

course which I described earlier is the only honor course not handled in this way in the History Department.

But no amount of machinery will supply the place of faculties of the requisite calibre. John Jay Chapman, whom Jacques Barzun once regarded as one of the most penetrating critics of American life, wrote to Dr. Drury, "What schools need is not to be schools, but just part of life. . . . Let us all live in the real world. There is no more to it than this." Chapman was not thinking of progressive education, (I am not here attacking progressive education. I believe that nature is correcting this, as it ultimately corrects every other system of education), but of the fact that schools needed more men of the world on their faculties and less platitudinous earnestness.

In educating the gifted student a good deal is being done in various directions, but much more needs to be done. On this matter as on most others there is a vast deal of self criticism in America but also a powerful disposition to complacency. There is not a little danger that the complacent view will be strengthened by recent more flattering analyses of the American scene by Europeans, or former Europeans. The most striking examples are Jacques Barzun's book, *God's Country and Mine*, and D. W. Brogan's *Politics in America*. While parts of these books

are critical of the United States, they end by bestowing a general absolution on America's shortcomings. But it is a little premature for general absolution. These books dramatically testify to the powerful force of Americanization in the world and, if compared with earlier books by the same writers, they raise the uncomfortable suspicion that under the guise of adjusting the perspective they may in fact be emasculating thought. Reinhold Niebuhr's *Irony of American History* is a safer guide here.

To conclude, what America needs most in education at the present moment is greater sophistication of mind. The need is greatest with gifted students, but the same point of view should be applied to the less gifted (however much the technique may have to be modified in practice) if these two sections of the community are to understand each other, and if the gifted are to make anything like maximum contribution to their own society.

If the parable of the talents is taken as a guide, and if gifted students have achieved real sophistication of mind they will be more use to themselves and to the rest of the community, and they will be more likely to fulfill the words in St. Luke's Gospel, "We are unworthy servants, we have only done what was our duty."

THE STORY OF DR. RICHARDS

The writer of the story which follows is Mr. Robert H. Sayre, '04; its subject is Dr. Huntington Richards, '70, a master at the School from 1893 to 1911.

Like the other small boys entering St. Paul's, I spent my first year in the Lower School. This was a big red brick building full of classrooms, dormitories, studies, a big dining room and labyrinthine corridors.

The darkness of a long hall in the basement was somewhat relieved by a shaft of light from a partly opened door. Within, a little old man sat with his back to you, at a desk against the far wall, always engrossed in some

giant tome. This was the home, bedroom, study and clinic of Dr. Richards, bald with a white goatee, and sparkling black eyes.

We understood that he had been on the medical staff and also taught Latin classes. When age compelled retirement, the School was somewhat disconcerted to find that he had no family or friends left, and no place to go. Accordingly, they gave him this room and some rather modest duties. Primarily, he gave First Aid to the little boys who were always getting scratched and bruised. This seemed always to consist of swabbing us with iodine, as anything of moment was sent right on to the Infirmary. Second, he presided over, and sat at the head of one of the long tables in the dining room.

I happened to be allotted a seat at his immediate right. For some reason Dr. Richards took a fancy to me, and I was favored with many a dissertation about everything, from the eating habits of the ancient Greeks to the foibles of modern medicine. I suppose most of this wisdom went well over my head, but some of it may have stuck at that.

After a month or so, however, there came a cataclysmic token of his regard which rocked the table to its very foundations. Every morning there appeared beside the doctor's plate a stone jar of this imported "Dundee" Orange Marmalade, of which he partook sparingly but appreciatively. Generations of boys had looked with stifled avarice at this confection, but to no avail. Then, one morning the doctor said, "Sayre, why don't you try some of this Scotch prepared marmalade? It has quite an unique tang and you might enjoy it!" You can imagine the poorly dissembled gloating with which I got a spoonful every morning thereafter. In fact, I have liked the stuff ever since, and often have it for breakfast now.

Nor was this to be all. Upon the approach of the Christmas holidays the doctor presented me with a wonderful book, "The Hound of the Baskervilles", by A. Conan Doyle, then newly published and very popular. On the fly leaf he had written, "Cani; Cano; Canem", or something like that. (I must confess that my Latin deserted me many years ago). Anyhow, it meant — "From a Dog; To a Dog; About a Dog." The doctor never seemed to tire of his own gentle joke and when we would meet in the halls he even took to growling at me and I would growl back. The next year I moved up to the Middle School, and so on to the Upper School; a total of four years at Concord. Even so, I often passed Dr. Richards on the walks. We would not only growl, but he would always put his cane behind him and wave it like a tail.

Then it was Harvard, and it was not until Easter vacation of my senior year that I went up to New Hampshire for a last visit to St. Paul's. I thought of little old Dr. Richards and went over to the Lower School to inquire. Collaring a small boy tearing past, I asked: "Is Dr. Richards still here?" "Sure, sure," he said, and continued to run.

So I went down into that dark basement hall. Light shone from a door that was ajar. I peeked in. There was the familiar figure engrossed in a great book. It did seem a little more shrunken, though, and the book even bigger. It was eight years since I had been introduced to "Dundee" marmalade and "The Hound." I growled. The figure sat bolt upright, listening. I growled again. He jumped up and pattered across to the corner where his cane was standing. Only then did he turn around to come and greet me, growling terribly, and waving his tail behind him.