that could be found to determine teaching ability? If there were other standards, how could they be reasonably applied by a state office charged with maintaining educational quality in all the high schools across the state? We never resolved the dilemma but we worked at it.

In line with his hope that standards could be maintained even if common sense sometimes took over from written rules, Wendell Allen once tried an experiment. He asked me to apply for credentials as a school principal. I was dubious. Though there is in my files the prerequisite Washington state teaching certificate, I don't know where it came from. I had never had a course in how to teach, much less any formal training in education or educational management. Allen persisted. "Just report everything you've ever done that has anything to do with your work courses taken, books read, workshops attended, positions held." So I put together a four-page, single-spaced document listing everything from a graduate course in the social and intellectual history of the United States under the elder Schlesinger to the Portland talk on "Bringing Up Fathers," from coaching a fall tennis squad to reading John Knowles' *A Separate Peace*. Eventually there came in the mail not one document but two, not only principal's credentials but a superintendent's as well. For me, just in time — I was within three years of retirement. For the system, a heartening indication that it was looking for ways to do its job without being adamant about rules and regulations.

At first I made just one trip East each year. It was built around the February meeting of the Headmasters' Association, an organization of seventy-five private school heads and twenty-five public school principals, all men. As time went on, I came to believe that its club-like character was a poor thing for the independent school movement,

but in the early 1950s its programs helped me keep in touch with what was going on educationally around the country, and its meetings provided pleasant reunions with old friends. In those days the sessions were always held in an elaborate country club, built — in the 1920s, I'm sure — at the center of a golf course and real estate development in Rye, New York. It was a remarkable establishment, right out of F. Scott Fitzgerald.

From Rye I went on to visit a few university or college towns to meet with admissions officers, interview teaching candidates, and look up alumni.

Occasionally such trips provided non-professional extras. Once, our daughter's friend, Maria Josephy, was being married on the day after the Headmasters' Association and only a few miles away in southern Connecticut. I was happy to celebrate the occasion, especially since it would give me a chance to see our daughter. During the reception, the mother of the bride asked me for help. "Look at the Millers! They're sitting there all alone. *Please* go talk with them." Assuming as much urbanity as I could muster, I sauntered across a floor that had been cleared for dancing and chatted, or tried to chat—it wasn't easy!—with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Miller. I reported the experience to a Lakeside assembly soon after returning to school. The boys' faces were blank. No recognition. Only after Mr. Bleakney and a few other teachers had passed the word in third-period classes that Mrs. Miller was Marilyn Monroe did the word get around. The boys' response, at least their only surface response, was "no big deal" (they were jealous), but I did get a few cautious inquiries at lunch: "What was it like, sir?"

One Atlantic seaboard interest was the National Council of Independent Schools, a small organization founded in the early 1930s. If I was lucky, it sometimes held the meetings of its executive committee, of which I was a member, right before or after the meeting of the Headmasters' Association. NCIS dealt primarily with the administrative concerns of school heads while the older Secondary Education Board (later the ISEB) tended to the educational needs of both heads and teachers. During the 1950s some of us began to work for a merger of the two organizations. In 1961 I was appointed one of three NCIS representatives on a joint committee to draft a constitutional proposal for such a merger.

We held one meeting at St. Paul's School, in Concord, in June, but the modern National Association of Independent Schools really began to take shape in October on the

south rim of the Grand Canyon. A contemporary letter says something about the process and personnel.

I have never had a better time on a thing of this kind than on this job. Larry Springer, the chairman, managed us beautifully, excellent organization, good subcommittee assignments, never setting us so much to do in a day that we felt bogged down. We worked morning, afternoon, and evening except for Wednesday evening off. We never came to any major divisions, though there was much discussion about how best to achieve our ends.

There were five besides Larry and me. Jack Gummere, head of William Penn Charter School and for ten years chairman of ISEB, originally lukewarm on merger but a convert. Then there were Wek Grimes from Detroit and Tony Barber from Long Island, both old ISEB hands. The other NCIS representatives were Margo Johnson, principal of Milton Girls' School, agog over the Canyon and the West in general, and Chuck Froelicher, a young Coloradan in his first headmaster's job, energetic and imaginative.

We saw our constitution finished, through its final reading, and into the hands of the typist by Friday morning. All unique functions of ISEB and NCIS are preserved, but this is a union, not a confederation. Exciting!

There was legal work still to be done. Then we had to win the approval of the governing committee of both organizations. The date for decision was a Saturday early in December 1961; the place, the Williams Club in New York. Helen and I were starting off on six months' leave and sandwiched a wintry week's drive across the continent between Thanksgiving in Portland and the date in New York. A letter of December 3 reports the wind-up of our efforts and the beginnings of NAIS.

Our luck held all the way across the continent. It was 6 p.m. when we pulled into the driveway in Lawrenceville on Friday evening... I caught the 7:50 from Princeton Junction next morning and reached the Williams Club with twenty minutes to spare. Our new constitution and various other recommendations were accepted almost without change by both executive committees, though we had some uncomfortable moments in the course of the day as one diehard *in* the ISEB camp tried to tack on some reservations. He lost and we won, and I walked back to Penn Station feeling pleased and glad I'd come.

Quite apart from the professional services offered by the National Association of Independent Schools under the able leadership of presidents Francis Parkham and Cary

Potter, my contacts with the organization have provided great personal satisfaction. For two years I served on its board, then in 1968 began seven years of association with its summer Workshop for New Heads. After retirement I did a study to find out whether the organization was meeting the needs of its members, and recommended, among other things, that it not forget an emphasis on education as distinct from administration. This recommendation led to a spinoff: the Commission on Educational Issues, which, guided by TheodoreSizer, conducted a major study under the joint sponsorship of NAIS and the National Association of Secondary School Principals. The creative suggestions in Sizer's *Horace's Compromise* have been a stimulating result of that study. It feels good to have once been part of such a constructive organization as NAIS, and I watch with admiration its continued growth in stature under the presidency of John Esty.

The six-month leave mentioned above stemmed from a remark I made to Willard Wright earlier in 1961 in a tired and discouraged moment. Probably I wondered aloud how much longer I could hang on. There was no response at the time, and I expected none. Periods of despondency recurred at times but I had learned to live with them. So Helen and I were surprised when Bill turned up at the house one fall afternoon with orders from the board for us to leave Lakeside in mid-November and not show our faces there again until mid-May. With gratitude and anticipation we took off, first on that trans-continental drive, then, after Christmas with our daughter and her family in Rhode Island, on the *United States* for a stormy crossing to Bremerhaven. From there, in a VW bug picked up in Bremen, we headed for Athens where for two months we began to get the feel of Greece and to know some of its people. Our headquarters was a new class B hotel in Plaka right under the Acropolis where from our sixth floor room we could just see the top of the Erechtheum in what was then the unpolluted brilliance of Greek sunshine. Total headquarters cost: \$3.50 a day, breakfasts in our room included.

After exploring as many corners of Greece, ancient and modern, as we could manage, we worked our way north during the spring months through Italy and Germany, shipped the bug home from Paris, and returned on schedule in mid-May. The school, of course, had thrived while we were gone. I know I was a better headmaster for that experience — more philosophical, less likely to be submerged by worrisome detail. Every head should be lucky enough to have such an opportunity.

While we were still in Athens, I was asked to serve a term as trustee of the College Entrance Examination Board. Since 1900 it had been a small association of selective private colleges and a few high-powered public and private secondary schools. Now it was becoming a highly sophisticated, broadly based, national organization concerned not only with testing but with financial aid. Indeed it was concerned with every aspect of the transition of young Americans from school to higher education.

Naturally it was involved with such national issues of the 1960s as racial desegregation. It required that its testing facilities be open to all comers of all colors. In most southern states that still meant that testing centers had to be within federal installations, a United States Air Force base, for example. Whether by design or by chance, one of our trustee meetings was held at Tulane University in New Orleans the weekend that the university announced a new policy of racial integration.

The board even had some international concerns. A group of Latin American colleges and universities had asked for help in redesigning the admissions procedures that prevailed in Central and South America. There were linguistic problems to be discovered and solved. A word used in an SAT verbal test, even if carefully translated, might mean one thing in the Bronx and quite another in Antofagasta, Chile. Then there was the early stumbling block caused by the realization that whereas the aim of the College Board was to expedite the transition from school to college, many Latin American institutions were accustomed to systems designed to exclude as many people as possible from higher education. For this project, the Board set up an office and a pilot program in Puerto Rico, and the trustees enjoyed a special dividend of one meeting held in San Juan. Most of the meetings, it should be said, were held in New York. Anyway, a stimulating experience for a Northwestern schoolmaster.

By this time, what with NAIS and CEEB obligations, I was making as many as eight trips a year across the continent. Fortunately, air travel had improved since that DC-4 hedgehopping trip in 1951. After a few trial runs with red-eye specials going East, I settled for the time-consuming but easier day flights on the DC-6s and DC-7s, and later the jets. Then after a day's work, say at the College Board's old offices on Morningside Heights, I'd find a colleague to share a cab, check up as we went by Columbia university

to determine the current state of student rioting and building-seizures, catch United's six o'clock, #47, and be in Seattle by 8:20, fed and rested.

One trip proved to be the optimal combination of business and pleasure. In October of 1966, I was scheduled on a Monday to be on an education panel in Easthampton, Massachusetts. Tuesday I was to see Dan Ayrault and his family in Cambridge. They had left for graduate work and I was beginning the process of reminding them frequently of Lakeside so that some day we might get them back. There would be time for a call on Ted Sizer, a former student, now Dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Education, who had already become Dan's mentor. Then down to New York in time for Wednesday's annual meeting of the College Board. Why not steal a Friday to fly East and make the most of a free weekend?

With this in mind, I invited a niece and two cousins, all studying in New England, to rendezvous at Smith College. From there we would journey to my alma mater, Williams College, at that time still a single-sex school. The event was significant to me in that fifty years before I had worn grooves in the highway between Williamstown and Northampton courting Helen Smith.

I wrote to their parents as follows:

Uncle Deck's Diary, October 21.

Found that the freeway [Seattle] had not opened as promised, so fought commuter traffic to the airport. Cursed the government. Arrived handily in time for a shoeshine before the departure of United's morning non-stop to New York. "No sweat" as the young say, an indelicate term but expressive. We were starting our descent for Kennedy in four hours, but traffic was heavy and we made a leisurely approach via Danbury, eastern Long Island, and a generous dogleg over the north Atlantic. Arrived on schedule at 4:45, four hours and thirty-five minutes out of Seattle.

Things were confused at the Eastern terminal to which I walked in the afternoon sunshine. A Mexican floorshow in the lobby, a great crowd in too little space at the boarding area, and such carelessness on board the old Electra as we swung onto the runway for takeoff, that a pot of coffee hurtled from the galley across the aisle, scalding our ankles and adding another battle stain to my London briefcase. The stewardess explained everything after we were aloft and she had mopped us up, by saying that this had "just been one of those days." I trusted silently that things in the cockpit were under better control. Enjoyed studying the Housatonic and Connecticut Valleys as we hopped up to Bradley Field...

In Northhampton all three girls appeared shortly — armed with Fresca, Fritos, and tremendous enthusiasm, all of which they generously shared. After suggesting a 9 a.m. departure, I took off for Wiggins Inn to find a college mixer in full swing. If the lobby had been as crowded on the night of June 28, 1930, the clerk might not have noticed that Helen and I were a honeymoon couple. So to bed.

Up with the sun to enjoy a hearty breakfast and the *New York Times*. On the way up into the Berkshires, I tried to say little by way of reminiscence, knowing that for the girls, 1929 was as interesting as the administration of President Rutherford B. Hayes and just as remote... In Williamstown the first familiar thing the girls saw was Spencer Beebe, a Portlander, walking down the street barefoot. Rutherford B. Hayes had never walked down the street barefoot.

After lunching in the student union (four wolf whistles as we entered), we investigated a congregation of men outside Chapin Hall and in the freshman quadrangle.

It was like offering a large pot of honey to a bunch of bearcubs. In four minutes we had collected three Lakeside boys, the Cape Cod roommate of one of them, and more Lincoln High Schoolers [Portland] than I could count. At least I guess they were all Lincoln High Schoolers; they all knew Margaret. Two busloads of girls from Bennett and Wheaton Colleges arrived, and Molly Moll, a Seattlite, got off one of them, thinking she didn't know a soul, to find herself being hugged by Skip Kotkins and Alien Klein. She has two brothers at Lakeside. It was old home week, and you can say what you want about the younger generation but I think that any bunch that gives such a heartwarming welcome to an old alumnus can't be all bad. I was so pleased that I increased my dinner party to seven on the spot, adding Molly and the Cape Codder.

The football game was an easy victory, "our mountain valley" was as lovely as ever, the sun shone, the flag flapped in any easy breeze, and the loudspeakers announced, bit by bit, the final quarter of the Amherst-Wesleyan game which Wesleyan won. Loud cheers.

A visit to the Williams radio station to watch Skip be a disk jockey; a call to Pat Dunn (Lakeside '65; Williams '69) who had made dinner reservations for me, and his girl had just arrived from Vassar, and could he bring her?

So at seven sharp we all arrived on foot at The Country Inn, and I have seldom presided more happily and over such attractive guests, who by some miracle now balanced out at five girls and five men, not including Uncle Deck. This name, by the way, the men could not cope with, but the girls wouldn't go with "Mr. Strong." Below the salt I think some experimenting was done with "D.K." or "Dex" as at Lakeside. Pat and Alien talked Lakeside and Williams, Ali K. drew John Burns, a reserved and quiet fellow, into easy communication, Liz cast covetous eyes on the waiter, a Williams man, who stopped by for a chat and told us about his

school in Hawaii. Margaret was too far down the table for me to hear what she was saying, but she wasn't morose.

The food and wine were as good as the company; it was almost ten before we arose. Everyone most appreciative. The boys then asked if they could reveal "a present — a rather large one — may we give it to you?" Whereupon they produced a handsome purple and gold banner, emblazoned with "Williams 1929." It had clearly been no easy task for them to resurrect these ancient numerals and they had gone to no end of trouble which they described (like excited archeologists) with great pleasure, equaled only by mine.

Eventually everyone disappeared to a mixer, or at least disappeared, and I was left to climb happily to my room and to bed.

Addenda: On the way back from the game, Alien Klein said, "You know, Mr. Strong —perhaps I ought not to say this — when you were away last year, I always thought you spent all your time sitting on boards and going to meetings. I didn't know it was like this." And John Burns to Ali K. some time after dinner, "I've still got a brother at Lakeside. I've got to get you in by midnight."

Last Time Around

HOW long should a head be a head? The legendary Frank Boyden of Deerfield hung on for sixty-two years. The first headmaster of one new school in the Northwest resigned before the first student arrived in September. Neither extreme impressed me as ideal, yet there is no exact time between sixty-two and zero that fits the needs of all schools or of all heads. Abraham Lincoln came as close as anyone to a sensible answer: when asked how long a man's legs should be, he said they should be long enough to reach the ground. By midwinter of 1967-68 the answer for Lakeside, this time around anyway, was eighteen years. Dan Ayrault was going to be winding up his work at Harvard in the summer of 1969.¹ I knew that every school in the land needing a new head would be after him. I was just as sure that he was the person for Lakeside. So a year and a half ahead of time, I told the Board that I planned to retire in the summer of 1969.

At first I did not mention Dan and his timing — except to Helen. For one thing, there were other factors in our decision. Many of the things that we set out to do at Lakeside had been accomplished. (Every head who retires before he dies manages to work in this line.) We did not feel the youthful enthusiasm necessary for tackling the next big jobs to be done. Indeed as we passed sixty years, we were wondering whether there might not be some other ventures to try before we reached the allotted three-score and ten. Then there was our conviction that in situations of this kind, it is better to pull out while associates wish you would not than to wait until they wish you would. The official announcement was made in mid-March.

Well before the stir caused by that broadside, the trustees had begun to think of a successor. It was in this connection that I had a second reason for not mentioning Dan. The early versions of the *Trustee Handbook* argued that a retiring head should have

nothing to do with the selection of a successor. Perhaps the school needed a complete change of direction, a need that the old head, wearing blinders of complacency, might not see. So when the matter came up at a trustee meeting, I warned them. "All right," Walter Wyckoff said, "you've told us what the book says. Now what do you say?" I told them they ought to look at Dan Ayrault. As far as I know, they never looked at anyone else.

The trustees wasted no time, opening negotiations with Dan even before the public announcement of my plans. Dan wanted to talk with the faculty—he had been away for a year and a half—and he and Sue came out for a week at the school. The trustees worked on Dan and Dan worked on the trustees. I kept out of the way but could imagine the exchanges, or thought I could. The trustees knew they wanted him, but Dan needed time and departed with no indication of what his decision might be.

Exactly how many search committees were after him, I have never known, but two were enough to make me nervous. We would hear by the grapevine that the Ayraults were on the road again, spending three or four days in Buffalo, for example, or in California. I was sure they were getting the works in California. One of the trustees on that search committee was a former student of mine, and I knew him for an able and persuasive operator. Meanwhile no hint as to what was going on in the Ayrault mind. We did not even have a chimney to watch for that telltale puff of smoke.

Finally — it seemed like months but was only a few weeks — word came through. Dorothy Berg, my secretary, came in with the morning's mail and said, "He's coining!" In both a professional and personal sense, I was profoundly happy. I still am. There was no loss of momentum in the following months. As I have said, faculty and administration discussed but did not make any recommendation to the board, knowing that such a major policy should not be decided under an outgoing administration. Lakeside proceeded normally. Significantly, the school operated constructively and thoughtfully in the midst of a worldwide student revolution.

Unlike many parts of the world, the United States had never before seen anything quite like it. Both the historian and the schoolmaster in me were fascinated by it. When the *Independent School Bulletin* in October 1968 asked me for a guest editorial, I held forth on the subject under the title "This Way to the Egress." I refer to the article now

because it says something about the spirit of Lakeside and its students during those crucial years.

It was the patrons of P. T. Barnum's early sideshows who found themselves in the classic plight of those who misread signs. The rubes thought that the "Egress" sounded exciting — perhaps a new kind of bird or beast —and when they followed the signs pointing to this marvel, quickly found themselves out on the street. Those of us in school administration will do well to read the current signs with intelligence and to interpret them with care and wisdom. Otherwise we too shall find ourselves out on the street.

The metaphor needs mixing and strengthening. The signs that confront us as educators are not so much directives as storm warnings. They are flying in Zurich and Paris, at Columbia and San Francisco State, and at dozens of places in between. They tell us of every kind of disturbance, from squalls of student impudence to hurricanes of philosophical and purposeful anarchy. So far, the storms have tended to center in the colleges and universities, but there is no reason to believe that the schools will escape their path. The Students for a Democratic Society announced this summer that they are proceeding to organize the high schools; and every schoolmaster knows, in any case, that the patterns set by college students, whether in dress, behavior, or thought, tend to repeat themselves, in due course, at the secondary level.

Apparently, any of us could get caught in the storm. Impudent students, though perhaps a bit brisker than we remember them in other years, have always been with us and are certainly (and fortunately) here to stay. At the other extreme, anarchists may attack us without regard to our preparation or our wisdom, simply because anarchists care nothing for reason and aim only to dismantle and destroy. Still, we may hope that a good school provides the kind of climate in which excessive impudence and destructive anarchy would find it difficult to flourish.

Far more important are the great ground swells of student opinion on national affairs and the government of our schools and colleges, two subjects that until recently were not matters of active concern to the main body of young people. Surely, we must all welcome the deepening interest of students in national affairs. To find among them so much conviction and commitment on questions of race or of foreign policy, for example, is gratifying and heartening to anyone who believes that one purpose of education is to move the young toward active involvement in public issues. The other new interest of students — participation in the government of our schools and in the determination of school policy — will make many administrators more jumpy. Even though the issue is of less importance than the issues of national policy, it strikes much closer home...

We should be thankful that a student generation has arrived which is interested in education and in its improvement. We should be thankful

that a student generation has arrived which is deeply concerned about national policy. It's about time! Let's make the most of it...

A number of aspects of the consultative procedure are more important than the form it takes. One is timing. Must we wait for crises and revolts before we recognize that today's students are worth hearing and worth heeding? Another is the willingness of us elders to take some of the risks that the young advise us to take; still another is the willingness of the young to accept and live with a decision once it is made. Finally, such consultations should / bring renewed recognition of the dignity and worth of individuals on both sides of the new age gap. The young will find that their elders are human beings who face, often with courage and conviction and some wisdom, the same problems that the young are encountering. Teachers and administrators, on the other hand, may rediscover what we never should have forgotten, that the young, though not our equals in age or experience, are our equals as persons and are probably infinitely superior to us in directness of insight and in ability to renew the world.

Send-Off

OUR personal preparations for departure consisted in building a house to live in. Having occupied school quarters for all our professional lives, we were planning the only home we had ever owned. Thanks to Al Baumgardner and David Wright, we watched our ideal take shape overlooking Puget Sound north of Seattle.

Friends and associates gave us a glorious send-off. The trustees put on a gala dinner with old friend Bill Presley, from Arizona, the principal speaker, and presented us with a handsome bench carved by Duane Pasco in the Haida style, to provide us with an observation post from which to enjoy sunset lights on Mount Baker from our Hansville bluff. The Mothers' Club, sensing that we would want to keep track of Puget Sound traffic, gave us a telescope that has enabled us to inspect cargo ships from Japan and carriers outbound from Bremerton. We even know who is catching fish and who is not in Skunk Bay. The faculty first decided on a salute gun, but when they discovered it could throw a projectile all the way to Whidbey Island, three miles away, they settled on a masthead lamp and a weather vane. Then the trustees recognized our years at Lakeside with a citation written by George Taylor that still warms our hearts. Finally, Dr. Joel Baker and a few other faithful Lakesiders contributed some \$300,000 to the school, and the trustees promptly converted this manna into the D.K.S. Faculty Endowment Fund.

On August 8, we moved, Dan arrived soon thereafter. He and I cleared a few last-minute details, and at the end of the month, he took over. The *Tatler* summarized matters in the issue of September 8, 1969, with a picture of the two of us and a banner headline:

AYRAULT HERE, STRONG GONE.

That's just the way we wanted it. What a satisfaction to have the transition go so smoothly and to feel such confidence in Dan's leadership and Lakeside's future.

Designed by Thatcher Bailey
Baskerville type set by Walker & Swenson, Port Townsend
Manufactured by Edwards Brothers, Ann Arbor