

not required to attend are not always enthusiastic about taking advantage of these opportunities to broaden their horizons.

The *Horae Scholasticae* has been subjecting itself to self-examination, and has come to the conclusion that it is not representative enough of the School as a whole, and that the style of its offerings is stereotyped. It is making an effort to stimulate younger boys to contribute and to call forth greater originality in writing and reporting. Let us hope that the campaign continues and results in a revitalization of its pages. The *Horae* board is asking for criticism which it intends to publish—perhaps some of you may care to help by putting your opinions on paper. If so, they will be welcomed.

No mention has been made of the chief phase of our life here, the learning of lessons. We have been learning them, but results are difficult to evaluate, so less can be said about them; but one gets the impression that there is a healthy attitude toward work, especially in the lower Forms. We were all much hampered by "flu" and measles; very many boys had to postpone their exams or spend weeks making up lost time, and many of the faculty were loaded with extra classes, taking up the slack dropped by ailing colleagues. However, most boys have regained their position by now, and by June scarcely any will be behind.

At the end of the term, there were House Plays nearly every night, often more than one, and those interested in them could be seen marching from building to building. The three best will compete in April for the Henry M. Fiske Cup, giving what some consider the best entertainment of the year. These plays, which use up the free time of large numbers of boys, show that there is energy enough if there is interest; our only worry is whether or not it is always usefully harnessed.

PERCY PRESTON, '32.

THE MILLER'S HOUSE

Built 1815

Remodeled 1878

Removed 1892

"More water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of"

THE Miller's House has been the subject for more interesting stories than any other building at St. Paul's. To the present generation, the building is but a name and few alumni are left who remember this rather attractive cottage in its picturesque setting on the site of the Sheldon Library. But to those who knew the school in the '80's, the very mention of Miller's House stirs up memories long forgotten, perhaps, but none the less vivid.

Unlike any other building, the Miller's had seemed something apart from the school. It had its own traditions. To those not living there, an atmosphere of mystery appeared to hang about it. Its boys were exclusive and generally went about in a body, mixing little with those outside its sacred precincts. Conversely, the Miller's



THE ORIGINAL MILLER'S HOUSE, IN 1845

boys were looked upon by others as a bit queer, and were in general left alone. Even masters seldom visited the house. It was the only building, in fact, which bounds masters usually neglected in their daily rounds.

There was a reason for all this, but it is a long story. Suffice it to say that, almost from the first, most of the boys placed in the Miller's were of the sort who did not take kindly to the larger and more supervised dormitories. Some, perhaps, were retained at the School only because the Miller's House afforded a sort of refuge where they could work off their exuberance without seriously lowering the standard of school discipline. As a matter of fact, many of their innocent escapades were purposely hidden from the general public. This, together with the fact that most of the boys were nature lovers rather than athletes, and that the building itself was off the beaten path, all tended to make the Miller's group somewhat unique. But it must not be assumed that every boy in the House was a problem. Dr. Coit saw to that. There were always two or three boys with exceptional qualities placed there to leaven the lump; and these boys by their tact and sportsmanship did a grand work, but they also were real boys.

To those unfamiliar with the conditions at St. Paul's during the period of which I write, the foregoing may give the impression that the Miller's House was a sort of

reformatory housing a group of queer Fourth Formers (corresponding to the present Fifth Formers) who were outcasts from the larger buildings. I have always resented this slander. These groups, year by year, measured up well as to character and loyalty. The boys with whom I was so intimately associated were without exception solid and true, and their friendship I have always valued. My happiest days as a master were those I spent at the Miller's.

Let it be understood then that the boys of the Miller's House were not bad boys. They were full of mischief but never malicious. They had their fun but were true sportsmen. Dr. Coit knew his boys. He had little patience with the really vicious or untruthful. Such were few in numbers and did not long remain in residence; but it was the careless, lazy, and unruly boy that brought out his sympathy and love. His passionate zeal for aiding these was, year after year, one of his outstanding qualities. Abundant success crowned his efforts.

For more than a decade the Miller's group, in proportion to its size, produced a high percentage of true and distinguished alumni. Some of them rose to prominence in the legal and medical professions, in business, in the Church, and in public service, as well as in the literary world, while many, not so well known, by unselfish work for their fellows, have made their several communities better places to live in. One became a college president, one, if not two, bishops, one a United States Senator, another a cabinet officer, another was a distinguished ambassador abroad, and one was knighted for merit in the last war. Many, too, were honored by the School. Three were "Medal Boys," some were HORAE Editors, and several became masters, one Vice-Rector. Three were elected Trustees of the School and one its Treasurer.

Will any one of the present dormitories for a period of a dozen years show a better record? Perhaps.

The forests and streams were far more attractive to the Miller's boys than were the school playgrounds. Organized athletics were not yet the vogue. Natural history was more popular than football. The Rev. E. M. Parker (1867-'74), afterwards Bishop of New Hampshire, was in charge of the House in the early '80's. He had recently returned from Oxford, and being an enthusiast in botany and mineralogy his delight was to explore the countryside with a group of boys in search of specimens of all kinds. Miller's boys, under his instruction, very often carried off the prizes then offered by the School for collections of wild flowers, minerals, ferns, etc.

It was natural, then, that Miller's boys as a rule spent little time on the playgrounds, but it was significant that for years they won most of the long distance runs. And they did this with no practice on the track. Their coursing through the woods for hours at all seasons gave them exceptional endurance. About their only appearance at the track was on the day of the contest, when they ran in long trousers and flannel shirts. Such names as J. Brown Parker, Francis Dana, Fred Church, George Tuttle, and W. T. Putnam will recall to old boys some of the great runners of the '80's, while Haight, Hinckley, and Harter were record breakers in the '90's. Two of our great sprinters were also from the Miller's, Jack Elton, '84, who was

famous in college, and Rufus Waterman, '91, who, for eighteen years, held the hundred-yards record of 10 1/5.

A great race between Dana and Putnam in 1883 recalls the classic contest of Hippomenes and Atalanta. These two hearty woodsmen were induced at the last minute to enter the contest. They ran in their ordinary clothes. Just before the race, Dana disappeared from the Lower Grounds and dashed off to the Miller's House, some five hundred yards away. Entering the woodshed, he got Putnam's highly prized pet fox which he secreted in his blouse. Rushing back to the track, he arrived just in time to toe the mark, but almost breathless. Putnam was the better runner but Dana had great endurance. These two easily led the field with "Put" setting the pace. On the last lap as they neared the clump of woods, Dana by a mighty effort dashed ahead of the great Putnam, and as he did so, released from his blouse the fox. Putnam, when he saw his pet scampering into the woods, darted after it, leaving the race to his adversary. But this modern Hippomenes did not win the prize. The few precious seconds lost in joyous exultation over his stratagem, together with exhaustion from his half-mile sprint to the Miller's immediately before the race, gave Brownie Parker his chance. Racing madly after the exhausted Dana, Parker crossed the line a winner.

Cooking in the woods was not an uncommon occupation in the early days nor was it considered a breach of discipline. During the Consulship of Mr. Parker, it was no unusual occurrence for him to take a dozen boys to Little Turkey where they would enjoy a supper of frogs' legs. Boys sometimes cooked without the supervision of a master. "Brew" then as now was popular, but often the Miller's boys concocted elaborate dishes of eggs, fish and frogs' legs. Parenthetically, I want to state emphatically that there was no smoking or drinking on such occasions. A boy of those days did not have to hold a cigarette in his mouth to prove to himself that he was tough. Toughness then was made of harder stuff.

The two noted cooks of the Miller's were Tuttle, son of the great missionary bishop, and Putnam, direct descendant of the illustrious general. "Put" and "Tut," as they were called, were typical woodsmen and were inseparable. They trapped fur-bearing animals; they knew the best trout streams and in winter they fished through the ice on Big Turkey. They cooked their game and fish in the most approved manner and sometimes served suppers to the Miller's boys. To prove that skunk is a delectable dish if properly prepared, Put and Tut once caught, cooked, and ate one of these much maligned creatures.

With such reputations handed down and with Miller's House traditions firmly established through the administrations of Mr. Parker and Mr. Conover, I entered into my work as House Master with some feeling of trepidation, but the thrill of adventure was strong.

Before describing some of my experiences, it is necessary to give a few facts about the House and its construction. Built in 1845 by L. B. Ingalls, who ran the grist-mill on the site of present Hargate, this low one-story cottage was remodelled

in 1878 along with several other small buildings, for during the summer of that year, the original School on the site of the present Lower was destroyed by lightning. "No. 3," now the Skate House, was hastily transformed from a bowling alley into a dormitory, the lower floor being made into a school room for about fifty of the younger boys. Except for one or two faucets, neither of these buildings had any plumbing.

The lack of water did not seem to bother the boys so much as the lack of heat in winter, for both these houses were bitterly cold. The Miller's boasted of a little hot air furnace placed in a small excavation under one of the rooms. When there was no wind, the fire sometimes lasted through the night, but when the wind blew, the fire spent itself quickly, and our one small water pipe often froze. On such occasions, most boys ran over to breakfast unwashed, though the more fastidious would stop in the lavatory of the Old Upper and brush up. A small room on the lower floor, adjoining the woodshed, was our lavatory, down the middle of which ran a wooden trough in which were tin wash basins for the boys. For the scheduled weekly bath, there was a four foot iron tub in a small alcove. At the head of this tub was a little stove on top of which perched a five gallon copper boiler from which we got hot water. On very cold mornings, however, the boiler contained not hot water but a solid cake of ice. These were primitive times and we led Spartan lives, but I cannot remember that such hardships produced any illness, nor even a bad cold.

Now, one more thing—the woodshed. Originally it was a stable or barn. It was a most important part of the plant so far as the boys were concerned. The entrance to the dormitory was through this shed where a steep stairway almost like a ladder led to the upper floor. This shed was a repository for trunks and all kinds of fauna. It had kennels for dogs and cages for wild animals. At one time it housed two dogs, a tamed crow, two small foxes, numerous rabbits and squirrels, besides an aquarium for turtles and fish. Its long sloping roof was considered an excellent escape in case of fire, but one could drop to the ground with ease from the ledge of any window in the Miller's House; and last but not least, the dark recesses in this shed afforded safe hide-outs in case of trouble.

In the angle formed by the House and the shed stood the historic apple tree, famed in verse and story. This tree was the subject for one of the finest literary efforts ever produced by a St. Paul's boy. I have that poem now before me, a twenty-five page epic, entitled "A Tragedy of the Miller's House, 1884," by Francis Dana, then in the old Fourth Form. Some day this poem may be published—but not yet.

In those days the boys went to college from the Fifth Form. A few were invited back for the Sixth Form, and sometimes a boy would take another year in the Upper Sixth. Instead of going to college in '87, I came back for the Sixth Form year, at the end of which Dr. Coit asked me to return for another year, which I did, and then became a master. On the opening of the Session in 1890, Dr. Coit informed me that I was to have charge of the Miller's House. At this, I was somewhat staggered. I was

conscious of my newly acquired dignity, but having graduated from the Upper Sixth only the year before, I was much more boy than master, and was so considered by the School in general. This fact may have prompted the Rector to appoint me. The two masters who previously had held that position had been clergymen, and had not been so closely identified with the boys as I was at this time. At any rate, Dr. Coit's decision was final, and when I remarked that several of the boys to be placed in my charge were wild and unruly, he dismissed me with the command, "*Keep them busy.*" I soon appreciated the wisdom of those words.

And so I found myself Head of the Miller's House. The group numbered eighteen, and with one or two exceptions I knew they were a wild and lawless bunch. During the first week everything was lovely. We were sparring for position. I had tried to "keep them busy," and I had entertained them with sweets. Indeed, we had gotten almost too close together. We had already adopted the slogan "One for all and all for one." I was soon to find out their version of "all for one."

My authority had to be established and a bitter contest ensued. In the undeclared war, there were casualties and reprisals. This war, like all our doings, was strictly a Miller's House affair; no one was the wiser. I threw magisterial dignity to the winds and did not hesitate to jump on the boys and beat up as many as I could. I think the only thing that saved me was their knowledge that I was really a master, and as such might invoke a higher power.

As the term advanced, I became aware of the fact that Miller's House boys never slept much at night. Their afternoons were generally spent in reports, so when evening study was over they felt an urge for exercise. Lights were out at ten o'clock. Often when the dormitory seemed unusually quiet, I would leave my room as gently as I could on those squeaky floors and feel along the foot of each bed. Instead of flesh and bones, I found baseball bats or hockey sticks. Finding no one in the house, I often became lonely myself, and so would go out in search of my flock. If I found them, which was generally the case, we would straighten out things then and there and consider the matter closed. The straightening out of such matters was done with a heavy belt which I wore for just such occasions. The boys, most of whom thought they were on the brink of expulsion, were terrified at the thought of being reported. Having taken a sporting chance and lost, they would beseech me to administer the punishment myself, and so keep the matter quiet. This I generally did with varying degrees of severity.

In order to encourage more night life within the House, I proposed a sort of Court of Justice. This, under the enthusiastic management of Levi Greenwood who prided himself on his legal knowledge (afterwards State Senator and Lt. Gov. of the State of Massachusetts, also trustee of the School), developed into an excellent debating society called the Miller's House Legislative Assembly. One of its functions was to bring to trial any boy who had, during the previous week, accumulated too many reports, or had too far over-stepped the unwritten rules of the House. It was remarkable that the boys took so seriously the deliberations of this body. The



MILLER'S HOUSE FOOTBALL TEAM—1890

Standing: M. E. Ginn, '92; M. K. Gordon, '87; R. Waterman, '91; L. N. Stott, '93
Seated: F. B. Whitin, '92; P. G. Mumford, '92; (Capt.); E. Harris, '94; R. M. Harter, '92;
 H. S. Avery, '93; H. F. Allen, '92
Front: S. T. Macy, '93; W. O. Boswell, '92; L. H. Eicholtz, '92

organization was a great help to me and apparently a great delight to them, as they ran all the proceedings. I was simply a sort of chairman until sentence had been pronounced, when I became chief executioner, and had to wield the belt according to the verdict.

Another organization for nocturnal exercise was the Miller's House Signal Corps. I had the boys study the Morse code and then divided them into two bodies. One, under Waterman and Greenwood, would go to a clearing on top of Prospect Hill, while I took the rest by the Dunbarton Road to Stickney Hill. Once at our stations, which were five or six miles apart, we would signal by means of torches fastened on long poles. The boys enjoyed this very much, and it "kept them busy" during the night. After returning to my room, we would have a little supper while they compared their messages until well after midnight, when I hoped that sweet sleep would soon come to them.

This was before the era of window screens. The brilliant lights in the Miller's House attracted the biggest June bugs and mosquitoes that frequented the valley of Turkey River. To ordinary people, sleep under such conditions would be difficult, but to the Miller's boys, it was not to be thought of, and so on hot nights in June.

I could hear from my room a series of thuds as boys, one by one, would drop out of the various windows. Then quietly, they gathered at the boat house nearby, and soon a line of canoes would glide silently across the pond bound for the old saw-mill, where under the great water wheel there was an excellent pool, known only to the Miller's crowd. Presently, I would join the gang for it was my job to "keep them busy."

How these growing boys got along with so little sleep was a mystery. I had always been a night owl so I rather enjoyed these excursions. I had strong reasons for suspecting that the boys got much of their sleep in the study and in their classes and in reports, for no matter how dozey and grouchy they appeared in the mornings, by nightfall they were certainly up and doing.

It must not be assumed that I joined tamely in all these pranks. Sometimes I did so in order to keep in touch with them. Often they would lay traps for me, and sometimes I was caught. I too set traps for them and in this good natured way we fought it out. One thing was very certain—no outsider could be sure of what went on. We presented a united front to all. In keeping these boys "busy," there was no let-up for me, night or day. Mine was an exciting life—but most enjoyable.

Just fifty years ago, in the late fall of 1890, an episode took place that I can never forget. I had, during the previous weeks, lost one or two skirmishes, and to humiliate me still more, a few of these rascals, led by Ginn, Mumford and Boswell, planned a major operation. It was a Sunday afternoon, shortly after Thanksgiving. I had charge of "Bounds" and so being absent from the Miller's, it was an opportune time for them to stage a game. First, they held a "George Washington" in the dormitory until much of the plaster in the lavatory below had fallen. Then out of the back windows went every pillow in the house, and for a total blockade against me, they packed all the mattresses in the little stairwell leading to the lavatory below. Finally, dropping out of the windows themselves, they picked up the pillows and began a running fight towards the old Upper. Soon the pillows broke, and feathers flew in the air, covering the ground for many yards. While the fight was waxing fiercely, I came back to the Miller's to get ready for afternoon Chapel. No one saw me enter the woodshed. When I opened the door at the foot of the stairs, I was confronted with a solid mass of mattresses packed edge to edge. I saw the plaster all over the lavatory, and I realized what had happened. Crawling through a rear window, I quickly got to the woods and crossed the road to the old Upper, where the boys were still at it with pillows. They knew that I was bounds-master, and thought that I had just come out of the old Upper. Pretending that I had, I called Ginn and Co. and inquired if this were not the afternoon for Dr. Coit's occasional inspection of the Miller's. They laughed at the idea until one of their scouts, running up from the bridge, announced that Dr. Coit at that moment was at the flag pole, looking towards the Miller's House. That was sufficient; the whole crowd rushed home, dusting off feathers and picking up pillow cases. They got in by the shed roof and within an incredibly short time had put the house in perfect condition. Then, I sauntered

up to my room, remarking as I passed them upon the tidiness of the dormitory.

As I sat in Chapel that afternoon, I was conscious of savage glances and saw menacing faces. They realized that I had "put one over." What might have happened that night, no one can say, but some quick thinking on my part averted a catastrophe, I am sure. It had been very cold for a few days, so in desperation I announced to the sullen crowd that we would go to Turkey that night for the first skating. This unexpected treat worked like a charm. I took jam and crackers and we skated and feasted until a very late hour, for as yet I did not feel quite secure, and this was certainly one night when they must be "kept busy."

This final episode will, I fear, revive memories somewhat humiliating to those of my old gang who may chance to read it, but after half a century such memories should carry no resentment—at any rate this story is too good to pass into oblivion, so here it is.

As the spring term of 1891 was nearing its end, the Miller's boys had, as a body, progressed so favorably that they commanded the respect of the entire school. Several of them had distinguished themselves in the performance of school duties. Two had won high literary honors, another had been made Head Editor of the HORAE, and two had broken records on the track at Anniversary, to say nothing of the prominent parts they had played in club elections. Had the Miller's lost its charm and become like any of the other dormitories? It had not.

When the School had settled down after the Anniversary festivities, Mrs. Crocker, matron of the Old Upper and the Miller's House, came to me one morning after breakfast, and, in a hesitating sort of way, informed me that all the "crockery" of the Miller's had vanished. (As stated above, the Miller's had tin wash basins and no plumbing other than a few faucets.) There was but one line of "crockery" in the house and its disappearance constituted a school matter. I knew that the request for a new supply would that day be in the Rector's hands; so, with no knowledge of the facts, I reported the loss to Dr. Coit, who seemed much agitated. He inquired where the "crockery" had gone. I did not know. He then asked what boys I suspected, and I named three as the usual and therefore the most likely culprits. "Send them to me at once," he said, and then suddenly he changed his mind. "No," said he, "I shall send for them myself and you keep out of the matter." Later in the morning, after the Rector had interviewed the boys, I went to his study to find out what had happened. The Doctor was angry. He told me that most of the boys in the dormitory were responsible for having taken the "crockery" and after breaking off the handles, they had sunk it in the pond back of the woodshed. He then informed me, with the suggestion of a twinkle in his eye, that the boys would, during the luncheon hour, "dive in and salvage all the broken crockery." When the Doctor imposed the sentence, he did not know that the stagnant cove in which it had been deposited, was filthy and foul. (When the Library was built, this cove was filled in.)

During luncheon, while my boys were working like beavers in the slimy water, I circulated the news and invited all in the dining room to assemble at the Miller's

for an unusual spectacle. Luncheon over, all rushed to the spot, seventy or eighty, including Mr. Hargate and Mr. Spanhoofd, who were convulsed with laughter. The weary divers, who had by this time salvaged most of the "crockery," were, of course, much embarrassed, as the crowd jeered and yelled. This was the one prank of the year in which I had no active part, though I did arrange for the crowd of spectators as the grand finale.

The opening of the new Lower School put an end to the smaller dormitories and to the simple life with its rugged individualism. The march of progress was beginning and the next decade was a period of growth. New buildings and modern equipment were to change the life of the boys. Organized athletics and societies, entertainment and tuck-shops were henceforth to "keep boys busy."

And so ended the Miller's House, and with it ended an era.

The boy of today with his luxurious surroundings may prove superior to the boy of those more primitive times, but one thing is certain, he is not so original and he has less idea of what innocent fun really is.

And the poor House Master of today—what a drab life!

MALCOLM KENNETH GORDON, 1882-'89.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS TRIPS

IN THE new courses in Public Affairs here at the School we are trying to give the boys some insight into the institutions and problems of government. We realize, however, that any classroom approach is bound to be somewhat theoretical and abstract. Hence, in order to make the work as real and vital as possible, we have arranged, with the cooperation of alumni in the various cities, trips on which the boys have had an opportunity to meet and talk with the officers of their local governments, to see different municipal departments in operation, and to visit city offices and agencies. Such trips have been made during the Christmas and Spring vacations this year in Boston, New York and Philadelphia.

The Boston trip was provided for by Frederick C. Church, Jr., S. P. S. '16. The twelve boys who took part first visited the State House and saw the chambers where the Massachusetts Senate and House of Representatives meet and the offices of the various departments of the state government. From there they went to City Hall for an interview with Mayor Tobin, who told them something of the problems of city government and the complexities of economical administration. At the office of the Boston Globe they saw how the material for a large metropolitan daily is collected and printed. A luncheon was served for the boys at the Exchange Club, at which Alexander Whiteside, '90, and Henry A. Laughlin, '10, trustees of the School, were guests, and Henry L. Shattuck of the Boston City Council, Henry Parkman, former Corporation Counsel of the City of Boston, and H. C. Loeffler, head of the Municipal Research Bureau, spoke briefly on different phases of municipal government and civic responsibility. In the afternoon the group went to Fire Department Headquarters, the Charles Street Jail, and the Bunker Hill Boys' Club in Charlestown.